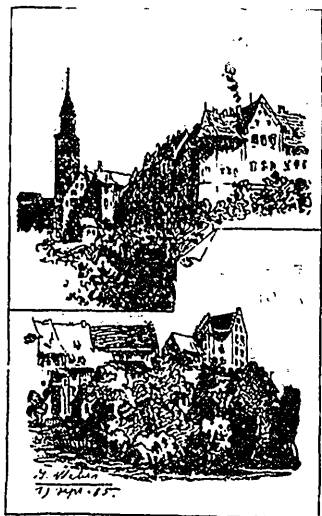


rocky ramparts on which they are built. The old castle held out bravely during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War, and is thus described by Dr. Hardmeyer:

"Upon the outbreak of the French Revolution, the flames of which were especially apt to devour castles and palaces, Hohentwiel met its fate. The buildings that had been slowly accumulated upon the rock through the centuries were destroyed within a few months by the French general Vendamme. Since that date the castle, which was the most extensive building of the kind in Southern Germany, has remained a shapeless heap of grass-grown ruins. The steep path winds round the rock, and leads through gates and across bridges to the ruins which soon begin to line the way on either side, and above which are the still more extensive ones crowning the summit of the mount. From the tower a panorama opens

which is among the finest, if not the finest, afforded by any of the hills of Southern Germany. Peaceful villages studding the plain at our feet, with a wide expanse of the Lake Constance glistening in silvery sheen before us, and the noblest and mightiest peak of the Alps standing out on the horizon and forming a snow-white rampart whose limits the eye fails to discern."



VIEWS OF ENGEN.

In a few minutes more we pass beneath the scarcely less lofty rock of Hohenkrähen, with its grim bastions, behind which dwelt fierce robber-barons, swooping down like eagles on the peaceful inhabitants of the plain, pillaging their barns and flocks and herds, and from their rocky eyrie defying their vengeance or pursuit. Magdeberg is another, which owes its name—the "Maiden's

Mount"—according to tradition, to St. Ursula, the leader of the "Eleven Thousand Virgins," who is said to have built a chapel on the summit. "Ursula, a faithful saint of the Catholic Church," so runs the legend, "with eleven thousand virgins, encountered at Cologne an army of Huns, by whom they were massacred, Ursula having refused an offer of marriage from the prince. Their corpses were buried by the people of Cologne, and a church was erected to their honour, in which bones, said to be those of Ursula and her companions, are exhibited to this day." Hohenstoffeln, Hohenhowen and many another ruined castle tell of an age of rapine and blood, now, thank God, forever gone.

The rocks of the Jura assume the quaintest forms; in places