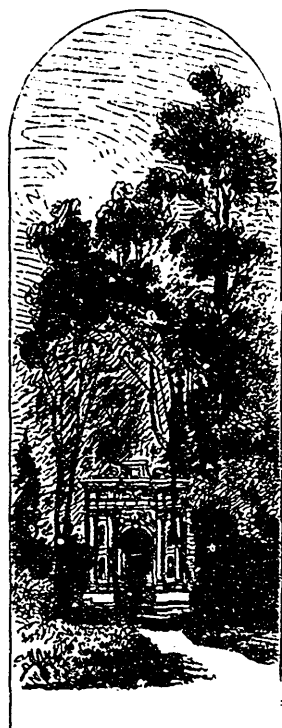


terested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odinwald—the ancient haunt of the “Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein”—and the more remote “blue Alsatian Mountains.” Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the “great tun,” which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-story house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top, on which many a dancing party has been held. The hogshead shown in front of the tun, gives some idea of their relative sizes. To the left is shown the guardian of this treasure, a gnome carved in wood, modelled after the old-time court fool of the castle. The tourist is invited to pull a cord by his side, when a hideous figure springs out of a box.



VIEW-TOWER, ON
THE KÖNIGSSTUHL.



THE ELISABETHEN-PFORTE.

On the occasion of a former visit it was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loophole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of

heaven's loud artillery."

The famous Heidelberg university, with seven hundred students,