

which the stone was taken to build the Cathedral of Cologne, in the days when Monks delighted in Masonry—a long time ago.

Next day we steamed on and stopped at *Remagen*, a dirty little town, with a notion of exploring the valley of the *Ahr*, but instead of doing so we proceeded the same day to *Coblenz*—a pleasant river trip through pleasing open scenery. One of the most interesting objects from the river is the quaint old town of *Andernach*; but *Coblenz* and *Ehrenbreitstein* form, in our opinion, the best *sight* on the banks of the Rhine. The site of *Coblenz*—*Confluentes*—is indeed well chosen at the extremity of the Delta, formed by the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. It is a popular error that the French language is generally spoken throughout Germany. Here, in a part of Germany, so near—only too near to France, French is either not spoken at all by many of the chief shopkeepers of the town, or else very imperfectly. At the Hotels there are of course waiters who speak French, and quite as many who speak English. Leave the hotel—and both French and English will be of little service to you, even at a chymist's,—at a bootmaker's,—at those shops where travellers might be looked for.

The bridge of boats crossing the Rhine from *Coblenz* to *Ehrenbreitstein* is a favorite promenade, and every *Coblenz* lounge must cross and recross it of an afternoon. If taking off hats be considered a test of the politeness of a people, we should think the Rhine-Prussians must bear away the brim before all Europe; they must be constantly on the *qui vive*. Off it goes right and left, presented at a right-angle to everybody—for everybody appears to be acquainted with everybody. It would surely save them much trouble to walk uncovered, that is, the civilians; the army, about half the male sex whom one sees, are in uniform, keep continually elevating their right hands to a level with their noses, open, with the thumb inwards, very nearly in the manner tolerably well known among our democracy as "taking a sight." What must they think of John Bull's undignified nod? An old friend of ours who dwelt much upon the Continent, on his return to England once raised his hat inadvertently, to a male acquaintance, who ever afterwards, at first much to his surprise, exhibited a cool and altered manner towards him. Our friend, however, eventually discovered that this little piece of anti-British civility was the cause of offence, and was interpreted as a way of showing his intention to be distant.

A much finer view than that from *Drachenfels* was that from the heights of *Ehrenbreitstein* at sunset, looking towards the blue hills which mark the distant course of the Moselle; looking down on the Rhine, where it smoothly but rapidly issues from the gorge, which is considered to form its chief attraction in the way of scenery; but here it is all amenity, green hills and woods.

On a lovely morning we steamed away from *Coblenz*. The English on