

Herr Karl Pfaff writes thus of the grand old structure: "Its monuments bear reliable witness to the history of more than six centuries, from the splendour of the Hohenstaufen emperors, through the sorrowful times of the humiliation of the Fatherland, down to the glorious restoration of the ancient empire by the Hohenzollerns. The Palatinate bled for its faith from a thousand wounds, the superb castle of its princes fell into decay, the town sank in dust and ashes, unshielded by the Fatherland.



RUPERT I.

*From the Friedrichsbau.*

The compassionate ivy would fain hide the gaping wounds of the castle ruins. And those ruins of the castle—who would exchange them for the most superb of palaces? Poets and artists have spread the fame of Old Heidelberg through every town and hamlet of Christendom."

We set out in carriages through the quaint streets and up the steep hill to the famous Heidelberg castle. As we ascended, ever-widening views of the winding Neckar and its vine-covered hills met our view. I was reminded of an incident in my former visit, illustrative of the unsophisticated simplicity of peasant life. I wanted to ride up on a donkey, but the donkey-ward was nowhere to be seen. I therefore inquired of an honest shoemaker, working in his stall, as to where the donkeys were to be found, and on obtaining the desired information, was about to drop a penny in his hand by way of thanks, when he cordially grasped mine in a hearty hand-shake. These homely, kind-hearted people greatly appreciate

the exhibition of human sympathy and goodwill. Another honest fellow who took much trouble to give me information and show me the way, positively refused to accept anything for his services; he evidently felt that he was playing the rôle of a host. The German frauleins are not very good-looking, but they make amends for that by being very good-natured. One kind-hearted girl, from whom I bought some photographs, on taking her leave, dropped a pretty courtesy with "Goot-bye, dank you."