

mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the sombre hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound, and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated, and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But along the steep front, from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly added to. The colours of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-coloured hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points, indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There