

board "abaft the funnel," were in the proportion of three to one at least to others of other nations. In August the Rhine is their highway, their Pall-Mall, their Piccadilly, their Regent and Bond Street; and fashionable folks are then, and ever indeed, much more plentiful upon the Rhine than upon the Thames. Judges and leading counsel, lords and ladies, merchants and bankers, the cream and the skim-milk of English society are all there. It needs not a fortune you can do it cheap (for an Englishman) or dear. Somehow, anyhow, anybody who can go to Brighton or Dover can and will go to the Rhine—his Rhine—everybody's Rhine, excepting the Frenchman's. And after all, what is this scenery of the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen? Between hills no where imposing from their height, up the sunny western bank loosely covered by that least picturesque of all vegetation, the stunted vine; between rocks seldom abrupt, and if abrupt, without grandeur; between old towers and walls, mill ruins, which being generally perched but half way up the hills, appear confused to the eye, with the ground behind them. The Rhine in its windings in this part, appears to form a chain of tame undistinguished lakes, dotted by frequent small towns and villages, strongly recommended in all hand-books to the notice of all tourists. The fact that it is "the Rhine" may impart to it a peculiar charm to Germans, and admirers of all that is German, but of the many rivers we have seen flowing, rushing, leaping, or winding among rocks and mountains, there is hardly *one* in Great Britain or upon the Continent, of which the scenery is not more broken, varied, striking, or simply beautiful, than the Rhine. It wants in general the charm of verdure,—it wants the hanging forest of noble trees,—it wants the abrupt and fantastic rocks,—the ever recurring variety in harmony,—that wildness of unexpected beauties which many other rivers possess. Of course we are speaking of a portion of the navigable Rhine, that is, the small portion of its course which has any pretension at all in the way of scenery, not the magnificent *Hinter* and *Vorder Rheins* of the Grisons, which have indeed little more claim to be called "Rhine" than the Rhine's tributaries, every torrent and stream which drains the northern slope of the the great Alpine chain of Switzerland.

Arrived at Bingen, we preferred the quiet looking Cheval-Blanc-Weissen Ross—for an Inn, to the huge hostelry, called the "Victoria," a style of building intended for the accommodation of English especially, which is to be seen everywhere on this line between Cologne and Italy. For every much frequented place (town or mountain) in Switzerland, has its great barrack frequented only for three months in a year, where nothing is to be had better, though always dearer, than elsewhere, but then "English is spoken."

Hence you may if you choose, explore the *Niederwald*, the lower forest of the Duke of Nassau, where one of his keepers assured us there was but little "game;" but the chief game we suspect, are the Tourists, and thoroughly well