

ing moral and physical deformity,—screaming like insane wild beasts: are these to be taken as signs of a healthy climate? We have an attack of acute rheumatism; we have only to mention this, and are sure to be told by all the adult individuals that we address, that they are now, or have been, great sufferers from the same cause—whether their occupations are indoors or in the air—alas! not *open* air. Yet Dr. FORBES, in his “Physician’s Holiday”—a Summer holiday by the bye—recommends a pedestrian excursion in *Switzerland*, as a means of restoring health and vigour to dyspeptic or delicate persons; and INGLIS, in a book recommended to us, and for which we found a place in our portmanteau, after admitting that he generally met with bad weather in Switzerland, remarks, “but it is in Autumn that the climate of Switzerland is to be depended upon.”

We had never before passed an Autumn there, and were rather surprised when a travelled and intelligent German gentleman told us “make haste, if you are going to Switzerland; do not stay there after August—the fogs after that month are pernicious.” We had reason to regret that we did not take his advice. Fogs, rain, snow, a piercing cold were our portion in all the lower ground; the mountain excursions were only *impossible*, but we will not anticipate our “simple story.”

On the morning of the 24th of August we stood upon the bridge which spans the Rhine,—bright green, and perfectly clear,—and pure from the lake of Constance, far unlike the turbid waters of the lower river! Schaffhausen appears to advantage from this point, with its quaint old walls and towers, and fine old feudal castle above. It deserves more attention than we and most other English travellers have paid it.

Every one is impatient to see the celebrated Falls of the Rhine, which are about two miles below the town. We rejoiced, however, that we did not follow the example of nearly all our countrymen who, avoiding Schaffhausen, go at once to Weber’s Hotel, which is near the Falls. It is a huge building, upon a height, about a quarter of a mile north-west of the Falls, and at a considerable elevation above them, commanding a sort of bird’s eye view: altogether about the worst view of this really magnificent scene, that could be chosen. It is far better to follow the high road from Schaffhausen—not more than two miles—and to get your first impression when first in fact. The Falls will come completely in sight, immediately *below* the rush of waters, following a crescent-shaped promontory, which brings the spectator to a point *opposite* the whole breadth of the Falls.

At this point there is a little Inn, which is in the best situation to be found, though, alas! the windows are partially *paned* with a coloured glass, to induce the genuine cockney (who is, we beg to say, of all nations) to spoil the grand sight which nature has there placed before him. It is not the height of this Fall, which is not more than 60 or 70 feet, but the great body of water which