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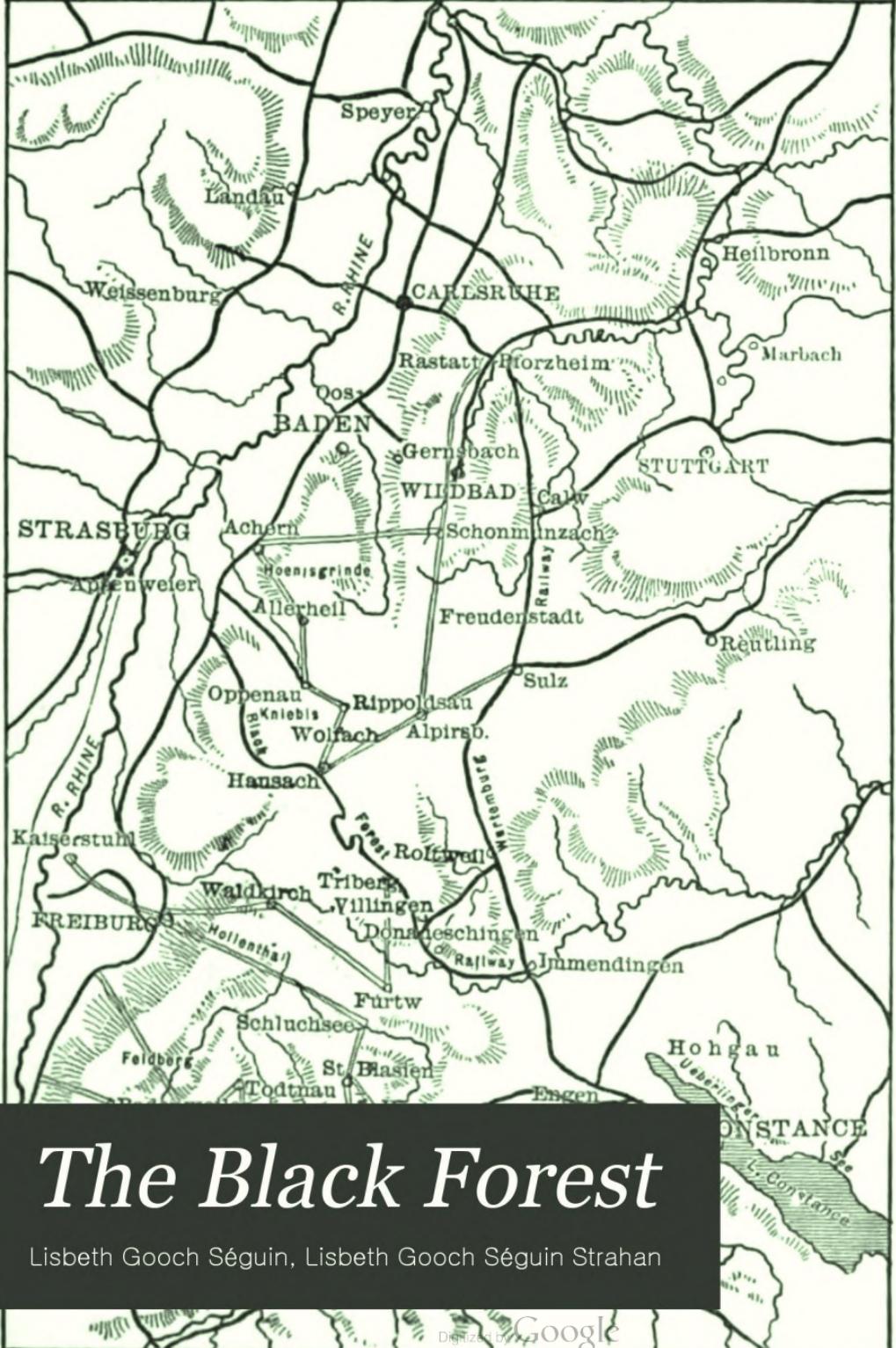
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# The Black Forest

Lisbeth Gooch Séguin, Lisbeth Gooch Séguin Strahan



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*Walks in Algiers and its  
Surroundings. By L. G. Séguin.  
Crown 8vo, with Maps and  
Illustrations, price 12s.*



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*(OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.)*

## *OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.*

### **THE TIMES.**

MR. SÉGUIN is a really original writer, with a cultivated taste and excellent powers of description. . . . He throws a feeling of poetry into his descriptions, sketches the grand scenery artistically, and grasps the full significance of its character.

### **THE SATURDAY REVIEW.**

MR. SÉGUIN writes exceedingly well, and his volume grows upon one as one reads it. . . . Mr. Séguin tells the story of the wars with Abd-el-Kader, and of the exploits which made the reputation of so many French generals, with very considerable spirit. But perhaps the most interesting of his historical reminiscences are those which relate to the condition of the miserable Christians who had been carried into captivity by the Algerine rovers. . . . All his information is exceedingly useful. . . . Mr. Séguin's vivid pictures enable us thoroughly to realize the scene. . . . It is touches of minute and distinctive description, like those of Mr. Séguin, that raise a narrative above the monotonous and commonplace, giving you the satisfactory conviction that the author is to be trusted. . . . But we have said enough to show that Mr. Séguin's volume is to be strongly recommended to visitors to Algeria.

## THE ACADEMY.

**M**R. L. G. SÉGUIN'S *Walks in Algiers and its Surroundings* is certainly the fullest handbook for the use of travellers to this favourite winter resort that has yet appeared in English. Besides his acquaintance gained by residence, the author has evidently made a careful study of the literature of his subject—French, Spanish, and English—and his well-written book will doubtless find a much larger circle of readers than those who can take it with them as a guide.

---

## THE SPECTATOR.

**A**NY one who takes up Mr. Séguin's book under the impression that it is a sort of "Murray's Guide" to Algiers, will soon find out his mistake. It is, no doubt, an exhaustive handbook, but it is something very much more than this; and the reader who, perhaps, dips into it for a few special facts, will probably find his attention chained by the amount of information it contains. How many of us, till Mr. Séguin came to our aid, had really any very distinct idea of the history of the city of sunshine to which, year after year, larger and yet larger numbers of seekers after health resort, in their efforts to escape the chilling fogs and dreary gloom of an English winter? The reader, however, who cares to know more of the varied scenes of Nature and artificial beauty to which rambles round the French African city would bring him, will do well to study Mr. Séguin's book for himself.

---

## THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

**M**R. SÉGUIN has produced a book which will be of interest to the stay-at-home reader, and which will prove an invaluable companion to the Englishman who intends to winter in Algiers. He writes well himself, and he knows how to make a profitable use of what other travellers have written; so that his volume has the interest of a lively narrative of travel and is also serviceable as a guide. Mr. Séguin has not only a vivid sense of what is strange or picturesque, but has also brought together a number of interesting facts. We close this admirable volume with reluctance.

**THE EXAMINER.**

**T**HE book is not intended to supersede Murray. . . . But it gives with sufficient detail the kind of information we seek in guide-books—about routes, prices of carriages, hotel tariffs, and so on. And it contains besides, much writing of a quality which need not be looked for in ordinary guide-books, or ordinary works of travel, because the skilled pen and trained eye are necessary for its production—writing which will help the traveller to observe the scenes which the guide-book will only help him to get to.

**THE INQUIRER.**

**W**ITH its historical retrospects, and its animated sketches of men and scenes in Algiers of to-day, the book is quite unique of its class, comprising all the merits of a guide-book of the higher order, with a work of travel containing information of real value to the archæologist, the historian, the naturalist, and the artist.

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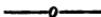
**T**HESEx walks are not idle rambles by any means, but are such as a thoughtful person might take, note-book in hand, or with the purpose of realising impressions derived from historical study. The climate, the scenery, the society, all the modern as well as natural and archæological surroundings of the city, are treated of in an informing and graceful manner, as by one who, besides being a resident, possesses the inquiring mind of an observer. It can hardly be doubted that, if the intention of this pleasant work is to draw visitors to Algiers, the writer may count upon a great success.

**THE STANDARD.**

**A** HANDY and readable volume.

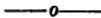
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FORMING as complete a guide to the "White City" and its environs as sojourner for health's sake or pleasure tourist need desire. We could not get a better book to tell us what to see and how to see it.



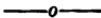
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A BOOK which seems worthy of being regarded as a model of what such works should be. . . . A volume which, both for those who contemplate a visit to Algiers and for those who do not, is much to be commended as a delightful collection of useful and agreeable notes, memoranda, and descriptions.



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A PLEASANT chatty book about French Algeria which English tourists and sojourners in that interesting corner of Africa will find very useful and entertaining.



**THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.**

A PLEASANTLY written and complete account of the history and general characteristics of the town of Algiers and its neighbourhood, with a vast amount of collateral matter. . . . The account here given of Algerine piracy and Christian slavery in Algiers will be new to the majority of readers. . . . The book also contains a spirited sketch of the French occupation, and an interesting account of the career of Abd-el-Kader.



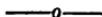
**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.**

THIS volume is a very satisfactory and complete helper to any one wishful to decide whether Algiers is, or is not, a suitable resort for his health or his pleasure, an indispensable companion to any one whose steps are turned resolutely towards Algiers, and a good compendium of information for "stay-at-home travellers." . . . M. Séguin has done Algiers good service with his book.

---

**THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

**T**HIS may be pronounced a very readable book even for stay-at-home people.


**MAY FAIR.**

**T**HE author is evidently at home in the regions he describes, and his practical hints will be of considerable value to the inexperienced traveller. But one need not be a traveller to enjoy the quiet and continuous perusal of this admirable volume.


**THE LITERARY WORLD.**

**T**HIS is a very interesting book about Algiers, and will give many people an acquaintance with a country about which they have probably little information. . . . We have the heartiest satisfaction in expressing our unfeigned pleasure in the perusal of this volume. It is full of valuable information and pleasant description.


**TRUTH.**

**T**HIS volume comprises sensible descriptions of life in Algiers and of the country round about. It leaves the impression that there must be many worse places than North Africa to spend a winter in.


**LONDON.**

**R**EPLETE with useful information. Now that Algiers is coming into notice as a winter residence for those weakly ones whose flight, like the swallows, is ever with the sun, it is likely, we should think, to command a good deal of attention. It certainly supplies a want.


**JOHN BULL.**

**M**R. SEGUIN is well acquainted with his subject; and he has not only digested the various materials, historical and topographical, which he has collected from the works of others,

but has supplemented them with some admirable descriptive passages of his own, bringing up before us the various scenes which meet the eye of the visitor to Algiers. In addition, he has given a great deal of practical information as to hotels, travelling, &c.; and in his introductory chapter he advocates the claims of Algiers as a winter residence, quoting the opinions of a variety of physicians and others on the important question of climate.

—o—

#### THE ART JOURNAL.

A VALUABLE contribution to our literature of travel. It is by no means a dry book, for much of it is essentially interesting, and the writer has skilfully interwoven historical facts with anecdotes and descriptions that keep attention alive and reward it. No doubt the volume will tempt many persons to visit Algiers.

—o—

#### THE ENGLISH INDEPENDENT.

A WELCOME may fairly be accorded to a competent cicerone who will guide the steps of the antiquarian, the archæologist, the historian, the naturalist, the artist, and the lover of the picturesque, to those localities which will best reward a visit. . . . By intending travellers in these regions, this volume will be welcomed as a most acceptable *vade mecum*, but the general reader will also find in it an abundance of information which will thoroughly repay perusal.

—o—

#### THE QUEEN.

IT may be recommended as the best book of its kind in English.

—o—

#### THE SCOTSMAN.

"WALKS IN ALGIERS" is quite a model of a very useful type of book. The history, the scenery, the antiquities, and the social life of the city of the Deys and its vicinity, are

treated of in picturesque and attractive style. All the plums have, with due acknowledgment, been extracted from the previous works on Algiers, and as most of these are by French authors, and not easily accessible to English readers, a real service has in this manner been done.

—o—

#### THE MANCHESTER EXAMINER AND TIMES.

**T**O those who are thinking about a sojourn in the famous city where the Deys once ruled, and where France has not yet conquered the spirit of Arab civilisation, this very pleasant book will prove invaluable. . . . In no single chapter do we notice any want of individuality or of close and careful study of the subject in hand. It may be said that *Walks in Algiers* is, in the best sense of the word, an excellent guide-book. . . . The sketch of Abd-el-Kader is specially interesting.

—o—

#### THE LEEDS MERCURY.

**B**OOKS on Algiers are rather numerous, but as far as we know none is on the plan of the *Walks in Algiers* by L. G. Séguin. Indeed, the walks do not form the most conspicuous part of the volume. There is a sufficiently grave and accurate history of the place, which is brought down later than any work in English. . . . The author has a keen and subtle perception, and both delicacy and potency of description. . . . We have said enough of this interesting and accurate book on Algiers to recommend it to any person who desires to know about the place or to visit it. . . . The maps are a very useful addition,

—o—

#### MAGAZIN FÜR DIE LITERATUR DES AUSLANDES.

**E**S ist ein wirkliches Handbuch, kein bloser Bädeker, für solche, die Algier besuchen wollen, und bildet auch ein sehr angenehme Lectüre für das Publikum im Allgemeinen. Die Beschreibung des hausmannsirten Theiles der früheren Residenz der Deyes ist vortrefflich, eben so schön sind die Schilderungen des noch arabisch gebliebenen Viertels. . . . Es sind prächtige, photographisch, getreue Bilder.







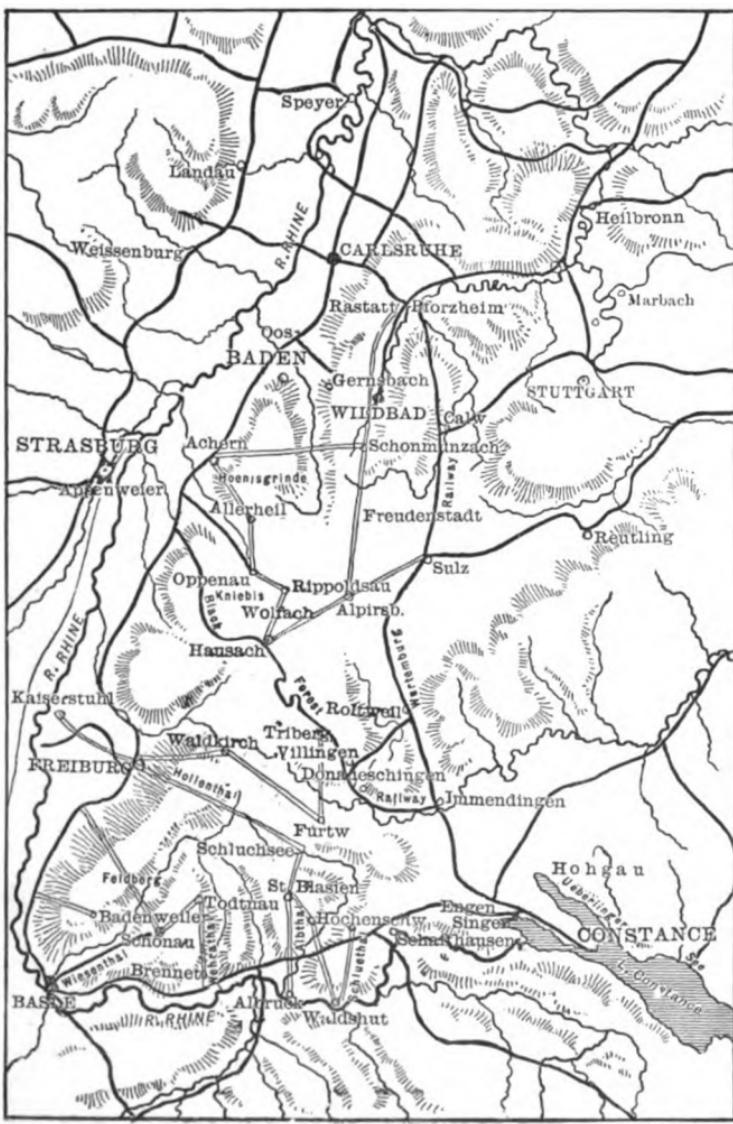


# THE BLACK FOREST

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## PRINCIPAL PLACES IN THE BLACK FOREST.



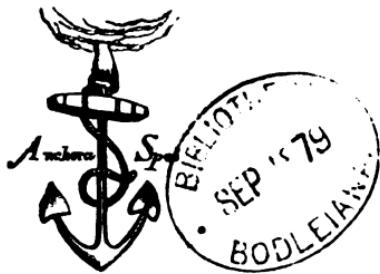
Frontispiece.

# THE BLACK FOREST

## *ITS PEOPLE AND LEGENDS*

BY L. G. SÉGUIN

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ALGIERS," "THE FRENCH VILLAGE," ETC.



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„Durch deiner Tannenwälder kühl und grün  
Hör' ich geheimnisvoll die Sage ziehn.“

## P R E F A C E.

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THE present volume is the result of an autumn delightfully spent in exploring the Black Forest district. It is a district, rich not only in natural beauties, but in that romantic legendary lore for which Germany is celebrated. It is a district as yet scarcely discovered by English and American tourists; a secluded district, whose people have hitherto concerned themselves little with the doings of the outer world, and among whom there lingers that simplicity of manners which, by reason of its rareness, is nowadays so charming to us.

Every day, however, new roads and new railways are being made through the Forest, new communications opened up: and simplicity we know is a flower whose bloom is easily brushed away, whose growth is apt to be stunted by the hot breath of locomotives.

To those, then, who would enjoy to the full the charms of this romantic region, who would see the Black Forest as it was and as it is, we would say, Delay not,—delays are dangerous,—go at once.

THE AUTHOR.

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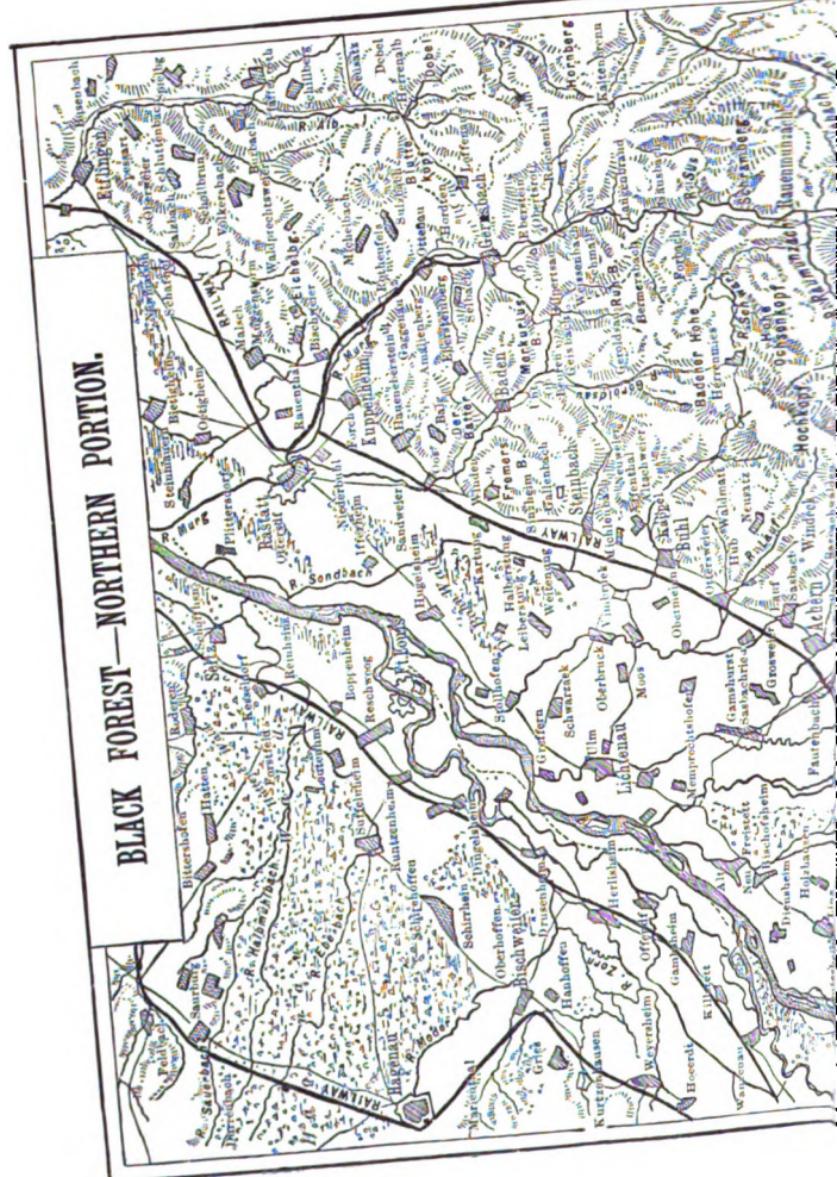
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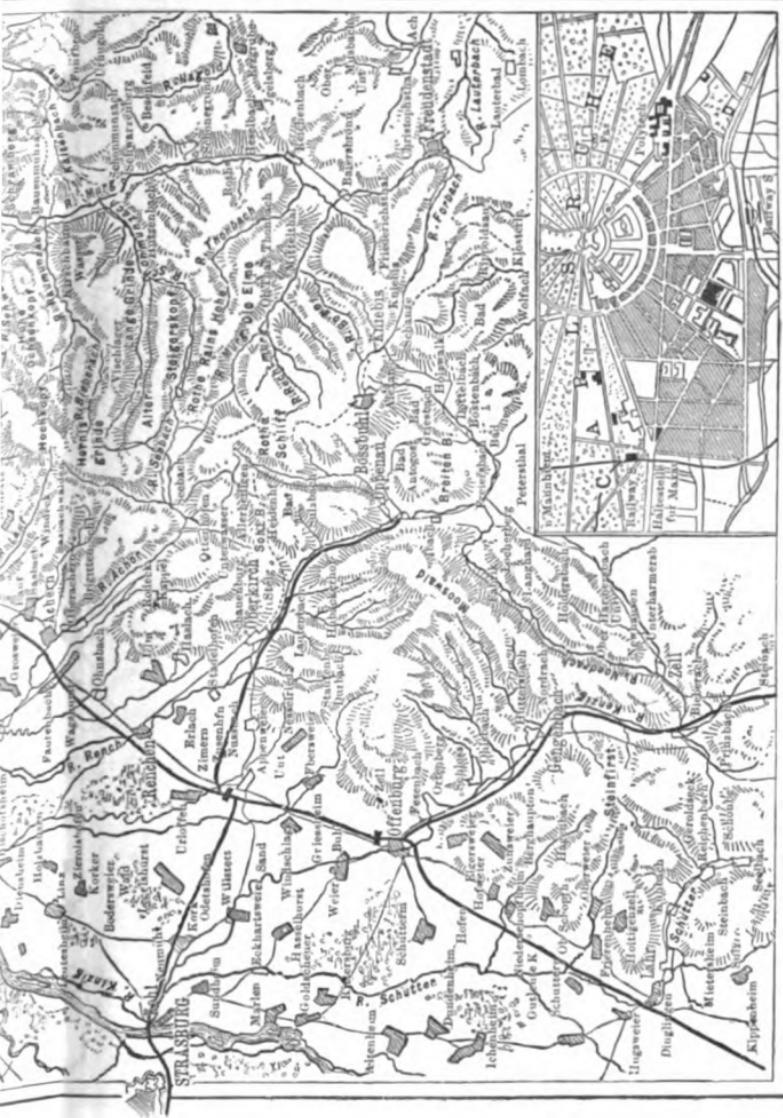
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## BLACK FOREST—NORTHERN PORTION.









heads refused to submit to green adornments ; diversified only by wide swamps ; by broad sheets of shining water, where never an oar came to disturb the awful stillness ; and by rivers, rushing impetuously into unknown seas.

The wild beast made his lair in these solitary wastes, and the birds surely, even then, must have learned to sing their wild-wood songs, and build their homes amid the forest-boughs ; but as yet, so far as we know, they had no master. God had not yet said of the place, “I will set man there to have dominion.”

And this was Europe, north of the Alps—the arena on which the history of the modern world, political, social, religious, and intellectual, was to be fought out.

Who the first mysterious inhabitants of the region were,—whence they came,—whither they went,—the wise among us can now only dimly guess. They have left us their traces in their rough implements of the chase and war, in their shattered pottery, in their rude attempts at art, which we unbury, now and again, with some mingling of awestruck admiration and contempt.

Their dwelling-places we know : the caves where they struck fire, and cooked food, and forged their rough tools ; the lakes where yet may be seen, turned into stone by the stern wear of ages, the very palisades with which they barricaded their island-homes against the assault of bear and wolf and elephant. Their tombs, too, still stand : vague, gigantic, mysterious, like themselves. But of themselves we know nothing ; they are gone, blotted out and forgotten, leaving us no trace by which to guess what manner of men they were.

It is not until some four hundred years before the birth of

Christ, that we first hear of those Northern barbarians, who were afterwards to play so important a part in the world's history, and they were then but newcomers in these regions.

In the Gauls or Celts we have the first wave of that extraordinary migration, which, setting out from the distant steppes of Central Asia, possibly from Hindostan, was to flow, time after time, upon the savage wilds of Northern and Western Europe ; eventually to absorb the civilization of the South, and create for itself a new world—the Europe of modern history.

The Celts spread over parts of Germany, France, Britain, and Spain, threatening destruction to Rome, but finally yielding to the superior civilization, and owning the Roman, both as master and teacher.

In the footsteps of the Celts, at shorter or longer intervals, come other tribes—the Teutonic—most of them destined to develop by-and-by, into what we are only just beginning to know as the great German nation ; some of them, later, to find their way to that outlying Roman possession of Britain to which they were to give their name. But it is with them in their character of German immigrants that we have to do.

Coming from the unknown regions of the North, they penetrated the vast forest known to the Romans as the Hercynian, which extended from the Alps almost to the Baltic, and pouring in upon Central Europe like a flood, these rude tribes found themselves in Southern Germany, face-to-face with the masters of the world.

For the Romans, meantime, had not permitted the snow-chain of the Alps, which seemed their natural boundary, to be the limit of their ambition.



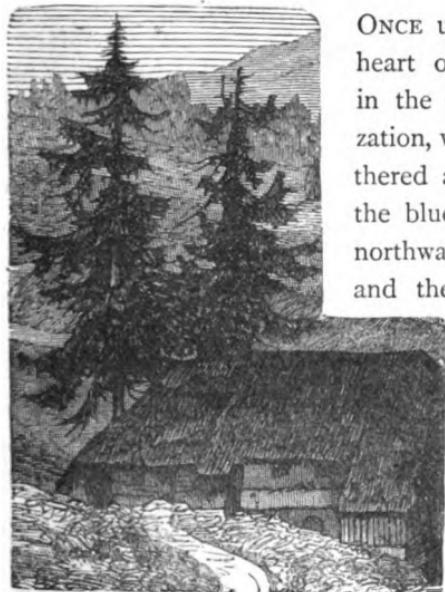
# THE BLACK FOREST.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Liberty, that lovely thing, was discovered in the wild forests of Germany."  
*Montesquieu.*



ONCE upon a time, while the heart of the world still beat in the sunny South, its civilization, wealth, and learning gathered all about the shores of the blue inland sea, there lay northward, beyond the world, and the great snow-and-ice barrier of mountain-giants which served it as a frontier-guard, a great impenetrable forest.

Trackless and unexplored, it stretched away into the vast

mysterious region of the unknown, broken only here and there by grey peaks, hoary even then, whose venerable

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heads refused to submit to green adornments ; diversified only by wide swamps ; by broad sheets of shining water, where never an oar came to disturb the awful stillness ; and by rivers, rushing impetuously into unknown seas.

The wild beast made his lair in these solitary wastes, and the birds surely, even then, must have learned to sing their wild-wood songs, and build their homes amid the forest-boughs ; but as yet, so far as we know, they had no master. God had not yet said of the place, “I will set man there to have dominion.”

And this was Europe, north of the Alps—the arena on which the history of the modern world, political, social, religious, and intellectual, was to be fought out.

Who the first mysterious inhabitants of the region were,—whence they came,—whither they went,—the wise among us can now only dimly guess. They have left us their traces in their rough implements of the chase and war, in their shattered pottery, in their rude attempts at art, which we unbury, now and again, with some mingling of awestruck admiration and contempt.

Their dwelling-places we know : the caves where they struck fire, and cooked food, and forged their rough tools ; the lakes where yet may be seen, turned into stone by the stern wear of ages, the very palisades with which they barricaded their island-homes against the assault of bear and wolf and elephant. Their tombs, too, still stand : vague, gigantic, mysterious, like themselves. But of themselves we know nothing ; they are gone, blotted out and forgotten, leaving us no trace by which to guess what manner of men they were.

It is not until some four hundred years before the birth of

Christ, that we first hear of those Northern barbarians, who were afterwards to play so important a part in the world's history, and they were then but newcomers in these regions.

In the Gauls or Celts we have the first wave of that extraordinary migration, which, setting out from the distant steppes of Central Asia, possibly from Hindostan, was to flow, time after time, upon the savage wilds of Northern and Western Europe ; eventually to absorb the civilization of the South, and create for itself a new world—the Europe of modern history.

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For the Romans, meantime, had not permitted the snow-chain of the Alps, which seemed their natural boundary, to be the limit of their ambition.

The Celts had poured down upon them in the plains of Italy. They retaliated, by pursuing the Celts and conquering them on the ground which they had made their own. We all know the story of Cæsar's Gallic wars, and how, after subduing the West of Europe, he was found tempting the dangers of unknown seas, in search of the island whence the oysters came ; how, also, he crossed the Rhine, and dreamt of conquering Germany. Fate, and the hand of Brutus, willed it otherwise, and the task which the conqueror had set himself to do, in subduing the rude Teuton tribes, had to be left undone.

Cæsar's greatest exploit in Germany was, that he built a bridge across the Rhine ; but he made little impression on the Teuton tribes, and did but skirt the edge of the great forest, which he computed roughly to be nine days wide to a quick traveller, and more than sixty days long.

In his Commentaries we find : "Owing to its extent it touches the confines of many nations, nor is there any person belonging to this part of Germany who says that he has gone to the extremity of the forest, though he had advanced a journey of sixty days, nor has heard in what place it begins."—*De Gallo Bellico*.

That which is now left of this vast extent of wooded country, is known to us, of modern days, by the name of the Black Forest, a name by which, in later times, it was also known to the Romans—*Silva Nigra*.

In Cæsar's time it must have been a wild enough place, inhabited probably by those savage tribes of Cimbri and Teutons who received from Cæsar the generic name of Germans or war-men—those blue-eyed, skin-clothed giants, who first spread terror into the Roman legions, and began

the struggle which was to last during a period of nearly six hundred years.

Other inhabitants, too, according to Cæsar, had the forest, scarcely less formidable than the savage Teutons. He says : "It is certain that many kinds of wild beasts are produced in it which have not been seen in other parts ;" and goes on to mention, by way of example, oxen in the form of stags with one huge horn projecting from the middle of their foreheads, wild bulls as large as elephants, and creatures resembling gigantic hornless deer, whose legs were without joints, so that they could not lie down, and if by chance one fell, it was quite impossible for it ever to rise again.

It is evident that those who made these representations to the great conqueror were not too anxious to render the forest attractive to him.

As we have said, death stayed any plans he might have had with regard to it, and the Germans from his time remained unmolested until Augustus, 15 B.C., sent his valiant stepson, Drusus, orders to appropriate the land on the right bank of the Rhine. He then erected fifty forts along the river on both sides, but the expedition cost him his life. For, as the legend goes, on the edge of the impenetrable forest a woman of gigantic stature suddenly appeared before him, as he rode at the head of his troops, and thus addressed him : "Insatiable robber ! whither wouldst thou go ? Depart ! The end of thy misdeeds and of thy life is at hand." Terror-stricken at the apparition, Drusus reined his horse back, was thrown, and killed on the spot.

Tiberius, brother of Drusus, however, crossing the Lake of Constance and invading the country from the south,

prosecuted the war against the barbarians with more success, and under him were conquered, one after another, tribes whose names for the first time appear in history.

It seemed as though Germany were destined but to be a province of the all-absorbing empire, and to lose her individuality, as Gaul had done, in the great Roman world. Then there suddenly appears upon the scene a gigantic half-savage figure, the first of a long line of Teuton heroes, to whom all eyes are attracted, and who is to live henceforth in song and saga as a demigod—the saviour of his country.

It is Hermann, or, as the Romans called him, Arminius, of whose deeds and character we hear from his enemies, and whose name has come down to us in the pages of Rome's greatest historian, with the honourable title, “*Liberator haud dubiè Germaniæ.*”

He was chief of one of the most valiant of the tribes, the Cherusci, and a young man both of talents, ambition, and energy.

Chafing against the yoke under which he saw his countrymen gradually passing, and despising the luxury with which the Romans sought to win the savage Teutons to themselves, Arminius or Hermann set himself to the task of expelling the foreign intruder.

He would assemble the youth of his tribe in the deep recesses of the forest, and there, by impassioned eloquence and fierce denunciations of the oppressors, would stir their hearts to patriotic enthusiasm—preparing them for revolt, maturing his plans, but waiting until the times should be ripe.

In the end he lures Varus, the Roman commander, into a snare. There is a reported rising of distant border-tribes

—a rising pre-concerted by Hermann. Varus, in ignorant self-confidence, and thinking to make a grand demonstration, marches with the whole of his troops, three legions, and a great quantity of heavy baggage, into the forest, to put down the barbarians.

Once in the trackless and unknown country, the Romans are in Hermann's power. He surrounds them with his Teutons and attacks them while they are plunging through a bog into which they have been led. A most desperate struggle ensues. But in the end, natural valour and ferocity win the day, even against the odds of superior skill and training, and the whole of the three legions, amounting to 14,000 men with eight or nine hundred cavalry, are absolutely cut to pieces.

“The darkest disaster in Roman story—a disaster which destroyed the prestige of her hitherto invincible arms, and inspired the Roman mind with an alarm never afterwards wholly calmed—was wrought by the sword of Arminius upon the helpless legions of Varus, in the dark recesses of the Teutoberger Wald.”—*Dr. Sheppard's Fall of Rome*.

Sir Edward Creasy catalogues this defeat of Varus as among the decisive battles of the world. “Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assassinated and cut off; and within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader, and this victory secured at once and for ever the independence of the Teutonic race.”—*Creasy's Sixteen Decisive Battles of the World*.

Important, however, as the victory undoubtedly was, it did not secure the tribes from molestation. The Romans

were not likely to sit tamely down under defeat, and five years later the Teuton hero was called on to sustain another war of independence, in which fortune was not altogether so favourable to him. This was the war in which Germanicus, nephew of Tiberius, won his laurels.

When, in the year 17 A.D., Germanicus was recalled to Rome, the Emperor Tiberius is said to have made the significant remark, that "the Germans might now be left with safety to their own feuds, which would destroy them more effectually than Roman swords."

The words had their fulfilment in the death of the brave Hermann, which took place only a year or two later. He was assassinated by his own countrymen, through envy, and for some time, at least, the power of the tribes, divided by faction, declined, and Rome was once more in the ascendant on the east as well as the west bank of the Rhine. It was at this period, probably, that the thermal waters of Baden-Baden and other German watering-places were in repute among the Romans. It was now that a line of fortifications was erected against the ever-advancing German tribes on the eastern side of the Black Forest, and a wall built from the Rhine to the Danube.

But the Roman power was, as we know, by this time on the wane. The unwieldy empire began gradually to crumble, borne down by its own weight. Earthworks and brick walls were found utterly unavailing to stem the torrent of savage invaders, which swarmed in upon its outposts on every side, and penetrated, at last, even into its innermost sanctuaries.

Germany, abandoned to itself, was overrun, first by one horde of barbarians and then by another, rapidly losing

all trace of the Roman occupation, all remembrance of the faint ray of civilization which had beamed upon it, with so fitful and uncertain a light.

It may be interesting, before finally bidding adieu to the Romans in Germany, to glance for a moment at the impression produced upon the most civilized of nations, by these rude barbarians, with whom they were brought in contact.

Cæsar speaks of them with respect, and contrasts them favourably, both in valour and intelligence, with the Gauls or Celts. Tacitus thinks them worthy a whole treatise, and in his "Germania," written about the year 97 A.D., describes them after a fashion in which we find it not difficult to recognize some striking traits of the modern German.

They were, he finds, brave and strong, but sullen of manner. He believes them to be the aborigines of the country they inhabit. For he says: "Besides the perils of unknown seas, who would leave Asia, Africa, or Italy, for Germany, with its wild country, its inclement skies, its sullen manners?"

But he expatiates on their moral and domestic virtues and on the purity of their lives, which he contrasts, unfavourably enough, with Roman dissoluteness and luxury. They have, moreover, he says, a proud spirit of independence, a strong sense of personal freedom and equality, which produces among them not so much a clan, as a brotherhood. They are simple in their lives, leaving the cultivation of the ground chiefly to their women, and devoting themselves to war and the chase. They build their houses "not like ours," writes Tacitus, "in continuous rows, but apart, each man surrounding his with a piece of ground."

Their only vices, according to the Roman authority, were

greed, drunkenness, and an inordinate love of gambling. He also gives us other particulars of their manners. He specially mentions their reverence for women. (Is this, by-the-by, a modern German virtue?) And on the subject of religion observes : “The Germans do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine their gods within walls, or to liken them to the form of any human being. They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of the deities to the abstractions which they see only in spiritual worship.”—*Tacitus, Germania.*

Gibbon indulges in a sneer at the notion of a people unacquainted with the arts, or even with architecture, being credited with any special virtue on this account. But it is certain that the worship of Odin, the Teuton deity, was of a higher and purer type than the gross superstitions of the South.

It had, moreover, the promise of immortality—of a Paradise or Walhalla, where the brave were to battle all day, and feast, at night, in the halls of the heroes ; while on earth it spoke to them of a mysterious, sacred city, from which they had in olden times been driven out, but which it was the great object of their lives, and the aim of all their wanderings, to regain.

It is not difficult to trace in the modern German, the descendant of this strong, simple, practical, home-loving, gormandizing, yet romantic race.

Wave after wave of the Teuton migration passed over Southern Germany, but it may well be possible, that not every wandering tribe penetrated into the deep recesses of the Hercynian forest. The great armies of the mighty

Goths and Lombards, the fierce hordes of the devastating Huns, were more eager to press on southward and eastward, where, in the rich Italian plains, or amid the fruitful vineyards of Burgundy, a nobler spoil awaited them than was to be found among the pine-clad heights of the Black Forest. The tribes who made this mountainous district their home, were chiefly the Suevi, whom we know as Suabians, and the Alemanni, who impressed their influence so strongly upon their neighbours of Gaul, that they were induced to call by their name (*L'Allemagne*) the whole territory east of the Rhine.

Later on, we hear of the great Frankish Confederation, afterwards developing into the Frank kingdom (*Frankreich*), and of the victory which Clovis, king of the Franks, gained over the Alemanni in the year 496.

It was in the midst of this struggle that Clovis, as the legend goes, vowed that he would relinquish idolatry if the God of the Christians would prove Himself more powerful than Odin, who fought on the side of the Alemanni. As the result of his victory he was baptized, but he does not seem to have impressed the new faith upon the conquered Alemanni.

Indeed, at this time, we may consider that Germany, with all trace of Roman occupation gone, all notion of civilization extinct, subjected to the passing influence of a number of wandering tribes, each more savage than the other, had sunk into a state of complete barbarism. And it is not until nearly three centuries later, that a gleam of light seems to fall upon the benighted region.

Just at the time when Charles Martel, the Frankish king, was, as the champion of Christendom, engaging with and

routing the heathen Saracens, who had invaded and terrified Europe, his neighbours the Germans, no less heathen, were receiving their first lessons in the religion of Christ.

The great apostle of Germany was an Englishman, Winfred, afterwards known as St. Boniface; but his ministrations were, to a great extent, confined to the northern districts of the country, where, at the hands of the barbarous Frisians, he met his martyr-death. It is probable that before his time the Gospel had taken some hold in Southern Germany, and the lands adjoining the Rhine.

Columban and St. Gall preached a century before Boniface, in the Vosges Mountains, and following the course of the Rhine, penetrated as far as Lake Constance, on the shores of which they founded a monastery.

The Black Forest, besides, possesses its own special saint and missionary in St. Fridolin, an Irish monk, who is supposed to have lived in the sixth century, and whose jewelled coffin is still to be seen in the abbey-church which he founded at Säkkingen on the Upper Rhine, while his memory is still honoured by the peasantry of the southern Schwarzwald valleys, who name their eldest sons after the good man, for luck.

From this time churches and monasteries are found multiplying. Light begins to break. The monks were certainly the civilizers of Germany, though they ended by being her tyrants.

Schools were established in connection with each monastery, and the monks, hardworking and pious as they were, during the first ages of their existence, gathered round them the gentle and simple of each neighbourhood, giving such instruction as they were able to impart.

The Black Forest district was of course included in the far-reaching empire of Charlemagne, forming part of the province of Suabia, and we are told that in the wars of the “Great Charles,” as the Germans call him, the Suabians, by reason of their valour, had the place of honour as advanced-guard assigned to them.

Shortly afterwards we hear of a Duke of Suabia, who, in the reign of Otho I., Emperor of Germany, alone of all the German Dukes, remained true to his allegiance, and by his timely aid saved the fortunes of his sovereign, on the banks of the Rhine.

The tenth and eleventh centuries are remarkable in Germany for the rise of an immense number of petty potentates or robber-knights, whose ruined castles crown every height in the Black Forest. Each one of these worthies, establishing himself in his stronghold, conducted himself after the fashion of monarch-absolute in his immediate neighbourhood, and not content with plundering and oppressing the peasantry of the district surrounding his own castle, assumed the right of levying blackmail, larger or smaller, as it suited the fancy or need of the exactor, on all who passed through his domains.

The clergy, too, who had in the first instance been the saviours and civilizers of Germany, now rapidly acquired extraordinary wealth and power. Large ecclesiastical establishments sprang up in all directions, and the abbots and deans, scarcely less shameless than the robber-knights themselves, plundered and levied tolls, and ground down the unhappy peasantry, with their double weapon of spiritual and temporal power.

The Emperors, meantime, are entirely absorbed by

their constant struggles with their various rebellious vassals, and with their inveterate enemies the Popes, to whom at one moment they yield the most abject obedience, and whom, at the next, when fortune favours, they depose and disgrace.

What with wars external and internal, divisions, oppressions, injustice, tyranny, and greed, it seems impossible that the people of Germany could ever have existed, much less thriven, during these centuries. Yet, in spite of all, the old Teuton love of liberty survives, the old Teuton feeling of brotherhood lingers among them, serving them in time in good stead. Even so early as the tenth century we find them uniting into guilds,—societies and corporations for mutual support and defence, and organizing trained bands; receiving, moreover, in their corporate capacity, charters and privileges from the Emperors, who looked upon the cities as their best safeguard against the power of the Dukes and Princes of the empire.

Frederick Barbarossa, the most popular and powerful of the German Emperors, whose memory is still regarded with mythical reverence, was the sworn champion of the lower classes and the upholder of German liberties. In his reign, 1152–90, many of the robber-castles, which had become the terror of the surrounding villages, were destroyed, and yet more were levelled to the ground during the reign of Rudolph of Hapsburg, a sovereign whose name is still dear to the hearts of the German people, and whose exploits abroad, and deeds of justice at home, still form favourite theme for song and story.

The robber-barons succumbed, but the powerful ecclesiastical tyrants were not so easy to dispose of. As the glory of the barons faded, the glory of these sons of the Church

grew and intensified. At length, so enormous were their influence and wealth, that it seemed as though they would absorb all Germany into their own hands.

It was the Emperor Maximilian who called the river Rhine "The priest's alley," from the number of proud ecclesiastical buildings which bordered its banks.

Fortunately, however, for Germany, there was always sufficient irritation going on, in the struggles between Emperor and Pope, to save her from falling altogether under priestly control. As evidence of which, it may be cited, that at no time was the Inquisition ever established within German borders. And the fifteenth century, the time when the ecclesiastical power rose to its highest, when palatial abbeys and magnificent churches were overshadowing the land in every direction, when the wealth, immorality, and luxury of the clergy were eating corruption into the heart of the people—this time was the eve of the Reformation.

It was in 1415 that John Huss was burned at Constance, and from his ashes rose, phoenix-like, the spirit of Protestantism. A hundred years later, the strong arm of Luther hurled the tottering Roman Church in Germany from its seat of honour.

Almost immediately upon the Reformation, and, as a consequence of it, followed that long series of national and religious struggles which is known to us as the Peasants' and the Thirty Years' War, in the course of which it is estimated that no less than half the population of Germany perished. The first of these was simply an unsuccessful revolt of the oppressed peasantry, who had largely embraced the Reformed doctrines, against the tyranny of their temporal and spiritual rulers. The second, beginning in the moun-

tains of Bohemia, by cruel repression of the Protestants on one side, and by expulsion of the Jesuits on the other, gradually extended from east to west and from north to south, until there was scarcely a town, scarcely a castle, scarcely a village throughout the empire, which had not, at one time or another, taken its part, and suffered its fate in the universal conflict.

Nor was the Black Forest, remote and unimportant as it might at first sight be considered, spared its share of the sad and thrilling experiences which fell to the lot of Germany generally. Its position between the cities of Constance, Basle, and Strasburg, all of them firm strongholds of the Reformed faith, brought it very closely within the area of the conflict; and the strong religious convictions of its inhabitants on the one side, and on the other, made them the constant victims of whichever party was in the ascendant.

Several of the Black Forest towns were sacked and burnt, not once, but twice or thrice, during the progress of this terrible civil conflict.

The most thrilling and romantic episode of the Thirty Years' War is the invasion of Germany by the chivalrous young champion of liberty of conscience, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the "Snow King," as he was called, in derision, by his enemies. The name, however, to all intents, seems a suitable one, though he did not melt away, as his scornful adversaries had hoped and predicted he would do, under the first sun of the south. Yet, coming from his far-away Northern home to fight the battle of freedom and of the oppressed, in chivalrous purity of purpose,—his career of conquest unstained by the shadow of

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a dark deed,—the appellation seems at least not unsuited to him.

He was, as Schiller writes of him, “the only just conqueror whom the world has ever seen,” and he died before success had had time to tarnish the purity of his character or the brightness of his fame.

Through the wooded valleys and over the mountains of the Black Forest passed the northern hero and his victorious army, if we may believe the legends which link the Swedish name with one and another locality, but they came in the guise of friends rather than as foes. For from the first, Frederick, Margrave of Baden, had attached himself to the cause of progress and freedom, and his son and successor fought through more than one desperate day, at the side of the invincible Swede.

The Thirty Years’ War came, at last, to an end in the year 1648, when the Peace of Munster was concluded.

By the articles of this peace Romanists and Protestants obtained equal rights, and all the ecclesiastical property acquired by the Protestants was to remain in their hands. On their side, the Protestants, putting aside the bitter disputes which had so long been raging between their various bodies, wisely resolved to dwell together in amity.

It seemed as though, in spite of her exhausted condition, a new era of hopefulness and progress might now be opening for Germany. But scarcely had she begun to rally from the disastrous effects of her terrible civil conflict, before a foreign invader was at her gates, and one who came not in the spirit of the Swedish conqueror, but as the very apostle of political and religious tyranny.

It was the age of Louis Quatorze, a monarch whose am-

bition was as boundless as his pride, and to whom the notion of a neighbour—free, prosperous, and united—would have been utterly distasteful.

He seized Strasburg, and sending an army across the Rhine, ravaged the Black Forest from end to end, burning Baden and many other towns, destroying the greater number of the castles which age and other conflicts had left standing, treating the inhabitants generally with the greatest brutality.

The question of the succession to the throne of Spain, claimed by both the King of France and the Emperor of Germany, led to fresh struggles, in which, as a matter of course, the border-lands of the Rhine suffered severely.

In this campaign England joined Germany, and won laurels under her great general, Marlborough.

At the peace which was concluded in 1714, Freiburg, which had been occupied by the French, was ceded to Germany.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Germany invaded France for the purpose of restoring the King to his own. The immediate result of the invasion was the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI., together with severe reprisals on the part of France.

Germany had little to oppose against the martial enthusiasm and the young patriotic fervour of her neighbour. For patriotism to have a hold, there must needs be a country to hold to, and Germany at this time had lost all unanimity of feeling and purpose. It was but a collection of innumerable little despotisms, weakened by luxury and immorality, and characterised by tyranny, sloth, and mutual distrust. The Abbé de Pradt compared its numerous states to “a

vast menagerie, the inhabitants of which survey one another through the bars of their cages."

It had nothing which it could hold against the power of French intrigue or the impetuosity of French generalship.

The empire was attacked on all sides ; in Italy, where the young General Bonaparte was fast making the world ring with his name ; while on the Rhine two great armies assembled, destined for the invasion of Germany.

One of these armies, in number 71,000 men, led by General Moreau, one of the ablest commanders that France has ever possessed, crossed the Rhine at Strasburg on the night of 23d June 1796, and at once marched into the mountains of the Black Forest, where the romantic Murgthal and the surrounding mountains became the scene of a fierce encounter between the French and the Austrians, as they now began to be called ; the Imperial troops being driven from the highlands, and falling back upon Pforzheim.

Moreau spread a portion of his troops through the Black Forest, while with the main body of his army he pursued the retreating Austrians, and pushed on into the valley of the Danube, where he hoped to join the other French army, which, under General Jourdan, had marched into Bavaria. But Jourdan had, meantime, met with signal defeat at Wurzburg, and Moreau, fearing that his communications would be cut off, could do nothing better than make his way, in as orderly a fashion as possible, back again.

His retreat with his army through the pass of the Black Forest mountains known as the Höllenthal—valley of hell (Chap. XVI.)—has always been considered a most masterly

military achievement, and added more to his fame than a victory would have done.

"So ably were the measures of the French general concerted, that he not only passed the defiles without either



THE HÖLLENTHAL.

confusion or loss, but debouched into the valley of the Rhine rather in the attitude of a conqueror, than that of a fugitive."—*Alison's History of Europe*.

By an article of the Treaty of Campo Formio, 1797, a congress to settle the affairs of the German Empire was arranged to meet at Rastadt, near Baden. In these conferences Germany seemed prostrate at the feet of France, and the French commissioners behaved with the greatest haughtiness and insolence.

On leaving the congress they were surprised in a wood near the town and murdered. This outrage inspired the French with new vigour, and the war was prosecuted with the greatest ardour.

But it is scarcely necessary for our purpose to relate how, one after another, the different states of Germany fell before the power of the invincible "Little Corporal," nor to dwell on the campaigns which humbled both Austria and Prussia to the dust. The pressure of the struggle shifted away from the pine-clad mountains and secluded valleys which most concern us. Indeed, so great was the terror of the French arms, so strong the moral influence of the new French "ideas," and so slight the bond which held the various German states together, that in the contest which followed, we find the smaller German States, for the most part, flying from the nearer peril, and buying a costly neutrality at the hands of the French invader, even if not actually compelled to an unpatriotic alliance with him.

Those states which thus threw in their lot with the mighty, were not altogether unrewarded. French influence secured a certain aggrandizement for each of its small allies. Among others, Baden and Würtemberg were not forgotten.

The Duke of Würtemberg received the title of king. The Margrave became Elector, subsequently Grand Duke of Baden; while to his grandson and heir, Napoleon gave his

step-daughter, Stéphanie Beauharnais, in marriage, also adding the Brisgau district to his hereditary estates.

In the following year, 1806, the Emperor Napoleon, together with sixteen German princes, formed what was known as the Confederacy of the Rhine. The Empire of Austria was completely separated from Germany, and the German Empire ceased to exist.

Upon the breaking-up of the Rhenish Confederation with the downfall of Napoleon in 1815, an alliance between the various states known as the German Confederation was formed,—a loose and frail bond, which lasted, however, with more or less of cohesion, until, under our own eyes, German nationality, purified by suffering, strong and ardent, has risen phoenix-like from the dust, to take at last its true place in the world's history.

In 1818 the Grand Duke of Baden bestowed a constitution upon his people, the fundamental principle of which was the territorial integrity of the Duchy.

Baden shared in the troubles which affected Europe generally in 1848, and in the following year the Grand Duke was forced to fly, the revolutionists possessing themselves of his capital, Carlsruhe. He was restored in the July of the same year by the aid of the Prussian troops.

In the war of 1866, however, between Prussia and Austria, Baden sided with Austria and shared in its defeat; but in 1870, on the declaration of war with France, it at once joined the national cause, and gave its aid to the formation of the new German Empire—a course to which the Grand Duke was doubtless prompted by personal feeling as well as by national duty, since his wife, the Grand Duchess, is daughter of the German Emperor.

The army of Baden is now incorporated in the fourteenth corps of the Imperial forces.

Baden has had its full share in the religious disputes which have agitated Germany during recent years. The head of the state is Protestant, but the majority of the inhabitants are Catholics. All religions are, however, tolerated. Church and State have been separated ; the Jews within recent years admitted to civic rights ; and free trade has been established, —all these reforms being accomplished not without severe struggles of the Liberal against the Ecclesiastical party.

There are two universities in Baden, a Protestant one at Heidelberg, a Catholic one at Freiburg, each possessing fine libraries. The education of the masses is compulsory, each boy being obliged to attend school daily for eight, each girl for seven years.

The government is an hereditary monarchy, the executive power vested in the Grand Duke and two Chambers.

The grand-ducal family trace their descent from the Counts of Zähringen near Freiburg, of whom Count Hermann II., in the year 1072, was the first to adopt the title of Margrave of Baden.

Württemberg is also an hereditary limited monarchy, the executive vested in the King and two Chambers.

The reigning family trace their descent to Ulrich, Count of Württemberg, who ruled that portion of the Empire in the middle of the thirteenth century, and established himself as an independent sovereign, but the real founder of the monarchy and of the prosperity of Württemberg was Duke Frederick William Charles, who succeeded his father in the year 1803, and who, by steady adherence to the cause of Napoleon (to whose brother, Jerome, he gave his daughter

in marriage), succeeded in raising his dukedom to a kingdom, and in greatly extending his territories at the expense of his neighbours. In 1813, when the star of Napoleon was setting, the King of Würtemberg prudently joined the allied powers, and thus preserved his newly-won title and territory.

In 1819, Würtemberg, after a severe struggle, exacted a constitution from the King, under which it has since prospered.

The majority of the inhabitants are Protestant, but all religions enjoy equal civic rights, and although the royal family is of the Protestant persuasion, it is not necessarily so. Education is compulsory, and probably reaches a higher standard than in any other European country.

Commerce is sufficiently flourishing, the products of the little country being very varied; but that portion of the kingdom which is included in the Black Forest district, like its neighbour Baden, has for its chief export the timber which clothes its hills.

## CHAPTER II.

### LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride."  
*Goldsmith.*

"They love their land because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why;  
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty."  
*Halleck.*

THE Black Forest is very nearly comprised within the lines of an isosceles triangle, which has Rastadt, the Rhenish fortress of many fortunes, for its apex, and the two cities of Basle and Constance for frontier-guards at each end of the base-line, while the stately Rhine itself condescends to follow two lines of the figure.

Having formed the southern frontier of the Black Forest from Constance to Basle, the river, at this point, takes a sudden turn northwards, as though unwilling to separate itself from the scenes through which its earlier course is passed, and so, still clinging to the Black Forest, skirts it through its entire length, and forms its western boundary.

The forest lies partly in the Grand Duchy of Baden and partly in the kingdom of Würtemberg, and covers an area of about twelve hundred square miles, being at the base of the triangle some forty miles broad. It divides itself naturally into two portions: the northern, or, as it is locally called,

the Lower Schwarzwald, which has Baden-Baden for its metropolis, and the Hornisgrinde and Kniebis as its highest elevations ; and the southern or Ober-Schwarzwald, lying south and east of Freiburg, a region of yet wilder and grander scenery, with the great mass of the Feldberg as its centre.

The chief beauty and charm, however, of the Schwarzwald district, are not to be found in its mountains, although some of them, snow-covered through nine months of the year, are certainly worthy of their name—the Feldberg (5000 feet), holding rank as the third highest among the mountains of Germany. But naturally, as compared with their neighbours of Switzerland, in face of the mysterious eternal snow-and-glacier world of the Alps, they do but raise their peaks very modestly above the earth.

It is rather in her valleys, that the grand charm of the Schwarzwald must be sought. And here she may be said to have no rival, either as regards diversity, or richness of vegetation.

In their romantic seclusion, in their wild and lonely grandeur, in their pastoral richness, the trout-stream watered valleys of the Black Forest present as beautiful and varied gems of nature as the world, or at least as Europe, can offer. They are among the scenes that rest in the memory as “ joys ”—joys of a peaceful and happy kind. One would like to think of them lying awake in the quiet night, on a bed, perhaps, of sickness. There is associated with their remembrance, no shuddering recollection of hairbreadth escapes, no nightmare toils, such as may cling uneasily about certain Alpine adventures. They bring with them rather a vision of still contentment, a glimpse into the good land—

"a land of brooks of waters, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys ;" an echo of murmuring streams, a lingering fragrance of pines.

That the forest has its sterner moods, that the winds roar hoarsely among the pines, overturning one here, and stripping another there ; that the winter-snow falls heavily, and lies long, many feet thick, upon the mountains, burying the valleys for months at a time ; that the babbling streams, swollen by winter-snows and melting mountain-ice, suddenly rise into furious torrents, carrying destruction in their dark foaming waters,—all this we know. We hear the account of it from the lips of the peasant farmers. It is the reverse of the picture—but for us the picture has no reverse. Our Schwarzwald has only a summer existence, green and smiling. We see it only in its summer or autumn glory, although we might well wish to see it, and, indeed—would we enjoy it at its best and brightest—we *must* see it, in its spring attire, crowned with its coronal of flowers, while the cuckoo, the living echo of the forest, is still lingering in its innermost recesses, while the lark and the nightingale make the air jubilant with their song.

The Black Forest is not a place to be "done" by energetic tourists in a fortnight's holiday, although, of course, a great deal of what is beautiful in it may be seen in a short space of time. But for its real enjoyment and appreciation it should be lived in—not passed through. And the class of visitors who will be most attracted to and delighted by its scenery is not the express-train, return-ticket class, bent upon seeing a whole menagerie of the world's lions in a week, or eager for sensational exploits to be detailed, with a few exaggerations, to incredulous friends

at home. It will be appreciated rather by those who have leisure and will for more quiet and healthier enjoyment ; by those who find their pleasure in the contemplation of beautiful Nature in her gentler moods ; by those for whom the swelling contour of wooded hills and verdant dales has an undying charm ; by those for whom the untrodden forest means a world of undiscovered wonders ; for those to whom the wild flower is a joy, and the rare moss or fern a treasure ; and above all, to those who are not irrevocably wedded to railway-travelling.

For though the Black Forest is traversed throughout its length by a railway, and that an exceptionally beautiful one, the real charm of the country and its most attractive features must be sought off the iron highway ; and there is perhaps no part of Europe in which driving is so delightful as in the Black Forest. The roads are uniformly excellent--engineered with extraordinary skill, and presenting, at every moment, varied and delightful points of view. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more enjoyable way of passing a long summer, than by a driving-tour through this district—a pleasure, perhaps, only to be exceeded by those who are able to explore it on foot.

For the pedestrian the Black Forest is simply a paradise. The forest-paths are, of course, delightfully shady ; much of the most beautiful mountain-scenery is only accessible on foot ; the excursions to be made in this manner are literally endless, and the distances are within the powers of a moderate walker. It is perfectly tantalizing at times to be driven through the more romantic parts of this district. At every moment such delightful forest-paths open out, on each side, right and left,—such fairy vistas of greenery, such mossy

nooks by purling streams, where an idly pleasant hour might so well be spent, present themselves, that it seems a positive hardship to pass them by, even at the very moderate rate of speed which Black Forest horses indulge in.

The Black Forest offers no attraction of danger to the tourist. Here are neither glaciers nor avalanches, nor wild beasts nor brigands ; the wolves have been extirpated, and the old robbers'-castles, with which the heights were once plentifully furnished, do but, in their ruins, add a charm to the landscape and a legend to the neighbourhood. There is no strong excitement, and except in the case of Baden-Baden and one or two rare instances, little to recommend the district to lovers of gaiety, or to those whose tastes do not lead them to simple, outdoor pleasures.

But not alone may the artist, the botanist, and the lover of Nature find attraction and occupation in the Black Forest. To the sportsman, and, above all, to the fisherman, it offers a wide field of—perhaps we may be permitted to say—usefulness, in the case of a country where game and trout form such important additions to the simple bills of fare.

To some persons the simplicity of the Black Forest is its greatest charm ; others again might be disposed to take umbrage at it. Old manners and old customs linger long in these quiet spots ; and the traveller who is shocked by the kindly familiarity of his village host, whose nerves would be startled to find his landlady offering him her hand, or sitting by his side to chat and keep company with him during his evening meal, had better not visit the remoter parts of the Black Forest.



BLACK FOREST PEASANTS.

The British tourist has not yet made the Black Forest his hunting-ground ; his name is not yet found carved on every tree ; indeed, except in the larger towns, his name is not to be found in the strangers' book. And the notion of the modern hotel, with its army of black-clothed, bowing waiters, has hardly yet penetrated into the Black Forest mind. The inn is usually an inn, served by the master, who takes a friendly glass of beer, now and again, with one of his guests. The mistress superintends the cooking arrangements, and their assistant, if they have one, is usually a rosy-cheeked peasant-girl—the *Kellnerin*. The host and hostess receive their guests, literally, as guests, paying them a variety of small personal attentions, and eager to show their interest in the stranger. You will scarcely have taken a meal in any Black Forest guest-chamber before host and hostess have inquired of you, with friendly politeness, where you live, when you are *zu Haus*, and what the relations of your party, if you have one, may be, one to the other.

There is no question of obsequiousness and condescension in your relations with your Black Forest host, but a pleasant kind of friendliness is at once established between you ; and while you are under his roof, and in a measure under his care, there is no trouble that your entertainer will not take, to put you in the way of seeing the best points of the neighbourhood, or in giving advice and information.

Moreover, he will not cheat you—or at least not much—for hotel-bills in the Black Forest are, as a rule, extremely moderate, and extortion, so far as the present writer's experiences go, of most rare occurrence.

One advantage the traveller is sure of in the Black Forest inns, go where he will—cleanliness.

The exterior of the building may have something of the appearance of a pothouse ; the stranger may have to make his way to the inner sanctuary of the guest-room through the *Gaststube*, where the rustic worthies sit drinking beer and smoking very bad tobacco ; he may be required to submit to a certain amount of smoking, even in the inner sanctuary itself ; he may have little choice of food, but trout and veal cutlet, but he is at least certain to have the food cleanly cooked, and to be ushered into a bedroom which, in points of purity and snow-white linen, might put many a "grand" hotel to the blush.

The constant habit of the German to smoke before, during, and after his food, is certainly trying to English tastes, and especially objectionable to ladies, who are thus constantly driven to take their meals in their own rooms ; but it is a custom which innkeepers in the Black Forest are doing their best to amend, by urgent appeals posted in most of their eating-rooms ; and when the notice is sufficiently authoritative, the law-abiding German usually submits to the restrictions imposed. Indeed, the only instance in which the present writer saw the written rule flagrantly violated, the offenders were not Germans but Englishmen, who, out on a holiday, had, as is often so unhappily the case, left their "manners" at home.

But it must always be remembered by the English traveller, that the German does not intend disrespect even when he smokes his hardest in the presence of ladies. In fact, it is probable that he is quite innocent of any offence in the matter, having been from his infancy so accustomed to live, and to see his womenkind live, in a cloudland of tobacco, that it no more occurs to him to put his pipe out, than it

would to him to put the shoes off his feet, even before the fairest of her sex.

A word must be said as to food in the Black Forest.

In the villages meat is not very abundant, and mutton rarely to be had. Beefsteak, when it can be procured, is excellent, and quite unlike the tough and unsavoury slabs which we know under the name. Pork and veal are both good, poultry always at hand, and trout from the neighbouring stream waiting only to be killed and cooked. White bread is now in general use and is very good. Butter and milk are excellent, and the coffee quite as good as it ever is, out of France.

On the whole, then, the traveller need not fear starvation in the Black Forest, and the “good appetite” which is usually wished him, as each course is laid upon the table, will probably come in the eating, if he have not already earned it by a long day’s march or drive.

The primitive dinner-hour of twelve or half-past, which prevails in this district, is an extremely inconvenient one to English notions, but the *Abend-Essen*, which is ready between six and seven o’clock, and which is always served *à la carte*, falls well into the Englishman’s usual habits. If, moreover, he adopts the German fashion of early rising and slight breakfasting, he will probably, after a time, be found not refusing the solemnities of the midday repast, however much he may, at first, scorn the notion of dining before the world is up.

The dignified independence, shown in the manner of the village landlord, will be less surprising to the Black Forest traveller, when he comes to make anything like intimate acquaintance with the Black Forest people. The landlord

he will, to be sure, find in most cases to be the most important man, and the largest landholder in his district, but the same dignity and independence will be found in the manners of every cottager whom he may come across.

They are all *Bauern*, that is to say, landed peasant proprietors, than which there is no higher title nor better standing in the land. They may be poor, or they may be rich—that is as fortune chances; but they aspire to no other dignity than that which their birthright gives them—they seek for no other title of honour.

“Here lies the much-respected *Bauer*.” “Here sleeps the dearly-loved *Bäuerin*.” So we read upon the marble and gilt crosses which adorn the village churchyard.

“She is a rich *Bäuerin*, that one,” says your guide, pointing to a woman who is making hay in a field; “she owns the land as far as you can see.”

That which they are, these simple peasant-souls have a pride in being. It is left to us of a more advanced civilization to take a pride in appearing to be that which we are not.

It is a curious feature of the Schwarzwald, that throughout the length and breadth of it, with the exception of one or two royal or princely palaces, there is no residence of more pretension or importance than a Bauer’s farmhouse; no squire’s hall, no gentleman’s seat, no baronial mansion. The peasant is lord of all. And, as we have said, the Bauer may be rich or poor, he may be the owner of a forest and the possessor of untold hoards, or he may own but the scrap of garden on which his cottage stands, but in whichever case, he has that which suffices for his modest wants. He has at least his pig, his cow, his fowls,

and, above all, his potato-field, which supplies him and his family with their chief winter food.

And, moreover, he has the strong sense of proprietorship, which so often goes far towards the realization of the beatific state, having enough and being therewith content. There is a singular contentment about the Black Forest peasant. His wants are nearly all contained within the little magic circle of his home. Scarcely an article of food or of clothing is there, which he seeks out of it. Fuel comes to him as naturally as the light of heaven and the brook that flows by his door; his own and his wife's active hands gather in, during the summer, the fruits of his little heritage; the winter finds its own occupation; for most of the Black Forest peasants follow some trade or industry. As a rule, the little hoard of savings, as years go by, does not diminish; but the money thus so laboriously earned has no practical value to the peasant-mind; it does not induce a more luxurious mode of living; it does not save the peasant proprietor one hour of toil in the field or forest; it does not induce him to alter, in any manner whatever, his homely style of living.

But it has one effect. It makes him ambitious for his children, who have perhaps gone out from the parental home into the vague distance of the outer world. For them the peasant, in his peasant-simplicity, dreams all manner of fond and vain dreams. And the younger generation are not, in truth, what their fathers were. They are more restless, more enterprising, more enlightened perhaps, but not the same. Modern civilization in its curse, as well as in its blessings, has reached them, even in this old-world spot. Modern civilization presses them hard,—



BLACK FOREST PEASANTS.

opening out roads here, cutting railways there, setting up machinery in place of hand-labour in all their special industries ; and they begin to have ideas and notions, to look out with longing eyes on the ways and manners of the big world of which they know so little. They are even beginning—and alas ! beginning rapidly—to doff the venerable peasant-costume which is their fathers' and mothers' pride. Who can say what the next generation of Bauern and Bäuerinnen will be like ? Who knows but that we, who see them to-day, may not be seeing the very last of their kind ?

The Black Forest people are divided, as to race, between the Rhenish, Suabian, and Alemanni families—the Rhenish at the north, the Suabian at the west, the Alemanni at the south—each race having its special dialect, which is almost as bewildering to their German fellow-countrymen, as it is to foreigners, and which we should be inclined to call barbarous, did we not remember that the *Minnesingers* of old chaunted their songs in the Suabian tongue, and that Hebel has made the Alemanni dialect harmonious in his verses.

The people can, however, all understand German proper, and most of them have learned it, and can speak it fairly well, when so inclined ; added to which it is quite remarkable, considering the comparatively small number of English visitors to the district, in how many of the Black Forest inns, English is understood and spoken, either by the landlord or by some member of his family.

One great advantage the Black Forest possesses, or rather it may be said that it does not possess that source of so much irritation and annoyance to the traveller, the professional beggar.

Here, no crowd of whining mendicants dogs the wayfarer's footsteps ; no objects, pitiable from disease and dirt, press upon him to display their misshapen limbs and festering sores ; no eager-handed company of bare-legged children clamour after him for coppers. He may walk, literally, through the length and breadth of the land without an appeal to his charity. That this is no trifling advantage to the traveller, let those testify whose feelings have been revolted, and whose hearts have been sickened, amid the most beautiful scenery of Italy and Switzerland—not to speak of lands farther south—by the miserable objects who have thus seemed to come between them and Nature's fairest or grandest works—very “blots i' the sun.”

The spirit of independence to which we have before alluded as existing among the Black Forest people, no less than their actual well-being, saves them from the curse of mendicancy. They are as hardworking as they are frugal. Neither man nor woman among them shrinks from labour, though it be of the roughest and severest kind. They dig, one and all, with a will, but to beg they would be ashamed. And this independence of character does not produce any surliness of manner in the Black Forest peasantry. On the contrary, they may be said to compare very favourably with other Germans in this respect. Their manners are essentially good; free at once from affectation and timidity. Their intense self-respect makes them willing to show respect to others. They are courteous without being servile, and familiar without being impertinent. They will very probably not raise their hats to you as you pass, unless you first wish them a good-day. They will certainly set you down as a boor if you do not with equal courtesy return

their salute ; but they will go far out of their way to show you yours ; and be found willing to perform many little acts of friendliness, for which they would be offended were any return made, other than a kindly word of thanks. In short, they are an honest, warm-hearted, simple people, possessing, no doubt, the vices as well as the virtues which are usually to be found in primitive societies ; but to the passer-by, the virtues stand out decidedly in the stronger relief, and he whose summer-days have been passed in the romantic scenery of the Black Forest, will surely be led to think of it as an ideal region—not alone as of a land of mountains and valleys, of streams and woods, but as a land of peace and contentment, where one, at least, of life's great problems has been solved ; where wealth is without ostentation ; where poverty is thought no crime ; where want is but another name for exertion ; where not the least beautiful floweret of the soil is—

“ The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.”

## CHAPTER III.

### BLACK FOREST INDUSTRIES.

" Honest labour bears a lovely face."  
*Dekker, 1641.*

**T**HE special industries of the Black Forest are various. The Bauer is primarily and by nature a woodman, and a very large proportion of the Black Forest people, who number about 300,000, are employed in the cutting and transporting, by road and water, of this chief product of their land.

Formerly all the timber was floated down the various streams into the Rhine. Very much of it is now conveyed by road and railway; but fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, the old method is not wholly out of use, and rafting—*Holz-Flösserei*, as it is called—still forms for the stranger one of the most attractive features of Black Forest life.

The pines having been sawn off a little above the roots, are slid from the mountain or hillside where they have grown, into the never-failing stream, which flows rapidly, over boulders and amid rapids, through the valley. Here they are pierced at each end, and tied together with willow-roots, in rows of from four to ten, according to the width of the stream. To this roughly constructed raft, a similar one is



Rafting in the Black Forest.

joined, also tied with willow-roots. To this another and another are added, until perhaps as many as thirty lengths of tall pine-trees have been joined. To the foremost a sort of rough bow—a hollowed tree trunk—is usually fixed, and the last section of the raft is fitted with a rudder, formed of a stripling pine.

The frail, extraordinary-looking craft is now launched on its rapid voyage. A man stands at the bow to steady it, the water flying up between the trees and drenching him at every yard. Another is at the helm. All along the raft, men furnished with poles or oars move rapidly from section to section, guiding here, restraining there, and at times having to use all their strength to cling on, liable to be swamped at every moment, as the raft rushes madly along with the impetuous torrent, dashing over rapids, and through narrows, and over boulders, twisting and curving as it follows the intricate windings of the stream, “like a thing of life ;” not precisely after the fashion in which we ordinarily apply the term, but rather in the form of a huge, black, wriggling serpent, which seems to swim rather through than upon the surface of the stream, sending a rolling wave before it, which surges up and through the tree trunks, in a thousand hissing eddies.

As may well be believed, the navigation of these rafts requires no little skill, care, and knowledge of the locality ; and the extreme rapidity with which they are carried over the seething water, seems to the uninitiated on-looker simply a mad career towards destruction. As a matter of fact, however, the streams are so shallow that little real danger exists.

Where the narrow mountain-stream flows out into the

scarcely less rapid river, the rafts are widened and joined to others, until in time, when the broad and stately Rhine is reached, they are built up into those floating villages, which may so often be observed upon the river, some of them, it is said, 700 feet long.

These constructions are very peculiar. They are formed of several layers of trees placed one on the other, and planked over with rough deal so as to form a deck. Upon this are erected various small huts and cabins; for the Rhine-raft carries often a population of not less than three or four hundred persons, the boatmen being accompanied by their wives and families, while cows, fowls, and pigs, are also carried for the use of the crew; and we are assured that the domestic economy of an East Indiaman, or an English man-of-war, could hardly be more complete. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner-hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the men run from all quarters to receive their rations; while the consumption of provisions during the voyage is stated to be almost incredible, it having been calculated that, from the time of the construction of the raft until it is sold, no less than 45,000 lbs. of bread, 30,000 lbs. of meat, 15,000 lbs. of butter, 10,000 lbs. of cheese, 500 tuns of beer, 8 butts of wine, and other provisions in proportion, are disposed of.

The rafts are navigated to Holland, where they are sold, producing from £20,000 to £30,000 each. The rafts are very frequently the property of a company known as the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, which dates from the sixteenth century, and which unites a vast number of small forest-proprie-

tors. This Company, together with the Government and the Prince of Furstenberg, own the greater part of the Black Forest. The timber exported from the forests of the Schiffer-Gesellschaft alone is estimated at over £100,000 yearly, and altogether Holland is a consumer of Black Forest timber to the amount of £170,000 per annum.

But we have floated far away from the trout-streams of our Black Forest valleys, and must retrace our steps.

The peasantry of the southern portion of the Black Forest, of Alemannic race have, from time immemorial, been known as clever and ingenious hand-workers, both in wood and metal; but during the last two hundred years they have originated and developed an industry which has become world-famous. For to them belongs the honour both of inventing, and, to a great extent, of supplying the world with, clocks.

Who the first clockmaker of the Forest was, we do not know, nor whether he ever reaped the reward of his ingenuity. His name has not come down in story, but we can well imagine him: the squarely-built, dark-skinned peasant, with long black hair hanging over his shoulders, and deep, solemn, meditative eyes; seated in his little wooden cabin beside the great earthenware stove, all through the long winter days, when the snow is piled many feet high round his cottage-world; puzzling out the great problem, which through such long hours of patient toil and ever-deferred hope he has almost but not quite solved—the problem of the weights and wheels.

We can well fancy that earliest clockmaker to have had as romantic and thrilling a story as had Palissy the enameller; and in truth the results of the Black Forest genius

have been far greater, and of infinitely more importance to the world, than those of the French potter have been. But the biography of the clockmaker is unwritten.

We can well imagine, however, the triumph, the honest pride, with which our peasant-inventor—after years, possibly, of apparently fruitless thought and toil, after numberless disappointments, and, it may be, not a few wifely scoldings—saw hanging before him, on the well-smoked wall of his study-workroom, the thing, instinct with life and motion, which his own hand and brain had created—the first clock!

We can almost fancy that, like another Pygmalion, he would, in the first frenzy of his joyous excitement, fall down before and worship this homely Galatea. Or, knowing the habits and manners of these sturdy German foresters, we can more readily imagine the successful genius gazing in a solemn glow of silent pleasure at his accomplished work, relieving his silence, perhaps, with a sonorous, long-drawn-out *Soh!* And then starting off on a steady tramp through snow and over moor to the nearest village-church, there to pour out his thanks to God and the *Gottes-Mutter*, and to light his tallow thank-offering.

One of the very earliest, if not the first, Black Forest clock is exhibited in the Industrial Museum at Furtwangen (Chap. XIV.). It is two hundred and eleven years old. It only shows the hours, and has to be wound twice in the twenty-four. Its works consist of three wheels, regulated by a balance, to which a string with a great stone, as weight, is attached.

An improvement was very quickly made upon this simple mechanism.

The pendulum was introduced about the year 1740, the

application of the pendulum to the movement of the clock having, it is believed, been first suggested by Galileo. Striking-clocks were invented also about the middle of the eighteenth century. These at first had to be wound every twenty-four hours. Eight-day clocks were not manufactured until some forty years later.

In the year 1850 a great spur was given to this industry, which it was found had begun to decline, by the establishment of a clockmaking school at Furtwangen.

An attempt was also made to introduce the manufacture of watches, but this does not seem to have been attended with any great success, and the chief product of the district still continues to be the wooden-cased varieties of time-pieces, which, under the name of Dutch and American clocks, have found their way into almost every household in England.

It is curious, that what we know as Dutch clocks are known on the Continent as German, and that what we know as American are called by the German makers Scotch—probably, it is thought, from some Scotch workman having first been employed in making them.

Formerly, and until within the last fifteen years, every portion of the works of these Black Forest clocks was made by hand, and each workman began and finished his own clock in his own cottage, being assisted in his labour by the different members of his family. Now, this hand and individual labour is to a great extent done away with, being supplemented by large establishments, where a hundred or more men are engaged, in which machinery is employed, and the labour is subdivided into at least a dozen processes. The men work twelve hours, are paid from a shilling to

half-a-crown a day, and women are employed as polishers of the cases.

The old hand-labour system is maintained only in a few remote villages, and in the inferior kinds of clock.

Since the introduction of machinery the Black Forest clocks have been, it is said, not only cheaper but more accurate, although it is certain that some of the old wooden clocks, made a hundred years ago, are still in use, having withstood the various changes of temperature, and the wear and tear of a century, with scarcely any diminution of their powers.

One peculiarity of the Black Forest clocks is, that they are almost all made to be fastened against a wall, not as chimney timepieces, and thus they are used throughout Germany, where, in truth, it would be difficult to find a place for chimney timepieces, where chimneys do not exist.

The favourite form is the cuckoo-clock, and a variety of other mechanism is also introduced in the more elaborate specimens. It would be difficult, indeed, to say that any result was impossible to the inventive genius of these Black Forest clockwork makers.

In the ninety-two parishes which form what is called the clock-country, are over 1400 master clockmakers, who employ some 6000 workmen. Altogether, about 14,000 people, including women and children, are occupied by this one industry. The number of clocks manufactured yearly in this district is calculated at two millions, valued roughly at one million sterling.

A kindred branch of industry in which the Black Forest people specially excel is the manufacture of musical boxes. It is by them that this industry has been brought to its absolute perfection in the orchestrion, a mechanical orches-

tra, which is able to reproduce, with exactitude, the most elaborate concerted compositions. These, which vary in price according to the number of pieces which can be performed by the instrument, and which have something the appearance of an organ, are becoming daily in more repute and request as an article of export. It is said that the Russians and Americans are the best purchasers of what is known among Germans as the *Familie Blessing*. The various instruments which go to make up the orchestrion are all the work of different makers, and are complete in themselves, affording employment to a large number of persons.

Another very important Black Forest industry is the manufacture of hats and other articles in straw. It is difficult to say, in what way this branch of trade first obtained so much importance in this district, since the straw has all to be imported from other countries. It comes chiefly from Italy, and it cannot therefore be said to be a home-born manufacture. But if an alien, it has long since obtained letters of naturalization, and there is scarcely to be found a village in the Southern or Ober Schwarzwald, which has not its *Stroh-Fabrik*, one or more.

The strawmaking seems to hold its own chiefly in the clock districts, and is the employment of the women and children, as clockmaking is that of the men. During the summer most of the straw-hat manufactories are shut, since to the women in these districts, is left, in great part, the field and harvest-labour; but during the long winter, which lasts for about eight months of the year, the busy hands which have been so actively engaged in gathering the fruits of the soil—scanty and hardly-earned enough for the most part—turn to other, and, as it would seem, more congenial

work; although, in truth, it is difficult to understand how fingers, roughened by months of the hardest field-labour, can be found equal to the task of delicately twisting straws, and moulding fashionable bonnets. Yet so it is, and from the Black Forest *Stroh-Fabriken* issue by the gross, not only the mighty yellow fabrics which adorn the heads of the Triberg market-women, nor only the coarse sailor's hats which are affected by the German youth, but also the dainty coiffures which are passed on to the Parisian *modiste*, and the great bulk of round children's hats, common among ourselves,—called by us Swiss, and which are no more Swiss hats than Dutch clocks are, as we have seen, Dutch.

Nor are these the only manufactures which have a home in the romantic valleys and on the bleak hillsides of the Black Forest.

The distillation of Kirchwasser occupies one entire neighbourhood; another is given up to glass-blowing. From one establishment it is estimated that a million champagne bottles are exported yearly.

Pewter-working has, for many years, been a favourite industry of the Forest, and it can also boast some manufactories of jewellery, chiefly silver.

In the western valleys of the Southern Schwarzwald, mills of all kinds have been established, and employ the greater part of the population, both male and female. Cotton-mills, cloth-mills, woollen manufactories, soap manufactories, are all established here, all worked by water-power, and forming such a picture of smokeless industry as is delightful to contemplate.

There are also several large pottery-works in different

parts of the Forest, and the ware of Villingen, both in shape and colouring, is extremely beautiful.

We have said nothing, either, of the saw-mills which make such picturesque features on the countless trout-streams, nor of the charcoal-burners who light their mysterious fires in the forest-clearings, nor of the many other occupations which these busy mountaineers find for themselves ; but enough has surely been said, to show that they cannot, at least, be accused of eating the bread of idleness.

To be exact, it is very little bread that they eat, after all. For though the Black Forest produces many things, and the extreme industry of the people seizes upon every little spot of vantage, there is one thing which it will not produce, viz., wheat. Only in the richer valleys is there any attempt at corn-growing, and the spiced black bread of the country is made from coarse rye. Fortunately for travellers, flour is now largely imported, and white bread is to be found in the remotest villages ; but the peasantry themselves despise the pale loaf as insipid food, and regard the heavy dark cake, which seems to us a poor substitute for wheaten bread, rather in the light of a luxury.

Their chief food is gathered from the potato-field which adjoins almost every cottage in the Black Forest, and which affords occupation for the spare moments, which the indefatigable workers may snatch from their other labours.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WILBAD.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.”  
*Childe Harold.*

“La divina foresta spessa e viva.”  
*Dante.*

THOSE who enter the Black Forest from the north have a choice of two routes. At Carlsruhe, the trim and stately little capital of Baden, they may either follow the main (Basle) line of railway, making Baden-Baden the centre of their exploration in the northern portion of the Forest, or turn aside eastward on the Württemberg Railway, by way of Pforzheim to Wilbad, from which place there is a most beautiful route over the mountain, a five hours' drive, to Gernsbach and the valley of the Murg, whence Baden-Baden may be reached in two hours more, the whole drive being through some of the finest scenery in the Lower Schwarzwald.

We propose to follow this route.

Pforzheim is a very ancient town, situated at the confluence of three streams, the Enz, the Nagold, and the Wurm, on the northern slope of the Black Forest, and its name is by some supposed to be a corruption of the Roman *Porta Hercynia*. It is celebrated as the birthplace of Reuchlin, the celebrated scholar, and boasts a history, having been

several times sacked by the French in the seventeenth century. In the Castle-Church is a memorial to four hundred Pforzheimers, who gallantly fell under the leadership of their burgomaster in the fight at Wimpfen, 1622, by which their Margrave Frederick was saved out of the hands of Tilly, the French general.

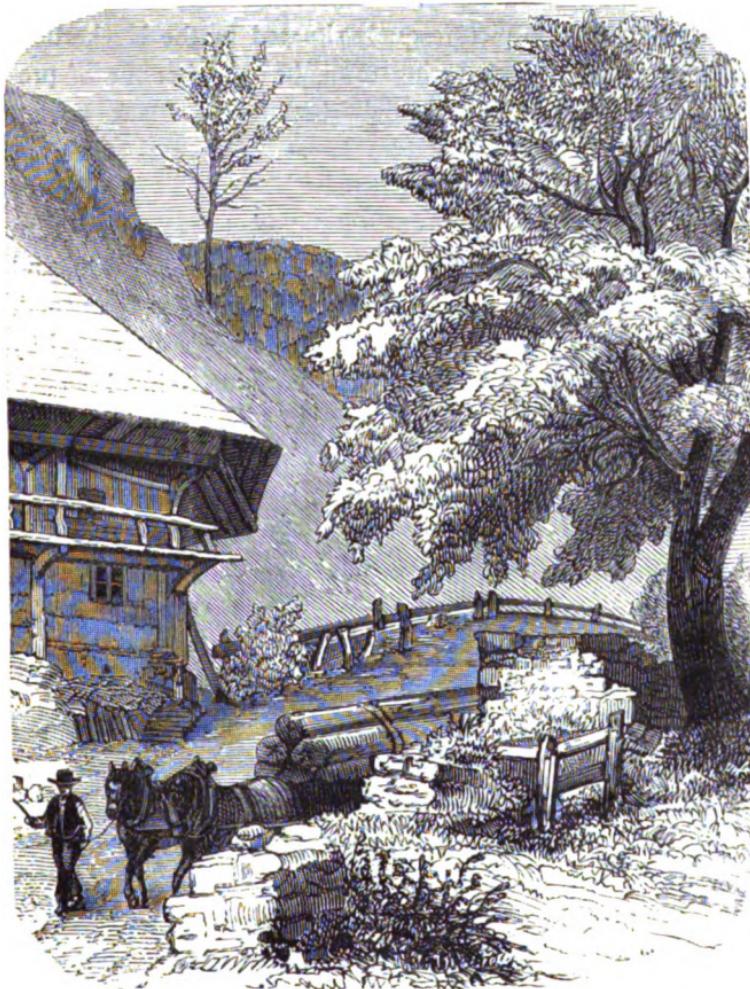
In this church is also a monument to the Margrave Charles II., who first introduced the principles of the Reformation into Baden, together with several other interesting tombs. On that of a certain Margrave of Brandenburg is the noble inscription : “A brave and manly German hero, who to the German Fatherland and nation devoted freedom, land, and people, wealth, honour, and his own blood.”

Pforzheim is now a busy trading town of over 23,000 inhabitants, possessing large manufactories of both gold and silver jewellery, besides chemical works, cloth-mills, and various other industries. It is also a great centre for the timber trade.

From Pforzheim a railway, known as the Würtemberg Black Forest line, runs due south by Calw, Oberndorf, and Rottweil to Singen, on the New Black Forest Railway (Chap. XIII.). The country through which it passes, though devoid of any very grand features, is pretty and interesting ; a well cultivated and prosperous district, sprinkled with quaint villages and picturesque old towns, each for the most part crowned by the crumbling ruins of some grey old castle, and traversed by several charming valleys, such as the Nagold, the Upper Neckar, the Upper Danube, &c.

The Nagoldthal as far as Nagold is extremely beautiful. This side of the Schwarzwald is that depicted by Auerbach in his celebrated “Black Forest Village Tales,” many of

which are translated into English, and which should be the chosen companions of the visitor to the country which he



describes so charmingly, and with whose people his simple tales seem to make us so intimately acquainted.

Auerbach himself was born at the little village of Nordstetten near to Horb, a quaint little walled and towered town in the Neckar valley.

Oberndorf, also picturesquely situated in the Neckerthal, a prosperous manufacturing town, has the honour of producing the one newspaper published in the Black Forest, known as the "Schwarzwalder Boten," a journal which has no fewer than 10,000 subscribers.

In the route we propose to follow, however, we turn aside from the main Würtemberg Railway at Pforzheim, and availing ourselves of a small branch-line recently opened, pass two or three picturesque villages entirely engrossed by the timber trade, and so reach the terminus, Wilbad.

Wilbad (hotels, Königliches-Bad, Bär, Frey, Bellevue, Russie, and others) lies in the narrow valley of the Enz, on a spur of the Black Forest range.

It is a place rapidly acquiring popularity, and, indeed, may already be said to have taken rank as a fashionable bath. It is a good deal frequented by English families, and there is an English church here.

The town consists only of two narrow streets ending in a "Place," but the bath-house is a remarkably handsome building, and the neighbouring country is romantic and picturesque in the extreme. The surrounding hills are laid out into walks, and the place is admirably adapted for the heat of summer, as it is particularly shady, and it also lies high, being some 1500 feet above sea-level.

Its climate is considered cold; its season is from June to September, the surrounding hills being snow-covered for at least six months of the year. The mean temperature of the waters of Wilbad varies from 90° to 100° Fahr., and

they are considered especially advantageous in cases of gout, rheumatism, paralysis, &c. The waters of Wilbad have the peculiarity of containing no lime, their principal ingredient being pure salt.

The bathing establishment, which belongs to the Government (of Würtemberg), is well arranged and comfortable. There is a good reading-room in the Kurhaus, well supplied with English as well as foreign newspapers.

Wilbad offers the usual attractions of a German "Kur," which may be described as water and music, or music and water, according to the taste or requirements of the patient.

A band plays twice a day on the Kurplatz, and occasional concerts and balls take place in the Kursaal.

The German mineral-baths occupy a position in German life, similar to that of seaside bathing-places among ourselves. They are not, by any means, as their name of "Cure" would imply, solely, or even chiefly, the resort of the sick and ailing. They are for the most part, frequented by visitors of extremely robust and portly aspect, and crowded with large families, accompanied by troops of children and nurses—denizens, it may be presumed, of cities, out for their summer holiday, and drawn to the neighbourhood of the bath or spring, as the case may be, by that peculiar craving after water, in some form or other, which affects the Teutonic mind at certain seasons of the year.

It might offer a physiologist matter of deep interest to inquire whence comes this annual passion.

The Frenchman or the Italian, we find, for the most part, content to enjoy his summer leisure under trees and in

gardens—in *villettiatura*. He affects rather the element of air. As for that of water, he is content with the modest fountain which springs sportively in his own courtyard. He has no irresistible impulse to bring his own person in contact with it.

But with the Teuton it is not so. At normal times, he does not, indeed—so gossip avers—find any special affinity between himself and the cool pellucid stream, as applied either internally or externally. But at a certain period of the year—notably during the dog-days—he is seized, no matter what his rank, occupation, or position, with an insatiable craving, an intolerable water-thirst, which nothing less than a month at a bath can satisfy. Water he must have—or die—socially.

So he betakes himself with his family to one or other of the “Kurs,” renowned or otherwise, according to the condition of his purse; and for the space of five or six weeks, sets steadily to the work of bathing and water-drinking, taking his pleasure in so solemn, business-like, and methodical a manner, that to onlookers it has somewhat the air of a penance.

He rises at an extraordinarily early hour in the morning; he drinks tumblers of mineral waters, of whose properties he has not the slightest notion, to the sound of music. He occupies the long morning in elaborate bathing—perhaps in sulphur, perhaps in iron, perhaps in a decoction of pine-cones, as the case may be. He dines largely and solemnly at mid-day, and before the day’s work or pleasure is over, has another course of water-drinking to go through, and more music to hear. At the end of his holiday, he returns home with the happy feeling, at least, upon his

mind, that he has done his duty ; and the water-craving subsides for a space of ten months.

The regularity, solemnity, and good faith with which whole families, from father and mother down to the tiniest babies, submit themselves, or are submitted, yearly to this process, is one of the most curious features of German social life.

The present writer, during last summer, at one of the Black Forest Baths, observed a large family of little children, all fat and rosy. By way of a civil remark to the nurse, the stranger innocently observed, "These little ones, at least, do not need the Kur."

"Ya, ya," is the answer, very decidedly given.

"Do you mean that they do take the baths?"

"Ya, ya, and drink of the waters every day—even the baby of one year."

"Poor little things ! what is the matter with them, then ?" is the next kindly inquiry.

But the suggestion brings down quite a torrent of wrath on the head of the offending ignoramus.

"Ill ! matter with them ! No, indeed," retorts their outraged guardian. "My children are as healthy as can be found in all the land ; but when you come to a bath, why should you not bathe? and when you come to a spring, why should you not drink?" Q.E.D. There is an end of the matter.

"May Heaven pickle and keep you," said the pious foreigner, as he bade his friend farewell. The same process must surely be invoked on the heads of the unhappy infants thus so ruthlessly plunged into the "Kur."

From Wilbad there are not only a number of short and picturesque walks, but also a variety of longer excursions

to be undertaken, which may occupy an afternoon or pleasantly employ a summer's day.

Among the shorter excursions may be mentioned, the walk which leads from the garden of Hotel Belle Vue, along the bank of the Enz, to the *Windhof*, a café. The summer theatre is situated near this spot, and a little higher up are the new Catholic and English churches. Beyond is the *Kühlen-Brunnen*, a much-frequented garden-café. The Schweizerhaus, on the Karlberg, offers a good point of view; also the Panoramaweg; and the list might easily be multiplied.

Among the longer excursions may be mentioned:— To the source of the Enz, in the midst of the pine forest on the road to Freudenstadt; to Zavelstein, with a fine ruined castle, and to the romantically situated Teinech baths; to Calw, Liebenzell, Hirschau, with its celebrated ruined monastery, all stations on the Würtemberg line of railway, and to be reached from Wilbad across a delightful forest road; to Kaltenbrunnen, a hunting-lodge belonging to the Duke of Baden (three hours).

From Kaltenbrunnen is a footpath leading to the lonely and romantic Wildsee, the home of one of the best-known of the Black Forest legends, charmingly illustrated in the series of frescoes by Götzenberger on the wall of the Baden pump-room (p. 88).

The picture represents a beautiful maiden sitting on the lake's bank, a milk-white doe at her side, and in her hand, a harp. Between the branches of the trees a young shepherd stands in rapt contemplation of the enchanting vision, while an old man endeavours to restrain him from approaching the dangerous beauty. A serpent twines about the

siren's white feet, which are held by the wicked genius of the lake, who looks out for his victim from among the folds of the water-sprite's flowing robe.

In truth, the poor Undine seems, according to the legend, to have been more sinned against than sinning. The following is the popular version :—

In the Wildsee, a lonely mountain lake, situated in the heart of the forest, have long dwelt a race of water-sprites, once ruled over by a king, a wicked and cruel monster, who, it seems, treated his Undine subjects very little better than he did any unhappy mortal who might fall into his power. One day, now long ago, a young shepherd, by chance, passing near the lonely spot, was attracted by the sound of sweetest music coming from the shore of the lake. Pushing through the dwarf-pines with which the lake is bordered, he beheld a lady more beautiful than his dreams could have conjured, and ah ! how far more lovely than any of the homely village-maidens it had been his lot to meet ! how much more beautiful than his own betrothed . Eda ! The lady was seated on the bank, her white, bare feet dipped into the water. By her side lay a milk-white doe, and in her hand was a harp, on which she was dis coursing eloquent music.

Hermann, the rough shepherd lad, could but gaze entranced upon so fair a vision—entranced and motionless, fearing even to approach, lest in a moment it should vanish from his sight. But when the beautiful apparition spoke to him, and beckoned him with winning smiles and flattering words, he would have been more than mortal-man to have resisted the soft appeal. In a moment he was at the siren's feet.

From that time, the whole character of the youth changed. Formerly light-hearted, industrious, and easily pleased, he became morose and sullen, given to fits of deep abstraction, and apparently dissatisfied with himself and all about him. The luckless Eda, to whom he had hitherto been the most affectionate of lovers, could only wonder and weep at his strange behaviour; while her father, who was also Hermann's guardian, determined if possible to probe the matter, or at least to find out the cause of the young man's repeated absences from home, as to which he would give no sort of explanation. Following him, then, one day through the intricate paths of the forest, he tracked his footsteps to the shore of the wild forest tarn—that haunted spot of evil omen.

A terrible fear took possession of the old man's mind—a fear which was destined to be a no less terrible certainty, when, just as he came up with the youth, he saw glistening through the trees the shining garments of a woman, seated beside the water, harp in hand.

In vain the old man tried to draw Hermann away from the fated spot.

“Unhappy boy!” he cried, “do you not know that you are beguiled—that she who looks so fair is but luring you to destruction—that she is the siren of the Wildsee?”

“I care not who she is,” returned Hermann passionately. “I only know that she is all the world to me. She has never told me her name.”

“Ask it, and be convinced,” said the old man sadly, as he hastened away from the dangerous ground.

These words of the old man rankled in Hermann's breast, for in truth he had many times asked the name

of his charmer, and she had invariably put him off with some excuse.

Now he resolved kindly but firmly to press the matter.

"If you love me you will tell me by what name to call you," he said persuasively, only a day or two after this discovery by the old shepherd, for not a day ever passed now without a meeting between the mysterious lady and her lover. "I will not believe in your love," he added, "if you refuse me this request."

For a few moments the beautiful lady was silent, her looks down-cast, her breast heaving. Then suddenly she raised her eyes, blue and clear, to the young man's face.

"Alas!" she cried, "I do love you, as I had never dreamed of loving—and it is for this that I would spare you. But if you will have it so, I grant your request. Only remember, that in so doing I risk destruction to myself and you. Will you promise, on the word of a man, that you will never call me by the name I tell you?"

Of course Hermann promised, and the name was whispered softly into his pleased ear.

"It is a name that suits you, Water-rose," said the young man fondly.

"Hush!" cried the sprite hurriedly, looking round as though in fear.

Soon after this, at one of their usual meetings by the lake-side, the face of the lady wore a sad and troubled expression, and tears filled her beautiful eyes.

"Alas!" she said, "I do not know what trouble may be in store for us, whether this may not be our last meeting. The water-king, who rules the lake,"—here she shuddered,—"is jealous of my true affection for you; is angry that I

have not before now lured you into those dark depths. I implore you to leave me now, and at once. It may be days before I can revisit this trysting-spot. Be sure I will come when I can. I should perhaps bid you never to come near the lake again; but I have not the courage to condemn myself to so much misery; only I pray you be cautious, and"—

"Dearest," cried the young man desperately, "fly with me now, at once, away from this haunted spot, and swear that nothing shall ever separate us."

The water-sprite turned on the youth a look of yearning affection, and held out her white arms to him. But at the same moment, from the midst of the lake, arose the form of a coarse gigantic head, crowned with a tangled mass of clinging weeds. Before Hermann could clasp the lady to his breast, she had sprung from him, and, with a cry of despair, leapt into the still dark waters of the lake, the last sign from her, a waving hand, that plainly bade him leave the fatal spot.

Yet he lingered; and day after day he came as usual to the trysting-tree, where so many happy hours had been passed, and waited with beating heart and straining eyes for one glimpse of his lost love.

At length, wearied out by repeated disappointments, he one day threw himself on the soft green moss beside the lake, and as he tried to gaze down into its mysterious depths, cried out in a voice of passionate sorrow—

"Water-rose, Water-rose, come to me once more."

He had forgotten his promise.

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when from the depths of the water sounded a stifled unearthly cry, while

at the spot whence the sound came, a tinge of crimson seemed to dye the surface of the lake. At the same time there floated to the young shepherd's feet a pure white rosebud.

“ Es schwimmt zum Ufer da,  
Ein weisztes Röslein her—  
Kein Aug' auf Erden sah  
Den Hirtenknaben mehr.”

## CHAPTER V.

### GERNSBACH AND THE MURG VALLEY.

" We will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains yield."

*Marlowe.*

FROM Wilbad to Baden-Baden, passing Gernsbach in the valley of the Murg, there are several routes, one a pathway over the mountains (nine hours' walk, guide needful), through very wild and grand scenery, as may be judged by the names of the different localities, which are chiefly appropriated by a personage not usually mentioned in polite society. They present quite an alarming list. The Devil's Mill, the Devil's Chambers, both of these said to have been fabricated by him, with great noise and fury, when expelled from his favourite residence of Baden after the great pulpit contest (p. 107). Close at hand are also the Devil's Bed, where he reposed after his exertions ; and finally (and happily), the Devil's Grave. This part of the forest is also said to be haunted by the spectre-form of the Wild Huntsman, who, mounted on his skeleton steed, and accompanied by his demon dogs, makes night hideous with his unearthly yells and shouts.

" This is the horn, and hound, and horse,  
That oft the 'lated peasant hears ;  
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross  
When the wild din invades his ears.

" The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
For human pride, for human woe,  
When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
The infernal cry of ' Holla, ho ! ' "

A carriage-road leads by Kaltenbrunnen, Reichenthal, and Hilbertsau to Gernsbach, this road running chiefly through the valley, and another, by way of Herrenalb, over the mountains, the more interesting, and affording very fine views. It is a drive of about five hours.

This road leads by Dobel, a mountain-village, from which is a view of the ruins of Frauenalb, once one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments of Germany, and affords a most extensive prospect over the valley of the Rhine. At Herrenalb, formerly the companion monastery to Frauenalb, there are some fine ruins of an abbey, destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, and a good water-cure establishment, capable of accommodating seven hundred patients.

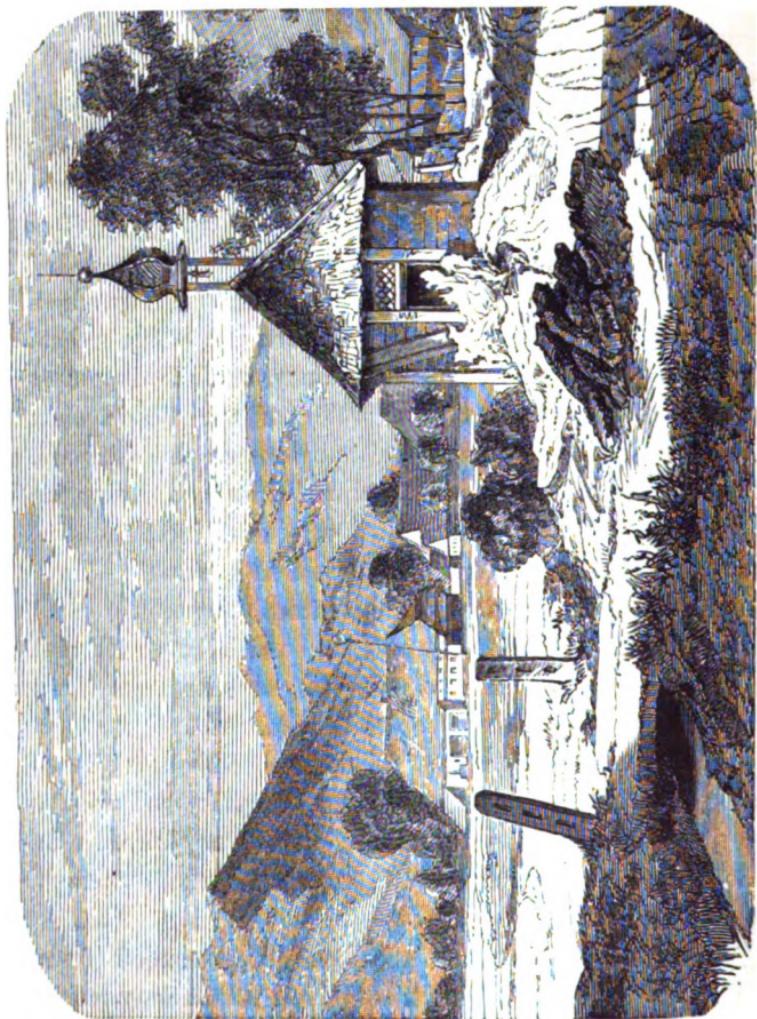
There are many pretty excursions from this point.

The road ascends through meadows and pine woods, and passes over a complete mountain-pass, with exquisite views on all sides, before descending to Gernsbach.

The valley of the Murg is, without doubt, the most beautiful in the northern part of the Schwarzwald, and should by no means be omitted from the plan of any traveller in this district. It runs due north and south from Gernsbach to Freudenstadt.

Gernsbach, as we have seen, may be reached from Wilbad in a variety of ways, and it is within easy reach, either by train or carriage, of Baden-Baden. There is also a direct road from Wilbad to Freudenstadt, from which place the Murghthal may be descended to Gernsbach, but

as the chief attractions of the valley are in the neighbour-



ON THE MURG.

hood of Gernsbach, that town should be made the headquarters of the tourist for at least a day or two.

There are several good inns in Gernsbach: Pfeiffer's Bad Hotel, with pine-cone baths, charmingly situated at the edge of the forest, a few minutes from the town. In the town, Post, Krone, Löwe.

The pine-cone bath is considered highly efficacious in rheumatic and nervous affections. It is simply water in which pine-cones have been boiled. In appearance, the decoction is dark and frothy, suggestive of London porter; and the patient who is meditating on his first plunge into the uninviting-looking liquid, cannot divest himself of the notion that he is about to be "done brown." Experience, however, proves that no such terrible results need be anticipated, and that the influence of the suspicious-looking cosmetic upon the skin is pleasant and invigorating.

Gernsbach is an old town—its Rath-haus dates from the fifteenth century—charmingly situated on the banks of the Murg into which, or rather into the dam from which the stream is fenced off, many of its houses dip, Venice-like. And the contrast of the swiftly rushing river, beside the still clear pool, into which the old wooden houses reflect their every beam, as though in a mirror, adds considerably to the charm of the landscape, as seen from the bridge which crosses the Murg at this point, and unites the old with the new part of the town.

It lies in the midst of forest, from which it derives its trade and importance, nearly the whole neighbourhood being the property of the company—the Schiffer-Gesellschaft—of which mention has before been made (p. 43), and who have not only been at the pains to construct an excellent road through their valley, but have also cleared many delightful paths through the forest, even setting up,

here and there, a rustic seat, for the accommodation of the traveller.

On the height above the town, and dominating the whole valley of the Murg, stands the Castle of Eberstein, to which we will presently return ; but the valley and the river lie before us—the loveliest valley of the Northern Schwarzwald ; the carriage—such a vehicle as might excite the scorn of Long Acre, yet roomy and comfortable enough—is waiting at our inn-door ; the horses, strong and rough, with a slight suspicion of “cart” about them, are already harnessed ; and the driver, a sturdy peasant with an immovable countenance, has already lighted his cigar and taken his seat upon the box. It is plainly time to set out.

Our landlord tells us that to Forbach, the culminating point of the valley, is a drive of four *Stunden*, there and back ; to Schönmünzach, seven. We are beginning to understand the ways and manners of Black Forest coachmen, and to know that we could walk the distance in almost the same time.

Cruelty to animals, as exemplified by furious driving, is not the besetting sin of the German charioteer. We remember to have been torn along French roads as though the enemy were at our heels—to have been shattered almost to pieces by our transit over Italian stones—to have shuddered at the prowess of British “whips ;” but in the Black Forest the most timid-minded of travellers may sit behind a horse without risk of alarm. German distances are reckoned *by the hour*, and the chief merit of a well-trained German horse is evidently to know how *not* to go at too rapid a pace. The driver may, indeed, occasionally admonish him with a flick of the whip ; but this is

a mere joke, and is evidently understood to be such, by tacit agreement between master and steed, whose earliest teaching has been to take the world quietly, and not to go faster through it than is absolutely compatible with dignity.

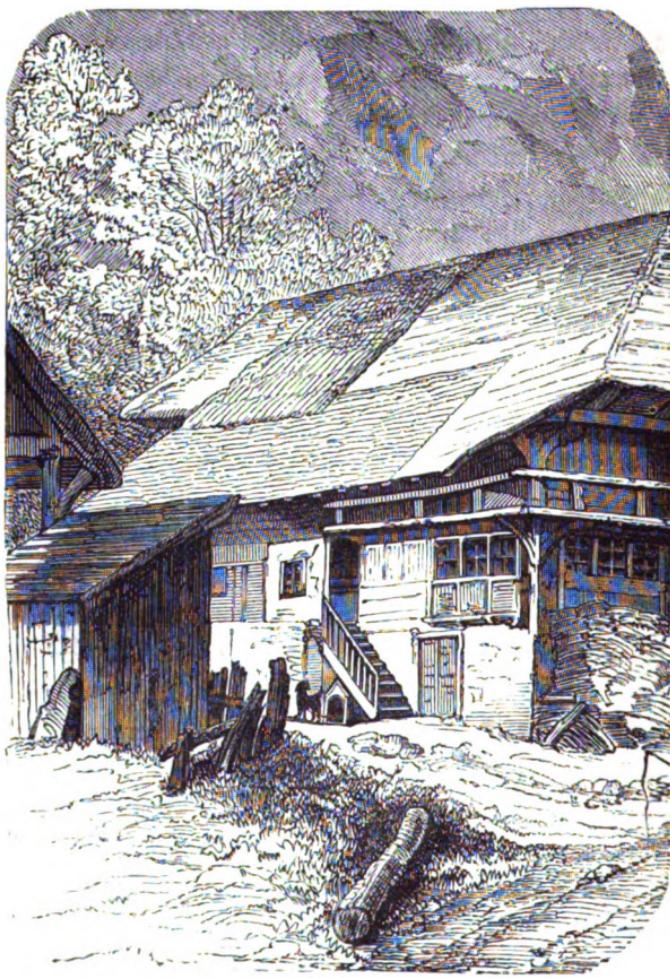
But in this case, at least, we cannot be found complaining of the pace, which leaves us leisure to remark each curious twist and turn of the road we traverse, each changeful point of view—to gaze calmly and without hurry at the enchanting scene through which we pass; creeping now beside the foaming stream, with walls of pine and oak-crowned hills, towering high above us into the clear blue sky; rising now, to see the stream as a silver thread twisted about the glen far away beneath us, shut in with a framework of shaded green.

When we return, we say with a sigh, “Did we go slowly? It was past too soon.”

A very usual point for the termination of this drive through the Murghthal, which might be extended to Freudenstadt, a good road leading all the way, is at Forbach, a village about eight miles from Gernsbach, beyond Weissenach, with its pretty church and flower-decked inn, and beyond Langenbrand, with its quaint timber cottages, all brown and white, like a sienna sketch, with a background of grey and pink granite, crowned with deepest green.

As we ascend the valley, the rocks close in upon us, the river dashes in cascades past us, the scenery assumes more of an Alpine character. We lose the side-peeps into green forest-glades, which have before delighted us, and find ourselves in a region of sterner, grander beauty; and though at each step we are ready to cry, “There can be nothing better than this!” we are at the next forced to

admit, "This is more beautiful than what has gone before."



AT LANGENBRAND.

Those whose time is not very limited would do well to continue their exploration of the valley as far as Schön-

münzach, for between Forbach and this village is to be found some of the wildest and most striking scenery of the whole road, which winds, as the stream has forced its way, in great curves, between forest-covered granite cliffs, from three to four thousand feet high, with here and there charming views into the side-valleys, which pour their tributary streams into the chafing Murg, and which, cultivated, and dotted with Swiss-like châlets, present, by contrast, a relief to the sombre grandeur of the lonely Murgthal.

The Murgthal is said to be haunted by a spectre even more witching than that of the Wild Huntsman. It is the Wild Huntress, who, on moonshiny nights, dressed in the costume of three hundred years back, with a great black hat on her head, and attended by a troop of black, fire-breathing dogs, flies through the air, or scours the thick glades of the forest. The spectre is supposed to be the uneasy spirit of a former sporting Countess of Eberstein, who, for a certain feminine deceit of which she was guilty, has been condemned to so walk the world in her favourite hunting guise.

The story is, that there was some dispute as to her right to hunt on a portion of the Forest, or that she laid claim to land not her own by right.

Her neighbour, the Count of Würtemberg, and she, met in the Forest to discuss the matter of the boundary amicably.

"I swear," said the Countess, when the argument seemed to be going against her, "and call Heaven to witness, that I am standing on the land which belongs to me," the fact being that the crafty lady had put a handful of earth from her own territory into her shoes, before starting.

How the immediate matter in dispute was settled we are

not told, but the Countess, having added to her first declaration, that no power in heaven or hell should stay her from hunting for ever, if she chose, in the Forest ; her doom has been, so we are told, to be taken at her word, and to hunt on with a fiend-pack at her heels, to the end of time !

The gayest and busiest feature of the Murgthal is the rafting, which is prosecuted with great vigour, and which is at all times an element of life and excitement to the secluded valley. But at certain times of the year the upper course of the Murg is the scene of quite a melodramatic display, when the *Schwallungen* take place : that is the opening of the artificial dams which confine the water in the upper streams where the wood is stored.

Since the clearing of so many new roads through the Forest, this means of floating the timber has fallen considerably out of use, probably from the risk attending it. For the stream, artificially confined, and then suddenly let loose, raged with the fury and madness of a torrent through the valley, and was apt to prove itself more master than servant. But the sight of the immense mass of floating timber, swirled and carried along by the raging waters with a noise and fury indescribable, is very fine, and should on no account be omitted from the traveller's programme, if he can possibly manage so to time his visit to the Murgthal as to be present on one of these now rare occasions. The *Schwallungen* are usually after the heavy rains in March and October, but notice is always given of them in the "Schwarzwalder Boten."

From the upper part of the Murgthal there are several most interesting pedestrian-routes (some of which require a guide) through the Forest, by unsrequent paths, west-

ward. A very beautiful one is that from Schönmunzach, by the Hornisgrinde, the highest mountain of the Northern Black Forest, and the legendary Mummelsee, to Achern, a station on the Baden Railway. This can be achieved by a good walker and climber in about six hours and a half. From Forbach to Baden by the Bermersbach valley, a steep ascent, and Schwalbach, a walk of about twelve miles. From Forbach to the solitary high-lying village of Herrenwies, a celebrated grouse neighbourhood, with a rather dear inn (*Zum Auerhahn*) ; thence to Buhl, also a station on the main Baden line ; in all, a romantic walk of some six hours through thick forest, where for most part of the time only the woodcutter's axe breaks the deep silence, and where it is not improbable, say the villagers, that the lonely stranger may come upon a weird figure clad in antique costume, who will be seen setting his mark here, and again there, upon the trunk of some tall pine.

If so, it will be the goblin woodman Michel ; and the less the stranger, who comes from over the seas, has to do with him and his trees, the better ; for each one on which he sets his invisible mark, is a doomed trunk—doomed to carry the ship, of which it is to form part, to the bottom, dragging with it the souls who are unlucky enough to be its freight.

The little lake of Herrenwies is also the chosen home, according to popular legend, of a vast population of sprites and goblins, who may be seen now and again sitting on its lonely shore, playing the game of ducks and drakes, with gold and silver pieces, in a perfectly reckless and immoral manner !

Trusting, however, that the wayfarer may escape an encounter with these gambling sprites, whose example might

be pernicious, we wish him a pleasant walk across country.

For ourselves, we are for the present content to turn our horses' heads once more in the direction of Gernsbach, getting fresh views of the valley at every turn, fresh effects of light and shade, which the afternoon sun flings for our delight with lavish hand upon rock and forest; while he lights up the many windows of Schloss Eberstein, which peer out over the valley, with the living glow of eyes that have looked year after year, and century after century, upon the fair scene, with a gaze still fascinated and unwearied.

The Castle of Eberstein, or, as it is sometimes called, Neu Eberstein, in distinction to a ruin of the same name nearer Baden, dominates, as we have said, the whole valley of the Murg, being situated on a rock 1100 feet above the river, which it overhangs. The view from it is magnificent, and affords an outlook for miles, both up the valley and down it, over the town and the Rhine valley, into which the Murg flows. The castle, which is shown to visitors, is now an occasional summer residence of the Grand Duke of Baden. The royal apartments are very small, approached by a winding turret stair; their chief attraction is the panoramic view which is obtained from them, and they also contain a good collection of ancient armour, some fine stained glass, and a few pictures. The castle was rebuilt at the beginning of the present century, on the site of an old fort belonging to the Counts of Eberstein (Boar's-head), those proud nobles who once ruled with a more than regal power over the whole country from the Murg to the Oos, and whose deeds of gallantry and daring still live in song and story.

The old castle was the scene of the famous "Count's Leap," which is preserved among the legends of Baden-Baden, the actual spot of the adventurous deed being still shown—a rock a little below the present building. The legend is as follows:—

Wolf of Eberstein, one of the bravest of his race, had aroused the jealousy of his powerful neighbour, Eberhard of Würtemberg, who swore in consequence that he would never rest until he had stormed Eberstein Castle and got Count Wolf into his power.

He therefore assembled his forces, crossed the mountains in the dead of night, and suddenly appeared before the walls of Eberstein Schloss. The little garrison, though taken by surprise, made a most determined resistance, and Eberhard found that his only chance of success was to reduce the fortress by famine. He accordingly sat down before the walls, and waited until an enemy mightier than he should do the work for him.

A month wore away, and still the Ebersteiners held out, sustained by hope of rescue by one or other of the Count's allies. But meantime their condition was becoming desperate. Not a thing that could be used for human food was left in the castle. Even the horses had all been killed, with the exception of one—the Count's favourite charger—and at length it became evident that further resistance was hopeless, and that the gates must, sooner or later, be opened to the enemy.

"One day more we could hold out," suggested the Count's favourite squire, "if you would consent to sacrifice the charger."

"No," said the Count gloomily, "that is impossible. We

have faced death together too often not to face it once more ; I will not have him killed."

But while a surrender is thus being meditated, treachery, in the person, it is said, of a hungry monk, tired of fasting, had opened the gate of the citadel, and the enemy pours in.

Wolf of Eberstein at once springs on the back of his charger, which is standing ready saddled and bridled in the stall, and, with the courage of despair, rushes in among the besiegers, and tries to rally once more the worn spirits of his followers. But his efforts are useless. One after another he sees them laying down their arms, or falling lifeless at his feet. He himself maintains the unequal struggle, until, with one arm wounded, he finds himself in danger of being dragged from his horse by three Würtembergers who attack him, and who succeed in gradually forcing him backwards, to the very edge of the precipice on which the castle stands.

"Yield, Count Wolf ; you are captured," cries one, catching at the bridle.

"Never," shouts the Count, still defiant.

With a quick movement which overthrows two of his assailants at once, he wheels round and faces the precipice, gives one look backward and one forward, and then with a sudden desperate impulse, sets spurs to his horse, and with sword raised to heaven, urges the gallant steed to the very edge of the rock. Before the bewildered Würtembergers have time to recover their wits, or to stay him, horse and rider have alike disappeared from their sight.

Baffled and shuddering, his pursuers gaze over the precipice, to see the gallant horse borne rapidly down the

swollen waters of the Murg, a mere speck in the distance, while the Count waves his sword above his head in scornful farewell.

" Fort ritt er dann,  
Frei war der Mann,  
Sch' einer, ob er's auch so kann."

Before three months had elapsed, however, Count Eberstein, it is said, returned and drove the Würtembergers from his stronghold.

Not far from Eberstein-Schloss, on the turn of road leading to Baden, will be seen a little white Gothic chapel, built by the late Grand Duke Leopold, and known by the somewhat curious name of the "Klingel" or "Little Bell." This spot also has a tale attached to it, which is somewhat remarkable among German legends for redounding to the credit of the clergy.

In the early days of Christianity, while the Gospel was yet a new thing in the forests of Germany, a pious hermit took up his abode in a tiny hut which he built for himself in a clearing of the wood.

Here he lived in happy seclusion, willing, indeed, to teach the knowledge of the true God to all that came to him for instruction, but occupied for the most part in prayer and pious meditation. No one, it would seem, could have been less likely to be assailed by any furious darts of the wicked one. Yet, in the middle of a stormy night, when the wind was southing among the pines in weird music, and while the holy man was at his prayers, a knock came at the door of the cabin, and a piteous voice—the voice of a woman in distress—prayed for shelter. What could the hermit do but rise and open?

To his astonishment he beheld an exquisitely beautiful girl, clad, though scantily, in garments of the finest texture, which clung about her like the drapery of a statue. The hermit, doubtless, should have felt *only* astonishment, or perhaps alarm, at such an apparition. As it was, his humanity bore all down before it. Who could see so lovely a creature exposed to the violence of the midnight storm and not take pity? Certainly not such a one as was the guileless hermit of the Forest.

"Heaven be praised, who has guided you to the shelter of my rude hut," cried the good man fervently. "Enter! the best that I have—though poor it be—shall be set before you. Enter! do not be afraid." For the lady hesitated. "This is the house of piety," the hermit went on; "fear not that under my roof any ill shall befall you."

"I cannot," said the lady, weeping, "pass the threshold while the cross stands there." For the good monk had erected the symbol of his faith on his very doorstep.

Had the lady not been so beautiful, says the legend, the hermit's eyes would surely at this speech have been opened to the character of his nightly visitant. As it was, though somewhat startled, the loveliness of the fair being blinded him.

But as he touched the cross with the intention of moving it out of the lady's way, he, fortunately for himself, muttered a prayer.

At the same moment there rang out in sweet, clear tones, from within the hut, the sound as of a church bell. The hermit turned, surprised at so musical a sound within his little dwelling, but the bell—a silver one, too—hanging just within the door, where never a bell had hung before, still

kept up its constant clanging, and meantime the apparition of the too-fair lady had disappeared, leaving only, as we may believe, the suspicion of sulphur behind her.

On the spot where this marvel happened, a little chapel was erected.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FROM GERNSBACH TO BADEN—BADEN-BADEN.

"Through hills of waving pines."  
*Beattie.*

" Of all the gay places the world can afford,  
By gentle and simple for pastime adored,  
Fine balls and fine concerts, fine buildings and springs,  
Fine walks and fine views, and a thousand fine things,  
Not to mention the sweet situation and air—  
What place, my dear —, with Bath can compare?"

*Anstey, 1776.*



BADEN-BADEN may be reached from Gernsbach in several ways. First, there is a railway, which, however, involves two changes of carriages, and is very roundabout, taking altogether an hour and a half. Next, there is the direct carriage-route, a delightful drive taking about the same time. Thirdly, there is the hilly, and somewhat circuitous, but interesting road, which leads by the ruins of Old Eberstein and the Devil's Pulpit. But these may be made a separate

excursion from Baden, and we take the direct road, which is, for the most part, cut through the heart of the forest.

It is impossible to exaggerate the charm of these forest drives, at once so silent, so fragrant, and so dustless—so shady, and yet imbuing one with such a wonderful notion of space. Among the pines one does not feel shut in or stifled, with the same feeling which one has in a wood of other trees ; the undergrowth is so low—the tall, slim, straight trunks are so free of branches—the earth beneath them is so crisp and dry—the mass of foliage is at such an immeasurable distance above one's head, that the very opposite effect is produced. As one cranes the neck painfully upwards to find the shade which is yet so grateful—as one peers in vain through the crowd of rich brown tree-trunks, which are yet not crowded, but ranged as evenly as soldiers on parade—as one seeks in vain among that giant army for a defaulter falling out of the ranks, for a weakly or a bent one—one is impressed not only with a sense of power, produced probably as much by the slightness of the pine-stems, as by their enormous height, but also with a notion which has something of infinity in it. It is impossible to resist the idea, which Cæsar too had, that the forest is interminable—that there is no end to it.

However, in the case of the drive from Gernsbach to Baden, one is soon disabused of this notion, for in less than an hour's time the forest is left behind, and the road, descending rapidly by a series of curves, reaches the village of Beuern, which is a suburb of Baden, and thence passes, by the convent of Lichtenthal, into the charming avenue of oaks which extends for a mile and a half from the Kursaal.

The convent is curious, and worthy of a visit. It was founded in the year 1243, in fulfilment of the wish expressed by St. Bernard of Clairvaux—Ermengarde, niece of Henry the Lion being the first abbess—and it became one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Germany.

Its revenues, though now greatly diminished, escaped entire confiscation by the intervention of the Grand Duke ; and the nuns, now reduced to twenty in number, occupy themselves with schools and with the nursing of the sick. Attached to the convent is also an orphan asylum, founded by the millionaire-tailor Stultz, who received a patent of nobility from the Grand Duke.

In the convent-church is the tomb of the foundress ; before the side-altars are the jewelled skeletons of St. Benedictus and St. Pius. In the mortuary chapel (*Todtenkapelle*) are also some interesting monuments. The convent church of Lichtenthal is the scene of the last illustrated legend in the Baden Trinkhalle. It represents the church filled with the grey-stoled nuns, who are kneeling in picturesque groups on the stone floor, while the warm sunlight streams through the coloured panes of the windows upon them, and through the open door, at which a peasant girl is standing. Meantime, the lady-abbess is hanging the key of the convent upon the image of the Virgin Mary with which the altar is adorned.

The legend, as received by the faithful, is as follows :—

During the ruthless invasion of Germany by the French in 1689, when the most horrible excesses were being committed on all sides, the convent of Lichtenthal was threatened with a visit from a body of French soldiers, who were encamped in the immediate neighbourhood. In terrible

alarm, the lady-abbess locked the doors of the convent, assembled the nuns as for prayer in the chapel, and then, seized with a happy inspiration, bethought herself of hanging the key of the unprotected dwelling on the extended arm of the Madonna, whose image stood upon the altar.

“To you, Holy Mother,” said the abbess, “I commit the safety of these helpless ones.” Then, half dead with terror, but sustained by pious exercises and prayers, the trembling women awaited their fate. That it would not be a happy one, seemed certain by the report of a peasant-girl, who, making her way into the church, whispered to the trembling sisterhood, how the French had but just set fire to a neighbouring castle, had murdered all its inmates, and appropriating the contents of the well-filled cellar, were now, furious with drink, marching on the convent.

The unhappy nuns could but shut and barricade the doors of their asylum, and wait, with what hope they might, the events which should follow.

Very soon their worst fears were realized. A party of Frenchmen knocked loudly at the door of the chapel, where they felt sure the nuns had taken sanctuary, and no answer being given, they quickly proceeded to break down the frail defences of the little citadel; but as the door yields with a crash, and just as they are about to rush, with oaths and laughter, into the church, where the trembling women are still kneeling with bowed heads and covered faces, the invaders suddenly start back—the laughter and the oaths die away upon their lips. The stone image of the Madonna has descended from her throne. Her eyes flaming with celestial fire—so runs the chronicle—she confronts the

astounded soldiers, and raises the keys which have been confided to her protection, to heaven.

Seized with a sudden panic at so strange a sight, the invaders, it is said, turned and fled; nor did they relax their speed until the walls of Lichtenthal were well out of sight, while the image of the Virgin which had done such good service, became an object of the deepest veneration.

A French poet, who has related the Black Forest legends in his own language, omits this one altogether, and makes a footnote observation of the reason of his omission.

"This legend," he observes, "is but the embodiment of a foolish national prejudice which the Germans have against the French, and I have thought it a pity to relate it; added to which, the Blessed Virgin, who has always been a good friend to the French nation, would never have acted so."

This point must be left to the judgment of the impartial reader.

Another version of the legend, which has an air of greater probability, is, that when the French were approaching Lichtenthal, a peasant girl, who had made friends with one of the French officers, gave the nuns the homely advice to strip the tiles from the roof both of convent and church, so as to give them the appearance of being abandoned; and this advice being followed, they and their convent were saved from molestation.

Baden-Baden, so called to distinguish it from other places of the same name in Switzerland and Austria, is so well known as to need but little description. Formerly, indeed, it may be said to have been far too well known to many of our countrymen, seeing that the chief supporters of

the gaming-tables were English. But now, happily, the little town by the Oos has to depend for its favours upon its own natural attractions, and they are found sufficient to gather no less than fifty thousand strangers annually within its borders, even without the sensational allurements of the *tapis vert*, and the painted fascinations of *rouge et noire*.

As to the natural beauties of Baden, there can be but one opinion. It is, in fact, one of the most charmingly situated towns in Europe—built absolutely in a clearing of the forest, embosomed among hills, which are an offset of the Black Forest range, and the walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numberless and most beautiful. The little river Oos, which is supposed to derive its name from a Celtic tribe, Oser, mentioned by Tacitus, which once settled in this neighbourhood, flows through the town. This stream for many centuries formed the boundary between the Alemanni and the Franks.

Lying as it does in the valley, sheltered on every side by hills, Baden possesses a warm and somewhat relaxing climate. Its chief season is the summer, but there are numerous visitors to be found here throughout the year, and the winter temperature is said to be mild and agreeable.

The baths and the Conversationshaus, with large and well-supplied reading-rooms, are always open. There are concerts, from a remarkably good orchestra, three times a day in the garden or Kursaal, according to the weather. Balls are given once a week, and there is an excellent theatre, at which some of the best actors and singers in Germany appear; so that the frequenters of the Baden "Kur" need not suffer from *ennui*, even without the meretricious excitement of the gambling-room.

The method of subscription to the *Conversationshaus* is peculiar. Each visitor is expected to subscribe, but no barriers shut him off from any part of the plantations which belong to the bath, nor is his ticket of entrance ever demanded—except upon suspicion. No doubt, in this manner many unscrupulous persons avoid the tax altogether, but it is, at the same time, somewhat amusing to see the servants of the establishment mingling with the crowd of promenaders—on the look-out for delinquents, and suddenly demanding of some unsuspecting victim his card of entrance. If he is unable to produce it, he is then and there expelled.

The hotels of Baden are too numerous to mention ; those perhaps chiefly frequented by the English are the Victoria, L'Europe, De Hollande, Bellevue, Badischer-Hof, Stadt Baden, and many others ; more moderate, Darmstädter-Hof, Hirsch, Deutscher-Hof, &c.

Baden, indeed, may be said to be but a straggling street of inns dropped into a forest-valley. Every house in the town is either an hotel or lodging-house, and there is little difficulty in obtaining accommodation, but prices are for the most part high, and the hotel-keepers of Baden cannot be credited with the simplicity which is the prevailing characteristic of the Black Forest. They seem rather to have had some communication with the lodging-house keepers of Brighton, and other English watering-places, in that they lose no opportunity of making a charge wherever such a possibility is to be found. At the same time it must be remembered in their excuse, that the town of Baden, since the abolishment of the gaming-tables in 1872, pays a large sum of money annually for the maintenance of the “Kur,”

and its various attractions ; a tax which presses somewhat heavily on the innkeeper, who has also a large and very expensive establishment to keep up, and whose visitors are by no means so reckless of money, as they used to be in the old gambling-days.

The springs of Baden were well-known to and esteemed by the Romans, and a colony was founded here in the time of Trajan, called Civitas Aquensis. Caracalla gave the town the freedom of Rome, and in his honour it received the name of Civitas Aurelius Aquensis. The hot springs, more than twenty in number, and yielding, it is said, a daily supply of over 28,000 cubic feet of water, have a temperature varying from  $115^{\circ}$  to  $153^{\circ}$  Fahr. The water has a slightly salt taste, and contains certain proportions of chloride of sodium, sulphate of lime, bicarbonate of lime, chlorate of potash, and silica, which render them efficacious in cases of gout, rheumatism, and nerve affections.

They spring from an enormous depth from the granite rocks at the back of the Castle in the upper part of the town, which is, from the heat they afford, known by the suggestive name of "Hell."

Here no snow ever lies.

There are remains of the Roman baths still left ; the spring which was in use in these early times being called the Ursprung, or original source. This, joined with many others, is now conducted by pipes to the different bathing establishments, and to the Trinkhalle on the further side of the Oos, which has become the centre of the fashionable life of Baden. There are also three rather weak iron springs. The handsome Trinkhalle was built in 1842. Before it is a colonnade decorated with fourteen frescoes by Götzen-

berger, illustrating the best-known legends of the Black Forest. Some of them are extremely graceful in design, and executed with a masterly hand, but it is to be feared they are scarcely enough protected from the weather to be durable.

They are as follows :—

1. The Statue-Phantom, or, as it is generally called, the Image of Keller (p. 103).
2. The Water Sprites of the Mummelsee (p. 144).
3. The Wildsee (p. 58).
4. The Devil's Pulpit (p. 107).
5. The Count's Leap (p. 74).
6. The Castle of Alt-Eberstein (p. 101).
7. The Convent of Fremersburg (p. 107).
8. The Phantom Bride of Lauf, or Neu Windeck (p. 135).
9. The Baldreit.
10. The Rock-Maiden (p. 99).
11. The Dean of Strasburg taken captive to Castle Windeck (p. 115).
12. The Bride of Allerheiligen (p. 150).
13. The Old Castle of Baden (p. 96).
14. The Convent Church of Lichtenthal (p. 82).

The only one of these legends which has to do with the town of Baden is the ninth in order, the Baldreit, or early ride, which is associated with an inn in the upper part of the town which still bears the name. It celebrates a certain practical joke on the part of a noble patient of the Baden waters in early times.

The Elector Palatine suffered from gout, and, hearing of the fame of the Baden "Kur," resolved to try it. He arrived at the chief hostelry of the town, near the springs, swathed in bandages; and, no doubt, in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

Very shortly, however, his health began to improve, and with his health his spirits. It seems that mine host of the inn was a jovial fellow, somewhat celebrated as a wag, and that his jokes many a time served to amuse the Elector, even though they occasionally overstepped the bounds of good manners. The Elector, too, was fond of a joke—especially when not directed against himself, and even as to the matter of bad manners, was evidently resolved not to be outdone by the innkeeper.

Feeling himself completely recovered, he determines to slip away from the hotel without so much as giving a warning-note of his departure.

The host is awakened at an extraordinary early hour one morning, by the sound of a clattering of horses' hoofs beneath his window.

He opens it, night-cap on head, and peers out.

Can it be a new arrival?

To his astonishment he sees his noble guest, who but a day or so before was walking painfully with a stick, mounting his charger in the courtyard.

The shout of surprise which the innkeeper gives, brings his wife, also night-capped, to his side.

"What is it, noble Elector? Do you ride so early?" (Bald-reit) he asks tremulously—a horrible suspicion of trickery seizing him.

The Elector, for answer, only waves a laughing adieu, and putting spurs to his horse, gallops blithely away, in spite of the efforts which are made by the serving-men of the inn to stay him, and in spite of the shouts of the enraged innkeeper. For, as it seemed, the gallant Elector had ridden away in such haste that he had quite forgotten to pay his bill!

Whether he ever supplied the omission the legend does not relate. If not, it must be hoped that the cure of so illustrious a personage was a sufficiently remunerative advertisement for the house, and brought other guests, who doubtless paid for the Elector's cure as well as their own. Any way, the innkeepers of Baden have the best of the joke on their side nowadays, and have amply revenged themselves on the defaulter's successors.

The old hostelry which the Elector left so abruptly was called from this time Baldreit, and over the door was inscribed a rhyme to the effect :—

“ To the great Elector Palatine,  
Here is sold the best Rhine wine,  
Good sausages and saur-kraut ;  
Here one is also cured of gout.”

The most important public building of Baden is the Conversationshaus, built in 1824, in the Renaissance style, and ornamented with a great portico and double flight of stone steps, which are the rendezvous of the Baden fashionable world. The building was intended for the purposes of a gambling house, and contains various highly-ornamented rooms which are now used for concerts, balls, &c.

The only church of any archaeological interest in Baden is the old Pfarr Kirche, or parish-church, in the upper part of the town. It dates from the fifteenth century, and contains many monuments of the Roman Catholic Margraves of Baden. It was to a great extent destroyed by the French in 1680, but was restored in 1753. The modern stained-glass windows were presented by the Empress of Germany. This church is warmed in winter by the water which flows from the adjoining Ursprung.

There is a small but extremely pretty little English church, on the way to Lichtenthal, where service is performed twice on Sundays.

On the summit of a wooded hill, behind the Trinkhalle, in a beautiful and conspicuous position, is the Russo-Greek chapel, covered with a richly-gilded dome. It was erected to the memory of a young Russian prince, Michel Stourdza, who died at Paris in 1863, aged seventeen. The building, from a design of Kleuze, is said to have cost more than £20,000. The interior is extremely rich in decoration, both in marbles and paintings. It contains fine marble statues of the young prince and different members of his family. The view from the chapel over the Oos and Rhine valleys is very charming.

In the old Cemetery by the Gernsbacher Thor—a picturesque place—will be found several curious and interesting monuments, notably a crucifix by Nicholas of Leyden, date 1462. Over the entrance of the Cemetery is the head of our Saviour in relief, executed in 1482.

The Duke of Baden's palace, known as the *New* Schloss, to distinguish it from the conspicuous ruin on the hill behind the town, has little claim to its title. It is a gloomy-looking old pile, a portion of which dates from the year 1479, when the old castle on the hill was abandoned and the new castle built by the Margrave, Jacob I., on the ruins of a Roman palace or fort. A great portion of the original building was burnt by the French in 1689. The situation of the palace is good, and the view from the small garden adjoining (open to the public), called the Schnekgarten, since snails were formerly bred here for the use of the royal family, is very pretty. The chief interest of the castle is to

be found in its curious underground chambers, which are of Roman origin, and some of which were doubtless, from their arrangement, baths. In the Middle Ages they were used as dungeons, popular tradition associating them with the mysterious and terrible Vehm-Gericht, or secret Tribunal, which occupied the place of a lay Inquisition in Germany, dealing chiefly, though not entirely, with lay offences, and formed of members bound in a kind of Freemasonry, their number at one time, it is said, amounting to 100,000. From the decisions of this court there was no appeal; from it little mercy was to be expected; and he who had fallen under its ban, no matter what his rank or station, was certain, but a few days after the secret sentence against him had been pronounced, to meet his death from an unknown hand, and always with a dagger or some instrument, with the mystic letters of the Vehm engraved upon it, left in his body, to show whence the blow came.

Others assert that the Vehm-Gericht was never held in subterranean chambers, but usually in the open air, and that, therefore, the dungeons of the Baden Schloss could not have been used for the purposes of the Tribunal. However that may be, it is evident that the place has been used as a court of justice (?), at least for the trial, and alas! for the torture of accused persons—whilst an oublie, or well, of unknown depth, in one of the passages, is unpleasantly suggestive of dark deeds done in a corner.

There is supposed to have been formerly a subterranean passage, probably for purposes of defence, between this place and the old castle on the hill.

While on the subject of antiquities it may be mentioned, that in addition to the Roman baths, other Roman remains

existed at Baden. On the Mercuriusberg was found a votive tablet to the lively god which has given the hill its name. The original tablet is now in the Museum at Carlsruhe. In the town, too, will be found some quaint bits of mediæval building ; in particular, a tower which is built into the Darmstädter-Hof Hotel at the back of the Pfarr Kirche.

## CHAPTER VII.

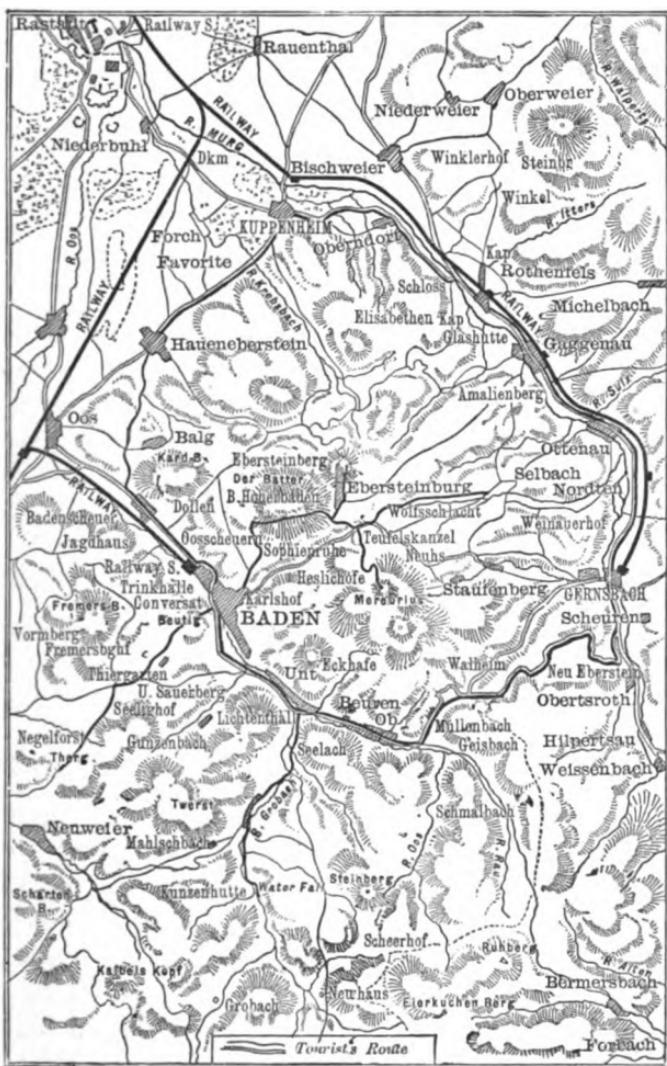
### ENVIRONS OF BADEN-BADEN.

"Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning."  
*Burns.*

THE environs of Baden-Baden are not only beautiful in themselves, but rich also in the peculiar lore for which Germany is noted, in legend and story. Not a ruined tower, scarcely a curiously-shaped rock, but has its appropriate *raison d'être* or its weird romance. And great as the natural beauties of the neighbourhood are, it is certain that those who only enjoy their forest drives and rambles from a "constitutional" point of view, or only for the sake of the delightful hill-and-forest landscapes which they afford--those to whom a rock is only a rock, and a ruin a stumpy tower "and nothing more"--have not found the key to the true charm of this district; can scarcely be said to know it.

The first excursion which it will occur to almost every visitor to Baden to make, will be to the ruin which so constantly seems to form the central point of the landscape; that known by the name of the Old Castle, or, as it is sometimes called, Hohen-Baden. It is about an hour's walk, steep but shady, from the town, the road passing in front of the Neue Schloss, and thence through the Forest. There is also a carriage-drive to it.

## BADEN-BADEN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



N & S. Twp. S. 2

To face p. 94.



The fine old ruin is the remains of a castle, which was for twenty generations the residence of the reigning Margraves of Baden. The crumbling walls are now picturesquely



ON THE ROAD TO HOHEN-BADEN.

intermingled with grand old beeches and stripling pines, but the ruins are carefully preserved, and their ascent rendered both safe and easy. The view from the walls, or from the

top of the flag-tower, is a very wide one, embracing not only the dark slopes of the Black Forest range, but also the broad Rhine valley for many miles, and the distant outlines of the blue Vosges Mountains.

It was on the battlements of this castle, according to the legend, that the distracted Margravine erected a tent, and lived with her two infant children during the terrible attack of plague which devastated Baden, in common with all Germany, and indeed, all Europe, in the middle of the fourteenth century, and which was known as the “Black Death,” or in Germany as the “Basle Death,” from the immense number of persons who fell victims to it in that city.

Scores of the inhabitants of Baden were constantly being attacked by the dire disease—the death-bell was tolling from morning till night, terror was rampant, and the Margravine, even in her eyrie mountain castle, felt no security for herself and children from the common danger, for among her immediate attendants more than one had succumbed to the fell destroyer—the very walls seemed filled with contagion. Nor even in her improvised dwelling on the topmost tower could the poor lady escape from the constant presence and remembrance of the universal foe, for still the death knells from the city and a hundred villages below her reached her ears—still could she see, winding in and out of the valleys, the long processions of half-maddened fanatics who scourged themselves, uttering all the while doleful shouts and yells as they wended their miserable way, and sought to appease Heaven’s vengeance by these self-inflicted tortures. The Margravine in her air-castle, where surely it would seem impossible for infection to touch her, prayed and cried too, in quieter fashion it is to be hoped. And here—so runs

the legend—the Virgin Mother touched by her sufferings appeared to her, and not only assured her that her darlings should be preserved from evil, but also announced the happy news that the plague was about to be withdrawn from the afflicted earth, giving also a promise that it should never again return.

Beyond Hohen-Baden a pathway leads to what is known as the Sea of Rocks (*Felsen-Meer*), a mass of shattered porphyry blacks heaped upon one another in a hundred different forms, waiting only, it would seem, a poet's fancy, or perhaps but a ray of weird moonlight, to wake them into life and being.

We are not surprised to find a legend lurking among them—we feel that it must be there.

It is in the form of a solemn warning to bachelors and Sabbath-breakers.

Once upon a time (p. 88) there lived in a castle, long since destroyed, a young baron named Immo, who was known far and near as a mighty hunter, and who, for the sake of the sport to which he was devoted, neglected all social and domestic duties—that is to say, he hunted from morning till night, and when in the evening he returned weary from the chase, he loved nothing better than to sit down by his own fireside and—well—probably, he would have smoked a pipe, had tobacco in those days been invented. At any rate, he refused all invitations to go out to dinner, and showed no desire to return his neighbours' hospitality.

All this sorely grieved the heart of his old nurse and housekeeper, who loved him as her own son, and who earnestly desired that her young master should bring home

a blooming bride, and give her the opportunity of resuming her earlier functions.

She would often speak with great seriousness to Immo on this matter, and entreat him to seek among the daughters of the neighbouring barons, for a partner suitable to him. Immo treated this advice with derision, and declared with the thoughtlessness of youth that he "didn't want a wife, and wouldn't be bothered."

Still the old woman persevered in her well-meant advice ; and on one Sunday morning in particular, when she found Immo, bow in hand, preparing to start for the Forest, just as the church-bell was ringing, she urged him with unusual vehemence to give up these bad ways, and to go like a respectable man to church, where also she was sure he would meet the bright-eyed daughter of his neighbour-baron across the valley.

Immo—evidently a young man who did not like to be interfered with—at this lost patience, declared that he wouldn't go to church ; said uncivil things about the baron's bright-eyed daughter ; and, moreover, swore with an oath that no woman born of mortal man, not even were she beautiful as the nymph of the lake, or the fairy of the mountain, should ever succeed in en chaining him.

After this the poor old housekeeper could only sigh and go on her own way, leaving her obstinate young master to go on his.

He went, bow in hand and a well-filled quiver over his shoulder, promising himself a splendid day's sport in the Forest, where there reigned the special tranquillity of the Sabbath-day.

Very shortly he had luck. His hound started a won-

drously beautiful snow-white deer. He pursued it—determined to obtain so fair a prize—shot arrow after arrow at it, and, to his astonishment and annoyance, always missed. Meantime, the deer, instead of fleeing with the timidity natural to the animal, hovered only just beyond bowshot, retreating at an even distance, as though enticing the hunter to its pursuit.

The bait—if bait it was, took effect. Immo, resolved not to lose so rare an animal, followed breathlessly on, until he arrived at a group of rocks, torn and tumbled together in wild, picturesque confusion—the Felsen-Meer. Then, suddenly, such an apparition confronted the young hunter as not only stayed him in his impetuous chase, but absolutely forced him to his knees in dazzled admiration.

From a crevice in the rock there issued forth a maiden of glorious beauty, with golden streaming hair and skin of marble whiteness. To her the hunted deer fled as though for protection; and laying one slender, shapely hand upon the creature's head, the lady turned her blue eyes, full of sad reproach, upon the hunter.

"What has my favourite done to thee that thou shouldst so cruelly pursue it?" she asked, in accents clear and sweet as a silver bell. Immo, at once awe-stricken, amazed, and fascinated, had no reply to give. He could but kneel immovably before the exquisite vision, every sense absorbed in the one sense of sight—every power both of movement and speech denied him.

Meantime, as he kneels thus, helplessly gazing, derisive peals of laughter seem to him to resound on all sides, and snatching his eyes for a moment from the lady's face, he sees that from every crevice of every rock, a little

goblin, hideous of form and evil of countenance, has crept out, and whilst one pulls his jerkin, and another plays with his bow, a third and fourth are busy rifling his quiver of its arrows.

Love has disarmed him, but only for his discomfiture, since he had dared to doubt its power.

From that time, to the astonishment of all the retainers at his castle, Immo abandoned the sport to which he had before been so devoted. Day after day, the bow and the quiver were seen hanging against the wall; the hunting spear lay rusty and discarded; yet no appreciable difference was observed in the young man's habits, for day after day at daybreak, he left the castle and plunged into the forest, scarcely ever returning home till nightfall, and then weary and dispirited.

In fact, the one hope and object of Immo's life now, was to see once more that beautiful being who at one glance had so completely enthralled him.

But she never came again. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, the young man waited hopefully, and watched. Then hope died away, and Immo grew thin, sad, pale, and morose. In particular, the very sight of a woman agitated and unnerved him. At last, true at least to his vow, he retired into a monastery, haunted, it is whispered, even there by the unearthly charms of the rock-maiden.

Indeed, those who in grey dawning, or in evening twilight, or by the light of the moon, venture to ascend to the Felsen-Meer, may even yet, it is said, catch a glimpse of the gaunt figure of a grey-frocked monk, wandering aimlessly, or seated with bowed head, and bony hands clasped, among the shattered rocks.

The rocks are connected by small wooden bridges. From the upper one there is a very fine and extensive view.

A visit to the ruin of Alt-Eberstein may easily be combined with the excursion to the old Schloss of Baden. The view from it is inferior.

Alt-Eberstein was originally a Roman station, and afterwards became the chief seat of the powerful Eberstein family. Various legends group themselves about the old ruin, the best known being that which Uhland has immortalized in one of his charming ballads :—

“In Speyer im Saale, da hebt sich ein Klingen,” &c.

The tale is, that somewhere about the year 937, Otho I., Emperor of Germany, when putting down a rebellion of the barons in his kingdom, laid siege to this castle, but after three months was compelled to retire from before it. He then thought to do by craft what force had failed to accomplish.

A tournament was to take place at Spires, where the Emperor was holding his court. To it, he invited the gallant Count of Eberstein. Trusting in the Emperor's honour, enemy though he was, the Count came, to break a lance in the joust, to win a prize from a lady's hand, and to dance with the Emperor's fair daughter.

But in the midst of the revelry, while the music and laughter are at their highest and wildest, the lady whispers a word of warning into her partner's ear :—

“Count Eberstein, flee,  
There is danger for thee,  
Thy castle to-morrow besieged will be.”

The Count loses not a moment in taking advantage of the more than friendly advice, though he stays to press his

lips on the lady's hand. He, in his turn, sounds the note of alarm to his two brothers who have accompanied him to the tournament. The three at once make their way to the stables, saddle and mount their fleetest steeds, and without followers and without farewells, take their leave of the city of Spires. Once beyond the walls they ride "like the storm-wind" through the night—arriving in time, but only just in time, to prevent the castle of Alt-Eberstein from being carried by surprise.

Count Eberstein, on the other hand, prepares a surprise for the Emperor; for when he brings his forces to the assault of the castle, he finds his late guest, whom he believes to have left happily dancing at his ball, ready to receive him on his own territory, and prepared also to give him a warm reception. Perhaps, too, the Emperor is no less surprised by the announcement made by Count Eberstein, that "the only key which will unlock for the Emperor the gate of Eberstein Schloss, is the fair little maiden who dances so well."

The Emperor tries another key. He lays stern siege to the castle, and reduces the garrison to such a pitiable condition through famine, that in the end they are forced to a surrender, although they obtain honourable terms, having, up to the very last, kept the Emperor in ignorance of the straits to which they have been reduced.

This is the moment chosen by the artist for the fresco in the Baden Trinkhalle, illustrating the legend of Alt-Eberstein (p. 88). It is decidedly not his happiest effort.

The starved and dying fill the foreground. In the background are the Emperor and his fair daughter. One of the terms of the agreement between the besieged and besieger

being, after all, that in return for the surrender of the castle, the Emperor surrenders as bride to Count Eberstein "the maiden who danced so well."

From Alt-Eberstien, Baden can be reached in two hours by the *Keller-Bild* (p. 88), the scene of another popular legend. It is as follows:—

At a point in the forest where five roads meet, there stands a solitary grey stone-cross, known to the people as Keller's image (*Keller-Bild*), recalling to mind the freaks of an unholy goblin that haunted this spot many centuries ago.

When the Margrave, Christopher, left the old castle of his fathers for the new one which he had built in the town of Baden, his mother, with her little court, remained still in the old Schloss on the hill. Among her retainers was a handsome light-hearted youth, a scion of the old family of Keller, Burkard by name. Burkard was, it seems, betrothed to the daughter of the castellan of Kuppenheim, and the young man's duties at the Margravine's court were not so onerous, as to prevent him from paying his respects to the lady of his love, almost daily.

Sometimes early, sometimes late—but surely some time in the twenty-four hours—he would be found traversing the romantic forest-path, which at that time led from the old town of Baden, to the little village and castle of Kuppenheim.

On one of these occasions he was returning home from a visit to his betrothed, in the full light of a summer's moon. It was not without some beating of heart that the young man traversed the road which led him through the thick, dark forest, where dangers seemed lurking behind every one

of the bare tall trunks that frowned so grimly in the moonlight. Dangers, substantial enough, there might have been, had the road been a more frequented one ; as it was, the chance of a fair prey was too remote to lure any banditti into its shady recesses, and for such dangers, the youth, armed with his trusty sword, would have cared little. But there was a certain shadowy and unreal danger in the darkly-whispering pine-branches ; in the fitful streaks of gleaming white and flickering shadow, which the moon's intercepted rays cast alternately across his path, which unnerved the young man far more than a stout hand-to-hand encounter would have done ; and his cheek absolutely blanched with fear, white as the moonlight about him, when, at an open space of the road where five ways met, and the broad moonlight streamed down upon a patch of green, he saw sitting by the roadside the shadowy form of a white-veiled female figure. He made the sign of the cross, and prepared to pass hastily by ; but as he approached the spot, the phantom had vanished away.

The next day Burkard took care to pay his visit to Kuppenheim earlier in the day, but the encounter of the previous evening dwelt on his mind, and he could not help telling his intended father-in-law, the castellan, what had

The old man looked serious. "There is a tradition," said he, "that on this very spot a heathen temple to the unholy goddess Venus, once stood. The legend may have something to do with your vision."

Burkard, had he been wise, would have let the matter rest : but, as he was fond of the veiled lady, seeing her, he resolved, seized with a desire to know more about her.

ascertain if the temple of Venus and his white-robed lady had anything in common. He therefore set two men to dig, just on the spot of the apparition, and was rewarded by the discovery of a small antique altar, and an exquisitely beautiful marble statue of a nymph—both of which he ordered to be erected on the spot where they were found.

From the time, however, when the marble statue of the nymph had been brought to light, a silent melancholy took possession of the youth, which gradually resolved itself into an insane passion for the beautiful image. He was no longer found, day after day, wending his way through the forest-path to worship at the homely shrine of his true love. A weird and strange fascination held him entranced. Midway in the lonely forest-grove, a morbid infatuation urged him to lay the homage of his heart at the feet of the unresponsive stone. So morbid, so melancholy, so unlike his former gay and bright self did he become, that his old servant Veit, who was sincerely attached to him, grew seriously alarmed on his account, and resolved that he would, if possible, watch his young master's movements, with a view of finding out the cause of the mysterious trouble which was oppressing him.

Late one evening, when the moon was at the full, the faithful Veit observed the young man rise hastily, throw open a casement, mutter some mysterious words, and rush hastily out. Impelled by a certain vague dread, Veit followed. It was with a sense of relief that he saw his young master take the forest-path leading to Kuppenheim. Following, but at a somewhat greater distance, the old retainer smiled, fancying that he had found out the secret of Burkard's trouble, in some love-quarrel which had pro-

bably, for a time, separated him from the lady of his choice, but which was now about to be made up.

What was his disappointment, however, what his horror, to discover that it was not the legitimate charms of the maiden of Kuppenheim, which drew forth young Burkard, at this unearthly hour of the night. He could scarcely believe his eyes or ears, when he saw the young man throw himself on his knees before the pale marble statue,—when he heard him addressing it in accents of impassioned love :—“Grant my prayer and fulfil thy promise, beauteous image. Will not the warmth of my love at last bring pity into that marble bosom !” he raved. “Descend but once, embrace me but once, and I will gladly die here at thy feet. I will barter my soul for one kiss from thy lips.”

“Unhappy youth, he is demented,” cried the old servant, the tears running down his cheeks with sorrow at so pitiable a sight.

Yet more surprises, more horrors were to follow. The old man’s teeth chattered—the few he had ; his hair, it was not much—stood on end, as he perceived the marble image preparing to grant the insane prayer—as he observed it gradually descending from its pedestal—winding its stony arms about the youth, and pressing deadly-cold marble kisses on his lips and brow.

At the same moment, a screech-owl, with fiery eyes, flew almost into the old servant’s face, and he, overcome by the weird terrors of the place, turned and fled from the spot.

With the first streak of dawn, Veit, after a night of mental anguish, returned to the fatal spot where he had last seen his young master. The statue stood, stony and rigid in its

accustomed place, but at its feet lay Burkard von Keller, dead.

A brother of the unhappy youth caused the unholy image, with the heathen altar, to be broken to pieces and cast into the Murg, while he erected a little monument on the site, with a petition that all who passed by would pray for the weal of the wretched man's soul. A stone cross still marks the spot.

Other excursions in the neighbourhood of Baden are:— To the Mercuriusberg, on which is a tower with one hundred and thirty-six steps, a fact which may, or may not, according to his tastes, offer an additional attraction to the traveller. There is an extensive view from the summit. To the waterfall of Geroldsau, a pretty drive but a poor waterfall: to the grey Roman tower of Yburg (1873 feet), with a fine prospect; to Fremersberg (1800 feet), where once stood the old monastery, founded in 1450 by the Margrave Jacob, to reward the kindness shown him by two hermits who had built a rude hut on the spot, and who, knowing nothing of his rank, had given him shelter one stormy night when he was belated in the hunt, and had lost his way in the forest (p. 88).

The Devil's Pulpit may also be ascended for the sake of the view. This is the name given to a rock, of peculiar shape, which overhangs the road on the way from Alt-Eberstein to Gernsbach. There is, of course, a legend attached to it—also illustrated by Götzenberger.

The devil, it is said, was at one time very much attached to Baden-Baden, and made himself thoroughly at home there. This refers to a time many hundred years ago, and Satan, it appears, was very much disturbed when he heard

that his great enemies, the Christian missionaries, had actually penetrated into his favourite haunts in the Black Forest, and were threatening to oust him bodily. As he found that their chief power for the gaining of converts lay in preaching, the Wicked One determined not to let them have all the advantage of oratory on their side, but set up, on his own account, a great rock-pulpit, torn from the mountain side, which he mounted, day after day, and especially on Sundays, and around which he drew crowds of eager listeners to his sermons.

So attractive were his discourses, so beguiling the promises of happiness which he held out to those who would follow his teaching, so insidious were his counsels, that many were drawn away by him from truth and goodness. In short, so easy did his victory seem over the simple peasantry, and the equally simple missionaries, that Satan laughed to himself, for ever having feared the possibility of defeat. In the height of his triumph, however, a reverse was to come. Suddenly, in the midst of one of his ablest perorations, as he paused for breath, another voice made itself heard in the clear mountain-air, a voice of singular sweetness, gentleness, and purity, breathing words of solemn warning and appeal. And the devil, looking up in alarm, saw that on the rock opposite to him stood a white-robed angel, a heaven-borne palm-branch in his hand.

For a while the Evil One carried on the struggle, but when he found his congregation gradually slipping away from him, and hanging with looks of love and reverence on the words which came from his rival's lips, he gave up all for lost, and retiring from the contest with the chosen few,

whom he had unhappily made his own, departed : not, however, very far out of the neighbourhood.

Filled with rage and shame he took a spring across the Murg, at a spot where the track of his hoofs may still be seen, and making his way to a lofty mountain on the road to Wilbad, tore great masses of stone out of the rock, to build what is known as the Devil's Mill (p. 64). For a long while afterwards, whenever the angel began to preach, the devil might be heard howling and grinding his teeth in his mill.

At length, so runs the legend, the Creator, weary of the constant hurly-burly caused by the fiend, hurled him with such force against the earth, that the marks of his body—tail, and all,—may still be seen on the rock where he was thrown ! This shock effectually calmed the Wicked One, and he is now only heard to utter low growls when at times a storm bursts upon the valley.

Longer excursions are to Gernsbach and the Upper Valley of the Murg (p. 65), to Rothenfels, *Schloss Favorit* at Kuppenheim, &c. (p. 112).

These can all be reached by railway. But Baden is not a convenient centre for small railway-excursions, being itself off the main line, though only ten minutes from the junction at Oos.

The Gernsbach line is also a branch, so that altogether, for these tiny journeys of seven or eight miles, four changes are involved, going and returning ; and this, on a German railway, where no one thinks of directing the bewildered traveller, is a consideration.

The arrangements of German railways are certainly anything but convenient, according to English notions. There

is a certain security in being penned in, sheep-fashion, as they "do it in France ;" it gives, at least, assurance to the traveller of not being permitted to go far astray.

In Germany, as a rule, this is not the fashion. The traveller is, to a certain extent, left to his own devices, and landed at a junction where a variety of trains are constantly starting, and where stout officials, clad in blue uniform, strut about with the dignity of general officers, and shout out directions in an unknown tongue. It is but very rarely that the harassed traveller finds one of these magnificent personages able, or willing, to answer his anxious inquiries, and the porter, that most convenient and useful of public servants, is conspicuous only by his absence.

Here no friendly velveteen sleeve awaits the traveller's alighting ; no friendly nose is poked under the seats to be sure that nothing is left behind ; no friendly hands are ready and waiting to assist with all the smaller impedimenta ; no friendly face peeps into the waiting-room to assure the hunger-driven sandwich-eater that he need not hurry.

Here a man, still worse a woman, must scramble out of the carriage as he or she can—though it may be a good three feet from the foot-way. The traveller must carry his own luggage, if he have not provided himself beforehand with a courier. He must also, as a rule, find his own train, and be quite sure which way he wants to go ; but however certain he may be on that point, he must not, at the same time, venture to get into any carriage without first asking permission of the general in command ; for if he offends in this way, or strays in any manner whatever, he is likely to subject himself to very severe reprimand indeed. In short, he must be contented to be treated as though he were some fractious

and troublesome child, whose irreverent questions are not supposed to be worth answering, and whose obedience is to be of a blind and prompt nature, under heavy penalties.

It is quite curious to see how Germans suffer themselves to be driven about and insulted by the small railway officials, and it is also curious that these same small officials, coming of a nation which prides itself on being “*klug*,” have not yet discovered the commercial value of civility,—as applied especially to English travellers,—or the remarkable affinity that exists in the British mind between a pleasant answer and a “tip.”

In one way Germany may be said to be a very economical country to travel in, as compared with England, France, and above all, Italy. For where an Italian will smile franc notes out of the traveller’s pocket at every turn, or an Englishman touch his cap till the shillings leap into his hand, the obstinate coins absolutely refuse to quit the safe keeping of the breeches’ pocket, under the scowl of the stolid Teuton.

At the same time, it must be said that these remarks are only applicable to the smaller officials ; as from those of higher grade greater attention and civility are likely to be met with than in England or France.

But to return to our sheep—straying hither and thither on Baden cross-roads.

The junction whence the small line to Gernsbach branches off is at Rastadt, a town which was, for a hundred years, the residence of the Margraves of Baden, which was the scene of two European Conferences, and which has been successively occupied by French, Bavarians, Austrians, and

Prussians. It is now an imperial fortress of considerable strength.

On this small line is the station of Kuppenheim, a village near to which is the eighteenth-century palace, known as the Favourite. It was built by Sibylla, widow of Louis of Baden, and is chiefly interesting as a memorial of the extraordinary tastes of this remarkable woman. She was famed in her youth as a beauty, and one apartment of the palace is entirely lined with her own portraits, taken in a variety of costumes, occasionally accompanied by her husband and son.

She was also, to a certain extent, a clever woman; which she showed by the way in which, for nineteen years, she devoted herself to the education of her son, and to the government of his small Principality.

The Favourite—which might more properly be called the Folly—was the toy of her later years, when it must be supposed that her mental powers were weakened. Besides the “portrait cabinet,” mentioned before, the only remarkable room in the palace is the “mirror cabinet,” lined with looking-glass, on which are painted miniature-portraits of all the celebrities of the Margravine’s time. There are scarcely any works of art in the palace, but a fine collection of china and some handsome Venetian glass.

The chief curiosity of the Favourite is the chapel or hermitage in the grounds, where, it appears, Sibylla was accustomed to retire for periods of devotion, and where she actually spent the last two years of her life in the exercise of the greatest austeries. The nailed shirt which she wore, and the knotted whip with which she inflicted penance on herself, are preserved. The rooms she occupied are bare

of every necessary, the walls adorned only with pictures of the most melancholy character.

Here the unhappy Margravine lingered out the latter years of her miserable life, absolutely alone, save for the company of two horrible images, one of the Virgin Mary, and one of St. John, which are still to be seen seated at the small deal table where she ate—with what appetite she might—the food which she herself had cooked, and which was left for her daily at the door of the hermitage.

The grounds of the Favourite are pretty.

The palace has been of late years occupied for a short time by the Crown Prince of Germany.

The station beyond Kuppenheim is Rothenfels, a picturesque little village on the Murg, with a splendid background of forest-covered hills. On the further side of the river is an Hotel (Badhaus), good and moderate, much frequented during the summer by German families.

There are mineral-springs here, the Elisabethenquelle, first discovered, or perhaps used, by the Margravine of that name; and baths are attached to the Hotel, which is situated in pleasant grounds, with shady forest-walks extending up the mountain-side.

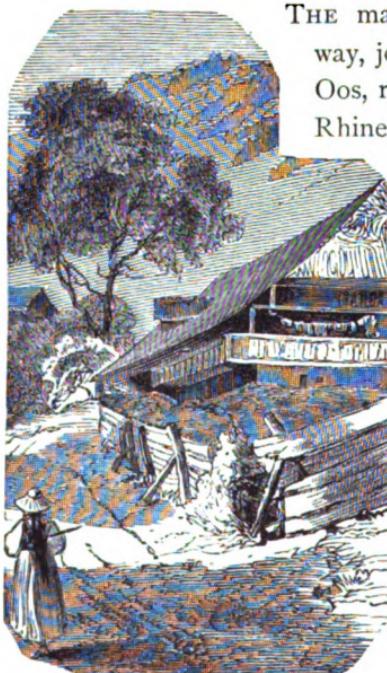
Rothenfels is within walking distance (three hours) of Baden, by a romantic forest-path leading by Keller's Image.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BUHL—ALT-WINDECK CASTLE—LAUF CASTLE.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*



THE main line of the Baden railway, joined from Baden-Baden at Oos, runs southward through the Rhine valley towards Freiburg, the Black Forest mountains standing out in picturesque groups to the east.

The second station is Bühl—a flourishing little town, with a very old church, which boasts a legend of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mother to account for its building. Bühl is at the entrance of the Bühlerthal, through which is a

charming pedestrian excursion to Forbach and the Murg valley (p. 73).

Here, in a commanding position, will be seen the extensive ruins—two fine towers still perfect—of the old castle of Windeck, destroyed in the year 1561, the scene of the legend of the Hen-trench (p. 88).

It appears that the lords of Windeck, a family dating from the tenth century, were of a specially quarrelsome temper, and were for ever at feud with one or another of their neighbours. But, perhaps, of all their neighbours, those whom they hated most and fought most, were their clerical neighbours, the Prince-Bishops and Chapter of Strasburg. Let us hope that the worthy lives of these good ecclesiastics were such a standing reproach to the lawless barons of Windeck, that vice was found upraising itself naturally against virtue. However that may have been, deadly feud there was between church and castle, a feud lasting many years, and neither ever lost an opportunity of spiting the other.

The lord of Windeck was, at one time, kidnapped by the Bishop of Strasburg, and confined for three years in a tower within that city, being only released at an enormous ransom. A little later on, the Dean of Strasburg on his travels was waylaid by the men of Windeck, and brought a prisoner and a prize, to the grim old castle on the hill. This was one January day in the year 1370.

At the foot of the castle, in the forest, there lived, we are told, an old woman, wiser than most of her neighbours, and having, therefore, probably, the reputation of being a witch. She lived quite alone ; she had no human being related to her, and her only wealth consisted of a few fowls, remarkable for their size and colour—they were pure white.

The severe aspect, sarcastic speech, and solitary habits of

the old woman, had made her neighbours very shy of her, and there were few who cared to cross her threshold, or even to pass by her cottage, after dark. It was with some surprise, then, that one evening in January, when the snow was lying deep on the ground, she heard a timid rap, several times repeated, at her door.

On opening, the ruddy light from her cottage-hearth streamed out upon the delicate features of two young girls, who, in gentle tones, told how they were belated in the forest, and prayed for a little food and shelter. The innocent beauty of the two young creatures attracted the old woman. She bade them enter; set food before them, and then, with true peasant hospitality, begun inquiring where they came from, and what was the reason of their journey.

They explained that they were on their way to the castle of Windeck, but that in the sudden winter-twilight, they had in some way missed the road.

"You are within a stone's throw of it," said the old woman. "Were it only lighter, I might show you its great grey towers from where you are sitting. But what can two doves, such as you, want in that vulture's nest?"

The elder of the two girls, who was spokeswoman, here began to cry.

"They tell us," she said, brushing away the tears, "that our good and dear uncle, the Dean of Strasburg, is kept prisoner there."

"The Dean, whether he be your uncle or not, is certainly there," returned the old woman. "I, myself, saw him dragged into the fortress, and horribly frightened the good man looked."

The young girl's tears now fell faster than before.

"We are his nieces, we love him dearly," she said, "and we have come to pray for his release."

"Umph!" said the old woman. "At Windeck they don't usually give something for nothing. What ransom have you to offer the Count?"

"We have nothing," said the maiden; "but if our prayers and tears do not move the Count's stony heart, we could offer ourselves as hostages, until our uncle can pay whatever sum may be demanded for our ransom."

"You would do this?" said the old woman, musing. "Then, my dear," she went on, addressing the elder of the two girls, "let me, who am wise in some of the world's ways, advise you. Cry with those pretty eyes of yours, and plead with that soft voice, not to the old Count, but to the old Count's son, who, from all I hear, is a decent sort of fellow, and whose heart is too young to be all of stone just yet. I think it very probable your suit may prosper better with him than with his father. Nay more," she went on, "I have taken a liking to you. I see that you are of a grateful disposition, willing to show kindness to those who have been good to you. I like such people, and I have met so few of them in the world. I tell you, then, what I will do. I will give you one of my own white hens. Go at once up to the castle,—I will show you the path. Take the fowl to Bernhard, the Count's son. Tell him that at day-break the castle will be besieged by his enemy the Count of Eberstein, who has found out the one weak place in the defences of Windeck. He must at once strengthen the wall and dig a trench. But bid him fear nothing, but put this hen, which I give you, in the breach. She will do more for him than a score of workmen."

"But how about my uncle?" asked the girl.

"Don't trouble yourself about him. Your pretty face and the hen will, between you, accomplish all you wish."

Somewhat mystified, yet hopeful, the young girls at once set out on the steep ascent which led to the castle, carrying by turns the white hen, which was fat and heavy, in their arms.

As luck would have it, at the castle-gate they fell in with Bernhard, the Count's son, just returned from a hunting expedition. To him they gave the warning of the coming attack, and presented the white fowl.

The young man accompanied them to his father, and told the tale. The old Count was somewhat disposed to be incredulous, and very much inclined to pooh-pooh the white fowl altogether.

"I am quite sure their story is true," said Bernhard hotly.

"How do you know?" asked his father.

"You have only got to look in the beautiful face of that maiden to find truth written there," said the young man.

"Dear me!" returned the old one, peering very hard at the girl through his spectacles. "Is that so? I don't see it; but perhaps my sight isn't so good as it used to be."

In any case it was resolved to try what the white hen would do; as, said the old Count prudently, if she didn't do much good, she was not likely to commit any great amount of damage. Meantime, the young girls were made welcome at the castle, and preparations were also made to receive the enemy, when he came, worthily.

Whether it was that the preparations were efficient, or whether all the credit was really due to the hen, it is hard

now to say, but the legend assures us that long before day-break the industrious bird had dug out such a trench, and raised such an earthwork, as to render the castle practically impregnable to the attack which was made upon it in that very spot, as the old woman had announced. Besides, how can any reasonable doubt rest on the matter, when at this day the great *Henne-Graben* (hen-trench) is still to be seen among the ruins of the old castle of Windeck ! For this, if not for any other reason, we must certainly pronounce for the hen.

And the Dean, it seems, very shortly afterwards regained his liberty. For besides the gratitude felt by the lord of Windeck, for the service which the young girls and their remarkable pet had done him, and for which he was almost bound to make the one return they asked, viz., the release of his prisoner, the Dean had also to be brought out of his dungeon to perform a certain duty which was required of him, in the castle-chapel.

In fact, there was an exchange of prisoners, and while the Dean rode happily away to Strasburg, the young lady, who had truth written on her face, was found equally happy to remain at Windeck captive for life. Thus ended the feud which had so long existed between the castle and the city across the Rhine.

From Bühl, or from the next little station on this line, Ottersweier, or from Achern, the ruins of the castle of New Windeck or Lauf, as it is sometimes called, can be reached, from the tower of which a most beautiful view is obtained.

This castle, which was built originally for the overflowing members of the Windeck race, who were unable to find

shelter under the wide roof-tree of Alt-Windeck, became the chief stronghold of this powerful family, when, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Alt-Windeck was destroyed.

It is a place about whose grey and crumbling walls legends love to linger—a place which is even yet regarded by the peasantry of the neighbourhood with something like superstitious awe. It has, even yet, the honour and glory of possessing a ghost!

As the generations passed on, so runs the story, what with wars, and divisions, and one trouble and another, the great race of Windeck—which had at one time spread its branches all over Brisgau, and threatened, in wealth and numbers, to swallow up the land—dwindled away, until at last, of the old name, there was only left one household, that of the knight who held the last of his family's possessions, and lived peaceably at Castle Lauf, with his wife and two children, a son and daughter. The daughter Erna, grew up to be a very beautiful maiden, whose hand was eagerly sought in marriage by the surrounding barons, but her heart had been early given to a young knight, Otto of Stein, and to him, with her parents' consent, she was betrothed.

The marriage of the young people was shortly about to take place, when a fresh crusade was proclaimed, and the service of all good knights demanded by the Emperor, for a three years' campaign against the infidel. Then, says the legend, many a German maiden wept bitter tears in secret, at the thought of the sacrifice she was called upon to endure; yet, while she wept, she broidered the banners that were to carry her lover to glory, and perhaps to death—while her

brave white lips let no word fall of the pain that was wringing her heart.

With such simple heroism, Erna bound about her knight a scarf which she had woven, and over which she had prayed; and bade him farewell, and a happy return. Then she set to work to conquer her own grief, and to console her parents, who were saddened by the loss of their only son, Erna's brother, who had also been called to the crusade.

Three years passed away without any tidings of the young warriors reaching the castle in Brisgau, where life moved on so stilly, and so piously, that it was hard to realize how the world was fighting and struggling and sinning outside. But now and again pilgrims, coming from the wars, would pass through the village, or seek shelter and rest at the hospitable castle-gate. Of these, the villagers, and even the ladies of Lauf, would ask eagerly for news, both of Adelbert, and of Otto of Stein; but the answers received were, as a rule, confused or hesitating. Often the only reply would be a sigh, or an ominous shake of the head. This was at the castle. In the village, tongues wagged a little more loosely, and by and by rumours whispered from one to another, carried, perhaps, from village to village, reached even the anxious ears of the knight of Windeck, and of the two waiting women.

Otto of Stein had captured, and been taken captive by, a lovely infidel, said one. Another knew that it was on his homeward way, through Italy, that the charms of a dark-eyed southern beauty had enchain'd him. A third, but darkly hinted at a fatal quarrel which had taken place between the two young men, when Adelbert of Windeck,

seeking to avenge his sister's wrongs, had fallen a victim under the hand of the faithless lover.

Whether the reports were true or not, none knew; the only thing certain being that year after year passed by, and still brought no return of either, to the castle on the hill.

When the reports reached Erna, which in time they did, she simply smiled and put them aside, and refused to believe them. "If I were faithless to my trust in him, how could I hope he would be faithful to his love for me," she said.

As years passed on, however, and as it became a generally-received idea, that both the young men were dead, new suitors appeared for the hand of the daughter of the castle, who had also, by her brother's death, become its heiress.

Even her father and mother urged her to form some new tie. But to this Erna had but one answer—

"I am already betrothed. The duty of a betrothed maiden is to wait her promised husband's return."

If they hinted that Otto had proved faithless, Erna would only smile and shake her head. If they suggested that he was dead, she would answer, "True love never dies!" Even, when hoping to change the current of her thoughts, they desired her to leave the castle for a while—to journey for a few days even so far as Strasburg, the faithful girl, with tears in her eyes, implored them not to force her to leave home, "Lest," she said, "when Otto comes, I may not be here to receive him."

At length her parents, who were growing old, and were themselves worn with sorrow and anxiety, ceased to press

her on these matters, and allowed her to live on, undisturbed, her quiet life of trust and patience.

In course of time, her father, the knight of Windeck, died. In a few years more, the mother followed, and the lady lived on alone, growing into old age in the same spot where her youth had been passed—and still waiting.

And meantime, life at the old castle grew every day more still and less lifelike. No gay hunting parties were now seen coming out of the gate with dogs and halloo ! no guests were bidden to the deserted banqueting hall, no sounds of voices echoed through the silent chambers.

The world outside might roar and surge like a great sea about the quiet spot, but amid it all, the grey castle stood immovable. Wars and feuds agitated the country, pestilence smote it ; but neither they, nor the rumour of them, so much as stirred a bubble on the still life of Windeck.

One by one the old servants and retainers of the castle died, leaving the lady yet more lonely than before, for their places were never filled by new-comers ; but further than this—beyond the daily and hourly spoil which Time takes from us all—no change of any sort or kind was known in the house, where the lady, in patient hope, still waited the return of her betrothed, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

At length, a terrible attack of pestilence spread terror through the neighbourhood, to such an extent that the villages were abandoned, and the country nearly depopulated. When, after many months, people began to return to their homes, and to take up the broken threads of their lives, it was observed that the castle on the hill had fallen into ruins, and those who first made a visit of exploration to the spot,

reported that it was entirely unoccupied—with no trace of any living thing within its walls. The towers were falling to decay, the doors were standing wide, the courtyard grown with grass, the windows for the most part broken, and the roof had in many places fallen in, so that the winds and the storms beat through the empty rooms.

As no one appeared who laid any claim to possession of the castle, the peasantry, in time, came to make a sort of quarry of it, from which they would fetch stones when building a wall or repairing a cottage. But a legend remained in the mouth of the people that a ghostly lady still inhabited the roofless mansion. Many professed to have seen her—flitting in and out of the ruins—but no one had ever actually come across her, nor been addressed by her. And so the castle became more and more deserted on account of the ghostly lady; for no one seemed anxious to meet her, not knowing whether her appearance would be likely to bring good or evil fortune.

In fact, such a hold did the idea get over the minds of the village, that at last no one would venture to approach the haunted spot, and the path which led up to the castle grew thick with brambles and weeds, for never a foot passed along it; and though the roses and clematis hung all the summer in clusters over the hedges of that path, and the blackberries were blacker and bigger there than elsewhere, the children left them unpicked, for the boldest of them would have trembled to venture even a yard along the way which led to the haunted castle.

At length there arrived in the village a white-bearded man, travel-stained as though from a long journey, and speaking with a curious accent, slowly and with difficulty, as though

he had to fetch every word from the far-away depths of his memory.

He did not say what his name was, nor where he came from, but he took up his abode in the house of a peasant in the village, whom he paid handsomely, and who, finding his guest a quiet and peaceable man, though somewhat strange in manner, left him pretty much to his own devices, and did not annoy him with inquisitive questions.

The stranger, on his side, asked a good many questions at one time and another, and seemed to interest himself very much about all—it was not much—the people of Lauf could tell him of the castle, its former owners and its present ghostly occupant.

After a time the villagers discovered, somewhat to their surprise, and perhaps a little to their alarm, that the stranger had actually set himself to the task of solving the mystery of the ruin; that he had succeeded in penetrating by the thorn-grown path to the building, which he appeared to have thoroughly examined. So much information he gave willingly, but when his hearers began questioning him as to any experiences he might have had with the ghostly lady, he was silent. From his silence, and from a certain peculiar manner which he had, the villagers, however, decided that “he had seen something.”

After this, it seemed to the good people of the village that the stranger grew more reserved in manner and wilder in appearance. Had he not paid so well and so regularly, his peasant-hosts would certainly not have cared to keep him under their roostree. As it was, they began to feel uncomfortable, when they found that day after day, as the sun rose, the stranger made his way to the castle on the hill, and

wandered, with a kind of weird fascination among the ruins, until after nightfall.

What his business could be there, none could tell. Neither did any one venture to ask him, but the whole thing had an uncanny look about it, and was a sore bewilderment to the peasant-mind.

At last, one day the stranger disappeared ; and instantly in the little village-world a hundred different rumours were afloat, to account for a fact which possibly might, after all, have found a natural solution. However, after various consultations among the “authorities” of the hamlet, it was resolved that a search should be made for the missing man among the ruins which he had disputed with the lady of the legend.

Accordingly, a strong party of the villagers, strong-minded as well as strong-bodied, volunteered to tempt the unknown dangers of the haunted castle, for the sake of solving the mystery which shrouded it and the fate of the stranger. Well-armed and provided with torches—fire having at all times a very serviceable effect on beings of the spirit-world—and fortified, it may be, with holy water, the exploring party made their way, hacking away at the thorns and the over-growth, as they went up the bowery lane which led to the deserted castle.

After all, their fleshly weapons of steel were not much more use to them than the flambeaux in sunlight, or the holy water. No one appeared to dispute their passage, and the only discovery they made—that, perhaps, a sufficiently startling one in its way—was the body of the man they were in search of.

They found him sitting—quite dead and cold—upon the

doorstep which led to what had been the old chapel of the castle, his head resting upon his hands, in the attitude which was familiar to him.

Some among them fancied that at the moment when this discovery was made, they could perceive a flutter of white garments in the dark old door-way before which the body of the man was found, and that they could there trace the vague shadowy outline of a woman's form. And a whisper went about among the villagers that the stranger was no other than the lost lover of the Lady of Lauf—that he had met her at last, but that with the first ice-cold kiss that she pressed on his lips, life had flown.

Another name and another story is owned by the Lady of Lauf—the mysterious tenant of the ruined castle.

According to this version, last of the mighty race of Windeck, famed for brave men and lovely women, was Adelheid, heiress of the castle and broad lands that had been owned by her ancestors, and so far as beauty went, she was worthy of her lineage, but of a proud and haughty temper. So proud was she, that among all the nobles of Brisgau she could find none whom she thought worthy to call her lord ; and year after year passed on, finding her still unwedded, and every year some unfortunate lover or other turned from the castle-gates with looks of scorn and words of ridicule.

Among those whom she had, after her fashion, first attached to her by every art, and afterwards repelled with bitter derision, was a young man of noble family but slender fortune, who had long been in her service as page or squire, as the fashion of those days demanded.

After years of patient waiting and hope, the youth ven-

tured to declare himself, and was received by the lady with a storm of sarcasms that literally overwhelmed him. Stung to the heart by her hard speeches, and by the sense of his own folly and presumption, which suddenly poured in upon him like a flood, he left his mistress's presence only to write a word of farewell to his mother, whose only son he was, and whom he tenderly loved ; then threw himself into the Rhine.

A few days afterwards, a woman maddened with rage and sorrow, a widow whose only son had died a suicide's death, sought the Lady Adelheid in her castle on the hill, accused her of being the murderer of her boy, and heaped upon her head the bitterest curses that her outraged mother-heart could devise, or her woman's tongue utter.

"Unloved you shall live," she cried, "and unregretted die. Even in the grave you shall find no peace ; even there my revenge shall follow you, and send you forth to wander a restless, miserable ghost—restless for ever !"

"Ah !" cried the Lady Adelheid, with white face and scared eyes, all her haughtiness flown, "do not utter such terrible words—have you no mercy ?"

The wretched mother smiled grimly. "Yes, I will have mercy," she said. "Thus shall your spirit wander through these very halls until you find a lover, as true, as honest, as pure-hearted as my poor lost son, willing to woo the phantom for his bride. Then, only, you shall rest in peace."

Under this curse, says the legend, the Lady of Windeck lived and died. She was the last of her race, and not many years after her death, the castle, uninhabited and deserted, fell into ruins. Its new owners had indeed made many attempts to inhabit it, but had been absolutely driven

out of the place by the unearthly sounds which disturbed the stillness of night, and which scarcely allowed a living soul in the building so much as to close an eye from midnight to cock-crow. Doors would open and shut mysteriously, footsteps resound through the silent corridors, lights, illumined by no visible hand, suddenly burn in the windows, while over every mirror in the house, the shadowy form of a woman, clothed in white, with long black hair hanging below her shoulders, would be seen—would pass—disappearing in one place only to appear the next moment in another.

In vain “the advantageous premises” were offered for sale, or on a long lease at an absurdly low rent. The rumour of the ghostly lady had spread far and near, and no one was found bold enough to take up his abode in a house already occupied by such an unquiet lodger.

So at last the old ruins were left in undisturbed possession of the phantom, and still, at strange hours of the night, lights would be seen gleaming through the gaping windows, or flickering fitfully from room to room, while now and again a sobbing cry, as of some one in weary pain, would be borne down to the village by the night-wind, to catch the ears by chance of some peasant-matron watching by a sick-bed, or wakeful with an ailing child. At such times the watcher would mutter an *Ave*, or cross herself, and in the morning tell her gossips how, in the pauses of the storm, she had heard the voice of the ghostly Lady of Lauf.

And over the ruins, weeds and wild flowers entwined themselves, covering up the rents that time had made in the grey old walls with a mantle of tender green, and no human foot willingly trod the way that led to the Castle of Lauf.

It happened, however, that one day a young hunter of noble family, a stranger-guest in one of the neighbouring castles, was led, in the excitement of the chase, up to the very gate of the deserted mansion. The deer which he was pursuing rushed by him into the very ruins, as though it were taking sanctuary. The young man, by name Kurt von Stein, had heard some curious legends as connected with a ruined castle on the height, and possibly, half from curiosity, and half because he was hot and tired with a day of specially poor sport, he dismounted and led his horse, tired like himself, through the brambles and bushes that had overgrown the ruined gateway, into the grass-grown courtyard.

"A curious place, to be sure!" said the young man, seating himself for a moment's rest on a fallen mass of brickwork overlaid with soft moss, and letting his horse meantime graze at his will from the rank growth of the courtyard.

"A very curious place! Looks as if no one had been here for a hundred years. I wonder whether this can be the haunted castle my uncle was speaking about only the other night. If so," he added, "I wish to goodness the spirit-lady would have the hospitality to welcome me to her domains, and offer me a drink of something this hot day." And as he took off his hunting cap to air his heated brow, his thoughts reverted lovingly to a certain glass tankard in his uncle's house, which, when filled with yellow Strasburg beer, was about as pleasant a sight to Kurt von Stein as the world could well offer.

After a while the idea occurred to the young man that as chance had brought him to the castle, he might as well pay his respects to the owner of it—whether she were a phantom or not.

A turret-stair, broken and worn, was close at hand to the spot which he had chosen for a resting-place. Twilight was beginning to fall as he reached the castle ; now, suddenly, darkness seemed to have come, and as he mounted the winding turret-stairs, he noticed that lights were already showing through many of the windows of what appeared to be a less-ruinous part of the building than that by which he had entered.

"That is all right," said Kurt to himself. "I was wise to try my fortune here. A supper, or even a bed would not come amiss to me, for I scarcely know how I shall find my way back to my uncle's house to-night. But, at any rate, I shall get some directions, and, perhaps, if the people are not over-hospitable, a guide home."

So saying, he made his way up the staircase, and knocked at a door which was at the top of it. The door opened noiselessly, as though by an unseen hand, and admitted him into a long corridor, lighted and adorned with white marble statues. From this he passed into a suite of rooms hung with tapestry, and strewn with freshly-laid rushes, with a few carved settles and chests for furniture. Still he met no one.

Next he came into a great hall, on the walls of which hung a number of antique portraits, while in the centre of the apartment was a table spread as if for supper.

"This is very curious," said Kurt to himself, "where can the family be gone to? However, one comfort is, they've got something to eat. I think I'll wait here and give them the chance of inviting me."

So saying he sat quietly down at one end of the table, which was laid for two persons. Scarcely had he done so

when the door of the room opened noiselessly, and a lady, young and beautiful, but with a somewhat sad and pale face, entered the room.

Kurt rose, and at once began to make apologies for his unwarrantable intrusion. The lady waved a white hand towards him, and bade him be seated.

"Say no more," she said in a sweet, sad voice. "I expected you."

There was evidently some mistake here, thought Kurt, but as the mistake seemed to mean a good supper, he was not unwilling to fall into it. He at once took a seat at the table, and the lady took hers opposite him.

She was certainly very beautiful, he thought, as he looked again at her over the brimming wine-cup. The wine, too, was excellent; so was the whole repast—at which the lady waited upon him with her own fair hands—the only peculiarity about it being that neither bread nor salt was to be found on the table, and Kurt von Stein was too much of a gentleman to notice the omission, though he certainly enjoyed his supper the less by reason of their absence.

At length the young man ventured to ask one or two questions of his kindly hostess. "May I inquire," he said, "are you, fair lady, the daughter of this house?"

"Yes," was the answer given, as it seemed, sadly and low.

"And your parents?"

"They are there," said the lady, pointing to the pictures on the walls.

"Do you mean to say that you live in this house alone?" asked Von Stein.

"Alone," returned the lady. "I am the last of my race."

Who shall say how it came about? The lady was beautiful, the man was young. In such cases love is sometimes found to be a plant that does not take long in the growing. Moreover, Von Stein, though noble, was poor, and the lady the last of her race, the heiress of an ancient lineage. Possibly the notion of the inheritance the lonely girl might bring with her had some part in the sudden passion which filled the young man's heart. Who can tell?

It was not long before he found himself kneeling at her feet and offering the beautiful maiden all that he had to offer—his devotion and his life.

The lady listened silently, and with bowed head, to his ardent pleading. Then she said, looking up, but away from him, and speaking absently—

“I have heard those words before.”

“But never from lips so true, so honest, so disinterested,” said the young man warmly, forgetting in his fascination for the beautiful lady how he had certainly taken her inheritance into account in the first place.

The lady sighed and was silent.

Then she spoke—

“If I yield to your wishes, we must be married at once.”

“At once!” cried Von Stein, perhaps a little startled. Yet what lover ever found the time between betrothal and marriage too short!—“I am ready,” he said gallantly, “and impatient.”

The lady smiled, moved softly away to an old worm-eaten chest which was set against the wall, took from it two rings and a white veil and crown of myrtle, which she laid upon her dark flowing hair. Her dress was white.

“Come,” she said to her lover, and led the way.

A little bewildered, after the fashion of bridegrooms in general, and scarcely knowing whether to be happy or alarmed, the young man followed his bride through, as it seemed to him, miles of dimly-lighted vaulted passages, where the damp was trickling down the walls, and where unthought-of steps, up and down, were ready at every moment to trip up the unwary passer. The lady, however, seemed to be well acquainted with every turn and twist of the place, and giving her hand to her lover, she led him on, step by step, until at length they reached a vaulted chamber, which they had no sooner entered, than a great iron door shut heavily behind them, with a sound that echoed through every arch of the dimly-lighted building.

It was the chapel.

"Your hand is cold, my love," said the young man tenderly to his bride.

"No matter, yours has warmth and life enough for both," returned the lady.

Yet the life seemed actually to ebb from the young man's heart as he observed the stone figure of a bishop, which was sculptured on a gravestone in the centre of the chapel, gradually rise from its recumbent position and walk up the steps of the altar.

The eyes of the bishop flamed like glowworms, the candles upon the altar lighted of themselves, and the tones of an organ rolled solemnly through the vaulted building.

"Curt von Stein, wilt thou take the Lady of Windeck for thy lawful wife?" said the bishop in low, sepulchral tones, which sounded as though not he, but some muffled voice a dozen yards away, were speaking.

At this moment the whole horror of the scene seemed to

break upon the young man. Around him, slowly rising from their graves, he saw the shrouded forms and fleshless faces of the dead who came as witnesses to the ghostly marriage. Even the face of his bride, as his fascinated eyes fixed upon it, wore the livid hue of death. He turned in an agony to fly from the horrible scene, tried to snatch his hand from the cold, hard grip of the phantom-lady—fell, as he believed, senseless upon the chapel floor . . . and awoke to find himself, at dawn of day, lying at his full length on the moss-grown stone where he had sat to rest the night before, at the castle-door, and his horse intent upon an early meal on the rank herbage of the grass-grown court (p. 88).

When he told his tale in the village, and at the neighbouring castles, no one in the least doubted that he had almost, if not quite, laid the unquiet spirit of the Lady of Lauf.

## CHAPTER IX.

ACHERN—THE HORNISGRINDE—THE MUMMELSEE—ALLERHEILIGEN—THE BÜTTEN FALLS.

“Many a tale  
Traditional round the mountains hung,  
And many a legend peopling the dark woods  
Nourished imagination in her growth.”

*Wordsworth.*

FROM Achern, the fourth station from Oos, the Baden junction on the Freiburg railway, a variety of charming excursions can be made. A very usual one, to be accomplished from Baden in one day, is a drive to the ruins of Allerheiligen and the Bütten waterfall. (Carriages may be easily procured at Achern.)

The distance from Achern to Allerheiligen is eight miles by way of the charming Kappel valley and Ottenhöfen.

Above the village of Kappel-Rodeck will be seen, on the right, the ancient castle of Rodeck, dating from the eleventh century, one of the very few feudal residences which have escaped destruction. Legend attributes the preservation of the castle to the good offices of a certain goblin or elfin-dwarf, who having attached himself to the fortunes of the house, gave warning of danger on every occasion, and assisted in preserving the family name and position.

Many of the old German families are credited with

possessing a patron or retainer of this useful nature—a creature who, mischievous and spiteful to the rest of the world, devotes all his energies to the well-being of his chosen *protégés*, and who takes no other reward for his constant services than a daily portion of bread and milk, which must be set aside for him in one particular spot. For though the goblin has no need of food, he likes the polite attention, and if, through carelessness, the ceremony of laying a portion aside for him should be even once omitted, it is likely that he will transfer his affections, and very possibly pursue the ungrateful ones with a hatred as intense as his former kindness.

Near the village of Ottenhöfen is the Edelfrauengrab, (lady's grave), made famous by the legend which it possesses, in common with several other South-German localities.

In olden times, if we may believe the story, there lived a certain Frau von Bosenstein, who, when about to become a mother, turned away a starving beggar-woman with seven children from the castle door.

The unhappy mother cursed the hard-hearted lady, with the wish that she might bring forth seven children at a birth.

The malediction worked, and in process of time the lady, during her husband's absence at the chase, became the mother of seven boys.

Horrified at so unnatural an event, she gave six of the children to a servant-maid, and begged her to drown them in the river. As the woman set out on her unholy errand, having the six babies wrapped up in her apron, she met her master coming home from the hunt.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Puppies to drown," said the woman, but with so much trepidation, that the master instantly desired her to show them to him. Upon this she confessed all, and was threatened with a like death if she did not promise to take all possible care of the infants, and bring them up with the greatest secrecy.

This she consented to do, and in the village they were nursed; and grew all six of them into fine healthy children.

One day, their father, who was in the habit of constantly visiting them, took them with him to the castle, and confronting his wife, inquired of her what punishment should be given to a mother who destroyed her own children. The lady failing to recognise her sons, and not knowing that she was pronouncing her own doom, promptly replied with an air of conscious virtue, "She should be buried alive."

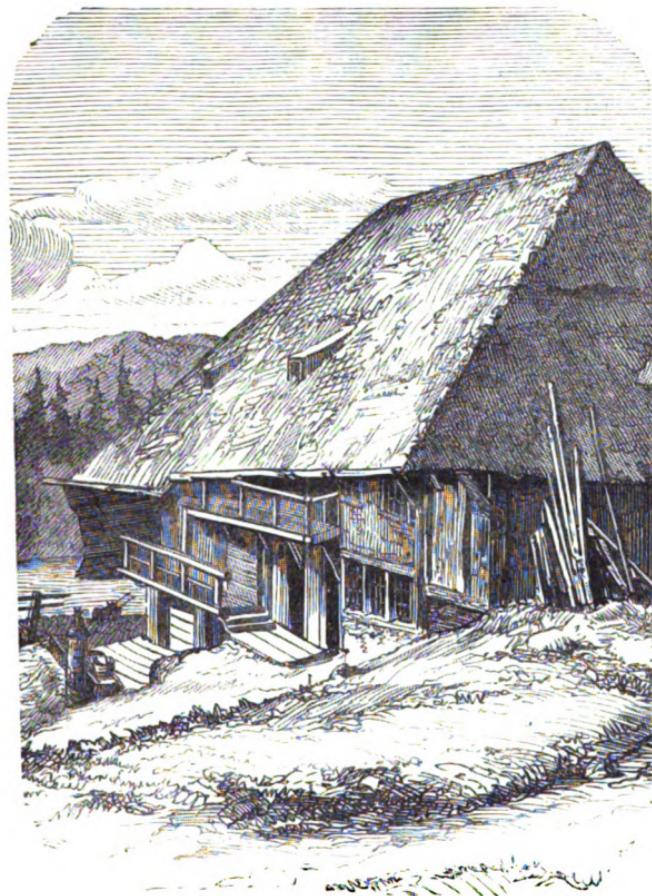
"You are right," returned the husband: "that shall be your fate."

And in the Edelfrauengrab, so says the legend, the lady suffered the death to which she had condemned herself.

From Ottenhöfen, a picturesque village, where there are one or two good inns, and which is a good stand-point for tourists, the beautiful valley of Unterwasser, with fine grouping of trees, leads by a steep road to Allerheiligen. Here, for the first time, the peculiar wooden cottages of the Black Forest, bearing so strong a resemblance to the old Swiss châlets, will be noticed; and the costume of the peasantry is also attractive, the men wearing long black clerical-looking coats, crimson waistcoats, knee-breeches, blue stockings, and broad-brimmed black hats. Many of the shepherds or field-workers wear straw capes, and the

women have a costume approaching the old, and now nearly departed, Swiss national dress.

The Hornisgrinde, the highest elevation of the northern



Black Forest (3800 feet)—which may be reached from Achern, passing the large and celebrated lunatic asylum, the Erlenbad, a bath of considerable local popularity, and

the Brigitten-Schloss—may also most conveniently be ascended from Ottenhöfen.

The Brigitten-Schloss, or the Castle of Hohenrode, is a ruin finely situated on a steep granite rock of pyramidal shape, on the apex of which there seems scarcely room for the castle to poise itself. Indeed, according to the legend, it did not reach that position by altogether natural and legitimate means. Once upon a time, it is said, the castle nestled in a wood at the foot of the mountains, but it was at this time occupied by a certain lady named Brigitte, who was suspected of possessing powers of witchcraft, and who by reason of her dealings with a certain nameless personage, drew down such constant storms of thunder and lightning upon the neighbourhood, that the inhabitants of the district determined to expel the sorceress, and raze her castle to the ground. But the enchantress, becoming aware of the plot against her, prudently took means to avert the threatened danger. On the approach of a large body of armed peasants and farmers, the lady appeared on the tower of her castle, and raising a wand to the four points of the compass, muttered an incantation. Scarcely were the words out of her lips, when with the noise of a tremendous clap of thunder, she, tower, castle, and the ground on which it stood, at once rose gradually but steadily up into the air, and finally settled down on the very point of a huge pyramidal rock, which had up to that moment been pronounced inaccessible.

The villagers, fully armed with sticks, pitchforks, and holy water, gazed up in consternation at this strange sight, and being quite helpless in the matter, prudently determined to go home and leave Mistress Brigitte to her fate—being

the more inclined to this course by the threat which the enchantress was heard to utter as she sped upward through the air, to the effect, that if any further attempt was made to disturb her, she would, on the next occasion, remove not her own residence, but those of her persecutors, and drop them into the middle of Lake Constance.

But Brigitte, the enchantress, is not the only lady of that name whom legend has associated with the castle of Hohenrode, the ancient seat of the once powerful Roder family.

A Brigitte has to do with the ending as with the founding of the Brigitten-Schloss. The last lord of Hohenrode, so runs the story, lived many years in great happiness and affection with his wife, the noble and pious Lady Brigitte, but one unhappy day a younger and a yet fairer face took his fickle fancy, and from that time all the love that he had formerly felt for his wife turned to aversion ; and after a while he seriously contemplated murder, for the sake of possessing himself of his new charmer.

With this view he proposed to a certain hermit, who lived in the forest near the castle, to make away with the unfortunate Brigitte while she was paying her devotions in the forest, at a small shrine which she was in the habit of frequenting.

The hermit, though passing as a pious man, was known to have had a somewhat stormy youth, and the lord of Hohenrode seems to have thought him a fitting instrument for his intended crime.

The hermit, however, while pretending to agree to the plan, proved himself better than his reputation. He not only would not do the deed himself, but he determined to

save the lady from the hands of her unworthy lord. On her next visit to the chapel in the forest, she was informed of the plot against her life, and persuaded to enter into a counter-plot against her would-be murderer. One of her garments, dipped in blood, was to be shown to her husband, while she, herself, took refuge in a neighbouring convent.

The lord of Hohenrode, instead of being horrified at the prompt success of his nefarious scheme, made but a small show of sorrow at the loss of his wife, whom he gave out to have been torn by a wild animal in the forest, and in a very short time put off his mourning weeds, and prepared for a new marriage with the lady whose charms had proved fatal to his domestic peace and virtue.

The wedding was celebrated with all pomp and splendour. The bride was young and lovely, and the bridegroom, if not young, at least loving. The wedding-guests were numerous and noisy, the wedding-feast choice and plentiful. But to the banquet came one whose presence was slightly embarrassing.

In the midst of the revel, a black-veiled figure, tall and stately, strode into the hall and confronted the newly-married pair. She raised her veil and gazed at them silently and reproachfully. It was the lady Brigitte !

What became of the unhappy bride whose fascinations had been the immediate cause of all the trouble, legend says not. It leaves her fainting at the feet of her false, doubly false, bridegroom.

The lord of Hohenrode, we hear, expiated his crimes by a lengthy pilgrimage, and the lady Brigitte returned to her convent, passing her life in good deeds, not the least of which was, that once more she came forth from her retire-

ment, to breathe a word of pardon to her repentant husband on his bed of death, and to close his eyes.

The memory of the pious Brigitte is still honoured and invoked by the peasantry of the neighbourhood which her active charity blessed, but the castle which bears her name has long been a shapeless ruin.

The ascent of the Hornisgrinde is, as the Germans say, “repaying”—on a clear day. The view to be had from the summit is magnificent, extending not only over the Rhine valley, and beyond Strasburg to the Vosges mountains; not only over the vast mass of forest, which is spread out like a surging sea of deepest green shading away into black,—eastward and southward, as far as the eye can reach, or until the horizon-line is bounded by a mass of dark irregular peaks, which indicate the mountains of the southern Schwazwald,—but with, now and again, in rare sunset-times, a vision, above and beyond them, of a white-veiled sky-barrier, rising ghostlike in the dim distance.

The top of the Hornisgrinde is marked by a square brick tower, without entrance, cornered to the four points of the compass, the whole summit of the mountain being bare and swampy, covered only by a scanty vegetation of heather and peat-moss; “a place,” says a German guide-book, “that looks as though made for a witches’ revel.”

Scarcely ten minutes from the mountain-top a path leads westward, through the forest, to the wild and desolate Mummelsee, a mountain tarn, nearly a mile in circumference, situated at a height of 3360 feet above the sea.

This lake, known to the Romans as *Lacus Mirabilis*, and later on as the *Wundersee*, has long enjoyed the reputation of an enchanted region, and is supposed to be inhabited by

a race of water-nymphs (*Mummelchen*) of marvellous beauty, whose dwellings at the bottom of the deep pool are rich in crystals and gems, and adorned with climbing coral and water roses of every hue.



It is difficult to imagine how such notions of beauty and cheerfulness have associated themselves, in popular legend, with the gloomy and somewhat sullen sheet of water, enclosed on all sides by dark and beetling rocks. It is,

perhaps, easier to understand how these gay and beautiful maidens love to leave their underground abodes, and to dance in the moonlight on the shimmering surface of the lake, or even to wander, as they have been known to do, far away out of their own element, on wintry nights—to creep within the circle of the bright blazing pine-logs in some peasant's hut; to take a turn even at the spinning-wheel, or at rocking the baby in his wooden cradle. But it is only between the hours of sunset and day-dawning that they can thus venture to break the tedium of their Undine-lives, for no sooner does the first streak of rosy light shoot across the East, than the old gnome who, like the wicked genius of the Wildsee, keeps the poor water-nymphs in terrible order,—appears to warn them that their hour of pastime is over, and calls them from the mazy dance or landward wandering to those domestic duties which, we may suppose, are awaiting them in the glistening coral-decked caves below.

Of late years the nymphs of the Mummelsee have not been known to wander much from their watery home. And various reasons are assigned by the peasantry for their absence. "When men were better—simpler in life and less avaricious," say some, "the water-sprites cared more for them." Another version is, that the old gnome, who formerly oppressed them, is dead, not being immortal like themselves, and that the nymphs, sharing some at least of the weaknesses of humanity, are inconsolable in their grief for the being whom in life they did not particularly appreciate.

They may, according to Ed. Mörike's graceful little poem, be heard, by those who listen, night after night,

chanting funeral dirges to the memory of their dead tyrant and lost lord.

The Mummelsee is depicted in one of Götzenberger's frescoes.

On the southern shore of the lake, a lonely little stone hut has been erected, by unknown hands, which affords a rough shelter to the passing traveller.

Allerheiligen, or All Saints, is the very imposing ruin of a monastery founded in the twelfth century, and for a period of over five hundred years one of the richest and most celebrated monastic establishments in Southern Germany. The Abbey was several times burnt down, the present building dating from about the fourteenth century. In 1802, the monastery was secularised, and in 1803, just as the empty buildings were going to be converted into a cotton-mill, the fire of Heaven, so say the pious, stayed the sacrilege, by striking the ancient pile, and laying it in the dust.

In the dust, or rather on the greensward, it still stands, a most perfect and beautiful ruin, the delight of sketchers and lovers of the picturesque. It, and the little hotel, Mittenmaier, which is both comfortable and moderate, a favourite resort of artists, completely fill up the narrow wooded valley in which they stand.

The descent by the Ottenhöfen route into the valley, is very striking. The traveller who thus makes his first acquaintance with Allerheiligen, looks down suddenly to see below him, dropped into a bowery dell, a thing that seems to have risen there by enchantment.

It almost appears to him, as though in that secluded nook—

" Some fairy's hand  
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined,  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

In fact, there is, situation apart, a considerable resemblance between the ruins of Allerheiligen and Melrose, which is, perhaps, not very surprising, as they are probably the work of about the same period. The ruins, which were for some years notoriously dangerous, are now happily (or unhappily?) under repair.

Close to Allerheiligen, to be reached only on foot by a tolerably steep descent, are the beautiful Büttens Falls, a series of seven cascades or caldrons, as their German name implies, in which the stream dashes and foams down a cleft or ravine, torn through the mountain by some volcanic action, flashing in sheets of foam over enormous boulders, and swirling angrily in deep pools.

The falls are not very high, nor is the volume of water, in ordinary times, particularly great. But the whole setting of the scene, the lonely gorge, with its forest-clothed sides, winding in serpent-fashion through the rock ; the mad torrent leaping from point to point, reflecting the sun's rays in a dozen different hues—so mad and yet so gentle—tearing with all its might over the huge stones that try to stay it, yet passing so softly among the mosses and ferns with which its course is fringed, that not a fronde of the delicate little flatterers is injured—the whole scene is so eminently picturesque, that one seems forced to linger in the spot, more tempted to do so, possibly, by its gentler beauties, than amid the roar of some overwhelming cataract.

Several of the rocks have special names attached to them,

to which legends cling. The Knight's Leap, from a Swedish soldier who is said during the invasion to have sprung across the ravine at this spot. The Seven Sisters' Rock, from the legend of seven German maidens, who hid behind it in olden time, and so saved themselves from the brutal pursuit of the Huns. The Robin's Nest, the Gipsy's Seat, &c.

From tradition, it appears that this neighbourhood was at one time much frequented by the wandering people, and the most popular legend of the locality is that of the gipsy bride (p. 88).

Some time in the fifteenth century, when the monastery was in the height of its power and fame, and when high-born youths came from far and near to receive instruction from the learned monks, there was staying at the abbey for this purpose a young man of good family called Hans von Wessenburg.

There was, at the same time, encamped in the forest, a tribe of Bohemians, whose lawless ways were perhaps somewhat of a trial to the good monks, their neighbours; but who served, it would seem, to relieve the tedium of those hours which young Hans of Wessenburg did not spend in study—hours, when he possibly found the society of the brown-stoled brethren slightly oppressive.

There happened to be among the gipsies a maiden of unusual and peerless beauty, the pride and delight of the tribe, a creature with soft dark eyes, lustrous as though the stars had looked into them, and softly-tinted damask cheeks, such as Corregio only could have put on canvas—a creature that seemed to the young student, a very "vision of delight," when, one day, book in hand, he was taking a solitary ramble through the ravine, and suddenly looking up, he

saw Elsa—seated on a great rock in the centre of the torrent, her dark hair flying in the breeze, and her shapely bare feet dipped into the foam of the waterfall.

The young man certainly was inclined to believe that he had come across one of those fair unearthly beings who, legend had taught him, haunted these sylvan scenes.

Still he did not turn and fly, as perhaps he should, with this impression, have done. Later on, however, he discovered that the beautiful vision was no deluding water-nixie, but a true maiden of flesh and blood, and he felt less inclined to turn and fly than before.

The first meeting between the youth and the gipsy maiden by the romantic waterfall was by no means the last. Both were young. Both were weaving their first romance;—for doubtless in the gipsy's eyes the fair-haired, high-born youth appeared no less charming than did she in his. Both loved. The young man had but one desire in the world—to call the lovely spirit of the ravine his own. And before long a solemn betrothal, in presence of the gipsy-tribe, joined their hands, and Hans slipped on to the slender brown finger of his future bride a ring as an earnest of his troth.

"On that ring," said an old sibyl of the tribe soon after to the girl, "hangs your fate. Be careful of it. If you lose it your happiness is gone."

Elsa laughed softly. "My happiness is in him, and not in his ring," she said lightly.

Yet she wore it night and day, and looked at it and loved it and caressed it in secret, as though it had been a part of her lover.

It is like a lock of his golden hair, she thinks, twisted

about her finger, and she loves to play with it, child as she is, as though it were.

And she is a little wilful and wild in her ways too—as indeed a gipsy maiden might well be.

One day she is in the ravine awaiting her lover, and by way of passing the time, which seems long to her, she takes off one by one her bits of gipsy-fineness, her necklace of beads and armlets of silver, and lays them on the big stone in the rivulet, which is her favourite seat. A little cross, too, that her lover has given her and taught to prize, she lays amongst them.

“ How pretty they all are ! how pretty they must look on me ! ” she cries in innocent vanity, not knowing that it was she who gave a beauty to the trinkets far more than they gave to her. “ But my ring is the best,” she says. “ Ah ! let me see how that sparkles amongst them—so tiny but so precious.”

She lays it on the stone in the midst of her armlets, and gazes at it admiringly. But in another instant a sound reaches her ear. She thinks it is her lover’s footstep, and turns away her head to listen. A second only, and she turns again to see her prized and fated ring carried off from her in the beak of a raven which has been hovering over her head.

With a cry of despair the girl leaps from the rock to meet her lover, and to pour into his ear the sad tale of her loss.

To the Teutonic mind of Hans this event is annoying as involving the loss of the ring : but otherwise not overwhelming.

“ After all, another ring can be got where that came

from," he says lightly. "Don't spoil your pretty eyes, my Elsa, by crying after the bauble."

Then Elsa tells him, with faltering tongue and white cheeks, of the old sibyl's prophecy. "My happiness goes with that ring," she cries passionately, looking up at the raven's nest overhanging the edge of the rock far above her head, where the bird has retired with his prey.

"If that be so," said the young lover, smiling yet moved by the anguish of her face, "you shall very soon have it back again, both the ring and the happiness."

Before the girl is well aware of what he is about, he has begun climbing, hand over hand, the rugged face of the steep gorge, clinging here to a bush, and there to a stone, and hanging now and again over the abyss on the strong arm of a tree.

"Stay, stay," cries the gipsy, as she watches her lover's progress with a horrible fascination. "Come back. Alas! the ring is not worth your danger to me. What have I said?"

But the young man, excited now with the sense of an exploit almost achieved, sends back a reassuring shout, and pursues his perilous way upwards. One more spring and the prize is his.

He stretches his hand over the nest from which the scared bird rises, supporting himself meanwhile on a clump of gorse which overhangs the torrent.

Elsa, seized with a sudden presentiment of evil, shudders and covers her eyes with her hands. . . . A horrible sound of something falling heavily beside her makes her start away and look. . . .

At her feet lies the body of her lover—the last faint

breath of life but now fluttering from his white lips—while in his tightly-clenched hand he still holds the prize for which he has striven—her ring.

Three days afterwards, some of the gipsy tribe searching for the lost Elsa, who has been for this time missing, come upon a white-faced, scared, and ghostlike creature, sitting in the roar of the waterfall, beside a dead and mutilated body, to which she is still chattering plaintive words of fond endearment, and tender reproaches for its silent coldness.

The gipsies carried the body of the young man to the abbey, where he was buried, and removing their camp from the neighbourhood, took the unfortunate Elsa with them.

But the glen, where her happiness and her misery had in turn come to her, had a weird charm for her unquiet spirit, which no distance could alter. She found her way back again to her favourite haunt, and not many months afterwards lay down, with a child's weariness, to die on the spot where her lover's life, and her own reason, had alike fled.

From the bottom of the fall, a most beautiful road, of about five miles, leads through the romantic Lierbachthal to Oppenau, from which place there is a branch-railway to the main line.

To take a carriage from Achern to Allerheiligen, and thence to walk through the gorge and Lierbachthal to Oppenau, offers a most delightful excursion to a fairly good walker ; or the carriage may be sent round by road (a detour of an hour and a half), to meet the traveller at the foot of the ravine.

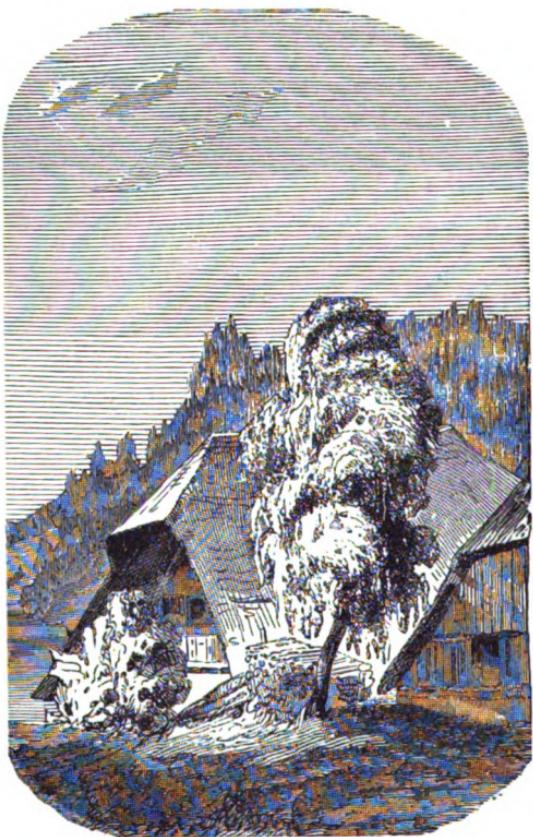
The Lierbachthal is one of those exquisite valleys which may fairly be ranked as the chief charm of Black Forest scenery. The road, an excellent one, as all Black Forest

roads are, leads beside the river, with walls of forest-covered hills, rising hundreds of feet on each side, dark pines mingling amid the fresh hues of oak and beech, and with range upon range of yet higher mountains disclosing themselves in the distance at every turn that the path makes.

At one point, where a little wooden cross marks the summit of a wooded hill to the left, there is a specially grand view, looking across stream, of seven majestic peaks that seem to have grouped themselves into a background, as though to invite an artist's hand to try his skill at them and the smiling valley that lies before them. They are the Kniebis, among which we shall presently hope to wander, in the track of that little valetudinarian world of fashion, which is creating a new Baden for itself in the very centre of the Forest.

Meantime we make our way through the fragrant, silent valley, where scarcely a trace of human life is to be seen, or a sound heard, other than the rippling of the Lierbach over its boulders at our feet. Now and then we see, to be sure, a wooden cottage high up on the mountain, but that is perched so high, and is so evidently inaccessible, that we feel sure it is placed there only for effect—besides, it is shut up, no smoke is coming from it. By and by we perceive the reason of this, for in a little clearing of the forest we find the whole family—actually the toy cottage has inhabitants!—assembled on the little scrap of grassland which is to afford the winter provender for the cow, and bright patches of blue and red are perceived flitting about with huge wooden pitchforks making hay on an upland pasture, at an angle of who can say what—on an incline which at any rate would seem to need the peculiar tenacity of fly-feet.

And so, the valley widening out, and the cottages and pasture-scaps becoming more and more frequent, we make our way to little Oppenau, lying snugly in its semicircle of hills and in the midst of its fruit gardens. For here is the home of the renowned "Kirsch."



## CHAPTER X.

### OPPENAU—THE VALLEY OF THE RENCH—THE WALD-FRAU— THE KNIEBIS BATHS.

"Truth severe by fairy fiction drest."  
*Gray.*

AT Appenweier, which is also the junction for Strasburg, a branch-line, newly opened, runs down the picturesque valley of the Renchthal to Oppenau.

It passes through a fruitful grape and cherry-growing country, famous for the production of kirschwasser, for the sale of which the little towns of Oberkirch and Oppenau are head-quarters, but it is manufactured in the mysterious depths of the peasant-kitchens, in quaint wooden-cottages, among the pine-covered hills.

Near Appenweier, between the Rhine valley and Renchthal, high-crowning the hill, will be seen a castle, the Staufenberg. It is the *locale* of a very ancient and popular legend, that of the Forest-lady—the *Wald-Frau*.

In olden times there lived at this castle a certain knight, by name Petermann, renowned through all the country for his handsome face and his prowess, both in the chase and in war. Indeed, so general a favourite was he, we are told in the old song which celebrates his attractions, that many beautiful ladies of great honour would willingly have mated with him.

But their bright eyes failed to reach the heart of Knight

Petermann. All his thoughts were given to those manly pursuits in which he excelled. Gentle and courteous he was to all, as a true knight must be, but love was for him as



STAUFENBERG-SCHLOSS.

yet a thing unthought of, and woman but an abstract idea—an unembodied ideal.

One day, however—it was a summer Sunday morning—as he rode through the shade of the forest to the little chapel which lay in the green valley of the Nussbach, for

Knight Petermann was pious as well as valiant, a figure by the wayside attracted his attention. It was that of a beautiful lady.

“ Er sieht ein schönes Weib da sitzen  
Von Gold und Silber herrlich blitzen  
Von Perlen und von Edelstein  
Wie eine Sonne reich und rein.”

In fact, so like a sun was she, that her beams shot right down into the heart of the young knight, warming it with an utterly new sensation. One glance at her radiant beauty completely dazzled and bewildered him.

Scarcely master of his own actions, the young man alighted from his horse and addressed the peerless creature.

“ Who art thou ?” he asked.

“ One who has long known thee,” said the lady.

This was mysterious but interesting, and the knight could do no less than sit on the mossy pine-root by the lady’s side, and listen to her story.

The interview was a long one, but before they parted, the knight, too, had a story, an old one, to tell, and a new question to ask.

Though Herr Petermann had been slow to fall in love—when he did so fall, he fell quickly and fathoms deep.

Throwing his arms about the lovely lady, he begged her then and there to be his wife.

“ Your true wife, your true friend will I be,” said the fairy (for, of course, she was a fairy), “ if it will content you that to you alone I am visible.”

This notion seemed at first a little startling to the young man.

“ Do you mean that no one will see you at all—but me ?” he asked wonderingly.

"Exactly," said the lady. "I shall be all your own."

The knight meditated. "After all, there was a good deal in that, no doubt," he said to himself; "the arrangement might have some advantages." On the other hand, he would feel grieved and disappointed not to be able to show off his handsome wife to his friends. But with her glorious eyes gazing into his, with her slender white arms about his neck, and with the strange yearning feeling for her which had started to life within him at sight of her, what could he do but agree?

"If you are mine, I ask no greater bliss," he said.

Then the forest-fairy kissed him on the lips—"All earthly fortune I give thee with my endless love," she said. "And at every moment of thy life whenever thou shalt call for me, or wish for me, I will be with thee. But thou must be true. Women will seek to allure thee. Thy friends will desire to marry thee. I warn thee if thou deceivest me, thy life is forfeit."

With those eyes looking into his, with those white arms about his neck, what could Herr Petermann, or, indeed, any lover answer, except, that were he false to so peerless a creature, death would be a fate too good for him?

When, at length, after many good-byes long drawn out, the knight tore himself away from the fascination of the lady's eyes, and returned to the castle, he seemed to have entered upon a new existence. All his old occupations and amusements had lost their charm. He could absolutely settle to nothing, and even the society of his worthy old father and mother, for whom he had a sincere affection, seemed irksome to him. He was discontented with everything.

At last, after wondering for a long time what could be the matter, and not hitting the right nail on the head, he suddenly cried out in a tone of weary longing—

“ Ah, that I had within my arms again the beautiful lady of the Forest.”

Scarcely had he spoken, when within his outstretched arms, he so held her, her face turned to him with a sweet and loving smile.

“ You called me, dear,” she said. “ Foolish fellow, you wondered why the world seemed blank to you. You only wanted me.”

It was in truth so.

Weeks, months, years rolled on, but to the enamoured Petermann they passed like hours—and every hour that his beloved, unseen by others, passed at his side, was an hour of bliss.

At length a great tournament was proclaimed at Frankfort, to celebrate the crowning of the Emperor, and Petermann, together with all the other brave and loyal knights of the realm, was bidden to attend.

It needs hardly to say, that amid all the brilliant throng of gallant knights who crowded about the throne, Herr Petermann was the tallest, the handsomest, and the most brilliant, his deeds of knightly prowess the most conspicuous, that for him was the victor’s wreath, and the smiles of the ladies, and the jealousy of the men. He was the hero of the day. At the end of the tournament it was, unhappily for him, no less a person than the Emperor’s daughter who laid the crown of triumph on his yellow hair.

Unfortunately for him, it was no less a person than the Emperor’s daughter who chose him for her partner

in the dance, who smiled on him with her sweetest smile, who spoke words of commendation of him to the Emperor her father, and whose secret thoughts dwelt with pleasure on the graceful manly form, which had put all rivals in the shade, on the curling yellow hair which her own hand had crowned, on the earnest yet gentle spirit that looked out of the knight's blue eyes.

Sorely puzzled, and not a little startled, however, was the knight, when the day after the revel, the Emperor sent for him, and with an air of kindly condescension informed him that both he and his daughter were so well pleased with his deeds of prowess, that they had chosen him to be the husband of that lady—a lady who should bring to the fortunate winner of her hand not only beauty and honour, but also a rich dowry in lands and money.

In no way could the Staufenberg knight account for the dismay which seized him at the news of this unsought distinction, except by confessing the truth, the fact of his sworn allegiance to the Forest-lady.

The Emperor was, in his turn, perhaps, a little startled at the announcement, and persuaded that the matter was one in which spiritual advice was to be desired, asked counsel as to the case of the Bishop. The Bishop had no doubt at all about the matter, but pronounced that the unhappy knight had been caught in one of the many toils of the Wicked One—always on the watch for the virtuous and unsuspecting—and he, moreover, urged an honourable and speedy marriage, as the best-known method of exorcising the unholy fiend.

The knight of Staufenberg, who was, as we have said, a pious man, seems to have been a good deal alarmed by this

judgment of his case in a light which had not previously occurred to him.

He listened to the good Bishop's exhortation with great meekness, and before it was over felt almost inclined to be guided by the counsel so solemnly given.

The legend does not tell us that either Bishop or Emperor had any misgivings as to the nostrum prescribed by the doctor of souls for this peculiar malady; or one or both might surely have felt some scruple as to its effect being tried on the princess. Nor does the princess herself seem to have had a hint or suspicion of anything amiss.

As for Knight Petermann, we may believe that his position was, to say the least of it, a difficult one. And the fact, that from this time, he relinquished the habit of calling the Wald-Frau to him, proves, either that he was convinced by the Bishop's arguments that all was not in the matter quite as it should be, or else, that the legitimate charms and graces of the Emperor's daughter had actually chased the weird image of the Forest-phantom from his heart.

Be that as it may, the wedding-day was fixed, the wedding-guests invited, and the old Castle of Staufenberg was putting on its best and gala dress to receive a royal bride. All was going merry as a marriage peal, until the night before the wedding-morn.

Then, for the first time, the phantom-lady appeared without a call. With a white and sorrowful face she stood before the bridegroom-elect, reproached him for his perfidy, and reminded him of the warning she had long ago uttered.

In vain he pleaded the extenuating force of circumstances, and the impossibility, at this stage of affairs, of breaking off the marriage with his royal bride, plainly showing, indeed,

that it would be more than his head was worth, to offer so terrible an insult to the Emperor's daughter.

The Wald-Frau only sighed.

"That would matter little," she said gloomily, and withdrew as suddenly as she had come.

It is possible that the bridegroom, awaking on his wedding morning, was inclined to look back upon the apparition as only a fevered dream, the result of a naturally excited brain. It, at least, had not the effect of putting a stop to the marriage, which was celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance befitting the high rank of the royal bride.

The marriage-feast was continued through the day, and extended into the night. But at the moment when the revelry was at its highest, when the bride and bridegroom stood, goblet in hand, to pledge each other's health, suddenly a singular silence fell upon the gay assembly. The flambeaux on the walls turned of a sickly blue and died down; the hands of the musicians, who were discoursing sweetest melodies, seemed seized with paralysis; the guests crept closer to one another with a vague terror; and the bride, letting her goblet of costly Venetian glass fall in a thousand shivered atoms on the floor, threw herself upon her husband's breast.

An uninvited guest was at the feast. In mid-air, above the heads of the revellers, there passed slowly through the hall, perceived by all, a foot—a woman's—bare, and of exquisite form.

"Und schöner war auf Erde nie  
Noch lieblicher ein Fusz geschen."

That was all—but when the unhappy bridegroom, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips, seized a goblet of wine,

and thought to drink it off by way of regaining his courage, he saw reflected in its ruddy depths the face of his deserted love.

In three days' time he lay dead.

Over his grave his young widow erected a tiny chapel, where she was wont to pass many an hour in prayer for the repose of the unhappy knight's soul, while legend says that at times another young and beautiful woman, a stranger to the village, might be seen kneeling in the same spot—weeping tears of bitter grief and murmuring words of love over the grave of the dead knight.

The Wald-Frau is known to the people of the Renchthal as Melusina, the old Celtic myth of the fish-tailed lady having in some way mixed itself up in their minds with that of the Forest-sprite, but, as will be perceived, there is very little real connection between the two legends.

Various other instances are cited of the appearance of the dangerous lady to young men of susceptible dispositions, of entanglement and subsequent misery ; all, however, pointing to the well-worn but ever-apt moral, that it is better to be off with the old love before one is on with the new. Failing which, says the legend in the vernacular, “one is very likely to lose both.”

The last recorded appearance of the Forest-lady was—date given—in the year 1779, when she made herself visible to a young peasant-girl of seventeen, who was passing the spot which is one of her chief haunts, a double-pine tree, at a place called the Twelve Stones, in the Stollen Wald.

The Forest-sprite promised to reveal to the maiden a store of hidden treasure, if she would return and meet her in the same place, at midnight of St. Wunibald's Day.

But the maiden prudently went home and related the whole matter to the parish priest, and by his hands Melusina's haunt was so thoroughly doused with holy water, that she never seems to have recovered from the effect of the treatment.

She has never appeared again, and the treasure has remained undiscovered to this day.

At Oppenau, a beautifully situated little town lying at the head of three romantic valleys, a diligence meets the train for the baths of Kniebis and Freudenstadt, passing Bads Friersbach, Petersthal, and Griesbach, but only within an hour's drive of Rippoldsau, the most noted of the Kniebis watering-places. For this place the diligence must be quitted at the *Gasthaus zum Lamm*, whence a private carriage can be taken, or the descent to Rippoldsau made on foot.

The whole of the route is an excessively beautiful one, and comes with a special charm to those who are wearied with the monotony of long and tedious railway-journeying.

The sight of the old lumbering yellow vehicle, with its team of grey cart-horses, which awaits the traveller's arrival at Oppenau, has something of refreshment in it. The appearance of the wonderful-looking individual, who, in his huge top-boots and brigand-hat, with its parti-coloured tuft and big cock's feather, presents rather the appearance of a theatrical bandit than of a peaceable stage-coachman, has a certain undefinable charm about it. It is delightful to lounge in the roomy old *coupé*, or even to feel one's self above the world, amid the portmanteaux and bandboxes, and to be trotted steadily along,—through valleys and villages, beside streams

and over mountains,—with the happy sense of leisurely progress that is so rare in these days of steam and hurry.

There is a certain intoxication in the feeling that we have shaken ourselves free of the steam-monster, who is, in a measure, the good and the evil genius of our lives. We are like schoolboys escaped from everyday drudgery ; we are discoverers passing into a world unknown ; we feel suddenly to have tumbled back into the days of what we have so often heard spoken of as “the good old times,” the days of our grandfathers.

When we observe the excitement with which our progress through the villages is regarded ;—when we find ourselves merged into a portion of the local “Post,” the mouth-piece of the outer world to these quiet spots ;—when we notice how a crimson flag is hung out by way of a signal that passenger or parcel is awaiting us :—and above all, when we remark that our entrance and exit to every village is thought worthy of musical honours, that is to say, when our worthy bandit is found playing a whole tune with variations on his cornet, solemnly, and a good deal out of tune, but still with much effect on each occasion :—when all these things happen to us, we look about us with an air of satisfaction, and say, “We are off the beaten track.” We have in some way a sensation of having got the better of some one—though we are not quite sure of whom—and our souls are content.

The road, though leading through the very heart of the Forest, is what the Germans would call a “friendly one.” It passes constantly through little villages embosomed in orchards, and by smiling little farmsteads, which impress one with the notion of being children’s toys taken out of a box.

The houses in this valley are of very peculiar construction : the first or groundfloor is usually of stone, and serves for the cattle ; the dwelling-house, reached by an outer staircase, is of wood, crowned with a thatch as deep as the house is high, the wooden walls and gables being covered with thin layers of pine-wood, overlapped like tiles and most symmetrically arranged, each little piece having to be put on separately by hand.

The dress of the peasantry is extremely picturesque, the women wearing at their work in the fields and orchards short blue petticoats, red Swiss bodices with white muslin sleeves, and large straw hats, the crowns covered with a mass of scarlet tufts of wool—the elder women having under the hat black silk close caps, edged with black lace which falls over their faces. The men are, for the most part, attired in the peculiar long clerical coat and broad beaver hat ; but some have short jackets, and all wear crimson vests and blue stockings.

What with quaint costumes, quaint wooden villages nestling under orchards, quaint musical coachmen, quaint yellow diligences, and other old-world institutions, one seems in this secluded Black Forest valley to have lighted upon an idyllic region, as far removed from the ordinary outside-world as it is well possible to imagine.

Five miles from Oppenau is the most beautifully situated of those known as the Kniebis Baths, Bad Petersthal, with an excellent hotel, containing over a hundred rooms, a magnificent dining-room, ball-room, &c. The *cuisine* is good, and there is a large swimming bath with other arrangements for bathing-visitors.

The mineral-springs, which are tonic in property, have

been in considerable repute since the sixteenth century, and are largely bottled and exported. The hotel stands in fine grounds amid charming scenery, and is best suited to hot weather, as it is much shaded by trees.

A variety of beautiful walks and drives may be taken through the Forest from this spot. There is a physician resident during summer in the village, which is a few minutes from the "Bad."

Bad Griesbach, about three miles farther on, has also its resident doctor, its bathing arrangements and hotel, both of which are good, on a somewhat smaller scale.

Beyond Griesbach begins what is known as the Kniebis-Strasse, a road which mounts through a thick pine-forest by a series of zigzags over a mountain 3000 feet high, presenting a series of magnificent views over the Rench valley. As the road winds higher and higher the prospect becomes grander and of wider extent, embracing the valley of the Rhine, with the many windings of the river, Strasburg, and the Vosges Mountains. At each moment the prospect becomes more of a bird's eye view, the air fresher, the vegetation more stunted. On the bare top of the ridge runs the frontier line between Baden and Würtemberg.

The road the whole way is excellent. On the summit is the Alexander Schanze, or fort, erected in 1734, during the French invasion, by Duke Alexander of Würtemberg. It is now an inn.

Left of the Alexander Schanze, on the old road, are entrenchments, some of which date from the Thirty Years' War, and, known as the Swedish Redoubt, commemorate the passage of the Swedish army over the pass. Here is also an inn, small but good (*Zur Zuflucht*). Higher still is another

fortification, the so-called Suabian Redoubt, erected in 1796 as a protection against the French. Both these served as signal stations in the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

At the Gasthaus zum Lamm, also a post-house, with the ruins of a monastery, the road to Rippoldsau and Freudenstadt divide.

Freudenstadt is a little manufacturing town at the head of the Murg valley, possessing, as its only interests, first, the fact of its having been built as an asylum for Protestant refugees, by Duke Frederick of Würtemberg, about the year 1599, and, secondly, a church of curious construction. The two naves, which are devoted, one to the male and the other to the female portion of the population, are at right-angles, so situated that while the altar and pulpit can be seen by all, the two sexes are invisible to one another. The road to Rippoldsau from the Kniebis descends southward by a series of rapid curves, affording at each turn delightful peeps and prospects over wooded hills, and into sunny vales, into the deep valley of the Wolfbach ; and here, in the heart of the valley, the traveller, who has been for so long a time passing through forest-glades and over bleak mountain-tops, and feels himself to have penetrated into regions remote from the noisy haunts of men, is suddenly plunged into a little vortex of fashionable life, which bubbles and simmers, and amuses and tires itself in a very miniature—a select and aristocratic one—of Baden, or Homburg, or Kissingen.

The greatest peculiarity of Rippoldsau is, that in spite of its aristocratic pretensions—for Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses are as nothing in it—it lives in the street, or at least by the roadside.

It has been aptly remarked of it, "Here the bathing establishment literally stops the way."

It is so.

The place consists only of one big hotel, divided into various buildings, and of the bath- and spring-houses which are attached to the establishment. The high-road passes between these, and through a handsome double avenue of lindens, which is the ordinary lounge of the *Cure-guests*, as they are called. Here are tables and chairs placed under the trees; and here throughout the day will be found ladies, without their hats, sketching, working, and writing letters; gentlemen, smoking and drinking coffee. After the early dinner every one comes out here for the coffee-drinkings, and waiters with trays skip backwards and forwards across the high-road, just as though the yellow carriage of the Imperial German Post never rumbled heavily along its course, and claimed it for its own.

Here, too—on this very spot—"there is a sound of revelry by night," or, to speak fairly, early in the evening. Here lamps are lighted—real gas-lamps—all down the avenue, and music, too, "with its voluptuous swell,"—resulting from the well-sustained efforts of a very small stringed band,—adds to the allurements of the scene.

For all these pleasures the moderate sum of sixpence a day is added to the hotel-bill of each guest.

The hotel itself is rather expensive, but good, and well arranged, with a fine dining-room, billiard-room, library, and reading-room, and a ball-room, in which occasional dances are given. The physician attached to the Bath is Dr. Feyerlin.

The wooded sides of the valley, which are all included in

the vague and unenclosed grounds of the hotel, are laid out in a variety of walks, and there are many pretty drives and longer excursions to be taken from this point.

Rippoldsau lies in a very protected situation, but it is much less shaded than Petersthal, and is in summer likely to be found hot. The mineral springs were discovered by the monks of St. Georgen, who founded a monastery close by in 1140, and the baths were in repute even in the Middle Ages.

In the sixteenth century two treatises were written by two learned physicians in praise of the Rippoldsau waters, and a bathing establishment was erected on the spot, which was destroyed by the Swedes in 1643.

Shortly afterwards new buildings were erected, and now, year by year, since the property has come into the possession of the Brothers Göringer, these are being added to, and new arrangements made for the comfort of the ever-increasing visitors.

Attached to the Trinkhalle is a post-office and telegraph station; also a bazaar, in which all the possible wants of *Kurgäste* seem to have been anticipated: an arrangement possibly as agreeable to the lady-guests, as it will be found disappointing to their male relations, who discover to their cost that even in the heart of the Black Forest, shopping, and shopping on a considerable scale, is by no means the impossibility they had hoped for.

The Rippoldsau springs are four in number, and contain sulphate of iron, soda, &c. They are very strong, and should only be taken under medical advice.

Indeed, the same remark might well apply to all mineral waters, which naturally do very much more harm than good

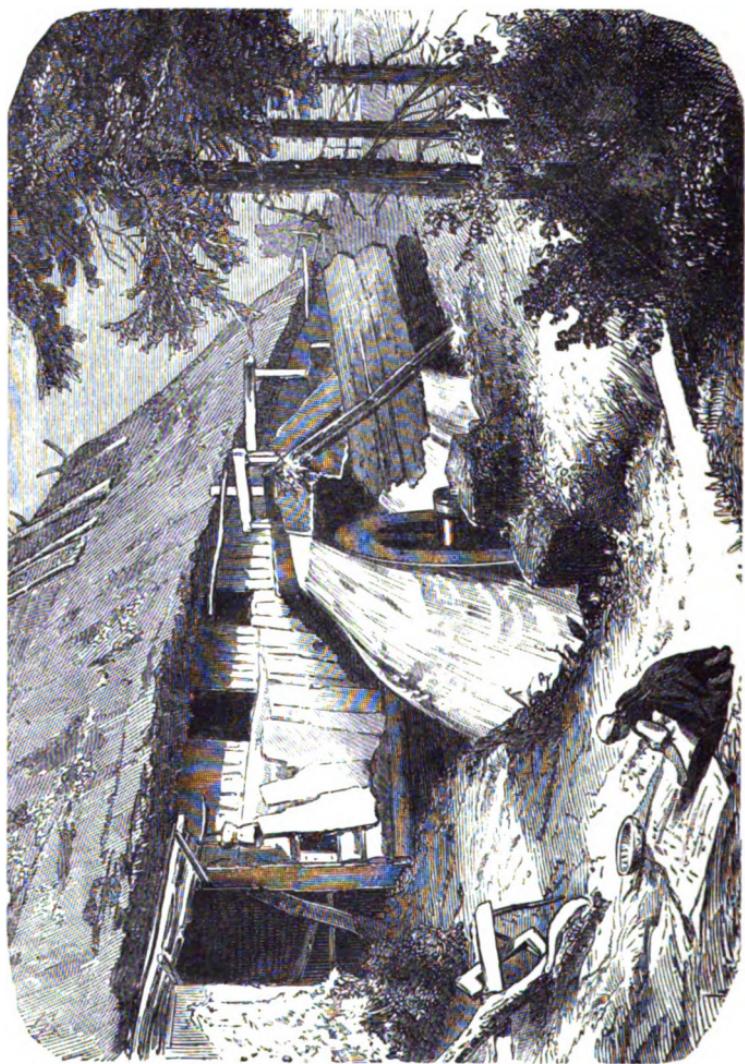
to those whose constitutions are not suited to their special ingredients, or who make use of them incautiously.

The road from Rippoldsau to Wolfach, the nearest railway station, runs for fourteen miles through the interesting valley of the Wolfbach, the Wolf's stream, a name strongly suggestive of woodland inhabitants who have happily moved their quarters elsewhere, but who once infested the neighbourhood.

This valley, though not as wildly grand as many in the Black Forest, yet possesses a charm all its own, in the busy roar of the saw-mills with which the banks of the stream are fringed, in its picturesque villages and quaint homesteads, scattered about on the slopes of the forest-covered hills, and which have such an old-world peace and well-to-do air about them, that they are altogether delightful to behold. The construction of all these buildings is similar, and such as one rarely sees now-a-days out of a picture. They are nearly all of wood, for the most part brown with age, and having a deep thatch—deeper than the house is high—overlying an outer staircase, and balconies of carved woodwork which join the living rooms of the family. The groundfloor is devoted to the cattle, and in the roof above the house proper is the well-stored barn.

The fronts and gables of the buildings are, as a rule, ornamented with layers of thin wood, laid on like tiles with extreme regularity, and the windows are, for the most part, a sort of bay, extending across the end or side of the house, invariably relieved and ornamented with pots of gaily-coloured flowers and climbing vines.

Each cottage has its garden attached, which is crowded full of roses, brilliant crimson flocks, and marigolds of every hue. This, of course, in addition to the potato- and cabbage-



ON THE WOLFBACH.

plantation, or the grass-field, on which the whole family from the cottage will usually be seen at work, forming, with their quaint and picturesque costumes, no little addition to the charm of the homely picture.

In all labours of the field the women and young girls share ; haymaking, reaping, where there is any corn, weeding, and even digging ; labours for which their square frames and extraordinary width of hip seem to render them capable. Occasionally they may be seen dragging trucks, or even breaking stones upon the road, sights revolting in themselves to the English mind. But, as a rule, in spite of these severe labours permitted to women, the Black Forest seems, to a great extent, undeserving of the very severe reproach which certain writers have brought against the North German peasant for the treatment of his women-kind. The women work—hard enough to be sure, poor things. But one does not see the woman yoked with the ass or dog, or drawing the piled waggon on which the husband sits serene atop, such as Mr. Hawthorne and others describe as not uncommon in Saxony.

In fact, in all cases the man seems to take his full share of the work ; and the sight of the gaily-attired working family —father, mother, and children—all busy, and apparently happily busy on the plot of ground which is their own—inevitably accompanied by the baby and the cat—the only non-working members of the family—who lie on the grass, side by side, and watch the industry of the rest of the party, adds not a little to the charm of the picture, which is framed in with the foreground of a rushing silvery trout-stream, and backed by masses of green hills rising forest-clothed into the clear blue sky.

## CHAPTER XI.

WOLFACH—THE KINZIG VALLEY—THE BERNECKTHAL—THE  
BLACK FOREST RAILWAY—HORNBURG—TRIBERG.

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

*Moore.*

THERE is certainly no part of the Black Forest more attractive than is to be found in the Kinzig and its contiguous valleys, that vale where the “bright waters” of the Wolfbach and Kinzig unite. And Wolfach, at the junction of the two streams, is one of the quaintest, quietest, but prettiest little towns possible, possessing, moreover, the advantage of a little hotel (the Krone), whose landlord speaks excellent English, and who, having been for some years a gentleman’s servant in England, understands to a great extent, the ways and manners of the savage islander, and the word “comfort” spelt with a “c” and not with “k” after the German fashion.

There is excellent trout-fishing to be had in the streams, and an establishment of pine-cone baths in the town, either of which may or may not be an inducement to the traveller to linger in the remote little spot; but in the matter of scenery, he will surely be hard to please, or under terrible

pressure of hurry, if the charms of the “valley so sweet” do not enchain him, and hold him captive, for at least two or three days.

The tiny town of Wolfach is only interesting from its quaintness. It consists of little but a broad street, entered through a curious fortified gateway, which forms part of what was once the castle, and which is now used for Government offices. Across the broad street, suspended on wires, hang the oil-lamps with which the town is lighted—lamps which an old woman will be seen every morning busily trimming. In the same street is held the market, and here, twice a week, from six till ten, will be seen the picturesque costumes of all the villages for ten miles round—blue skirts and black skirts, red bodices and green aprons, straw hats with red tufts, straw hats with black tufts, black mob-caps with lace-edging hanging in bewildering fashion over the eyes—men in long coats and red waistcoats, men in short jackets and many silver buttons—all are here, chattering and chaffering under the shadow of the quaint old town-hall, which has looked on them or their like, through its dormer windows and cavernous arches stretching over the street, unaltered, for a space of three hundred years.

In the one broad street, too, are the wells and fountains, reached by a descent of steps, from which the worthy citizens draw their water-supply, and to and from which pitchers are coming and going all the day. Here, too, are the hotels, and the one smart house of the town, the *Apotheke*, with its great oleander pots before the door.

To judge by appearances, drug-selling must be a thriving trade in all small German towns, and the medicine-man’s

house is, as a rule, largely decorated with flowers, and hidden away beneath trailing plants.



GOING TO MARKET AT WOLFACH.

Is there, one is inclined to ask, in the German mind, any occult connection between physic and flowers, or is the circumstance rather a fable, suggestive of a pill in a raisin?

It is to be hoped so, for those who have to take the pill !

The church of Wolfach, which, like the Rathhaus, escaped the Swedish conflagration, is even older than that building, dating from the year 1479, but it contains nothing of special interest.

The chief charm of Wolfach is to be found in the excursions which may be taken from it in every direction, both by road and rail, for the little township possesses a special branch railway of its own, which connects it with the new Black Forest line at Hausach—ten minutes away ; and this brings the whole of the delightful district, through which that marvel of engineering passes, within easy reach, while as head-quarters, Wolfach will be found to possess advantages, both of comfort and economy, over more frequented towns. And the neighbourhood, which lies eastward and south-east of Wolfach : the Kinzig valley, the Berneck valley, and others, though very little frequented, are among the most beautiful and interesting of any in the Schwarzwald, not to speak of excursions northward to Rippoldsau, or westward to Zell and Biberach.

In fact, it is simply impossible to move a hundred yards in any direction out of the little town without pleasure.

Among the shorter walks from Wolfach may be mentioned the Jacob's-Kapelle, a charming point of view over the Kinzig valley. The little chapel has a legend, that it is built on the spot where once stood a tree, in a cleft of which a sacred picture of St. James was, in troublous times, hidden away.

Probably its hiding-place was afterwards forgotten, but

in due time, the saint, becoming weary, possibly, of his confinement, made known his presence by singing, to the great astonishment of the woodman who was about to fell the tree.

After this circumstance a chapel had naturally to be erected on the spot, and the rescued picture placed in it. It is still much frequented as a pilgrimage church.

Most delightful of all excursions from Wolfach is the drive through the Kinzig valley, to Schiltach and Schramberg, and on to the Berneck-Thal.

To the Berneck-Thal it is a drive of about three hours—the scenery the whole way exquisite. Almost immediately after leaving Wolfach the Kinzighthal becomes very wild and romantic ; charming pastoral valleys open out from it to the north, high rocks enclose the river on the south. Gradually the mountains rise higher and higher, their precipitous sides overhanging the brawling stream, and clothed with trees from base to summit. Farther on the valley widens, and grand masses of grey rock lift their hoary fronts hundreds of feet above the traveller's head, frowning darkly or lit up into tender shades of pink and violet as the shadow or the sunshine falls upon them. There are very few dwellings of any kind to be seen ; but meantime the valley is not without its life or excitement. On the Kinzig, as on its tributary the Wolfbach, rafting is very largely carried on ; and it adds not a little to the interest and picturesqueness of the scene to see every now and then, flying through the rapid seething waters, dashing over rapids and amid boulders, curving and twisting like a monster-snake, one of the curiously constructed timber-loads, which form so peculiar a feature of the Black Forest industry (p. 40).

It is impossible, however often the same thing may have been before one's eyes, to help watching the mad career of the wriggling stream-monster with a kind of breathless suspense.

Now, this rapid, over which surely the frail construction will break to pieces ! now, that shallow, over which it must assuredly come to grief on the stones ! now, that narrow rock-enclosed straight, where it is impossible for it to pass !

Yet, while the spectator watches, and disbelieves, and doubts, and is inclined to shudder at the manifest peril of the half-dozen or so of men, who balance themselves with long poles on the wriggling tree-trunks, and guide the crazy craft—flying from end to end of it with a sure-footedness, which is all the more remarkable from the extreme slipperiness of the rounded trunks, between which the water surges and flashes in showers of spray :—almost before he has time to take the whole thing in—to admire the graceful rapid movement of the raft ; to notice the rough prow, which yet advances with so bold a front ; to wonder at the dexterity of the forest navigators ; to observe their lithe and stalwart frames, and their varied studied movements ; to measure the enormous length of the pines, or to count the various divisions which go to make up the flotilla :—before all or half of this can be done, the raft is past and away, a hundred yards or more, on its headlong flight to old father Rhine and the timber-yards of Holland.

Schiltach is a picturesque but somewhat untidy-looking little town, in a wide part of the valley, whose inhabitants have not the neat and generally well-to-do air which is, as a rule, distinctive of Black Forest communities. The women

PEASANTS OF THE KINZIGTHAL.



here are a tailed race, like the Swiss, with two long plaits hanging down below their waists.

Schiltach has an unenviable reputation among Black Forest towns for having been chosen, some three hundred years ago, as the favourite haunt of his Satanic majesty. There seems to have been an inn adjoining to, and in some-way connected with, the old Rathhaus. This was the spot to which the Evil One took a fancy. Here doors banged, crockery rattled, bells rang, and voices were heard continually at all hours of the night. In short, it became absolutely impossible to live in the house, and the landlord was at his wits' end.

At length the demon was heard to declare that his attraction in the house was a young servant-girl, the daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood, and he desired to make a compact, if the girl would give herself up, body and soul, to the fiend, he on his part would undertake to retire peaceably from the scene.

The girl, however, stoutly refused to purchase the quiet of the house at such a price. Her master sent her home, but the demon, instead of following, redoubled his onsets of rage in the inn, from which, as may be imagined, custom was fast retiring.

Then the landlord, finding this expedient useless, sent for the girl back again, and dared the devil to do his worst.

Very soon afterwards the house caught fire, the adjoining Rathhaus and many other houses burst into flames—it seemed as though the whole town was about to be burned to ashes.

At last, the town councillors, meeting, decided upon a strange and horrible remedy for the evil which was threatening to overwhelm them.

It was better, said they, in the spirit of the Jewish priests of old, that one should die, rather than that the whole town should perish.

By their orders, therefore, the unhappy girl, who was supposed to be the magnet which had thus attracted Satanic attention to the borough, was bound, and thrown a living victim into the flame. This was in the year 1533.

Immediately after this the fire stopped.

On the new Rathhaus the following inscription was engraved :—

“ II. Idus Aprilis conflagravit Oppidum Diabolus.”

Past Schiltach the road which was constructed in the year 1857 turns southward, following, first on one side and then on the other, the vagaries of the Schiltach stream, a shallow brook which rushes noisily over its stony bed, but which after rain or melting snow easily swells into a furious torrent.

Its banks are fringed for a long way by willows, whose twigs are trained to grow in circular fashion, and are used for tying the rafts together.

The scenery of the rocky and wooded cliffs, through which the noisy and impetuous little stream has won its way, is grand in the extreme. The frontier between the states of Baden and Würtemberg is an especially wild and romantic spot, huge masses of heather-clothed rock rising on the one side, and overhanging the road like the buttresses of a dismantled fortress, while across the valley, on the crest of the pine-covered hill, stands the shattered ruin of an old robber-castle.

Schramberg is a busy, industrial place, with great pottery

works, which send out volumes of thick smoke—to the English eye pleasantly suggestive of home—into the clear blue air.

Here are also several important straw-hat manufactories, an industry which occupies a very large portion of the female population of the Schwarzwald during the winter-months (p. 48).

It is almost distressing, to the lover of the picturesque, to think that a railway is projected through the Kinzig and Schiltach valleys—indeed, to Schiltach, the line is pledged to be open in the year 1879.

One is disposed, with Wordsworth, to look upon this invasion of steam into the peaceful valley as a kind of “rash assault” upon the “beautiful romance of Nature,” and the pity of it seems all the greater, since railway-traffic is almost certain to supersede, to a large extent, the rafting of the timber.

But the greater good of the greater number must, of course, be considered, and rapid communication with the rest of the world will doubtless do much to develop the trade and prosperity of these secluded valley-towns.

The Berneck valley lies just behind the town of Schramberg. It is a gorge rather than a valley, wildly romantic and beautiful as can be imagined; a chasm in the mountain, through which a narrow brawling trout-stream makes its way, but so hidden under masses of verdure, trees, and bushes of absolutely virgin-growth, as to be invisible.

Between the towering precipitous rocks there is barely room for the streamlet and the road, which is only just being completed, and on every side as the road, winds, the traveller is shut in by verdure-covered cliffs hundreds of feet high,

broken only here and there by masses of grey rock, nature-made castles, which frown through the contrasts of sombre and vivid green, with which the living walls are clothed.

From the Berneckthal there is a route for pedestrians to St. Georgen on the Black Forest Railway, and a carriage road from Schramberg to Hornberg, also on that line. A railway from Schramberg to St. Georgen, with a junction for Freudenstadt, is to be completed in four years.

#### THE BLACK FOREST RAILWAY.

The line of railway so called leaves the main Baden line at Offenburg, and passing from the first, through a most picturesque and charming tract of country, grows and increases in interest, until between Hornberg and St. Georgen that interest becomes absolutely thrilling, and the traveller, reclining at ease in his well-stuffed carriage, has the proud satisfaction of feeling himself a mountain-climber. In fact, it is mountaineering made easy, according to the wants and requirements of this our century.

The railway, which is a remarkable triumph of engineering skill, was begun in the year 1867, but the work was interrupted for some time during the Franco-German war, and the entire line was not opened for traffic until the 10th of November 1873. The length of the railway is 93 miles, the most beautiful portion being that between Hornberg and St. Georgen, which alone cost a sum of £917,000. On this portion of the line thirty-eight tunnels are passed through, while midway it reaches an altitude of 2800 feet. The difficulties of tunnelling were vastly increased by the great number of mountain-springs which rise in these rocks,

and which constantly interfered with the calculations of the engineers.

In a strategic and political point of view the Black Forest Railway is considered of great importance, as a means of readily massing bodies of troops on the Rhine, direct from the heart of Germany; while its influence is already felt as an impetus to the native industries, opening out as it does a large portion of the Forest which was hitherto in a measure isolated from the rest of the world. It was made by the German engineer Gerwig. From Offenburg (well known for the excellent fishing and shooting which its neighbourhood affords, and for its statue of Sir Francis Drake, "the introducer of the potato into Europe"), the Black Forest Railway strikes into the Kinzig valley, and winds its way among vine-clad hills and pleasant meadows beside the rapid timber-laden stream. Here and there a castle crowns the height, ruined or restored, notably the fine ruin of Hohengeroldseck: here and there a busy little town is passed, but it is not until after reaching Hausach (the junction for Wolfach), that the real beauty of the scenery begins. Those, therefore, who follow the route which we have taken across country from Oppenau, will lose little of the interest of the journey by joining the Black Forest line at Hausach.

Hausach itself is a picturesquely-situated little town, with a fine old ruined castle.

Thence to Hornberg the railway turns south through the romantic valley of the Gutach, scattered with picturesque villages of the Black Forest style, deep thatched roofs and wooden galleries, twined about with vines and creepers, and standing in the midst of orchards and flower gardens. At

every moment the traveller mounts higher and higher, or, as it seems to him, the valley recedes farther and farther away from his sight—the incline which had begun at Offenburg at  $1^{\circ}$  in  $450^{\circ}$ , after passing Hausach, increases rapidly till it reaches  $1^{\circ}$  in  $50^{\circ}$ .

Hornberg (Hotel Bär, very good, with English-speaking landlord), is a most picturesquely-situated little town, lying in a narrow verdant valley on both sides of the Gutach. There is a charming point of view from the bridge, which spans the rock-bound stream, a more extensive one from the ruined castle, dating from 1191, which dominates the town, and delightful walks and drives in all directions.

The castle possesses its legend, as so picturesque a ruin should do.

Once upon a time, when a still older building occupied the site of the present ruin, there lived here a baron who had one only and beautiful daughter. Desiring that she should make a wealthy and advantageous marriage, he betrothed her, against her will, to a prince of the Huns, that terrible pagan people who so cruelly ravaged Christian Germany. The young barbarian, who had seen and become enamoured of the Christian maiden, was honourable, handsome, and brave—all that might take a young girl's fancy, but he was still a heathen, and as such the notion of marriage with him seemed to the pious mind of Notburga simply a sacrilege. All the more, perhaps, that her heart inclined towards her handsome lover, did the conscience of the Christian call out against so unholy a tie.

At length, after much mental conflict and suffering, Notburga, to escape both from herself and from the marriage vows which she was shortly to pronounce, fled from

her home and concealed herself in the forest in a cave which she had discovered hidden away under a veil of shrubs and creepers. Here she lived for some years, subsisting only upon roots and berries, in complete solitude, save for the companionship of a tame doe which had accompanied her flight, and which never left her.

When she died, the faithful animal, scratching a hole at the foot of a tree opposite to the cave, laid his dead mistress in the grave and buried her. On that very tree Notburga had carved her story—perhaps with a hint of her affection for the lover whom she had rejected—and with a prayer for his conversion.

Notburga had been dead some weeks, when one day Bertram, her lover, who, lingering in the neighbourhood of the castle, had never given up the hope of recovering his betrothed, was hunting in the forest. He started a deer of especial beauty, and followed it,—but failed to hit it. It led him, need it be said, to the very foot of the tree beneath which Notburga lay buried, and on the bark of which was engraven the story of her lost life. There, too, Bertram read the prayer which had been her dying wish.

That wish was already fulfilled, for during this time, the young man had with great earnestness and sincerity embraced the Christian faith. But from this moment he altogether abandoned the world, its pleasures, and ambitions, and building a little hut on the spot where he had found his lost love, lived a life of religious retirement and meditation. Here, as the years went by, old age, peaceful and free from anxiety, overtook him.

At length, one winter night, we are told, when the stars were shining brightly, a pilgrim, weary and cold, knocked at

his door. The good man hastened to rise and to offer all the little hospitality that lay within his power ; to light a fire of fragrant pine-logs ; to set out his frugal board with kindly welcome.

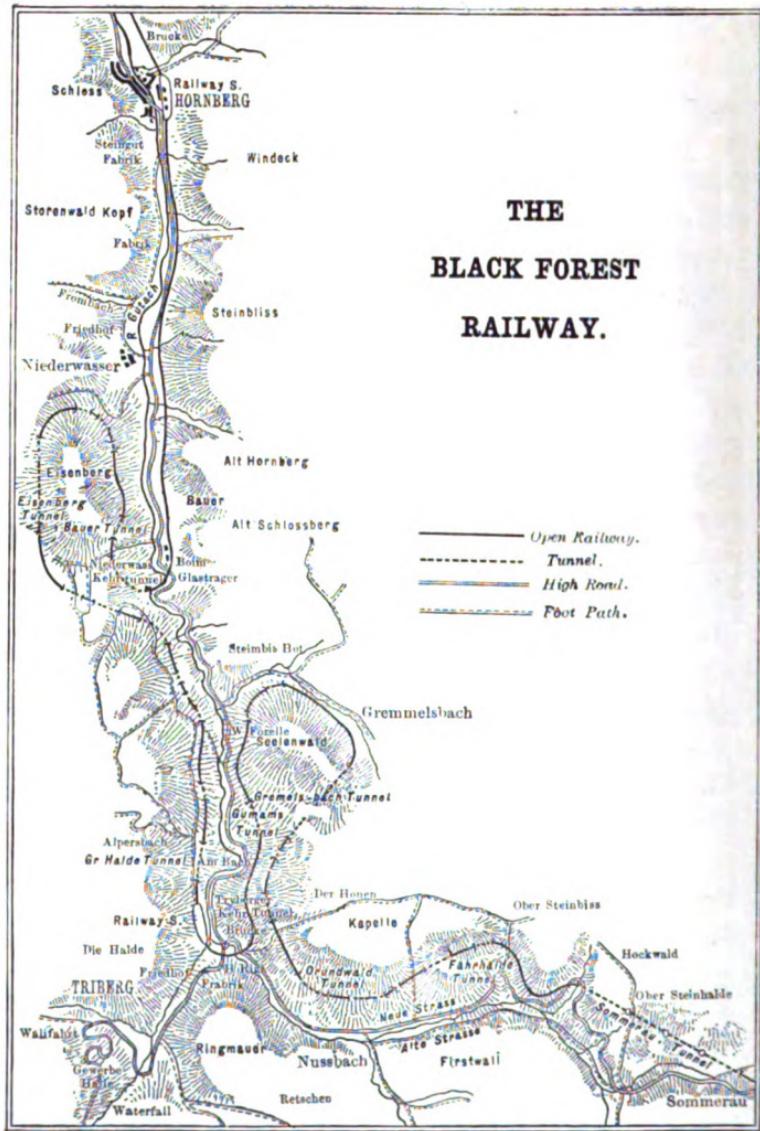
The stranger partook of the simple fare, sat by the homely hearth, and talked long into the night with his hermit-host, but before the first grey streak of morning broke across the east, he rose, and casting aside his pilgrim's staff, laid a solemn kiss of benediction on the old man's brow. With that kiss life fled, and the messenger, throwing off the pilgrim disguise, which had concealed his angelic form, and wrapping his silver wings about the lifeless body, bore it swiftly away to the realms where the stars shine always with the light of a thousand suns, and where, on the threshold of the glorious world, the faithful Notburga was waiting to receive the reward of her prayerful and self-forgetful life.

From Hornberg a charming excursion is to the Berneck valley and Thennenbronn.

From Hornberg to Triberg the railway journey is magnificent, but the scenery is so beautiful that it is decidedly a pity to pass through it even at the moderate rate of speed affected by the mountain-line. It is a charming drive of about two hours.

The route is through the exquisite Niederwasser valley, one of the wildest and, until the advent of the railway, most secluded, of the Black Forest. Now, the steam-monster has penetrated into its solitudes ; hewn pathways for itself in its rocks ; tunnelled beneath its mountains ; bridged its chasms ; and, from the height of its nineteenth-century pride and cleverness, peeps inquisitively down the very chimneys of its brown timber cottages.





H. & E. Taylor Sc.

To face p. 189

THE NEIDERWASSERHAL.



The railway still continues to ascend at a gradiant of 1° in 50°. Between Hornberg and Triberg are no fewer than twenty tunnels, each exit from darkness being, as it were, the exhibition of a new landscape—one scarcely less beautiful than the other—set before the bewildered traveller's eyes, like the slides of some glorious magic-lantern. Scene after scene of fairy beauty passes before us; far-away visions of village pastorals, with silver streams, like tiny threads, trickling through verdant meadows; nearer views of heather-clothed, granite mountains, stern and hard in outline; then through a gap or a crevice, or down a gorge, another farther-away vista of peaceful valley life. And so the panting yet eager steam-gnome hurries on, ever mounting upwards, yet ever, as it seems, bent on further exploits, since on the further side of the valley, up on the mountain-side, will be seen, every now and then, the white smoke of a locomotive-engine, gleaming fitfully among the higher pines, or in and out of a series of tunnels, far above our heads, making its way with carefully calculated steps from the height, to which we shall presently climb.

The line makes two great curves, doubling back upon itself twice before mounting to the Triberg station.

Triberg town (Hotel Schwazwald, finely situated, and others) is yet a mile higher, on the mountain-side, and a regular post-diligence runs from the railway up the hill.

Triberg, or the town of the three mountains, lies about 2000 feet above the sea, at the foot of the Wallfahrsberg, Kapellenberg and Kroneckberg. It consists only of one long street climbing the hill, and as a town possesses little interest. It was burnt in the year 1826, and has since been rebuilt, but its situation, hemmed in on all sides by

wooded hills, and opening out in every direction into verdant valleys, is most picturesque, and the neighbourhood altogether romantic, although there is no part of it which will bear comparison with the Berneck valley and the higher Kinzigthal.

The chief attraction of Triberg is, of course, its waterfall, which is the finest in Germany. The little town lies just at its foot, but it is properly known as the Gutach fall, or the Fallenbach. It leaps down from the heights, through a boulder-laden gorge, a distance of five hundred feet, in a series of seven beautiful cascades, with a roar and fury that may be heard from a considerable distance, throwing up clouds of silver spray high into the air, and lashing itself into a mass of creamy foam. The fourth fall from the bottom is the most beautiful. All are made very safe and accessible by means of pathways and bridges. A bridge spans the sixth, from which there is a grand view of the entire mass of water, and the whole setting of the scene is beautiful,—the dark pine-forest, which creeps down to the very water's edge, the moss-grown granite blocks over which it dashes, the masses of green and golden ferns which quiver beneath the spray of the cascade, the tiny blue flower which grows upon its brink, the fallen tree-trunk, relic of the latest storm, that hangs, perhaps in mid-air, across the chasm—all these are so many added charms to the romantic and secluded spot, a spot so fantastically cool and fresh, that one might well choose to linger out there the heat of a summer's day;

“ Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade  
Or with the tangles of Neöra's hair.”

It is a spot which seems as though it must be, above all

in this land of sprites and nixies, the favourite haunt of some sweet Undine, whose siren-songs will be borne above the discordant music of the rushing waterfall. It is a place so still, so retired,—so happily undisturbed by the hundred different jarring elements that so often put one out of harmony with Nature, in more sophisticated regions, that one would hardly be surprised at any half-earthly, half-fetish apparition of

“A nymph, a naiad, or a Grace,”

which should look out at us from beneath the fleecy veil of foam, or seek to lure us within the crystal caverns which the rainbow-colours are adorning with a million sparkling gems.

But for such we may seek here in vain. No mermaid weaves her spells among the mimic cataracts, no sorrowful Undine sighs for human love and immortality upon the ferny bank, no siren tunes the harp she strings from the threads of her golden hair. The good people of Triberg are too busy and too practical for such fancies.

It is, perhaps, a curious trait of these dwellers in the romantic valley, that their only legend is of a certain treasure, hidden away, long ages ago, by magic beneath the mountains which surround their home. This treasure they have made many attempts to come at. Even so late as the year 1867 a quest, aided by muttered charms and consecrated candles, was undertaken by a certain number of the more earnest believers in the demon-held gold.

But the majority of the Tribergites are, we may well believe, by this time convinced that the real prosperity of their town is to be found, rather in the nimble fingers and active brains

of the clever workers who have made their wares famous throughout the world, than in a store of buried riches.

At the same time the legend may not be—as so few legends are—without its grain of truth. For there can be no doubt that the Black Forest mountains do contain a considerable store of mineral-wealth, which has been, up to the present time, very little developed, although mines of silver, copper, lead, cobalt, and specially of iron, are worked in various parts of the country.

Triberg is a busy little town, being one of the chief seats of the clock manufacture, an industry which forms one of the most important exports of the Black Forest—Black Forest clocks having, under one name or another, obtained a world-wide renown (p. 44).

Nearly all the male inhabitants of the town are occupied in one or other branch of this trade, straw-hat making being also actively carried on by the women.

There are at least three large clock-making factories in Triberg, the proprietors of which are always willing to allow strangers to look over their establishments, and there is also a permanent exhibition, *Gewerbehalle*, of Black Forest productions (a Swiss-looking châlet situated to the right of the waterfall), which will be found very interesting, and where a good choice of clocks by different makers, and other articles, all with the prices attached may be seen. There is an extremely fine orchestrion, an instrument of Black Forest manufacture, in this building, which will alone repay a visit to the *Gewerbehalle*, and a variety of very curious and interesting mechanical clocks, musical boxes, &c.

These permanent exhibitions of Black Forest productions have been established in several of the towns in the district,

in order to stimulate competition and to encourage trade ; but the visitor, who pays a small entrance-fee, is not importuned in any manner whatever to buy. The prices will be found very much the same as are asked at the manufactories.

We have already mentioned that straw-hats are a speciality of Triberg. In very truth it is well that the worthy ladies of Triberg and the neighbouring villages do construct their own, for it would drive any milliner of the outside world wild to find or construct for them such head-gear as seems to them most suitable and becoming.

It is on market days and Sundays that the finest exhibition of the Triberg hat, in its various styles, will be seen. It presents a remarkable resemblance in shape to the old Welsh hat, which is now so nearly a thing forgotten—being about half as high again as an ordinary “chimney-pot,” extending somewhat as it aspires upwards. But, unlike the Welsh hat, it is of straw. Sometimes, to add to the effect, it is dyed a bright-yellow colour, and glazed.

This head-gear, with a black skirt extended over a broad hoop, red braces across the breast, and a large green apron, is decided by the feminine laws of Triberg to be “full dress.” It is, in truth, not a very becoming costume, and probably it would be hard for even a pretty face to look well under such an orange mountain as we have attempted to describe. Certainly, few pretty faces are to be seen, but possibly that may not be altogether the fault of the yellow hat.

In fact, Providence, which has bestowed many pleasant and good gifts on the land and people of Germany, has, as a rule, withheld from their women the fatal gift of beauty ; and to the rule the Black Forest women are no

exception. It is very rarely, indeed, that a fairly good-looking woman is to be seen—never one who can be said to have passed beyond the stage of girlhood. In fact, German females are but of two classes—young girls and old women. The moment the one stage is passed the second is entered ; a fact which, in the case of the peasantry, is no doubt, to a large extent, owing to their hard and laborious lives both in field and house.

The Black Forest men are a much better-looking race than the women, though even they do not in outward appearance give evidence of the talent or intellect which they undoubtedly possess. And here, as elsewhere in Germany, the traveller is being continually confronted with the mental problem : if, as we verily believe, the German is not only the best-educated but also the most gifted of Europeans, why should he look the most stupid ?

The whole neighbourhood of Triberg is rich in walks and excursions of interest.

A charming ramble is through the glen above the waterfall to Gutach and Schönwald.

A short and easy walk can be taken, turning left from the waterfall through the forest to the Wallfahrtskapelle, the old parish church, picturesquely situated, and in itself quaint and interesting. Early service should be attended in this church on Sunday or on market-day, for the sake of seeing the curious costumes of the worshippers.

There is here a celebrated shrine of the Virgin-mother, and pilgrimages are made to it by the peasantry from all the neighbouring villages. The walls are hung with votive offerings of all kinds : waxen arms, eyes, legs, cows, horses, sheep, &c., and a variety of small black framed pictures, in

which the Madonna, attired for the most part in a red hooped petticoat, is represented in some act of special beneficence. And it is curious to observe how prominent a



place in the anxieties, blessings, and sorrows of life, is taken among these simple people, by the family cow, horse, or pig. Certainly, one-third, if not more, of the ex-votos refer to the escapes and deliverances of these useful members of the household, who seem, together with the ever-present "baby," to be specially consigned by peasant-faith to the care of the *Gottes-Mutter*.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE BLACK FOREST RAILWAY (*continued*)—ST. GEORGEN—  
PETERZELL—KÖNIGSFELD—DONAUESCHINGEN.

“Large streams from little fountains flow,  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.”

*Everett.*



AFTER leaving Triberg, the railway still continues on its upward course at an incline of  $1^{\circ}$  in  $53^{\circ}$ , passing into a wilder and more distinctly mountainous region, among huge granite rocks, but still for some distance with constant peeps down, into fruitful and beautiful valleys. Finally, the fruitful valleys are left altogether behind or below, and the line passes completely over the bare and rugged mountain-ridge which divides the watersheds of the Rhine and Danube. This is at Sommerau, at a height of 2800 feet.

The next stopping place, scarcely below this level, reached through a stunted pine-forest, is St. Georgen, a little town of 2000 inhabitants, which, with its church, will be seen

crowning the mountain-crest left of the railway. Here formerly stood a famous monastery, one of the oldest in the Schwarzwald, and about the dwelling of the monks a little town sprung up, which has a charter, giving a right to hold fairs, dating from the fifteenth century.

The monastery was destroyed in 1633, and the convent-church appropriated by the inhabitants of the town, who had all embraced the Reformed doctrines, doctrines which they still retain, being almost the only Protestant community in this part of the Black Forest.

The town presents, however, no architectural interest; for the old buildings of which it was composed and the convent-church were burnt to the ground in 1865; and there is now only a straggling, unpicturesque village of modern houses.

The chief attraction of St. Georgen is the quaint dress of its people, who still universally retain the costume, which has been theirs by right of inheritance for at least two or three hundred years. It is not graceful, according to our notions, for the chief object of the women seems to be to widen their bodies as much as possible, by very short waists and hooped petticoats, which distend the hips to an extraordinary width. The dresses are black, with large coloured aprons. The hair is also hidden away under black silk caps with high crowns, embroidered in silver or gold thread, having immense black streamers down the back, reaching to the feet, and broad black strings, which are tied under the chin.

The men wear short jackets, red waistcoats with silver buttons, and knee-breeches.

But the glory and pride of the St. Georgen costumes is a



A WEDDING AT ST. GEORGEN.

head-dress known by the special name of a *Schäppel*, which is worn by the young women only on the occasions of marriages and christenings, or some such very "high day and holiday."

It is something of the size and shape of the busby, but open at the top. It is a complete bush of gold and silver ornaments, scraps of coral, pearls, beads, bits of glass, mixed in here and there with artificial flowers—very weighty, and varying in value, of course, according to the wealth of the possessor. There is not often more than one in each family, which is carefully handed down from mother to daughter, but at weddings of the wealthy peasantry, who live in the villages surrounding St. Georgen, it is not unusual to see from twenty to thirty such head-dresses, which are worn not only during the wedding ceremony, but at the dance (heaven help the dancers !) which invariably follows.

The unwieldy decoration is tightly tied on to the head with broad bands of ribbon, while an Elizabethan ruff round the throat on a black dress, silver ornaments about the neck, and a long silver girdle complete the wedding attire.

St. Georgen, though somewhat bare and bleak, is in repute among Germans as an "air-cure."

German frugality cannot permit itself the luxury of summer excursions without some good and sufficient excuse. Consequently if a water-cure is not pronounced absolutely indispensable, it must prove its need of some kind of medical treatment by stipulating for an air-cure, and no hotel would be likely to find patronage which did not offer one or other of these advantages. The comfortable little Inn of St. Georgen (The Hirsh) is, therefore, much frequented

in summer by German families who thus want the dust of cities blown off them.

The proprietor of the Hotel is also the owner of the largest clock-manufactory of the town, of which there are several; straw-making being also carried on to a considerable extent.

As an instance of the simple habits which prevail among these Black Forest peasants, mine host of the inn, who in his clock-factory has some hundred men in his employ, and is decidedly a man of substance, thinks no scorn to act as butler and general serving-man to his guests; while the hostess, a kindly old woman in peasant-dress of finest material, every scrap of hair hidden away under her black-silk cap, and her neck encased in a stiff black-silk collar, which touches her chin, receives her visitors with dignified grace, takes her seat at the table with them as their hostess, and makes up for the deficiencies of her patois-tongue by the warmth of the hand-shakings with which she assures them of her welcome.

After all, there is something pleasanter to the traveller in this personal hospitality, than in finding himself No. 485 in the very smart palace owned by the Giant Hotel Company (Limited); and he is hardly disposed to sigh for the crimson velvet and gilt mirrors which so often take the place of real comfort in more pretentious establishments.

Among the walks and excursions from St. Georgen a favourite one is (four miles) to the source of the Brigach, which disputes with the spring at Donaueschingen the honour of producing the river Danube (p. 207).

The next station on the railway is Peterzell, a village

with a church which dates from the time of Charlemagne, and is said to have been the first Christian place of worship erected in this neighbourhood.

About two miles from Peterzell, through the Forest, is a village, Königsfeld, remarkable as being a settlement of the Moravian Brethren, and entirely owned by them. The population is about six hundred.

In the year 1816 they bought a certain tract of forest, which they cleared, and where they have built the present village, calling it after their custom by some suggestive title. This is "The King's Field."

They are a highly industrious and orderly body of people, holding views, for which they have at various times suffered considerable persecution, not very much opposed to those of the Evangelical English Church party. There are now several establishments of them in different parts of Germany, as well as in England and America.

They are very strict in their religious and moral duties, and are in their manners of dress and speech somewhat akin to the Quaker community. They set their face against all worldly amusement, and all ostentation of wealth. They do not permit mourning to be worn for the dead, but their widows dress in white.

In the little cemetery, just apart from the village, in a clearing of the forest approached by an avenue of trees, every grave is similar—each having a small flat stone laid on the ground with the name of the deceased, and the date of the death, or, "the falling to sleep" as they phrase it, marked on it. The women's graves are ranged in the order of their dates, on one side of the cemetery, and the men's on the other. Nearly all are adorned with flowers, and the

place, though somewhat monotonous in its arrangement, has an intense air of peaceful repose.

The village, like the graveyard, has a certain sadness of regularity about it, yet the houses are all neat and well built, and among them are some handsome public buildings, notably the new boys' school, which is very large and has an extensive reputation. There is also a girls' school, said to be very well conducted, and affording an excellent education at a moderate rate. The matron is an English lady, married to a Moravian brother.

In the centre of the village is the plain little church, fitted up in meeting-house style, and there are also establishments for aged and sick brethren and sisters.

Königsfeld possesses an Hotel (*Gasthaus zur Bruder Gemeinde*), where, at a charge of four shillings a-day, accommodation, with abundance of good food, is provided. By the rule of the house, "singing, card-playing, and too loud merriment" are forbidden, but as a piano is to be found in the little salon, it is probable that the regulation is now-a-days somewhat relaxed in the case of music, and as the Hotel is during the summer generally well filled with German families, accompanied by troops of children, it may be readily imagined that a certain amount of merriment is permitted even under the sober roof of the *Bruder Gemeinde*.

The situation of Königsfeld is somewhat bleak and exposed, but there are beautiful walks from it through the Forest, which surrounds it on all sides.

Unterkirnach, the next station to Peterzell on the railway, is the headquarters for the manufacture of the orchestrion, an instrument which is becoming famous as a Black Forest

export, and is known among Germans as the *Familie-Blessing*.

Villingen, towards which place the line descends on an incline of  $1^{\circ}$  in  $82^{\circ}$ , is a very old town, said to have been existing as early as the beginning of the ninth century (Hotel Blume; English spoken).

From the year 1326 to 1803 the town was in the possession of Austria, having been in the meantime sacked by the French. Some of the old fortifications are still in existence. The Rathhaus is an interesting old building, containing a fine hall, and some dungeons known as the "witches' prison." The parish church, whose double towers are very conspicuous from the railway, dates from the fifteenth century; several of the other churches have towers of still older date, and the Alstadtthurm, a three-cornered building, close to the cemetery, is of Roman origin.

The town has been of late years very much improved, and is a bright and clean little place, in spite of its many manufactories, and is surrounded by pleasant walks shaded with trees, but the neighbourhood is flat and not interesting.

Villingen possesses a mythical hero of its own, known as the Romeias-man, whose effigy is to be seen in the town on the top of a high tower, together with a long inscription, which describes him as the last of the Schwarzwald giants. He is supposed to have lived in the 15th century, and to have been a kind of Samson, remarkable for his feats of strength.

The next place of interest reached by the railway is Donaueschingen (Hotels, Schütze—with English-speaking landlord—Falke, Brunner), situated at the confluence of the little rivers Brigach and Breg, which at once brings us upon the ground of the great Tweedledum and Tweedledee

controversy, as to the true source of the Danube, of which more hereafter.

Donaueschingen, or Tunoeschingen, as it seems to have been then called, existed in the thirteenth century, and in the fourteenth became the property, by purchase, of the Counts of Fürstenberg, who own such enormous tracts of the Black Forest.

In 1806 it was united to Baden, after the last reigning Prince had been several times compelled to fly from his capital by the French, but the present representative of the family still occupies the handsome palace, the grounds attached to which form the chief attraction of the place, and which are with great liberality thrown open to the public.

This park, which is much more like a true English park than is usually the case with places bearing the name on the Continent, is very extensive, consisting of long avenues of beautiful trees, rich meadows, and shrubberies ; through which wind pleasant and shady walks, all well maintained. There is an extensive lake in the grounds well supplied with curious water-fowl. The swans upon this piece of water are the lineal descendants of the first of their kind ever introduced into Germany, having, it is supposed, been brought from Cyprus at the time of the Crusade. There is also a small attempt at a zoological collection.

But the chief interest of the park to the traveller is, that it contains the spring which he will find asserted positively by all Donaueschingenites to be the true source of the mighty Danube.

The spring—situated to the left of the palace—is enclosed with masonry, surrounded by bright flower-beds, and orna-

mented by a fine allegorical statue by Reich—a female figure representing the Baar (the name of the parish), holding the young Danube in her arms. Beneath is an inscription :—

To the sea, 2840 kil.  
Over the sea, 678 metres.

A handsome pitcher and goblet are provided for the use of those who desire to drink at the source of the mighty stream, “whose waves have witnessed the march of Attila, of Charlemagne, of Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon ; whose shores have echoed the blast of the Roman trumpet, the hymn of the pilgrim of the Cross, and the wild hallo of the sons of Islam ; whose name is equally dear to history and to faith.”

The water, which is pure and limpid, is conducted by an underground conduit to the river Brigach, which, together with the Breg, go to make the Danube, according to the popular saying—

“Brigach und Breg bringen die Donau zu weg.”  
(“Brigach and Breg set the Danube flowing.”)

But then, say the people of Donaueschingen, both the Brigach and Breg are at times dried up, whereas the spring in the Fürstenberg park is perennial, which at once proves it, and not the two streams, to be the true source of the ever-flowing river.

The dispute runs high between the people of St. Georgen on the side of the twin streams, and the people of the princely borough on the part of their marble-encased fountain. “It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.”

Each side, too, brings forward not only modern facts, but classical authority.

"Strabo says," urge the advocates of the spring in the park, "that Tiberius marched in one day from the Lake of Constance to the source of the Danube," and they argue, from the distance, that the neighbourhood of Donaueschingen, and not of St. Georgen, must be indicated; while, on the other hand, the St. Georgenites, not to be outdone in classical witness, quote from Tacitus, "Danubius molli et clementer edito montis Abnobæ jugo effusus," which, say they, plainly refers to their own stream and mountain.

On the whole, it seems to the traveller pleasanter to incline to the flower-adorned and marble-enclosed basin in the park, and to believe that the cup of pure and sparkling liquid he raises to his lips is, in truth, "the imperial Danube."

In mediæval times it was the custom for visitors to the source to leap into the spring, and pour a cup of wine into the water as an oblation or charm.

There are at Donaueschingen a museum, picture-gallery, and fine library belonging to Prince Fürstenberg, but open to the public; the library containing some 80,000 volumes, besides an invaluable collection of early MSS., among others one of the best MS. extant of the *Niebelungenlied*, the ancient epic of Germany.

Among the historical recollections of Donaueschingen, it may be mentioned that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette rested here, when she passed through the Black Forest on her way to France, and to her bridegroom. There is an inscription to this effect on the Lamm Hotel, then the chief hostelry of the town.

Donaueschingen possesses besides the celebrated Donau-

quelle, other and mineral springs which are in some local repute. The baths attached to them are well arranged, and there is a newly-erected swimming-bath.

There is a diligence-service between Donaueschingen and Freiburg in Brisgau, passing through Neustadt and the Höllenthal (p. 259), Neustadt being also the junction for diligences to St. Blasien and the Southern Schwarzwald.

From Donaueschingen the Black Forest Railway follows the course of the young Danube, at whose birth it may be said to have assisted. Several villages are passed;—Hüfingen, with many Roman remains, and with the salt-springs of Durrheim in the neighbourhood. Pforen, a rich village, near to which is Entenschloss, or the Ducks' Castle, built in the water, and Neidlingen, with a ruined castle and an extremely handsome memorial-chapel, a miniature model of St. Peter's at Rome, built in 1850 by the Prince of Fürstenberg as a tomb for his wife, the Princess Elizabeth, a Russian lady. The chapel contains some finely-executed frescoes, and is worth a visit. It was built on the site of an ancient convent, to which Charles the Fat retired, and where it is supposed he died in the year 888, but it is not known where he was buried. A greater man than he,—Charlemagne,—died at Neidlingen, in an old castle of the Carlovingian family, which may possibly have occupied the site of the present ruin.

After passing two or three more hamlets, Immendingen, with a particularly handsome station, is reached. This is the junction for the Würtemburg Black Forest line and Stuttgart.

This railway, following the course of the Danube as far

as Tuttlingen, whence an excursion may be made to Beuron, the ruins of Castle Wildenstein, and the charming scenery of the Upper Danube,—turns northward from Tuttlingen, joining the branch line from Villingen at Rottweil.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BLACK FOREST RAILWAY (*continued*)—THE HÖHGAU.

“Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down;  
I am feared in field and town,  
Goblin, lead them up and down.”

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

AT Immendingen the Black Forest Railway quits the valley of the Danube to enter that of the Aach, a little river which flows into Lake Constance at Radolfzell, *Aach* being a very old Suabian word, now disused, for stream, which will be found of very general application in Southern Germany.

The scenery, which, since leaving Donaueschingen, has been comparatively tame, now greatly increases in beauty and interest, as the railway takes a sudden turn southward across the high-lands which separate the watersheds of the Danube and Rhine.

This district, rich not alone in natural beauty but in romantic and historical associations, is known as the Höhgau. Its peculiar feature is a number of isolated basaltic rocks, which rise abruptly here and there from the plain, and are pronounced by geologists to be so many extinct volcanoes.

The following description of the Höhgau is from the pen of the gifted poet and novelist Scheffel, whose romance, “Ekkehardt,” of which there is a good English translation in

the Tauchnitz edition, should be the companion of every traveller through this district:—

“Like monuments of the stormy stirring past of our old mother earth, those steep picturesque mountain pyramids rise from the plains which were once covered by undulating waves, as the bed of the present lake is now. For the fish and sea-gulls it must have been a memorable day, when the roaring and hissing began in the depths below, and the fiery basaltic masses made their way, rising out of the very bowels of earth, above the surface of the waters. But that was long, long ago, and the sufferings of those who were pitilessly annihilated in that mighty revolution have long been forgotten. Only the hills are there still to tell the weird tale. There they stand, unconnected with their neighbours, solitary and defiant, as those who, with fiery glowing hearts, break through the bars and fetters of existing opinions must always be.”

On the crest of each one of these bare rocks, perched like an eagle’s nest on the topmost crag, is to be found the shattered remnant of some old stronghold, each one of which in its day held a proud place among its fellows, and contributed its tiny quota to the great world’s history—Hohenhöwen, Hohenstoffeln, Hohenkrähen, Hohentwiel. We scarcely know their names now, or can distinguish one grey ruin from another, but each in its day has been a word of terror and of strength; each grey and shattered tower that rises against the sky from its solitary hill-top has had its brief hour of pomp and pride and glory; has witnessed within its crumbling walls many a stirring scene; many a brave deed; many a base one;—many a drama of thrilling human interest. Even now, dismantled and torn wrecks of

time as they are, there is a certain dignity and pride about the moss-grown ruins which confront one another across the upland plain, which is suggestive of their past history.

The best centre for exploring the Höhgau is the little town of Engen (Gasthof zum Stern) which, however, possesses no attractions except the drives and excursions which may be taken out of it.

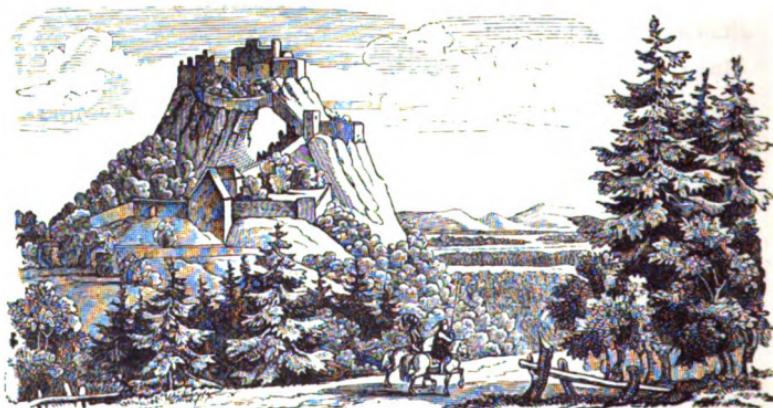
The only object of interest in Engen is the old church, with several mediæval monuments. The Capuchin Monastery, which was the nucleus of the place, has been converted into an hospital.

Among the numerous excursions from Engen may be mentioned—to the Stettener Schlossle, with a very fine view, a drive of about an hour and a half; this castle was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War, and has been partially restored. To the ruins of Hohenhöwen (2782 feet), best reached on foot by a pathway through the Forest; this point also commands a charming view. To the ruins of Hohenstoffeln, situated on a three-forked rock 2700 feet high.

Hohenkrähen, one of the finest and best known of the Höhgau *Ritterburgen*, has a railway station immediately at the foot of the basaltic crag on which the ruined castle stands, and is most conveniently visited from thence. The view from the top of the rock (2200 feet high) is very extensive, and has been described by Victor Scheffel in his romance of "Ekkehardt."

The description is of a sunset view from Hohenkrähen: "Far below stretches the plain. The little river Aach winds like a serpent through the green meadows. Roofs and gables of the houses in the valley show far away like points on a map. Opposite rises high and dark the rock

of Hohentwiel. Behind the mighty rock long low ranges of hills lie in the blue light, hiding the course of the Rhine in his flight from the lake. The waters of the Bodensee lie bathed in light in the distance ; on its bosom floats the island of Reichenau, while far away on the horizon rise shadowy giant forms visible through transparent clouds. As the sun sinks lower and lower they show themselves with more distinctness, a golden glow surrounding them like a halo of glory, a clearer light rests upon their heads.



Vaporous and glowing is the landscape, lights and shadows melting softly into one another."

The ascent is somewhat steep, but on a clear day the view is well worth the fatigue, and the ruins themselves are interesting. This castle was in the Middle Ages a notorious nest of robber knights, and it was consequently besieged in 1470 and burnt to the ground. It was subsequently rebuilt ; and, after being for about a hundred years in the hands of the Swiss "free lances," was finally destroyed in 1634.

Numerous legends hang about the shattered old walls.

One of the most ancient traditions is that known as the Brothers of Hohenkrähen.

In the days of the Emperor Wenceslaus there lived at Hohenkrähen a knight called Wolf, and it would have been hard to find for him a name which would have suited his character better, for he was savage, cruel, and at the same time crafty. He had a younger brother, by name Werner, who was in all respects as great a contrast to the ferocious Wolf as it is well possible to imagine. Slight and delicate of form, fair of face, his soul was as pure as the blue eyes with which he looked out into the world—and an altogether bad and rough and cruel world was it which the young Werner had so to look out into—one that was little suited to his gentle and kindly nature.

Probably young Werner, who hated fighting and strife, who excelled in no manly sports, but could only sing a tune sweetly to the harp, was altogether despised and contemned by the rough men among whom he lived. But he had his appreciators—he won the hearts of the women. In particular, he won the gentle heart of the fair Barbara of Hornstein, “than whom,” says the old chronicle, “a lovelier woman was never created.”

Now, as it happened, Wolf of Hohenkrähen, though many years the elder of his brother, had never thought of marrying, nor been, as he would often boast, attacked by the tender passion, which he regarded as he might have done the measles, or any other youthful malady from which his stronger nature was exempt.

But unfortunately, at a great tournaiment at Constance, he for the first time saw the beautiful Barbara, his brother's

betrothed, and instantly the strong man lay bound at her feet.

Impetuous and savage in this, as in all his ways, he proclaimed his passion, and called on his young brother at once to relinquish all idea of the lady. "For," said he, "mine she shall be ! I swear it—nor shall one drop of wine pass my lips until she is my wife."

"Not while I live," cried Werner hotly.

"You ! And who are you that dare oppose my will?" retorted Wolf, his eyes glowing. "Do you, a beardless boy, venture to measure your puny strength with me, before whom the Höhgau trembles ?—Beware !"

"I would fight you, and a thousand devils beside, sooner than give up my bride," said the youth, filled as it seemed with a new dignity and a new courage. "All Suabia may tremble before you—but I will not. I will put my trust in Him who shall defend the right."

At that time, however, no absolute encounter took place between the brothers, only a great coldness grew up between them, and when they met, and stood side by side at the tournament, each turned his head away from the other and did not speak ; but those who noted the looks which Wolf now and then cast at young Werner, prophesied that some evil would surely come of the rivalry between the two.

However, the tournament passed over without a collision, and the various guests began to leave for their homes. Wolf of Hohenkrähen was the first knight to quit Constance, and he left it without any word of farewell to Werner.

A few days after, Werner also prepared to depart. Scarcely had he left the city and plunged into the oak-forest which then surrounded Radolfzell, when a monk of

venerable aspect came out of the wood to meet him, and invited him to turn aside for a moment into his poor hut, as he had something of great importance to communicate. When Werner, doubtful perhaps of treachery, appeared to hesitate, the monk knelt at his feet and implored him, as he valued his life, to grant his request, since the matter was pressing.

Yielding to his earnestness, and struck by the venerable appearance and devout manner of the monk, Werner yielded, and leaving his followers to wait for him, turned aside into the forest with the hermit.

Scarcely were they out of sight and earshot of Werner's escort than the false monk threw off his disguise, and, seizing Werner, held him fast while he sounded a signal-note, which at once brought Wolf, with a party of retainers armed to the teeth, from amid the coverts of the forest.

With his own hand Wolf plunged the dagger into his brother's heart.

The news of Werner's murder spread rapidly through the country; nor was it difficult for those who had been witness of the looks of hatred with which Wolf of Hohenkrähen had regarded his young brother at the time of the tourney in Constance, to point to the murderer.

But justice in those days was a thing almost hopeless to find upon the bloodstained earth. The strong man ruled, and few dared to stay his will or question his deeds. Yet, happily, there were even yet a few found willing to sustain the honour of the knightly name and character, unwilling to see so foul a deed go unpunished.

Among these was Otto of Bodmann, a knight of honour and renown, who, calling his men of arms about him,

swores that for the honour of chivalry and manhood he would not rest until young Werner's blood had been avenged. Gathering an army together, which was eagerly swelled as he marched along by the indignant peasantry, he approached the stronghold of Hohenkrähen, and after a fierce struggle, in which the infamous Wolf fell, the castle was taken and razed to the ground, not one stone being left upon another to tell the place where the fratricide had had his home.

The beautiful Barbara took the veil, and lived many years a nun in the convent at Engen, which is now turned into a school. So much for the tale of the Hohenkrähen brothers.

But the most popular legends of the neighbourhood—indeed, of the southern Schwarzwald—have to do with the extraordinary ways and manners of a certain goblin, ghost, or spirit—it is difficult to know how to name him,—who has his *habitat* on the Mount of Hohenkrähen, and whose influence extends through the whole neighbourhood.

The name by which this personage is known is Poppele, and his name, when in the flesh, for he was in his day an actual living man, was Poppolinus, as may yet be seen upon the stone which commemorates him, in the neighbouring village-church of Mulhausen,

“Hic jacet Poppolinus.”

Poppolinus was governor or steward of the castle, which he held for his mistress, Griselda of Hohenkrähen. A little man was he, of dwarf-like proportions, but with a spirit big enough for a bigger body, and if his ghost bears any resemblance in character to its fleshly embodiment, of a jovial, albeit somewhat aggravating, disposition. In fact, it was, says popular tradition, the tendency which Poppolinus had

while in the body to practical joking, which has condemned him to wander the earth in the guise of a jocular spirit.

Poppolinus one day received in the castle of Hohenkrähen a certain abbot, who was on a journey, treating him with great honour and feasting him to his heart's content.

But in the end the feast, or perhaps the wine, proved a little too good both for the abbot and Poppolinus. From merry jokes and laughter they proceeded to personalities. The abbot happened to be a remarkably fat man. Poppolinus was, as we have said, puny, but on this matter he was extremely sensitive. Besides, like a great many jokers, he objected to have jokes turned against himself. Consequently, when the abbot likened him to a skeleton, and said to him scornfully,—“A little fellow like you to talk to me, whom I could push through a key-hole with my forefinger!” Poppolinus didn't like it.

He at once ordered the unfortunate abbot to be seized, and put in one of the rock dungeons which lie below the surface of the castle.

“Keep him there,” cried the angry Poppolinus, “and feed him with bread and water till *his* ugly fat body can be pushed through the key-hole ; the change will improve both his health and figure.”

Poppolinus, it seems, was not quite as bad as his word, but he improved the abbot's figure a great deal more than the abbot thought desirable, and when, at the end of a month, the priest pursued his journey, his friends hardly knew him, by reason of the change which Poppolinus' hospitality had wrought upon his once bloated and unwieldly shape. It was no use to tell him that the change was an improvement. Wrath, fierce and deep, not only at the loss of his substance,

but at the indignity which had been shown him, rankled in his bosom, and he never rested, until from a dusty corner of the convent-library, he had unearthed an old book on magic.

By the aid of this book, and with infinite trouble, he found out a way of revenging himself for the stern, practical joke which had been played upon him.

He cursed his enemy with a terrible curse, which was not only to sink him into an early grave, but to leave him no rest there. He was to go on playing practical jokes to the end of time !

In consequence of the priest's malediction, therefore, Poppolinus, whose name has been familiarised into Poppele by the peasants of the district, still haunts the Höhgau, and plays his tricks, malicious or otherwise, as his humour may be on those who encounter him.

Many and many a time, it is recorded, in the old days, when the town of Radolfzell kept its gates safely bolted and barred at night, were the watchmen roused from their comfortable beds at midnight, or in the chilliest hours of the early morning, by the loud blast of an approaching post-horn, or by a vehement knocking against the old wooden panels of the door. But when, with half-closed eyes, they hastened to unbar the gates, neither traveller nor postchaise was to be seen, and the chilled and discomfited watchmen were fain to retire once more to their beds with a faint sound of mocking laughter ringing in their ears.

"It is that Poppele again," is the only comfort they can give to one another for their disturbed night and irritated nerves.

Poppele constantly amuses himself by playing tricks on

the villagers as they pass the Hohenkrähen on their way to and from market.

A certain miller of Radolfzell, coming from the Engen market with his cart empty, and his pocket full of silver, met a poorly-dressed stranger near Hohenkrähen, who begged for a lift as far as Singen. The miller, who was in a very good temper from his successful day's bargaining, consented. After a time, however, the miller putting his hand into his pocket, found to his dismay that it was empty—that his money had all vanished. He instantly turned to the stranger, who sat behind him in the cart, and began accusing him of having robbed him.

"My good sir," said the wayfarer with composure, "I have not taken your money, but it strikes me that you must have a hole in your pocket, for I fancy I can now see a silver thaler shining on the road just behind us—yes—and there, another, and another—see!"

The man jumped out of the cart to look, and behold, the road as far as he could see behind him, was strewn with silver coins.

"I never knew such a thing in my life," grumbled he. "Any one would think that Poppele"—but here he stopped. For a shriek of laughter from the cart, and a swift flight of something through the air just above his head, together with the sudden disappearance of the stranger, assured him that it was, without any doubt, Poppele himself who had been his companion on the road.

It took him some hours to find his money, but in the end he discovered it all—and a thaler over—which, doubtless, Poppele had thrown in as some sort of compensation for the trouble he had given.

For Poppele is by no means a cruel sprite, and when he plays tricks he generally contrives that his victims shall not materially suffer from his funning. Take, for example, the case of the egg-woman, who, on her way to market, sat to rest with her basket of eggs on the tree-trunk at the foot of Hohenkrähen. Suddenly her seat is pulled from beneath her, and she is stretched on her back, full length on the ground, while her eggs go flying in every direction, like so much shot and shell—but after all no great harm is done, for when the good woman struggles once more to her feet, and begins to pick up her treasures, she finds that not one is so much as cracked.

But Poppele is a goblin who possesses a strong appreciation of moral rectitude, and on various occasions he has been known to inflict punishment on those who have been found erring from the right path.

He has a special delight in teasing those who have some difficulty in finding their way home at night from the village alehouse. To such he proves in truth a very tricksy sprite, persuading them to turn round the wrong corners ; puffing out the lanterns which they may be carrying, somewhat unsteadily, perhaps, in their hands ; convincing them that the moon is the light of their own cottage window ; dragging them sometimes through hedges, or knocking their heads against stone-walls, or, more often than not, leading them gently into a cool deep ditch, but in the end generally depositing them, quite safely, outside their own house-door, damp, tired, and muddy.

The case of the glazier, too, is well known, who, having been summoned to put a pane of glass in a church window, had charged the unsuspecting priest an unwarrant-

able sum for the job. The glazier, full of the clever trick he had played, and with a frameful of glass on his back, sat down to count his money, and chuckle over his sharpness, at the foot of the Hohenkrähen mount. But he had not shown sharpness in choosing this spot for a resting-place,—for in a moment Poppele was upon him, and gently rolling away from beneath him the mossy stone on which he was reclining, left him, with a laugh, somewhat unpleasantly seated on the top of his smashed window-panes.

In this matter Poppele seems to have taken the part of the church, but he has, as we know, no special reason to be fond of the clericals, and it is quite notorious that no priest can pass by Hohenkrähen without being made in some way the victim of Poppele's mischief. If he is walking, his hat will blow off, or his handkerchief slip out of his pocket; if he is riding, his horse's shoe will come off, or the horse will grow restive; if he is driving, Poppele, as a rule, hangs on to the wheel and fixes it in a rut, so that the reverend personage is obliged to get out and trudge through the mud.

A story is told of an abbess celebrated for her piety, who some years since, before the dissolution of the monasteries, was making a journey from one convent to another. The Black Forest roads were not then as good as they are at the present day, and that which led by the mount of Hohenkrähen was a specially bad one. It was Poppele's favourite playground. On this occasion the carriage in which was the abbess absolutely stuck fast just beneath the mount. In vain the coachman urged on his horses—not a step could they go. He beat them, he spoke to them, all in vain. At length he dismounted from his box.

"Madam," he said to the abbess, "what is to be done? Will you get out?"

"Impossible!" cried the recluse with a shudder.

"Then, madam, will you permit me to swear a few bad words; it will be the only means of getting the horses to move."

"Certainly not!" returned the abbess with equal horror.

However, it is recorded that after a time, so weary did the lady get of waiting, and so hopeless did the circumstances appear, that at length she popped her head out of the window, and called out, "Swear then, in Heaven's name if you will, but get on somehow"—adding, it is wickedly suggested, one or two naughty words on her own account.

At this outbreak on the part of the pious abbess, there was heard a mocking sound of laughter, and as Poppele at the same moment let go his hold of the wheels, and the coachman indulged in a good round volley of oaths, the horses flew on like the wind, and the carriage with its reverend occupant went merrily on its way.

Those who have had some experience of German drivers, and the vast amount of strong language which they find necessary in order to persuade their horses to a trot, will appreciate the anecdote!

Singen (Hotel Post), a small town of about 1500 inhabitants, is the terminus of the Black Forest Railway, which here joins the line from Basle to Constance. Singen, itself, possesses no attractions for the visitor, but in its immediate neighbourhood is the celebrated castle of Hohentwiel, perched high on its basaltic rock 2200 feet from the plain. The castle hill, although on Bavarian territory, belongs to Würtemberg.

It is a spot of considerable historic interest. Probably

a Roman station, it is at least one of the oldest, as it was one of the strongest fortresses of Suabia. Towards the end of the tenth century it was the residence of the widowed Duchess Hadwig of Bavaria, that learned and imperious lady of whose life and times, Scheffel, in his romance of "Ekkehardt," has given us so charming a picture. It is also the home of the idyllic loves of the shepherd boy Audifax and the little goose-girl Hadumoth.

The ruins of the cloister on the rock, founded in her later life by the Duchess Hadwig, are still to be seen.

In 1538 the fortress was conquered by Count Eberhard of Würtemberg, and has ever since remained in possession of that country. It sustained a most memorable siege of fifteen years during the Thirty Years' War, from 1635 to 1650, under Wiederhold, during the whole of which time the gallant commander had the satisfaction of holding the enemy at bay, and finally of seeing them retreat from before the unconquered walls.

After this the Hohentwiel was used as a State-prison, in which more than one captive of note languished.

The ending of the proud fortress is a sad and disgraceful one. In the year 1800, the castle, which had proved itself so invincible, was besieged by the French under General Vaudamme, and surrendered without striking a blow. For this act of cowardice the commander, and all the officers who took part in the capitulation, were cashiered or otherwise punished, while the castle was blown up with gunpowder, and has remained a ruin ever since ; but there is now some idea of restoring it as a frontier-fortress of the German empire.

The view from the height is a most beautiful and exten-

sive one, including the whole of the Höhgau, with its range of castled crags ; the sparkling Zeller See, with the island of Reichenau lying like a speck upon its bosom ; the town of Constance, with its stately towers ; and stretching far away southward of Constance the broad silver ribbon of the great lake, on which the tower of Friedrichshafen and the church spire of Bregenz are plainly discernible. A belt of gigantic mountains closes in the southern horizon, stretching in an unbroken panorama from east to west—from the snowy Tyrolean peaks which bound the lake and the eastern view, to the mighty masses of the Bernese Oberland, which tower grandly into the south-western sky, and between which the well-known forms of the Righi and Pilatus, the Glarnisch, the Tödi, and the Santis can each be distinguished, capped again by the Alps of Savoy. Directly to the west lie the picturesque Jura and the Black Forest ranges.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ACROSS THE FOREST—FROM TRIBERG TO FREIBURG.

“ Oh how lovely woods and fields lay,  
Green meads in the narrow valley,  
Straw thatched huts, low roofed and mossy.”

*The Trumpeter of Säckingen (English translation).*

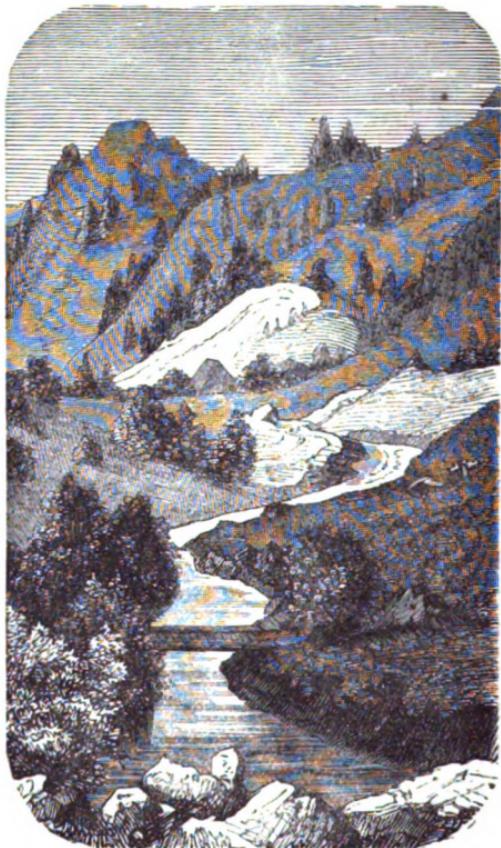
ONE of the most beautiful routes across the Forest, not yet invaded by steam, though such invasion is at this moment threatened, is from Triberg by Furtwangen and Waldkirch, to Freiburg on the main Baden Railway.

The journey, if taken by the public conveyance, is a somewhat lengthy one, as the post diligences, arranged with the supreme disregard to the convenience of travellers which characterises the paternal German Government, do not correspond. This necessitates the delay of an hour or two both at Furtwangen and Waldkirch.

But the traveller who, thoroughly to enjoy the Black Forest, has cast hurry to the winds, and who has a long summer's day at his disposal, will scarcely be found complaining of the fate which thus casts him adrift for an idle hour or so amid some of the most interesting and least frequented of the Black Forest industrial towns.

The drive by carriage, straight through from Triberg to Waldkirch, where the train to Freiburg is met, occupies about five hours.

The road passes, in the first instance, by the picturesque Wallfahrtskirche, of which mention has already been made (p. 195), thence up the face of the mountain, in great



curves, through wild forest and amid a mass of granite rocks heaped about in grand confusion, to the top of the Gutachthal, through which the famous waterfall makes its turbulent way. At every turn of the winding road a

charming and ever-retreating view is had of the valley and the town of Triberg, which, seen through a framework of forest, grows at each ziz-zag smaller and smaller, further and further away ; until at last, to the joy, no doubt, of the patient horses who have plodded so steadily up the steep and continuous ascent, the crest of the mountain is reached.

We emerge from the forest upon a bare green *plateau* or Alp, scattered here and there with dark, broad-eaved cottages, and scarred by the fires of the charcoal burners and the knives of the peat cutters. In these scattered upland cottages clockmaking by hand is still carried on in the old fashion, as before the days of machinery and combination, but naturally, the hand-labourer can scarcely compete against the superior advantages of the machinist, and the industry, as thus pursued, is falling more and more into disrepute.

Past the cottage and inn of Wald-Peter, a local peasant-poet, the little town of Schönwald is reached, high-lying and somewhat bare as to its situation, but picturesque as to its houses, and busy with clockmaking, straw-hat factories, and famous too, for the excellent trout which is to be had at its pretty little hotel of the Hirsch, which is a favourite "air cure." Many mountain excursions may be made from this point. Not very far from Schönwald is the source of the Breg, one of the twin streams which take the Danube *zu weg* (p. 207).

From the breezy heights on which the little town stands the road descends through a pleasant pastoral valley, among meadows where cattle are grazing, each animal having, as a rule, its own special attendant, and where

flocks of snowy geese, driven by barelegged children, cackle and chatter as they scramble in and out of the ditches.

By the side of the road are here and there quaint little chapels, or calvaries, on which a knight in armour, representing the Roman soldier, and a gorgeously painted cock, a good deal larger than the other figures, form conspicuous objects.

The valley in which Furtwangen lies is a very beautiful one, and the little town itself, with its grey wooden houses, is quaint and interesting. It is the scene of an important weekly market, where a curious assemblage of costumes will be seen, and it is also one of the chief seats of the clockmaking trade, having schools for both clockmaking and wood-carving.

There is a good and comfortable inn, the Sonne, with English-speaking landlord.

In this town is established a permanent Exhibition of Black Forest industries, richer and more complete than that of Triberg. It is well worth visiting.

The historical collection of clocks is especially interesting. Here is to be found one, believed to be the earliest specimen extant, if not the first and original Black Forest clock—two hundred and eleven years old. It has only one hand, which indicates the hours, and it has to be wound every twelve. It is regulated by a balance-weight, to which a stone is attached, and was made at Glashof near Waldau, a village a few miles off, but the maker's name is not known. There is also a timepiece, one hundred and fifty years old, which strikes the hours and quarters, and indicates the month, the day of the week, the signs of the zodiac, and the quarters of the moon.

The first musical clock ever made was of Furtwangen manufacture, in the year 1782 ; and this branch of the trade seems still carried to great perfection by the Furtwangen clockmakers, judging by the very elaborate and remarkable specimens which they exhibit in their Gewerbehalle.

For here music may actually be said to float in the air. It comes not only from the magnificent orchestrion, which is one great attraction of the Exhibition, but from all manner of curious and unsuspected places ; from clocks, of course, which display, every time they strike, birds which sing, or trumpeters who sound the *reveille* ; this, perhaps, is to be expected, but we are scarcely prepared to find music following our touch in every direction, tinkling forth from every piece of wood-carving, or from the depths of every specimen of delicate glass or china which we may admiringly handle.

Yet so it is. Musical snuffboxes and musical books are as nothing ; there are also musical vases and musical wine-glasses, which discourse melody to us as we raise them to our lips, musical decanters—we are not sure if there are not even musical Cinderella's slippers. In short, in this enchanted land of melody we feel transformed into the heroine of early romance who took her celebrated ride to Banbury Cross.

One of the most beautiful and curious specimens of this clock-music is a bird with a lark's note, so perfectly imitated that it might well deceive the songsters of the grove themselves—even the patriarchs, strong against chaff. It sings for an hour, not continuously, but with the interval of a few seconds between its songs, in the sweetest tone and with the most natural air possible.

From Furtwangen to Waldkirch the road is one of the most beautiful in the Black Forest.

Five miles from Furtwangen, the road passing over a steep hill, and down again into a romantic valley, Güttenbach is reached, a little wooden village where clockmaking is still the universal occupation, possessing a pretty little inn (*Zur Hochberg*).

The village clusters amid fruit-trees at the head of the exquisite Wildgutachthal, than which there is scarcely to be found in the Schwarzwald anything wilder or more romantic.

The road, an excellent one, winds at the right side of the valley, cut midway out of the solid rock, through which it now and again tunnels, and for most part of the way overhanging the ravine like a gallery. Both above and below the road rise and descend, each far out of sight, the precipitous sides of the rocky gorge clothed with masses of deep green.

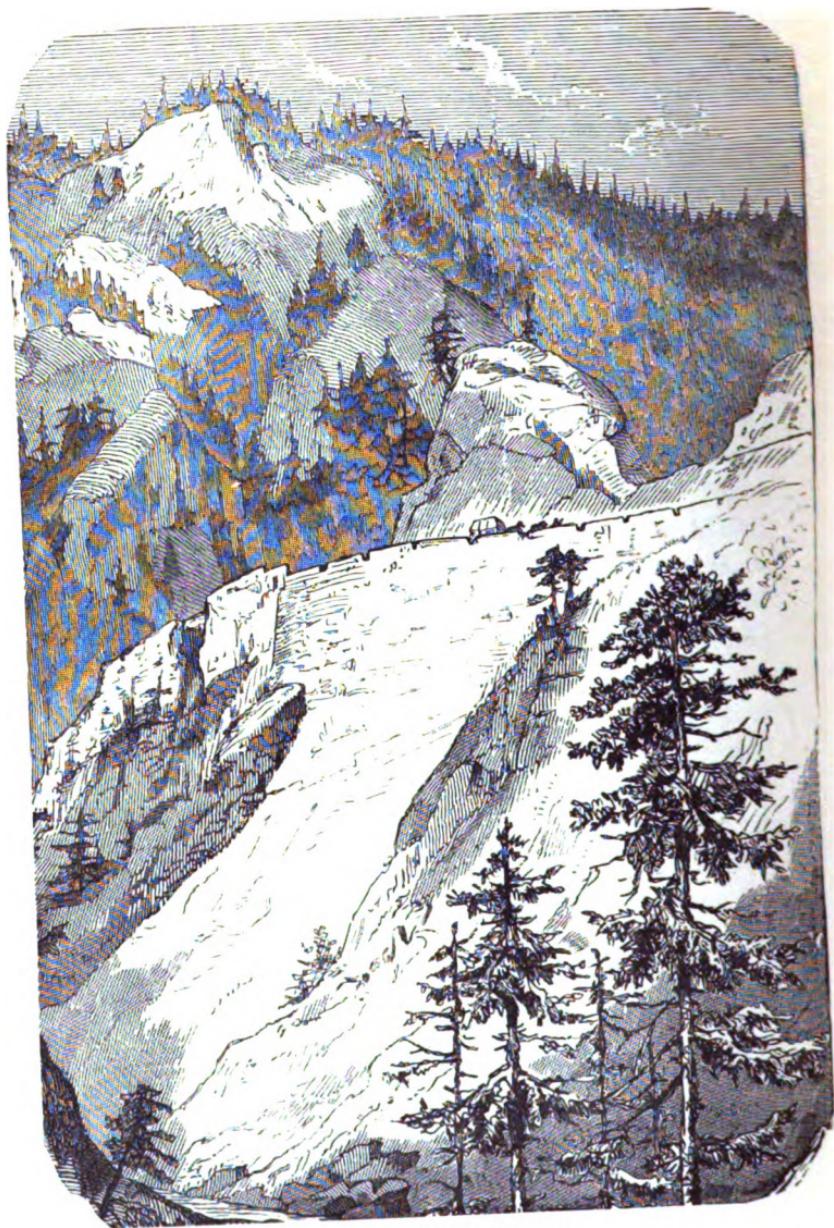
The opposite slopes of the valley are covered with forests of fir, oak, and beech, mingling their shades delightfully. At the bottom of the ravine the mountain stream holds on its course, to be heard only, invisible, beneath its veil of overhanging trees. Here and there a tiny homestead, deep down in the vale, peeps its grey head out from a bower of green, like a doll's house set down in a child's toy plantation, so tiny and far away and apparently inaccessible, except by a rope-ladder from the heights above, that it seems absurd to suspect human beings of living and loving and telling their story out, in such miniature-dwellings. On the left may, or may not, according to circumstances, be seen, a waterfall, the Zweribach, which is a favourite goal of

pilgrimages from Furtwangen and Gütenbach, but which, except immediately after rain, is not, as the Germans put it, *lohnend*.

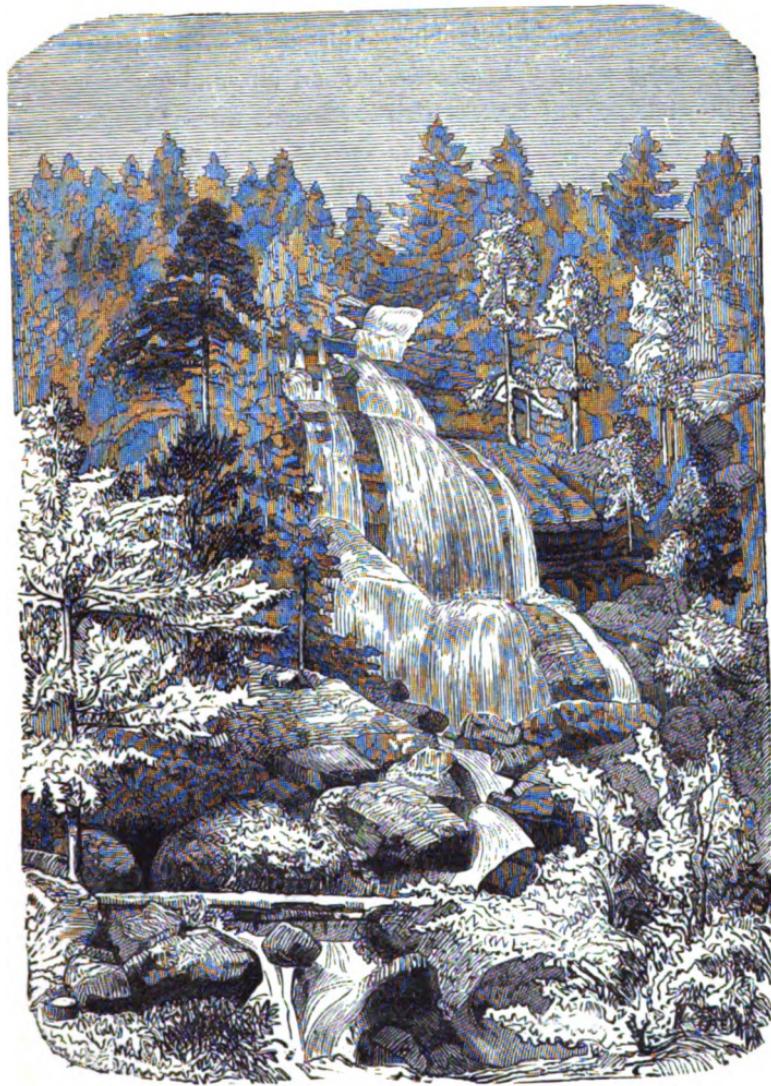
Gradually, by a series of remarkable curves, the road, which resembles a Swiss mountain-pass, descends step by step into the valley, which widens out into what is known as the Simonswalderthal, presenting a striking, and, in its way, as pleasing contrast to its neighbour, the Wildgutachthal, as it is possible to imagine.

It is a perfectly flat tract of land between mountains, like the Algerian plains between the Atlas ranges, richly cultivated—a land literally of wine and corn and fruit-trees ; dotted with picturesque wooden villages, nestling amid vines in groves of chestnuts and walnuts, and gay with bright creepers and brilliantly-tinted cottage-flowers. Every cottage might make a picture, and every group of gaily-dressed peasants at work in the hay or the corn-fields, a study.

It is curious with what a cunning hand the peasant woman, child of nature though she be, knows how to tie the crimson kerchief that is to save her head from the sun's rays, or how to choose the shade of colour for her petticoat and apron, which seems to harmonise or contrast best with the pale yellow of the ripening hay-field, and the sombre background of pine which fills in every landscape. For here, even in the smiling valley, we have not bid adieu to our forest scenery. The mountains on each side of the valley are cultivated, indeed, to a considerable height, both with corn and vines, but in the end the ruling pine asserts itself, and adds its coronal of deepest green to every peaked crag and mountain top.



THE WILDGUTACHTHAL.



ZWERIBACH FALLS.

The little Swiss-looking village of Alt-Simonswald possesses more than one fairly good inn, and is a delightful standpoint for pedestrian excursions over the different mountains, and through the various trout-stream watered valleys, which open out in tempting fashion from the Simonswald, and wind mysteriously between the closing wooded heights.

The Simonswald leads straight like a street into the broad, fruitful, and well-watered Elzthal, the point of junction between the two valleys being an especially beautiful one, for it seems to the traveller, as he makes a sudden bend into the Elzthal, that he must assuredly have come to the end of his wanderings, unless, indeed, he have a fancy for mountain-climbing. Mountains close behind him, mountains rise in front of him, to the right hand and to the left, hemming-in the landscape on every side, and making a complete circle round the flat and fruitful plain, so that he might almost fancy himself arrived in some enchanted region, where he might wander fruitlessly round and round for ever, without finding a break in the mountain wall which severs him from the outer world.

But after a few moments the road winds, the mountains roll away to the right hand and left, a frowning ruined castle crowns the height to the right, and the little town of Waldkirch, with its mills and factories and tall chimneys, is discovered, bringing all manner of practical notions under the very shadow of its ruined robber-castle, and with its busy, active, steam-driven life, breaking the peace of the secluded and romantic valley.

Waldkirch on the Enz, to which a small branch railway has lately been opened from the Baden main-line, is a

thriving commercial town of 3000 inhabitants, busy with cotton mills, silk and linen factories, dye-works, stone-cutting, and by way of a lighter occupation, the manufacture of barrel-organs.

It is beautifully situated at the foot of the Kandel, and the views to be had from the castle (Kastelberg) and the other hills about it are charming. There are also a variety of delightful forest-walks in the neighbourhood, together with good fishing and shooting, and the air is said to be especially salubrious ; but the town itself is not particularly inviting. Just outside the town, however, and near the railway station, an old conventual building, standing in its own grounds, has been converted into an hotel—St. Margaretha—which is very good, comfortable, and moderate, and much frequented during the summer months.

The convent dates its foundation from the tenth century, its first abbess having, it is said, been no less a personage than Gisela, Duchess of Suabia. It was afterwards taken from the ladies and given over to monks, for whom the present building was erected in 1734. It was secularized, together with a vast number of religious houses in Germany, in the year 1806.

Close by, on the verge of the Forest, is the parish-church, the present building in Renaissance style, with a gorgeously ornamented interior, erected at the same time as the convent—in the middle of the eighteenth century. But on its site once stood an older and more venerable building, dating back, probably, to a time when the adjoining convent did not exist, and when some pious apostles of the true faith first set up, in a clearing of the solemn pine-wood, the rough temple, which was by and by to give its name to the

town which should rise and gather about it—*Waldkirch*, the Forest Church. The whole of the neighbourhood, the Kandel Mountain, and the surrounding forest is rich in legend.

Here, more especially at harvest time, and on the feast of St. Hubert, is to be heard the unearthly sound of the wild huntsman's horn, the baying of the fiend-dogs, and the galloping hoofs of the goblin horses, who rush through the air over roof-tops and trees without bit or bridle—four of them—each bearing a knight clad in black armour with his visor down.

On the Kandel is to be found a bottomless lake, which, if it were allowed to overflow, would submerge not only the whole country round but the city of Freiburg itself. This object the evil one has long had in view, having a great aversion to the people of Freiburg on account of their piety, and to the city for the sake of its magnificent cathedral. But, fortunately, the devil could only accomplish this wicked object by engaging the assistance of a simple and innocent child, and that has been, up to the present time, providentially denied him.

Once, however, now very long ago, he nearly succeeded. He appeared one evening at sunset, in the guise of a venerable old man, to a little orphan lad, a shepherd who had let one of his goats stray, and who was in great trouble on that account. The old man kindly offered to assist in the search, and even promised to show the boy a store of treasure, hidden in the Forest, if he would help him to remove a heavy stone which lay beside the little lake. The unsuspecting boy professed his willingness to aid; but the stone was very heavy, and as he lent his young strength to

it, he called, after the simple pious fashion of the German peasant, “God help me !”

In a moment a storm rose from the valley, a flash of lightning laid the boy prostrate on his face, the loud thunder rolled—and when the child looked up again, the form of the stranger had vanished, and from the rock beside the lake welled out a stream of clear pure water.

The castle of Hochburg, on the way to Immendingen, is a favourite excursion from Waldkirch, one of the finest ruins in Baden, and commanding a most beautiful view, is inhabited by a whole company of legendary beings. Foremost amongst them is the *Jungfrau*, the weird lady who appears only at moonlight, wandering about the crumbling walls with a bunch of keys in her hand, or sitting beside a coffer filled with gold and silver.

This, on one occasion, she unlocked, and displayed to a certain peasant who was passing the ruin late at night with a sack of flour on his back, which he had been to fetch from the mill.

“Come, and help thyself,” said the lady, “but take no more with thee than thou canst carry home without setting it down upon the ground. Thou mayest return and fill and refill thy sack if thou wilt till all the treasure be exhausted. When that is done, I shall be freed from the spell that keeps me watching here, and to thee I look for my release. If thou failst me, I feel that the tree is not yet planted which shall make the cradle of the child who can save me.”

The peasant was by no means unwilling to help himself to the store thus generously provided. But either he was too eager to appropriate as much as possible at once, without running the risk of future “occasions,” or the charms

of the village beerhouse were too strong for him. Be that as it may, when he arrived at that seducing house of entertainment, he suddenly found the burden of combined meal and treasure too much for his unrefreshed strength—or weakness. Forgetting the warning which he had received, he let the sack down on the ground, while he called for a tankard of the beloved sparkling yellow beverage.

When he returned to take up his precious burden once more, he found that sack, treasure, and flour had alike disappeared. Very shortly afterwards the man died, probably from chagrin, and the weird lady of the ruin remains guardian of the treasure to this day.

The gold, which lies hidden beneath the mountain, has some curious ways and manners of its own, which are, however, we are assured by the German legend, common to many hoards kept underground by an enchanter's spell. It occasionally works its way to the surface, especially in the month of March, when the first rays of the spring sun lure it from the bosom of mother-earth. What a beautiful allegory is here wrapped in the quaint language of folk-lore!

Often, we are told, the budding treasure is seen lying on the ground in fiery shiny circles, which melt away as soon as a human hand touches them. Or, again, it takes the form of some strange substance under which it hides itself. For example, a peasant who passed through the ruins of Hochburg at noon on a March day, was surprised to see nine basketsful of beans standing in the sun. As he passed, he took a handful and put them in his coat-pocket. When he reached home, he was surprised and not a little delighted to find, on putting his hand into his pocket, not beans but gold pieces. Hastily, in hope of a second handful, he retraced

his steps to the Hochburg ; but his opportunity was passed : baskets and beans had alike vanished.

The old castle possesses yet more stirring interest as the home of one of Germany's most popular typical heroes, Hache or Hacho, whose deeds of superhuman gallantry are commemorated in song and story. Mediæval romancers have introduced him into the galaxy of warriors who circle about the imperial knight-errant Charlemagne, and represent him as one of that monarch's generals who accompanied him on his march to Italy, and received the castle of Hochburg as the reward of his services. But, if not altogether mythical, it is probable that Hacho belongs to a period far more remote than this, and is of more purely Teuton race.

According to popular belief, Hacho, together with eleven other heroes, like those whose deeds of might and prowess are sung in the undying strains of the *Niebelungen-Lied*, still live in a magnificent hall beneath the ruins of the castle. From age to age they have sat in their gilded banqueting-hall, quaffing wine from golden goblets, and toasting each other in solemn silence. But their arms lie still by their hands ready to be clasped—they do but wait. And should need come, should German lands and liberties ever be in danger, not only will her living sons rise in her defence, but these long-buried and forgotten heroes of her youth will awake from their long repose, and rally to the cry of “God and Fatherland !”

By the new railway, Waldkirch, and the once secluded valleys which lead from it, are brought into close contact with the outer world ; Freiburg, the capital of the Brisgau district, being reached in twenty-five minutes, passing on the way through a charming country, and by the ruins of the

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castle of Zähringen, the nursery of the present Grand Ducal family of Baden.

There is a legend as to the rise of the Zähringen family, which takes us very far back into the land of myth. There was once, it is said, a certain young charcoal-burner in the Forest, Berthold by name, who, when he dug out his charcoal from the earth in which it had smouldered, noticed among the ashes a white molten mass of metal, which his quick eye at once recognised as silver.

After this discovery, which he wisely kept, with the silver, to himself, he invariably chose the earth from the same spot for his charcoal fires, and having equal luck time after time, at length amassed a great quantity of the precious metal, which he stored up in his hut in the forest.

In the meantime it happened that the Emperor (name unknown) was driven by wicked conspirators from his throne, and with his family and only a few faithful followers had taken refuge among the mountains that lie between Freiburg and the Rhine, and which from this circumstance are known as the Kaiserstuhl or Emperor's Chair.

The refugee Emperor caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever would help him to regain his kingdom should receive, not only the honour of a dukedom, but also the hand of his beautiful daughter. The thrifty charcoal-burner at once made his way to the Emperor, and made a bargain with him—to give up the whole of the treasure which he had accumulated, if the Emperor in his turn would promise to bestow on him not only title and daughter, but the whole country as far as eye could reach, from the top point of the Kaiserstuhl. This the Emperor agreed to do. By the aid of the charcoal-burner's treasure he regained both throne

and crown, and faithful to his word, gave to the fortunate Berthold not only the hand of the princess and the title of duke, but also the land which he had coveted.

The duke built both the castle and village of Zähringen, which he called after the name which had been bestowed upon him by the Emperor, and at once took active means to extract the still-hidden treasures of the mountains. He was again fortunate in hitting upon a vein of rich silver, which he caused to be worked night and day.

He founded many other castles and towns, among which was Freiburg, and increased daily in wealth and power.

But prosperity does not seem to have agreed with his moral character. The richer he grew, the more grasping he became—the more powerful, the more tyrannical. At length his cruelties and oppressions became so much a by-word among his unfortunate subjects, that he was called, and is still known as, the “duke with the heart of stone.”

His crowning crime was, that, seized one day for a desire to taste human flesh, he ordered his cook to roast and send him up a child for dinner.

The unhappy servant not daring to resist his lord's command could only choose the plumpest infant in the village, and fulfil the terrible order. But when the cover was removed, says the legend, compunction and horror seized even the heart of the stony duke. He turned away in loathing from the meal, satisfied his disappointed appetite by beheading the cook, and his conscience by immediately founding two monasteries, St. Trudpert and St. Peter in the Forest.

Still his wickedness does not seem to have much abated, and his last act, when he believed himself to be dying, was

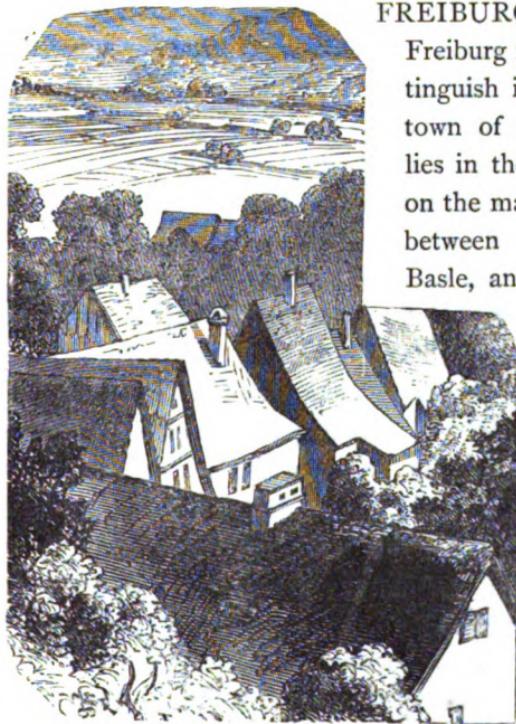
to have all his silver melted down into one great lump, so that his heirs might have a fair fight and no favour over it.

In this amiable frame of mind he bade adieu to the world, but not, so affirms the legend, to sleep in a peaceful and hallowed grave. The curses of the people whom he had so cruelly oppressed during his life reached Heaven's ear at last, and as a punishment for his many sins, he is condemned to sit, till the end of time, under a mountain of stone, surrounded by walls of gold and silver which are yet beyond his reach, and with his heart continually tormented by remorse at the remembrance of his misdeeds.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FREIBURG AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

“Eine Münster ohne Dach  
Ueberall Brunnen und Bach.”



FREIBURG, usually called Freiburg in Brisgau, to distinguish it from the Swiss town of the same name, lies in the Dreisam valley, on the main line of railway between Carlsruhe and Basle, and stands on the highest point of ground which that line passes over, with the mass of the Feldberg, the highest mountain of the Black Forest, to eastward of it, and the Kaiserstuhl, a volcanic range of some 1800 feet high between it and the Rhine.

It was founded in 1090 by Berthold, Duke of Zähringen, receiving its present name of *Free City*, so says tradition, in the twelfth century, under the rule of Berthold III., of Zähringen, who, having been taken prisoner by the Bishop of Cologne, and suffering cruelly in his captivity, made a vow that when he regained his liberty he would not only make a free town of the little hamlet inhabited by his bondsmen and retainers, which nestled at the foot of his favourite castle of Schlossberg, but would also erect in it a magnificent cathedral to the praise of God.

For this purpose he brought with him from Cologne architects and masons. The city of Freiburg was surrounded by a wall, and the cathedral begun. The building of it took more than a hundred years, but in 1146, twenty-six years after its commencement, it was so far completed, that Bernard of Clairvaux came thither from Spires to preach his crusade within its walls.

Freiburg remained until 1368 under its own lords, with whom, however, its burghers were constantly at war, and at length the city put itself under the protection of the empire, Freiburg becoming chief town of the Austrian province of Brisgau. In 1806 Napoleon handed this province over to the Grand Duke of Baden, as a recognition of his partizanship.

Freiburg, from its frontier position, has suffered many things at many times from the hands of its neighbours; and during the period between the years 1632-1744, it was besieged and destroyed no less than seven times. It is, therefore, not surprising that its face should have worn many changes, or that very few relics of mediæval time should be left within it.

It is now a thriving modern town of 35,000 inhabitants, with constantly growing suburbs of handsome modern houses.

It is the seat of an archbishopric, and possesses an University founded in 1456, and boasting no less a person than Erasmus among its scholars, together with many learned men of later times. It is the great Roman Catholic school of Baden, as the University of Heidelberg is the Protestant.

With the exception of the cathedral, there is little in Freiburg to detain the sight-seer, but it lies at the very mouth of the Höllenthal, the grandest of the Black Forest valleys, and is excellent as head-quarters for numerous interesting excursions.

There are several good hotels in the town—Zähringen Hof, opposite the station, in every respect one of the best hotels in Germany. Victoria, Goldenen Engel, in the town, &c.

The climate of Freiburg is considered mild and remarkably healthy, and the town has a considerable number of winter as well as summer visitors. There is a weekly English Church-Service, conducted by a resident English clergyman.

The cathedral or Münster, the only German cathedral, which was actually finished during the Middle Ages, is a very imposing and graceful building of red sandstone. It was begun, as we have seen, in the twelfth century, somewhere about the year 1122, but the earliest portions now remaining—the tower, nave, and west aisle—date from the thirteenth; the choir from 1513. The cathedral stands well, in a wide, open market-place, and the beautiful trellis-work

spire, 400 feet high, is a constantly conspicuous object, a constant attraction from all points of the neighbourhood.

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine anything in the way of architecture at once more delicate, or richer in effect, than this marvellous piece of stone lace-work, and which, from its extreme airiness, has given rise to one line of the old distich, in which the Freiburgers described their town :—

“ Eine Münster ohne Dach  
Ueberall Brunnen und Bach.”

The exterior of the cathedral is, besides, lavishly adorned with statues, figures, quaint gargoyles, representing animals, &c. The portal at the western end is very elaborate, with statues of the wise and foolish virgins, saints, &c. ; in all, no less than thirty-seven figures.

The interior, the proportions of which are very beautiful, though possibly, from its height, the first impression received is that of narrowness, has been somewhat spoiled by the gaudy restorations of 1874, but it contains several interesting monuments, a fine carved stone-pulpit of 1561, and some exquisitely beautiful old stained glass.

In the nave, right side, is an upright stone relief, representing Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen. Legends similar to those of his predecessor, the first and stony-hearted duke, cling about this monument, which is said to have been originally recumbent, but to have gradually raised itself into an upright position, owing to the uneasy conscience of the unhappy sinner in whose honour it was erected. Indeed, it is asserted that the fifth Berthold, like the first of his name, has never died and fallen to dust properly and peacefully as he should have done—

that he does but sleep beneath the stone casing, and once every year the spirit animates the stone, which then gives forth moans and cries of misery.

It is evident that the Freiburgers bore no great love to their liege lords, since their animosity would not permit them even the cold comfort of lying still in their graves !

In the chapel of the Mount of Olives, left of the high altar, is a very curious and well-executed relief of the Lord's Supper, in coloured stone, the figures life-size and remarkable for their animation.

The choir of the cathedral, supported on ten pillars, is higher than the nave, and very graceful. From this part of the building there is supposed to be an underground passage, leading to the ruined castle on the hill above the town, but the entrance has been blocked up and forgotten.

The choir-chapels contain paintings by old German masters, some curious old tapestry, and a crucifix of gilded copper brought from Palestine at the time of the crusades.

A legend is connected with the building of the cathedral. It is said that no sooner was the pious work begun than the founder, Duke Berthold, hit upon a rich vein of silver in the mountain on which his castle of Zähringen stood, and so rich was it that from this mine nearly the whole expense of the vast building was defrayed.

But no sooner was the cathedral completed than the silver-mine disappeared, and all efforts made since that time to find it again have proved unavailing. Indeed, tradition says, that when the miners, intent upon their vain search, had hollowed deep into the heart of the mountain, they were met by a stately white-robed figure, bearing a lamp,

who forbade them further exploration under peril of their souls.

In the Cathedral Square, on the right side, is the old *Kaufhaus* or town-hall, a building of the fifteenth century, with deep-gabled roof ornamented with coloured tiles, and with corner-turrets capped with high peaks in the same quaint and somewhat gaudy style. The house projects over a deep arcade, and on the front of the building, between the windows, are statues of four of the Emperors. Freiburg still retains some remnants of its old fortifications in its gates: the Martinsthör, and the Schwabenthör or Suabian gate.

The Martin's gate has a fresco illustrating the well-known legend of the saint sharing his coat with a beggar. The device on the Suabian gate is more original. It illustrates the motto that "Sharp folks may also be found in Suabia."

It appears that a rich peasant, hearing much of the beauty of Freiburg, conceived a notion that he would like to buy it. Setting off from his mountain-village with all his wealth packed in the panniers on his donkey's back, he betook himself to the burghers of the city and asked, "What is the price of the little town?"

Very much chagrined and astonished was he to be told that the worth of the town was above price; but yet more disconcerted was the good man to find, on opening his panniers with a view of displaying his treasures, that instead of the gold and silver he had expected to see, the baskets contained only sand and gravel.

It seemed that the peasant's wife, fearing her husband's prudence, and thinking it safer to trust him and his donkey

with gravel, rather than gold, had surreptitiously made the exchange—whence the proverb.

We find from the old distich that Freiburg was anciently noted as a city of running water, clear streams from the river Dreisam being carried through all its streets, and the town being ornamented besides by handsome wells or fountains. This is still so, and the antique fountains are among the greatest ornaments of the city. In the principal street, the Kaiser Strasse, are three of these *Brunnen*, one of which, the central one opposite the Münster Strasse, dates from the fifteenth century, and exhibits a curious array of knights, saints, and bishops in harmonious confusion. The Freiburgers have a legend that whoever will venture to visit this well alone at midnight, with a pitcher, will find wine flowing instead of water.

The other two fountains are comparatively modern, and commemorate Duke Berthold III., founder of the town, and the Arch-Duke Albert, founder of the University. At the end of the Kaiser Strasse, opposite the barracks, is a very handsome and beautiful monument of victory, erected to the memory of those who fell in the late war. On the pedestal is the inscription:—

“In remembrance of those who have gone,  
As an example to those who may come after.”

Close to this is the handsome Protestant church, built from the stones of the old abbey-church of Thennenbach, and so far as is possible, an actual reproduction of the original building. There are 3000 Protestants in Freiburg.

Close by the Stadthaus, an old building, but recently restored, stands a statue to the most remarkable citizen of

Freiburg, a monk justly named Schwarz—Berthold the Black, a searcher after the hidden powers of nature, who having, it is popularly believed, sold himself body and soul to the Evil One, received in exchange the devil's own recipe for making gunpowder.

The results of the monk's discovery have certainly been vast enough and dire enough, to lend an air of probability to the story.

Near the statue is the Franciscan church, with beautiful cloisters.

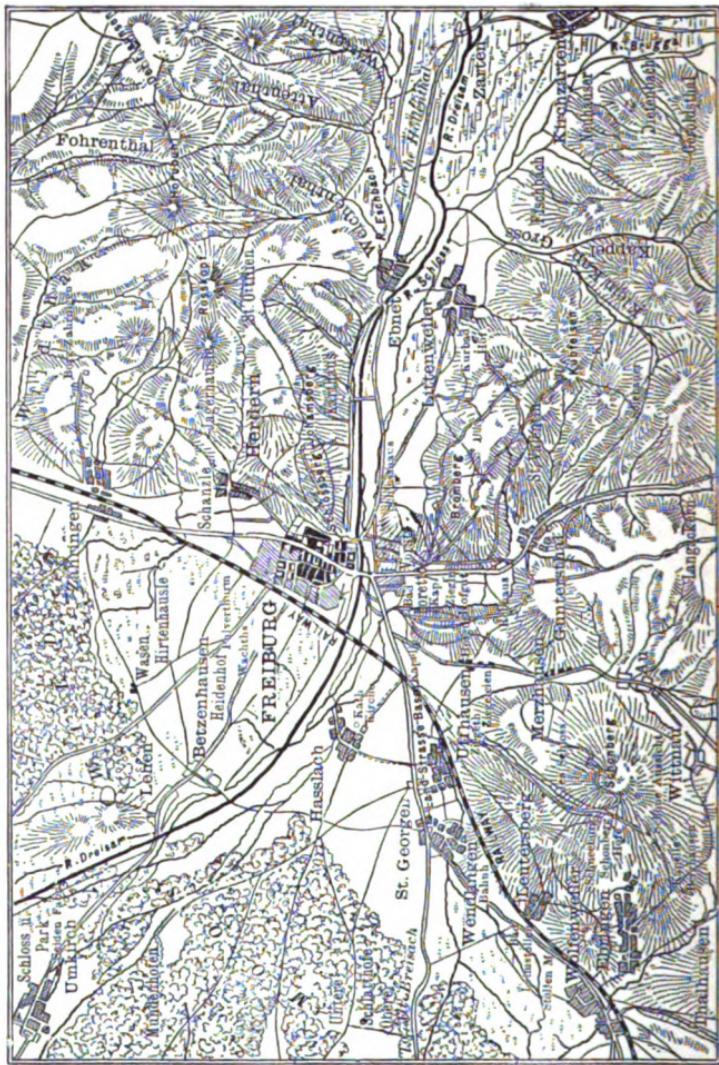
Freiburg possesses, in addition to those already mentioned, various handsome public buildings: an asylum for the blind, an hospital, a house of charity, a new and particularly handsome prison, a theatre, a large concert hall capable of holding five thousand persons, a museum, &c.

The best point of view for a survey of Freiburg and its vicinity is the Schlossberg, to be reached through the Schwabenthör, and by a somewhat steep ascent of a quarter of an hour through vineyards. On this hill were formerly two castles, destroyed by the French in 1744. The massive ruins were, until within a very few years ago, scattered about the hillside, but these have been now for the most part removed, and little remains of the mediæval stronghold but the legends which still cling about the spot, and tempt the adventurous to midnight encounters with the wandering lady of the castle, or to a weird game of golden nine-pins, which is played in full moonlight by a ghostly company of revellers on the hill-top.

From this point (426 feet), where a pavilion has been erected, and where a metal indicator, with three circles, points the direction of various places near and far-off—



## FREIBURG AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



the latter including London and Rome—the view is charming.

Beneath the spectator's feet crowds the compact grey-roofed city, amid which the dark mass of the cathedral forms a conspicuous object, and from which the airy pyramid of its spire rises grandly up above the pigmy things of earth into the clear blue heaven, rosy-tinted or purple-grey as the sun's rays light upon and through it. Beyond the city lie the broad valley and the shining stream of the Rhine, with the blue outline of the Vosges Mountains, closing the far-away horizon. Nearer, somewhat to the north, rise the vine-clad masses of the Kaiserstuhl.

On the hill immediately opposite the Schlossberg, across the river Dreisam, is the Loretto chapel, with its group of lindens, and rising above the Lorettoberg is the Schönberg, the scene of the Bavarian battle with Turenne, and the story of "*Encore mille.*" Before these is spread the whole of the wide and smiling Dreisam valley, dotted with houses and hamlets, up to the very entrance of the famous Höllenthal.

The view from the Loretto mountain is also very beautiful and extensive, including also the Günthersthal, the most romantic valley in the neighbourhood of Freiburg, and the Witches' valley, where many an unfortunate woman, whose only crimes were age and ugliness, has paid a heavy penalty for those ill-favours of nature.

Freiburg was a town in olden times famous for its witches, and its old women even in the present day do not seem to have learned the trick of making themselves beautiful, as may be seen any day in the market-place.

The Loretto chapel was built in memory of those who fell in the siege of the city by the Swedes in 1644.

A hundred years later a battle took place on the same spot, when Freiburg was besieged by Louis XV. in person, and a well-directed cannon-ball from the opposite Schlossberg, very nearly, it is said, ended the career of his Catholic Majesty, passing immediately over his head and planting itself in the wall of the chapel, where it is still to be seen.

A little higher than the chapel is the stone-quarry whence the building material of the cathedral was dug. There is a good restaurant here.

The old cemetery in the suburb of Herdern is of some interest, and possesses several good monuments. In front of the mortuary-chapel is a crucifix, and at the foot of it is represented a skull with a nail through it, and a frog under the jaw. The curious memorial is thus explained.

A certain tradesman of Freiburg died somewhat suddenly, and immediately after his death his widow married again. The matter created some scandal, but nothing further transpired, until some years later, when as the sexton was digging a grave he accidentally threw a skull to the surface.

Intending to return it to the earth, he was surprised to see the skull move. He took it in his hand to examine into the matter, and discovered the cause of the movement to be a frog, which had fastened itself under the jaw, but he also observed that the skull had a nail driven through it.

He took the strange relic home. The matter became bruited abroad, and a judicial inquiry was set on foot. Finally, the widow of the murdered man confessed the crime of which she and her lover had been guilty, and the two were hanged; while the curious memorial of their crime and its discovery was set up in the churchyard as a warning to posterity.

The chapel of St. Ottilien, (near which is an inn), is a favourite walk from Freiburg. It may be combined with the ascent of the Rosskopf (2437 feet), from which there is a very fine and extensive view.

The St. Ottilien Chapel is the scene of an old and favourite legend.

In the early days of Christianity there lived on the further side of the Rhine a certain baron, with a beautiful daughter, named Ottolie. Contrary to the maiden's wishes, the father had promised her hand in marriage to a heathen prince. In order to escape from the unwelcome bond the young girl, finding remonstrance useless, fled from her home. A friendly boatman, or as some would have it, an angelic oarsman, piloted her across the broad and rapid river, and the young girl at once plunged into the deep forest, where utter loneliness or even the prospect of death in the clutch of some fierce beast of prey, seemed less terrible to her than the mockery of marriage with an unbeliever.

Meantime, however, the father and lover, obtaining some clue as to her movements, followed swiftly in her track, and scoured the forest with horses and hounds in search of her. Absolutely hunted down like some wild creature of the woods, the unhappy girl fled from place to place, taking refuge, at length, in a little cave or fissure in a rock on the very spot where the St. Ottilien chapel now stands.

Here, at length, she was brought to bay. With a shout of triumph the pursuers are ready to spring upon their prey. Ottolie, at the entrance of her cavern, faces them erect and pale.

"Man is too powerful for me, God be my helper!" she cries, with clasped hands raised to Heaven.

At the same moment a sound of thunder resounds through the forest, the earth shakes, the tall pines bend, and the rock in whose shadow Otilie is standing closes about her—leaving only down the face of it a tiny fissure, from which there wells out a fountain of pure and sparkling water.

The Güntherthal has been already mentioned. It is one of the most favourite walks or drives from Freiburg, and can be reached by several paths. It is a sequestered and romantic valley, where was formerly a convent of Cistercian nuns —now a cotton mill.

Through the Güntherthal in two hours Schönberg is reached ; thence in four hours the summit of the Erzkasten (Schau-ins-Land), and by the Cappeler valley the prettily-situated Baths of Littenweiler.

The Schönberg, or Schneeberg, as it is sometimes called, has attached to it a legend similar to that of the famous Tannhäuser. There existed, it seems, a cavern on the west side of the Schönberg—now invaded by the modern Jack-the-giant-killer, the railway—which was in olden times the abode of a wicked and beautiful enchantress, known to the German world as Frau Venus. Into the toils of this wicked one fell a certain knight of Schneeberg, one of an old and powerful race in the Brisgau, who, during a storm in which he was caught while hunting on the Schönberg, innocently took refuge in the enchanted cave.

Having thus, literally, put his head into the lions' den, he was not permitted to come thence until he had left his heart there.

After this his visits to Frau Venus were constant, his mysterious absences from home causing considerable scandal

in the neighbourhood, and great grief and annoyance to his wife and family.

All the time the knight was seriously desirous to break off his connection with the too fascinating "Frau," but absolutely lacked the power to do so.

At length he confessed his crime, or weakness, to a priest, and begged for his spiritual aid in the matter. The priest seems to have been quite overpowered at the notion of a pitched battle with Frau Venus, and professing himself unequal either to absolve the knight, or to free him from the toils into which he had fallen, recommended a pilgrimage to Rome, and a visit to the Pope.

To Rome, then, full of penitent desires, travelled the knight, to lay the burden of his sins and sorrows at the feet of the Pontiff; but when he had made confession of the extraordinary nature of his offence, the Pope, like his subordinate, evidently thought himself no match for Frau Venus, and to the unhappy knight's prayers for absolution only replied—

"When the staff which I hold in my hand blossoms and shoots into green leaves, then, and not till then, will Heaven pardon you—I cannot."

The knight, chilled by this cold comfort, took his sad way home again.

As after his weary and fruitless travel he approached the fatal grotto of the Schönberg, he found waiting for him at its entrance the beautiful enchantress who had been the cause of all his woe. Hopeless as to the future and desperate as to the past, what remained for the knight but the embrace of the enchantress who had undone him.

With a sudden wild resolve he plunged with the horse

on which he rode into the cave, which at once closed in upon him.

Meantime a miracle was proclaimed at Rome—the Pope's staff had budded: and the pontiff, struck with remorse, despatched messengers through the length and breadth of the land, to discover the knight of Schneeburg, and to carry to him the Pope's and Heaven's forgiveness. But the knight was nowhere to be found. The pardon had come too late.

Some years afterwards, however, by the Pope's command, an exploration was made in the Venusberg, and the knight, still sitting on his horse, but turned to stone, was dug out by the horrified work-people.

The Venusberg is now a vineyard, and Frau Venus has apparently abandoned the locality.

Among the points of interest which may be reached from Freiburg by railway in every direction, Alt-Breisach, the little fortress-town that lies on a rock overhanging the Rhine, between that river and the Kaiserstuhl, deserves special mention.

Alt-Breisach is first heard of as a Roman station in Cæsar's time, Mons Brisiacus. In the mythical history of Germany's early heroes, it holds an important place as the city of King Harlung and his beautiful wife Wolfrianne, as the home of the faithful Ekhart, and the scene of many of the exploits of the renowned Wittich. In later times the fortress of Breisach was looked upon as the key of Germany, and was in consequence a very bone of contention between the rival nations on each bank of the Rhine. In 1638 it withstood a memorable siege from the Swedes. From 1648 to 1697 it was annexed to France. In 1793

it was utterly destroyed by the French, and has scarcely raised its head since. It is at present occupied chiefly by a poor Jewish population.

Its chief interest is in its beautiful situation, and in the magnificent church (St. Stephen's Minster) which crowns the rocky height, and from which an extensive panorama over the Rhine, the hills of Alsace, the Dreisam valley, and the Kaiserstuhl, is obtained. The church, partly Gothic and partly Romanesque, was erected in the eleventh century, but very little of it is now left of earlier date than the thirteenth century. It contains a very beautiful altar-screen, carved in wood, bearing the date 1526, by Liefrink of Leyden. How the wandering Dutch artist not only won fame by his masterpiece, but a rich and well-born wife, is told by Frau Von Hillern in one of her popular romances.

The church is being completely restored, and there are some good modern paintings in the choir.

On the Rhine is an old bridge tower, formerly known as the Rheinthur; it has the following inscription, which has lately acquired historical value :—

“ Limes eram Gallis, nunc pons et janua fio  
Si pergunt Galli nullibi limes erit.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE HÖLLENTHAL.

"The spot was made by Nature for herself."  
*Wordsworth.*



THE Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell, the most renowned, and one at least of the wildest and most beautiful Black Forest valleys, is approached from Freiburg, the distance to the Stern Inn at the end of the valley being about thirteen miles, so that a drive there and back to Freiburg is easily accomplished in a day; but it is in every respect preferable to continue the drive for a couple of days to St. Blasien, and thence by the exquisite Albthal to Albrück on the Upper Rhine, one of the stations on the Basle and Constance Railway.

There are services of diligences through the whole of this

route—a good post-diligence running twice a day between Freiburg and Donaueschingen, with a change at Altenweg or Neustadt for Lenzkirch and St. Blasien. To the diligences on this route supplementary carriages, fairly clean and comfortable (*Beiwagen*), are added for additional passengers, as over the Swiss passes.

But as a rule the postal diligence-service in the Black Forest is very bad, the carriages for the most part being omnibuses of a most uncouth and unwieldy build ; only one person—he who shares the post of vantage with the driver—having the smallest chance of seeing anything of the country through which he passes ; the incivility of the conductors, or *Post Schaffners* (directors), as they are called, being also proverbial.

Even in the diligences which possess the advantage of a *coupé*, the *Post Schaffner* claims the first and best place, and is only to be ejected by bribes.

The arrangement of the whole affair is about as bad as it can be ; even the hours at which the diligences run seeming to be chosen so as to be as inconvenient as possible for the public. Great complaints are made, not only by foreigners, but by the inhabitants of the country, who, since the postal arrangements have been undertaken by the Imperial Government, find themselves inconvenienced at every turn without the smallest hope of redress,—scarcely with any appeal ; since head-quarters are practically beyond reach, and the *Post Schaffner* who acts at once as conductor of the public stage and mail carrier, seems quite beyond local authority.

Indeed, there can be no doubt that in the remoter districts the *Post Schaffner*, who is the mouthpiece of the outer world to the simple rural people, is in truth regarded

as “a power ;” is looked upon no doubt as a very exalted personage indeed, second only perhaps to the Emperor, or to the great Bismarck himself.

Very amusing in its way is it to watch the stern and dignified demeanour with which the postal autocrat, “Dressed in a little brief authority” and in a tight blue uniform, weighs down the spirits of his subjects for the time being : how he orders one here, and flings another’s baggage there, and will by no means condescend to answer questions as to times of starting or other matters which he considers irrelevant.

To all this, Germans of every grade are, we may presume, accustomed. They at least submit with an air of utter patience.

To the English traveller, however, the incivility of the petty officials in Germany is very irritating. And as he will also in the diligence, probably, be anything but charmed by the manners of his fellow-travellers, unless, indeed, they be peasants, when he will find nothing to complain of, he will, as a rule, increase his enjoyment, and better preserve his temper, by incurring the small extra expense of a private carriage. A carriage and pair for four persons can usually be hired in the Black Forest for about 20 marks (shillings) a day.

The road to the Höllenthal from Freiburg is by the Schwabenthör, and along the pleasant and fruitful valley of the Dreisam, or as it is also called the Kirchzarterthal.

Several pretty rustic villages are passed, and farmhouses, built in true Black Forest style, with deep overhanging eaves and carved wooden balconies, standing amid orchards and flower-gardens. Here and there, a ruined castle crowns

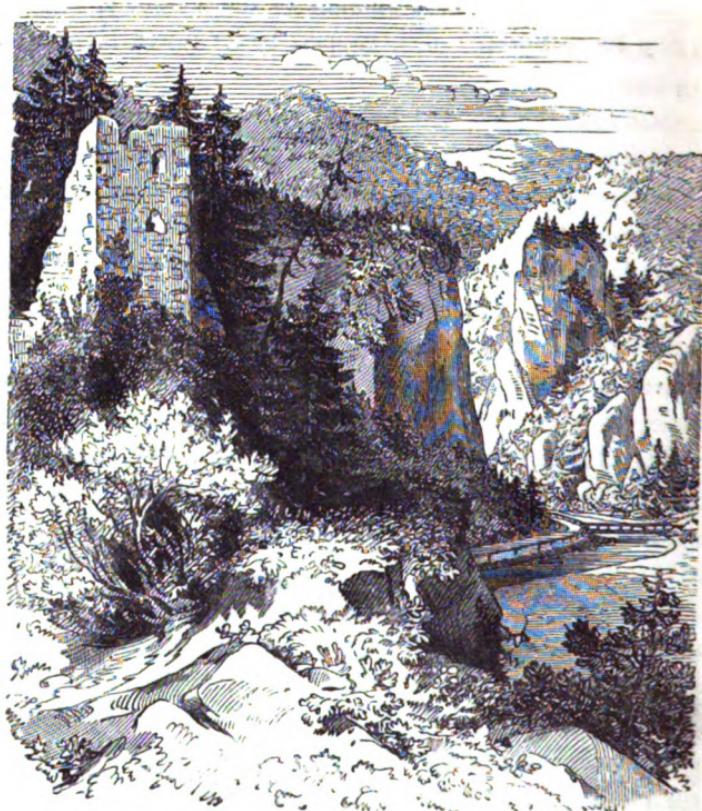
the wooded height, and here and there, beside the road, is a tiny chapel or calvary, gay with bunches of fresh field-flowers, and pathetic with quaint little votive tablets, illustrative of some family joy or sorrow.

To the right the bare summit of the Feldberg, highest of the Black Forest range, capped by its tower, breaks the sky line.

Gradually the wooded hills close in upon the road, but enclosing within their verdant walls, so fair a region of flower-spangled meadows, purling streams, and nestling cottages, as to have gained for it the name of *Himmelreich*—the Kingdom of Heaven. Did those who first so named it, one wonders, wish to point to the careless wayfarer the stern lesson that Heaven and Hell are found in this world almost in juxtaposition, and that the road to the one too often leads to the other? Whether or no, the moral is there all the same. Although, in truth, the Höllenthal by no means deserves the uncanny name which it has acquired (who knows how?) but which will assuredly cling to it to the end of time.

Storms in the Höllenthal are said to be very fierce, and thunder may easily be imagined to have a terrific effect among the huge masses of rock of which the sides of the ravine are formed; but in fair weather, with bright sunlight glowing on the masses of vegetation with which the rocks are clothed, or tinting the very rocks themselves in shades of violet streaked with rose-colour; with a slip of blue sky above, and beside, the murmuring brooklet that the road follows, a patch of greenest green spangled thick with golden buttercups, or glowing purple in autumn with the richly coloured harvest crocus—when nature thus puts on

her face of smiles to greet us, and the wood-birds welcome us with an outburst of joyous song, into this their favourite haunt, we feel inclined to cry shame on those who could so malign it.



NEU-FALKENSTEIN.

A wild enough place, however, and a very valley of destruction to many an unfortunate traveller, we may well fancy it to have been, in the old time of the famous robber-knights, who, from their eyrie castle on the heights kept

watch, spider-like, for their prey, and spider-like, dragged it into their nest, to fatten at its expense.

It was, doubtless, in those days of dark and daring deeds that the valley gained its name, for the lords of Falkenstein earned for themselves the reputation of being the boldest and most unscrupulous robbers of the country, and their depredations were not confined to their own valley or immediate neighbourhood only, but extended constantly to Freiburg, upon which town they would make frequent raids, and even on occasion to Alt-Breisach.

As for the valley, that was simply their own turnpike-road, on which they exacted the toll which seemed good to them from every traveller, with impartial justice,—as we read from certain records still extant at Freiburg. Priests, pilgrims, and nuns shared with merchants and packmen the attention of these hospitable mountain-lords, and as the gorge was, for many centuries, the only highway from the Rhine-valley to Suabia, their trade of plundering was a thriving one.

Eight pilgrims bound for Rome (we find cited in one place in the Freiburg record), two from Holland, two from Flanders, and four from England, were robbed collectively of seven hundred guldens, and after being kept in captivity for some days, were set on their way penniless. Other pilgrims were robbed of all they possessed, viz., their clothes. A Lombard merchant, travelling from Cologne to Como, was stripped of a pack valued at sixty gulden—a large sum in those days, and made known his griefs in a Latin protest which he addressed to the town of Freiburg. A traveller was relieved of the weight of seven lbs. of new pennies. Another made complaint before the council of

Freiburg that he had been robbed of eighteenpence. A man, passing through the valley with a cask of wine on his mule's back, found the wine converted into water, after examination by the tariff officers of the Falkenstein. A nun was despoiled of her rosary, and an abbess of her mantle ; facts which show that the knightly robbers were at least not given to despising the day of small things when great ones were not forthcoming.

These are but a few examples among many of knightly prowess as cultivated by the Falkensteiners.

There are the ruins of two castles in the valley, known respectively as the Old and New Falkenstein. The old castle, with walls twelve feet in thickness, dates, it is believed, from Roman or Celtic times.

The name Falkenstein has, according to legend, a romantic origin.

In the days when Peter the Hermit preached a crusade to the Holy Land, to rescue the sacred tomb from the hands of the unbelievers—among that noble army of knights and heroes who, burning with the fire of religious enthusiasm, flocked to carry the banner of the cross over sea and land—was one Kuno of Stein, a young knight whose grey old castle crowned the rocky height, and defended one of the wildest and most romantic gorges of the Suabian forest. Sad and tearful was the parting between Kuno and his young and beautiful wife Ida, to whom he had been married but a year. As he kissed her in farewell, many and many a time repeated, he broke a golden ring in half, and giving her one portion placed the other securely within his doublet.

“So surely as these two golden pieces are one and the

same ring shall we meet again, here or in heaven," said the knight ; "but it may be that we are looking upon one another's face for the last time on earth, God knows ! I would only have you promise, that for seven years you will be faithful to me or to my memory. If at the end of that time I have not returned, I no longer hold you bound to me. I shall have long been sleeping the sleep of death, and it will be better for you to take another partner."

May we not well believe that the weeping Ida swore on the broken gold, and on all she held most dear and sacred, the oath of fidelity required from her ; nay more, that she protested against the possibility, whatever the event, of bestowing her hand on another ?

"At the end of seven years it is my desire, should I not return, that you should do so," said Kuno. "For myself I can have but one wish, death or victory."

"Victory and happy reunion," echoed his young wife cheerfully, as she waved him a last adieu, and then returned to the solitude of her grey old castle, to weep and pray.

Who does not know the story of the crusaders' trials and triumphs ! How a weary journey and foul food, pestilence and dissension, worked havoc among them, and thinned their ranks, hour by hour, long before an enemy's arrow touched them ! Yet, how, in spite of all, the heroic little band of survivors struggled on, and at length, within sight of the Holy City—the goal of so many hopes—fell on their knees and kissed the ground for which they were afterwards to battle and to bleed !

Foremost among those who planted the sacred symbol of the faith upon the burning ruins of the infidel-stronghold,

was Kuno of Stein, saved as by a miracle from the death which was being dealt on all sides of him.

Yet for the brave knight a fate even worse than death itself was reserved. But a few days after the capture of Jerusalem, in a sudden onslaught of the enemy, he was surprised, surrounded, and taken prisoner by the Saracens.

Carried far away from hope of succour, and sold as a slave, the unhappy knight wore out year after year, in a miserable and hopeless captivity ;—each year as it passed rendering him only the more dejected, his longing for home and fatherland the more intense.

At length the seven years, of which before leaving for the Holy Land he had spoken to his wife, drew to a close. The seventh anniversary of the day on which he had last gazed upon her tearful face, and pressed her to his heart, arrived.

“Alas !” cried the miserable man, as he lay sleepless upon the straw in the dungeon, where, like a dog, he was kennelled. “Alas ! never again shall I hold that dear form in my arms. Never again hear the voice which was as music to my ears. I am as one dead—and another will call her by the name of wife, and receive her gentle caresses.”

This thought was bitterest of all in the mind of the captive.

While he thus brooded miserably upon his woes, there stood beside him a form which he could only, in the uncertain moonlight, make out to be that of an aged man.

“Do you in truth so long to return to your far-away home ?” asked the stranger.

“That indeed do I,” returned Kuno. “Could I but fly over land and sea to have but one momentary glimpse of

my dear native valley—of my dear wife's face—I would give —alas ! I have nothing left to give, but I would for this boon willingly pass the rest of my days in slavery."

The stranger smiled. "I will help you to attain the object of your desires," he said.

Kuno, starting up from his bed of straw, was about to kiss the hand of his benefactor in gratitude, when the man stayed his movement. "Wait a moment," he said, "I have also my conditions."

"You cannot ask too much," said the grateful knight.

"I will promise you a safe and speedy return home. I will provide you a steed for your journey. All that I require of you is, that should you on your journey fall asleep, you become mine—body and soul. Should you, on the contrary, reach home without sleep having once overcome you, I claim no sort or kind of reward. What say you?"

The knight started, becoming for the first time aware of the character of his mysterious midnight visitor. He hesitated.

"Think the matter over," said the stranger with a grim smile, "and remember the seven years have just expired, that your wife is still young and beautiful, and that she believes you dead."

"Stay," cried the unhappy knight. But the form of his strange visitor had already melted away into the darkness, and he was left alone to his own disturbed and melancholy thoughts. Before morning he fell into a fitful, agitated slumber, and dreamed.

Once more in fancy he found himself in his own beloved home, within the walls of his own grey old castle, but it was only to witness a scene which was absolute torture to

his fevered brain—the marriage of his wife to another. He woke up from sleep with a cry of agony, and all day long the horrible vision haunted him, and proved a greater pain to him than the burdens he was forced to carry, or the dreaded strokes of the slave-master's whip.

At night as he again lay wakeful upon his wretched bed, his visitor of the previous night appeared to him.

"Do you accept my offer or not?" asked the stranger.

Once more Kuno hesitated.

"I wish to be your friend," said the man. "I will restore you to your home—to your wife who believes you dead. I will rescue you from the miserable life you are now leading, and in return I ask—simply nothing. For if you choose to keep awake during the journey, you can, of course, do so. What do you decide? Yes or no? What you do must be done quickly. If you remain away from the beautiful Ida another year, it will be better for you never to return at all."

These last words decided the knight.

"Stranger, I will trust myself to you," he said. "Take me only where my heart yearns to be, and I will submit to any conditions you may impose."

"Good!" returned the mysterious one, producing at once from the folds of his mantle a parchment on which some curious characters were inscribed. "Sign that," he said, presenting a pen.

"I have no ink," returned the knight.

"A soldier should never be at a loss," said the stranger grimly. With the point of the sword he carried he made a small incision in the knight's arm, from which the blood flowed freely.

"That will serve you. It is as good ink as I know of."

With a shudder, dipping the pen into the blood, Kuno signed—after the only fashion that he knew—with a rude cross. Apparently the signature did not altogether please his new friend, for he in his turn shuddered as he looked at it; but rolling the parchment hastily together, he concealed it once more beneath his mantle.

"So far well," he said. "Do not fear to mount the steed which I will presently send you; he will carry you well and surely to the place where your heart longs to be. A happy journey to you, sir knight."

Kuno was not a little startled to find standing by his couch an enormous lion with a flowing mane. At first he was disposed to spring away in terror from so strange a visitor, but when the huge animal, after regarding him with a mild and dignified expression, approached him and bent before him, as though inviting him to mount upon his back, the knight's fears vanished. With a certain courage of desperation he swung himself across this strange steed, and, to his surprise, found that he sat as easily and comfortably as though he were in a saddle.

The moment he was mounted the lion moved gently forward; and no sooner had he gained the outer air than he began to rise, at first gradually and then more rapidly, until the land lay far below them, a dim speck in the distance, and only the white and fleecy clouds kept them company.

Quicker and quicker flew the lion, over sea, over land, over mountains, swiftly and easily as a bird flies, while the knight, as he sat astride the creature's broad back, and grasped his bushy mane with both hands, sat fearless and undismayed by the strangeness of his position, delightful

visions of the home he was so soon to see, and of the wife he was so soon to embrace, floating before his eyes. The only trouble was, that he had such curious and enormous difficulty in keeping those eyes open.

Whether from the swift movement through the air, the sleeplessness of the two previous nights, or from any other cause, the knight could not tell, but the faster he flew and the higher he rose, the more irresistible became his desire for a nap.

With all his power he struggled against the feeling of drowsiness which kept continually overtaking him—for he was not unmindful of the terms of that contract which he had sealed with the mysterious one ; yet in spite of this, his eyes drooped of their own weight.

It seemed to him as though the movement of the lion were the rocking of the cradle which had been wont to lull him in his infancy ; dream-pictures were already beginning to form themselves upon his half-waking, half-sleeping brain ; his head was already beginning to fall upon his breast, his hold to loosen on the mane of his careering steed, when suddenly, a sharp peck as from a bird's beak on his head aroused him.

Looking up hastily, he saw that a pure white falcon was hovering about him, and that he had been saved from destruction by its means. With a tremendous effort, and with the full peril of his situation clearly before him, the knight roused himself, and swore that neither sleep, nor the devil, should get the better of him.

For a little while, by tremendous effort, he managed to keep his eyes wide open, but very shortly the lids took to falling, the head to drooping, the wearied muscles began to

relax. But again, at the moment of danger, the friendly falcon pecked sharply with his beak upon the sleep-laden head, which was raised once more, unconquered.

And now, as the lion began to descend in the morning dawn, a dark mass of green, that in the far distance looked black, was spread over the earth beneath the knight's feet, and he knew it to be his own beloved land of Forest. He was almost within sight of home, that dear grey tower on the rock which in dreams he had so often visited.

Yet even now his eyelids drooped unwillingly, confused murmurs rang in his ears, a sensation of numbness crept over his senses. Had it not been for the constant exertions of the attendant bird, who flapped her wings in his face, and fanned the refreshing breeze to his cheeks, and plied her sharp little beak now to his brow or now to his ear, he would have fallen, even at the last moment, into the power of his betrayer.

As it was, the lion, gently descending in a series of gradual curves, alighted before the very gate of Kuno's ancestral home, and the knight, springing from off his back, saw him mount again with a rapid swimming movement, far into the blue air. As he rose there fell from amid the creature's thick mane a parchment, which, as it descended, scattered itself in a thousand torn scraps upon the ground; while upon the topmost stone of the castle sat the falcon, its white wings bathed in gold by the rays of the rising sun.

The knight, we may be sure, lost no time in penetrating into the interior of the castle, where in the courtyard he found, somewhat to his surprise, a large company of people assembled, horsemen and men in armour, of whom

he was inclined to ask their business, but as it happened, they asked his.

"I am a pilgrim come from the far away East," said Kuno. "One, too, who has suffered much at the hands of the unbelievers," pointing to his ragged dress.

"A pilgrim ! Ah ! then you will be made welcome here by the Lady Ida," said one. "Even her new marriage does not, so it is said, make her forget that husband of hers who was killed, who knows how many years ago, in the holy wars !"

"Her new marriage ?" echoed Kuno in dismay.

"Yes ; it is celebrated to-day. You had best stay for the feasting," said another idler ; "and you may think yourself in luck's way, for plenty of wine will be flowing, I doubt not. A pity, truly, that they cannot put some of the gay red juice in the white cheeks of the bride."

Kuno had listened as in a kind of dream.

"Is she so pale ?" he asked, for he had left her rosy and bright-eyed.

"She is unwilling," returned his informant. "She would fain retire to a convent, but that is not permitted her. He who takes the castle will have her too."

"Who is he ?" asked the knight, quietly but sternly.

And when he knew that it was none other than his cousin Berthold, his near kinsman and old enemy, he knew why he had claimed the Lady Ida as a part of his dead cousin's heritage, and why the bride's cheek was pale—for in early years Berthold had loved the lady with a fierce, wild love that had met with no requital ; and in later days had hated her with as bitter a hate as that he had bestowed on his successful rival.

Kuno bided his time. But at the marriage feast a pilgrim from the Holy Land, with long unshaven beard and travel-stained clothes, approached the white-faced bride, and, with a low bow, begged to drink a wine-cup to her happiness. The lady sighed, but silently filling a goblet presented it to her stranger guest. He drank, and as he gave the goblet back into her hands, dropped into it a piece of metal, which clinked against its sides.

"A poor pilgrim's bridal gift," he said humbly.

It was a half-circle of gold.

With a sudden cry the lady seized from her bosom, where it had always lain since the cruel day when Kuno had bade her farewell, a second half-circle, similar to that which she now held in her hand. With agitated, trembling fingers, she laid the severed portions against each other.

"They are one!" she cried in tremulous delight, and when she thought to separate them she could not, for the two severed halves had once more united.

At the same moment, looking down upon the bowed head of the pilgrim who knelt before her, the lady recognised, under the travel-stained garb and disguising beard of the wayfarer, the dearly-loved features, changed and haggard by time and suffering, of her own true knight.

In another moment husband and wife were in one another's arms.

In gratitude to the bird who had saved him from the wiles of the Wicked One, and restored him to home and happiness, Kuno von Stein adopted the falcon as his device, and his descendants, of whom there were many, were known by the name of Falkenstein. They acquired,

as we have seen, an unenviable reputation both for themselves and their valley. Indeed, it would seem that the Evil One, having been baffled in his designs on knight Kuno, took his revenge by appropriating to himself the knight's descendants. However that may be, the name of Falkenstein became a very terror and by-word in the land, a synonym for violence and robbery. And it was at length through the misdeeds of its owners that the castle came to an end.

The story of its destruction is as follows :—

A maiden of the Falkenstein race loved a citizen of Freiburg, and became his wife, very much against the wish of her brothers, Künnlin and Werner, lords of Falkenstein. for a deadly feud had for a length of time existed between the honest Freiburgers and the dishonest barons. And how the maiden Wolfrianne had made acquaintance with the burgher, it is hard to explain, except from the very likely circumstance of his having fallen into the clutches of the Falkensteiners, and having, in his captivity, been regarded by the maiden with the pity which is said to be akin to love.

Some versions of the legend have it, that the citizen-husband, who possessed the unromantic name of Schneider, was poor. It seems more probable that he was, on the contrary, rich ; for, a few months after the marriage, as he was imprudently passing near the entrance of the Höllenthal, he was seized and carried off a prisoner to the castle on the rock.

Whether the object of the Falkensteiners was simply revenge or greed, matters little. Poor Schneider was fast in the keeping of his aristocratic brothers-in-law.

When his wife heard of his danger, she at once proceeded on foot to the Höllenthal to demand her husband's release. It was the depth of winter, and a weary journey the poor lady had, amid the deep snow and blinding sleet, through the inhospitable glen, burdened as she was with another life.

Arrived at the castle she was simply ignored and refused admittance. In vain she clamoured at the gate. For three days and nights she wandered in patient misery round and round the castle walls, seeking to storm the cruel stronghold with tears and prayers. Only the stern grey walls looked unpityingly on her misery.

On the third day, alone amid the snow, she bore her first-born child. It was dead. Wrapping it in her mantle, she scraped a hole in the deep snow, and buried it. Then she returned to her attack upon the castle. One of her brothers, more pitiful than the other, threw from the top-most battlement an old cloak, and bade her wrap herself in it and go away.

But the unhappy Wolfrianne was not to be thus easily dismissed.

With a certain fierceness, bred of her sorrow and suffering, she demanded the instant release of her husband, and threatened to appeal for justice to the Emperor himself.

"You have killed the child, murderers that you are ! Restore the father and husband," she cried.

Werner the Heartless, who from the battlement listened to the unhappy wife's pleadings, was seized with a sudden wicked impulse.

"Your wish shall be granted," said he. "We will send you the captive as we sent you the mantle."

In a few seconds a loud and piercing shriek rent the still air. For, from the topmost battlement of the Falkenstein, was flung, head-foremost, with a whirr and a heavy thud, on the frozen ground a hundred feet below, a human form. It fell at the feet of the miserable woman—a bleeding, shapeless mass.

"There is your husband, now go," cried Werner the Heartless.

With scarcely a tear, and scarcely a word, the new-made widow went. But with her she carried a handkerchief dipped in her husband's blood, and this she laid, at once, before the burgher-council of Freiburg.

"Shall your citizens thus be murdered and the murderer go unavenged?" she cried. "Not if you have the hearts of men or know the meaning of your city's name."

"O Freiburg ! dasz für Freiheit bürgt,  
Wird ungestraft dein Volk erwürgt ?  
Ist mächt'ger denn die Falkenschaar  
Als Deutschlands stolzer Kaiseraar ?"

Her impassioned pleading aroused the long smouldering indignation of the Freiburgers against the robber-knights, and very soon afterwards their stronghold was stormed by a citizen-army, and laid in ruins, as it has remained to this day. This took place about the year 1390.

In the next century, certain descendants of the Falkenstein family desired permission of the Freiburg council to rebuild their ancient castle. But after due consideration and reference to the records of the town, the council decided that the old stronghold, "in which so many bad, dishonest, and shameful deeds had been committed, and for which it had been destroyed, should not be rebuilt." At the same

time an oath was exacted from all the representatives of the old family, that they would never, under any circumstances, attempt to restore the ruins, nor sell them for that purpose to any other person or persons. This oath is preserved in the records of the city "for eternal remembrance."

The Höllenthal is not without its historical recollections.

In 1702, when as yet only a mule-track led through it, Marshal Villars, the French general, refused to conduct his army through the glen so as to affect a junction with his Bavarian allies :—

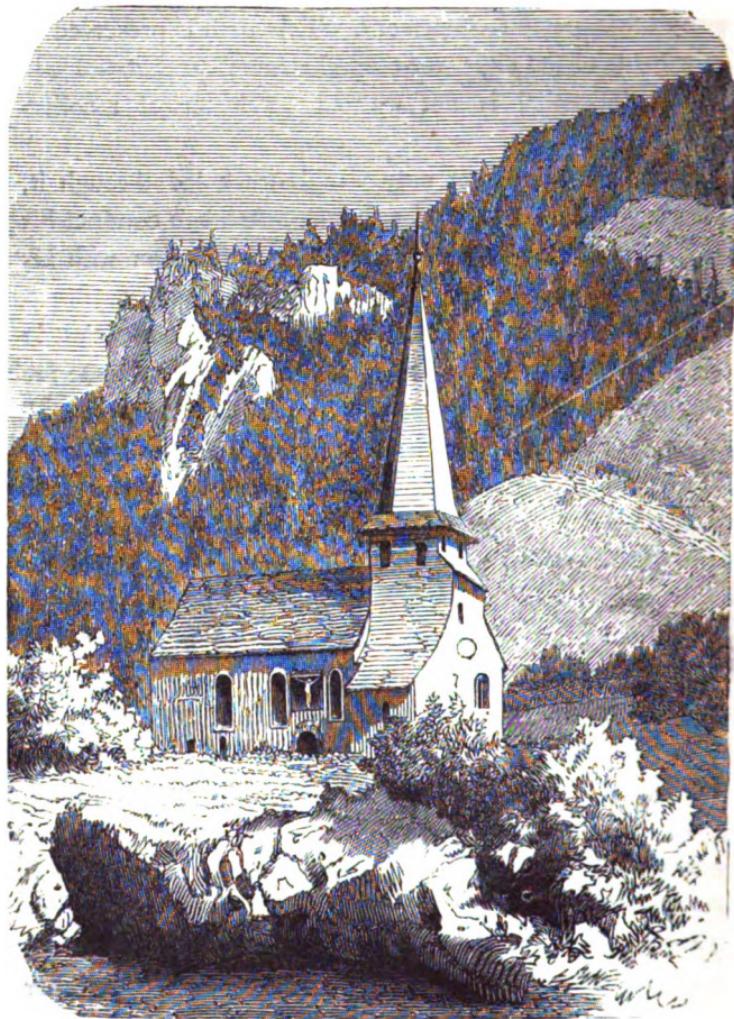
"*Cette vallée de Neustadt que vous me proposez c'est le chemin qu'on appelle le Val d'Enfer. Que votre altesse me pardonne l'expression : Je ne suis pas diable pour y passer*" (*Letter from Marshal Villars to the Elector of Bavaria*).

The present excellent road was constructed by the Austrian Government, in 1770, for the passage of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, on her bridal journey. In 1796 this defile was the scene of Moreau's celebrated retreat (p. 19).

From the ruins of the so-called New Falkenstein, which holds as it were the key of the pass, the scenery becomes at every instant more impressive and wilder. Rocks, some five to six hundred feet high, rise on each side of the road, projecting like giant buttresses and pinnacles of some time-worn fortress, stern and grey, from amid a shelter of dark pines, or covered with a bright growth of tenderly clinging moss and lichen.

Closer and closer the rock-walls approach each other, barring, as it seems, all further progress to the traveller through the gorge, until there is barely room for the roadway, beside the brawling tumbling stream, the Höllenbach,

which twists and frets in its rock-bound bed, overshadowed by gnarled trees and distorted pines, which struggle vainly



this way and that, to catch but a gleam of the glorious sun-

shine, which is, perhaps, flooding their fellows some hundreds of feet above them, and tinting the grey old rocks with the bloom of youth.

The pass for about a mile, which we would strongly recommend the traveller to walk, for the sake of a leisurely enjoyment, is certainly magnificent.

Perhaps the finest point is that known by the name of the Hirschsprung—stag's leap—the legend, of course, being that a stag, hotly pursued by the hunter, cleared the chasm at this point.

Somewhat beyond this, on the left side of the ravine, lie the ruins of Alt-Falkenstein; still a little farther, at the head of another side valley, opening into the Höllenthal, the chapel of St. Oswald, where, according to tradition, the murdered body of the unfortunate Schneider was interred, and which is still used for weekly service by the peasantry of the surrounding villages.

The Höllenthal now widens, and loses a good deal of its peculiar character, without at the same time losing any of its beauty. The solitary inn of the Stern, an excellent and comfortable house, is most picturesquely situated at the junction of the Höllenthal with the Ravennathal, a romantic gorge with a small lake and cascade.

At the back of the Stern inn rise forest-covered hills, a considerable portion of which are the private property of the landlady of the inn, who is a simple, kindly, white-haired peasant-woman, dressed in the old national costume, and with a quiet dignity of manner that might put many a lady of fashion to the blush.

Through these forests, a path, somewhat steep, leads to the Feldberg.

Opposite the inn is a quaint little chapel, capable of holding twelve persons.

From the Stern the road begins at once to ascend a steep slope, which carries it out of the Höllenthal. It is known as the Höllensteig, or Mount of Hell. But the views to be obtained on it are so very beautiful, its whole surroundings so romantic and delightful, that it might well have been dowered with a different title. The zigzag road, doubling and redoubling on itself, is admirably constructed, and affords very charming prospects at every point: down the Höllenthal itself: over the rocky Ravennathal; over forest-covered hills and soft green slopes, studded with tiny huts and broad-eaved châlets; over rills and waterfalls and flowery meadows; in short, every kind of pastoral beauty seems to be represented.

At length the top of the mountain-ridge (3000 feet high) is reached, and the road, passing within a short distance of a pretty village, Hinterzarten, which is seen nestling among trees (and where good accommodation can be had), takes its level course to the Post-house of Altenweg, the junction of diligences for Donaueschingen, and for Lenzkirch on the road to St. Blasien.

There are only a couple of bedrooms at the Post-house of Altenweg.

The Titisee, the most popular of the Black Forest lakes, is within ten minutes' walk of Altenweg. Here is a little hotel and pension (Titisee), much frequented during the summer months. It is a good resting-place from Freiburg, but rooms should be written for.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE TITISEE—LENZKIRCH—ST. BLASIEN—THE FELDBERG.

“ O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,  
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes  
Ever beheld.”

*Wordsworth.*

THE Titisee, the most popular of the Black Forest lakes, lies but a few minutes' walk from the Post-house of Altenweg.

The lake itself is a small sheet of water, about a mile and a half long, and three-quarters of a mile broad. It is surrounded on three sides by wooded hills, which reflect themselves darkly on the smooth surface of the water, giving a fantastic and almost weird effect to the mountain tarn, which are by no means out of harmony with the legends which haunt it.

Where the dark waters of the Titisee now cover the land, there once stood, according to tradition, a stately convent, whose abbesses were chosen from among the highest-born ladies of the land, and where no nun was received who was not an heiress in her own right. A rich and a proud community were they, practising little of the self-denial or austerity to which they were by vow devoted; intent only on increasing their wealth, on enjoying their lives, and outvying one another in luxury and

frivolity. So crying was the evil, that at length Heaven's vengeance was drawn down upon the unhallowed cloister.

It was a wild winter's night, the snow was beating pitilessly against the convent-windows, the storm-winds



were soughing among the pines, and roaring, like monster beasts of prey, around the many-gabled building. Every now and then the sharp bark of the wolf made itself heard above the tumult of the elements. The nuns sat in their

tapestried hall about a well-piled board, and told tales, by the light of pine-torches, which made many a shout of laughter ring round the table.

In the midst of the feast a loud knocking was heard at the door, as of one in extreme anxiety. It was unheeded amid the tumult of laughter and song.

The knocking was repeated again and again.

At length, said one, to the youngest of the sisterhood, "Go, see who is disturbing us there—or rather, do not adventure to the gate, call from a window that, whoever he may be, he cannot be admitted."

The novice, a fair young girl who had but just been incarcerated in the convent, at the will of her guardians, and very much against her own inclination, did as she was desired.

She brought the news—"It is a white-haired man, a pilgrim old and feeble, who prays us, for the love of God, to give him food and shelter."

"Bah!" said the Lady-Abbess, whose face was flushed with wine; "bid him begone. We want no vagrants here;—and hand me by the way the breast of that fat capon."

"He is very old and feeble," said the novice pleadingly, "and fears the wolves, and that before morning he will perish in the snow."

"He is tougher than he wots of, it strikes me," returned the Mother-Superior, "but at least we will drink his good health, and that of the wolves who may have him for supper. Let us drown him in wine, my sisters."

The knocking still continued feebly and at intervals, and the novice kept, from time to time, looking with anxious eyes towards the door, yet her courage failed her to brave

the displeasure of the Lady-Abbess. But as soon as she could, without observation, creep away from the hall, where, as a consequence of their revelry, the greater number of the saintly ladies were stretched in happy unconsciousness on the floor, she made her way to the little window from which she had held her parley with the wanderer.

She opened it and called softly. No answer came but, to her astonishment and horror, a sound as of mighty rushing waters, surging and beating against the cloister-buildings.

In vague terror she rushed away from the casement, to warn the sleeping sisterhood of some extraordinary and mysterious danger. But as she attempted to descend the stairs, she found that the flood had already broken in upon them, and the sounds which met her ears at every step were such as might well strike terror to her heart. It was the hoarse sound of surging breakers, rolling with a voice of thunder through the vaulted convent-rooms, mingled with the despairing shrieks of drowning, half-maddened women.

In vain they mounted from floor to floor, to the topmost turrets of the building, to the very roof. At each stage the avenging water pursued them.

When morning, calm and clear, dawned, there lay, where the cloister-buildings and gardens had stood, a deep, dark lake of untroubled blue; but on its surface might have been seen, winning its way to shore, a little boat, guided by an aged man in pilgrim's dress, while in the ark, alone saved from the penal flood, sat a fair-haired girl—she who the day before had been a novice in the sunken convent, and had had pity.

Even to this day, so it is said, when the waters of the

lake are at their clearest and calmest, a glimpse of pinnacles and towers, deep submerged, may be had by those who look down into the shadowy water.

It is also believed by the surrounding peasantry to be unfathomable. For once when an adventurous spirit thought to test its depth with a plumb-line of extraordinary length, the line was suddenly jerked out of his hand by some power from beneath the water, and a voice sounded the solemn warning—

“ Misest du mich  
So verschling ich dich ”

which, being interpreted, means—

“ Measure me,  
And I'll measure thee.”

It is also said that whoever dives in the Titisee hears the ringing of the doomed convent bells.

The shores of the lake are beautifully strewn with a profusion of wild flowers, among which the blue forget-me-not, the handsome white thistle, primroses and violets in spring, and the gorgeous harvest-crocus in autumn, are conspicuous.

From the farther side of the lake (to be reached by a forest-path, or in a boat from the hotel), is the most usual and easiest ascent of the Feldberg, on foot. The boat lands the traveller at Bruderhalde, whence the stream Seebach, which flows into the Titisee, must be followed to Bärenthal. From this point (the Adler at Bärenthal) the carriage road, an excellent one, ascends to the mountain station of the Feldberg Hotel (p. 296), the whole ascent occupying about two hours and a half.

The highroad from Altenweg to Lenzkirch passes by the Hotel Titisee. It is an extremely beautiful road, winding up the hillside, skirting the whole length of the lake, which is thus spread out at the traveller's feet, always at a greater and greater depth below him, while, as he rises higher and higher, the dark mass of the Feldberg, capped by its tower, comes more and more fully into view.

The road between the Titisee and Lenzkirch plunges into a wild tract of forest, where, for a drive of some seven or eight miles, there is not a sign or vestige of human habitation.

A great quantity of game is to be found in this part of the Forest, and the picturesque forms of the foresters, or hunters, add an element of life to the otherwise lonely region. But lonely as the pine-forest is, and to a certain extent monotonous, it is impossible to tire of it. The vistas of endless brown or silvery cylindrical stems, that rise to a height, sometimes of two hundred feet, have a charm that absolutely rivets the eye. There is a sense of youth and life and freshness about these mighty ever-springing giants, which imparts itself to the beholder, an exuberance of strength, of which the wayfarer seems to gather a portion, as the fragrance of the pinewood is wasted to his nostrils by every breeze that stirs the far-away shadowy branches, or shakes the golden cones to his feet.

A wild place enough though, in winter, must these same pine forests be, when the snow lies eight feet deep by the roadside, and chokes up the narrow valleys with an unknown depth of drift, and the little lonely châlets are buried for weeks within their own frozen walls.

Still the high-road is constantly cleared from snow, and

the post-diligence, sometimes with a double team, and often on sleighs, makes its daily way over the ice-bound slopes.

Lenzkirch lies in the valley surrounded on all sides by forest and hill. It is a busy, thriving, and picturesque little town, absorbed in clockmaking and straw-plaiting, and with a good and comfortable inn (*Poste*). One clock manufactory employs 800 persons.

A more direct route can be taken from the Titisee to St. Blasien, avoiding Lenzkirch altogether, but the little town is so interesting that this is a pity. From Lenzkirch a diligence runs to St. Blasien.

A constantly ascending and most picturesque road leads from the valley in which the little town of Lenzkirch nestles, through wild forest, and zigzags over the crest of a lofty hill, to the village and lake of Schluchsee with two good inns (*Stern* and *Schiff*).

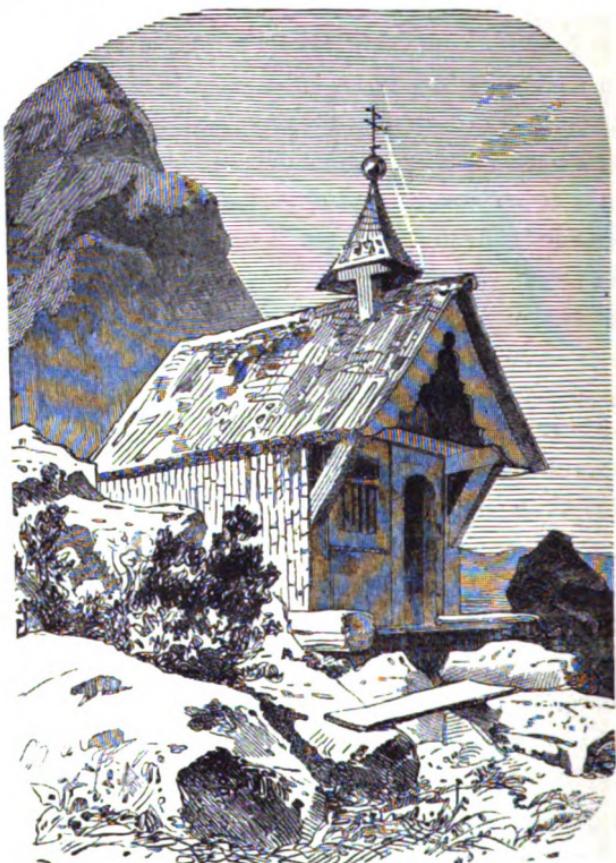
This lake, although less known than the Titisee, is perhaps the more beautiful of the two. It is considerably larger, being about two miles long by about three-quarters' broad, and its neighbourhood is wilder and more romantic than that of its sister-lake. The air is also considered more bracing.

After passing the Schluchsee a very peculiar district is passed through. The mountains are for the most part bare, and strewn with a vast number of blocks and boulders of grey granite streaked with red. The huge stones lie by hundreds and thousands, at all angles on the hill-slopes, as though an army of giants had been engaged at playing ball with the huge toys, and had suddenly abandoned the sport.

Next, a wild lovely valley is entered, with a silver stream

flowing through it (the Schwarzachthal), its sides covered with a magnificent forest-growth.

The character of the scenery is remarkably Swiss. Indeed the whole of the road from Titisee by Lenzkirch to



ON LAKE SCHLUCHSEE.

St. Blasien may be considered one of the most beautiful in the Black Forest, not only from the delightful scenery through which it passes, but from the extraordinary variety

of landscapes which it presents : lakes, mountains, forests, valleys—each in their way of a beauty not to be excelled, succeeding one another :—each new turn of the road revealing some fresh charm, some new surprise of nature's choicest handiwork.

A quarter of an hour before reaching St. Blasien, on the excellent new road, which in places runs nearly parallel with the old one, a turn to the left by the *Gasthaus Kaiser* leads to Höchenschwand (p. 294–5), with church and large hotel standing prominently on the hill-top.

The last “surprise” of this extremely beautiful route is the magnificent church, a copy on a yet larger scale of the Pantheon at Rome, which strikes, with a certain sense of bewilderment, on the traveller’s gaze, as he makes a rapid descent, under bowering trees, into the green and quiet valley. He rubs his eyes as he catches sight of the monster-dome, which seems so utterly out of place and out of proportion to all surrounding buildings, and is apt to wonder—Is the whole thing a hallucination?

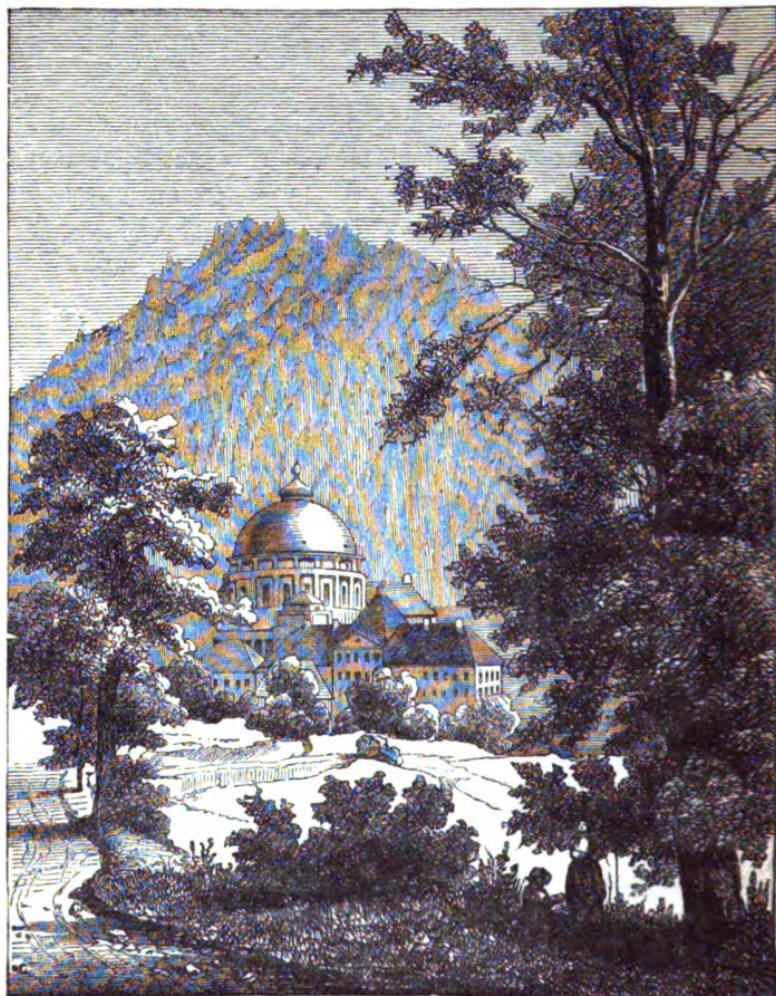
It is, however, only one among many records of the wealth and magnificence of the German priest-princes.

The great Benedictine Abbey of St. Blasien, which originally stood here, and which gave its name and existence to the village, was established so early as the tenth century, by certain pious recluses who had found out the charms and advantages of the secluded valley.

It became a celebrated seat of learning, and possessed a large library and a vast accumulation of “treasures” which had disappeared before its secularization.

The present building dates only from the year 1786, and the abbey was suppressed in 1805. The very large monastic

buildings were then converted to secular use. An hotel, several private residences, and two extensive manufactories



ST. BLASIEN.

have their homes within the venerable walls. The abbey-

church which occupied the centre of the building was reserved for its legitimate use.

Five years ago (October 1874), a spark from the cotton factory adjoining fell upon the great dome of the church, which was built all of wood. Almost momentarily it was in a blaze ; the stream, too, which flows close at hand, was frozen at the time, the air was frosty—the wind high. From one cause or another the fire spread to the whole building, leaving only the skeleton standing to tell of the glories that had been, and committing great damage to one wing of the old convent.

The church is now in active restoration, the government having come to the aid of the little town, with a handsome grant, and the new cupola, which will be entirely of iron, will, it is hoped, resist the fate of its more perishable predecessor.

A part of the old monastery is, as we have already said, converted into an hotel (St. Blasien). It is a comfortable and well-conducted house, a good deal frequented by English, the landlord speaking English well.

St. Blasien appears to lie very much down in the valley, but it is in fact 2530 feet above the sea, and is considered a very healthy spot. There is excellent shooting and fishing (trout) in the neighbourhood, and it is also a good centre for several most interesting excursions.

The inhabitants are almost wholly—to the number of 600 people—employed in the cotton and nickel-works, established in the old monastery buildings.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the monastery, and once included within its grounds, is the romantic Tusculum Waterfall, a series of small cascades, ending in a sudden

fall, through a chasm, in the rocky bed of the stream, the Alb, into which the impatient little flood plunges with great noise and fury.

From here, but a few steps lead at once into the deep forest. Indeed, St. Blasien is little more than a clearing, and it is difficult to walk a hundred yards out of the village on any side, without finding one's self in perfectly sylvan surroundings.

A favourite walk or drive from St. Blasien is to Höchenschwand, a tiny village on the mountain-top, consisting of a church, a straw manufactory, a dozen cottages and a large hotel, which has obtained a considerable reputation from its position as an "air-cure."

Certainly, if good air is to be had anywhere, it should be had here.

The hotel is good, well-arranged, and reasonable, with excellent living. It possesses reading and music rooms, and a good garden. But perhaps its chief attraction is that, from the terrace at the back of the house, there is to be obtained, occasionally, a very magnificent panorama of the Swiss Alps, from the Bavarian Tyrol to Mont Blanc : a panorama said to be superior to that seen from the terrace at Bern, and comprising no fewer than one hundred and sixty-one peaks.

Unhappily, mountain-ranges are apt, like other celebrated beauties, to be coquettish and tricksy, and the present writer has no personal experience of this especial view to recount, having waited and hoped—hoped and waited—in vain.

It may be, however, that the uncertainty gives a certain zest to the pursuit of the white-veiled coy ones—a certain keenness of appreciation of their presence when they

vouchsafe to be gracious. In short, those who know the surprises and delights of distant mountain views—those who have watched hopefully and hopelessly day after day through fair weather and foul, through skies murky or clear and blue as an Italian lake, until they have persuaded themselves that the mountains, of which they have been told, are not, and cannot be; and that the legend of their appearance is but a misleading and a sham; and then at the close of a shower-sprinkled day have suddenly looked up to feel them close, in very companionship—those who can count such experiences as their own, will understand the charm of residence at Höchenschwand; and he to whom the revelation of the mountains has not yet been given will hardly do so until it comes.

Then, when at last, the ghostlike cloud of witnesses, touched by the light of some setting sun, rises suddenly about him and around him, rearing their glorious crests into the pale blue of an autumn sky, spotless and pure, as though they might, each one of them, serve for a great white throne on which God's majesty could fitly rest—then he will know something of the solemnity and the grandeur and the beauty of them—he will have some notion of the sense in which “high mountains are a feeling.”

But it needs, perhaps, that he should see them under even another form before he will completely realize the majesty and the glory of them.

It needs even more than the roseate sunset-lights to tinge the white snow-fields with a blush, or the pangs of the dying sun to stain them with a streak of blood, or the growing twilight to steal like a calm death over them, in shades of deepening grey. It needs to see their resurrec-

tion—their sudden awakening from the sleep of death : to see them glowing with an inward fire, as though the very spirit were shining out from them : to stand transfixed and breathless before the awe-inspiring glory of the afterglow.

Then, he who has once seen does not forget. The remembrance of that moment in which he was—surely he must have been—lifted from things of earth, from self and the puny surroundings of self, into a vaster and grander world, stays by him; and the place where the mountains have been revealed to him seems to him almost as did that sacred mount of old, upon which the patriarch was bidden to put his shoes from off his feet—“holy ground.”

From St. Blasien the exquisite valley of the Albthal (p. 343), leads to Albbrück on the Basle and Constance railway, and another most interesting route by Todtmoos, through the Wehrthal (p. 340), to Brennet also on that line.

The Feldberg is most frequently ascended from St. Blasien. There is a carriage-drive all the way as far as the inn (the Feldberg), which is within twenty minutes of the summit. The road, which was constructed at the expense of the Prince of Furstenberg, is an excellent one, although in places very steep. The ascent begins from Menzenschwand, a village at the foot of the mountain, celebrated as the birthplace of the painter Winterhalter, and for its trade in articles of wood. The drive from St. Blasien to the Feldberg hotel occupies about two hours and a half: on foot, not much longer. It is usual to ascend in the afternoon, so as to reach the summit in time for the sunset, and to remain over night, for the sake of the sunrise the following morning, either at the Feldberg hotel, or at the

Viehhütte (cowherd's sheds), where rough accommodation may be had.

It need hardly be said that this excursion has its delights, and too often its disappointments, as is the case with sunrises on all mountain-tops ; and it is by no means advisable after heavy rain, as the summit of the Feldberg is extremely swampy ; not rising in a peak, after the fashion of most mountains, but presenting a bare treeless plateau.

The tower, which is so conspicuous an object in every view of the mountain, was built in 1859, by the communes of St. Blasien, Schönau, and Freiburg, in commemoration of the marriage of the Grand Duke of Baden with Princess Louise of Prussia.

The view from this point, the highest elevation of Germany, is in clear weather remarkably fine, embracing southward the whole range of the Alps, with an occasional vision in the dim distance of Mont Blanc. South-west the dark outlines of the Jura are distinguishable ; farther north lie the Vosges ; to the east the Höhgau ; south-east the Tyrolean Alps. These are distant views—while at the foot of the spectator, crowd and cluster the endless heights of the Black Forest.

Yet, grand as this panorama undoubtedly is, a more picturesque, if more restricted, prospect is to be had from the Seebuck, a point of view some 250 feet lower than the summit—that is to say, at an elevation of 4750 feet ; and very often, when the distant view is absolutely nothing but a disappointment, this will be found to repay the toil of the long ascent.

Far below, in a basin completely enclosed by precipitous

pine-clad mountains, lies the Feldsee, a dark and lonely mountain tarn ; beyond it, opens out the romantic Bärenthal, fed by the stream which flows from the Feldsee to feed the Titisee, of which lake a portion is also visible. The background is filled in by the picturesque and varied forms of the richly-coloured Black Forest and Suabian Mountains.

It is a great pity that the Feldberg hotel, from which there is comparatively little view, was not built at Seebuck, which would have been an unrivalled situation. There is a zigzag and safe path, which leads in about half an hour from the Feldberg hotel to the lake.

It is to this spot that Mr. W. Black, in his charming novel of "In Silk Attire," makes his heroine retreat, or rather ascend, when disturbed by certain romantic troubles. It may be doubted whether the place is not altogether too stern and dreary to produce a soothing effect upon a mind ill at ease, but perhaps the author felt that the keen mountain air might be mentally, as well as physically, bracing.

"In Silk Attire" should certainly accompany every traveller who proposes to make an excursion to the Feldberg.

The description of the *See* is very striking :—

"Nothing could well be more lovely or melancholy than this dark and silent lake lying in its circular bed, evidently an extinct volcanic crater, overshadowed by tall and perpendicular crags hemming it in on every side, and scarcely ever having a breath of wind to stir its leaden-like surface. The tall, thinly-clad rocks, rising to the circular breadth of white sky above, were faintly mirrored in the black water underneath, and the gloomy stillness of the quite motionless picture was not relieved by the least stir or sound of any living thing. This hideous hole, its surface

nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea, is of unknown depth. No wonder that the superstitious Schwarzwalders have legends about it, and that the children tell you of the demon deer that was wont to spring over the tall precipices above, and so lure on the unwary huntsman and his horse to destruction."

Very much the same legends attach to the Feldsee as to the Mummelsee. It is bottomless, and is inhabited by a race of water-sprites, who are, it may be imagined, not so kindly as those of the Hornisgrinde lake, since we read :—

Once upon a time a woman, living in one of the Viehhütte on the mountain-side, left her baby in the cottage while she went down into the valley for some necessaries. When she came home she found that her child had been replaced, during her absence, by another. Her baby had been rosy, plump, and smiling. The changeling was, on the contrary, we are assured, "as ugly as sin, with a head like a tub, and calf's eyes." Moreover, instead of crying in a natural and proper manner, it croaked like a frog.

When the husband came in he found his wife naturally in great trouble over this uncanny little object, and at once perceived that sorcery of some kind had been at work, but where to look for the enemy who had thus insidiously attacked them, the bereaved father and mother knew not.

It was not until some weeks afterwards, during which time the changeling had grown more and more hideous and repulsive day by day, that the unhappy mother, wandering by the lonely mountain-lake, heard, and at once recognised, the voice of her own child crying to her from the water. She hastened to find her husband, and imparted the news.

"Then it must be," said he, "the wicked nixies of the lake who have stolen our little one, and replaced him with this imp of their own."

After due consideration the husband and wife carried the false baby to the lake, and, not wishing to have any dealings with the powers of darkness, threw him bodily into the water. Strange to say, the child sank at once like a stone, which, considering his origin, was not to be expected of him; but a few seconds afterwards there rose from the centre of the lake, appearing only for a moment, and disappearing again as suddenly, a curly head and a plump pair of outstretched hands, which the agitated parents at once recognised as belonging to their own beloved child.

Unhappily he did not appear again, and it was only to be concluded that the wicked water-nixies refused to give him up.

For long afterwards, as the mother passed by the spot, she could hear the pitiful wails and crying of her infant.

Feldberg is haunted by a special spirit or demon of its own, who, at one time gave an immense amount of trouble and anxiety to the good brotherhood of St. Blasien, to whose establishment, so near the borders of his property, he objected. He would make constant descents into the valley, set the monastery bells ringing in the middle of the night, burn the clerical hay-stacks, turn the clerical cattle loose, steal, so it was affirmed, the poultry from the yard, and became generally so annoying and aggressive, that the monks resolved on their side to make war on the enemy's territory.

Their great notion, suggested by the most learned of

their number, seems to have been, by means of certain holy words, to lure the demon into an empty bottle and there cork him down. Many and praiseworthy were the efforts the pious men made to this end. But the advice was probably something like the old recipe for cooking a hare—"First catch your hare, then cook him."

Or, perhaps, they could never quite succeed in corking the bottle up tight enough. In fact, the demon, as this spirit of the mountain was decided to be, was literally irrepressible.

Once a strong party of worthy monks ascended to the summit of the mountain, and there lighted a bonfire, in the hope of by this means attracting the demon's attention,—having meantime the empty bottle, no doubt, in readiness. But the demon, not to be so easily caught, blew the fire into such fierceness, with some of the mountain-gales, which he had, perhaps, bottled for the occasion, and so pelted and pursued the demon-hunters with hailstones, that they were forced to beat a retreat once more into the valley.

Since the monks have been ousted from St. Blasien, it is popularly believed that the mountain-demon has moved his quarters too. It is possible that, after all, his old enemies may have an attraction for him, and that he has followed them to their new home in Carinthia.

The Feldberg may also be reached by way of Todtnau, to which place a diligence runs in five hours and a half from Freiburg, passing through Todtnau on to Zell, a station of the newly-opened branch railway through the Wiesenthal from Basle (p. 321).

The route between Freiburg and Todtnau is picturesque and interesting, but not to be compared with the Höllenthal.

It passes through the romantic St. Wilhelmsthal, and reaches its highest point (3300 feet) at a place curiously called Nothschrei (Need-cry), recording the anxiety of the peasants for a road over this mountain, and the refusal of the government to assist them in the useful undertaking.

This route passes close to the Todtnauer waterfall (300 feet high), formed by the united waters of the Wiese and Bergerbach, as they rush down from the Feldberg, through a wild and romantic ravine, immediately above the town of Todtnau.

Todtnau itself, though charmingly situated, is uninteresting, the old town having been burnt to the ground in 1876, and replaced by an entirely modern one. There is a good inn here (*Zum Ochsen*), and the little town is busy with paper and cotton mills, lucifer-match and brush manufactories. The old arms of the town, a miner with hammer and pick-axe, prove that mining was the principal occupation of the inhabitants in very early times.

From this side the Feldberg must be ascended on foot, a bad carriage-road being only available part of the way, as far as to the Baldenvege Viehhütte.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

FREIBURG TO BASLE—BADENWEILER—ISTEIN.

“Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !”

*Hood.*

THE railway southward, from Freiburg towards Basle, continues to pass between the broad Rhine and the forest-covered hills of the Black Forest.

From Krotzingen, eight miles from Freiburg, at the head of the Munsterthal, a diligence runs to Staufen, a quaint little town, crowned by the ruins of a castle which was the cradle of the mighty Hohenstaufens. The only record of the race now remaining is to be found in a newly-erected statue of Barbarossa, in the market-place, with the inscription—

“Hic transibat Cæsar.”

The castle is the home of many legends, and it is said to this day to be haunted by a Kobald or knocking spirit, a favourite German creation, which would seem to have some kind of relation to the modern medium, since its chief occupation appears to be rapping. The Kobald of Hohenstaufen, who is known by the name of Klopferle or the Knocker, is not a malicious spirit, but has more the character of the banshee, foretelling, by his knocks, evil that

may be coming on the house to which he has attached himself.

In the Middle Ages, so runs the story, a certain knight of Hohenstaufen, who had gone to the wars, leaving his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was in the habit of sending letters home, by a faithful dog, who carried them tied to his neck.

One day, however, while the lady was praying in the chapel, came a loud knock at the door. The lady, not willing to be disturbed in her devotions, paid no heed. A second knock, still she did not rise from her knees. A third, louder and more imperative. When at length, in answer to this appeal, she rose and opened the door, there, on the threshold stood the dog, whining and woe-begone, but without a letter. He licked his mistress's hand, and creeping to her feet lay there and died. Three days afterwards she received certain news of her husband's death.

Whether the Klopferle is supposed to be the spirit of the faithful dog is not certain, but from that time forth, according to the legend, the death or misfortune of any of the Staufen family was preceded by these three ominous raps.

Now, that the old castle lies in ruins, and the old family is no longer in existence, it must be presumably for his own amusement that the Klopferle continues his active exercises, which, according to all accounts, would decidedly render the castle an unquiet residence.

Heitersheim, on the Sulzbach, is the station for the romantically situated Bad Sulzburg. Müllheim, the centre of the celebrated Markgräfler wine-district, is about an hour's drive or walk from Badenweiler, a picturesque little watering-place, rapidly growing in popularity. It is situated on

a spur of the Black Forest, at the foot of the Blauen Mountain, and lies 1400 feet above the sea, and about 740 above the Rhine. It was formerly one of the most inexpensive of the German baths, but since the very considerable influx of visitors in later years, prices have risen to a quite remarkable extent, and it bids fair now to become one of the dearest. It has various hotels (Römerbad and Karlsruhe, the best—both very gay in the season, Sonne, &c.), also several pensions, and private apartments are to be had, but are dear and difficult to obtain.

The Kursaal, built of wood after the Swiss style, contains a fine Trinkhalle, besides reading, concert, and ball-rooms. In front is a fountain with bas-reliefs of Moses Striking the Rock, and the Woman of Samaria at the Well. From the Kursaal a plantation with walks ascends the hill, on the top of which stand the ivy-clad ruins of an old castle, built in the sixteenth century on the site of a Roman tower, and destroyed by the French in 1678. The walls are ten feet thick. From this point there is a charming view of the surrounding country.

The thermal waters of Badenweiler were known to, and largely used by, the Romans, as is evident by the extensive Roman baths excavated in 1784, and which are regarded as the most perfect in Northern Europe. They consist of a swimming bath, various private baths, vapour bath, anointing and dressing room — the pavement, steps, and walls being all in an excellent state of preservation. By an inscription it appears that the baths were dedicated to Diana Abnoba, the huntress nymph of the Black Forest. The remains are 324 feet long by 81 feet broad.

The environs of Badenweiler are very romantic, and afford

many pleasant walks through the forest. The view from the Sophienruhe, a large cleared space in the wood, about 200 feet above the village, is even more picturesque than from the old castle. A mount of a hundred feet higher leads to a point of view known as the Alten Mann, with a similar, but more extensive prospect.

The Bürgler Schloss, about six miles off, is a favourite excursion, for which the humble donkey is largely in request, carriages at Badenweiler being dear. This was originally an ecclesiastical building, attached to the monastery of St. Blasien. Part of it is now used as an hotel, with pension (dear), and the monastery-church remains. It lies on a spur of the Blauen Mountain, and commands a most beautiful view. The Blauen (3597 feet), is easily ascended from Badenweiler in about two hours and a half, and there is a new carriage-road up it.

From the tower at the top the view embraces an Alpine panorama, from Glärnisch and Tödi to the Diablerets, with an occasional glimpse of Mont Blanc, the broad Rhine-valley as far as Mülhausen, the Vosges, the Kaiserstuhl, and westward the Black Forest ranges. There is an inn very near the top of the Blauen, which is resorted to as an "air-cure."

The near neighbourhood of the Belchen (4641 feet) offers another opportunity for mountaineering. It is, next to the Feldberg, the highest mountain of the Black Forest. The ascent occupies about five hours. The route to it from Badenweiler is in the highest degree picturesque and interesting, passing through Klemthal, a wildly romantic rocky valley, which bears a considerable resemblance to the Höllenthal. Those who do not care for the whole of the

toilsome ascent should, at least, go as far as Sirnitz, where there is an inn, about an hour and a half from Badenweiler.

There is also a good inn (*Rasthaus*) on the mountain, ten minutes from the top. The landlord is an exceedingly intelligent man. The view from the summit, if somewhat less extensive than from the Feldberg, is more varied, comprising a magnificent Alpine panorama, together with the Vosges, the Jura, and the various Black Forest mountains, together with an outlook into the bright and busy Münster and Wiesen valleys.

Various roads lead from the Belchen, which may be approached equally well from any side, but the route from Badenweiler is the more picturesque.

The railway beyond Müllheim turns away more and more from the Black Forest mountains, and at every yard approaches more nearly the wide flat plain through which the Rhine, during this part of its course, makes its way, tamely enough—the long cross lines of poplars which edge every meadow, giving a peculiarly French appearance to the landscape.

A few miles further on, however, the route again becomes extremely interesting. Rheinweiler, where the allied armies crossed the Rhine on a bridge of boats in 1814, is passed, and the railway, running close to the river, winds in a remarkable manner along its banks. It is here overhung by a limestone cliff, the Isteiner Klotz, which the railway penetrates by a succession of tunnels joined by bridges, also passing through an ancient chapel which once clung like an eagle's nest to the rock's face.

The old castle, the ruins of which crown the rock, has a romantic legend attached to it. A Roman station is sup-

posed to have existed at Istein, and the mediæval castle, which completely dominated the Rhine at this point, was long held by Austria, and was a continual threat and griev-



ance to the city of Basle. It was stormed and destroyed by the citizens in the year 1411.

The legend is as follows :—

In olden times there lived at the castle a gay young

knight known as Veit of Istein, renowned for his valour and deeds of knightly daring. He had been from a lad betrothed to a good and noble maiden, Jutta, of Sponeck, a castle that lies on the Alsatian bank of the Rhine near Breisach; and the thirty miles which separated the lovers seemed as nothing to the youth who, on the wings of love, and on the back of his fleet and trusty steed, made many a journey through the pleasant vine-clad hills that lay between his home and that of his fair lady.

But the time was approaching when the long drawn-out romance of courtship was to be followed by the realities of married life. Just, however, as the time of the wedding was being fixed, invitations to a grand tournament, to be held at the castle of the Count of Angenstein, were issued to all the knightly youths of the Upper Rhinegau.

The hope of winning a prize, which he might lay at the feet of his bride-elect, was a temptation too strong for the young knight of Istein to resist. Taking what was, at least, meant to be but a short farewell of his betrothed, he arrayed himself in his best-proved suit of armour, and mounting his most gallant steed set off in search of glory.

Glory of one kind the knight of Istein certainly obtained, for, as it chanced, he bore away from every contest the first prize, and after many days of jousting, the golden chaplet of victory was laid upon his brow by the hand of the old Count's daughter, the proud and beautiful Bertha. The lady's hand trembled as, for a moment, it rested on the knight's bowed head, as he knelt before her to receive the crown. And as she supplemented it with a flower culled from her waist-belt, the knight, in his turn, thrilled through every vein at the light touch of the fair white hand, which

he pressed reverently to his lips, as he took the flower from it.

Proud, beautiful, and cold, never before had the Countess Bertha bestowed a mark of her favour on living man, and it was with no small satisfaction that the old Count perceived in what direction his daughter's inclinations were leaning. A braver, handsomer son-in-law than young Veit he could not wish for, and being quite in ignorance of the knight's betrothal to another maiden, he did all that he could to delay the young man's departure from his castle by fresh festivities, and to encourage by various little judicious arrangements, not unknown to parents, the love which he saw daily developing under his eyes.

As for Veit, it was as though some enchanter's wand had struck him: as though he had been lifted away out of the everyday world—which existed, it may be presumed, for mediæval armour-clad knights, as well as for other ordinary mortals. It seemed to him as though he had been transported into some glorious dream-life, which had neither a past nor a future. He lived only in the rapturous enchantment of the present. In short, he was in love—not with the even kindly feeling which had inspired him for his betrothed Jutta, but with an absorbing desperate passion which lifted him out of himself.

As for kindly, gentle Jutta, her image retreated more and more in the dim distance before the brilliant fascinations of the queenly Bertha. Indeed, it may be imagined that the young man actually forgot all about her existence and his plighted troth. For, before long, he found himself the promised husband of another.

The news of Veit's enchainment by the lady of Thierstein flew, as bad news does fly, to Sponeck.

At first, as was to be expected, the maiden who was so near being a wife, refused absolutely to believe in the unfaithfulness of her lover, whom she had ever thought to be the very mirror of all knightly virtues.

When, however, the reports became more and more confirmed, the simple-hearted girl, fired with a courage and a resolution unusual to her, determined that she would, in her own person, find out the truth, or prove the calumny.

In pilgrim dress, staff in hand, she set out on her lonely journey.

At the village of Aesch, close to which rose, on the other side of the river Birs, the castle of Thierstein, she found confirmation of the ill news which had reached her in her far-away home. There was no doubt that a marriage was in question between the beautiful Bertha and the stranger-knight of Istein.

Up to this moment the unhappy Jutta had been sustained by an inward conviction of her lover's truth. Now, for the first time, the iron of wounded affection entered the simple soul of the faithful girl, and cut it to the core. With lowered head and unsteady gait, she wandered away out of the village where the terrible revelation had come to her. By a sort of mechanical force she still took her way in the direction of the enchantress's castle, which lay before her over the shining stream.

Yes, this woman must surely, thought poor Jutta, be an enchantress—some wicked demon clothed in womanly shape—whom the arch-fiend himself had sent into the world to lure simple hearts away from love and duty; but

she, Jutta, was after all, decided the girl, brightening up again for a moment, strong enough in her love and devotion to break this wicked one's power, to snatch her lover from the demon-toils.

"When he sees me," whispered hope in her heart, "the old love will return, and happiness will come once more. I will not be hard. I will pretend at first to be so. I will frown, but he will pray and entreat. He will take my hand. He will put his arm about me, and I will pout and turn away, until suddenly—ah! how gladly," cried the girl, as she conjured up in her mind the happy scene of reconciliation, "how gladly will I seal him with the kiss of peace, and give him absolution full and free."

So absorbed is she in her day-dream that she starts, as though awaking from sleep, at sight of two figures almost immediately in front of her.

They are approaching; a man, stately and tall, a woman, stately also, tall and slender, and of dazzling beauty. The man's arm is thrown about the lady's waist, his head bends over her in tender homage.

The encounter is as a dagger to the heart of faithful Jutta. In sight of her rival's dazzling charms, her own poor little powers of love and devotion seem suddenly to freeze up, and turn to ice within her.

Yet she makes one last effort—she will look him in the face. When he sees her, when he reads in her eyes all her faithfulness, all her long affection, surely then—

She treads on and steps in front of him, in his very path, her sorrowful eyes fixed full on his.

"I pray thee, pilgrim," says the young man lightly, "have a care. Is there not room in the world for us and for thee?"

He does not know her !

" Alas, no !" cries the girl. " For her and me there is not room. That is true ! "

Her heart has been already slain, what matter she thinks if the poor body meet with the same fate ?

A sudden frenzy seizes her. With one wild cry she leaps from the bridge into the foaming rapid water. At the same moment the unfaithful lover recognises the features of his deserted bride, and with a torrent of remorse there rolls back over his soul, like a long pent-up flood, the tide of his early and tried affection. He feels like a man suddenly awakened from a feverish and unquiet dream, opening his eyes upon the beloved object on which they had rested before he slept.

So, he stands bewildered. He stretches out his arms over the seething stream, calling pitifully by a hundred endearing names upon his first, and best, and only love.

Meantime the unhappy Bertha, half fainting with horror and dread, for surely she thinks her lover has lost his senses, sinks at his feet, but it is to the awakened knight as though he saw her not. She is but his dream, and he has wakened from it.

Without a word of farewell he leaves her lying, a senseless heap, upon the ground, and rushes madly on, in the direction which the stream too is taking to the Rhine ; but there is to be seen no trace or vestige of the drowned girl, long since engulfed in the hurrying waters. Yet on rushes the knight, like one pursued, whither or with what aim he scarcely knows, except that it may be so much the farther from the place which has now become hateful, as it was before dear to him.

It was towards evening when he reached the ferry of the Rhine at Hüningen, where scarcely conscious of his actions, he bade the boatman put him across the river.

But in midstream, where the current was strongest, the oar suddenly fell from the boatman's hand ; his arm felt as though paralyzed ; the colour fled from his bronzed cheek. There rose from the water the white face of a drowned woman with staring, wide-open, blue eyes. It rose breast-high, and showed on the left side, in the region of the heart, a gaping wound, then as slowly sank again.

The knight hid his face with a cry of terror, and the boatman, gathering his wits together, steered his boat to the further shore, where he muttered an "ave" when his freight was safely landed, and did not wait for the fee which the unhappy Veit, in his melancholy absorption, forgot to offer him.

The knight, meantime, with the speed of the wild huntsman, made his way through the growing darkness, in the direction of Istein, and arrived at the top of the castle-rock breathless and dishevelled, to announce, in agitated tones, to his astonished servants, that they must at once make ready, for that he was about to bring home his bride.

Without further speech he rushed wildly down the hill again, advanced to a point where the rock overhangs the river, and leapt down into the strong deep current.

His servants, alarmed at the strangeness of his speech and manner, followed their young master with torches and lanterns. But arrived at the edge of the precipice they could but see, as they thought, a white figure, that rose steadily breast-high from the dark flood far below, and as gradually sank down again.

In the early morning, two bodies, that of the knight and of his deserted Jutta, were recovered from the river by some fishermen, and carried by them to Istein. As suicides they were buried, not in consecrated ground, but on the river's bank, close to the spot where they were found. Bishop Berthold of Basle, however, who was a near relative of the knight of Istein, touched with the sad fate of the young couple, subsequently blessed the place where they lay, and built there a little chapel, which has since been destroyed.

From that time, however, all bodies found drowned in the Rhine above this point have been buried here. And it is a popular superstition that all drowned bodies swim to Istein, since it is there alone that they can find peaceful rest.

So runs the mediæval story, but from the tradition of Hugideo, which Victor Scheffel has worked up into one of his popular romances, it would seem that legend has associated the Klotz of Istein with drowned bodies at a date very much earlier than that of Veit and his unhappy lady-love.

The legend (which is a very ancient one) of Hugideo is of a Teuton hermit of that name, who some four hundred and fifty years after Christ took up his abode in a cavern in the Istein rock, at a time when Rome with its civilization, its laws, and its cities of palaces, was established on the left bank of the mighty Rhine-stream, while the right remained in the fierce but unsteady grasp of the still barbarous Alemannic tribes, whose rude and scattered homesteads lay, here and there, about the valleys and on the slopes of the Black Forest mountains.

Hugideo was not driven to the solitude of the rock by religious zeal ; it was in his case rather a morbid romanticism which rendered the society of his fellow-men hateful to him. He had been disappointed in love. He, a Teuton, had aspired to a noble Roman maiden. His love had been unfortunate, though, it may be, not unrequited, and sooner than live in the world without the object on which his heart was fixed, he retired to this, then desolate and remote spot, having for his only companion a marble bust or image of the beloved one. In the living rock overhanging the river he hewed a niche in which he placed the statue, before which he would sit in wrapped contemplation hour after hour, day after day, and month after month. •

Meantime the great struggling impatient world surged on its way about the recluse, as did the impatient struggling river about his dwelling, and to neither did the hermit of the rock pay heed.

Wars and rumours of wars, rebellions and counter-rebellions, vast irruptions of fresh barbarian hordes, as terrible to their half-brethren the Alemanni as to the alien Romans ; events—sad, startling, and strange—were stirring to their very depths the hearts of the people about him. But of these things only a faint breath, now and then, reached the hermit of the rock, and with the doings, the weal or the woe, of his fellow-men he did not concern himself : nor did it concern him either that, day after day, and night after night, there floated from out the river, to the very foot of his lonely dwelling, corpse after corpse which the weary river refused to carry further on its way.

“ From the far-away Bodensee, or even from the Helvetian shore,” says the old legend, “ through rocks and over cata-

racts the strong young Rhine would carry those who had fallen to him as a spoil, but when, his youthful antics over, he turns to flow in stately middle-age through the smiling vineyards, he refuses to be burdened with the toys of which he has tired, yet not unkindly—but with a wearied, gentle hand, he lays them on the shore by the little creek at the Istein rock, and hurries on his course without them."

Not even these sad records of violence and woe, brought thus to his very threshold, could stir in Hugideo's heart a feeling of interest for his suffering kind; scarcely an emotion of pity for their sad and unnatural end. He left to other hands, those of the fishermen of the river, the task of finding, for the poor stranded bodies, some fitter and more settled resting-place. Except for the irresponsible marble, Hugideo had neither eyes nor sense of feeling.

At length, however, it seemed as though his ceaseless devotion were about to meet with its reward. As he one day gazed upon the chiselled face, a faint tinge of colour (was it a reflection of the dying sun?) stole upon the marble cheeks; the fluttering of the marble eyelids (was it the trembling of Hugideo's own?) spoke of awakening life; a sigh (was it but an echo of her lover's?) breathed through the parted marble lips.

In an ecstacy of trembling joy and awe, Hugideo caught the marble to his arms, and pressed on the white forehead a fervent kiss. At the same moment the image fell from his agitated grasp, fell from the niche where it had so long stood inanimate, and with the movement of a living sentient thing plunged headlong into the deep and roaring flood below.

For a long time Hugideo stood staring in a kind of stupefaction into the darkly rolling river. Then, as if a

sudden enlightenment had been sent him, he turned away, seized a spade, and rapidly descended the rock.

At its foot he began to dig two graves side by side. The melancholy work lasted him well into the night, but he would not cease until both were finished.

That night the Huns attacked and destroyed the Roman station of Augusta-Rauracorum.

All night long the flames of a burning city lighted up the southern heavens. Hugideo watched them with a calm satisfaction.

“She will not be long now,” he said over and over again softly to himself. For he knew by the direction of the light that the burning city could be no other than the Roman settlement where she, whom he loved, dwelt. He sat by the river bank and waited.

In the grey dawn of the early morning there was gently laid by the lapping waves, on the shore of the tiny creek at the foot of the Istein rock, the white lifeless form of a beautiful maiden, her spotless toga wrapping her about like a winding-sheet, her dark hair bound about with a golden fillet.

Gently and reverently, as the waves which had brought her to him, the hermit bore the maiden in his arms to his rock cavern. He wrung the water from her hair, he pressed one kiss upon her brow, he filled a brimming wine-cup and poured a libation out before her. Then plucking a trail of wild ivy that clung about the entrance of his rock-cell, he twined two wreaths: one for his own head, one for the head of the marble-faced corpse.

When sunset came he carried the body gently back again, and laid it in one of the twin graves. He filled it in with

earth, muttering over the new-made grave such heathen words of charm or blessing as he knew, and strewing it with field-flowers ; then he calmly laid himself beside it.

In the morning a passing fisherman saw the prostrate figure lying there, and finding the man dead and cold, with a grave beside him, answered the mute appeal, and buried him where he had wished to lie, beside the woman to whose image his life had been devoted.

None ever knew the story of their love, except that they loved and were parted ; that death had been kinder to them than life ; the one uniting what the other had severed.

## CHAPTER XIX.

BASLE—THE WIESENTHAL TO SCHÖNAU.

“Mein liebes  
Schwarzwaldkind die junge Wiese.”  
*Der Trompeter von Säkkingen (V. Scheffel).*

Basle, the half-German, half-Swiss city, with its wide, quiet streets, its wide, rushing, mighty river which divides, and its wide thirteenth-century wooden bridge which unites it, is too well known to need more than a passing word. Moreover, it lies somewhat without the borders of our territory, and though, to visit the southern valleys of the Black Forest which send their tributary streams into the upper Rhine, we must avail ourselves of the line of railway which runs in a perfectly straight line, eastward, from Basle to Constance, we do not so much as enter that portion of the city which lies on the further side of the Rhine,—unless, indeed, we be tempted to do so for the sake of the stately Münster, one, at least, of the finest Protestant churches in the world, or for the sake of watching the rapid river from the old bridge, at the spot where witches were wont to be cast into the roaring flood; or for the honour and glory of lodging at that ancient hostelry on the Rhine, where, some nine hundred years ago, three monarchs found good entertainment, and signed a pledge of friendship.

Our route, however, lies on the opposite shore of the mighty Rhine, and turning our backs upon the grand massive towers of the ancient cathedral, which rise high in air across the water, we set our faces in a north-easterly direction—for a steam-drive on the new branch-railway which leads from Klein-Basel (on the German side of the river), through the Wiesenthal as far as Zell, and which will doubtless, in time, creep farther north, probably as far as Freiburg. In fact, at the present rate at which railways are being constructed in the Black Forest, there will, in a few years' time, be scarcely a mile of country uninvaded by steam.

The Wiesenthal is the first of a series of collateral valleys which run southward from the highlands of the Black Forest, and discharge their streams into the Rhine, the most beautiful and important of these valleys being the Wiesenthal, the Wehrthal, the Albthal, and the Murghthal.

The Wiesenthal opens out towards Basle into a wide and fruitful plain, where corn and other cereals are well cultivated; but past the Swiss and Baden frontier, at Tüllingen, where in 1702, a battle was gained by the French under Marshal Villars over the Germans under the Margrave Louis of Baden, it contracts somewhat, while the hills which enclose it rise into greater prominence and beauty, their sloping sides clothed with a magnificent growth of oak-forests.

The Wiese is not, even in its upper course, from the time when it springs away in its infancy from the foot of the grim Feldberg, so completely a mountain-torrent as many of the Black Forest streams, nor is the valley, which it makes its bed, as widely romantic as some others which

run from the Feldberg to the Rhine. It cannot compare with its neighbour the Wehrthal, for instance, but it has many extremely pleasing features peculiar to itself. There is a certain peacefulness and homeliness about it—the Germans would say *friendliness*—which is, by way of contrast to sterner and wilder scenery, by no means to be despised.

It is, moreover, one of the busiest and most prosperous districts of southern Germany, the wild mountain-child (as Hebel the Alemannic poet loved to call the Wiese), being tamed and trained to all manner of useful occupations in turning the vast wheels of cotton, wool, and silk mills which line its banks, and which literally convert its shining waters into drops of liquid silver, but without detracting in any manner whatever from its mountain purity.

The Wiesenthal is the Lancashire of the Black Forest, but a Lancashire without smoke, without grime, without squalor, without ugliness—a very paradise of manufacturing districts. If only to see so rare a sight as this, it would be worth the journey thither. But when all this is said there is much left behind.

A purling babbling trout-stream, worthy of “meek Walton’s heavenly memory;” a road that winds beside it, through verdant hillsides clothed with every varying shade of green, melting away into gold, or, as the autumnal tints steal on the year, blazing out here and there into a glow of fiery crimson; peeps, too, now and again into deep forest-glades, where the startled squirrel leaps from bough to bough, or the rabbit scuttles hastily away from its browse at the dainty tree-roots at the foot of the approaching traveller; the call of the cuckoo in spring, the song of the lark and the nightingale making both day and night vocal;—

these are sights and sounds yet to be seen and heard in the busy, bustling Wiesenthal, which make an idyllic region even of this happy valley, which modern industry has claimed for her own, and from the stones of which she grinds golden dust.

One of the most beautiful passages of Victor Scheffel's popular poem, "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," is Father Rhine's description of his affection for his early love, the "liebes Schwarzwaldkind die junge Wiese," who comes whispering to him in honest rough Alemannic speech, of the Feldberg, of its mysterious spirits and mountain flowers :

" Und ich lieb sie, nimmer schau ich,  
Satt mich an den blauen Augen  
Und ich lieb sie, nimmer küss' ich  
Satt mich an den rothen Wangen.  
Ja ich lieb sie—es verfolgen  
Mich viel andre schöne Damen  
Keine—selber nicht die stolze  
Weinesreiche Mosel tilgt mir  
Die Erinn'rung an die schmucke  
Feldbergstochter, an die Wiese  
Und wenn ich im Sand von Holland,  
Müd die müden Wellen schleppe,  
Und die Windmühl trocken klappert  
Ueberfliegt mich's oft wie süzes,  
Heimweh nach der Jugendliebe."

The Wiesenthal is, moreover, inseparably connected with the name of Hebel, poet and schoolmaster of Lörrach, one of the chief manufacturing towns of the district. His poems, which have obtained a wide popularity in Germany, are unfortunately written in the Black Forest or Alemannic patois, and are therefore a comparatively sealed book to foreigners.

He was born in 1760, at Hausen, also a town in the

Wiesenthal, and spent the greater part of his life in the retirement of his native valley, having, however, some years before his death, in 1826, been called to the Professor's chair in the High School of Carlsruhe.

Past Lörrach, and above the little village of Haagen, lie on the heights, left of the railway, the very imposing and beautiful ruins of Castle Rötteln, next to Heidelberg the most extensive in Germany. They are the remains of a building erected on this spot in the fifteenth century, on the site of a much earlier structure. The castle was for some time used as a residence by the Margraves of Baden, but suffered great mutilation in the Peasants' War of 1525, and also in the Thirty Years' War, being at length completely destroyed by the French in 1678.

There is a very beautiful view from it, every paneless window forming itself into a framework, through which a different, and each one a charming, picture of the green and busy valley may be had, the distant prospect embracing a wide range of forest and mountain on almost every side.

Indeed, from nearly all the heights above Lörrach, splendid views, both of the Swiss Alps and of the Jura, as well as of the nearer Black Forest mountains, are to be obtained whenever the weather is fairly clear.

The country in the neighbourhood is very beautiful, and well worth exploring.

About four miles beyond Rötteln is Steinen, a picturesquely situated little town, so busy with cotton-mills as almost to win the name of the Black Forest Manchester. The castle above this town, the Hägelberg, from which there is a magnificent view, is the scene of an old legend become widely known through Hebel's verses.

In olden times, so it is said, there lived in the Hägelberg Schloss a knight with a wife and daughter, and all three spent their lives in thinking how much they could oppress and annoy the unhappy peasantry of the neighbourhood, whom for the most part they owned as serfs. Even the young girl, "so young and tender," had no thought but how she might best gratify her every whim and fancy at the expense of her poorer neighbours.

A hundred times a day would she take the labourer from his work in field or forest to run her errands, although she knew that if his allotted task were not completed by night-fall, a sound cudgelling would probably be the reward of his day's labours. There was no foolish or vain or idle whim that she did not indulge in. Among others she required the path from the castle to the church to be covered for her dainty feet, each day, when she went to pay her devotions at the village-shrine, with snowy white linen. Once, however, as she was entering the church door, an old man, a stranger, accosted her, and in solemn words warned the vain and frivolous girl that she was but dust herself, and should therefore not refuse to let her foot touch the earth to which she would soon return.

"That will I not," cried she. "I will not be so vile a thing."

And she ordered that the next time she went to pay her devotions, her path might be strewn with the finest white flannel that money could buy.

Very shortly afterwards, however, the young girl was taken ill, and in spite of all the care and love lavished upon her, by father and mother, died.

In due course the dead maiden was borne with the

honours due to her rank, and laid in the peaceful church-yard. But not, as it seemed, to rest. For the next morning, to the horror of all beholders, the coffin with the lately buried corpse in it, stood outside the churchyard gate. Once more it was buried in the consecrated ground by command of the sorrowing parents, at a very much greater depth of earth. In vain. The following morning the same result followed. The coffin was found lying on the threshold of the churchyard-gate.

Not knowing what to do with so unmanageable a corpse, the coffin was now placed upon a waggon to which two bullocks were attached, and it was decided to allow them to take their own course, and dispose of their burthen as they thought best. The moment the waggon was thus laden, the beasts set off through the forest, dragging their load heavily over branches and brambles, until they reached the mountain-spring in the Häfnet woods.

There the wearied oxen stopped, panting. Whether they actually, then and there, deposited their ghastly burthen in the brook the legend does not say. But from that time to this, the stream has been haunted by a water-fay, who in sunny days rises from the sparkling water to comb her golden hair, or to deck her white neck with rainbow-jewels. Vain, beautiful, and heartless is she, as in the days when her feet were too dainty to touch her mother-earth, and many a foolish youth has she lured to destruction with her siren charms, down into the deep airless caverns which lie below her watery abode.

Schopfheim, a beautifully situated little town, is busy with paper mills, woollen factories, and the manufacture of the broad black ribbons which form so important a part of

female-adornment (or would it be safer to say head-gear?) in the national costume of the Black Forest.

In the towns and villages of the lower Wiesenthal the huge Alsatian head-dress, a massive black ribbon bow, prevails. In the upper valley the close black skull-cap, with enormous streamers hanging at the back, is more the mode, but the costumes of the Western Black Forest do not, as a rule, bear comparison with those of the Eastern portion. Indeed, it is greatly in many ways to be regretted that in this district, as elsewhere throughout the world, old national costumes are yielding to the modern craze for cheap and tawdry finery.

Near the railway station at Schopfheim are some pleasant grounds, laid out on the hill dedicated to the memory of the poet Hebel, in which is a bust of him.

Schopfheim is a very ancient town, and contains some curious old houses. The gabled churches of this district are very quaint-looking.

Hausen, a pretty village, embowered in orchards and fruit-trees, is filled with reminiscences of its illustrious poet. The house which he occupied has been bought by a society formed to do honour to his memory, and has been converted into an asylum for poor and aged men.

From this point the valley of the Wiese contracts and assumes a more truly Black Forest character. This is also the boundary of the Protestant district which has extended northwards from Basle.

Zell, usually called *Zell im Wiesenthal*, to distinguish it from several other towns of the same name, is a clean, picturesque, and busy little manufacturing centre, at present the terminus of the railw

twice a day up the Wiesenthal to Schönau and on to Todtnau and Freiburg.

Except for those who wish to visit the Feldberg there is no object in pursuing this route farther than to Schönau ; but it would be a great pity for any who have a day's time at their disposal not to ascend the valley as far as Schönau, which is one of the most charming and characteristic villages to be found in the Black Forest.

The road from Zell to Schönau (two hours) is extremely pretty, in spite of the great modern factories which, here and there, raise their somewhat ungainly heads beside the stream, and which bring a curious, and as it seems incongruous, element into this old-world sylvan region.

We journey on, mile after mile, beside the clear and purling trout-stream, on whose banks hang wicker baskets, after the fashion of lobster-pots, by means of which the peasants supply themselves, in somewhat unsportsmanlike fashion, with a staple article of food. We pass through tiny villages, whose cottages are all, such as they may have been, any time these two hundred years—wooden, or built of wattle and dab, with deep gabled thatches, under the eaves of which stand rows of venerable beehives, and about whose rustic balconies and porches vines tangle and twist themselves.

We pass between high banks of luxuriant foliage, with only the river and our road between them—hills so thickly laden with brilliant oak-green, that we might, at first sight, take the foliage to be a sward of velvety turf, until we see the light breeze rustle and stir the higher branches with a drowsy wave-like movement, such as one knows so well over a field of corn. We pass, or are passed, every now and then, by huge baskets set on wheels, in which a giant may have cradled,



SCHONAU.

filled to the very brim with charcoal, the spoil of the higher forests. We peep through vistas of mossed tree-trunks into sylvan glades, where Titania might have revelled, and rest ourselves perchance, by the way, on banks where the perfume of wild thyme fills the air with bitter sweetness : and we have a difficulty in persuading ourselves that we are absolutely in the heart of a manufacturing district.

Still less can we realize the fact, when we land at the Sönne, at Schönau, the quaintest, homeliest, cleanest, and most comfortable of little inns in the quaintest and most picturesque surely of all Black Forest villages.

We are by no means surprised to find from our German guide-book that the Sönne at Schönau is a favourite artists' haunt. The genii of the brush have a cunning way of finding out, by means of the spells which nature and art have given them, spots unknown to others of their kind, where all manner of things good and pleasant, both to eye and palate, may be had and enjoyed, at an extremely moderate cost. Such a place is Schönau, rightly called beautiful.

The landlord of the Sönne speaks French and a little English.

The village—it consists but of two small streets at right angles to one another—lies in a most romantic situation at the foot of the Belchen, and surrounded by a complete amphitheatre of grandly wooded hills, clothed up, three parts of the way, with thick oak and beech-woods and crowned skyward with blue-green pines.

In the centre of the village, as though dropped by an artist's hand, stands the little church, its wooden spire rising picturesquely in a gap formed by the dark outlines of two mountain-masses.

The houses of the village, across which swing oil lamps by way of illuminators, are very old, so old that some are, it is to be feared, approaching dissolution, but of most idyllic appearance. Enormously deep thatch that has gathered a hundred beautiful tints from time, or that may, here and there, be golden-fresh, slopes down to within a few feet, comparatively, of the ground. The houses are entirely of wood, after the Swiss-châlet style ; carved wooden balconies, for the most part of a rich Sienna colour, adorn the fronts, and form the approach to the upper floor of the house by an outside stair : every tiny window, moreover, of almost every house being so crowded and heaped up with flowers—masses of scarlet geranium, of rose-coloured flock, or many-tinted marigolds—that it is difficult to imagine how the inhabitants manage to live, breathe, move, and have their being within them. But such romantic-looking, flower-banked, ridiculously toy-cottages, were surely never seen elsewhere but at the side scenes of a theatre ; and as we gaze, we feel almost certain that a casement will presently be opened by a white hand, and that a beautiful young peasant, owner of the said white hand, will innocently pour out the secret of her love in a series of chromatic scales, while an enraptured tenor, with a long feather in his cap, responds amorously from the back garden.

We look, and hope, and expect such a scene, but vainly. The maidens who inhabit these romantic cottages are anything but beautiful or white-handed.

They are, moreover, so extremely busy with their work at yonder great cotton-mill, as to have, perhaps, little time for chromatic scales and cavatinas ; the men, too, do not wear feathers in their caps, but perhaps they manage the

love-duets quite as well without these advantages, on their way to and from the big factory, where the greater part of the population of the village, to the number of six hundred persons, are employed.

A wealthy, thriving, busy, bright, little community are they: those who are not at work at the factory being for the most part employed in the care of cattle; but it is, perhaps, an extraordinary proof of the thrifty business-habits of the place, that here every cow and every goat has not its own special attendant, but that a kind of co-operative system is in vogue. So that the visitor who has rested over night at the Sönne, will probably be startled in the early dawn by an extraordinary *reveille*, sounded by a long Alpine horn under his window—sounded several times at intervals, and immediately responded to, by a scamper and clatter of scores of tiny hoofs. And the stranger who pops his night-capped head out of the window to discover the cause of alarm, will find that the unearthly sound proceeds from the lips of the village goat-herd, who is collecting his charges from all the various homesteads of the village, before leading them to some upper pasture for the day. In the evening, when he returns again to the village, it is a pretty sight to see each little animal finding his own way home. The cattle are treated much after the same fashion.

Sheep seem to be absolutely unknown animals in most parts of the Black Forest, that which is eaten at rare intervals, under the name of mutton, being chiefly goat's flesh.

There are many extremely beautiful walks and drives to be taken in the neighbourhood of Schönau.

The ascent of the Belchen, at whose foot the village lies, is a favourite excursion, and many new paths through the

forest make the ascent a comparatively easy one. There is a good inn near the summit, and the view thence is a magnificent one (p. 307).

There is a delightful route through the Bernau valley, famous of old for its bear and wolf sport, past Bernaudorf to St. Blasien (p. 291).

Ten minutes from Schönau on the high-road to Todtnau—and past the flower-decked little cemetery, where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

and where the hanging white veils, with which the simple black crosses are mostly draped, gives a peculiarly fanciful appearance to the graves—Schönenbuchen is reached. It is a tiny village of a few scattered houses, with a little church, remarkable for being built on a spur of solid rock which rises above the pavement-level of the crypt.

The legend attached to this spot is as follows :—

At the time of the Swedish invasion, the northern army was approaching Schönau. The inhabitants, staunch Catholics and Imperialists, alarmed for the safety of their village, gathered their little forces and went out to the unequal contest. As the Swedes approached, and perceived by how small a band the village was defended, their leader called out in derision, “Pipers, pipe out; the goat-herds have forgotten to bring their goats to the battle.” And with gibes and laughter they made on their way.

But on the mountain above Schönenbuchen stood an angel, who, as the invaders were approaching, threw spiked nails down upon the path which the Swedish forces were pursuing, whereby their ranks were thrown into confusion, the horses reared and kicked, and a general scuffle ensued;

the end of which was that the Swedes, instead of attacking the enemy, attacked one another, while the little army of defence, drawn up upon the road, had the satisfaction of seeing the invaders destroy one another until the Wiese ran red with their blood.

The spot which was the scene of this remarkable miracle was at once consecrated for a chapel. A large picture in the church portrays the fight. But from some peculiarity in the painting, or from the light falling upon it in an odd manner, the name of the painter—a village artist—painted in big straggling letters along it, is the only very observable point about it, the rest of the picture having, like the event it commemorates, retired into the dim past.

Certain nails, said to be “originals,” are preserved in the reliquary.

One of the most beautiful and varied routes in the Black Forest is from Schönau in the Wiesenthal, by a cross road little frequented, through Mambach and Happach to Todtmoos, and through the exquisite Wehrthal to Brennet, on the Constance and Basle line of railway. The whole drive occupies about five hours.

The excellent road beside the Wiese—not constructed without loss of life, as a tablet and inscription to the memory of four workmen killed in making it testify—is followed back as far as Mambach, a place which in recent years shared the fate of so many of the quaint and beautiful old Black Forest villages. It was completely destroyed by fire in 1870, and its poetry is buried in its ruins.

At this point the “friendly,” smiling Wiesenthal is left for a scene of wilder and more savage character. We turn aside from wooded hills and the clear and rippling trout-

stream, where the fishes are leaping and making rings on the surface of the placid water, and take our way by a steep, and at times rough track, which leads us at first among bleak and towering mountains, and bare, grey rock-masses, and thence into another scene—into a valley of such romantic beauty, that it might surely be a poet's or painter's dream.

A wild little mountain-stream leaps from rock to rock along the road-side, with a bare granite wall, rising stern and grey on one side of it, and on the other, a dark pine-forest-covered hill. Merrily dances the frothing stream over boulders and under them, fed by a hundred tributary brooklets, each one of which dashes down in mimic cascades from the forest side, leaping away in childlike impatience from the moss-cradle, high up among the towering pines, which has seen its birth, and from the shadowy fairy-glen where, with the pine branches for roof, and the pale fern-fronds for playmates, it has sported and babbled in its infancy. Now it has passed for ever away from the sheltering gloom of its forest days, and is wild for a race through the rock-bound valley, out into the wide unknown world.

Foolish little brooklet ! say we, as we watch its wild career—we who are so wise in the big world's ways—foolish brooklet ! you will scarcely find, though you follow the world over, a sweeter spot than the early home, the moss-grown glade, which you quit with so eager a step, so careless a grace.

We get a glimpse every now and then, through flashing water-breaks, lit, it may be, with a rainbow's colours, into glens of fairy-greenness, where, in the shade of stately oak and beech, a mass of delicate pale green creeps up the hill-

side, mossing over, here and there, a fallen giant-trunk in a velvet shroud, and revealing, to the eye of the delighted fern lover, a dozen varieties of his favourite at one glance—pale beech-fern, glossy English maiden-hair, the mountain buckler, the feathery lady fern. Nearly every variety of polypodium, and many *aespleniae*, have their representatives on the upland slope, while fragrant wild thyme and blue-eyed forget-me-nots, fringe the edge of the streamlet.

From Happach, a romantically-situated village, of quaint wooden houses, the road winds upwards, by a steep zigzag ascent of some miles, affording a grand panoramic view of the Belchen and other mountains, and then plunges into the deep forest under the eternal shade of the mighty pines, which spring from earth scarcely less golden, than the shining cones they bear upon their losty heads.

The drive is altogether a most characteristic one, and it is surely with something like a sigh of regret that we find ourselves, at length, rapidly descending the rough cart-track which leads through the Forest, as it seems on to the very church-spike of Todtmoos in the valley below.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE WEHRATHAL—THE ALBTHAL.

“ Every landscape fair,  
As fit for every mood of mind,  
Or gay or grave, or sweet or stern was there.”

*Tennyson.*

**T**ODTMOOS lies, as we have said, in a deep valley, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains. Its name implies the deadly swamp, and such the place now occupied by the flourishing village is once said to have been. There is, at least, no appearance of a swamp about it now, although it probably still suffers at times from the flooding of its river, the Wehra, after winter snows.

The situation of the village is very romantic, and the houses of picturesque appearance and true Black Forest style—wooden and broad eaved. There are several inns (Adler, Löwe, &c.), and an important market is held in the village every Sunday and Friday morning, at which the national costumes are conspicuous. There are, besides, many important timber-auctions held here.

The inhabitants, who are evidently staunch Conservatives, are for the most part employed with hand-weaving, which they carry on in their quaint old-fashioned cottages, each man his own master and workman.

The church, which stands well on a promontory of the

Hochkopf, above the village, is a celebrated goal for pilgrimages, and believed to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary. Its origin is said to be closely connected with a miracle. According to one version of the story the Virgin herself appeared to a priest, while celebrating mass in a neighbouring village-church, and urgently commanded him to repair to a certain spot in the forest, as yet unknown to him, but described by the heavenly visitant as between two streams at the edge of a morass. Here he set up a hermitage, "so deep under the shade of the trees that he knew nothing of the sun's rising," runs the quaint old legend.

But being constantly cheered and encouraged by visions of his patroness, he was induced to begin the clearing of the forest and the building of a church, which was subsequently endowed by Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, afterwards Emperor.

Another version of the legend relates how a certain woodcutter, who was about to fell a tree on the border of the Todtmoos morass, was deterred by a voice which came from within the pine-trunk.

"Slay me not," cried the tree, "but build on this spot a chapel in my honour, and to the glory of God."

The astonished woodman at once sought counsel of the nearest priest, and after much searching, a picture of the Virgin was discovered concealed in the trunk. According to another account, the picture called attention to itself, like that of St. James at Wolfsach, by singing in so melodious a voice that all who approached the spot stood spell-bound to listen. It is also said that the devil concerned himself very much as to the building of the church, inter-

rupting the work on several occasions by removing the stones and building materials, and sinking them in the bog.

In spite of Satanic efforts, however, the church was built ; all the legends agreeing to associate Rudolph of Hapsburg with its foundation. It rapidly acquired popularity as a resort of pilgrims ; was much visited during the thirteenth century, being raised to the dignity of a parish-church in 1268 ; and in the year 1439, during the prevalence of the plague in Basle, was the goal of a special deputation, consisting of four hundred well-to-do burghers, headed by twenty priests, who walked in procession from the city to Todtmoos, for the purpose of petitioning Heaven for the removal of the terrible scourge which was decimating the town, and which was indeed, generally known throughout Germany as the Basle death.

The present fine church was built, in 1627, by the then Abbot of St. Blasien, the choir in 1757.

The decorations of the interior are in the worst style of the eighteenth century—the pulpit being a mass of white and gold cupids or cherubs. A great number of votive offerings testify to the continued popularity of the local shrine.

From Todtmoos various routes lead through the forest and over the mountains, and several new and good roads have lately been made, connecting this place with others in the vicinity.

There is, in addition to the delightful road to Schönau, described in the previous chapter, a very beautiful route by Muttersleben, with a fine view of the Alps, to St. Blasien, two hours and a half (p. 292), a new and direct road up the Feldberg by Präg (two hours and a half), a

romantic route through pine-woods to a chapel on a height of some 3500 feet, and thence to the village of Herrischried; and the ascent of the Hochkopf (4160 feet), the mountain on a spur of which the church is built, and which lies between Todtmoos and the little village of Präg, offers much interest, with a charming view from the summit. Indeed, it would be difficult to move in any direction from Todtmoos without passing through scenery which is, in one way or another, charming and beautiful. But, perhaps, the most attractive as it is the most frequented route is that leading by way of the Wehrastrasse to Brennet,—the course of the Wehra, as it flows from the Hochkopf southward to the Rhine.

The Wehrthal, in wildness and grandeur, is among the most imposing of the Black Forest valleys, and should take rank very near to the Höllenthal. It is seen to much greater advantage in the direction from Todtmoos to Brennet than in the contrary one, and should, therefore, be visited from Schönau or St. Blasien.

It is a drive of about three hours from Todtmoos to Brennet.

The road is cut in the rock at the bottom of the valley, following the turns and windings of the Wehra, above the bed of which it is only very slightly raised, and by which in storm and flood-time it is occasionally swept away. Deeper and deeper into the valley plunges the roadway—higher and higher, closer and closer, rise the mountains on each side, clothed to their summits in forests of beech; in colouring, a fresh brilliant green, dashed here and there with ripening gold.

As we pass on, the valley grows in grandeur; grey rocks

start out from the background of vivid green ; and post themselves as bulwarks and sentinels upon the wooded heights. The most beautiful point of view is, perhaps, from the bridge by which the road passes from the one side of the stream to the other. It is known as the *Sonnenblick*, the sunny view. If possible, the Wehrthal should be explored in the afternoon, when, from this point and for a couple of miles farther on, it is difficult to imagine anything, in the way of lights and shadows, more beautiful than the warm glow of the sun on the heights which tower above the valley, while the valley itself is left stern and sombre in the shade.

A little way beyond the bridge the mountains appear to close, huge rock-pillars block the way, and tower grimly hundreds of feet above the spectator. Then, suddenly, the road turns, the defile is passed, and the valley, losing its wild romance, widens out into smiling fruitfulness.

Through the whole distance, not a dwelling of any kind is to be found ; and the only human being likely to be met with on the lonely road is an occasional woodman, who, if unseen, may yet often be heard in the mysterious depths of the forest, or, possibly, a charcoal-burner piling his timber on a charing of the hill-side, or burying the wooden mound under its earth-covering. Beyond these there is nothing to break the sweet monotony of Nature, and the squirrels which spring from branch to branch, and the rabbits which scurry across the road at the footstep of the rare traveller, are monarchs in a kingdom of their own.

Where the valley opens out into meadows and hill slopes, the fine ruins of the castle of Bärenfels rise grandly on a rock to the left.

Wehr is a dull little town with but few attractions. Diligences run thence to Brennet and to Schopfheim on the Wiesenthal line of railway, through the village of Hasel, near to which is a fine stalactite cavern, known as the Erdmannleinhöhle, or cave of the gnome. The school-master of the village keeps the key and acts as guide. The cavern is an extremely interesting one, consisting of several large and lofty chambers, each bearing a different name. Within the cavern is a mysterious underground lake, and a stream known as the Höllenbach, which is crossed by a bridge. It is unknown where this child of darkness finds its way into the light of day.

Near this is the "chapel," adorned with stalactite and stalagmite columns and monuments, hanging from the roof or rising from the ground, the accumulated water-drops of countless ages: fantastic shapes, to which names, almost as fantastic, have been applied. Here is the organ; there the pulpit; that the skeleton; this the bee-hive.

Some of the water-stones, on being struck, produce a certain musical tone, which the guide uses as an accompaniment to a chant.

The most interesting part of the cavern is rather difficult of approach. After ascending five-and-twenty steep steps, a very small opening is reached, which can only be entered on the hands and knees; this leads to a chamber some sixteen feet high and twenty broad, called "The Prince's Tomb," in the centre of which is a remarkable stone, shaped like a coffin.

Numerous legends are attached to the cavern, which is supposed to be the abode of an unearthly race of beings —tiny mountain-men, whose hammers may often be heard

at night, hard at work in the heart of the mountain, from which they extract the treasure for which mortals seek in vain, and hoard it up in caves, where they keep so constant and sharp a watch over it, that it is but rarely indeed that mortal man has a chance of winning it away from their grasp. At the same time, they are in some respects useful to the human race, for it is they who heap up coals and wood on those underground fires, which keep the earth warm and dry, making it a hothouse for the seeds to ripen in ; it is they who cunningly mix the medicinal salts in the mountain springs, which bubble up, scalding and steaming, from the rock-caldrons in which they have set them boiling.

In one of the chambers of the Erdmannleinhöhle is a figure, somewhat resembling a man with a long beard, in a sitting posture. It is popularly known as the "Silent one," *der stille Mann*, the legend attached to it being that, long ages ago, a man, wearying of his kind, voluntarily abandoned the outer world to join cause with the gnomes ; but as ages went on, without dying or losing consciousness, he turned into a stone, and there he still sits motionless, his stony beard falling upon his stony breast, his head leant on his hand.

Returning to Wehr, we make our way through meadows and pastures, with pretty backward views of the mountains, towards the steep-lying little village of Brennet, and through it to the new and very good hotel close by the railway station, *zum Wehratal*.

#### THE ALBTHAL.

The Alb rises in the Feldberg, and flowing through the high-lying valleys of Menzenschwand and Bernau, passes

the village of St. Blasien (p. 292) in a broad placid stream, to fall immediately afterwards, as we have seen, into wild and wilful ways, over rock chasms in seething whirlpools, as it hastens on its course due south to the Rhine.

Thence begins the magnificent road, which, constructed in 1858, is known as the Alb-Strasse, and which, in point of beauty and grandeur, barely yields place to the Höllenthal or Wehrthal. The road, as a piece of engineering, is far more remarkable than either.

Like its neighbour of the Wehrthal, it follows the course of the rushing stream, but, unlike the route through the Wehrthal, does not content itself with following the level of the river banks, but aspiring to reach the summit of the mountains which hem it in, rises higher and higher, climbing the precipitous sides of the pine-clad rocks ; overhanging the ravine like a gallery ; and piercing its way at length through a series of tunnels, hewn in the solid mass of rock, which yet towers hundreds of feet above it. From the heights the road descends by a series of curves once more into the valley.

The scenery is throughout romantic and beautiful in the extreme—the mass of shaded foliage with which the valley is filled, and down upon which the traveller looks from his rocky mountain path ; the pine-crowned crags which, rise as he may, still tower above him ; the countless cascades which trickle from each side of the valley, to join their tributary waters to the impetuous rock-hindered stream ; the saw-mills which here and there give animation to the scene ; an occasional cottage ; a quaint road-side calvary ; and then a stretch of dense and utterly pathless forest, sloping upwards and downwards from the traveller's ken, without visible end.



THE ALB-STRASSE.

or limit—all are in their turn beautiful, and cry out as it were for his constant admiration.

For, it is remarkable that with the Black Forest valleys—similar as they naturally are in some respects—there is no sameness—no possibility of tiring, from mere repetition even of beauty. If such appear to be the case, it is the fault of the pen that describes, and not of the scenes which it feebly strives to depict. Alike they are in this—that the charm of each is in mountain, forest, and stream, but so varied are the combinations of each, so changeful the colours in which sunshine and season paint them—that the last is seen with as great a feeling of freshness and interest as the first—though, for that matter, seen a hundred times, it would be strange if the keen observer and the true lover of nature did not, in scenery such as this, find something new, and fresh, and beautiful.

The face of material Nature is, after all, much like that of a human face. We know its features—we can conceive no fresh combinations, and yet each individual one is new, and strange, and unlike its fellow—each with a charm entirely its own. Moreover, like the face of the friend whom we love, which, seen a thousand times, and imprinted on our memory so firmly that years and distance are powerless to efface it, will yet, when closely watched, ever be found wearing some new expression, and endearing itself to our hearts by its changeful play of light—so is Nature's beautiful face to those who love her, an ever-flowing spring of fresh delight.

In the wildest and most romantic part of the Albthal, some twelve miles from St. Blasien, rises from the green valley a mighty mass of rock, around whose grey foot the waters of the Alb, fed by some half dozen tributary streams,

surge in a passionate fashion, as though they would lift the great block which bars their passage from its bed.

On its summit, overgrown for the most part with ivy, and lichens, and soft mosses, lie the last remnants of the famous old castle which once held the pass, and was a name of terror and of power in the surrounding country. Originally a Roman station, one of the long line of forts which defended the Rhine valley, it became in very early times the stronghold of a powerful Alemannic family, who were known by the name which the castle and village still bear—Tiefenstein.

The domains of the *free-lords* of Tiefenstein, as they were called, extended in the eleventh and twelfth centuries northward as far as St. Blasien, westward to the Wehrthal, and eastward as far as the romantic Schluchthal, their possessions joining, in a somewhat uncertain boundary, those of the abbots of St. Blasien, and of the powerful Hapsburg family who held their castle at Hauenstein on the Rhine.

As may easily be imagined, neighbourhood in these instances did not altogether imply amity and goodwill. In fact, the Tiefensteiners were constantly at war, either with one neighbour or the other—sometimes with both. It is a curious instance of the habits and manners of these times, to find that a certain Hugo of Tiefenstein, having held his own against both enemies for some years, was suddenly “stricken with remorse for the injury he had inflicted” upon his clerical foe, and voluntarily abandoning the greater part of his estates to the abbey, retired into a monastery, there to end his days. We learn, however, that his two sons, not being so religiously disposed, did their best to regain their possessions, and actually ousted the clerical

party. Their castle, however, was eventually besieged and destroyed by their lay foe, the Hapsburgers, at this time represented by no less a person than that Rudolph, who subsequently found himself at the head of the German Empire.

The Albthal preserves many legends of the Emperor, who, next perhaps to the famous Barbarossa, has left his image on the hearts of the German people ; and many of the tales told round winter-stoves, in the southern valleys of the Black Forest, still chronicle the deeds of the popular Alemannic hero.

Here you may learn how Rudolph, while yet a simple knight, whose deeds of daring were but just beginning to make his name an honourable one, was hunting in the thick pine-forest, on the heights above the Alb, for prey such as the sportsman of the present day sighs for in vain—the wild boar, the bear, and the elk ; but as, after an exciting chase, he lay one day to rest on the soft dry earth beneath the pines, a strange vision of futurity was vouchsafed him.

For gradually, among the trees, there rose a confused murmur, which swelled and grew into a hoarse and mighty roar as of a multitude of voices shouting with one accord, “Hail, Rudolph, emperor and father of thy people !” While looking up, the young man saw to his astonishment—almost to his dismay—that the tall pines were bending from their stately height to do him homage, and casting a shower of golden cones, which grouped themselves into a mighty crown, upon the earth before him.

Bewildered and awed, the young knight rose to his feet, and thought he had been dreaming. But he marked the spot, and when, but a few years later, the voice of

the German people found him most worthy to mount the throne, and when the Imperial crown was laid upon his head at Aix-la-Chapelle, Rudolph told his vision; and the tree, beneath which he had rested on that eventful day, was set apart as sacred from the woodman's axe, to lift its proud and hoary head, age after age, among its fellows, and to be pointed out to all succeeding generations as "The Emperor's pine."

The banks of the Alb were, moreover, the scene of that incident of Rudolph's life, which even more than his endowment of St. Blasien, and his espousal of the clerical cause in the quarrel with Tiefenstein, has secured to his memory the reputation both of piety and generosity.

Rudolph was hunting, this time on horseback, and had led his good steed to drink at the stream's brink. At the same moment a priest, intent upon carrying the Holy Sacrament to a dying man, who lived in a village on the further side of the river, reached the spot. The stream was swollen by recent rains, but the good man, eager for the fulfilment of his sacred duty, prepared to ford it.

Rudolph instantly dismounted, and offered his charger for the purpose of crossing the torrent.

This offer the priest gladly accepted, and having fulfilled his mission, returned to find Rudolph, and to restore the horse to its owner.

But, "God forbid," said the pious knight, "that I should ever again mount the beast which hath borne him, from whom I hold body and soul, honour and estate."

[At Albbruck, at the end of the valley, a station on the South Baden line, is an hotel.]

## CHAPTER XXI.

### FROM BASLE TO CONSTANCE.

"The wild cataract leaps in glory."

*Tennyson.*

THE railway from Basle to Constance, known as the South Baden line, passes through an exceedingly interesting and beautiful tract of country, following the mighty river through the whole of its upper course, and affording, not only delightful views over the Rhine, but also a succession of charming peeps into the romantic valleys which open out in the Upper Rhine valley from the Black Forest mountains.

For views of the Rhine, the right-hand side should be chosen: but on the left, the prospect is at times scarcely less interesting. Shortly after leaving Klein Basel, on the German side of the river, is to be seen the old pilgrimage church of Crischona-Kapelle, now a Protestant mission-house, attached to the church of Basle; this is also visible from the Wiesenthal railway near Riehen. The old castles of Birseck, in the midst of its park, Angenstein, famous in legend (p. 315), and Landskron, form conspicuous objects on the heights of what are known as the Baden Jura. As the Rhine is neared, the village of Augst will be seen on its right bank; this village occupies the site of the Roman

colony of Augusta Rauracorum, which was destroyed by the Huns in the year 450 A.D. (See the legend of Hugideo, p. 315). There are a few Roman remains here.

The railway, near this spot, penetrates a rock in which was formerly a cavern, and to which various legends were attached, the favourite one being that of Leonard the tailor's son of Rheinfelden, a youth who, not having hitherto managed to set the Rhine on fire, or to make himself in any way specially remarkable, was one day seized with a desire to explore the cave, and dare the spirits with which it was popularly believed to be infested.

The young man penetrated deeper and deeper into the darkness, until he stumbled against a door, which, opening of itself, admitted him into a gorgeous palace lined with sparkling crystals, in which, on a magnificent throne, guarded only by two immense black dogs, sat a lovely lady.

The lady rose with a smile to greet the youth, and uttered some words which led him to believe that his visit was not unexpected.

The startled Leonard stood stupid and bashful before her, dazzled by so brilliant and unexpected a vision, and not knowing what to say.

The lady hastened to relieve him of his embarrassment, and held out her hands. "You have come to release me," she said; "how can I be grateful enough to you?"

The youth could but take the proffered hand, and was before long found declaring, with an eloquence and readiness which surprised himself, that no task which she could lay upon him would be found too hard, if he only knew in what way he could be of service to her.

The lady explained—"A wicked magician has shut me up in this dark and miserable hole." (To Leonard, the cave, filled with the lady's radiant beauty, seemed a very palace of light, but he of course accepted the statement.) "Here I have languished, who shall say how long: for the only chance I have of release from the hated spell is, that some man—young, pure-souled, and handsome like yourself—shall espouse my cause."

"What can I do; whom can I fight?" asked Leonard, filled with a new-born valour.

The lady smiled. "The task before you is, after all, not so very hard a one," she said archly; "you must kiss me three times on the lips. That is all that is needed."

Young Leonard, who had never yet in his life stolen a kiss from a maiden's lips, started back, in something like alarm, from the proposal. And yet the notion did not, after all, strike him as an altogether unpleasant one.

"Well," said the lady, as she watched him, half willing and half reluctant, with an amused smile. "Well, is it so very hard?"

Leonard, suddenly gathering his courage, and nerving himself for the undertaking, hastily approached the lady, and with a beating heart, pressed the desired kiss upon her lips.

A beautiful pink glow spread itself over her pale features, as her eyes met his.

"That was only one," she said softly.

By this time, the youth overcoming his shyness, held her in his arms, and was gazing with rapture into the beautiful upturned face. He held her so close to him, that he did not observe how, at his first kiss, the sleeping dogs

stirred and growled, or that from beneath the shining folds of the lady's dress a serpent glided out, and coiled itself about his foot.

"That was only one," repeated the lady.

"Another, and another, and as many as you will," returned the youth.

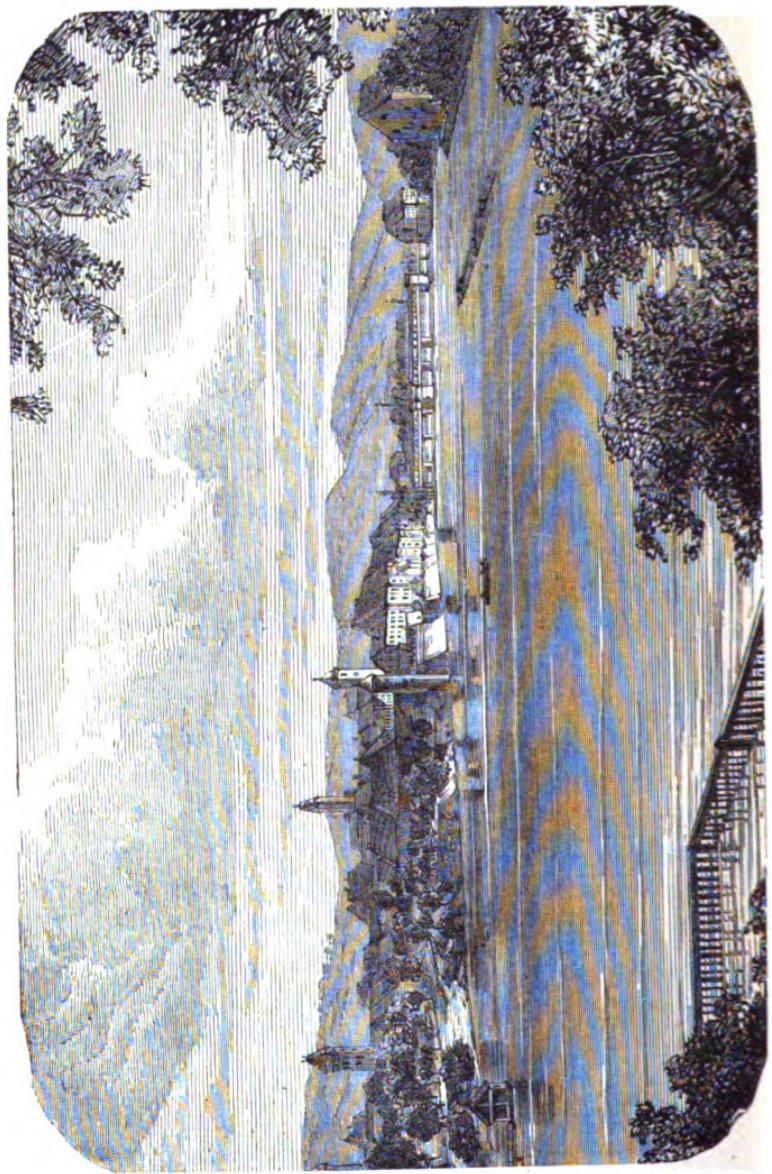
But, at the second kiss, the lady's whole being changed. The arms, which she had thrown about the young man's neck, elongated themselves into shining scaly coils, her eyes flamed fire, her mouth widened to display a double row of huge glittering teeth, like those of some savage animal.

"One more kiss," she cried; but her voice was no longer soft and imploring; it was the voice of command.

Leonard, happily for himself, looked into her face before complying, and, dull youth though he was, saw there revealed the nature which the enchantress, trusting to his youth and ignorance, had not taken the pains sufficiently to conceal.

With a wild cry of terror, and a sudden revulsion of feeling, he sprang from the clinging arms which coiled about him, and freed himself sufficiently to make, roughly, the sign of the cross upon his breast. Then he turned to fly, pursued to the very door of the cavern by the shrill demands of the enchantress, and by the snarls and growls of the hell hounds, who yet dared not openly attack one signed with the sacred symbol of the faith. The unhappy youth, however, never recovered from the shock of his encounter with the enchantress of the cave; and soon afterwards pined away and died—the victim of a kiss.

The enchantress's cave has been, as we have said, invaded by the railway, and the modern spirit of progress has found



the charm by which to exorcise the old phantoms of mediæval darkness.

Rheinfelden, is an exceedingly picturesque old town on the Swiss bank of the Rhine, with a curious gateway and remains of the mediæval fortifications. It was one of the border forts of the Holy Roman Empire, and has been the scene of numerous struggles, sustaining several sieges during the Thirty Years' War. In 1744, it was taken by the French, and has been Swiss since 1801.

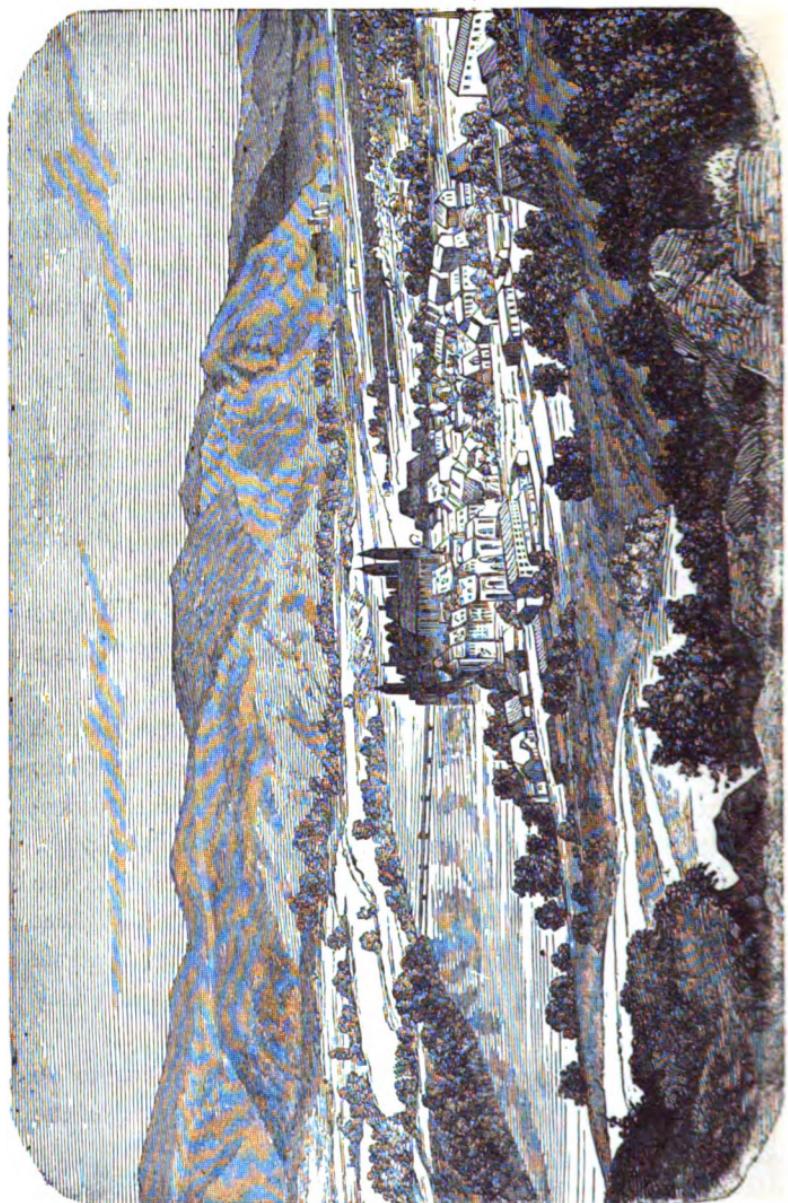
It is connected with the German side of the Rhine by two very old and curious covered-bridges, which rest in midstream on a small rock island, now laid out as a pleasure garden, where formerly stood the formidable Steinschloss, a castle belonging to the Hapsburg family, which was destroyed by the Swiss in 1445.

It was to this castle that the redoubtable Rudolph of Rheinfelden bore off his Empress's daughter as hostage in the troubled days of Henry IV.

The Rhine, which is here an exceedingly impetuous and rapid stream, tears wildly between the rock and the shore, its turbid pale-green waters being here and there unpleasantly discernible between the planking of the ancient bridge. The spot, from its dangerous currents, is known to the raftsmen as the Hooks of Hell. There is an excellent hotel and pension on the German side of the town, opposite the railway station (the Bellevue), where salt baths may be had from the extensive salt works in the vicinity.

There are many beautiful walks and excursions to be taken from this point, as is, indeed, the case from any of the towns of the Upper Rhine valley.

At the next station, Beuggen, is the mediæval House of



NANKING CHINA

the Knights Templars, now an orphan-asylum and school. Brennet is the station which stands sentinel over the Wehrthal—a good hotel here (p. 343).

Next, Säkkingen is reached, an ancient little town possessing a fine old abbey-church and important ribbon manufactories, cotton-mills, &c.

It is connected with the Swiss shore by a covered timber bridge like that of Rheinfelden, but with two small chapels upon it, at which the passing traveller may say a prayer if he feel so disposed.

The church, a large and handsome twin-towered building, with some fine old oak carving in the interior, is the only relic of the celebrated abbey which once stood here, and which held spiritual sway over the whole Swiss Canton of Glarus. It was founded by St. Fridolin, an Irish monk, who has the credit of being the first Christian missionary of the Black Forest, and whose name is still held in the greatest possible veneration. The tomb of the saint, and some valuable relics, are exhibited in the church.

But the chief interest of the little town is perhaps derived from Victor Scheffel's charming and popular poem, "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," which should certainly be read by all who are making a tour through the Southern Black Forest, and if possible in the original, since the only existing translation gives but a poor notion of the grace and charm of the author's descriptions.

The story, which is extremely slight, is that of a young man, Werner by name, who, by his passion for trumpet blowing and other irregularities, contrived to get himself expelled from his native city of Heidelberg. He wanders through the Black Forest in search of adventure, and finds

his way by the Wehrthal to Säkkingen, where he arrives on the fête day of St. Fridolin, and instantly falls in love with one of the fair maidens who are taking part in the solemn procession to the saint's shrine.

The lady is Margaretha, daughter of the Freiherr of Säkkingen, whose castle, now converted into a factory, but surrounded with beautiful and well-preserved gardens, still overhangs the rushing river.

How young Werner confided his heart's secret to his beloved trumpet ; how, in the stillness of the night, he woke the echoes by a resounding serenade : how his soul-stirring music took by storm the soldier-heart of Margaretha's father, as in the young trumpeter's tones the old man recalled the memory of past scenes of strife and glory : how the subtle strains of the handsome young trumpeter were not without effect even upon Margaretha's gentle soul, and how Hiddigei, the family cat and pet, observed all, and made his sage remarks upon it : all this Scheffel tells us in his brightest, half-serio, half-comic style.

Then we have an episode of the peasants' war, and an attack upon Säkkingen, in which young Werner greatly distinguishes himself, gets wounded, and is nursed by Margaretha ; with what result we may, perhaps, imagine. But as the course of true love never did run smooth, the old soldier, Margaretha's father, is equally startled and displeased at the notion of his young favourite daring to aspire to the hand of his daughter. For Margaretha is a lady of noble birth and ancient lineage, and young Werner's sole title to distinction is his skill in trumpet-playing.

The lovers separate. Young Werner once more wanders out, trumpet in hand, to seek his fortune in the wide world,

and dutiful Margaretha stays in the old castle by the Rhine, tending her old father, and going through her little daily tasks as usual; but with all the sweetness and the brightness gone out of her young life.

Years pass, and Margaretha is taken by her relative, the Princess Abbess, on a pilgrimage to Rome.

There, in the celebrated musician, the chapel-master of His Holiness, she recognises her lost trumpeter.

Need it be said that, in the end, affection and talent are found equal to high birth and fortune, and that the pair are happily united, the Pope himself blessing the union, and satisfying all prejudices by according a patent of nobility to the trumpeter, who, thereupon, returns to Säkkingen with his bride, to be cordially welcomed by the old Freiherr as son-in-law and marquis.

But in the picturesque little cemetery of Säkkingen, where husband and wife are buried—close to the old castle where their married lives were passed, and to the mighty rushing river, beside which their first love-vows were spoken—the musician lies under his own best-known name of Werner Kirchhofner, beside the nobly-born wife, whom he had gained “by love and trumpet-blowing.”

“ Liebe und Trompeten blasen  
Nutzen zu viel guten Dingen  
Liebe und Trompeten blasen  
Selbst ein adlig Weib erringen.”

The charm of the poem is, however, not so much in the love-story, as in the exquisite descriptions of forest and river scenery with which it abounds, and which certainly do not bear translation.

A favourite excursion from Säkkingen is to the little lake

(Bergsee), deep in the forest, also charmingly described in the "Trompeter."

After leaving Säkkingen by the railway, there is an extremely pretty view of the town. Looking back upon it, it seems in truth, from the bend which the Rhine takes at this point, to lie "floating, sack-like, in the river."

The station Murg, a village embosomed in orchards, stands at the entrance of the valley of the same name—a most romantic and beautiful one, very little frequented, but through which a new road has lately been made up to Herrischried, by Hottingen, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful spot in the valley. It is a drive of two hours and a half only from Murg. On the way, one hour from Murg, the finely-situated ruins of the Wieladinger Schloss are passed.

The whole of this neighbourhood has been only so lately opened out by roads, and is so seldom visited by strangers, that it may be considered practically unexplored ; and its people exhibit much of the simplicity, and retain many of the quaint and old-fashioned customs, which are being worn away in many places by rough contact with the outer world. This is the district popularly known as Hotzenland, (breeches-land), in reference to the peculiar costume of the peasantry.

The inhabitants of the upland plateau lying between the Wehrthal and Albthal are, perhaps, more remarkable and characteristic types of the old Alemannic race, *pur et simple*, than are to be found elsewhere in the Black Forest, or, indeed, in Europe. In stature, they are low, square-built, and firm, with piercing black eyes, and black hair cut square across the forehead, which it overhangs thickly, like a thatch, while it grows lanky and long at the back of the neck. Their

dress is also peculiar. A broad crimson waistcoat hangs down far below the waist, like a herald's coat; beneath this are velvet breeches reaching to the knee, and long white stockings; the body is covered by a jacket, often worn Hussar-fashion, one sleeve flung over the shoulder; round the neck is a broad Spanish ruff or collar, turned over in Vandyke style, and tied with a string and tassels; on the head either a tight fur cap, or a straw-hat, according to the season. The women's costume is scarcely less bright-coloured or picturesque, although it is not so new to us as that of the men. It consists of a red bodice laced across with black velvet, short black or blue skirts, the front covered with a large green or blue apron, clocked stockings, and bowed shoes, the head being completely covered with a black silk cap, adorned in the front with large Alsatian bows, but the hair hangs plaited in two long tails down the back.

The head-quarters of this remarkable costume is at Herischried, but, unfortunately for lovers of the quaint and picturesque, innovations are creeping in even into this remote district. It is all too probable that in another generation the fine old patriarchal costume of the Murgthal will be a thing of the past.

The railway continues very closely to follow the right bank of the Rhine, which at Laufenburg presents a most imposing spectacle, the immense mass of waters struggling and surging, in a series of cataracts, amongst huge granite blocks, with a force and fury which, perhaps, gives even a greater impression of power than any mere fall like that of Schaffhausen. From the railway (right side) the view is most picturesque of the seething emerald-green water



LAUFENBURG,

pierced by the dark rock-masses, and of the quaint old-fashioned houses which border the flood, while above them, on a wooded hill, are seen the shattered remains of the old castle, from amid whose dismantled battlements rises a stately pine, towering firm and undismayed, alike above the roar of waters and the wrack of time.

The river is not navigable at this point. A young Englishman (Lord Montagu) lost his life by attempting to perform the feat of shooting the rapids. Curiously enough, on the same day, his ancestral home in Sussex was burnt to the ground. The town of Laufenburg, the city of the current, from *laufen*, to run, lies partly on the German and partly on the Swiss side of the river. There are several hotels in both quarters—the Post in Klein-Laufenburg (German side) is very good, and has an extremely beautiful view.

There is good salmon fishing to be had here. In the month of June, indeed, so great is the crowd of small fish that the water is often black with them. Here rafts are made for Holland, from the wood which has been floated down from the Black Forest valleys. The railway now passes through a tunnel a thousand feet long, and over several viaducts which cross the valleys ; but from this point loses interest.

It affords scarcely a passing glimpse into the beautiful Albthal before reaching Albbrück (Hotel, zum Albthal, dear), the point from which the diligence runs northward to St. Blasien (p. 291).

From Waldshut, a little manufacturing town, beautifully situated, but otherwise not interesting, a postal diligence runs twice a day, in three hours and a half, to Höchenschwand, with its celebrated view of the Alps (p. 294).

From Station Thiengen (Krone), there is a momentary glimpse into the romantic Schlüchthal, which, however, deserves far more than such passing notice.

The valley is only just being opened out, and new and very good roads are being made through it. No more beautiful excursion can be taken than from Thiengen to the Witznauer Mill, and thence up the romantic Schwarzach valley, which here unites with the Schlücht.

Beyond this, through the upper part of the Schlücht valley, there is a route, at present (1878) only available for pedestrians, which, in points of grandeur and romantic wildness, far exceeds anything which either the Höllenthal, the Albtal, or the Wehratal can offer. The path is cut out in the rocks overhanging the stream, and is for about an hour a succession of steps, galleries, and bridges, amid the most exquisite scenery. The finest point is about half-way between the Mill and Uihlingen. Several small stations and the Swiss frontier are passed before arriving at Neuhausen, opposite the celebrated Falls of the Rhine.

These are too well known to need long delay; for few travellers, hurrying on to the glaciers and lakes of Switzerland, but turn aside for a few brief moments, to gaze half entranced and half afraid at the old and yet ever new wonder of the great cataract—the finest that Europe can offer. And he who has stood under the roar of the water-giant, or watched the rainbow-colours clothing its face in living glory, or seen it transfused into a moving wall of silver under the white moon's rays, will not easily forget the sensations with which he looked upon the scene.

But it is, perhaps, after all, not the actual beauty or grandeur of the cataract, so much as its perpetual vitality, its

changeful unchangeableness, which impresses itself upon the beholder with a half sad and half hopeful awe. "There is life," you say, as you look at it—"a life that has lasted from ages untold—that will last, we may believe, till time, at least, is ended ; ever passing away, yet ever renewing itself ! " Or if our mood be sad, " It is the world," we cry, " and the atoms that compose it are whirled along in its mad career whether they will or no, while other millions of atoms are struggling and fighting their way onwards, to take the place of those which have been so swiftly and ruthlessly swept away."

It is so—and the water-drops, which have played their part in the great struggle, sail on, even through the gates and jaws of what looked like death, to fertilise, and bless, and grow in power ; not lost in the great ocean of eternity, only changed, and turned to nobler uses. For the drops of water which could but gather rainbows among river cataracts, and fret in a shallow path, shall, by and by, bear on their bosom the commerce of nations, and roll in uncontrolled grandeur from shore to shore.

For those who desire to come into very close contact with the great fall, means are provided. A little boat is always to be found ready to convey passengers across the bottom of the falls, and the transit, though somewhat exciting, is quite without danger. But the noise of the water, from this point, is almost stunning—indeed, it can be distinctly heard at a distance of from four to five miles.

Schloss Laufen, an old tower, standing on a rock above the falls, is an excellent point of view, which may be reached by the railway-bridge, as well as by the Rhine ferry, but for

the general effect of the whole scene, it is difficult to find a more striking, though somewhat distant view, than is to be had from the terrace and garden of the two excellent hotels, the Schweizerhof, and the Bellevue, which are immediately opposite the cataract.

It is somewhat remarkable that no mention is made of the Rhine falls by any Roman writer, although we know that the Romans were both at Constance and at Augst. And geologists are of opinion, that the course of the river was formerly different to what it now is.

The deposits of the valley of the Upper Rhine are the same as those in the valley of the Seez, a river falling into the lake of Wallenstadt, and so, say the wise in such matters, it is probable that, in early times, the Rhine, instead of pursuing its present roundabout course, by Constance and Schaffhausen, formerly flowed in a straight line from Sargans, through Lake Wallenstadt, and the lake of Zurich to Waldshut; nor is it thought improbable that, at some future time, it may once more resume its ancient course, breaking over the barrier of some twenty feet high and two hundred paces wide, which alone separates the valley of the Seez from that of the Upper Rhine.

Schaffhausen, still in Switzerland, is next reached. It is a quaint and interesting old town, many of its houses retaining the enormous gabled roof and broad projecting eaves of the sixteenth century. Some of the doorways are adorned with elaborate sculptures, and have quaint verses written over the lintels, while the fronts of several houses are frescoed in the old Suabian fashion.

The origin of Schaffhausen dates as far back as the eighth century, when a small colony of boatmen, we are told,

settled in the place, and constructed some boat-sheds, or *skiff houses*, as rude depôts for the cargoes of vessels coming from Lake Constance. At first, only a hamlet, it speedily rose to the dignity of a market-town, and by the end of the thirteenth century claimed the position of an Imperial city, the abbot of the neighbouring monastery of All Saints, exercising sovereign authority over the place. A hundred years later, Lewis of Bavaria mortgaged the city to Austria, and the citizens redeemed themselves by paying, from the civic funds, the sum for which they had been pawned.

The best view of the town is to be had from the village of Feuerthalen, on the opposite bank of the river.

The cathedral is a massive building in the Romanesque style, some parts of it dating from the beginning of the twelfth century, and its bell, cast in 1486, with the famous inscription, *Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango*, was taken by Schiller as the motto of his "Lied von der Glocke."

The old tower of Murroth, used during the great famine of 1564 as a meal-store, but probably dating from an earlier period, is worth visiting, for the sake of the view to be had from it. Its walls are nearly twenty feet thick.

Schaffhausen contains a library, museum, theatre, concert-room, the two latter in one building, called the Imthurneum, presented to the town by a citizen, whose name it recalls ; and there are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, affording fine views of the Alps and the river.

Schaffhausen possesses many manufactories, and the hydraulic arrangements, by which these are supplied with the river-water, are remarkable, and well worthy of a visit.

The line from Schaffhausen makes a bend north-east-

ward, and passes several small stations without much interest.

Near Thayingen, a cave was discovered in 1874, containing bones and teeth of the bear, reindeer, bison, and elk, together with some stone and flint implements, which are now in the Rosgarten collection at Constance.

At Singen, where the Black Forest railway joins that of the Rhine Valley, there is a fine view of the castle of Hohentwiel (p. 224).

The railway now borders the marshy and uninteresting northern shore of the Unter or Zeller See, an outlet from Lake Constance. Radolfzell, a quaint old town, with walls, gates, and a handsome eighteenth-century church, is reached. Here, the railway to Sigmaringen and the Upper Danube valley branches off.

Three stations farther, Reichenau is reached, the island being connected with the mainland by an embankment three-quarters of a mile in length.

The island itself is about three miles and three-quarters long, and a mile and a half wide. It is noted as having been the seat of the famous Benedictine abbey, which, founded as early as the beginning of the ninth century, rapidly became one of the richest and most powerful ecclesiastical establishments of Germany. It was a popular saying, that when the abbot of Reichenau made a pilgrimage to Rome, he could lodge every night in some palace of his own on the way. Indeed, the wealth and possessions accumulated by the brotherhood were surprising; and the abbot, reigning in his little island as a sovereign prince, held a court there, at which Popes, Emperors, and Kings alike, at various times, received hospitality.

But the power of the Reichenau monastery declined early ; from what cause, it is difficult to say, unless it might be from that

"Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,"

and which had not only created powerful enemies for itself, but had also wantonly wasted its substance in display.

Eventually we hear of the brotherhood being reduced to such poverty, that their sole annual income amounted to a few silver marks. The monastery was secularized in 1799. The abbey church, which was consecrated in 806, and contains the remains of Charles the Fat, great grandson of Charlemagne, who was dethroned in 887, now serves as a place of worship for Mittelzell, one of the three villages which are upon the island.

The tower and nave of the church belong to the original structure, but, with the exception of a few relics preserved in the sacristy, there is little left to tell the tale of its former glories. Among the relics is an enormous stone, weighing about 28 lbs., which is supposed to be the facsimile of an emerald once owned by the abbey. This is mentioned in Victor Scheffel's romance of Ekkehard.

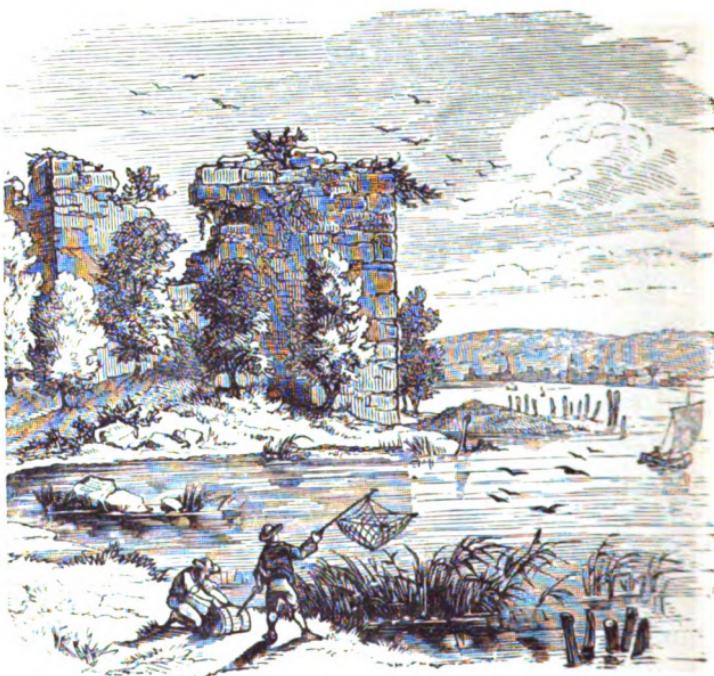
On the east side of the island, near the village (with fine old church) of Oberzell, are the ruins of the castle of Schopfeln, probably a Roman station, and a mediæval castle, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Reichenau.

A romantic story is told of the destruction of this old stronghold :—

For many years, the abbot of Reichenau had been at feud with his neighbour, the Bishop of Constance ; one great subject of dispute being the fishery rights and boun-

daries in the Zeller See, to which very arbitrary claims were laid by the Reichenau monks, to the great annoyance and loss of the people of Constance and the surrounding villages.

One day it chanced that a certain fisherman of Peters-



hausen, Matthias by name, a vassal of the knight of Castell, was fishing in the lake, and ventured to cross the imaginary line of demarcation. The day's haul had not been a successful one, and as the sun was setting, a shoal of, as it seemed, Heaven-sent prey, attracted the unlucky fisher into disputed waters.

As it happened two of the noble brotherhood of Reichenau were at the same time enjoying the evening air in a pleasure boat, which, under the strong strokes of stout rowers, was rapidly gliding along the surface of the clear water. One of the two, lying in pleasant idleness outstretched in the boat, was Mangold of Brandis, Provost of the Monastery, as bad and unscrupulous a knave as ever hid under a monk's cowl and cassock, but very jealous of the rights and privileges of his order. His sharp eyes soon detected Matthias and his fishing-boat, and he instantly gave orders to his boatmen to row him quickly to the spot, where he arrived at the very moment that the fisherman was drawing his rich and long-hoped-for haul.

"Hold!" cried the Provost, "those fish belong to the monastery, and you know it; you are poaching."

"Ah! reverend sir," cried the fisherman, who was, to be sure, not quite clear as to the ground he stood upon, or, more correctly, as to the water on which he floated, "if I have unwillingly transgressed, pardon me. The best of the haul I will carry to the Convent."

The Provost laughed. "You are too generous, fisher, with your stolen goods. No, no; we don't let thieves off quite so easily as that, especially thieves of Constance. You are our prisoner."

In vain Eberhard of Altenklingen, the companion of the Provost, sought to turn him from his purpose of vengeance, asserting as his belief that the fisherman had actually not overstepped the boundary which the monastery-laws had laid down.

His remonstrances were, however, unavailing, and after a short but sharp struggle, Matthias was pursued, over-

powered, and carried bound to the abbey. Thence he was conveyed, by the Provost's orders, to the castle of Schopfeln, and immured in a dungeon beneath the surface of the water.

Meantime Hilda, the fisherman's only daughter and sole care—for she had been motherless from her birth—waited and watched for her father's return with ever-increasing anxiety.

Even before the darkness fell a certain presentiment of evil had taken possession of the girl's mind; and leaving her cottage with its ready-spread supper-table, she had stood for many minutes on the shore of the lake, her hand pressed to her forehead, and her eyes peering out through the gathering gloom, as though with the magnet of her loving gaze she could attract the wanderer home. But no sign of the returning boat was to be seen, and the clear lake lay before her so calm and still, under the spell of the rising moon, that any thought of danger seemed at once uncalled for, and absurd.

Still she was uneasy. And when, hour after hour passed by, and still her father did not return, it was more, perhaps, with the notion of passing away the time which was hanging wearily on her hands, than from any definite resolve of going in search of the fisherman, that she loosened a little boat from the landing-stage, and seating herself in it, began to pull away from the shore.

The evening was calm and starry, but the full moon gradually rising into the deep dark blue of the heavens quickly extinguished all lesser lights, and made a radiance as clear as that of the day upon the expanse of silvered water.

Almost mechanically Hilda directed her little craft in the direction of the point of land called the Eichhorn, which was her father's usual fishing station. But no Matthias was to be seen.

Impelled by, she knew scarcely what instinct, the girl rowed towards the island, which, with its towers and monastic buildings, rose proudly from the water. To her alarm, as much as to her surprise, she saw, drawn up on the shore, close to the castle of Schopfeln, an empty boat, which she recognised as that of her father.

With a cry of terror she rowed rapidly nearer, and immediately under, the old castle walls.

Her alarm was scarcely relieved to hear, as she believed, the voice of her father calling from beneath the water. A new fear took possession of her. Was it his spirit-voice that she heard? Her oar dropped from her grasp, while she listened shudderingly. Yet the voice was certainly the voice of her father, and it said—

“I am Matthias, the fisherman of Petershausen, thrust into this dungeon. Whoever you are, if you are a Christian soul, I pray you let my liege-lord, the Knight of Castel, know of my sore strait.”

“Father!” cried the girl, “is that your voice? Are you indeed alive?”

“Barely,” returned the fisherman, “for those four fellows of the Provost made rough work of me; but is it, indeed, thou, my daughter?” returned the fisherman, surprised in his turn.

Mutual explanations followed, with as much comfort to each, as can be exchanged through the bars of a prison window.

"How can the abbot be so wicked as to shut you up here?" sighed poor Hilda.

"It is not the abbot," returned her father. "I doubt if he even knows of my capture. It was my ill-luck to fall in the way of that graceless Provost."

"If the abbot does not know," cries the girl, "then I will tell him. At least, father, let me go and fall at his feet, and implore his pity."

"Well, well," said the fisherman, "there can be no harm in trying." And, surely, thought the fond father, the man would have a heart of stone who could resist my Hilda.

Full of her pious resolve, the girl, after a brief farewell, steered her boat to the shore, and, springing lightly to land, made her way to the monastery, guided by the illumination which filled every window, and, as she came nearer, by the sound of voices and merriment; for the monastery was in gala that night, to welcome the arrival of the Abbot of St. Gall, who was paying a visit to his brethren of the island.

Into the lighted hall, where wine and speech were freely circulating, the young girl penetrated, and laid her trembling petition at the abbot's feet.

The monks, however, were supping, and, disposed to be jovial, and the sudden apparition of a beautiful young girl in their midst, was too rare an event not to be treated as excellent sport. One assailed her with compliments, another offered to kiss her, a third toasted her in sack; but no answer was made to her appeal; and discouraged, ashamed, and frightened, the girl, with hot, burning cheeks and tearful eyes, at length rose, and hiding her face in her hands, fled from the presence of the merry-making monks, still pursued, as she went, by rude laughter and coarse jests.

Back again, over the moonlit waters, she passed in the tiny skiff. She halted a moment beneath her father's prison-window.

"Father, they are bold, bad men, those monks," she said breathlessly ; "they will not hear me ; but do not fear," she added, filled, as it seemed with a new and sudden courage, "with God's help, I will yet free you."

Away in her tiny boat, she rowed through the night, and, when morning came, it found her pleading her father's cause before the council of burghers, in the quaint old hall at Constance.

As it happened, the worthy citizens of Constance wanted but very little to excite their indignation against the ecclesiastics of Reichenau, who, by their haughtiness and constant acts of aggression, had well-nigh filled the cup of offence to the overflowing.

And the simple eloquence of the brave-hearted girl moved them to declare, that steps should be at once taken for the release of the prisoner, whom they decided to have been unwarrantably kidnapped.

Messengers were despatched, with a somewhat peremptory demand, for the release of the captive.

The next day they returned, bearing with them, indeed, the prize which they had demanded, but in a condition which excited not only compassion for the unhappy sufferer, but a fury of indignation against the monks, in the breasts of the Constance burghers.

Before acceding to the demand made upon them, the monks had deprived the unfortunate fisherman of sight, his eyes having, it was reported, been put out, by the very hand of the Provost of Brandis.

This personal outrage upon one of their people was as the last drop in the overflowing cup, and amid curses, not loud but deep, war was determined on.

An expedition was organized, for which the fishermen of Constance provided the boats, and the city, troops of armed men. Under their avenging hands, the monks' stronghold was razed to the ground, scarcely one stone being left upon another.

This was in the year 1370.

A little way past Reichenau a sudden turn of the railway reveals Lake Constance in all its vast extent, and the city itself is entered, across an iron bridge which spans the Rhine, and affords a splendid outlook over the vast expanse of emerald water, with the Tyrolean snow-clad Alps as the sky-line of the picture.

From Schaffhausen to Constance the journey can also be made by boat. It is somewhat tedious. The chief points of interest are the fine old town of Stein, the ruined castle of Hohenklingen, a good view of the island of Reichenau, the castle of Arenenberg belonging to the Buonaparte family, where Queen Hortense died, and the fortified monastery of Gottlieben on the Rhine, where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were imprisoned by order of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope John XXII., and where, curiously enough, that pontiff himself suffered captivity, by order of the same Council of Constance.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CONSTANCE, THE CITY OF JOHN HUSS.

" Let me review the scene  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been."  
*Longfellow.*

(HOTELS.—Constanzer Hof, Rheinischer Hof, Insel, all on the lake with magnificent view, Hecht, &c.)

**S**HORTLY before approaching Constance, the broad sheet of water which we have known under the name of the Zeller or Unter See, and on which we have seen the island of Reichenau floating, contracts into a comparatively narrow channel, which once more bears the honoured name of the Rhine, to be presently lost again in the wide reaching glories of Lake Constance—or, as it is called in the German tongue, the Boden See.

The topography of the city of Constance is somewhat confusing to the ungeographical mind—a confusion which is perhaps not diminished by the fact, that the town lies on the wrong side, as it were, of the river, that is, on the Swiss side, so that to enter Germany the Rhine-bridge has to be crossed, while a stroll of a mile out of the town on the land-side, passes the frontier of another country.

The city of Constance is interesting alike from its position, its history, and its associations.

Tradition asserts that it was founded in the fourth

century by Constantine the Great, whence its name. It is certain that the Romans, recognising the peculiar advantages of the site, established a fort here, about which in very early times a hamlet clustered, which, gradually growing in importance, was noted for its commercial activity, and developed in the Middle Ages into a free Imperial city. Charlemagne stayed here on his way to Rome, when he journeyed thither for his coronation; and Constance received, at one time and another, many of the mediæval sovereigns of Germany.

In 1153 Frederick Barbarossa concluded a peace with the Lombards in this city, and two years later he received here the golden key of the Italian towns, as a token of their submission.

In the fourteenth century, the constantly growing power of the bishop seriously imperilled the liberties of the town, which had been solemnly secured by Barbarossa, and a long series of internal struggles followed.

In this century, too, there was a cruel persecution of the Jews, who, as active and successful traders, had aroused the jealousy of their fellow-townsmen; and in 1448 the whole body of the Hebrew population was banished from the city.

In the year 1352 the Emperor Charles IV. granted fresh power to the bishop, which gave rise to fresh hostilities between the townsmen and the ecclesiastics. The people of Constance seem never to have been specially good or respectful sons of the Church, and during this fourteenth century we find them, not only constantly at open war with their own bishop, but defending their rights with a high hand against the monks of Reichenau, whose stronghold they destroyed,

engaging at the same time in a war with Count Eberhard of Würtemberg, who had ranged himself as an ally of the monks and with the Abbot of St. Gall, who had also taken the part of his brethren of the island.

But the crowning event in the history of Constance, is the celebrated council which was held in the city during the years 1414-1418, assembled in tardy answer to the cry of Christendom for some definite standard of faith—a council which was assembled with the avowed object of a reformation of the Church in its head and members, and the chief result of whose deliberations was the burning of John Huss, and of his friend, Jerome of Prague.

There were, at this time, no fewer than three rival popes, each claiming to be the appointed vicar of Christ upon earth; but the council was summoned by that one of the three who was most generally recognised as Pope, John XXIII., who himself presided at the first sittings of the Assembly, attended by nine cardinals and a train of 600 followers.

The temporal powers were represented by the Emperor Sigismund and a crowd of electors, princes, and plenipotentiaries.

"For many months the converging roads which led to this central city were crowded with all ranks and orders, ecclesiastics and laymen, sovereign princes and ambassadors of sovereigns, archbishops and bishops, the heads or representatives of the great monastic orders, theologians, doctors of canon or civil law, delegates from all the universities, some with splendid and numerous retainers, some like trains of pilgrims, some singly or on foot, and, with these, merchants and traders of every degree.

For the council had come to be, it seemed, not only a solemn Christian conference, but a great European Congress, a vast central fair, where every kind of commerce was to be conducted on the boldest scale, and where chivalric, historical, and other amusements were to be provided for the assembled masses." (Milman's "History of Latin Christianity.")

Indeed, it is stated that, independently of those immediately engaged in the work of the council, no fewer than 100,000 persons were, through curiosity or hope of gain, attracted to the city at this time, among whom were mountebanks, buffoons, actors of mysteries from England—who, for the first time, introduced dramatic representations into Germany—and a vast number of women of doubtful reputation.

How this enormous influx of people were housed and fed within the city, it is difficult to imagine, but we are assured, by contemporary writers, that, throughout the whole sitting of the council, excellent order prevailed.

Among the mighty ones of the earth who wended their way to the city on the lake, was, we are told, "a pale, thin man, in mean attire," whose coming was not, even then, thought to be altogether without its importance, by the body of noble and ignoble counsellors, since he came under a safe-conduct, signed by the Emperor's hand, and attended by three nobles of his own country, together with a large number of followers; but to few, if any, of the assembled dignitaries did it occur, that future ages, in looking back upon the famous council, would know it as famous only by reason of that pale, thin man, John Huss.

Huss had been previously summoned to appear at Rome

by Pope John XXII. "The man of irreproachable morals cited to appear before the tribunal of a Pope, charged at least with every imaginable crime." But the Bohemian king and nation had refused to allow him to cross the Alps.

The chief crime of which Huss was accused was, that he preached loudly against the evil lives and corrupt practices of the clergy, practices which the Council of Constance was chiefly summoned to reform.

Huss professed his willingness to appear and plead his cause before the same tribunal, and, protected by the Emperor's written passport, came. He was received by the pope graciously, but, before a month had passed over his head, found himself a prisoner in the Dominican convent, which had been established on a small island in front of the city.

His friends protested, and the Emperor Sigismund, who had not yet arrived at Constance, sent an order for his immediate release. But no one dared to invade the sanctuary of that cloister-prison. And from thence, the Bohemian reformer was removed to a still severer imprisonment at Gottlieben, on the Rhine (p. 376).

Here he was kept in irons for nine months, while the council were busy deposing Pope John, on account of his scandalous conduct, and engaged in the difficult task of selecting as pope a man of fairly good morals, with some little pretension to learning.

Meantime, Pope John was actually confined in the same prison as the Reformer; the one being punished for the very offences which the other was punished for protesting against.

At length Huss was brought from his prison, and led

in chains before the council, assembled in the old hall, which is still in existence. The Emperor sat upon the throne, as president. Huss was examined on various points of doctrine, and was accused of favouring the heresy of Wicklif.

The answers of Huss were clear, self-possessed, and unhesitating. He was guilty of the rashness of discomfiting and perplexing his accusers. He confessed to have read and disseminated the writings of Wicklif. He was required to denounce the English Reformer as one of the lost.

"Wicklif, I trust, will be saved," said he; "but could I think he would be damned, I would my soul were with his."

This was clearly heresy.

In answer to an appeal which Huss made to the Emperor's honour, Sigismund replied, that no faith could be kept with heretics, and that Huss, by his own confessions, had absolved the Emperor from his word.

"I appeal," said Huss, "to Jesus Christ, the one all-powerful, and all-great Judge. To Him I commit my cause."

This, said the council, was blasphemy.

The council met, to pronounce sentence, in the Cathedral. While mass was celebrating, Huss, as a heretic, stood in the porch. Afterwards, he was called into the church, and bidden to kneel, and hear his sentence.

His only protest was, "Hither came I freely, under the safe-conduct of the Emperor."

While he spoke, he looked steadily at Sigismund, over whose face, says the record, there passed a deep blush. Then, kneeling, Huss received sentence, and prayed aloud for those who were condemning him.

The priestly robes, in which he was dressed, were stripped from him, with every circumstance of ignominy.

When the cup of the Sacrament was taken from his hand with a curse—"I trust that I shall drink it this day in the Kingdom of Heaven," said he.

"We devote thy soul to the devils in hell," said the Church, by the voice of its spokesman.

"And I commend it to the mercy of Jesus Christ," said the martyr.

He was led away, guarded by eight hundred horsemen, and attended by an immense multitude of people, to a meadow without the gates, known as the field of Brühl. As he went along, he addressed the people in German, and made, so it is said, the famous jest which prophesied the coming of Luther.

Arrived at the place of execution, he kneeled and prayed, reciting several psalms, in a loud clear voice.

"We know not," said the people, "what this man may have done, we only know that his prayers to God are excellent."

To the end, Huss maintained his calmness and gentleness of demeanour, together with his resolute courage; and the last feeble sounds of his voice, heard from amid the fury of the flames, were words of prayer and praise.

A year later, Jerome of Prague, the friend and companion of Huss, who had followed him, from affection, into the very jaws of death, suffered, on the same spot, a martyrdom no less noble. He was bound naked to the stake, continuing to sing hymns, in a loud, clear voice. The executioner offered to light the fire from behind, so that he might not see it.

"Had I the slightest fear, I should not be standing here," said the martyr.

But the light which might well stream from the martyr fire of Jerome, is at Constance overshadowed by the colossal figure of Jerome's leader and teacher.

At Constance, it is of Huss, and of Huss only, of whom we think, of whom we are reminded at every step. Constance is emphatically the city of Huss, as Geneva is the city of Calvin, or Zurich the city of Zwingli. Scarcely a street in it but recalls some memory of the great Bohemian protestor. The house where he lodged, in the Paul Strasse, is adorned with his effigy. The old Dominican monastery, in which he was confined, is, perhaps, now the very hotel at which the visitor may alight. The old convent at Gottlieben, to which he was conveyed after his condemnation, is hard by the city, the council-hall in which he was tried; the stone in the cathedral on which he stood to receive his condemnation; the spot where he suffered the pangs of a cruel death; all are present with the visitor to Constance. And it will be strange if, as he passes from stage to stage of the thrilling story, which seems brought home to him in so realistic a manner in the old German city, he do not feel,—whatever his religious prejudices or convictions,—a thrill of honest sympathy and admiration, for the man who stood so calmly, face to face with the world—who dared to raise his puny voice against corruption in holy places, even against all powers, temporal and spiritual, and strong in the strength of a mighty conviction, met death with a smile—dying for the crime of striving to make the world better and purer than he found it.

The flames which curled about the martyred body of

John Huss, lighted, as we know, the torch of one of the fiercest religious and civil wars that modern times have ever known, a war that for thirteen years raged from one end of Germany to the other; a war that was made even more savage by the facts: that the holiest names were perpetually called in question; that each side firmly believed the enemy to be in league with the devil; and that every individual soldier was convinced that the foe whom his weapon struck down was a recruit for the army of the doomed in hell.

At this time of religious strife, Constance sided with the Reformers.

The ashes of the martyred Bohemian teachers, which were scattered abroad on the face of the emerald lake, were washed back again by the storms of those tempestuous times, and, like seed, took root in the very city which had witnessed their death-throes.

Constance followed the teaching of the time of the great Reformation, and in 1530 the bishop was compelled by popular voice to quit the city, the cathedral being at the same time stripped of its Romish adornments, and converted to the use of the Protestant party.

The Bishop and clergy retired to Ueberlingen on the lake.

The unfortunate results of the war of 1546, however, compelled the citizens of Constance to make peace with the Emperor Charles V., and for this purpose they sent ambassadors to Augsburg.

The negotiations lasted from the 24th of April 1548 up to the 5th of August, without any satisfactory settlement being arrived at. On the 5th, the Bishop of Arras an-

nounced to them, that no further discussion would take place, and that the embassy had better return forthwith to Constance.

An order had already gone forth from the Emperor, that Constance should be taken by a *coup-de-main*.

Accordingly, the citizens woke up one morning, to find a force of 5000 troops—Spanish mercenaries of Charles V.—at their very gates.

A sharp skirmish took place at Petershausen, in which the leader of the Imperial troops fell, but superiority of numbers drove the citizens back upon the town. They retreated across the Rhine-bridge, the city end of which was defended by a fort.

By some treachery or mishap, the drawbridge, which should have cut off communication with the city, was found to be fast, but the gates of the tower were hastily closed, while the Spaniards followed the burgher-troops on to the bridge.

Here, the actual struggle took place. All escape to the rear cut off, the citizens could but purchase their lives at as heavy a cost as possible, and a horrible carnage ensued. At the end, the citizens, the few surviving, might well consider themselves triumphant, since the Spaniards, after five hours' fighting, retired back to Petershausen, which, being quite undefended, they put to fire and sword.

The city was for the moment saved, but subsequently, a council of the citizens resolved to submit to the terms offered by the Emperor, and by those terms surrendered at once political and religious liberty.

The Protestant community, the most numerous and industrious of the city, was expelled, the bishop was re-

instituted, and all things resumed the footing of two hundred years back.

The light, which the flames of persecution had lighted, was quenched, and with it the material prosperity, and life of the city. From this time it becomes a mere provincial town, its population of forty thousand, sinking down to a level of ten or eleven thousand, from which it has never since risen.

Constance took its share in the troubles of the Thirty Years' War. When the Swedish army was approaching, all the Catholic population of the upper shores of the lake repaired to Constance for safety, and the city actually sustained a siege of six weeks, and had then the happiness of seeing the enemy retire from its walls.

During the War of Succession, Constance was besieged by the French, and remained in a state of siege no less than four years, from 1740 to 1745.

Meantime, we are told that half the houses in the city were empty and falling in ruins, while the grass was growing in the streets.

In these deplorable circumstances, the Emperor Joseph II. visited Constance in 1777, and, filled with projects of reform, resolved to do what he could to restore the ancient prosperity of the town.

He recognised the fact, that the expulsion of the Protestants and the domination of the priests, were the causes of the city's decay ; and he at once set to work, to suppress some of the forty-three monasteries, which at that time existed within the walls ; while, at the same time, he invited five hundred artisans—clockmakers, workers in gold, and cotton-spinners from Geneva — to whom he granted full

liberty of conscience, and twenty years' exemption from military service.

The old Dominican monastery, where John Huss had been kept prisoner, was given up to the Geneva immigrants, and converted into a cotton-mill. It is only within the last few years that it has been used for the purposes of an hotel.

The Emperor also established a regular postal service in Constance. Up to the year 1780, the only communication between the city and Switzerland, for instance, was an occasional horseman, who charged himself with the care of the letter-bag.

Constance showed its gratitude for these imperial favours in 1799, when Oudinot and the Swiss general, Keller, offered the city an entrance into the Swiss Confederation.

By the treaty of Presburg, however, in 1805, it was made to exchange masters, and was annexed to the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden. The Episcopal see, over which eighty-seven bishops in succession had presided, was stripped of its temporalities in 1802, and in 1827 was finally suppressed.

Although Constance has never recovered the commercial importance, which it formerly enjoyed as a free city; and although its population has never, since the sixteenth century, exceeded eleven thousand, it yet has the appearance of a flourishing city; and the biennial market, or fair, which is held here, a relic of very early times, attracts customers from a radius of many miles round.

Within the last few years, much has been done to improve the town, if we may judge by a description written of it some thirty years ago, by the veteran author, Mr.

Howitt, who speaks of it as a town absolutely without shops, without vehicles, and without life of any kind.

This certainly presents by no means a true picture of the town at the present day. It possesses some good streets, excellent shops of all kinds, handsome hotels, and what with railways, steamers, and diligences, may fairly claim to be as lively and convenient a resting-place as the traveller can well find, not to speak of the delights of the lake, where the fish leap up to the angler's rod, and where the snow mountains of Appenzell loom grandly over the wide expanse of brilliant green.

The cathedral is the most important building in the city. It was founded in the year 1052, but little is now remaining of an earlier date than the sixteenth century.

It is in style partly Romanesque and partly Gothic, the nave being supported by sixteen monolith pillars of great massiveness. The oak choir-stalls are very richly carved ; the high altar is adorned with large silver statues ; the principal entrance has doors, also richly ornamented with wood-carvings of the fifteenth century, representing scenes in the life of our Lord ; there is some admirable brass work in the church, and a good collection of stained glass is to be found in the Chapter-house.

In the cathedral are numerous tombs of the bishops of the diocese, together with that of Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, who died at Constance during the sitting of the celebrated council. It is pleasant, in passing, to be reminded that of all the members of that august assembly, the English prelate and representative was the only one who protested against the condemnation of John Huss.

In the crypt beneath the church is an inscription said to

date from Roman times, together with a model of the holy sepulchre. But the chief point of interest in the church, undoubtedly, is the flat discoloured paving-stone in the nave, some sixteen paces from the entrance, which tradition points out as the spot on which Huss stood to receive his condemnation, and where kneeling he prayed for the pardon of those who were sending him to torture and death.

From the tower of the cathedral (finished only within the last twenty years), there is to be had a magnificent view of the town, the Rhine valley, the lake, and Tyrolean Alps. Next to the cathedral, the most interesting and characteristic monument of Constance is the quaint tumbledown building, which the careless passer-by takes at first sight to be a ruinous warehouse on the little harbour-quay, but which he is afterwards instructed to know as the ancient Kaufhaus, or merchants' hall, which contains the very fine Council-hall, supported on pillars and lighted on three sides, in which many of the sittings of the famous Council were held.

It is adorned with a series of historical frescoes by the Munich artists Pecht and Schwörer, illustrating various scenes in the stormy history of the city, from the Roman times up to those of our own day.

The most striking of these are—

The expulsion of the Romans and the introduction of Christianity.

Huss before the Council of Constance in the Cathedral.

Huss taken by torchlight in a boat to his prison at Gottlieben.

The martyrdom of Huss at Brühl in 1415.

Max Lampfiehlt recommending the Empress to the protection of the citizens, 1508.

The iconoclasm of the Reformers, who are busied in destroying the sculptures of the cathedral, and the departure of the bishop from the city, 1521-29.

The struggle with the Spaniards on the Rhine-bridge, 1548.

The expulsion of the Protestants, 1548.

The victory over the Swedes, 1633.

The visit of the Emperor Joseph in 1777, on which occasion liberty of conscience was granted to the Protestants.

And the joyful reception of "William the Conqueror" by the city, after the French war of 1870-71.

The Town Hall, or Stadt-Kanzlei, is a building in the Renaissance style, built in 1592, and adorned with modern frescoes, by Wagner, the artist from whose hand are the frescoes on Fugger's house at Augsburg.

These represent various worthies of the city of Constance in medallion, and four historical scenes, commémorating—

I. The Treaty of Peace, concluded at Constance, in the year 1183, between Frederick Barbarossa and the Lombards, and after five unsuccessful expeditions, undertaken by the Emperor against that brave and determined people.

II. The Election of the Emperor Frederick II. by the German nobles, in place of Otho IV., 1211.

III. Frederick of Hohenzollern, founder of the royal house of Prussia, taking the oath as Elector of the Empire, in the market-place of Constance, 1417.

IV. Assault of Constance by the Spanish troops of Charles V. The struggle on the Rhine-bridge, and successful defence by the citizens, 1548.

The inner court of the building, with towers at the angles, is picturesque. The town records are kept here.

Other objects of interest in Constance are: various old gates and towers, the remnants of the mediæval fortifications, which still give an air of antiquity to the town ; St. Stephen's Church, near the cathedral, a Gothic building, of the fifteenth century, containing good sculptures ; the Dominican Monastery, in which Huss was confined, now converted into an hotel, called the Insel, since it is on an island separated from the mainland by a small branch of the lake. The ancient chapel of the convent is now the dining-room—a magnificent apartment—and the view from the garden-terrace of the snow-clad Alps is very fine.

The Café Barbarossa, the house where the Emperor signed his convention with the Lombard cities, is interesting from its historical associations. The Rosgarten, an old guild-house, in the Augustiner Strasse, contains a good collection of natural history specimens and antiquities. Here are to be seen the different pre-historic objects found in the cave at Thayingen.

The walks in the environs of Constance are pleasant and various.

The suburb of Petershausen, across the Rhine-bridge, affords a delightful prospect of the lake and the Tyrolean mountains. It is here that the principal hotels are situated. There is every facility for boating, fishing, and bathing.

Indeed, it is extremely difficult, looking over the vast expanse of often, apparently, illimitable water—emerald-green and clear as glass at one time, and at another rolling in long, turbid blue waves—not to believe that the ocean lies before one, or that the pier and lighthouse of the harbour are not truly sea-defences. Nor are the very large steamers, which are used for the lake-traffic, at all calculated to dispel

the illusion. In fact, the enormous extent of the lake, which covers an area of 207 square miles, renders navigation upon it scarcely less hazardous than though it were in truth the open sea ; and extremely rough weather is very often experienced upon it.

At the same time there is a grandeur, and in summer a delightful freshness about it, which is not to be enjoyed beside a smaller or more enclosed sheet of water.

At Petershausen there are some few remains of an important monastery which once existed there, and at Kreuzlingen, a suburb of Constance on the Swiss side, the old abbey has now been converted into an agricultural school. Its church contains, together with other treasures, an elaborate wood carving of the passion, containing many hundreds of figures. The field of Brühl on the road to Zurich is memorable as the scene of the martyrdom of Huss and of Jerome of Prague. The spot is marked by a rough rock-monument and an inscription, and visitors may, if they so desire, bear away with them a somewhat unpleasant memento, in the shape of a small plaster-image of the Reformer, made from the clay of the very spot where the tragic drama was enacted.

Excursions from Constance on the lake may be multiplied to almost any number, by taking advantage of the steamers which ply backwards and forwards to and froin all the towns and villages on the shore, three or four times a day, and which afford an opportunity of making expeditions into no fewer than five countries—Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Switzerland.

The appearance of the city of Constance as seen from the lake—a floating crowd of towers—is very picturesque, and strongly recalls memories of Venice as seen from the Lagune.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ENVIRONS OF CONSTANCE—THE UEBERLINGER SEE.

"Girt round with rugged mountains  
The fair Lake Constance lies."

*A. Proctor.*

THE branch of the lake which runs northward from Constance is known as the Ueberlinger See, and its towns and villages, and the old castles with which its banks are dotted, afford many pleasant and short excursions, both by land and water from Constance.

In this portion of the lake, about four miles from Constance, and connected with the mainland by a bridge, lies the beautiful little island of Mainau. It was formerly occupied by the German order of Knights Templars which was established at the time of the first crusade, and the manner in which the island came into the possession of the order is said to be as follows:—

It was at one time the home and heritage of a young orphan girl, Rosine, a scion of the powerful Bodmann family, who, in mediæval times, held the Boden See so firmly within their grasp.

Rosine loved and was beloved by a brave young knight, Hugo of Langenstein; but just as the marriage was about to be celebrated, the crusade, which was preached by Peter

the Hermit, turned the thoughts of every knight in the land away from domestic hopes and joys to deeds of chivalric enterprise ; and among the crowd of noble youths who set out, marked with the cross, for the far-distant East, was the bridegroom-elect of the beautiful heiress, Hugo—determined to this course less by his own ardour for high emprise, than by a vow to which he had pledged himself in the early days of his knighthood, before love and marriage had entered into his calculations.

It may easily be imagined that it was with feelings of no ordinary kind that the young man bade farewell to his promised bride, and turned his back on home and all that made life dear to him. The fate which awaited him was a cruel one. Instead of planting the holy symbol triumphantly (as he had dreamed of doing) on the stronghold of the infidel, he never so much as reached the sacred land, which was his hoped-for goal.

Falling sick on the road, he was abandoned by the pilgrim army, and taken prisoner by some wandering Arabs, who saved his life only to carry him off a captive into the heart of their inhospitable country.

Here he wore his life away in years of miserable slavery, while, in the meantime, the beautiful heiress, Rosine, was besieged by a host of adorers, "as," says the quaint old German legend, "heiresses are wont to be."

The "true maid," by which name the lady is best known in old German story, would, however, have nothing to say to any of the young gallants who hovered about her, and made love to her and her riches. Her heart clung with unaltering faith to her absent hero, of whose melancholy fate some vague tidings had reached her. Her days, and

some considerable portion of her nights, were spent in thinking of him, and in praying for the somewhat improbable event of his return.

Captives were now and again exchanged, or ransomed, out of the hands of the infidel—"Why should not this last chance bring Hugo back to her?" argued the maiden, while, at the same time, she set to work with all the means in her power to discover her lost lover's whereabouts, content, if need were, to sacrifice the half of her fortune, if, by so doing, she might restore him to home and liberty.

But all endeavours to obtain tidings of Hugo were perfectly fruitless. He was, as we know, hidden away in an unknown, or at least unfrequented, wild of Arabia, amid trackless desert-sands, where not even the beneficent missionaries, who made it their business to redeem Christian captives from the infidel, dared penetrate.

In Hugo's bosom, as year after year passed by, hope of rescue or escape faded farther and farther away from him, and there seemed little to look forward to, but to end his days, as he was spending the best years of his life, in menial slavery, scourged to his work by day, and bound with a chain, like a dog, by night. Whether, during those long years of misery and degradation, the memory of his betrothed also faded somewhat from his mind, or whether it was that the insupportable sufferings of his daily life made him oblivious of all save his own troubles, we do not know.

We are only told by the old legend, that, at length, in a time of bitter despair, and when the hope of escape seemed altogether to have passed away from him, Hugo made a vow, that should that unlooked-for boon ever be granted

him by Heaven, he would, in gratitude, resign all earthly joys, and dedicate himself to a religious life.

That very night, for the first time during his captivity, no chain held him, no watch was kept over him ; a door of escape was open to him—perilous indeed, since flight in the sandy desert might well mean destruction and recapture, worse than death—yet a door which Hugo could not well afford to leave untried, since it might, who could tell, lead him to liberty and home.

Once alone and unfettered, under the starry sky, what mattered to the young man distance, danger, poverty, suffering, when he had the stars for chart, and liberty as his goal ?

By slow and painful steps, begging, starving, and at times almost despairing, Hugo won his way out of the terrible desert, over rivers and across mountains, until at last his weary feet actually touched the dear soil of the land which he called home.

How willingly, then, with what joyousness would he have hastened to clasp to his heart the bride from whom he had been so long and so cruelly parted, and of whose faith and tenderness he had already been made aware ! But the vow to which he was pledged, and to which, as it seemed to him, he owed his freedom, was upon him, and he dared not forswear himself.

In vain Rosine waited, with beating heart and wearying eye, for the return of the wanderer. He had come, yet he came not ! No eager lover's step broke the still calm of the island castle ; no fond lover's tones brought back the glow of youth and happiness to the cheek of the “treue Maid.”

At length, the tidings reached her of Hugo's vow and resolution, and of his having immediately, upon his return

to his native land, enrolled himself as a member of the newly-constituted brotherhood of Knights Templars, an order bound to celibacy, and to wars against the enemies of God ! Soon after, she hears of him as engaged in heroic combat against the Prussians, who, at that time being heathens, as well as troublesome neighbours, were supposed to come fairly under the pious Knights Templars' category of foes.

Thus abandoned by her lover, the faithful Rosine can find no better crown for her patient faith than in the seclusion of a convent. But, before thus quitting the world, she has one bequest to make.

She takes a journey, presents herself before the president, or grand master, or whatever he may have been called, of the militant monks, and offers to confer on the order the gift of the beautiful island of Mainau, the fairest of her ancestral possessions, to be theirs for ever, on condition that one, by name Hugo of Langenstein, shall be first resident master.

The condition is accepted with the gift, and Rosine retires from the world and from history, while the island of Mainau, with its villages and various appendages, passes into the hands of the Templars.

Probably, so runs the legend, it was some consolation to the "treue Maid," even in the sad seclusion of her convent life, to remember that her lover was passing his amid scenes which must at every moment recall her to his mind ; that he ate of the bread of her fields, and drank the wine of her vineyards ; that the trees under which his love-vows were spoken still shaded him ; that in the chapel, where, as betrothed, he had knelt by her side, his daily prayers were still offered.

For ourselves, it is impossible not to divine a certain spice of feminine malice in the arrangement which, however, the knight's conduct fully justified ; though, at the same time, one is moved to a sense of pity for the unhappy Hugo, condemned, through life, to hold the casket from which his own hand has cast the jewel ; to wander a pale, regretful ghost through the very halls which might have known the fruition of love's young dream.

The island was purchased by the Grand Duke of Baden, in the year 1853, the palace of the Knights Templars having been previously occupied by Prince Esterhazy, of diamond-memory.

From the balcony of the palace is to be had one of the finest views on the whole lake.

A good many of the old fortifications of the island still exist, grey towers and bastions peeping picturesquely out from masses of bright verdure. In the gardens are some fine old cypresses. Visitors are permitted to enter the palace, which contains one or two handsome rooms.

In 1647 the Swedes, in a fleet of thirteen boats, attacked the island and plundered it.

Immediately opposite to Constance, on the right shore of the Ueberlinger See, is the little town of Meersburg, with an old and new castle, the old having been for many years the residence of the well-known antiquarian Lassberg, whose fine collection, having been purchased by the Prince of Furstenberg, is now in Donaueschingen. The so-called new castle is used as a deaf and dumb asylum.

An early boat should be taken to Meersburg, so as to afford time for an excursion to the interesting castle of Heiligenberg, to which a post-omnibus runs daily, or to

which a carriage may be hired from the inn at Meersburg. The castle, which is the property of the Prince of Furstenberg, is finely situated on an eminence 2500 feet above the lake, and from the extremely handsome Rittersaal or council-hall, which is a very large apartment, lighted on all four sides, a magnificent view is to be obtained over the lake, the Alps, the Höhgau, and the Würtemberg hills.

Adjoining the Rittersaal is a chapel, in which Pope Felix, one of the Furstenberg family, lies buried, and beneath this chapel, deep in the rock, is a mortuary chapel, in which many generations of the Furstenberg princes lie.

In the castle-rock are many natural caves, that which is known as the "Freundschaftshöhle" being a favourite resort of visitors. It was for many years inhabited by a hermit, who employed his ample leisure in sculpturing, and otherwise adorning his rock-dwelling.

Thence a pleasant path through woods leads to the old castle of Heiligenberg, from which also a fine prospect is obtained. This castle is supposed to be of great antiquity. The name of Holy Mount arises from the tradition of a church erected here in the earliest days of Christianity, and which, according to legend, was destroyed by the Huns.

(There is an inn in the village of Heiligenberg, the Post.)

A pleasant excursion from Constance is to Ueberlingen, Ludwigshafen, and Bodmann Castle, which may all be accomplished in one day, although the trip might be agreeably extended to two or three. Steamers ply from Constance to Ueberlingen and Ludwigshafen, both on the east coast of the Ueberlinger See.

Ueberlingen, to which place it may be remembered the Bishop of Constance retired, when obliged to beat a retreat

from iconoclastic fury, is an interesting old town, still possessing some vestiges of its former importance, and many relics of mediæval times, in its towers and walls, which remain much in the same state as the disasters of the Thirty Years' War left them.

Ueberlingen is in some local repute for its mineral waters (slightly chalybeate) and baths. There is a regular bathing establishment, which receives annually about a thousand guests. The town is also noted for its fruit-market, the produce of the excessively fertile district in which it is situated (*Gasthof Löwe* on the lake).

Ueberlingen possesses a cathedral, begun in the year 1360, with two unfinished towers, in one of which hangs the huge bell, cast in 1444, known as "The Hosanna;" also a Rathhaus, in the Renaissance style, with a fine hall, ornamented with wood-carving; the town also has a large hospital, to which use an old monastery has been converted.

A new road, beside the lake, hewn out of the sandstone rock, leads from this town to Ludwigshafen, so called in compliment to the late Grand Duke. This road has somewhat entrenched upon some remarkable caves near the village of Goldbach, which are popularly known as the Heidenhöhlen (heathen-hollows).

They are difficult of access, but of considerable interest to the antiquarian. They consist of a number of chambers and galleries in the rock, partly natural and partly excavated and strengthened with masonry, which extend, probably very much farther than it is at present possible to penetrate. In fact, the whole rock overhanging the lake is honeycombed with them. They are supposed to have

served for refuges for the early Christians in times of persecution, but were probably in use at a much earlier date. In later times they served as a shelter for robbers and vagrants of all sorts, and were, within living memory, the haunt of a notorious freebooter, who for a length of time was the terror of the neighbourhood.

On the road to Ludwigshafen, on the crest of a wooded hill, overlooking the lake, stands the massive old tower of Burg Hohenfels—erect, in spite of rough usage and the storms of time, which have rent its solid masonry almost from the top to the bottom.

It is popularly known as the “Singers’ Castle,” gaining its renown, not so much from the fierce struggles and deeds of daring which its gray old stones have witnessed, as from its association with the knightly minstrel, who once fingered his harp to peaceful strains within its walls, and sent his love-songs thrilling over land and lake. History has preserved the names of many lords of Hohenfels, each one of whom, doubtless, in his time thought himself a man of mightier deeds, and perhaps of more lasting fame, than the pale-faced singer, Burkhard—yet succeeding ages have forgotten the brave and forgiven the wicked deeds of these strong-handed ones, and remember the old castle and the old race of Hohenfels only for the sake of the singer (*the Minnesänger*), whose songs of love and the chase still live in the hearts of his countrymen, although the hand that penned them has been dust for seven hundred years or more.

Another popular hero has a home in Hohenfels, the faithful lover Eberhard, who, like a second Leander, was accustomed, night after night, to swim across the lake, for

the sake of a smile and a word from his fair lady-love at the castle of Kargeck.

There was a deadly feud between the lords of the two opposite castles, but in spite of the feud, the maiden and



the youth had contrived to become lovers, and laughing to scorn all efforts on the parts of parents and guardians to keep them asunder—

“For stony limits cannot hold love out,”  
they met by night under the walls of Kargeck ; the ardour of

the lover by no means damped by the watery ordeal through which he had been compelled to pass.

But one unhappy night, the maiden, whose name somewhat inappropriately seems to have been Fortunata, set the light in her turret-window as a beacon in vain. Not that the lover proved faithless ; on the contrary, he proved himself only too true.

But as he crossed the broad sheet of water, fighting against wind and waves—for a recent storm had changed the smooth surface of the lake into an angry tossing sea—suddenly either strength or courage failed him ; and a cry, that made itself heard even above the howling of the tempest, was borne over the water to the lady watching with something of terror, as well as of hope, in her turret-chamber.

After that there came no other sound or sign, but through the night the anxious girl still kept her beacon brightly burning, and passed the sleepless hours in tears, weighed down by the foreshadowing of some terrible evil.

In the early morning, when, with white and haggard face, she crept down to the little strip of shore which lay before the castle, she found, awaiting her there, the cold, stiff body of her drowned lover, whose death-cry she now knew that she had heard.

One kiss she pressed upon the cold white brow, rent the air with a despairing cry, that might almost have been an echo of the dead man's agony ; and then, with a sudden spring, plunged into the waters of the now smooth and emerald glistening lake, and met her death—as the faithful Eberhard had met his—beneath its depths. Such was the tragic ending of the Hero and Leander of the Bodensee.

The ghost of the miscalled Fortunata is said still to

haunt the ruins of the old castle of Kargeck ; and on stormy nights a light will still be seen throwing a weird, uncertain glow across the lake from the turret-window, where in happier times the lady was wont to light her lover on his watery way.

On the hill a little above Hohenfels, known as Haldenhof, where was another old castle, there is to be had a particularly fine view of the whole lake. The entire sheet of water, forty-two miles in length, from Ludwigshafen to Bregenz, is spread out before the spectator, bounded in the south by the magnificent Voralberg Alps, beyond which again tower the giants of the Bernese Oberland. The nearer view embraces the picturesque shores of the lake, the four beautiful points of Constance, Mainau, Radolfzell, and Bodmann, while to the north and west rise the solitary castle-mounds of the historic Höhgau.

Ludwigshafen, formerly known as Sermatingen, is said to date from very early times, and tradition asserts that on the spot where its church now stands was once a heathen temple. The town has nothing specially to recommend it but its pretty situation at the head of the Ueberlinger See, and the walks and excursions which may be taken from it, among the forest-covered hills which enclose the lake.

From Ludwigshafen the village and interesting castle, or rather group of castles, known by the name of Bodmann, on the left side of the lake, may be reached by boat in half an hour.

From Bodmann a pleasant shady walk, through what is known as the Bodenwald, leads to the massive ruins of Kargeck Castle, of which we have already made mention. Thence Constance may be reached by road in two hours.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### BODMANN—THE UEBERLINGER SEE.

" It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,  
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway."

*Byron.*

PERHAPS few castles of Southern Germany are richer in legend than that which, lying on the north-west shore of the Ueberlinger See, was long the ancestral home of the powerful family of Bodmann.

The castle is said to have been in existence, and to be thus mentioned in certain chronicles, even so early as the sixth century.

It was certainly a place of considerable importance in the latter half of the eighth century, and it is generally believed that the name of the vast lake (Boden See) was derived from these mighty lords of Bodenburg, the *Boden-men*, as their name implies, probably chieftains of the fine Alemannic race whom the Frankish sovereigns found it most politic to conciliate.

To the eighth century, and the reign of King Pepin, belongs the monkish legend of St. Othmar, abbot of St. Gall.

The saint, who was noted for the austerity of his life and the simplicity of his manners, was, at the same time, very determined as to the privileges and rights of his order. He

and his convent were under the special protection of the Frankish king, Pepin, from whom he received various marks of personal favour; and having engaged in a dispute with the then lords of Bodmann, two brothers named Wernher and Rudhard, he journeyed to Pepin's court, there laid the quarrel before the king and appealed to him for justice. Whether right or wrong, Pepin sided with the priest against his powerful vassals, and ordered an immediate restitution to the monastery of some lands which the brothers had forcibly laid hands on.

Instead of obeying this injunction, however, Wernher and Rudhard set to work to defame their adversary, and with such effect that the Bishop of Constance called a council to inquire into the charges which had been made against the abbot.

The innocence of Othmar was, it is stated, perfectly established by the inquiries then set on foot, being made all the plainer by the fact that his accuser before the bishop, a reprobate monk, named Lambert, died shortly afterwards of a most painful and horrible disease. Still, the Bodmann brothers refused to do justice to the abbot, and Othmar threatened a new journey, and a fresh appeal to King Pepin.

In order to prevent this, the brothers Wernher and Rudhard actually possessed themselves of the person of the abbot, and confined him in a dungeon—which may still be seen—in one of their castles, a horrible cage, in which it was impossible for the unfortunate prisoner either to stand upright or to lie at full length. This severe imprisonment seems to have tamed the fiery spirit of the abbot, while at the same time the machinations of his enemies proved

powerful enough to get him condemned by the Synod of Constance, and deprived of his abbacy.

When, after some time, he was released from his prison, he consented to retire, and end his days in a kind of honourable exile, in a little island in the Zeller See, not far from Stein, which is still known by his name.

Here he lived for some years the life of a hermit, renowned for his piety and austerity. Here he died, in the year 759, and here also he was buried.

Ten years afterwards, it occurred to the monks of St. Gall that the pious hermit, who had once been their abbot, should find burial amongst themselves. Indeed, it is stated that a command to that effect was given to one of the brothers in a Heaven-sent vision. However that may have been, to Othmar Island went the monks to fetch their dead leader home ; and when the grave was opened, and the corpse dug up—coffins in those days being considered superfluities—they found the body of the holy man untouched by corruption ; his face placid and smiling, his hands clasped, as though in prayer.

In great wonder the brothers placed the uncovered corpse in a boat, and set out on their homeward voyage. On the way, a terrible storm arose, accompanied by sheets of rain. The efforts of the rowers seemed all in vain ; the helm broke, and, in any ordinary case, destruction, imminent and sure, would have been the fate of boat and crew. But the barque, which bore the body of the saintly Othmar, made its way through the surging waters, straight to its goal, as though in truth itself instinct with life ; neither amid the floods of rain, did one drop light upon the body of the holy man, nor were the lights, which the

monks had set burning at his head and feet, once extinguished.

After this we are not surprised to hear that the bones of the abbot—when at last he did resolve himself into bones—worked numberless miracles, and attracted numerous pilgrims from all parts of the country.

Over the dungeon where the good man was confined at Bodmann, a church was built, which was a great resort of pilgrims in the Middle Ages. The existing building, including a small dwelling-house and chapel, were built in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The view from this point, the Frauenberg, as it is called, is very picturesque, finer than from the castle of Alt-Bodmann, from which it is separated only by a small ravine.

Bodmann was visited at various times by several of the early emperors, among others by Charlemagne and Charles the Fat, who is said first to have planted the vineyard on the Bodmann slopes, which is still known as “The King’s Garden,” and from which a wine of considerable repute is made.

At the beginning of the tenth century we hear of a certain Count Ulrich of Bodmann, of whom the following legend is told :—

In the year 913 the Huns, that strange and terrible people, who are described by contemporary writers as “wild animals upon two legs,” invaded Germany for the second time. Count Ulrich was among the number of those who promptly drew his sword for the defence of his home and country against the savage foe. A battle took place, in which the Huns were repulsed, and driven back; but, unfortunately for Count Ulrich, they bore him

away with them as their prisoner, not killing him as was their custom, for they judged, by the richness of his armour and trappings, that he was a man of note.

By his companions-in-arms, however, Count Ulrich was believed to be dead, and such was the report which was after the battle brought to the Lady Wendilgarde in her castle by the lake. The sorrow of the young widow—as she believed herself to be—was deep and lasting, and though suitors were not wanting, who would willingly have done their best to console her for her lost husband, she steadily refused all such comfort, and, declaring that life for her was now at an end, retired to St. Gall, where close to the hermitage of the holy Wiborada, she built a cell for herself.

Here in prayer and meditation she passed her life, on one day only in each year coming forth from her seclusion. On the day which she believed to be the anniversary of her husband's death, she would leave her cell, and, returning to her old home, would there spend long hours in prayers and weeping; supplementing these pious exercises by large alms, both in money and clothes, to the poor of the neighbourhood, who flocked about her for the purpose of receiving her gifts.

Four years after the supposed date of Count Ulrich's death, the Lady Wendilgarde, according to her annual custom, visited the scene of her old joys and present sorrows, and, as usual, busied herself in mitigating, as far as she was able, the sufferings of others.

Among the crowd of mendicants who beset her, as she gave away her doles from the castle-door, there happened to be, on this occasion, a sturdy beggar, with long hair

hanging about his face, who pushed his way somewhat unceremoniously to the front, and prayed for the gift of a garment which she held in her hand.

"Your time is scarcely yet come, my friend," said the Countess in a tone of mild reproach, "yet, methinks, from your earnestness, your need must be great." And so speaking, she stretched out her hand to give him the cloak he had demanded.

To the astonishment and horror of the Countess, and of all present, the beggar, as he took the garment, took also the Lady Wendilgarde in his arms and kissed her.

The lady angrily shook herself free, crying out in a tone of the deepest anguish, while hot tears of shame ran down her cheeks, "Now, for the first time, do I feel that my husband is indeed dead, since a man dares thus to insult me."

"Wendilgarde!" cried the beggar, in a tone which in truth thrilled the weeping lady to the heart, "do you not know me?"

At the sound of the voice, the crowd, which had shown a very strong inclination to fall upon the offender, and avenge the insult offered to the lady, suddenly hushed its clamour, and stood open-mouthed.

Count Ulrich threw back the long hair which had hitherto half-concealed his features, and as he did so, the shout of execration which had but just rolled hoarsely from the throats of the bystanders, was changed for a shout of welcome and joy; for many among the crowd had known Count Ulrich from his boyhood; and as he now faced and addressed them, a score of voices were ready at once to own that the ill-conditioned beggar, who had so lately roused their wrath, was none other than their lost lord.

Then Ulrich turned, and approaching the Lady Wendilgarde, who had tottered half-fainting to a seat, he knelt before her. "See, dearest, this scar beneath my hair," he said; "do you believe in me now?"

The proof was scarcely needed. One long, steady, wistful look into his eyes, and then, without another word, the Lady Wendilgarde held out her arms, and, clasping them about her husband's neck, bent down and pressed kiss after kiss upon his wan face.

"Ah! my poor love, how you have suffered!" she cried at last.

"Yet this repays me."

But in the midst of all the happiness of re-union, a terrible thought strikes the married lovers.

"What is the meaning of the dress you wear?" asks the husband. "The veil and coif are those of a nun. Where is the hair which was my pride?"

A vague terror looks out of the wife's eyes; a shudder goes through her whole frame.

"I believed you dead. I am devoted to Heaven!"

It is to be feared that, under the excitement of the moment, Count Ulrich gave utterance to sentiments not strictly pious, to the effect that, now he had come back, neither heaven nor hell should keep his wife from him.

However, as it happened, circumstances dealt kindly with him; and the Church, represented by the then Bishop of Constance, acted in a remarkably sensible spirit. For that prelate, to whom the Lady Wendilgarde, with much fear and trembling, submitted her case, decided that, as the vows of wifely fidelity had precedence in time to those of the cloister, they should also be allowed to hold precedence

in fact. In short, he permitted the lady to cast aside her veil, and to return to her duties as chatelaine of Bodmann, with two conditions only: the first being that, in the event of her husband's death, she would resume her cloister life; and, secondly, that any child she might have should be devoted to the Church. To both these conditions the Countess gave a ready assent, showing in the latter instance, it may be said, a remarkable willingness to cast her own burthen on somebody else's shoulders. As, however, the somebody else was not then in existence, it is possible that the matter did not strike her as of serious import.

In the meantime, to make assurance doubly sure, the husband and wife were summoned by the bishop to appear in the church at Constance, where he re-married them to their very great satisfaction.

A son who was afterwards born to them, was, according to promise, devoted to the Church, and became in time Abbot of St. Gall. It is from his successor, Ekkehard, chronicler of the monastery, that we have this account, probably a true one, of the married romance of Count Ulrich and the Lady Wendilgarde.

The other condition, the lady was not called upon to keep, for she died very shortly after her son's birth.

The lords of Bodmann claimed, in the Middle Ages, special rights of fishery over Lake Constance—rights which they celebrated yearly with great pomp and ceremony—the privilege being accorded them on the ground of their victories over the Hungarians and other heathens, by which they had saved the dwellers on the Boden See, and even the city of Constance itself, from destruction.

At the same time, the gratitude of the city of Constance

does not seem to have extended to the ecclesiastical rulers, for a constant feud existed between the bishop of that town and the Counts of Bodmann, which, at one time, led to the destruction of the Bodmann castles, and almost to the extinction of the race.

On another occasion, that calamity very nearly overtook it, as is recorded in various legends, popular in the neighbourhood, relating the circumstance of the castle being struck by lightning, and set on fire in the midst of a wild revel which was being held within its ancient walls. Not one of the whole family, so the story goes, was saved from the flames, with the exception of a child three years old, who was, as a last resource, thrown in a copper caldron from a window of the castle into the valley beneath, and who in some miraculous way escaped destruction.

The copper caldron, which played so important a part in the history of the Bodmann family, is still preserved as a relic in the new castle, which is to this day inhabited by some descendants of the old race. And the visitor who pays a visit to the spot is always requested to place his foot in the caldron, and drink to the continued prosperity of the Bodmann line, a good office, which he is generally found extremely willing to perform.

So various are the versions of this story, that it is difficult to select from among them the best and the most characteristic. In all, the legend of the mist-goblin, who makes wine from the celebrated king's vineyard on the Bodmann slope, is closely associated with the burning castle and the barely-saved heir.

It should be explained, perhaps, that as fogs are naturally supposed to be injurious to grapes, and as the shores of

the huge lake are somewhat subject to the visitation, it was the ancient custom in the Bodmann vineyards at such times to set a whole peal of bells ringing, so as to frighten away the goblins who brought the mists out of the water on their backs. The device was, no doubt, a cunning one, and seems to have been effectual, for we learn from the legends that the bell-ringing was particularly disturbing to the goblins, and that, in consequence of these measures, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could manage to secure so much as a bottle of wine from off the Bodmann estates.

In some versions of the legend, it is the mist-goblins themselves who bring down destruction on the castle, in revenge for the courtesy with which they are treated. For instance : There came one day to Bodmann a magician who boasted that he had a charm by which he could chase all fog and mist for ever away from the land. But when he began to work his charms, the goblins of the mist, roused into fury by the threat of banishment, called their powerful cousins, the thunder-clouds, to their aid, and between them the castle was set a-blaze, burning up the would-be magician and all the family of Bodmann, with the single exception of the little heir, an infant, whom his nurse in despair of otherwise saving him, threw in a copper caldron from the topmost turret of the castle, down into the valley beneath.

But, as a rule, the mist-goblin is presented as a kindly, jovial little personage, whose feelings have been, it is true, somewhat injured by the bell-ringing process, but who is not on that account resentful, but, on the other hand, eager to offer his good services to those with whom he might justly feel offended.

Take the case of the widowed Count of Bodmann, who,

distracted by the loss of his beloved wife, leaves his only boy, an infant, in the care of his three grown-up and married daughters, and goes forth to roam the world, and, if possible, to forget his grief amid new scenes. It is the mist-goblin who, suddenly appearing before the Count, warns him of the misconduct of his daughters and sons-in-law, who are wasting his substance in revelry and rioting, and advises him to make the best of his way home. He arrives there to see his castle in flames, and to find his infant son alone saved from the wholesale destruction which has fallen upon his house.

Another version of the tale tells us how a certain knight, Rudolph of Bodmann, was seized with a spirit of wandering (which, being a married man, was certainly not as it should have been), and leaving his young wife at home, went out into the wide world in quest of fame and adventure. According to some accounts, he made his way to the East, and joined the Crusaders; according to others, he found excitement and occupation nearer home. No matter. At any rate, he was not—where it would have been not only natural, but most prudent, for him to remain—in the bosom of his family. But not until two years had passed over his head did this thought occur to him, and then it was not spontaneous, but was suggested to him by a little goblin, who came to him one evening as he reclined under the shade of a tree, and thought of his home and the wife and child he had left behind; for, in truth, Count Rudolph was not a bad, though a somewhat careless husband, and he had a great deal too good an opinion of himself to imagine for a moment that his wife could possibly see any one whom she might prefer to him.

"Poor dear Udalreich!" he would sometimes say, with a certain satisfaction, "she is so foolishly fond of me; I dare-say she has hardly had a happy moment since I left her."

But when the goblin whispered a word of warning into his ear, the whole current of his thoughts changed.

"Take my advice," said the goblin, "and go home as fast as you can; you are sadly wanted."

"What is the matter, and who are you?" asked Rudolph, equally surprised by the speech and by the speaker, who presented the appearance of a little white-bearded man but a few inches high.

"You were thinking of your young wife, Knight Rudolph," said the stranger. "Is she, too, thinking of you? I have before heard the motto, 'Out of sight out of mind.'"

The knight leapt to his feet in sudden anger.

"What do you mean by these insinuations?" he cried; "and who are you who dare to address me?"

"One who has long known you, and who has suffered somewhat at your hands, yet I would serve you. Be calm—drink this," said the manikin, holding out a beaker. "You know the flavour of the wine—it will refresh you."

With a certain absence of mind the Count put the offered wine to his lips, but the moment he tasted it he drank a full and deep draught.

"Ah," said he, "for two years past nothing like that liquor has warmed my heart. It seems to me—yet how is it possible it can be—from my own vineyard at Bodmann."

"Precisely," returned the goblin. "And it is, after all, generous in me to give you so good a portion, for in truth

I possess very little of the wine and I esteem it much; but that wretched bell-ringing system is almost emptying my cellar."

"Then you are"—began the Count.

"The mist-goblin—quite true," interrupted little grey-beard.

"And you have been lately to Bodmann, perhaps."

"I was there yesterday, but only for a little while, for a certain lover of your wife's, who, 'tis said, will succeed you, keeps the bells at such a perpetual jangle that I have scarcely a chance to pick a grape."

"What is that you say?" cried Count Rudolph. "It is indeed time I was home again."

"It is quite time, as I have told you," returned the manikin; "and if you are not there by this time to-morrow, I doubt but what you will arrive too late."

The knight rung his hands—"If this is, as you say, I am, indeed, undone; for you know, as well as I, that a thousand miles at least lie between me and Bodmann. I am helpless."

"Not at all," returned the manikin; "I will help you. Follow me."

In a maze of perplexed and sorrowful thoughts, the knight followed his elfin conductor in a kind of blind faith, or with the sort of despair to which a drowning man clings to the most unsubstantial of helps. He believed, by a certain inner revelation, in the statement which the goblin had made, without really believing in the manikin's power to aid him.

He followed him, however, through the deepening twilight into a wild and romantic glen, where, as the goblin suddenly

struck his tiny hand against a rock, a door opened, displaying a low, narrow passage.

"I am afraid, Count Rudolph," said the elf, laughing, "you will have to compress yourself; the passage was made for us, and not for giants like you."

"I will do my best," said the knight somewhat ruefully, "only I hope it won't get any smaller."

"Never fear," said the manikin, "you shall have plenty of room presently. My cellars are lofty enough."

Through many and many a long, dark, narrow and winding passage went the imp, the knight following in a dazed, uncertain kind of way, wondering whether this might not go on for ever. At length, however, the passage widened and heightened until suddenly the knight, preceded by his elfin conductor, found himself in a spacious hall, brilliantly lighted, and reflecting on all sides the dazzling colours of the rainbow, for walls, ceiling, and floor, together with every piece of furniture in the marvellous chamber, were formed of pure transparent crystal.

The gnome turned to his guest, who stood staring open-mouthed at the wonders about him.

"Welcome to my dwelling!" said the manikin; "and now rest and take a glass of wine before you set out on your journey home."

"I am anxious to be on my way," said the knight.

"All in good time," returned the manikin; "meanwhile make yourself happy."

He stamped his foot upon the crystal floor, and from its clear depths at once ascended a table, also of crystal, furnished with antique German beakers of various shapes and sizes. Then the goblin clapped his hands, and instantly

there appeared a crowd of gnomes, who, standing solemnly about their master, asked his good pleasure.

"I want the quickest of you all," said the greybeard, "to conduct this good knight home."

"I am quick as the arrow from the bow," said one.

"Not quick enough," returned the chief.

"I am fleet as the wind," said another.

"Not quick enough," responded the gnome.

"I am quick as the thoughts of man," said a third.

"You will do. To your charge I commit this mortal Land him safely by to-morrow's morn beneath the castle of Bodmann, near the vineyard that is justly called 'The King's garden.'"

"Is this possible? How can I express my gratitude?" said the knight with some emotion.

"You can show it if you will," returned the gnome, "by ceasing the clanging of those horrible bells, which prevent me from gathering the few grapes, which are all that I need for my special and favourite wine."

"I promise you," said the knight, "that for the future you shall take your fill undisturbed."

"Well, well, we shall see," returned the gnome; "mortals are said not to be of grateful nature, but you may prove an exception to the rule. In the meantime, drink this cup of wine and trust yourself to me."

The knight drank, and shortly afterwards fell into a deep sweet sleep.

When he woke he found that it was morning, and that he was lying among his own vines on the slope of the king's garden at Bodmann.

Quickly rousing himself, he made the best of his way to

the castle, where all was in great bustle and excitement, and where evidently preparations were being made for some event of special importance.

"What is about to happen?" asked the knight.

"Our Lady Udalreich is to be married to-day," was the rejoinder.

"Impossible!" cried Rudolph in quick anger.

"Quite possible," returned his informant. "Her late husband—who was, after all, a good-for-nothing sort of fellow—has long since disappeared, and she has now chosen a man in every way more worthy of her."

"Does she love him?" asked the knight in a tone of calm despair.

"You need scarcely ask that, when you see them together," returned his unconscious tormenter.

The unfortunate Rudolph gave a groan.

"Then I have come too late," he said sadly.

The man whom he was addressing laughed and stared at him.

"You don't mean to say that an ugly, common-looking fellow like you, dared to have any idea of making himself acceptable to our beautiful Countess."

This was a hard thrust; although, to be sure, two years of exposure and knocking about the world, to say nothing of an ugly wound earned in a duel, which had laid its mark across his face, had not tended to improve Count Rudolph's appearance.

"What would you say, if I told you that I am the lady's long-lost husband?" asked the Count.

"I should say that you were an arrant impostor," was the contemptuous answer.

This was, in fact, what the lady herself said. She either could not, or perhaps would not, be convinced that the ugly scarred stranger was the husband who had deserted her. She refused to believe in him. More than that, she insisted that the marriage which she was about to celebrate with a handsome young knight of the Höhgau, should proceed, in spite of the unpleasant little interruption which had for a time put a stop to the festivities.

The unfortunate claimant was taken by the shoulders and turned bodily out of the castle, with a threat of worse befalling him, should he venture to show his scarred face there again.

Providence, however, took the matter into its own hands. And that same night the wronged husband was terribly avenged. A sudden storm broke over the castle, the lightning struck it, flames burst out on all sides; and of all the household, not one escaped destruction but the young heir, who was thrown from a window in a copper caldron by his nurse.

After this, Count Rudolph being (in spite of the scar) recognised by his vassals, enjoyed his own again; and, in course of time, married another wife, whom he took great care not to leave. He did not forget his promise to the mist-goblin, for from that time to this, no bells have ever been rung in "The King's garden" during fogs, and the grapes have not appeared to suffer in consequence.

These are a few of the many curious and ancient legends which have their home on the shores of the Ueberlinger See.

The other shores of the vast lake are scarcely less interesting in legend, and of infinitely greater natural

beauty. Southernwards the Voralberg Alps beckon us to the romantic Tyrol ; a crowd of towering, dim-discerned peaks invite us to glorious Switzerland ; the quaint island-town of Lindau, basking in the sunlight, opens to us the gate of kingly Bavaria, and lures us on to wander amid its alpine pastures and through its mediæval cities.

For the present, however, we must resist these manifold temptations ; yet always hoping, that the time may come when we and our readers may make another journey together into these pleasant lands.

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THE END.



there appeared a crowd of gnomes, who, standing solemnly about their master, asked his good pleasure.

"I want the quickest of you all," said the greybeard, "to conduct this good knight home."

"I am quick as the arrow from the bow," said one.

"Not quick enough," returned the chief.

"I am fleet as the wind," said another.

"Not quick enough," responded the gnome.

"I am quick as the thoughts of man," said a third.

"You will do. To your charge I commit this mortal. Land him safely by to-morrow's morn beneath the castle of Bodmann, near the vineyard that is justly called 'The King's garden.'"

"Is this possible? How can I express my gratitude?" said the knight with some emotion.

"You can show it if you will," returned the gnome, "by ceasing the clanging of those horrible bells, which prevent me from gathering the few grapes, which are all that I need for my special and favourite wine."

"I promise you," said the knight, "that for the future you shall take your fill undisturbed."

"Well, well, we shall see," returned the gnome; "mortals are said not to be of grateful nature, but you may prove an exception to the rule. In the meantime, drink this cup of wine and trust yourself to me."

The knight drank, and shortly afterwards fell into a deep sweet sleep.

When he woke he found that it was morning, and that he was lying among his own vines on the slope of the king's garden at Bodmann.

Quickly rousing himself, he made the best of his way to

the castle, where all was in great bustle and excitement, and where evidently preparations were being made for some event of special importance.

"What is about to happen?" asked the knight.

"Our Lady Udalreich is to be married to-day," was the rejoinder.

"Impossible!" cried Rudolph in quick anger.

"Quite possible," returned his informant. "Her late husband—who was, after all, a good-for-nothing sort of fellow—has long since disappeared, and she has now chosen a man in every way more worthy of her."

"Does she love him?" asked the knight in a tone of calm despair.

"You need scarcely ask that, when you see them together," returned his unconscious tormenter.

The unfortunate Rudolph gave a groan.

"Then I have come too late," he said sadly.

The man whom he was addressing laughed and stared at him.

"You don't mean to say that an ugly, common-looking fellow like you, dared to have any idea of making himself acceptable to our beautiful Countess."

This was a hard thrust; although, to be sure, two years of exposure and knocking about the world, to say nothing of an ugly wound earned in a duel, which had laid its mark across his face, had not tended to improve Count Rudolph's appearance.

"What would you say, if I told you that I am the lady's long-lost husband?" asked the Count.

"I should say that you were an arrant impostor," was the contemptuous answer.

This was, in fact, what the lady herself said. She either could not, or perhaps would not, be convinced that the ugly scarred stranger was the husband who had deserted her. She refused to believe in him. More than that, she insisted that the marriage which she was about to celebrate with a handsome young knight of the Höhgau, should proceed, in spite of the unpleasant little interruption which had for a time put a stop to the festivities.

The unfortunate claimant was taken by the shoulders and turned bodily out of the castle, with a threat of worse befalling him, should he venture to show his scarred face there again.

Providence, however, took the matter into its own hands. And that same night the wronged husband was terribly avenged. A sudden storm broke over the castle, the lightning struck it, flames burst out on all sides ; and of all the household, not one escaped destruction but the young heir, who was thrown from a window in a copper caldron by his nurse.

After this, Count Rudolph being (in spite of the scar) recognised by his vassals, enjoyed his own again ; and, in course of time, married another wife, whom he took great care not to leave. He did not forget his promise to the mist-goblin, for from that time to this, no bells have ever been rung in “The King’s garden” during fogs, and the grapes have not appeared to suffer in consequence.

These are a few of the many curious and ancient legends which have their home on the shores of the Ueberlinger See.

The other shores of the vast lake are scarcely less interesting in legend, and of infinitely greater natural

beauty. Southernwards the Voralberg Alps beckon us to the romantic Tyrol ; a crowd of towering, dim-discerned peaks invite us to glorious Switzerland ; the quaint island-town of Lindau, basking in the sunlight, opens to us the gate of kingly Bavaria, and lures us on to wander amid its alpine pastures and through its mediæval cities.

For the present, however, we must resist these manifold temptations ; yet always hoping, that the time may come when we and our readers may make another journey together into these pleasant lands.

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THE END.





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