

stream till we should arrive near Upper Austria, and then explore the eastern portion of the great mountains—beyond Tyrol. But the knowledge that one short day's ride would bring us again in view of those wondrous glistening towers, that ethereal rampart, which once seen becomes a fresh starting point for the memory; the certainty of this delight being so quickly attainable was too attractive for us to resist, and prevailed over the desire to know that remoter land attainable only by a route of several days, amidst scenery more resembling that through which we had already passed. And accordingly we set off on the afternoon of the 23rd August, in the *Diligence* for Zurich.

Our companions were a jolly old federal Colonel, who had served in the Prussian Army, and a gentlemanly young Swiss Avoué. The route was by Eglisau, through a small part of the territory of Baden, which is entered just below the Rhein-fall.

The clear green Rhine is crossed at Eglisau (on the right bank) by a strong covered wooden bridge of the true Swiss pattern, and the remainder of the journey to Zurich lies across a highly cultivated, populous and not very hilly country. We arrived there about 6 p. m. and betook ourselves to "*Zuen Storchen*" a la Cicogne, a good Inn and reasonable. The town of Zurich gives at once an agreeable impression to the traveller, has a lively appearance, and this in spite of rain and clouds which then concealed all the more striking features of the scenery of the Lake. The clean swift Limmat as it issues from the lake of Zurich, divides the town into two unequal portions. And the same Limmat has hardly passed away from Zurich, before it is defiled by the turbid *Sihl*; that yearly torrent which runs parallel to and nearly the whole length of the lake, as if on purpose to pollute as soon as possible the bright Limmat.

We stayed only that night at Zurich, and left at 8 next morning, in a thick raw fog, for the top of the hill of Albis. About an hour after quitting Zurich we began to perceive objects beyond. The hedges on either side of the road crossed the muddy Sihl, and soon began to ascend the well-made zig-zag road which leads up the hill of Albis. Albis is part of the long ridge which rises to a height of about 1000 feet above the lake, and is seen therefrom along the greater part of its western side. The ascent, as the mist rolled away, presented beautiful views of the whole length of the lake of Zurich, at least as far as the bridge of Rapperschwy, which was distinguishable like a black thread across the upper end of the lake; of its verdant banks dotted profusely with white houses; of the rich country to the north and east, and the high, dark mountains—though not the highest mountains—to the west. But as we reached the summit of the pass one giant Alp showed the hood of his snow-mantle, coming round the intervening ridge. We lost no time in disengaging ourselves and our baggage from the *Diligence*, and the landlord of the Inn volunteered to accompany us to the "*Signal*."