

We walked for about half a mile along pleasant fields skirting a fir wood, till we came out upon a beautiful green knoll ; one of those stations honoured by a star in Keller's Map. On one side lay the blue lake of Zurich, basking in sunshine ; on the other, the whole wondrous array of glittering peaks and glaciers, stretching in an amphitheatre from the Grisons to the western extremity of the Oberland. To the south, midway between the point on which we stood and the great mountain chain, lay the beautiful lake of Zug, backed by the dark Righi, like a sapphire lying in a case of ebony and silver. It reminded us of a Scotch highland loch, more lovely for its solitude—a remarkable contrast to its teeming neighbour of Zurich. Even the grandeur and variety of this scene did not prevent our being charmed with the quiet beauty of the little spot on which we stood. It was evidently the favorite haunt of all the butterflies, and of many brilliant kinds of them. One superb fellow successfully eluded our pursuit, and yet kept constantly returning towards us. The spot was no doubt a very delightful one to him. The clouds which hung over many of the greater summits, constantly shifting, added to the exhaustless sublimity of this scene ; and our landlord's Telescope assisted our appreciation of the distant glaciers.

There is a pretty little lake which lies half concealed under the western side of the hill of Albis, called the *Turler See*. It is surrounded by woods and meadows, and is curiously like *Virginia Water*, though it is not so large ; but beyond its park-like margin, while floating in a quaint little boat which we were allowed to use there, we could see the cloud-like chain of distant mountains. A singular confusion of ideas from which we could not escape was that of being in *Virginia Water* encompassed at a distance like the Happy Valley of Rasselas, by inaccessible mountains. The water thereof is of a muddy green colour, and the only fish that could be deceived by our spinning bait was a large Perch.

We remained in this out of the way place for three days ; on the third day an awful storm of wind and rain swept over Albis. It continued during the next day, on the reaching of which we started in a small return carriage for Lucerne, by way of Zug. This being only the 29th of August, might yet be fairly considered the commencement of the winter of 1851, in this part of Switzerland.

Mingled snow and rain continued to beat against us. The greater part of the Righi and all the lower as well as higher mountains were covered with snow. We stopped awhile at the chief Inn of Zug to bait ourselves and horse, and skirted the lake of that ilk which not long before had appeared so charming at a distance, through *Arth*, and passed a Tell's Chapel of doubtful authenticity and difficult enthusiasm, to *Küfsnacht*, a village at the extremity of the northern arm of the lake of the *Four Cantons*. The scenery when the clouds partially cleared away, might be summed up in the reiterated ejaculation