

Two of our cuts illustrate the quaint structures of Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers and bastions, and its strange legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the wayside cross to do works of charity through the town.

A short distance above is the old Moravian Settlement of Neuwied, where the Moravian brethren still keep up the Herrnhut traditions which have gained for them the name of the Quakers of Germany. We cannot linger over the romantic part of the Rhine, which has been described so often; still less do we care to tell, or to hear over again, the tales of enchantment, which so sadly lose their flavour when read on the deck of the steamboat, or in the yet more comfortable railway carriage. Had there been a day to spare in our upward route, we should probably have spent it on the Moselle, or, as we must now call it, the Mosel, in a visit to quiet, wonderful Trèves (or Trier), where it dozes among its vineyards, in the complacency of a calm, not unattractive, old age. Few travellers, comparatively, turn aside to see this old Roman city—older, as it claims to be, than Rome herself. Its remains, however, are marvellously interesting, and to the traveller who cannot cross the Alps, give a not inadequate impression of the Italian classic remains.

Our frontispiece depicts a scene on the lovely Moselle river, at

MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

