

Altdorf, the capital of the canton of Ury. Some years since, this place was in a great measure destroyed by fire: in the middle of it is a large tower, whose walls are decorated with the grand national subject; and it is supposed to occupy the spot where the tree stood, on which the governor's hat was suspended, to which every one was tyrannically ordered to pay homage. A fountain, with the figure of Tell, is represented also as occupying the spot where he is recorded to have shot the apple from the head of his son. The church is handsome; and a chapel beneath it contains boxes of bones and skulls, with the names of those to whom they belonged inscribed on them; a custom that prevails in other parts of Switzerland. The Swiss are so enamoured of William Tell, that every transaction which history or fable relates of his life is perpetuated by some memorial.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Invited by the fine

weather, we determined to pass St. Gothard. The first part of our road was through a fertile plain, to which the various objects of Alpine grandeur succeeded; and nature began to assume her horrors.* The following day we stopped at Wasen, a village in the centre of the valley, which soon after became indescribably wild and barren, while mountains enclosed us on every side; and after frequently crossing the river Reuss, we came to a deep chasm, over which an arch is thrown, which, from the stupendous horrors that surround it, has been denominated the Devil's Bridge. On leaving this terrific spot, we began to ascend, and passed through a gallery cut in the solid rock, which terminates in an extensive plain, environed with mountains, and the village of Andermatt, at the foot of one of them, where the pass that leads from Coire and Furca is visible. About a

* The village of Amstadt partakes of this character.

mile farther is Hopital, another village, with an old castle standing near it. Here the ascent of Mont St. Gothard commences: the whole way is paved, and the valley much wider than that leading to the Devil's Bridge: the scene was that of rude and solitary grandeur, enlivened, perhaps, by a cottager, with a few cattle and a drove of mules, passing from Italy. As you advance, two or three small lakes present themselves, and a wretched house called the Hospice, formerly the residence of Hospitable Monks; but the French having ruined it, at present it is become a public house of the lowest order. The descent to Italy possesses all the awful accompaniments of Alpine grandeur: it is a scene of surrounding sterility; pyramidal mountains rise above the road; and the dangers of the passage, from a fall of snow during the spring season, were every where apparent. At seven in the evening, after a walk of thirty miles, over high

mountains, and through stony roads, we reached Ariolo, at the beginning of the Levantine valley, where the accommodations differed greatly from those to which we had been accustomed.

SEPTEMBER 19.—We renewed our route for Giornicho. In about two miles, the road passes between lofty rocks, of various forms, with trees and shrubs scattered over them, and the Tessino flowing between them. Mountains rear their heads in addition to the view; and looking retrospectively, the St. Gothard is one of them. In about two hours, we reached the pass of Dazio Grande: a public house stands at the entrance, where a contribution is levied for passing the bridge, and considered as an admission to the scenery which succeeds: it affords no adequate compensation for a display of so much landscape grandeur and beauty. The whole way to Faido, the next place on the route, presented a succession of beauty; and be-