

"This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch from ridge to ridge
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath it black and deep,
As if in some convulsive spasm
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract
That raves and rages down the steep.
Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss ;
All the rest of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice ;
And whatsoever was built by day,
In the night was swept away ;
None could stand but this alone.
Abbot Giraldus, of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last with a single arch,
Under which in its endless march,
Runs the river white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand
And be beyond redemption lost.
At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after ;
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated."

I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the "Drei Könige" or "Three Kings," and enjoyed a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it, for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look.

As we descend the Italian slopes of the Alps, through the winding valley of the Ticino, the scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs.