

classes, and society generally; but even here there are strong indications of improvement. Intemperance is now neither fashionable nor respectable, and before another generation has passed away, we believe it will be numbered with the things that were.

THE RHINE AND THE ALPS: OR, THE "BEATEN TRACK" IN 1851.

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CHAPTER II.

UP THE RHINE.—The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine is to be the goal of our next day's journey.

Ye gentle readers—if ye reproach us for slighting so many fair cities and countries to reach the Rhine more speedily, we pray you accept as our excuse that our "article" is not a handbook, and forgive us for suggesting that if we can catch the real gossamer of the fields, and spread ever so little of it on our poor page it may possess more of life and freshness than the denser tissue more plentifully afforded by the cobwebs of the library. But even if we had space to spare for "graver matters," we may modestly affirm that we should decline to fill up a volume with such *rifacimento* of Murray's commentaries upon local history, and science, and Childe Harold, as we have usually found in the pages of our brother Tourists. We do not dispute that in Murray's Guide Books such things are quite well placed, but O ye privileged compilers of thick books less accurate than Murray, cannot ye fulfil your appointed task without drawing your enthusiasm from the exhausted fountain of the "great Poet," who was there before you, rather than from the unnumbered and teeming springs of ever bountiful nature? nor without scattering about for the lovers of enphionious foreign names an imperfect index of a portion of the map of Europe.

By rail then from Chandfontaine on Sunday morning. In the same carriage were three English ladies from quiet Devonshire. By rail across and along by the limpid Vesdre to Verviers—then entering Rhine-Prussia, and on through pleasant Aix la Chapelle, suggestive of Charlamagne, Roulette, Rouge et Noir and putrid brimstone-water, and soon along one of the flattest plains to *Cologne*—where the Douaniers had sufficient confidence in us to allow our portmanteaus to pass unsearched, and after a look at the Cathedral to see what progress the Prussian King's *thalers* had promoted of late in that great unfinished work, (for like nearly all the Cathedrals on the Continent,