

hunted they are, by the natives. Here the "prominent features" of the Rhine scenery terminate, somewhat abruptly. We took a boat to *Asmanshausen*, and walked up to the *Jagd Schloss*—the hunting box—where we sipped the good red wine called *Assmanshausser*, in a dirty little room attained by a rickety wooden staircase, which commanded an extensive look out (when they withdraw the mouldering shutters) of the Rhine above; and a little of it as it enters the hilly country below, and a little of the course of the *Nahe* which joins the Rhine at Bingen, and beyond that a great extent of rolling country. From this spot the Tourist is conducted through a rather shabby wood and along a very artificial grotto, to a leafy bower called the "bezaubert hohle," which being interpreted means the enchanted cave, more romantically described in the "Bubbles," where three gaps are cut in the trees, and three peeps obtained of different points which he has already seen from the "Schloss." Nor is he allowed to rest here, he is then taken on to a stone Pavillion called the *Temple*, where he again sees the Rhine coming along the flatter country, which lies far and wide before him; he then can find his way through the intricate vineyards to Rudesheim, of vinous celebrity, whence if he pleases he may take boat to Bingen as we did.

On the 8th of August by steamboat from Bingen to Mannheim. The Rhine had then risen higher than, we believe, the oldest German remembered to have seen it. Even between Coblenz and Bingen it had flooded many of the vineyards, surmounting the embankments by which they are usually protected. But above Bingen the great stream ran not. Past the slopes, vineyards, and mansion of famed *Johannisberg*, where the precious grape trailing on the breast of mother earth and about to give up its bursting juices, is arrested at the moment of decay, and yields for the profit of the Prince Metternich that wine which becomes the beverage of Kings and Nobles. The Rhine was so high that the bridge of boats at Mayence could not be safely opened to allow us to pass; we therefore changed to another boat, and pursued our monotonous journey to Mannheim through a vast *swamp*, the trees alone, in many places marking the divisions of the fields, showed above the expanse of waters. The venerable city of *Worms* appeared as if afloat, and boats were navigating the streets. The prospect was not improved by a drizzling rain which fell all that day. It was a relief to quit the steamer at Mannheim, that flat clean-looking town, and in an hour we were rushing along the Grand Duke of Baden's well ordered railway to Heidelberg.

The heathy brushwood country between Mannheim and Heidelberg, has an appearance very suggestive of hares, rabbits, and game in general; and upon subsequent inquiry we found that game is indeed plentiful there, for a British friend of ours, who dwelt at Heidelberg and rented a portion of this tract, had his table pretty constantly supplied with game of his own shooting and trout from the Neckar. The *Hotel Schræder*, new and close to the railway station,