

German inventor of printing, 1440. His statue, house, and printing-office are shown:

The old Electoral Palace, a vast building, is occupied as a museum of Roman antiquities, the richest in Germany. Here are altars, votive slabs, and tombstones of the Roman legions; bronze swords; helmets and other weapons and armour; torques, balistas, lamps, vases, coins, and even piles of the old Roman bridge across the Rhine—taking one back to the very dawn of the history of Central Europe.

The octagonal tower of St. Stephen's Church rises majestically to the height of 327 feet. At the top is a watchman, always on the look-out for fires. If one wishes to ascend he rings a bell at the foot of the tower, when the watchman throws down the key in a bag, and expects his visitor to bring it up. I was very tired, and did not know what might be the consequence if I failed to carry the key up to the top, so I did not ring for it.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping at the more interesting points—Bingen, Coblenz, Bonn and Cologne. At Bingen, a charming old town, I climbed a hill to an ancient castle on the site of a Roman fortress. A pretty young girl did the honours, showing the banners, antique furniture and portraits of the mediæval barons, who held that eagle's eyrie against all comers; and pointing out the glorious view of the lovely Rhine Valley, with the vine-covered Neiderwald, Rüdesheim, Johannisberg, and other richest wine-growing regions in the world. The famous Johannisberg vineyard is only forty acres in extent, carefully terraced by walls and arches; yet in good years it yields an income of \$40,000. A bottle of the best wine costs \$9—enough to feed a hungry family for a week.

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. When they could no longer do it by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, trade had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom-houses of rival states on the Rhine.