

the Nolla. The scene from a bridge over this river, up the two valleys, is indescribable—so grand and yet so charming. From Thusis we follow the course of the Rhine through the “*Via Mala*.” This is one of the most romantic parts of the trip. We pass through on the top of a diligence; the precipices rise perpendicularly on either side, and the river has cut a narrow bed deep down in the rock below. We pass sometimes through tunnels and sometimes through overhanging rock. (See cut on page 199.) We cross over three successive bridges, from one side of the valley to the other, and from each bridge we have a view up and down, and a little glimpse of sunshine. Sometimes the rock almost closed over the river, and then again it formed a wider basin. Now the whole gorge opens out into a wide valley, and then closes up again.

At last we are through—the mountains recede on either side. The Rhine is now near, bounding over boulders and precipices, forming picturesque miniature falls. Soon we can step across the little stream, and now we bid the Rhine adieu.

Amid this wild and savage mountain scenery, the sternness of nature seems to have imparted a sinister character to the peasant imagination. Hence many of the more terrific features of the scenery bear the name of the enemy of mankind, and some weird legend connects them with his actions. Thus we have the “*Teufelsbrücke*,” the “*Teufelsthal*,” the “*Teufelsstein*,” the latter a huge boulder, which it was felt no human agency could have placed in its strange position. (See cut on page 201.)

We come to the village of Splügen, at the foot of the pass of the same name; here we stop to change horses, then on again, now steadily upwards. We advance very slowly; the way is a constant zigzag up the mountain side. Soon we get above the trees altogether, to where grass and heather alone are to be seen. The view over valley and far-stretching mountain range grows wider and grander. Then night cast her veil over the scene. We can see northward over Switzerland into Schwabenland, and southward as far as Milan:—

“The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.”