

is prettily situated out of the town, small and expensive. Such at least was our experience of it. Nothing can be of its kind more beautiful than the situation of Heidelberg, and its noblest of ruins—the castle.

On the left bank of the Neckar, at the opening of a most romantic valley along which the clear and rapid stream cheerily flows, just before the high and well timbered hills terminate abruptly, leaving at their feet the vast plain of the Rhine—lies the fine old town of Heidelberg. The evening we arrived there the bright moon, moving among fleecy clouds, gave something of enchantment to this scene so perfect in itself, and we leant for a long time against the parapet of the bridge over the Neckar, alone, unobserved and delighted with this untroubled interview with lovely nature in her loveliest garb.

Next morning we strolled about the town with the object of ascertaining rather what Heidelberg was in August, 1851, than what it may have been in the year of grace—1500. A long street with quite a metropolitan array of shops, runs the whole length of the town—about a mile—while just as the ground begins to rise from the town towards the forest-covered shoulder of the Koenigstuhl mountain, a well shaded gravel road is lined on both sides by detached white houses, which have quite an English air of cleanliness and suburban comfort. Nearly all of these are lodging or boarding houses, much frequented in the “season,”—and this was the height of the season—and they were for the most part pretty full of temporary inhabitants of every nation. We found by enquiry that lodgings were certainly not cheap; the charge for apartments being at about the same rate as those of English “watering places.” Overlooking Heidelberg at the Eastern end, rises the vast red ruin of the old Palatial Schloss, fresh in its decay and appearing as if the conflagration which left it in its present state, had taken place but yesterday. The beautiful view from the terrace, and the manifold attractions of the castle itself, are so well described in Murray’s Handbook for Northern Germany, that we would fain only bear testimony to the accuracy of the description therein contained. The more readily, as we cannot subscribe our assent either to the descriptions or recommendations contained in the same book as regards the *Rhine*.

The red sandstone rocks which give so peculiar a character to this part of the Neckar valley, have been recently quarried afresh to build the railway station, which is handsome without pretension. The Neckar is navigated daily by a steamboat, for about sixty miles, as far as Heilbronn. It appears surprising that a channel can always be found of sufficient depth; for the river abounds in shallows. We followed the road along the left bank as far as Neckar-gemund, about a mile below Neckar-steinach—a castle on a hill. The windings of the stream form a succession of the most beautiful pictures. The monotonous vine does not here obtrude itself, but each swelling knoll retains its bright verdure where the woods recede; and then the woods sweep grace-