

to sigh for freedom, or the dead Kaiser, the old Redbeard, awaits, surrounded with royal magnificence, the day of Germany's greatest power.

There are numerous wild tales told of the sandstone mountain, the Regenstein or Reinstein, from the times of the invading Huns, down to later days, and its summit commands a wide prospect over mountain and plain.

The immortal German poet Goethe, has rendered the witch-haunted Brocken forever famous through his master-poem "Faust." What visitor to its fog-crowned summit has not shaken hands with the *Spectre* of the Brocken? Down its massive slopes the limpid river Ilse tosses itself over huge, moss-grown granite boulders, forming hundreds of tiny water-falls. It was while rambling in this lovely vale the little poem "Alone," was written, which I have put into the mouth of my personal friend, the Countess von Omnesky, the mother of the little Tatjana.

The Harz is the birth-place of the "Wild Hunter," of the "Wild Army" of South Germany, of the Gold Crown, and of the noble Brünhilda. The view from the top of the granite mountain, the Hexentanzplatz, to the distant Brocken in clear weather, and across to that mass of granite, the Rosstrappe, the swift Bode leaping over huge blocks of fallen granite between, and a thousand feet below, is one of the finest in these mountains. This spot is the scene of the legend of Brünhilda.

On the summit of the Rosstrappe is a giant horse-hoof, hewn in the solid granite, measuring nearly three feet. How this mark came there is a mystery; but it is supposed that it