

tion of the original castle, and behind that again, and separated from it by a deep and broad moat, which ran all round the old buildings, was a handsome modern *château*, erected by the last king, and now forming the country residence of the Duke of Strelsau. The old and the new portions were connected by a drawbridge, and this indirect mode of access formed the only passage between the old building and the outer world; but leading to the modern *château* there was a broad and handsome avenue. It was an ideal residence; when "Black Michael" desired company he could dwell in his *château*; if a fit of misanthropy seized him he had merely to cross the bridge and draw it up after him (it ran on rollers), and nothing short of a regiment and a train of artillery could fetch him out. I went on my way, glad that poor Black Michael, though he could not have the throne or the princess, had at least got as fine a residence as any prince in Europe.

Soon I entered the forest, and walked on for an hour or more in its cool, somber shade. The great trees enlaced with one another over my head, and the sunshine stole through in patches as bright as