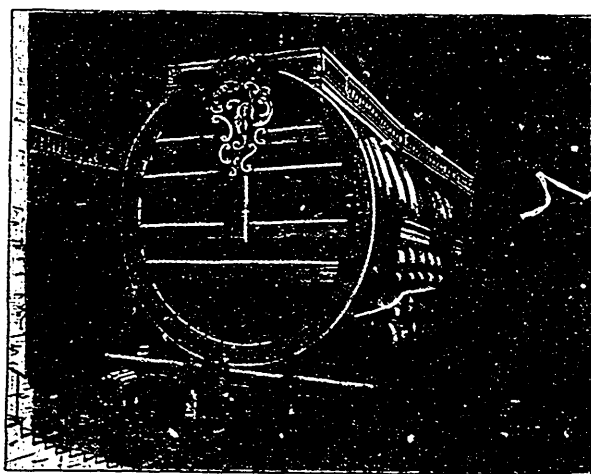


Next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, Heidelberg castle is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged, till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portecullis, with its gate 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.



THE GREAT TUN.

All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture, adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lace-work admirably carved in stone. 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 once 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 fire-place, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprengte Thurm*, or “shattered tower,” was, as its name signifies, blown up by the