

has be-deviled it, as Scott has Loch Katrine. It is impossible to travel with pleasure or with patience after a poet. Their glasses magnify, and when you come to use your own eyes, you no longer recognise the scene for the same presented by their magic lantern. Disappointment constantly awaits you at every step. You become angry in consequence, and, instead of looking for beauties, gratify your spleen by criticising for the pleasure of finding fault. Viewing it in this temper, the lower part of the Rhine is as flat and level as any democrat could wish, and the upper part as high, cold, and overbearing as any autocrat could desire. Then the ancient ruins, the dilapidated castles, the picturesque and romantic towers of the olden time, what are they? Thieves' nests, like those of the hawk and vulture, built on inaccessible crags, and about as interesting. The vineyards, about which my imagination had run riot, the luxuriant, graceful, and beautiful vine, the rich festoons, what are they? and what do they resemble? Hop-grounds? I do injustice to the men of Kent; they are not half so beautiful. Indian corn-fields of Virginia? They are incomparably inferior to them. Oh! I have it, currant bushes trained and tied to their stakes; poor, tame, and unpoetical. Then the stillness of death pervades all. It is one unceasing, never-ending flow of waters; the same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. The eternal river! Here and there a solitary steamer labours and groans with its toil up this rapid stream; occasionally a boat adventures at the bidding of some impatient