

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet
And looking up at His beloved face !"

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. I was much amused in observing an imperious little lady, followed by a gigantic footman in livery, whose arduous task it was to humour the caprices of her ladyship and of her equally imperious little lap-dog.

The Lurlie Rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely Siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair,* lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. According to a veracious legend, the Neibelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off.

Many grim strongholds were passed, where wild ritters kept their wild revels.

"And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below ;
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

After a day of delight we were glad when the steamer glided through the bridge of boats to the quay at Coblenz, a large town, whose fortifications will accommodate 100,000 men. In the old church of St. Castor, the sons of Charlemagne met to divide his

* Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular :

"Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme,	"With a golden comb she combs it,
Und singt ein Lied dabei ;	And sings so plaintively ;
Das hat eine wundersame,	O potent and strange are the accents
Gewaltige Melodei."	Of that wild melody."