

assembled in the Wartburg to give their remarkable performances, in which we think the modern German opera music had its origin. Among them came, no doubt, the great Sebastian, who had taught the whole of Germany the beauty and majesty of his wonderful art, and who lived his simple life in the quiet town, and improvised daily wonderful strains on the rude organ in the old monastery chapel.

How the centuries shake hands in this ancient hall! for, between Walter von der Vogelwied singing his quaint, sweet songs to the sunny silence of the woods, and the grave, solemn grandeur of the chorals and symphonies of Sebastian Bach, rising amid the arches and pillars of great cathedrals, what miracles of art had been accomplished! The space is not greater between the saints and Madonnas of Giotto in the wayside chapels of Italy, and the sybils of Michael Angelo on the walls of the Vatican.

In the pictorial decoration of the castle the charm of historic association unites the early song tournament with the life of Elizabeth of Hungary. On a corridor that leads to the chapel Moritz von Schwind has painted a series of medallions to commemorate some of the most touching incidents in Elizabeth's history, from her arrival in the castle to her death in the convent of Marburg. The artist has thrown around his heroine the tender, ideal tone that hovers about all genuine mediæval forms, but which in him never deteriorates into the merely sentimental character of many ascetic and monastic painters. Nothing can be lovelier in feeling than the beautiful child standing in her silver cradle, her delicate face shaded by the soft fur hood, and her slight form bent forward toward the outstretched arms of old Landgrave. Not less full of touching tenderness is the parting of Elizabeth and her husband, on his departure for the Holy Land, or the old story of the bread and roses so carefully preserved and still half believed by the Thuringian peasants.

Leaving this interesting corridor, we wandered on to the banqueting-room and armoury, the latter a miniature tower hung with mail and weapons that had shattered the brains of many a turbaned Turk, and been worn by men whose existence seems, in these days, as mythic as the heroes of the Heldenbuch and Nibelungen Lied. Judging from the size of the armour, there must have been giants in Thuringia scarcely less mighty than those of Eastern fable, and having seen the dimensions of the mail, we no longer wonder that Friederick of the Bitten Cheek was held in wholesome awe by all the neighbouring Saxons.

Up meandering stairs and along intricate passages to the very