

ruin, we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its grate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard shown in our initial cut, once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train. All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable, but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war. We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet-halls, where kings feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fireplace, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprenge Thurm* was, as its name signifies, blown up by the French. One half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in diameter, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all:

How sad the grand old castle looks !
O'erhead the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top.
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop.
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass ;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone
As if the castle were their own ;
And only the poor old Seneschal
Haunts like a ghost the banquet hall.
Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door ;
But all is silent, sad, and drear.

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics, and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments, and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially interested 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.