

though commenced in the thirteenth century it still remains unfinished) and after a good dinner and a bottle of Moselle we set off by rail again to Bonn, where we stopped at the Hotel Royale for the night.

Next day, from the left bank of the Rhine at Bonn, from the garden of this hotel which reaches to the Rhine, the "Seven Mountains" looming up from the plain beyond the broad river southwards, the portals of the overpraised scenery beauties of the Rhine, the seven (and more) pigmy mountains as wild in shape as if they really had some pretension to the lofty name with which they have been dignified, glowing as they were on that fine morning in mingled mist and sunshine—presented as fallacious a forecast of the mystic scenes which lay beyond them, as any bright day dream of a youth may give of the future life of the man. We had passed some years before down the Rhine, in November. Was it not possible that our recollection of the great river's banks might be jaundiced by the dull tawny hue of the dismantled vines, and the raw foggy air of that season? Should we now in the golden month of August be taken captive by those charms about which so many who have seen the banks of Thames between Greenwich and Gravesend, are annually extatic? We looked upon the Seven Mountains that sunny morning, and began almost to believe * * * and the same afternoon we got on board the steam-boat resolved to disembark at *Königswinter*—go at once up the Dragon's hill, and be mental "masters of the situation," whatever it might be.

At Königswinter there are two pleasant Inns close to the Rhine, and the most unsophisticated cockney cannot possibly miss his way to the Castled-erag of Drachenfels, though beset by guides at every step of both sexes, and of every size, age, and degree of raggedness; beset by donkeys and ponies—at the foot of the hill, half way, every way—issuing from unlikely nooks and corners, everywhere in wait in case the luxurious mountaineer should be fagged by the awful ascent of One Thousand feet, without the smallest excuse for stumbling even over a stone, beset by stale bouquets of wild flowers, by faded wreaths of oak leaves, by mendicity in every disguise—is this not enough to *scotch* the romance of a Tourist; but we have reached the summit, walked through a public-house garden of stunted trees, wooden benches, long necked bottles, and lemonade—up a winding path—stepped over a broken wall, and behold! there lay beneath the serpent Rhine, coming from afar and going far—Nonnenwerth and Rolandseck! What are Nonnenwerth and Rolandseck? Whilom a convent and a castle? What they were matters little. One is an Inn upon an Island, the other a ruin upon a rock with an Inn below. There is not a hill which belongs to the Rhine which shows itself saliently in this wide landscape, but an extensive chequered low-hilly country, and the river, for three parts of the panorama; something like an extensive rabbit warren for the fourth. The only quarry to be seen, however, being that from