

wrote beneath the inscription the following translation of the distich :—

Dans la nuit la voix se tue
L'ombre éteignit le flambeau.
Ce qui manque a la statue
Manque a l'homme en son tombeau.

Just as I was finishing the last line, I heard the young girls shouting, "This way, father—this way!" I made my escape, however, before they appeared. Did they see the explanation that I had left them? I do not know. I hastened to a different part of the ruin, and saw them no more. Neither did I hear anything further of the mysterious decapitated chevalier. Sad destiny! What crime had that miserable man committed? Man had bereft him of life; Providence had added to that forgetfulness. His statue was deprived of a head; his name is lost to legends; and his history is no longer in the memory of man! His tombstone, also, will soon disappear. Some vine-dressers of Sonneck, or of Rupperisberg, will take it and trample upon the mutilated skeleton that it perhaps still covers, break the stone in two, and make a seat of it, on which peasants will sit, old women knit, and children play. In our days, both in Germany and France, ruins are of utility; with old palaces new huts are constructed. But, my friend, allow me to return to Falkenburg. It is enough for me, in this nest of legends, to speak of this old tower still erect and proud, though its interior be dilapidated. If you do not know the adventures that transpired here—the legends that abound respecting this place—a recital of a few of them may amuse you. One in particular, that of Gantram and Liba, starts fresh in my memory. It was upon this bridge that Gantram and Liba met two men carrying a coffin; and on this stair that Liba threw herself into her lover's arms, saying, smilingly,—“A coffin! No, it is the nuptial bed that you have seen!” It was in this court, at present filled with hemlock, in flower, that Gantram, when conducting his bride to the altar, saw—to him alone visible—a man clothed in black, and a woman with a veil over her face, walking before him. It was in this Roman chapel, now crumbling, where living lizards now creep upon those that are sculptured, that, when Gantram was putting the wedding-ring upon the taper finger of his bride, he suddenly felt the cold grasp of an unknown hand—it was that of the maiden of the castle, who, while she combed her hair, had sung, the night long, near an open and empty grave.

I remained several hours in these ruins—a thousand ideas crowded upon me. *Spiritus loci!* My next letter may contain them. Hunger also came; but, thanks to the French deer that a fair *voyageuse* whom I met, spoke to me about, I was enabled to reach a village on the borders of the Rhine, which is, I believe, called Trecklingshausen—the ancient Trajani Castrum.

All that is here in the shape of *auberge* is a *taverne a biere*; and all that I found for dinner was a tough leg of mutton, which a student, who was smoking his pipe at the door, tried to dissuade me from eating, by saying that a hungry Englishman, who had