

of pine-covered hills, and sleeping quietly at their feet the red-roofed houses and dark square of a quaint old mediæval town.

The castle, to which, after much leisurely walking and many lingerings by the way, one comes at last, is entered over a small drawbridge. A sentry paces to and fro upon the ramparts, and if the ducal master precedes the party, a cannon, said to have been used in the Thirty Years' War, is discharged to announce his arrival. The sound of its mouth recalls the great Gustavus Adolphus and a host of mighty events; and just a little dazed with the centuries of memories that had followed us from the city gates, we entered the old portal.

The building dates back to the twelfth century. The story goes that the Landgrave, following a stag one day to the top of the hill, stopped suddenly, as a magnificent view burst upon him, and exclaimed: "Watch Hill, thou shalt be Watch City!" (Wartburg) and soon after he built this curious piece of Middle Age architecture and called it the Wartburg. It was the home of song and literary development long before Luther, a prisoner in its walls, translated the Bible. The building is a very complete specimen of Romanesque architecture, with round arches, rectangular faces and square-edged projections, massive and heavy, but with classic proportions, in pillars and cornices, and just enough of Saracenic form and ornament to show how architecture, as well as poetry, was enriched by the influence of Spain and the East at the time of the Crusades. The main building, with adjoining knights' houses, incloses courts of singular beauty. On one side are walls trailing with vines, and nestling among them an oriel, its sculptured cross reaching to the small double window of the gable. In the centre of the court is an old well, and in the walls nooks and corners leading by low doors and narrow stairs into various parts of the castle, and giving the imagination room for any amount of fanciful conjecture. The other court is a spacious quadrangle, showing the majestic proportions of the castle walls, giving charming outlooks upon the hills beyond, and suggesting much of the poetry of feudal times.

Into it has come many a powerful war-horse, bearing his master from holy wars; and out from it passed that wonderful cavalcade of minstrels, peasants and knights, bearing the banners of the Cross, led by the young Landgrave Louis and accompanied on their way by his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Hungary.

A flight of broad stone stairs leads from this court, through a heavy Romanesque doorway, to the interior of the castle, where one walks, as in a dream, through rambling galleries, pictorial corridors, minstrels' hall, banqueting room, armoury and chapel.