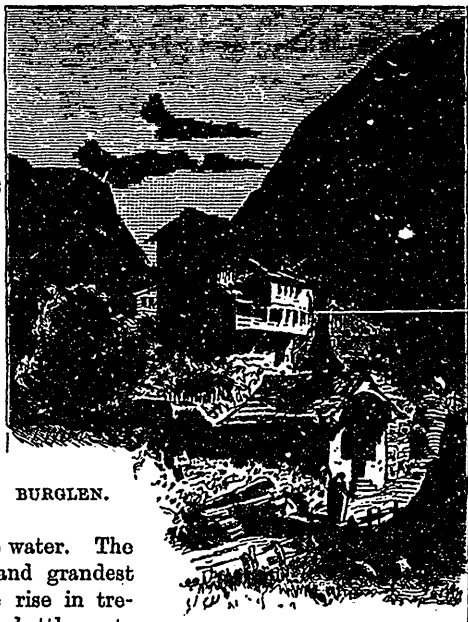


on a huge rock near the summit of the pass was engraven in huge letters, the legend, *SUWARROW, VICTOR*. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it is a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height were several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which towered all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattled down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turned the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms were at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dashed into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.

I was eager to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge," across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrücke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend :"—



BURGLEN.

WAYSIDE SHRINE.