

their coffee or beer, while their eyes roam over the distant fine scenery and the wild romantic depth beneath them. Further on lies the village of Potschappel, a dingy dirty-looking place which with its coal pits and smoking furnaces strongly reminds the beholder of the Black Country in England.

**Tharandt**, a small town in the valley of the wild Weisseritz, at the termination of the Plauenscher Grund, by rail  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr's. distance from Dresden, enjoys some celebration with the inhabitants of Dresden for its mineral baths, its "Forst-Academie", and its romantic situation, at the junction of three valleys. The Ruins of the Castle are the remains of a once splendid residence of the Saxon princes. In 1510 the widow of Duke Albrecht died here, and since that time the castle was left to decay. Towering on a promontory of rock to ascend which requires only ten minutes, it affords on either side a charming view of the valley spread deep below the spectator's feet in all its picturesqueness and peaceful loveliness. From here the traveller may continue his excursion on the pretty walks of the "Forstgarten", an inclosure of hilly woodland, in which specimens of all the trees and shrubs may be found, capable of thriving in the climate of North-Germany. On the top of the hill a pavilion has been erected where the wanderer may rest after the fatigue of the ascent and feed his eyes on the beauties of the landscape around. Not far