

while he strikes into a path on the right, descending to Loschwitz through a steep narrow road, passing the pavilion where Schiller wrote the greatest part of his *Don Carlos*. The small house, rather dilapidated, in the midst of a vineyard, is marked by a flagstaff bearing a golden S. Arrived at the village, the Burgberg, and the Victorialhöhe, two places of public resort where the wanderer may recruit his strength, if weary and thirsty, will reward his trouble of ascending by affording him a charming view of Dresden and the winding Elbe. Joining the carriage the visitor may ferry over to Blasewitz and return to Dresden through the Blasewitz Park dotted with pleasant villas. —

Fischhaus and Wolfshügel. Go by omnibus or “Droschke” as far as “Waldschlösschen”; walk along the main road to the turnpike. There to the left a path winds through the shade of woods which alleviates the fatigue of walking in the heat of the day, to the Fischhaus ($\frac{1}{4}$ hour), a tavern lying in the midst of the wood, a picture of quiet seclusion. Thence returning to the high road and continuing it as far as Prince Albrecht’s Villa, another foot-path to the left leads, again through a shady wood, up to the Wolfshügel (20 minutes) — from the top of which a pleasing view may be enjoyed over the neighbourhood, while the retirement of the place and the refreshing coolness of the wood afford the necessary conditions for a picnic-party on a hot summer’s day.