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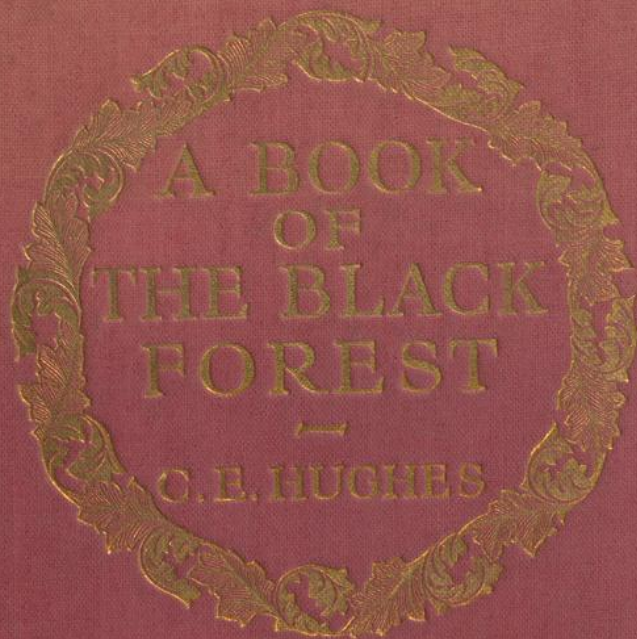
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A book of the Black Forest

Hughes, Cecil Eldred

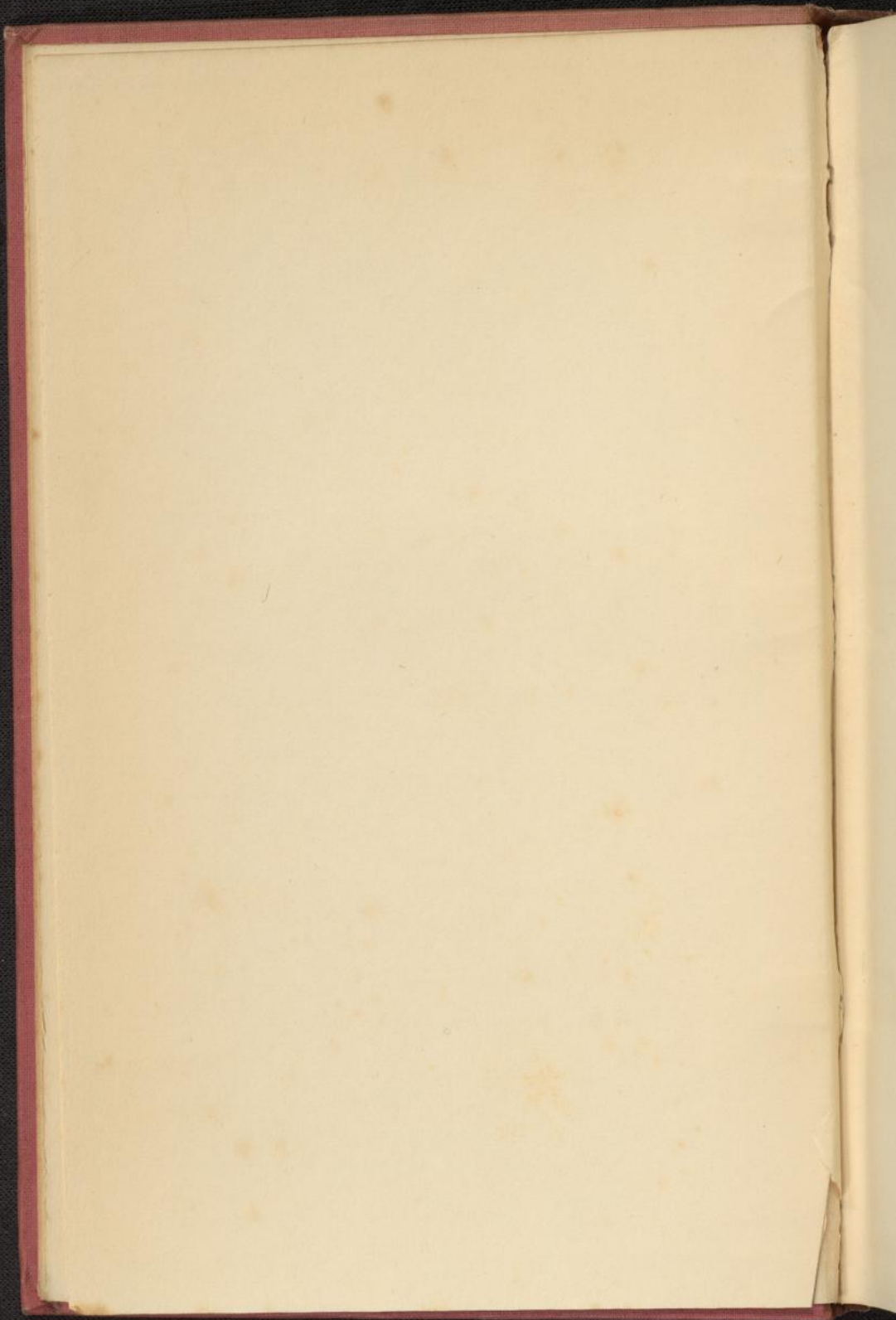
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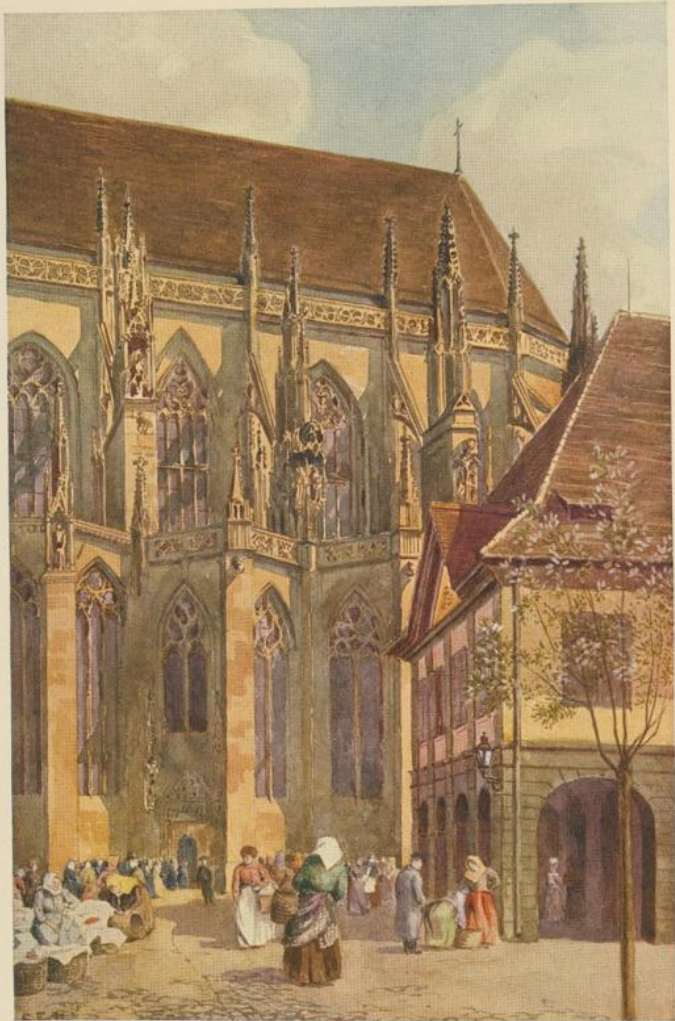
A BOOK
OF
THE BLACK
FOREST
—
C. E. HUGHES

A BOOK OF THE STATE OF



A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST

A WORK OF THE GREAT FOREST



FREIBURG CATHEDRAL

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST

(revised) *(revised)* BY
C. E. HUGHES

WITH TWENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS
BY THE AUTHOR

METHUEN & Co. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON
(1910)

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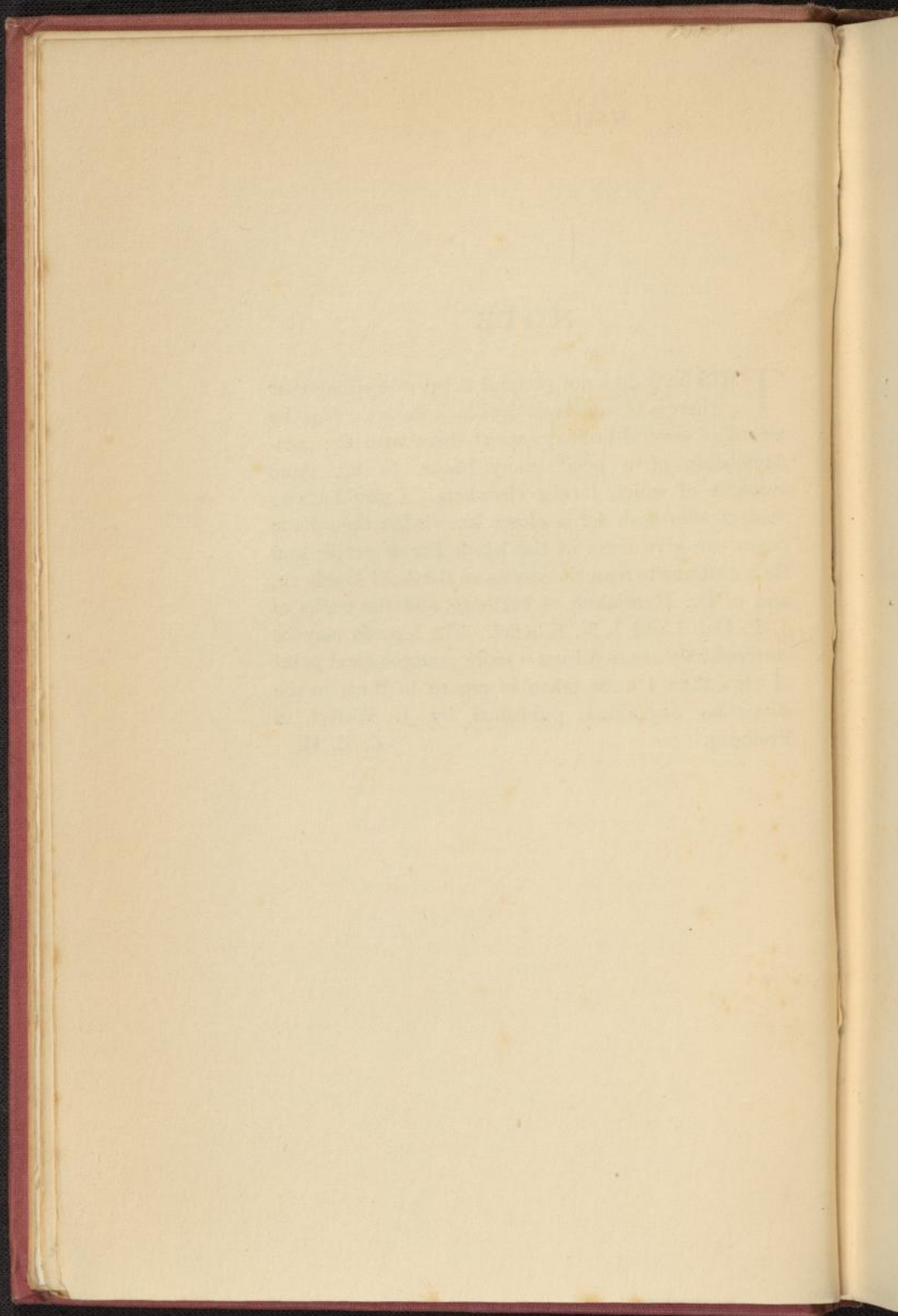
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NOTE

THIS book does not pretend to say everything that there is to say about the Black Forest. It is the record of several holidays spent there with the companionship of a good many books, to the more valuable of which I refer elsewhere. I would advise readers who wish for a closer knowledge than these pages can give them of the Black Forest people and their customs to read the stories of Berthold Auerbach, and of Dr. Hansjakob of Freiburg, and the works of J. P. Hebel and J. V. Scheffel. The legends may be conveniently studied from a more archæological point of view than I have taken in regard to them in the *Badisches Sagenbuch*, published by J. Waibel of Freiburg.

C. E. H.



AN INVITATION

A change of scene, of air, of tone,
These are your small requirements? You,
Sated with toil, would play the drone,
And gather strength to toil anew?
Your case, good reader, 's mine; away!
We'll set our backs against the north.
Take, if you will, my arm. But, stay,
One word before we venture forth.

Where it shall rest my roving glance
(Wisely or not) discriminates;
It lingers or avoids, and chance
Or passing whim alone dictates.
I know no rule to check or goad
Excepting this: to shake my head
And pause before I take a road
Marked upon tourist charts in red.

The full round curve of tree-clad hills;
The hamlet where their path-veins meet;
The sigh of rock-encumbered rills—
These are the lures shall tempt my feet;
I'll drink the tavern's foaming ale
Served in the shadiest of nooks,
Where folk are met who'll tell a tale
Unfettered by the history-books.

The city's newly sculptured pride;
The loud memorial of the war,
Shouting of men who fought and died,
And what they killed each other for—

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST

These and their like will move me less
Than lowlier stones that hear no praise,
Raised in efficient humbleness
By nameless hands in other days.

So, too, the dazzling garden plots,
Blazing with beds of formal cut,
Will touch me less than wilder spots
Where no official guardians strut—
Less than those purpled misty aisles,
Columned with tree-trunk, arched with green,
Where heaven's rich alchemy of smiles
Gilds here and there a space between.

Such are the charms I go to find,
Knowing the place they lurk in. We,
If, reader, you be thus inclined,
Will seek them out in company:
If not, my blessing guard your feet;
I wish you, free of all mishap,
In every train a corner seat,
In every corner seat a nap.

C. E. H.

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A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST

CHAPTER I

THE KINZIG VALLEY

Dragging in Strasburg—Former invaders—A choice of entrances—Offenburg—Drake and the potato—Gengenbach—Haslach—Churches and post offices—The Bell Fair—Wolfach's ghost—St. James's Chapel—The devil at Schiltach—Lindgard of Wittichen.

FROM the topmost pinnacle of Strasburg Cathedral one may see, curving north, east, and south like a near skyline of waves, all the hills of the Black Forest.

Strictly speaking, I have no right to drag Strasburg into this book. Some few miles, as the crow flies, separate it from the Black Forest, and there is between the two places that unmistakable boundary, the Rhine. None the less the town seems to me for several reasons to be the most fitting point of departure. One reason—and the fascination of it weighed heavily in my selection—is that it provides the distant view which I have already mentioned. Another reason, perhaps not less romantic, is that from France and chiefly by way of Strasburg have arrived most of the Black Forest's mightiest visitors, visitors who have entered—far more noisily, let us hope, than you or I—with drums beating and banners flying and

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with all the din and circumstance of war. For the Black Forest has seen battles. Many victors have led their armies through its depths, but France alone of all foreign invaders—and with such we travellers must necessarily range ourselves—has left traces distinctly recognisable in the constitution of to-day.

A hurried glance at the history of the Black Forest may prepare us for our journey. The Black Forest is part of what remains of the great Hercynian forest of the Romans, that vast mysterious dense tract of country of which none could tell the ultimate limits. As we know it to-day it is the district, vaguely triangular, which lies within lines joining Karlsruhe, Basle, and Constance. Cæsar knew of its inhabitants as great-limbed, blue-eyed, fighting men, and the Roman legions—the 21st had its headquarters at Schleithem in the canton of Schaffhausen—saw in them no mean nor infrequent opponents. Rome at that time did not invite conflicts, but the land was too near to Gaul to remain for long unentered. Drusus, Augustus' stepson, made the first organised advances against it, but he was confronted, so runs the legend, by a woman of the Forest, whose words of doom struck such terror into him that losing control of his horse he was thrown and killed. Tiberius, his brother, was more successful, and the arms of Rome triumphed, until Hermann, "beyond doubt Germany's saviour," brought on them under Varus "the darkest disaster in Roman story,"—one of Creasy's fifteen decisive battles of the world. Hermann's death at the hands of his jealous countrymen gave Rome once more the control, and Roman explorers opened up the country, started many industries, and incidentally discovered the majority of the medicinal springs which have attracted more peaceful intruders since.

Roman authority weakening on the decay of the Empire, Germany, and the Black Forest with it, became once more the land of freebooters. Of these the Suabians and the Alemanni made it their own, until the day of the Franks under Clovis. This brings us to the fifth century, and with the dawn of the sixth came saintly missionaries. Monasteries and churches and schools came into being. Then the Church, growing in authority, joined temporal to spiritual power. The knights, whose castle walls still crown many a height, constituted themselves watch-tower tyrants, and together they ripened the land for the reforms of such heroic emperors as Frederick Barbarossa and Rudolf of Hapsburg. The Peasants' and the Thirty Years' wars, following on the Reformation, left their mark on many Black Forest towns, but these things were all but a small part of the greater struggles of Germany. Definite aimed blows from without came later. Louis XIV seized Strasburg, and his devastating armies overran the Black Forest from end to end. The War of the Spanish Succession was brought to a close with the treaty signed at Freiburg in 1714. The French Revolution was the occasion of the next incursion. Germany had attempted with miserable results to replace Louis XVI on his throne, and France replied by sending Moreau over the Rhine at Strasburg. Moreau won a great victory in the Murg Valley, and then his colleague Jourdan, having been defeated at Wurzburg, effected a masterly and historical retreat down the Höllenthal—the chief of the Black Forest's many Valleys of Hell. A treaty signed at Rastatt should have terminated this war, but the French commissioners were murdered in the woods as they left the place of deliberation and hostilities broke out afresh. Baden

and Wurtemberg retired from the conflict and remained neutral. For this service the Duke of Wurtemberg received a king's crown, and the Margrave of Baden was given the title of Elector, which later became Grand Duke. Into the smaller troubles of the middle of the last century we need not go. In 1870 Baden became a federated portion of the German Empire.

This very brief survey will, I think, be sufficient to justify my decision to enter the Black Forest by the French gate, for we shall come from the land which sent many of the earliest pioneers of civilisation, and we shall tread the actual road that brought honour to the rulers of the lands we shall visit. So I choose to come by this way rather than by way of Pforzheim—the legendary Roman gate of the Black Forest; rather than by way of Baden-Baden, which is perhaps nearer to England; rather than by way of Basle or Constance, which have no particular claims on us, though on the map they appear possible starting-places. And there is another reason still. Strasburg brings us nearest to the Kinzig Valley, which—I shall explain why later—is to give the line of our first journey.

So let it be Strasburg, and we'll make for a sight of that distant horizon which I spoke of above.

The climb to the highest pinnacle of Strasburg Cathedral—that single spire which looks from a distance like the forefinger of a clenched hand pointing to heaven—is in itself worth making, and if there is any satisfaction in the thought, one is following here, too, in good footsteps. Goethe mounted, at any rate, to the Platform, a height of 216 ft., for his name, graven in the stone of the tower in the right-hand corner as you come up, is there in evidence. Herder

and Lavater have their names there too, and it is said that Voltaire has his, though I have never had the patience to find it; for there are names everywhere, and so well carved are they, many of them, that one suspects there must have been some one in the town years ago who made a business of it. Or else tourists had more time and better penknives than they have to-day. Within the tower are tablets commemorating the visits of S.A.R. le duc D'Angoulême in 1818, S.A.R. Madame la Daphine in 1828, and other great persons—relics of the two hundred years of French occupation which Strasburg is trying hard to forget. So you will climb as one of a dignified procession.

If you are not tired of stone stairs, go from this first storey to the next, which is at the base of the tapering openwork spire, and thence, provided you are not over well favoured and short of breath, to the top. The last part is in many places sheer climbing. The steps wind and wind, most ingeniously hidden in the delicate tracery which is seen from below. It is a very clever piece of architectural construction, and it requires energy to see how clever. Ladies should not attempt it; indeed, I am not sure that they are allowed to. Having arrived you are 465 ft. up. Of the high buildings of Europe, it is the seventh in order, counting the Eiffel Tower as one, and the view on a clear day is superb.

To the north-east and east you can see far away all the peaks of the Black Forest, and nearer you can trace the road, winding out from the town, by which you can arrive there.

This is the road that leads to the Kinzig Valley, and that we might follow the line of this valley, was, as I have said, one of the reasons why I chose Stras-

burg as a starting-place. The Kinzig Valley divides the Black Forest geographically into two portions, and it is, in itself, as it were, separate. For much of its length it is the part of the interior which is most intimately associated with the outside world, for, in addition to a considerable river, a railway—and part of that the celebrated Black Forest Railway—runs through its whole length up to Freudenstadt. Moreover, the Kinzig divides the Black Forest ethnologically as well as geographically, though I am not quite able to explain why this is so. It is a fact that to the north of the Kinzig Valley the people are on the whole less primitive and characteristic in their customs and dress than they are to the south of it. And the scenery shows in some degree a corresponding progression as regards its beauty and its wildness. So by taking the Kinzig Valley first, the land north of it next, and the land south of it last, we advance by almost imperceptible steps in our acquaintanceship. That I believe to be a good thing. We come to our end little by little. We grow by degrees acclimatised. We get the scenery gradually, the industries, the customs gradually, until we feel almost that we are wearing one of the quaint country costumes, so unconsciously have we assimilated it all.

I propose, then, to enter the Black Forest by way of the Kinzig Valley, and follow that, with, for the present, very slight divergences to right or left, up to Freudenstadt at its head. We leave Strasburg by a pleasing shady road lined with plane trees, and crossing a small backwater of the Rhine come immediately on a view of the great river itself—broad and dignified, business-like, bland, yet practical—and so on to Kehl, which Napoleon fortified as an

outpost to strike terror into the Germans, but which has long since doffed its armour. Towards the end of its long street we turn to the left, taking the road to Rastatt, but leaving it farther on at a turning to the right for Neumühl. The road to Neumühl and right on to Offenburg lies between an avenue of fruit trees. For the walker it is good, if a thought monotonous; for the cyclist it is good on the whole, though occasionally bumpy. At a certain time of the year the bumps are frequently apples or pears; the less pronounced ones are plums and the more audible ones walnuts.

Neumühl is a village of huge cottages, cottages after the great manner of the Black Forest dwellings, and they give one a very good foretaste of what the Black Forest peasant house is like. In England the habitations of Neumühl would be adequate farm-houses, but here they are grouped all at haphazard, attached to no farms unless the villagers have rights in the fields through which the road has taken us. Be that as it may, there is enough room in each house in this village to hide completely at least half a dozen of the cottages in an ordinary English hamlet. They have what we should call an old-world appearance, with their half timber work and the whited plaster filling, but here they are not in the least old world. They are old, some of them, but they are as much new world as anything the dwellers in them ever have in prospect, for all there is a brand-new and very townish-looking school in the middle of the village. The river Kinzig, which is to accompany us into the heart of things, wanders along near it.

Taking again to the white road with its fruit-laden avenue, we skirt Kork, and come to Willstätt. Willstätt is the birthplace of Hans Michel Moscherosch,

the seventeenth-century mystic who under the pseudonym Philander von Sittewald, and under his own name as well, published volumes of his visions, curiously illustrated with woodcuts, and not without honour among book collectors. There is a monument to him in his town, with a medallion portrait. There is also a memorial to the heroes of the war of 1870-71, the first of many which we shall see. The Willstätt cottages are as big as those we have already passed and similarly on the Black Forest model, but they are not so seemingly farmhouses, for the ground floor—there are usually at least three storeys—are open as blacksmiths', wheelrights', or carpenters' shops. Many of the cottage gardens are gay with flowers such as one would see in English cottage gardens.

Before we have reached Willstätt we have begun to note the distant hills, and after leaving it it becomes possible to distinguish the dark patches of forest which clothe them. Griesheim comes next. Outside it, by the side of the road—still the avenue—to Bühl (not the important Bühl, which is farther north) there are six curious monuments with quaint reliefs showing stations of the Cross. A handsome crucifix comes last. It dates from 1779, and combines taste with piety in a manner which is none too common on the highway.

From Bühl an easy stage takes us to Offenburg, a pleasant, orderly little town, which, standing at the mouth of the Kinzig Valley, may really be reckoned as part of the Black Forest, for hitherto we have only been approaching from the outskirts. Offenburg is properly our starting-place, and it has a claim to be so in addition to that arising from its position at the mouth of the valley. Founded in the year

600 by Offo, an English king, it holds out a welcoming hand to Englishmen, a welcome emphasised by the fact that in the market-place, through which passes a light railway with a supremely ugly engine, there is a statue to no less an Englishman than Sir Francis Drake, whose name appears unequivocally thereon in good English. This surely is fair greeting to the British traveller, though I ought to add that certain matter-of-fact etymologists say that Offen- burg is simply Offen burg, or open town, and nothing whatever to do with Offo. Drake, too, is not honoured here for the deeds that brought him fame in his own country. The statue is erected not to the man who first sailed round the world, but to the man who first introduced potatoes into Europe. I do not know why the people of Offenburg of all towns should honour him for this, but I am inclined to the opinion that they are right to do it. There is something rather fine in having introduced a vegetable now so widely necessary; and apart from this there is in the feat something akin perhaps to having first eaten oysters. I cannot pretend, however, that Offenburg has done honour to Drake in a very fine statue, though perhaps that is not the town's fault, for it was presented by the sculptor. Drake's left elbow rests on an anchor, there is a globe at his right foot, and a vessel behind him, and in his right hand he carries a map of South America. In his left hand is a singularly well-grown potato plant, potatoes and all. This all fits the Offenburg point of view, but the face scarcely matches the idea. It is a passable portrait, but the artist has made it inane, impassive. It is not, I think, the face of an explorer, but still less is it the face of a man who would introduce potatoes into Europe. It is not reckless enough, nor sufficiently scientific.

Still one looks at it with a patriotic thrill all the same.

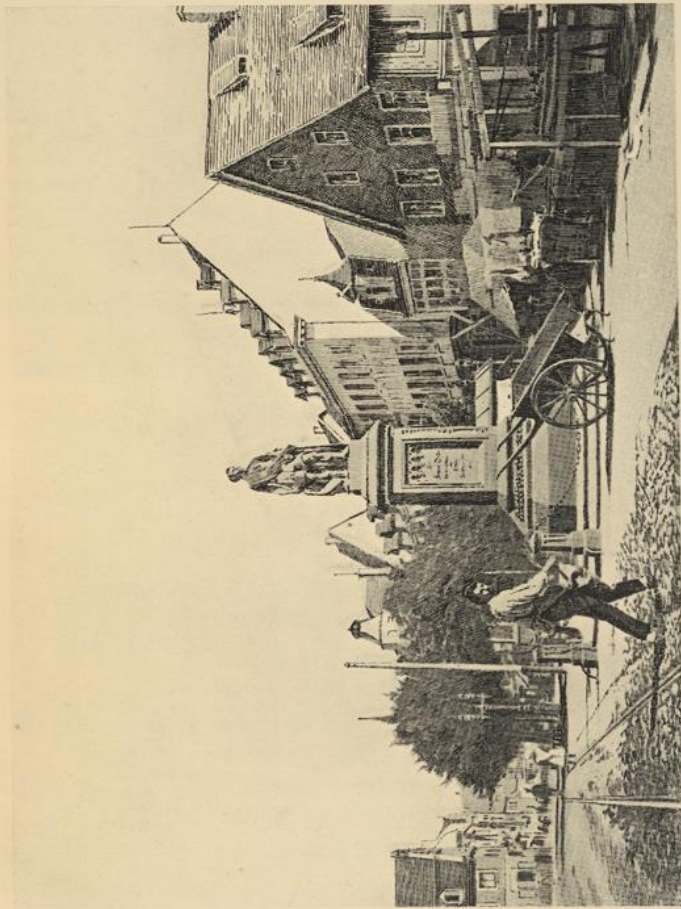
Drake shares the market-place with a memorial to the war, and a fountain with a figure of Neptune, on both of which he turns his back. He is at the top of a slope leading to a very flourishing looking brewery, but the face is discreetly averted. It is averted, too, from the entrance to a very charming public garden, beautifully laid out, shady and restful, a suitable place for one who has made great voyages and discoveries—and introductions. No, I think Drake at Offenburg, excepting as a pleasant surprise, is not very successful. And there is not a great deal else to see there. In history the place made something of a show, for it was one of several independent towns in the Black Forest, but this glory has departed.

Offo also founded the town of Schuttern, which lies in the Rhine Valley a little way south of Offenburg. Here, at least, he built the monastery of Offenzell round which the town sprang up. He was buried there, and his bones acquired such miraculous qualities that the pious zeal of neighbouring towns gave birth to many fierce struggles for their acquisition. The people of Kenzingen and Endingen succeeded in getting near enough to destroy the king's tomb, and the people of Schuttern were given free trading rights in both places by way of reparation. Offo coined money at Offenburg, and to judge by the town's look of prosperity the present inhabitants are doing the same, though not so literally.

We leave Offenburg, passing down the slope with Sir Francis at our back, and, bearing round to the left, strike the road to Gengenbach on the other side of the railway. Of two roads which make a fork here ours is the right. We come once more upon the avenue

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THE STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AT OFFENBURG

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of fruit trees, and a few bends bring us to Ortenburg, with its long winding street of great cottages marked half-way with a saint-crowned fountain (which few of these villages lack). Above the village towers the Castle of Ortenberg, a stronghold finely situated when such things were needed, and excellent now for the more peaceful lover of fine distances. Placed at the extremity of a range of tree-clad hills, it commands the entrance to the Kinzig Valley, and keeps an eye incidentally on the haymakers below with their bicycles leaning against the roadside fruit trees, and on the ox waggons carrying in the corn. The castle is dominated in turn by the Hohe Horn, but it has frowned for centuries and now smiles with as little concern.

Ohlsbach, a little farther along the way, reveals but a small part of itself to travellers who keep the high road, but you must pass through it if you would go up the Hinterohlsbach, a picturesque route to the heights on the left. Here the road begins to show more of the undulations that one expects in a winding valley.

Gengenbach is well worth a few hours. It is a tiny mediæval walled town—or was, for not all the walls remain, though there are enough to kindle the imagination. The watch-tower—Nicolaus Thurm—is the first noticeable building. Quadrilateral at the base, it rises into an octagonal top with a charming pierced stone balcony round it. Near this we come face to face with the market hall, an imposing building dating from the end of the eighteenth century, but doubtless erected on the site of an older one, for the history of the little town goes back many centuries before that. In the middle of the market-place is a fountain with a statue of Charles v in armour. This commemorates his fondness for the place and his frequent visits, but it is scarcely flatter-

ing to the town's hospitality, for he is shown as curiously emaciated and unformidable, in spite of the armour. To the right and left are two towered gates, the Kinzig Thor on the road leading along the valley, and the Ober Thor guarding the way towards the Mooswald, a peat moss on a spur of the Kniebis. This gate has a curiously frescoed sundial, and you may safely set your watch by it. Midway between these two gates and standing a little way back from the wide main street is the church with its fine tower. The present structure is a good specimen of the early Italian Renaissance, but history tells of a church there much older, and the arched columns within justify it. The interior is very elaborately painted. One picture, beneath the north clerestory windows, depicting the parable of the Prodigal Son, is curious in that it combines the flat with a quaint low relief. Other notable features are the handsomely carved pulpit, a fine pair of old wrought-iron gates to the chapel in the south aisle, and the carved oak doors. It is worth while to take a walk round the outside of the walls (passing through the Ober Thor and on to the right) if only for the luxuriance of the flowers in the public gardens which are below them. A fritillary butterfly welcomed me here on my first visit and helped me to admire. I noticed one sunflower with a stem as thick as my wrist.

Gengenbach, like Offenburg, used to be a free town, but there is record of a curious feudal service which its people owed to the lords of Ortenberg. In early times this castle had no supply of water—a want since removed by the sinking of a deep well—and Gengenbach had the duty of keeping its cisterns full. Four donkeys were kept in regular employment and their driver was governed by a special

code of rules for their humane treatment, with penalties of rigid severity. It is said that he was caught once flogging one of his animals for stumbling over a stone in the path, and that he was condemned for a week to bear the water himself, assisted by one of the Ortenberg retainers, who carried, and used, the driver's own whip.

Leaving Gengenbach by the Kinzig gate we cross the river, and a winding length of the road and another bridge take us into Biberach. In the well-cultivated fields on either side you may see the tobacco plant thriving. From Biberach a road to the right goes to Schönberg (there is another Schönberg in the valley), and near, on a rugged crag, is the ruined Castle of Geroldseck. Its former owners made their presence felt in the neighbourhood, but it is easy now to pass it by without ever noticing it.

Biberach has little to attract one, excepting, perhaps, a stork's nest on a chimney in its most central point—there is, by the way, another fine stork's nest at Gengenbach. It is, however, the station for Zell which is accounted something of a favourite with summer visitors. Zell is a good place from which to make excursions up the Harmersbach and Nordrach valleys, the latter of which leads to the peat moss mentioned above.

About half-way between Biberach and Haslach is Steinach, a little village with a tree-shadowed stream running through it. Its church dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, and is surprisingly large for the size of the place. But more surprising are the interior decorations. The altar with its curious garland-like canopy is striking, though perhaps over gaudily gilded, but the flat painted ceiling is for a village a triumph of delicate colouring.

Steinach has suburbs—though that to be sure is too pompous a name for such delights—of those great Black Forest cottages.

On the road just outside Steinach I encountered one August a superb Camberwell Beauty which fluttered lazily across my path and made away towards the railway. I know not whether from the lepidopterologists' point of view it had any right to be there, but there it was.

The first building on the outskirts of Haslach as we come to it, as also almost the last as we leave it, is a very tiny chapel. The first is architecturally the more interesting. It dates from 1603 and has curious circular-paned lead glazing. Such small chapels are frequently to be seen in the Black Forest, but as a rule they are not so near towns. In that, these are unusual, and particularly so since Haslach is by no means lacking in religious buildings. The old church, which until recently was the only one, is of tolerable size and respectable antiquity. Its traditions recall a twelfth-century Roman occupation. There is, at least, in the doorway below the tower, a very old bas-relief, said to be of Roman origin. I think it represents the ejection from the Garden of Eden, but I am not sure. It would be rash, and possibly irreverent, to bind oneself to a definite statement of opinion. Attached to the old church by this tower is a new church. This, when I visited Haslach first, was in process of building. It is now complete, and imposing enough to satisfy a fair-sized town in England. Showing a most effective kind of combination of an ecclesiastical classic style with that of the new art, it is all white inside touched with gold—a fine piece of work, I think.

The accommodation provided by this and the

old edifice should be sufficient to seat the population of Haslach ten times over. But the people of these little Black Forest towns seem to require plenty of room for their devotions. Indeed, there are two things which hardly fail to strike the stranger who comes to them. First there is this spaciousness of their churches—tiny Steinach has already given us an example and there are many more; and next there is the tremendous dignity of the post offices. Villages such as we in England would consider amply served by a post office which occupied a small corner of the combined grocery and drapery establishment, have in Germany magnificent buildings with lofty entrance halls and many glazed peepholes each manned by a uniformed official. They lend their towns a great air of substance, but one wonders where the business is that supports them.

Judged by this standard, for the post office is to some extent a criterion of prosperity, Haslach has grown visibly in importance since I have known it. It is curiously haphazard with its winding main street, and its side streets—if you can call a place a street of which you can almost touch both sides as you walk—a network separating confused little groups of buildings, and for a long time the post office authorities were content to occupy the large old house on the left as you enter. Thus it was when I saw it first. Later, however, this was deemed not sufficiently imposing. The building, perhaps, did not look like a post office in the ordinary way because nearly all post offices in Germany are built after a pattern, just as Board Schools are in England. However this may be, a new one was erected facing the railway station, and so close that many people getting out of a train there suppose Haslach to be all post office.

I think that is the impression which the German postal authorities like you to have of a place.

Leaving the small chapel at the entrance to the town you pass into the central roar of the community over a little bridge with a religious statue on the centre of either parapet. These are inscribed quaintly: "*Civitas me fieri curavit anno 1753.*"

The other chapel which I have mentioned at the end of the village has the queerest almsbox I have ever seen. It is hollowed out of a solid log of wood two and a half to three feet high, with iron bands running lengthwise and round. It stands upright at the end of a seat in front of the altar. A hole in the top receives the offerings; a door at the bottom, stupendously padlocked and with hinges almost like those of a dungeon door, lets them out. The whole thing is not altogether unlike a stove.

Although with railways creeping in amongst them in all directions the people of the Black Forest are becoming more and more sophisticated, still they retain a good many of their old customs, and Haslach is not a bad place to be in if you wish to see some of them. On Whit Sunday a Bell Fair—Glocken Fest—is held at a place some five miles or so up the Hofstettenbach Valley. To get there you cross the stream near the church, and joining the road beyond the meadows go on to Hofstetten, with the Hansjakob chapel perched on a little eminence to the left. The church marks a fork in the road, and you take the way to the right. It leads you up through a pleasantly shady wood—you may strike in to the left and take paths if you care to risk being led astray—until you emerge upon the open summit, yellow with broom. Still following the road—for the paths, if you have traced them well, bring you to this open

piece of country too—you come at last to an inn on the right—the Rossle. In front of this, and in it, the fair is held. One calls it a fair for want of a better name, and if fair may pass certainly Bell Fair is an adequate description. There is no doubt about the bells. Originally I believe the idea of it was to give shepherds and goatherds and cowherds—any drivers of any animals, in fact, that carry bells—an opportunity of exchanging the bells bought at Martinmas for others whose sound might happen better to suit their musical ear. The exchanges were not made with those who sold them, but with other buyers; a friendly sort of arrangement which was not a matter of cash, but a matter of harmony. Whether this was ever done very much I do not know, but assuredly there is no great amount of bartering done now. There is a little of it, and there is a good deal of fun with it all, and the bartering idea is just an excuse. You may see some one with a cracked bell trying to palm it off on some one for a perfect one—old lamps for new. You may see some one trying to exchange a very small bell for a very large one. But none of this is at all serious. The great thing is that everybody who wants to take a really active part rings a bell. All the boys in the district who have anything to do with flocks and herds come in their best clothes, jingling their bells. Girls come too, and older people, but the boys bring most bells. As for what they do when they get there, that is a matter of personal inclination. The fair lasts all day, and things begin to grow lively about noon. Early in the morning you will see unwonted signs of activity in the inn, for it is a rather lonely place ordinarily. You will see the landlord and his family, and extra relations pressed into the service from a distance, hurrying

hither and thither arranging tables in the open, and getting beer mugs in readiness. There will be a few early arrivals. A party of boys, perhaps, who are going to make a day of it, and believe in making it a long day; a few, may be, who want to be sure of seats in the inn parlour, for it gets crowded later; probably one or two who make a point of getting something to eat before the rush comes. A clanging of bells from outside sends the boys rushing to the windows, but it is only a few more of their own age. But presently the tinkling starts in earnest. The seats at the long tables begin to fill; the roadway is thronged; little stalls are erecting beneath the windows of the inn. Superior folk arrive in carts. Sweethearts, courting, come showily in and order wine where beer is the mode. The little stalls begin to dispose of an infinite deal of amusing rubbish—rings and watches and watch-chains; dolls; mouth-organs, trumpets, and all kinds of music; indiarubber bladders that blow out into sausages and expire with a wail; rolls of paper that, being inflated, uncurl with a flip in your face, or double ones that fly out sideways like a moustache; and similarly mischievous weapons. There are rosettes with buttons that bear sentimental little legends, which young men pin daintily into the blouses of young maidens. There are fantastic cigar holders decorated with imitation flowers, and with the help of these very small boys may be seen smoking big cigars at a halfpenny apiece. And there are eatables. Pastry of a primitive sort with hard-looking jam in it; spongy rolls with a faint sweetness; bretzeln, those twisted double loops of richly browned white bread speckled with salt crystals. You may see eating these vast grandmotherly persons with a small generation tugging at their skirts; girls

with a reserve supply in the pockets of their bulging petticoats; every one, in short. And over all there is the jangle of the bells, all of the tea-cosy shape. The clamour may stop momentarily as the attention of the crowd is distracted by the arrival of more beer in a great dray drawn by three white horses, suitably decorated with an apron of network and red tassels, but the lull will be brief. Whether the clanging be directed into somebody's ear, a favourite way of showing attention to a young lady, or whether it be a mechanical accompaniment of conversation, it goes on all the time. Later on there is dancing, and later still the bells go jangling home.

For lovers of the picturesque there is a good sprinkling of local costume at a gathering such as this, but the local costumes are dying out. Young girls and old men and women are seen to wear them. The young women prefer Paris models (from Strasburg), the young men London ones (from the same place). Such local costumes as survive are generally, I think, seen to best advantage in church. At Whitsuntide and other festivals the churches are full of bright colours, though these are not so much in evidence on other Sundays. The new church at Haslach makes a peculiarly apt setting for them.

Weiler, a very prettily situated village, is perched on the slope at the entrance to a valley on the other side of the river to the left as we leave Haslach. From a distance it seems all church and trees, but the trees hide a scattered cluster of cottages. From the tower of this church you can just see above a jutting spur of the hills the castle of Hausach, a ruin left with little more than a tower by a devastating French army in 1543. Hausach itself hugs the main road for most

of its length, an attenuated street of brick-built shops and inns for the most part of the ordinary German type, with occasional side glimpses of somewhat closely packed dwelling houses. It is a brisk little place, for here the timber of the district is collected against the wet season, when the Kinzig, swollen to twice the width which it shows in the summer months, carries down great rafts of pine trees to the Rhine. There is a busy little saw mill on the left as you enter, just before you come to the zigzag path leading to the castle. The ascent is estimated locally at ten minutes, but you can do it in less if you are not afraid of steep scrambling short cuts over dry pine needles, and between the trees that have dropped them. From the top of the tower, which is provided with a circular iron stair as matter-of-fact as the villagers who erected it, you can get a very much better idea of the conformation of the valley and of the way folk go to work there than you can get from the level road. The key of the tower is to be obtained from the landlord of the Hirsch Inn, who makes no charge for the loan of it. Opposite the path to the ruin a bridge crosses the river, and the road wanders up the valley of Linbach with the Brandenkopf, a high-tufted hill, on the left. The railway station of Hausach is beyond the village, and with the station hotel, the post office, and a second church—the village proper has one, and both look new—forms a quite important suburb.

A little way on the road forks, the right leading to Hornberg, and the Gutach Valley, and the left going on up the Kinzig. A pleasant winding road takes us on by the side of the boulder-specked river to Wolfach, heralded from afar by a couple of rather blatant factories, but nearer by a villa with a very charming garden. Next to this, and before the

town is entered, is a little restaurant whose tables beneath the shade, with peeps at prettily laid out flower beds, may possibly be welcomed. The arched gateway of the old residence of the independent princes of Fürstenberg gives admittance to the town with its long, broad central street. At first sight one expects a walled town something after the manner of Gengenbach, and the river, making a bend round it, aids the suggestion; but after this river is crossed the illusion is lost, for there is a long-drawn-out sequel of old and new houses which have no place in the scheme and spoil the idea. And a very fussy yellow motor omnibus, plying up the Wolf Valley (which here joins the Kinzig), and down the Kinzig Valley, settles it. I do not, however, wish to suggest that Wolfach must be avoided because it is not circumscribed with walls. The High Street has a wealth of mediævalism in the form of nooks and gables and carvings. The Town Hall dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, and though it has been restored, still shows the old form under the new paint. There is the regular stamp of the Kinzig Valley town in the saint fountain in the middle of the main street, but, too, there is a very modern touch in the shrubs which line the curb in front of many of the houses. A pleasant touch, though, for there are inviting tables behind them where you may eat, drink, and be rested.

If you follow the Wolf, you will come to Rippoldsau, in a narrow part of the valley some way beyond Schapbach, where the Wolf is joined by the river of that name. The village lies at the base of the Kniebis, and has some fame by reason of its mineral springs, which it bottles and exports for invalids who are unable to get there. But I shall

have more to say of the Schapbach and Wolf valleys later.

The neighbourhood of Wolfach has a ghost that is said to haunt the fields. It is a spectral priest dating from a time when Duke Ernest of Swabia and the Emperor were claimants for the dukedom of Burgundy. Duke Ernest gave the priest protection, and in return the priest led the besieging forces of the Emperor by a secret path to the Duke's castle. Very rightly the traitor was condemned after death to take long rambles about the scene of his infamy. If you chance to meet him he will be recognisable by his canonical attire. I have not had that good fortune.

Following our course up the Kinzig we leave Wolfach behind. A short distance above the town, in the middle of the fir forest, on the side of the hill and on the right as you go up, there stands a pretty and fairly spacious chapel, dedicated to St. James. Traveling against the stream you may easily miss it, for it is quite invisible unless you look back. A signpost marked "S. Jakob" near a little wooden bridge marks the way to it. The place is for foot travellers only. Pilgrims in motor cars must leave them behind in the road. The path over the bridge takes you up a winding forest track, and the chapel may be reached in a hard-worked quarter of an hour after leaving the road. But a shorter way to it if you are at Wolfach is to be found on the other side of the river. The hill above Wolfach on the right as you enter it from Hausach is terraced—though trees hide the terraces from below—by numerous little paths which can be reached by turning off in front of the castle of the Fürstenbergs before entering the town. These pleasant, if at first rather steep footways, take you

eventually to the chapel, a fact which is not indicated on the signboards at Wolfach. St. Jakob clings to the side of its little groove in the hills, and there is much timber activity near it. The buildings at the spot are three, a cottage, a tiny shrine, and the larger chapel. The shrine has an altar, below which, through a grating, you can see a figure of the Christ lying in the grave. This is accessible by steps leading down from an outside door. The chapel is small, but seating accommodation has been doubled by a large wooden gallery extending over nearly the whole of the body. It is pleasingly painted with wall and ceiling frescoes. Outside on a corner there is a curious sundial so placed that it can only be effective between the hours of 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. The position of the chapel and the restfulness of its surroundings—despite the hewers of wood—constitute a singularly pleasing picture.

A legend accounts for the chapel's origin. A certain picture of St. James, hidden in a cleft of a tree during times of religious strife, was forgotten until a woodman on the point of cutting it down was surprised by the sound of a voice singing. Investigation brought the picture to light, and the chapel was built where the tree stood.

In the Kinzig Valley Schiltach is the next place of importance. It is some five miles from Wolfach. About half-way we pass the railway station of Halbmeil. Farther on we come upon a small wooden bridge with a path leading to St. Roman up the enticing Sulzbach Valley that winds away into a purple distance of firs. Farther on still a primitive rustic ferry marks where the Heubach joins the Kinzig.

The Lutheran village of Schiltach is noticeable chiefly for its church, a vast barn-like building of red

sandstone, which by virtue of juxtaposition completely dwarfs the post office. Country people round about smile when you mention Schiltach church. Churches, as I have said, run big in this district, but Schiltach church is really too ridiculously big. It is so big that the villagers, though they don't confess it, have given some of it up as a bad job, and many broken windows testify to their neglect. Schiltach is an old place, but commerce is wiping out its antiquities. It is prettier from the railway than from the road, or at least from the railway side of the river. An old wooden bridge once added a picturesque touch, but it is now iron and safe and uninteresting.

The town, too, is from all accounts safer and less interesting to live in than it used to be. So short a time as three centuries and a half ago the devil made it one of his favourite dwelling-places. In particular he took a fancy to an inn which seems to have stood next to the old Rathhaus. His liking for this house appears to have aroused small interest so long as he was orderly and well behaved. But presently he began to show the cloven hoof. He put into operation all the most formidable accompaniments of haunting, and the performance was repeated nightly. Voices were to be heard uttering words in a language which was the more terrible that it could not be understood. Pots and pans rattled on their shelves; doors shuddered in their frames; the clamour of bells set in motion by spectral visitors summoned substantial and sleeping servants from their beds. Altogether matters came to a pretty pass, and for a long while none could make head or tail of it, for no hint was given. At length the secret was revealed. The devil gave it out one day that he was responsible for the racket, and that he was

in love. He had gazed with the eyes of longing upon a young serving-maid, and the nocturnal din was partly by way of serenade, and partly by way of enlisting the townfolk on his side by reducing them to a state of mind in which they would accept any terms to be quit of him. Having proclaimed his passion, he put his case bluntly to the object of it. Let the lady, he said, surrender herself to him, and he for his part would trouble the town no more. The lady said no, and the landlord of the inn, hoping that the lover would depart in pursuit, packed her off home. But the devil was too wily. He clung to the inn, which by this time was beginning to suffer with its custom. The landlord then had the girl back and hoping for the best left the twain to settle the matter. The fair one remained obdurate and the devil in desperation set fire to the inn, and started a conflagration which threatened to wipe out the town. It then became necessary for the Town Council to intervene, and they made short work of it by flinging the servant-girl alive into the flames. That seems to have answered the devil's requirements, for the fire immediately died down. A new Rathhaus dating from 1533 commemorated the fiend's work in a Latin inscription.

It is a pleasant walk from Schiltach up to Schramberg, and thence on to Hornberg. It is uphill a great part of the way, but you must not object to that. As you go up the Schiltach Valley you learn, if you do not know it already, that Schiltach has the distinction of two railway stations, one for Schiltach and one for Schiltach Town. The second may be easily recognised by its being well away from the town towards the country in the mouth of the little valley. There is, to be sure, a factory or so above it, but that makes very

little difference. We pass Schiltach Town station, then, and the road goes winding merrily along, more or less with the railway, but not always. The valley, indeed, does a wonderful amount of winding in a small space, and the road and railway, enforcedly imitative, put in every now and then a turn or so on their own account. It is a pretty road. The sides of the valley keep advancing to it and retiring from it with their trees and their frowning crags for all the world like a figure in a quadrille. And hereabouts it is an easy road. Walkers, of course, would find very little inconvenience in the rising gradient, but there is just enough to make a cyclist feel that his pedals are there to be worked. Still, once when I happened to be going from Schiltach to Schramberg by train, a cyclist started on the road as we started and kept pace with us all the way. In fact, he won by a yard or two. It was a most interesting race because, as I have suggested, every here and there the road plunges away from the railway and goes the far side of a mass of rock, or performs some other evolution necessitated by the geography of the place. And the excitement among the passengers to see whether he would reappear round the corner on these occasions was intense. As I said, he won, but beyond such satisfaction as that may have given him, I think he could have had very little pleasure out of his bicycle in Schramberg, except perhaps to go back again. All roads out of Schramberg run pretty violently uphill excepting that which drops gently down to Schiltach.

It is a surprisingly big place, is Schramberg, when you have grown accustomed to the average size of Kinzig Valley towns. It has, to be sure, a big railway station, but you cannot generally judge by that. If you do, though, you will be right in this case. The

station takes up a good deal of one end of the town, but a great deal more stretches up the valley beyond and forks out into the other little valleys which lead thence. One of these goes eventually to St. Georgen, passing on the way the extraordinarily beautiful gorge of the Berneck. Through this rushes a noisy little stream, and this and the road take up all the space there is between precipitous walls of tree-clad rocks, scarcely out of the perpendicular. The ruin of Falkenstein is also passed. The way to Hornberg lies up another of these forking valleys, the Lauterbach. Down this, under an arched canopy of trees and surrounded by a Felsen Meer more picturesque than the more noted one at Baden-Baden, tumbles the little stream that forms the beautiful Lauterbach Falls. From this waterfall one can reach the ruined castle of Nippenburg (which, according to guide-books, "commands" the town) by taking the rough little flights of stone steps that lead through the Felsen Meer. The castle by virtue of its position may perhaps be said to command the town because it stands on the top of a spur of hills round the base of which the town nestles, but it would be no difficult matter for the greater part of the town to disobey any of its orders, for by any one arriving there with the idea of a castle, like that of Heidelberg, visible from any point, Nippenburg takes a good deal of finding. However, it can be found—there are plenty of paths to it—and it is a pleasant and not too domineering place when you get there.

When I first took the walk to Hornberg I discovered a signpost above the waterfall—I daresay it is there still—which said the distance was $23\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers, or about 15 miles. (Eight kilometers are five miles for all practical purposes.) Having come so far and being

prepared for only about two hours more I was filled with misgivings. Surely, I thought, I could not have been so hopelessly out of my reckonings. I got out my map and reassured myself, and walking on found another sign, which said 23 kilometers. Knowing that I had not walked half a kilometer I began to feel better about it, certain that there was some mistake. As it turned out there was. I cannot account for the misleading signpost, but the proper kilometer stone appeared a little farther on with the proper figure, 13 kilometers. Half of this is good uphill work, and the rest drops.

A good deal of Lauterbach village would look prettier if it were not there. The beginning of it is a collection of very townish-looking houses which have not in the least degree the appearance of belonging to a spot in the midst of the Black Forest. They look as though they might be in Mannheim, which is about the most uninteresting town I know, because all the streets are alike. Lauterbach, however, grows better as we get into it, and it is better still as we emerge on the open ground above, with the silver birches dotted about and—if the time of year be right—yellow broom blazing on the hillside. Here we are still rising, and continue to rise till we pass, at Fohrenbühl, the boundary of Wurtemberg, and descend into Baden. From here the road to Hornberg runs down. It runs down indeed a great deal too much. I pity the horse that has to drag a cart down it. I pity the cyclist who, having pushed his machine to the top in the hope of a bit of coasting, thinks to get it here. It is altogether too steep, and as such is almost unique in the Black Forest. Even walking one feels top heavy on it. But the scenery is superb.

But we are wandering from the Kinzig Valley, and I set out with the idea of following that up to Freudenstadt. After Schiltach the valley contains few more villages worth a visit, though it remains beautiful to the far end. About a mile above Schiltach the road skirts the base of a rocky crag, on which stands the ruined robber castle of Schenkenburg. At Schenkenzell a valley road to the left leads to Wittichen, where stood a convent which met the general fate of such establishments at the beginning of last century. Tradition dates its foundation somewhere about 1400, and attributes its origin to a maid named Lindgard. Pious acts in her very early youth gave rise to predictions of a saintly womanhood, and she received, so runs the story, a divine call on the abolition of the convent of Oberwolfach a few years after she had entered it as a novice. Her mission was to find a new home for her sisters, and she set out to beg for funds. At Schiltach she was jeered at for her pains, but the lords of Schenkenzell and Geroldseck granted her land in the valley of Wittichen, and there the foundations were laid. Her travels in search of further help brought her many adventures—on one occasion she converted a band of robbers who had captured her—but at length a friendly abbess met her needs, and the convent rose to her glory.

Above Schenkenzell the Kinzig Valley begins to grow narrow, and both railway and road have entailed considerable blasting in their construction. But it widens again as we reach Röthenbach, and at Alpirsbach, which confronts us with a great factory of terracotta tiles and the like, it is spacious. Alpirsbach has an old benedictine monastery and some older Roman remains, but the inhabitants have rather outgrown their interest in them. Above Alpirsbach we

come into typical Black Forest upper valley scenery, the trees crowding close upon the road, and finally we emerge on open table-land at Lossburg. Rodt is the next place worthy of a railway station, and so we reach Freudenstadt, the busy end of a busy valley.

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CHAPTER II

THE MURG VALLEY

Unsociable worship—An official eyesore—Schönmünzach—An old industry—A valley of varieties—Michel the Woodman—The Knorr—The unjust steward—Phantoms of the Rockert—Sharp practice—Neu Eberstein—The maid and the hermit—Capital of the Murg Valley—Fairies in love—The price of a kiss—Friendly birds—Schloss Favorite—A penitent Margravine. 3

FREUDENSTADT is neatly placed on a table-land of its own approached by long gradual ascents. In plan it grows, as it were, from a great square of gabled houses colonnaded like no other place that I know of in the Black Forest. Occupying one corner of this square is the church. This actually does form a corner, for it is built as a right angle. Practically, indeed, it is two churches in one. Towers, identical excepting that one has a clock, are at the end of each arm of the angle, and inside there are separate aisles in each. The pulpit stands in the apex. Men sit in one arm, women in the other, so that both can obtain spiritual guidance without worldly distraction from the opposite sex. The church is colonnaded too, thus continuing the character of the square. Beyond this square are rows of houses, large, though rather squalid in appearance, and forming fairly wide streets, but set so close back to back that there can be little if any rear light or air. Beyond this careful arrangement houses have spread

with less regard for symmetry of position. Intersecting the square at the middle points of its sides are the two main streets. To get a perfect conception of the town you should be able to stand exactly in the middle of the square and look all about you. But this ideal is withheld, for precisely at that enviable standpoint is the post office, an impudent new building surmounted with a delirious cage of telegraph wires. One should add, moreover, that the square is not all open, as I think it should be, but covered, between roads, with little private gardens and buildings. These and the post office spoil a great idea. Freudenstadt might be one of the show places of Europe, because it has a good deal of the inimitable charm of age—it dates from the closing years of the sixteenth century. But it is getting new—approaching the second childhood which is the lot of so many old towns. Not to harp on the glaring post office—though the network of wires above it suggests some elaborate musical instrument—there is an hotel, half of which is as dingy looking and as slant-floored as any original Black Forest gasthaus, while the other half is as new as Professor Bauder of Stuttgart—a master of such work—can make it. Many German hotels are to-day taking on this guise of New Art luxury; and many of them are the better for it, though, in spite of it, they are still less liberal with salt-spoons and fish-knives than with tooth-picks.

This reconstruction and redecoration of hotels all tends to the convenience of visitors, but it caused me on one occasion some slight temporary perturbation. I was staying at Freiburg, and on returning to my room in the afternoon I was aware of a domestic upheaval. The old and uninteresting furniture was being replaced by new of a pleasing design. I was

more than satisfied until the following morning, when I came to pack my belongings for my departure. Then I discovered that a pair of trousers which I had intended to wear for the journey was missing. The chambermaid searched the room and departed in almost tearful despair, to return with the house-keeper, who also searched. I was cross-questioned, but could give no clue, and there was nothing for it but an appeal to the highest source of tact and sagacity. With an imposing tread the head waiter ascended the stairs and advanced to the scene of action. The ensuing investigation was exhaustive in the extreme, but nothing more satisfactory was arrived at than the discovery that I was wearing a pair of trousers, and that therefore those must be the missing ones. I argued the question on the grounds of differences in colour and texture, and from my own intimate knowledge of my wardrobe, but the great man remained unconvinced. I felt that I was under a cloud. The circumstances were suspicious, and the suspicion rested on me. At this point I had an inspiration. Could it be, I suggested, that the garment had been carried away with the old furniture? There was a great sigh of relief. The head waiter flew to the telephone, and so it was, and in due course my belongings were returned to me.

By following the course of the river Murg from Freudenstadt down to Rastatt—a distance of about forty miles—one may realise very pleasantly more than one aspect of Black Forest life. The Murg Valley is essentially a working district. The timber industry is everywhere in evidence; and agriculture is in many parts assiduously plied in what appear to be almost impossible circumstances. And in addition there is some of the finest river scenery that the whole

forest has to show—certainly it is the finest in the northern part, by which I mean that north of the Kinzig Valley. The journey may be made easily by a cyclist in one day, for from Freudenstadt, 720 meters of height above the sea level, there is a gradual descent to the plain on which Rastatt lies some 200 meters high. From Freudenstadt to Baiersbronn is one long downward sweep. From there, on a more level road, we pass Kloster-Reichenbach with a monastic-looking building attached to its church; Heselbach nestling on the slopes on our right; Röth, part houses, part rock, very much taken up with its sawmills. Then we begin to get a hint of the beauties that lie beyond Schönmünzach. Hitherto we have had just that fresh expansive loveliness which ceases to be remarkable when one has travelled widely in the Black Forest. But about a mile and a half above Schönmünzach the sides of the valley tend to approach one another, and in places the river swirls round the feet of rugged precipitous heights. So we reach Schönmünzach, which is of commercial importance by reason of its glass works. Glass manufacture is one of the oldest industries of the Black Forest, and incidentally it has been responsible for the introduction of a good many others, for the travelling salesmen connected with the factories in old days gradually assumed the character of general hawkers, and turned their hands to traffic in any article that seemed likely to find purchasers. It is said that tin spoons and, more important, clocks were first brought to the notice of industrious Black Foresters by glass-hawkers.

I hardly think that the village of Schönmünzach itself is of all villages in the Murg Valley the most worthy of its name's flattering prefix. It lies at a point where a little stream running down from Hornis-

grinde, and partly fed from the Wildsee, joins the Murg, and it is rather scattered and unkempt. But it earns with honours the epithet "beautiful" from the part of the valley which lies below it and stretches right down to Forbach. This part is full of beauty, and yet it is like no other beautiful valley of the Black Forest. It has not the romance of the Höllenthal, nor the grand spaciousness of the Simonswald, nor the unexpectedness of those rock arches after the aisled shadiness of the Alb. But it has other graces. The road is now but a few feet above the clamouring stream with its ceaseless brawling among rocks, and its countless pools and eddies, now high above it all with glimpses of it between the tree trunks. At one moment you come upon bends in the road which hide it from you altogether, and the next you are out again, a fine shelving sweep of treed banks before you, and the stream a boulder-flecked race hemmed between them. Infinite in its variety it carries you on to Forbach all too soon. Here the valley grows wider, and you drop with a long serpentine sweep into the village. Hence downwards the elaborate cultivation of the hillsides forces itself upon your notice. High up, the slopes appear continually to be marked out into little well-planted plots peopled with a figure, each "no larger than his head," wresting from the soil with assiduous labour the best that it can give. And it is a valuable best. The road the whole way down the valley is lined with fine cherry trees—we are in the Kirschwasser country—and fruit and vegetable produce do much to ameliorate life lived on a scanty wage.

From Forbach there is a good up-and-down walk right across the Forest to Bühl. One should plan it to pass the Herrenwieser See, and the little high-

lying village of Herrenwies, and so on to Sand, unless the steep Baden Hohe and paths—a more sporting route—be taken. One merit of this tramp is the possibility of meeting Michel the Woodman, or at any rate seeing traces of him. The people of the Black Forest do not give very definite descriptions of his dress, but I gather that there is a distinctly ancient look about the clothes he wears which makes him unmistakable. He has a way, has Michel, of putting some mystic sign or other on certain trees which apparently he selects at haphazard, or on some system known only to himself. The trees so marked are fated to carry ill luck with them whatsoever be their lot in life. The house that is built of them will fall, the ship sink. He is a terrible fellow this Michel, and any one who does meet him ought to speak seriously to him in the interests of the insurance companies, if not of humanity. The Herrenwieser See has also strange dwellers, who may be seen flinging coins over the surface of the water as boys play ducks and drakes with pebbles. They have not been about when I have passed, and I have always consoled myself with the thought that the coins are probably obsolete, and no use for current expenses.

At Forbach—to return—we cross the river Murg to Gausbach. When I passed it last this part was in the hands of the engineers, to the detriment of both road and scenery. The river, too, was, I think, being taught the way it should go. But such disturbances as these are temporary matters. They know how to make roads in the Black Forest, and there must needs be a beginning. The wonder is that one sees so little of the machinery which has helped to produce such perfection. Below Gausbach the river takes many turns, and the road goes with it, creeping round

the shoulders and flanks and thighs of hills with an effect of rare enjoyment to the wayfarer. Much blasting has been necessary, and at one place the road passes through a rocky tunnel like those which we shall see more frequently later in the southern valleys. Just beyond this point the whole of the river bank down below is monopolised by a huge sawmill, and vast piles of cut logs around it show what it can do. Here the Oltenbach, running down from the Hochberg, where it rises not far from one of the streams which feed the Oos, joins the Murg. On the slopes there is a giant chess-board of those small garden plots. So we come to Langenbrand, a pretty brown and white village hugging its stone and rough-cast church, and, a little lower on the left of the road, to one of the tiny wayside chapels which are as much a feature of Black Forest landscape as are ruined castles. Beyond is a long stretch of factories, and the road, now once more at close quarters with the river, brings us to Au with its iron bridge, in front of a tall church not over beautiful, leading to a pretty high-standing little chapel on the other side, and a few picturesque cottages crowding the bank.

Passing Weisenbach we come to Hilpertsau and Obertsroth which share with Gernsbach the attentions of the Knorr. The Knorr is a very disagreeable person to encounter. He was once a great oppressor of the poor of the Murg Valley, and to judge from his present methods he must have given a good deal of thought to devising unpleasant methods of oppression. You can never be sure what guise he will take. A woman of Gausbach happened to meet a donkey in her path, and unwittingly brushed against it. Forthwith the animal mounted on her back and did not

leave her till she had staggered fainting into the town. The donkey was the Knorr. Sometimes he does this same thing in his own likeness, as the old man of the sea with Sinbad. Sometimes he is a cat that gets between the legs of horses or travellers, making them stumble. Once he turned himself into a ball of flax, and was picked up by a peasant, whom he bit and scratched till the man successfully called the saints to his aid. He is quite a disgraceful old rascal, and the queer part of it is that his tricks are supposed to be his punishment for his wicked life. One cannot help thinking that he rather enjoys it.

In the part of the valley which he haunts there is work, work, work everywhere, but, as we have seen, romance is not yet dead, and as evidence visible to all—for many folk pass down the Murg without ever seeing the Knorr—one gets near Weisenbach a glimpse of the castle of Neu Eberstein beyond a very large wood-pulp paper factory. A nearer view of the castle is to be had from Hilpertsau, where there is a choice of roads, one for each side of the river. Obertsroth lies at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, crowning its celebrated vineyards, where grow the dark purple grapes that make a wine not despised by connoisseurs.

A story is told of one of the stewards, forerunner of a long succession, who had the care of this vineyard and other property of the Counts of Eberstein. His oppression of the peasants was comparable only to that of the Knorr or of the counts themselves. A worthy pair are said to have died under his persecution, and by way of keeping green the memory of their tyrant, he ordered their daughter to make herself a wedding garment of thread spun from the nettles that grew on their grave, and also to make for him a shirt

that should be sword-proof. A good fairy who dwelt in the Rockert, a stretch of forest on the other side of the valley, came to her rescue, and the task was finished in a night. The sword-proof shirt, when he donned it, put him beyond sword-thrusts by burning him to death.

The Rockert is the dwelling-place, too, of another being of a very different temper from that of this good fairy. She is known, not over politely, as the Little Rockert Woman, and some say that she is of Druid origin, and sister to a spectral lady who gave Sir Roland a deal of trouble in the Pyrenees. Personally, I incline to the view taken by the Murg chroniclers, who say that the Wild Huntress, as she is also called, was a Countess of Eberstein. She is of a somewhat commanding presence with her great black hat and her seventeenth-century costume, and generally a number of hounds breathing fire precede her. A mighty huntress in her day, she is fated to hunt still, and when game is scarce she fills in the time by misdirecting such rash wayfarers as mention her name, leading them frequently into swamps and similar unpleasant places. Her fate is the reward of a piece of rather sharp practice. She disputed with the Count of Wurtemberg, or, as some say, with the inhabitants of two Murg villages, the possession of a certain beautiful expanse of beechwood which she could see on the far side of the river from her castle windows. She had no manner of right on her side, but she filled her shoes with Eberstein earth and went off to meet the opposing owners at a spot in the disputed territory. There she called the powers above and below to witness that she stood on her own soil. The powers below seemingly were so pleased with her that they gave her possession for all time.

Neu Eberstein, which dates from 1272, is the castle to which the Counts of Eberstein removed from their old stronghold at Ebersteinburg. It is still occupied as a summer residence by the Grand Dukes of Baden. Its situation is its greatest charm. Magnificent views are to be had from the windows of its not very spacious rooms, and from the terrace outside the main entrance. There is a collection of old armour, and another collection of the finest standard-trained fuchsias I have seen anywhere. But for the tenth commandment they would have moved me to more than admiration. Hard by is shown the rock known as the Grafensprung, or Hustein, from which Count Wolf of Eberstein leaped on horseback into the river to escape an invading horde under Eberhard of Swabia. His horse perished, but he swam safely away, to return three months later and turn the tables on his adversaries. Conspicuous in the entrance courtyard is the stone figure of a boar, the ancient crest of the family.

From Obertsroth, if the day be hot, the road on the left bank will be found shady. It is best to take it, for it passes before we get to Gernsbach, the modern version of the Klingel Kapelle. Here, centuries ago, under a great spreading oak, dwelt a hermit whose simple piety was once, like that of St. Anthony (though the hermit came off more easily), put to a test heralded by the appearance of a fair lady. She came to the door of his hermitage somewhat indecorously though richly clad in a single garment of fine lawn, low-necked, short, and sleeveless, and begged a blessing and protection, asking, as a favour—an ominous request, in which, however, the good old man saw nothing amiss—that the cross should be taken from the altar. He was about to remove it

when he heard the tinkling of a silver bell in the oak. This saved the situation, for the lady heard it too and straightway took fright and hurried away. The hermit in gratitude erected a chapel, which fell upon evil days, and was replaced in 1852 by that which is now to be seen.

Gernsbach, a quaint old place with its streets all hills, difficult enough to get about in in ordinary circumstances, but far more so when they are entirely filled with a fair as I have seen them, has come to be considered the capital of the Murg Valley. It has two churches, one Roman Catholic, one Lutheran, and tombs of the Counts of Eberstein and members of their family are to be found in both.

Gernsbach, as we have seen, is haunted by the Knorr, but its burden is lightened by the occasional visits of good fairies, who dwell in the Lautenfelsen, a group of rocks in the neighbourhood of Lautenbach, which lies on a height a little to the west of Gernsbach. These fairies, though essentially well disposed, have one tragedy to their account. Some years ago—one ought perhaps to say once upon a time—they were on terms of such intimacy with the villagers that two of them fell in love with two young men. The love affairs were no secret. The fairies attended village festivals, and were much in demand as merrymakers, but, like Cinderella, they must without fail leave the revels at midnight. One night, of course, they stayed too late, and, though the young men offered to protect them against all evil results, they sped away. The youths followed, but a stain of blood on the grass near the fairy retreat was all the trace they could find. The swains died broken-hearted the same night.

Hörden, a little way down from Gernsbach, records

in a Latin jingle the original difficult making of the road so far back as 1786 :

*"Ex rupe fracta
Haec via facta."*

The railway makers, eighty-three years later, added two more lines (in addition to their metal ones) thus :

*"Aetate peracta
Haec ferrea tracta."*

Our way down the course of the stream takes us through Ottenau, Gaggenau, and Rothenfels. From each of these two last a road leads to Michelbach, where, if legends are true—and why should one doubt them?—untold wealth awaits any adventurer who is gallant enough to do unflinchingly a lady's bidding. If you are such a person, here are the conditions. At Michelbach there is a very old walnut tree which has survived three storms which have torn it up almost by the roots. Near this tree runs a stream, and thither three maidens robed in white are in the habit of coming to wash their clothes. If you see them—they may be distinguished from other washerwomen by their beauty and the weird songs they sing—offer your services for whatever they may need. They will conduct you to the Mauzenberg, a mountain not very far off, and quite too near in such pleasing company, and there they will show you a great cave which is entered by a secret door. Here are stored riches beyond, as one says, the dreams of avarice. All this they will offer you for your own if you will but kiss them in whatsoever disguise they may appear. That is surely generosity itself, but no one has ever yet been successful. The last to try was a boy from Michelbach. He promised to kiss, but his heart

failed him when he saw, in the place of the beautiful three maidens, a toad, a snake, and a dragon. He kissed twice, but the dragon was too much and he swooned. When he came to himself the maidens were there in tears. They were doomed, they said, to guard the treasure, and they must continue to guard it until some one less timorous should arrive. But this could not be until a new-born babe had slept in a cradle made from a cherry tree that had grown from a cherry stone dropped by a bird in that spot. Of course, this may not have happened yet, but—well, there is no harm in going to Michelbach to see.

Kuppenheim, reached through cornfields, by the same cherry-tree-shaded road that we have followed all the way, is renowned in connection with Burkhard Keller of the cross and picture, whose story we shall hear later in connection with Baden-Baden. It was the castellan's daughter whom he was visiting when the other lady lured him away. Kuppenheim is a tidy-looking town. The Rathhaus, dating from 1730, has a stork's nest on its roof. Indeed, birds seem friendly there. In the arched entrance to the yard of the Sun Inn adjoining the Rathhaus swallows build and perch tamely almost within reach.

Near Kuppenheim is Favorite, the country residence erected by the widow of the Margrave Louis of Baden, and one may turn aside from the road to Rastatt to visit it if one has an hour to spare. Or it may be made the object of a short trip from Baden-Baden, whence it is reached by a winding, undulating pretty country road which leads from the Oos Valley through a not very repulsive brickfield, and the little village of Haueneberstein. Favorite lies in the midst of one of many little woods which dot the plain, and seen from neighbouring heights look like patches of velvet.

At close quarters the patch resolves itself into the pleasure grounds of the chateau, a thicket beautifully planted, though an opportunity has been missed for a flower garden. The wood is crossed with long avenues, of which one leads straight to the palace. This was built by the Margravine early in the eighteenth century to serve as a retreat for her later years, and very pretty work her whimsical tastes made of it. It is of stone filled in with a coarse rough-cast, more pleasing from a distance than at near range. The interior, which is not materially different from the state in which she left it, provides a wealth of information regarding the life of a cultivated German lady living two centuries ago. Two of the rooms are usually underlined, so to say, by guides and guide-books. They contain a large number of portraits, those in one room being of the Margravine and her family, and those in the other of famous authors and painters of her day—a surprisingly numerous gathering, viewed at this period of time. One of these rooms, moreover, has the additional attraction of being decorated very lavishly with mirrors, so that the pleased visitor may see reflections of himself (or herself) from a great variety of aspects all at one time, graduating from shaving distance to a dim obscurity. You can see yourself in the ceiling too. This room is called up in evidence of the queer tastes of its mistress, and I have even read a suggestion deduced therefrom, that at the time at which it was made her mind was unhinged (as it was later). I think this is to make too much of a not very important matter. Looking-glass decorations were not so very rare in the eighteenth century. There is the famous room at Versailles in which Louis XVI saw himself headless, and there are others. And considered side by side with the decorations in other

rooms of the little palace, the mirror room cannot be given very great prominence. Each apartment in the suite as you pass through presents a different idea more or less consistently carried out. And some, I think, are more bizarre than the looking-glasses. One, for instance, has a profusion of pictures in marble mosaic, wonders of ingenuity if not of art. Another, described as the Chinese room, is devoted to embroideries which I attribute rather to Japan. Yet another has extraordinary tapestries and bead decorations, the work of noble ladies of the Margravine's own circle. Throughout there are some rare specimens of inlaid furniture, card-tables, escritaires, chests of drawers—and the woodwork of the rooms themselves, floors, doors, and so on, shows some exquisite marquetry. The central hall is decorated high and low with many thousands of Dutch tiles. The ground floor—the old living rooms are all on the first—contains a very interesting collection of china, earthenware, and glass, and there are also some beautiful old metal pots and pans. The Margravine was a good deal of a lover of art, but she was a housewife too. Cooking was one of her studies, and the china collection throws some light on it. There is a quaint receptacle for spices—a sitting Chinaman whose hands and feet are drawers to hold different kinds. There is a great board with a list of eatables which the cook could mark for the day's menu. And, perhaps most interesting of all on this ground floor, there is a set of ware reproductions of table delicacies two hundred years old. Among these one notes a great cabbage and bundles of asparagus. Each piece in this set opens so that it may contain the thing which it represents.

All this shows the normal Margravine. A few

minutes' walk from the palace, hidden among the trees, is to be found evidence of a later time when her reason lost its balance. It is the hermitage to which she withdrew to pass the last two years of her life in severe penance for a misdeed for which she never forgave herself. Her husband was a great fighter among the Turks—his people even nicknamed him "der Türken Louis"—and back from one of his expeditions he brought—rashly perhaps, but, it is said, in all innocence—a fair Turkish maiden, Zoraïde. The Margravine—and here I doubt if she showed any great peculiarity—looked askance at this Eastern beauty. She did not believe in any Quixotic protection of a heathen girl by a Christian potentate. Jealousy triumphed and the Margravine had the stranger put to death. Afterwards when the flight of years had set the Margrave's character in its true light his widow repented, and caused her penitential chapel to be built. Here she secluded herself, passing her time in religious exercises, eating food which her attendants brought to the door, and which she herself cooked at a table where sat, and sit yet, three wax figures, the Virgin Mary, St. John, and a small white-robed angel. They were never attractive table companions, but time has made them less attractive even than they were. Each lacks the left eye.

The chapel, though not a very substantial structure, was designed with taste. In form it is octagonal, and contains a central shrine with seven small rooms round it. The central shrine is lighted from above, the sun penetrating golden-tinted glass. Its decorations comprise an elaborate set of symbols of the crucifixion similar to those to be found on the rustic crucifixes which I describe elsewhere, and other objects of a more gruesome nature. One waxen group

represents figures rising from the grave. Here, too, are the scourge and a piece of barbed chain mail with which the penitent tortured herself. In one of the surrounding rooms, the majority of which communicate with the central one by means of grated windows, is a wax effigy of a skull in the clutches of various horrible creeping things. A Latin motto points the moral: "Such, sooner or later, will be my lot." The Margravine omitted no detail which could make her life a living death.

To return to the Murg, our exploration of its valley ends at Rastatt. Rastatt, a fortress since Roman times, and one still, once the favoured town of the Baden Margraves (who have betaken themselves as Grand Dukes to Karlsruhe), and once, but now no longer, washed by the Rhine, is a town covering a good deal of ground. It is not yet all built, but when in the fulness of time its houses do all spring up and rise to perfection, their inhabitants will find close at hand a vast brewery to supply their needs.

CHAPTER III

BADEN-BADEN

A town with no strangers—Banished gamblers—The Baden-Baden springs—A humorous Elector—Frescoes—The Lichtenthal—Confusing signposts—The valiant man of Beuern—A relic of Roman civilisation—A fish farm—An innkeeper in stone—The elves of the Kitchen Rock—A unique convent—Miracles—Rival preachers—Alt Eberstein—The poet of the visitors' book—From ballroom to battlement—A German Penelope—The old castle—A cure for the black death—Free silver—A fleeting vision—Well-appointed dungeons—The poet again—Geroldsau Waterfall—Burkhard Keller of Yburg—The three castles—A panorama—Golfspiel.

ACCORDING to a guide-book published in English at Zurich, "it is satisfactory to see the neat series of distinguished Swiss sceneries continued with an eminent grace in Germany, and first of all the beautiful watering-place of Baden-Baden with its environs, where art and nature combine in harmony to form an almost ideal landscape scenery." I should not like this passage to prevent people from going to Baden-Baden. Any one who has been much in Germany will know pretty well what happens when "art and nature combine" to form landscape scenery. They do not combine in harmony, and the landscape is not ideal. But Baden-Baden is not really like that at all. Nor is it quite easy to say what it is like. Art has combined with nature, certainly. There is the supreme instance of the Lichtenthal Avenue and

Gardens. But one can give a list of the possessions which it displays to attract visitors—the Trinkhalle, the Conversationhaus, the theatre, the Frederic Bath, the two castles, and so on, and they bring you no nearer. There is a charm in the place which is of all these, and yet distinct. Somehow it invites you. There are towns in which you feel lost—out of place. You are as much a stranger in them when you leave as you were when you arrived. Baden-Baden is not one of them. I think if you were dropped into the middle of it from a balloon you would not rub your eyes and ask, "Where am I?" You would just get up, say, "Ah, here I am then!" and walk down into the gardens by the avenue where rhododendrons and azaleas, and lilacs, and may trees, so richly laden with blossom that they seem all blossom, throw their hues into one great smile of welcome. The secret is, I suppose, that Baden-Baden is used to strangers. You feel more or less at home in a town where the principal bookseller paints the head of Shakespeare with those of Molière, Dante, and Homer on the frieze at the top of his house. Yet this can help very little, for its visitors are cosmopolitan (though Shakespeare, to be sure, is that), as is to some extent its permanent population. An unmistakable hint of this fact is to be seen in the burnished dome of the Græco-Russian chapel which, standing on the Friesenberg, is visible for a long way in many directions.

But the moving population is perhaps not so varied as it used to be before 1872 when the gaming tables were suppressed. They had had some seventy years of a riotous prosperity attracting undercurrents from the whole of Europe, and writers of the last century dwell with righteous unction on the immoralities, the dare-devilries, the inevitable downfalls of the gamblers.

I wish I could have seen them. Now that all this is done away with, the majority of the fifty thousand people who are estimated to visit Baden-Baden yearly are lured by the hot water which is supplied officially at 130° F. for ten pfennigs a glass in the Trinkhalle, in a corner of which hall, by the way, is a relief map of Baden-Baden which is most useful to those who have pedestrian tours in prospect. To be a little bit scientific in regard to this water, there are some twenty warm springs in Baden-Baden sending water, so far as can be judged, from a depth of 1300 to 1400 meters, with temperatures varying from 110° to 158° F. They all contain the same mineral components in more or less degree, lithia, though it is always present, being the most varying ingredient. Sensitive palates can detect a flavour resembling beef tea. The water has also official sanction in the Frederichsbad, which is built on a most elaborate plan, and privately it is to be had direct from the source at several of the hotels. One of these, the Badisher Hof, was a monastery of the Capucins, and dates from the early part of the seventeenth century.

In connecton with the waters, and with one of the hotels, a story is told of a certain Elector of the Palatinate who had a tremendous reputation—not altogether justified by the only piece of evidence that has come down—for his pretty taste for humour. It appears that his jesting was once pulled up short by an illness, which was judged to be serious when it was found that he had not cracked a joke for three days. At this crisis he was advised to take the Baden-Baden waters. He lost no time in reaching the town, and there put up at an inn, now known as the Baldreit, much to the delight of the landlord, who foresaw a

period of gaiety which must inevitably attract other patrons. But he was doomed to disappointment. A week of the waters put the elector into such high spirits that he conceived the delirious jest of departing in the night without the formality of settling his account. The landlord woke just in time to see him make off on his horse. That is all the satisfaction he got, excepting such as he derived from the supremely courteous act of changing the name of his inn so as to commemorate the Early Ride.

An incident of this story is depicted with others in a series of fourteen frescoes in the columned front of the Trinkhalle. The legends represented are: (1) Burkhard Keller von Yburg. (2) The Mummelsee Sprites. (3) The Wildsee. (4) The Angel's and Devil's Pulpits. (5) The Count's Leap. (6) The Castle of Alt Eberstein. (7) The Convent of Fremersburg. (8) The Phantom Bride of Lauf. (9) The Baldreit. (10) The Rock Maiden. (11) The Dean of Strasburg and Castle Windeck. (12) The Bride of Allerheiligen. (13) The old Castle of Baden, and (14) The Convent Church of Lichtenthal.

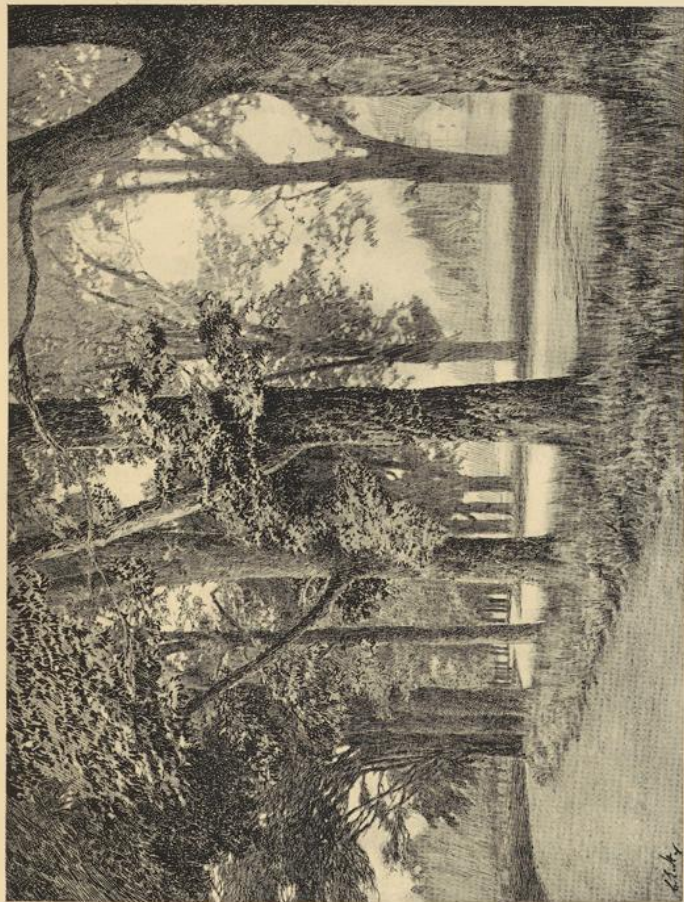
The Conversationshaus, which is near the Trinkhalle, is curiously so named. Part of it has a large hall for concerts which may stimulate conversation though the fact should not be advertised, and another part is a reading-room which is well supplied with newspapers and in which strict silence is enjoined and enjoyed.

Perhaps the most pleasing way to enter Baden-Baden is by the Lichtenthal, for this way will show you best how art—and by art I describe broadly the skill of the architect and of the landscape gardener—has dovetailed itself with Nature. It is better, I think, by this road to enter the town than to leave it, for

there is more delight in being attuned gradually to a climax than in running down the scale from the fine to the ordinary. It should be, I suppose, against our principles to place thus at the highest a town and at the lowest Nature, but, after all, we are human beings, and we must needs concern ourselves with towns. It must be remembered, too, that my terms are comparative. The ordinary in the Black Forest need not be ordinary elsewhere. Nor for that matter need the fine be fine elsewhere. Baden-Baden has been made very well, but better things, I confess, have been made in other places. I mean there are few traces in Baden-Baden of builders of other days having lavished those rare gifts which attract travellers. But it is a very charming town all the same.

Let us accept then the proposition that it is good to enter Baden-Baden through the Lichtenthal. My advice is that you should travel thither from Gernsbach in the valley of the Murg. That is on the whole the best way. But I doubt whether many people will accept it. For various obvious reasons it is convenient to go to Baden-Baden by train. One of these reasons, to be practical, is that Baden-Baden is a good centre for exploring expeditions, and whether you be walking or cycling or motoring or driving it is not a bad plan to keep there the less movable parts of your equipment.

If, then, you are situated in Baden-Baden, I suggest that an early excursion should be made to some point on the road to the town from Gernsbach, and that an entry be effected through the Lichtenthal before you have penetrated that valley from the other direction. Let us take the castle of Eberstein as the objective of a journey. It should be a day's journey if you walk. Other methods, other times. The road from Gernsbach



THE LICHTENTHAL AVENUE AT BADEN-BADEN

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to the Lichtenthal crosses the road to the castle at a point known as the Müllenbild. This is the highest point which the road reaches, though forest paths and cart tracks will take you a good deal higher. From here the castle may be taken on a loop of road, so that one need never go over the same way twice. The road from Baden-Baden to the Müllenbild may be found easily enough by going to the top of the Sophien Strasse. From here one advances, rising gradually, till the town, with its straggling villas not yet mature enough to be very attractive, is left behind. Part of the road is lined with those gorgeous may trees, and it is almost worth while to select a time of the year in which they are in full bloom. Soon the road loses its kempt look and for a little it goes winding through fields till the real carriage road is reached. We have come so far really by a short cut, but one will be wise to take warning against short cuts generally in this part of the Black Forest. Often such things exist; often they may be invented; but to invent them among trees which are all in masses beautifully alike, is a very perilous thing to do. I remember when I first took that road to Schloss Eberstein. I had set out with the intention of going to the old castle of Eberstein which is at Ebersteinburg, and in a different direction altogether from the new castle. I followed the signboards directing me to Eberstein and got there, wondering all the while, from a vague recollection of the map and a strong sense of locality (which by the way is sometimes a dangerous possession in the Black Forest), why I was going to the right instead of to the left. It is in such cases that one may gain experience. Most roads in the Black Forest wind continually, but by keeping a very clear head one can tell their main direction. At that time,

though I felt I was going wrong, I lacked confidence in my own judgment. Moreover, there were the signboards which made no distinction between the old castle of Eberstein, which is a ruin, and the new, which is used by the Grand Dukes of Baden. To prevent confusion it should be noted that the ruin is indicated as Ebersteinburg. (One must have in the Black Forest a brain well pigeonholed for names—there are so many duplicates.) Anyway, I got to Schloss Eberstein by a road which gave not one single chance of a short cut, because it never doubled on itself, as they so often do. And I was not at all distressed. For it is situated gloriously, as we have already seen, with views over the Murg Valley. And, besides, it sent me home again by way of the Lichtenthal.

I am not aware of any substantial reason for the spot known as the Müllensbild being so called. Doubtless at some time or another there was there a picture in some way connected with a mill, but I have not seen it. Nor have I felt in its neighbourhood the imminent presence of the evil spirits which are said to be lurking there ready to spring forth on the slightest encouragement. Two men of Beuern in the Lichtenthal were the last, so I understand, to bear witness of this. They were returning home at midnight from Gernsbach, where the gaieties of a fair had urged them to a too rash patronage of local produce in the form of eberblut, the wine from the vineyards of Eberstein. They were both merry; and one of them was valiant as well, for at the Müllensbild he declared, flourishing a dagger, that he was prepared to face all comers, not excepting the devil himself. Well, the devil, who is not hard of hearing, took him at his word. The woods rang with the tramp of steeds—this was, I think, rather unfair to a

single-handed warrior on foot—and a voice which chilled the blood in his veins accepted the challenge. The man with the dagger was lifted bodily into the air and borne along just out of reach of his terror-stricken companion, who, after many stumbles, called Heaven to witness that he could do no more. His despair, however, had prompted the right course, for at the name of Heaven the captive came tumbling back to earth again, trembling and covered with bruises. The pair got safely to their homes and spread the news. Since then, people have been nice in their speech as they pass the Müllenbild, and if you should be driving there and detect a note of tenderness in the driver's words of exhortation to his horses, you will understand and applaud.

A word will be in place here of Mount Mercurius, the base of which is skirted by the road to the Müllenbild and Schloss Eberstein. By nature the highest point in this part of the forest, it is higher still by reason of a tower having—I accept local authority—upwards of one hundred and thirty steps. The name Merkur on the signboards is a relic of Roman civilisation, as is a votive image of the god Mercury which, found in the neighbourhood, was set up at some distant date possibly to mark the boundary of the three districts of Ebersteinburg, Staufenberg, and Baden. The mountain has a fair share of the many legends that have come to life in the country round Baden-Baden. One of them tells of a Christian knight who loved a Moorish princess, Rosaura, and was only united to her when, in their old age, each had survived the opposition of would-be friends and a generous share of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The road from Schloss Eberstein back to Baden-

Baden takes us at first through typical Black Forest mountain scenery, as distinct from that of the valleys. Shaded always by overhanging trees, it hugs the hill-sides with many warnings in enamelled iron to drivers to go carefully. The warnings are not very necessary, for the edges are well guarded, particularly at sharp curves, by strong walls rich with their clothing of moss and fern. Looking up and down at times, one sees grim, gloomy vistas between the gaunt tree trunks intersected occasionally by waggon tracks; but there are many openings, too, which give scope for natural growth, and if you pass when early summer has edged each feathery branch and top with golden green you will be inclined to wonder that the forest was ever called Black. Farther on, past the Müllenbild, the road begins visibly to descend and a serpentine curve brings us to Müllenbach, a cluster of white cottages criss-crossed with dark half-timber work. Near by is the Fischcultur, a prettily situated breeding place for a good many different kinds of fish. Here a pleasant branch road leads to Forbach. Lower, the road now flanked with fruit trees, we pass the Waldhorn Inn with the head of a former enterprising proprietor, carved by the French sculptor Dantan, smiling at us from over the door. This is at Oberbeuern which with Unterbeuern dots with houses much of the length of the Lichtenthal. The name Unterbeuern has, indeed, almost given place to that of the valley. Houses, hills, and river Oos are all Lichtenthal. The village is a prosperous little settlement, trying, as such will, to make you forget as you pass through it the beauty that everywhere overlooks it—even the square solid villa of a Russian count on the height to the left is not displeasing. In one place, just as you enter, a great mass of rock

remains in the line of houses in the street, forcing its face in from the wilds. Perhaps some day the villagers will blast it away and erect an inn in its place. Then it will be all street. At present this hard hint and the memory of what you have come through keep you mindful that it is not a town, as it tries to be, but a long, spun-out, not uncomely valley village.

It is more than possible, though, that the villagers will not blast away that big rock, for unless I am mistaken it is the Kitchen Rock, and to do away with that would surely bring ill luck. In the heart of the Kitchen Rock the mountain elves used to have their kitchen, and folk say that once the elves opened a secret door from it into the cottage of a poor peasant who lived hard by. The peasant's wife was at home, and she was invited to dine. The dinner and the room it was served in were of the costliest description. Gold and silver and rare decorations gleamed everywhere, and the food was similarly attractive. The peasant woman had the time of her life, and finally departed with handsome gifts. With these she appeased her husband, who meanwhile had been waiting for his dinner. This access of wealth did not bring misfortune in its train as such wealth generally does. On the contrary, the elves threw themselves heart and soul into the matter of the peasant's aggrandisement and before long he was the big man of the village. There is no telling when the elves may repeat this act of generosity, so the rock will probably remain.

At the end of Unterbeuern, enclosed by a high wall with slit windows, and overhanging corner turrets, is the convent of Lichtenthal. This is the only establishment of its kind now existing in the province of

Baden. It did not escape the general secularisation which was carried out by the reigning Elector in 1803, but a plea of loyalty was strong enough to bring it back its privileges. It has a record of many centuries. Founded in 1243 in connection with Clairvaux (from which name in its Latin form, *Clara vallis*, the name Lichtenthal is derived), it grew rapidly in wealth and in influence. The convent church and the mortuary chapel have several historical relics. The church is the scene of the legend depicted in one of the Trinkhalle frescoes. The story was born of the invasion of Germany by the French in 1689. French soldiers were encamped in the Lichtenthal, and the abbess of the convent, calling the nuns to prayer in the chapel, locked the doors and hung the keys on the arm of a Madonna image near the altar. The nuns waited in terror, which was increased by the news brought by a peasant girl, that the soldiers had supped courage from the cellars of a neighbouring castle which they had sacked, and were marching on the convent. Soon the doors of the church gave way before their blows. They burst in, to be checked by a vision of the image stepping from its pedestal, and advancing in a blaze of glory towards them. On another occasion the convent was saved, this time, also, from French soldiery, through the advice of the Virgin, or, as some say, another peasant girl, who directed the nuns to strip the tiles from the roof of convent and church so as to give them a deserted appearance. The soldiers, supposing themselves to have been forestalled by other plunderers, abandoned their attack.

The convent is now reduced to a complement of twenty nuns, who busy themselves with teaching and sick nursing. Within the precincts is an orphan asylum erected and endowed by the wealthy London

tailor, Stultz, who was born at Kippenheim, where there is a monument to him.

Below the village of Lichtenthal, indeed, almost with it, Baden-Baden really begins. The river, which before had come rioting down between ragged banks, here starts on a career of respectability. It begins to be, in the words of a local guide, "well corrected." It flows between even banks of tended grass, to which stretch private gardens. And the road enters the famous Lichtenthal Avenue. But the change is not sudden, else I would not have advised you to enter Baden-Baden by this way. The Avenue at first divides the road from fields that stretch to the wooded hills. Then little by little come villas, with a variety of delightful gardens, tennis courts, laid-out paths, fountains, and all the pleasing trickery of civilisation. And almost before you are aware of it that avenue of maples, limes, and oaks has carried you past the alley of shops leading to the Conversationshaus and the Trinkhalle, and you are in the town.

A good circular journey for tolerable walkers from Baden-Baden takes in the pulpits of the Angel and the Devil, the old castle of Eberstein, and the old castle of Baden-Baden. To get to the two pulpits take the Gernsbach road, follow it out of the town and on and up. The leafy beauty of it amply compensates for the slight steepness. Indeed, one reaches a very considerable height without taking much account of it until one turns and looks back over the town. The pulpits are not much over a mile away. If you keep to the road and resist the charms of steeper footpaths, you reach the Devil's Pulpit first. It is on the right of the road, and a little path indicated by a signpost takes you to it. Here, according to the legend, the devil, distressed at the progress which was

being made in the town of Baden-Baden—then a favourite of his—by Christian missionaries, took to delivering sermons of such seductive eloquence that thousands of waverers swelled the already well-filled ranks of his followers. Every week-day he preached, and on Sundays he made a special effort. Converts flowed in. It looked like a triumph so easy that he almost regretted that he had given so much trouble to it. But the tide turned. In the midst of one of his most vigorous discourses, just at a moment, it is said, when he was pointing a fine period with an impressive rhetorical pause, a clear, beautiful voice rang out from a neighbouring rock. He looked and saw an angel, and instantly the thread was lost. He tried to brazen it out, to reiterate with additional embroidery the tale of the rewards which he had to offer to his followers. It was of no avail. The recruits began to fall away, and soon there were none left but "a few old tinkers, witches, and humbugs." Enraged, the devil leaped from his pulpit and landed on the other side of the Murg—a good leap, even for him; thence he retired towards Wildbad and set about the building of the Devil's Mill, and the Devil's Chambers. His labours here met with little success, and he rested in the Devil's Bed hard by. From there he dragged his weary frame to the Devil's Grave. In all of these places capable eyes can see traces of his hoofs, his claws, or his tail. Geologists, who are disbelieving people at best, shake their heads and use long words. But you can't get away from the legend.

Topographically the devil certainly chose his pulpit well. It stands at the central point of a great amphitheatre of tree-clad hills with Baden-Baden down the valley below and Yburg's frowning height opposite.

With a good voice he could have been heard by a very distant visible audience. If he saw it as I have, with rainclouds rolling up the valley and hanging a veil over the wooded slopes, and revealing the faint high lights of the roof of the old church with its silhouetted spire barely visible against the background, he must have felt that the scenery was suitable. But the scenery had evidently not much to do with it, for the angel won from a place with a less impressive view (in my opinion) though perhaps there is more of the town visible from it. The Emperor William I was fond of sitting in the Devil's Pulpit, and a black medallion portrait commemorates the fact. The Angel's Pulpit is reached by a path a little higher up, beyond where the road turns to the left towards Ebersteinburg. It stands a little above the Devil's, but that, which can be seen from it with its rustic fencing, and Mount Mercurius towering over it, looks more impressive.

Just here signposts pointing out Dr. Rumpf's sanatorium are much in evidence. I am ignorant, perhaps culpably, of the particular kind of cure which is here inflicted, but so loudly is it advertised that searchers after health can hardly miss it if they get so far.

The path to the old ruin of Alt Eberstein leads to the right at the entrance to the village of Ebersteinburg. It is a rambling, nondescript little village, boasting a school and Rathhaus under one roof and a nice-looking, moderate-sized inn. Going to the castle we pass the cemetery on the left and one is struck by a crude symbolical device which is painted on a number of wooden crosses. It shows an attenuated weeping willow with an anchor at its side and a cross at its foot. I don't quite know what allegorical meaning

this has, but whatever it is it seems to make a wide local appeal. From this path to the castle you can get a good idea of the symmetry of Mount Mercurius.

The castle tower is worth climbing for a view which will give you a better notion than any map can of how the Black Forest grows gradually out of the plains. Look in the direction of Rastatt—straight before you as you come out at the top of the stair—with the Vosges Mountains in the distance. Great velvety patches of forest (in one of which is Favorite), cluster round Iffezheim and Sandweier and away to the Rhine which is just visible. To the right lies the Murg Valley with Mahlberg and a range of hills beyond. Hornisgrinde can be seen in the direction in which the village of Ebersteinburg lies scattered at your feet.

In the visitors' book kept in the castle restaurant is to be found, above a London signature and the date 26th May 1908, the following impudent epigram:

"Coming, the rain has poured like cats
And dogs, and drenched me through;
I order tea to drink, and that's
Almost all water too."

Let me say in justice that the restaurant here is as good as most restaurants are which are in places a little difficult of access. I tried the tea and found it better than the epigram. As for the castle not much is left to commemorate the ancient glory of the Counts of Eberstein. There is the tower and a pretty enclosed keep. This with the house of the caretaker is nearly all. But there are legends. One, pictured in the Trinkhalle, tells of a ruse by which the Emperor Otto tried to obtain possession of the stronghold. During a war upon his turbulent barons he laid siege to it, and, failing to take it, conceived the plan of

luring away the leaders. With this object he invited Count Eberstein and his two brothers to a tournament at Spires. The invitations were accepted in good faith, but during the festivities the emperor's daughter told the count of her father's scheme. Forthwith the count and his brothers left their fellow-dancers, and riding at breakneck speed arrived home in time to prevent a surprise. The emperor continued the siege, and after a very severe struggle the count, capitulating, obtained honourable terms, with the emperor's daughter into the bargain. The story is told in verse by Uhland.

Another legend is of a more Homeric pattern. Count Ulrich of Linzgau, an early possessor of the castle, was given up for dead while away on a crusade. Suitors for the hand of Wendelgardis his wife crowded the halls of Eberstein. But Wendelgardis retired to a convent and paid only yearly visits to her castle. On one of these occasions, an old beggar, despised of her many lovers, embraced her, and she recognised her lord. She was released from her conventual vows and returned to live happily at Eberstein.

The road through the village to the old castle of Baden-Baden takes us past the inn I have mentioned. It takes us, too, past several notice-boards which amusingly tell just how many minutes we are from the castle restaurant. When I went last along the road it was under repair, or at any rate in the hands of the roadmakers. It had not been knocked into the shape which is the thing with Black Forest roads. But they were at it. It goes practically on a level to the old castle. At the beginning of it you may, if you wish, take a path to the left up to the Felsen, the rocky crest of the Battert, the ridge on the side of which the road takes its way. I think, though,

it is better to make an excursion from the castle back to the Felsen. You can then go one way and back another, and both are worth while. Also the road is too good to be missed. A little over half-way, on the left, there is a giant beech tree which has been singled out for the distinction of a rustic seat at its foot. It is unusually tall, though slender in spite of the chance it gets from the square clearing round it.

The old castle was for many years the seat of the Margraves of Baden. Facts of its origin are lost. It was probably at the height of its prosperity during the fourteenth century. In 1479 the Margrave Christoph I abandoned it as a place of residence and retired to the new castle which he built above the town. He, however, died in the old castle. It continued to be inhabited until 1689, when the French destroyed it together with the new building. Since then it has been a ruin. As a ruin it is in extent second only to the castle at Heidelberg, among all the castles in this part of Germany. It stands stolidly on huge masses of rock, ivy grown and moss covered, in which small trees have found root. It is a bewildering exercise to try to picture the complete pile from what remains. There are many inaccessible windows; numerous little flights of steps that now lead nowhere; a wealth of different levels of earth, which form the floors. In its precincts is, of course, a restaurant. And there is an aviary with many gay-plumaged birds, and, in a wired den, a great dog, not too friendly to visitors.

One of the castle's numberless traditions tells of a certain Margrave Katharine, who, in 1475, set up on its walls a tent to protect herself and her children from the black death which was then raging. Her advice to the townsfolk to wash their streets thoroughly

with the hot water which came so plentifully from the Baden-Baden springs, did much to exterminate the pest. At least two ghosts, a grey lady and the Margrave Christoph, haunt the ruins at night. I have not seen them, but then I have not been there at night.

There is another story about the old castle, the truth of which I have not had the good luck to be able to test. It seems that somewhere in the solid rock on which it is built there is a secret vault with a store of silver, which any one may take who is sufficiently ready with his fists. I believe the only man who up till now has managed to draw on this free bank is a certain miller who lived at Baden-Baden. Times were hard with him, and his mill was so badly in need of repair that the local authorities served him with a notice to rebuild. He was considering how this was to be effected on a total capital of one old sack, when he saw facing him a distinguished-looking personage in the dress of a hunter. Being told the facts the sportsman took the miller to the old castle, and with a key which was lying in a cleft of the rock opened the secret vault. The miller, having brought the sack with him, was not slow to avail himself of his friend's invitation to carry away as much silver as he wanted. The hunter then vanished, and the miller set about rebuilding his mill. He spared no expense; in fact, he built so lavishly that his money was exhausted almost before the structure had risen above the ground floor. I fancy the pointed sneers of envious neighbours were responsible for his determination to visit the silver vault on his own account. At any rate, there he went, opening the door with the key which was in the old place. On one of the strong boxes crouched a dog, and the eyes of the dog were

fiery and forbidding. But the miller thought of his headless mill and spoke soothingly, though with inward fears. The dog, having lived a life in which there were more kicks than caresses, was taken aback, and actually allowed himself to be wheedled from his post. The miller filled his sack and turned to go. In the doorway stood the huntsman black with rage. Instantly the pair grappled, and ultimately the miller won through a despairing cry to the Virgin for assistance, for at the name the huntsman vanished, and the miller returned home to spend the fruits of victory among the builders. As it is pretty certain he did not drain the supply of silver, there is still some waiting. But the key is rather hard to find.

Above the castle a series of paths alternating with flights of stone steps lead to the Felsen Meer—the Sea of Rocks. The best view of the castle is to be had from what one may call the first storey of the Felsen. From this platform, just above the tower of the castle, and by the side of the golden ball at the top of its flagstaff, you may see the broad ribbon of the Rhine whose course is traceable left and right. Nearer is the wide level valley with those same velvety patches of forest which we saw from the tower of Eberstein. This part of the Felsen is roughly built about with great blocks of stone which with the steps leading to it give it almost the appearance of another ruined castle. Higher up, the rugged grandeur of the rocks themselves has this look without human help. The Felsen, in fact, seem now as though Nature, mocking the Margraves of Baden, had erected a vast stronghold to overawe them. But, of course, the reverse is really the case. The Margraves were the mockers and the laugh is with the Felsen, which was from the first a ruined tumble of great stones, and is one still. The

greater heights are made accessible by more rough steps, which are built of rock (not hewn out of it, as some guides say). The best point for a view—one must be for ever talking of views in the Black Forest—is from the Bridges, which are situated just below the rustic shelter of the Black Forest Association. There are various recognised paths and steep ascents, besides others which the more adventurous may strike out for themselves. One of the paths is known as the Hermit's Way, and it is the particular walk of the ghost of a certain young man named Immo. This noble gentleman—he was a baron—did nothing but hunt. All day and every day, Sundays and all, he hunted, and nothing else would distract him, be it friend, foe, or fair lady. His old nurse even, so they say, could do nothing. It happened that one Sunday morning, resisting the entreaties of this affectionate old person who wanted him to go to church and meet the daughter of a neighbouring baron, he went forth to the chase and started a snow-white deer. It led him to the wild rough ground of the Felsen Meer, where suddenly appeared to him a maid of dazzling beauty, and he was powerless. He was sensible enough to see that this vision (though foolish matter-of-fact folk have tried to explain it as the old nurse disguised) was by way of vindicating the power of love and beauty. He abandoned forthwith the chase of animals and devoted his life to hunting for another vision of the lady. It never came, and he hunts it still, a withered, grey-frocked and becowled figure, to be seen by moonlight or at any time between sunset and sunrise, when the glare of day is discreetly darkened.

The road to the town passes through the woods and down to the new castle. Before we reach this there

is a monument to the Marquis of Montperny, a simple round stone column beneath a fine broad-spreading oak, hemmed about with small beeches.

The new castle of Baden-Baden dates from 1479, but there is little externally to indicate so early an origin. It was enlarged by the Margrave Philip II about a century later; but it remained for the Grand Duke Leopold, whose statue is in the Sophien Strasse, and his son Frederic, the late Grand Duke, to restore it and bring it to its present condition of habitable splendour. It contains an extensive collection of grand ducal ancestors, not artistically remarkable, and much finely carved furniture. It has also a very serviceable suite of dungeons, which popular tradition, probably wrongly, makes the scene of religious persecutions connected with the Inquisition. Some of the cells are fitted with beautifully massive stone doors, which swing on their hinges only with severe muscular persuasion. And there is a superb oubliette.

Another walk out from and back to Baden-Baden is up to Yburg Castle and down by the Geroldsau waterfall. The Yburg road turns to the right from the Lichtenthal Avenue and gets to work at once with a sharp up-gradient. Villas are all the view at first, but you soon rise above them, and get spreading glimpses of the town. I think there is only one place where the winding road may be shortened to walkers by a segmental cut. It is not far from the bottom. For the rest the way lies round the curved sides of hills, and though not very short, is about as short as it can be made. Half-way up or so, overlooking a grand prospect of the Lichtenthal, with Mercurius and Staufenberg beyond, and Gunzenbach, to which a path leads, immediately below, are the town water-works, a massive bit of masonry suggestive of any-

thing but water to the thirsty climber. A little farther on, though, some natural waterworks send a trickling stream—you can hear it as you approach—under the road and down into the trough of hills. A log hut marks the turning which you must take to Yburg. You have come fairly high but you are not there yet. There is a stretch almost level, some down slopes, and finally the stiffest pull of all—whether you take the carriage road to the right or the footpath to the left. Then you are within the castle gate and in the precincts of a shady and welcome restaurant. The indoor part of it is at the base of the square tower. There are views from the windows but those from the top are better. The Rhine Valley direction presents perhaps most of interest. Here Neuweier is just below you, Steinbach beyond, Bühl farther off to the left, the spire of its church conspicuous. A ridge of wooded hills hides the beautiful Bühl Valley, which provides a charming walk to the Murg Valley on the other side. Strasburg Cathedral is easily seen on a fairly clear day.

The restaurant has a well-stocked visitors' book. Pictures, bars of music, verses, are all to be found. Hoping against hope, I looked for the hand which had libelled the tea at old Eberstein, and found it. The writer seemed better pleased, but was cynical, and a thought strained. Still, here are his lines :

"The toilsome climb to Yburg's amply worth
To see, mapwise, a corner of God's earth ;
And, from this guest book, some idea you'll win
Anent the witty fools who dwell therein."

Going back, you must traverse the same ground which you covered in coming until you get to the log hut again ; unless, that is, you are for one of the

places which we have seen from the tower. Signposts will help you in either case. At the log hut beware, if you are cycling, of the board which directs you to the Geroldsau waterfall. If you have brought a bicycle with an idea of the pleasure of free wheeling down—not a bad idea, though the bicycle will not help you at the waterfall, nor near it—you must keep to the carriage road which is to the left of the other—the one marked for Geroldsau. This last is no more than a cart track, and in places a bad one at that. The cyclist will find that it puts too severe a strain on his brakes. Also punctures are more than possible, and even upsets, for stripped pine trunks, to say nothing of lesser branches, have a trick of appearing across the fairway. For a walker, however, it is a very charming way. The Zimmerplatz is the point to make for. Signboards keep you to your course despite their spelling of the word with only one "m." At Zimmerplatz, which is the meeting-place of some half a dozen roads and paths, you have a choice. A road opposite here, broad, but soon to become narrow to the verge of single-file companionship, takes you to the waterfall. This way is tortuous but is probably the most direct. The carriage road goes down to the left of it to the village of Geroldsau. From here there are two ways to the fall. One a road which approaches the left side of it, the other a footpath which, shady and pleasant, takes the other side and eventually joins the path leading from the Zimmerplatz. Whichever way you select I think you will not be disappointed. The waterfall, to be sure, is not very much of a waterfall as such things go. There is very little actual fall to a great deal of sliding and slithering down an easy slope. But this slope and the whole course of the

water is grandly shaded. There is a wonderful profusion of ferns, though perhaps not many varieties. Moss-grown boulders cling to the leaf-strewn soil. There are mysterious distant glimmers of light through the trees, and a dampness under foot. All of which things are proper to waterfalls.

The road through the village, disconnected and wavering as are the greater part of the collections of houses which in the Black Forest valleys are bound together by one name, takes you eventually to the Lichtenthal, and you are accompanied all the way by the noisy little stream which the fall has brought into being. This finally joins the Oos and goes with it behind the convent.

Yburg has no legend of its own so far as I know, but a young knight, Burkhard Keller of Yburg, is the hero of one connected with a spot not far from the old castle of Baden-Baden. There are two versions of the story. One accounts for the stone monument at a place called Keller's Picture; the other for a stone cross inscribed with his name which is not far off. The picture story relates how Burkhard, one of the gentlemen of the court of the widow of the Margrave Christopher, used to pay almost daily visits to the beautiful daughter of the castellan of Kuppenheim, in the Murg Valley. Riding home one night he was suddenly confronted by a fair lady whom he did not know. Discreetly he passed her by, but was moved by curiosity to make inquiries. All he could learn was that a heathen temple once stood on the spot where he had seen her. Testing this report, he excavated from the earth a marble statue of a woman whose features were those of his vision. He fell in love with the statue, and the statue, like Niobe, so far reciprocated as to descend and

clasp him in its arms. Thus embracing he was found one night by his servant, who, flying panic-stricken for help, returned to see his master dead. The image of a saint was set up to mark the place, and the seductive statue was broken and cast into the Murg. Of the saint's image there is nothing to be seen to-day. Instead there is a square column with a square cap containing a glazed niche, in which is a not very valuable oil painting of a female face. This column is dated 1709. The other story represents Burkhard as a faithless swain, who, while wooing a lady of Baden, went gallivanting after a Murg Valley maid. The Baden sweetheart followed him on one of his visits and stabbed him. The place is marked by a stone cross, once, I think, of Gothic design, but now too weather-beaten to be very distinctly of any architectural order. It stands on a small heap of rocks.

To get to it from Baden-Baden it is perhaps best to take the road to the old castle and to descend by a way which leads from the main entrance past the yard where visitors leave their carriages. From here a path goes down the hill, and after passing a large pool on the left reaches the cross. It is a lonely spot. Following the path onwards we come to another path to the left, and a walk of a few minutes brings us to the Keller Bild. Here five roads meet, or, more accurately, five roads and a pathway. Of the roads one leads to Balg, one to Rothenfels, one (that by which we have come) to Ebersteinburg, one to the new castle, and one to Baden Scheuern and Oos. The pathway is of them all the most interesting to pursue unless your way lies definitely to any of these places. It leads up to Hardtberg by a fairly steep ascent to a log shelter at a point which

gives a glimpse of the three castles, Eberstein, Baden, and Yburg. Thence it goes on to Balg, and from Balg you may get back to Baden-Baden along the Oos Valley by a path which provides grand views not only of the distant town with its background of hills, but also of the Rhine plains and the Vosges. It is worth while to walk this way.

Near Baden-Baden station, a little way before you come to it, as you walk up this Oos Valley road, a road crosses the railway line for the Friesenberg and the Waldsee and the Fremersberg. The chief points of interest in this part are the castle of Solms-Braunfels—a modern imitation of a mediæval stronghold with a fine view of the town—and the Græco-Russian chapel whose gilded dome is a prominent feature for many miles. The chapel was built in memory of a young Russian prince. Within, the statues of his parents stand enveloped in silken coverings, to be removed on their death. Good roads lead from the Friesenberg down to the Conversationshaus.

The top of the tower on the top of the Fremersberg is another glorious place from which to see the lie of the land. There is an uninterrupted view on every side. Starting from the old castle, which is immediately behind you as you get to the top of the spiral staircase—looking north-east, that is—the Battert with the precipitous front of the Felsen is very plainly to be seen on the right of the ruin. Then between the Battert and Mount Mercurius is the rising valley with the Devil's Pulpit and the road winding up to it. To the right of Mercurius is Staufenberg with Teufelsmühle, where the devil went after his pulpit defeat, beyond. Then comes the long, slow, upward slope of Hohloh. Farther round to the right are Ruhberg, Seekopf, and Badener Höhe

(with its conspicuous tower). Pläflig and Mehliskopf are next. Then Hochkopf and Hornisgrinde with Yburg in front of them. In this direction, too, is Brigitten-Schloss, of which more later. Then comes the great Rhine plain which spreads right round behind us as we stand, dotted with towns too numerous to name, too distant, many of them, to be seen more than faintly excepting on the clearest of days; and among them the Rhine, like some transparent vein in the surface of the land, winding here and there, now broadly visible, now but a faint streak, now altogether hidden.

The Fremersberg has a piece of legendary history, which may be true, in the story of the foundation of a monastery which once stood on it. This was built in 1450 by the Margrave Jacob out of gratitude, so runs the tale, to two hermits who sheltered him in their log hut, when, out hunting, he had lost his way in the forest. A villa now stands on its site, and a stone cross with an inscription, set up by the Grand Duke Leopold, marks the position of the old high altar.

The way up to the Fremersberg from Baden-Baden turns off the Lichtenthal Avenue at the same point as the Yburg road, keeping to the right, while that keeps to the left. There is little to be seen as you go up. Those who undertake the climb must take an hour's patience to last them till they emerge above the treetops on the summit of the tower. The road is a long zigzag which may be shortened and made steeper by paths. Coming down you may choose the way to the Jagdhaus and so to the road from Oos to Baden-Baden. The Jagdhaus was built by the Margrave Ludwig George. It provides good views of the Rhine and the Vosges mountains. I

lost my way once in this neighbourhood, and found myself wandering among fields and orchards and vineyards, accompanied on the rough cart track by pairs of cows yoked to rustic waggons. I emerged at length on the road not far from Bühl and came home through Oos. Oos, by the way, to the people of Baden-Baden, is the place where you go for golf-spiel (which sounds a silly game) on a fair nine-hole course, belonging to a good club.

CHAPTER IV

WILDBAD AND PFORZHEIM

Music and the waters—Protected wild flowers—The interrupted bath—A lively motor omnibus—The wicked uncle—The devil's mill—The German Emperor and the capercaillie—Unreliable information—The value of a map—A town of jewellers—Interesting ruins—Guilds—Advice to wayfarers.

ACTING on the precedent established by the cloven-hoofed preacher of the pulpit legend, we may jump conveniently from Baden-Baden to Wildbad. Wildbad is a very restful, pleasant place to stay in for a short time, but I think one should avoid a long sojourn there, because it is one of those towns whose atmosphere tends to bring one to a kind of mental stagnation. It urges people to that condition of isolated contentment in which nothing a mile or two outside the town very much matters. Inside there is not very much that does matter. Wildbad is a place where many people go every year to take the waters. The majority of them do not want the waters, but they take them all the same. Good instrumental concerts are given in the neighbourhood of the springs, and the music and the water serve as excuses for each other and for a general lassitude which wakes up occasionally into a public ball. For the energetic there is practically nothing to do at Wildbad but to go away from it, walking in the mountains round about. Some of the invalids

do this, too, in a leisurely way, measuring their energies and gauging their returning health by wayside stones marked with a red "T" which Bismarck's old physician, Dr. Schweninger, had erected for his patients. Structurally Wildbad is not much more than two long streets with a river between them, a railway station at one end, and a garden at the other. In the streets are hotels, many of them bathing establishments. The river is the Enz, and the Enz and the garden, prettily combining, make the bath enduring and help people to forget the railway which brought them. The gardens, indeed, are really charming. Made on the slopes of a narrow valley down which the river winds under trees, they have enough of open sunny space to produce flowers well. There is a delightful collection of Alpine plants, too, rose-covered pergolas, and a group of wild flowers, well, but not obtrusively, bedded, and blooming as they ought to bloom and will if they are given a chance. In a corner of the garden is a model of a huntsman's cottage, hung with spoils of the chase, and provided with the regulation fur-covered couch of romance. You may sit there in the shade and be a hunter to your heart's content.

The public supply of the town spring—a long, covered promenade with a drinking fountain at each end—is at the lower end of the garden. The promenade is continued in a row of little shops, where the usual kinds of mementoes are sold, and a detached bookshop where those who have not succumbed to the prevailing inertia and lost concern with the beyond may get newspapers of many nationalities, and those who have may borrow novels.

The medicinal properties of the Wildbad waters are

said to have been discovered accidentally by Count Eberhard of Swabia, who happened to see a wild boar bathing a wound in the spring. In his later years he seems to have taken himself and his rheumatism very frequently thither. So constant indeed were his libations, that on the occasion of an attack on the town by Count Wolf of Eberstein, he was surprised in his bath and only escaped through the timely help of an old shepherd, who plucked him out as he was and carried him to the castle of Zavelstein, some miles away in the mountains at the back of the town—a very respectable feat, if we neglect the question of raiment.

If you should have elected to enter the Black Forest by way of Pforzheim, the traditional Roman gate, you can reach Wildbad easily enough by rail or road. The road to Wildbad mounting all the way, though not seriously, takes you through pretty little villages preoccupied for the most part with their timber. They are busy places, but peaceful. Neuenbürg has little on its mind but a railway bridge that rather spoils the look of its river, but is useful in ways that compensate. Höfen is similarly all logs and sawn planks. All the villages are much of this nature, and between them are orchards and fields dotted with their hay sheds—a characteristic feature of the district. But if you wish to get to Wildbad from the Baden-Baden direction there is a choice of routes. There is a road leading from Gernsbach through Loffenau, Herrenalb, and Dobel, which joins the Pforzheim road between Neuenbürg and Höfen, and enters Wildbad that way. And there are footpaths over the mountains. These are the best, I think. I have never walked along the road, but I have travelled over it in the motor omnibus running

in the summer months between Baden-Baden and Wildbad. That undoubtedly adds interest to the less interesting parts of the way—for there are parts of it which are dull, notably round Rothensol. It is not a very comfortable means of transit, this motor omnibus. Whenever I have had occasion to use it I have had the bad luck to find one with the seats placed sideways instead of facing the front. Some of the cars, are, I believe, of this latter type, but the others have always been allotted for use on my days. It is very difficult to sit at all, whether comfortably or uncomfortably, on these sideway seats when you are being flung round a sharp bend of the road. In such circumstances it is no uncommon thing to assault your neighbour opposite or be assaulted by him. One cannot help it. There is a mutual understanding, and, as I said, it relieves the monotony in one or two—there are not more—tedious spots. It jolts you a good deal, too, for villages have a way of proclaiming proprietary rights in their part of the road, by making it up with big granite setts, which are worse than the cobbles in an English inn yard. Loffenau is one of these. It is a delightful little place to look at, timbered cottages all white, criss-crossed with brown or black, and there is an inn of the same make, an old posting-house, the Eagle (a double-headed one). A calm place originally, but that motor omnibus flings us into it and out of it as though we were crossing a firing line. This village is three miles from Gernsbach, but it is some distance before you lose sight of the little town on the banks of the Murg, with its white church looking like a swan perched on a nest of roofs. It keeps on appearing and disappearing as the road winds up and to and fro. One loses sight of it at last when the trees blot out the view

and leave just unrecognisable patches of purple distance between them. There is a long descent into Herrenalb, with its small part of a ruined monastery, and its ridge of cliff-like rocks running down the valley.

From Herrenalb road or railway takes us to Karlsruhe, through Frauenalb, Marxzel, and Ettlingen, following the course of a little river, the Alb, which rises in the Langemahtskopf not far from the Teufelsmühle. The religious establishments at Herrenalb and Frauenalb, the one a monastery the other a convent, were founded by Berthold III of Eberstein. Herrenalb was a votive offering for his safe return from Palestine; Frauenalb traces its origin ultimately to a hunting adventure of a somewhat unconventional kind. It happened that Berthold was afield with one Albrecht of Zimmern, and Albrecht in pursuit of a deer was separated from his companion. Suddenly a spectre beckoned him to a castle which stood near. Albrecht entered, and was treated with silent courtesy by a company of distinguished strangers feasting at table, at the head of which was a commanding figure whose features seemed familiar. Not being invited to join the revels, Albrecht made his way out again, much mystified. Outside, the spectre explained that the chairman of the feast was the Baron Frederick of Zimmern, Albrecht's uncle, who was doing penance after death for a life of oppression relieved only by an interval of legitimate ferocity during a crusade. Now Albrecht was something of a tyrant himself, and I judge that he was also a martyr to dyspepsia, for a possible fate which entailed a perpetual banquet made so serious an impression on him, and also on Berthold when he in turn had heard the story, that both men founded convents as a

safeguard against any such disastrous future for themselves.

Pursuing the Wildbad road from Herrenalb, we mount a long slope through dense Wurtemberg forests to the open land at the top—the dull, uninteresting part. Then we are hurled down again and flung—I am still thinking of that motor omnibus—among Dobel's timber yards, and before you can think of it you are at Wildbad, dazed and dusty.

If this journey is not too exciting, it makes a pleasant excursion from Baden-Baden to take the motor omnibus to Wildbad and walk back over the hills. It is a longish walk, but good. Up from Wildbad there are steep paths and easy ones—very easy—and a railway. You may choose which you will take.

An interesting route takes in the Wildehorn See, Kaltenbronn, Hohloh, with the Hohlohmiss See, and passing the Teufelsmühle, approaches Gernsbach by way of Lautenbach. This makes a long walk, which may be shortened by going more directly to the Teufelsmühle, a spot which, as its name suggests, is one of the favoured haunts of the Evil One. It is said that that personage was building a mill here, and owing to some unforeseen delay the work could not be completed by one o'clock in the morning when, according to a time-worn infernal custom, devils retire to a well-earned repose. In a fit of rage—he is hasty-tempered, from all accounts—Satan flung a great boulder of rock at the unfinished building and left it in a permanent state of ruin. It is those ruins which visitors go to Teufelsmühle to see and to climb, and personally I think they are deserving.

Not far from Teufelsmühle is Reichenthal, where there is one of several inns of the Black Forest which have the Auerhahn as a sign. The Auerhahn is the

capercailzie, and that fine bird lures many people to the Black Forest who go there for nothing else. I have never tried to shoot him, but I understand that he affords sport which has many of the thrills of melodrama. To taste of these the German Emperor goes yearly to stay with the Prince von Fürstenberg at Donaueschingen, whence expeditions are made to the Berneck Valley. It seems that the Auerhahn, like some of our English wild duck, is regular in his habits, and those who watch him may be sure of seeing him in certain places at certain times. A story was told me of a forester who earned a word of praise and a pat on the shoulder from the Emperor himself by predicting the arrival of a bird in exactly three minutes. The Emperor stood waiting with his watch in his hand, and it happened as the man had foretold. There is something rather romantic, I think, about that, but the stalking is more romantic still, and a little sad, for it is in effect a love tragedy.

The bird is stalked where he alights, but so alert is he that one cannot approach a step unless he himself makes it possible. Every now and then he calls to his mate, ruffling his feathers and uttering cries which effectually deafen his ears to other sounds. It is during the brief duration of these love songs that the stalkers approach, and at length there are no more love songs, but only a corpse in the undergrowth, and elsewhere a fluttering heart that waits in vain— or until the next mating season brings consolation.

I do not recommend any one to take the road which leads out of Wildbad to Freudenstadt. It is rather long, and there is not enough variety of scenery to compensate the walker or the cyclist. It makes a pleasing drive, though still rather too long, but if you have to supply the locomotive force yourself it is

hardly worth while. All this, let me remark, is valuable information. I got it by experience, having failed to elicit it by careful inquiries. If I remember rightly it was in Rastatt that I asked about it. The host of my hotel there, being himself no geographer, referred me to one of his guests. I think the guest must have been a commercial traveller, for he said he had been doing that road constantly for the last eighteen years. He spoke an unintelligible German dialect, and in default of that conveyed his meaning to me in the worst French I have ever tried to understand. But I got at what he intended to say clearly enough. For eighteen years he had done that road, and it was 12 meters from Wildbad to Freudenstadt. Here I began to argue, adducing proofs in the shape of a map. I showed him that the distance from Ruhstein to Freudenstadt, which was a little over half of that from Wildbad to Freudenstadt, was definitely 26 kilometers, because I had myself noted the kilometer stones by the wayside. That was unanswerable, but my informant had an answer for it. "From Ruhstein to Freudenstadt must be a very bad road." One should have been chary of accepting any information from one whose logic was so brilliantly inconsequent, but I was young and reckless, and anxious to be reassured, no matter by whom, for I had that journey from Wildbad to make and I wanted it to be as easy as possible. So I went on collecting facts from him. He said that it was level the whole way. Thinking that he might have been misled by a slight down grade—for I knew by the positions of the two towns, one at the top of the Murg, and the other at the bottom or near, that there must be a rise somewhere—I tried to help him. Perhaps,

I suggested, he had come only from Freudenstadt to Wildbad. No, he had gone both ways. It was almost level. As, subsequently, he reconsidered his estimate of the distance, and in the light of my demonstration brought it up by gradual steps from 12 to 25, and from 25 to 40 kilometers, I accepted his verdict on the question of hilliness. When the time came for me to make the journey it was a very hot day in June. I began to realise that one may not rely on casual information if one wishes to travel comfortably in the Black Forest. It is not well to be without a good map (as I was then). My informant had evidently gone over the road so many times that he did it mechanically without noticing what it was like. First of all, it is 44 kilometers, that is about 27 miles, to Freudenstadt. There is a gradual though not tedious rise all the way to Enzklösterle, a little place grouped about a bridge crossing the Enz which comes with us all the way so far. At Enzklösterle begins a distinctly perceptible rise. Here keeping in mind my guide's idea of the level road, I made excuses for him. "This is just a little hill," I said to myself; "he could never be able to bear in his mind every small piece of up-and-down roadway." So I spoke for him, but it was not a small piece of up-and-down roadway. It was a steady pull past Gompelscheuer and Poppelthal and on. Every now and then there was an extra little rise in the road, and I said to myself, "This is really the end. That bump marks it." But that happened over and over again. One was close to a mountain from which flowed a stream which joined the Enz lower down. I drank deep of the waters as they began their flow, making a cup from a stiff leaf of a sketch book, and thinking that the draught would

cool me for the downward run. There was no downward run for three miles. Up and up I went, through pleasant woodland scenery, it is true—no Black Forest scenery is really bad—but *up*, and that was enough to spoil all. At last I did begin to descend. I felt the joyous run of my cycle wheels as they sped on unassisted, but it came to an end. At the foot of the short hill was the source of the Nagold, one of the rivers that join the confluence at Pforzheim. I drank deep of that too. Then up again. The Nagold spring is 803 meters above the level of the sea, but still the road went up. I passed Urnagold, a hamlet all church, or at least with one great church to four houses, and Besenfeld, a great scattered place with a church scarcely visible, so small is it. And then at last the road descended, in real earnest, with a swoop into the Murg Valley. The view here is splendid, but the descent is not much of a reward, because it is too steep to be quite comfortably ridden, and it is over too soon. The road joins the Murg at Schönegründ, and thence, through one of the least interesting parts of the valley, I rode on to Klosterreichenbach and took the train to Freudenstadt to avoid the hill thither. Perhaps I have not done the road justice. I may have been prejudiced by the heat, and perhaps I was up too early that morning. I was up early, though I did not start from Wildbad until nearly twelve. Perhaps it is because a thick log, left right across the road by some man building a house near Enzklösterle, unnoticed by me till I was close upon it, threw me clumsily from my machine, luckily without hurt. Whatever be the reason I did not enjoy that day, and it stands out unique in my memory of the Black Forest. As I have said, it is conceivably more enjoyable in more comfortable

circumstances. The trip is a recognised one by carriage from Freudenstadt and back. In my opinion it is not worth doing, but it is worth having done. For one reason it marks the eastern boundary-line of the part of the forest which it is good to visit. And many paths lead from it on the right as you go in the Freudenstadt direction. Several go up to the Hornberg, and another goes through Sprollenhaus and Kaltenbronn following a stream which flows from the lake at the top of Hohloh to the Enz. Hohloh affords a fine view of the Enz Valley, and of the Wurtemberg Forest beyond, and, on the other side, of the Murg and the heights around Baden-Baden. A road leads down from it in the direction of Eberstein.

In the other direction from Wildbad the Enz runs to Pforzheim, which is a place of ups and downs, so far as its streets go, with a tradition dating back to Roman times, and little to show for it. Some, indeed, have assigned to it a history even older, but of that there is even less visible evidence. As for the Roman associations, it was once called *Porta Hercyniae*, meaning the Gate of the Hercynian Forest, or of a portion of it, for the Romans so named forests stretching far north of the present Black Forest. How the town came to be called Pforzheim has been matter for philological discussion, and those who have juggled the present name out of the Latin may triumph in having discovered the only Roman relic now left. The church, the oldest tangible thing left in the place, was begun in the eleventh century. It is perhaps less interesting than from its antiquity it ought to be, but it is curious in that it is divided into two portions, one for Roman Catholics, and one for Lutherans.

Geographically, Pforzheim marks the confluence of

two rivers, the Enz and the Nagold, though one must be well acquainted with the two and the town's surroundings to realise it. The Wurm joins the Nagold at a point a little way up the valley. Down the valley of the Nagold—we have seen already where it rises—is not a bad way to come from Wildbad.

A road leads to Hirsau where there are the interesting ruins of the Abbey of Hirsau. These cover a good deal of ground, and though the profusion of the various buildings is confusing, a good idea of an old monastery can be obtained with the help of the plan posted at the entrance. The foundation dates from very early times—one of the first abbots was St. William, who died in 1091—but parts of the great group of edifices were used later for secular purposes.

The old Abbots' Palace, at the south end, for instance, was taken as a palace by the Dukes of Wurtemberg. Here a great elm grows and spreads its branches where once was the roof. Uhland has a poem on it, with a Lutheran moral. A mile or two above Hirsau is Calw, the peaceful and industrious relic of what was once the feudal centre of the district. Going down, the road passes Liebenzell with a square towered castle frowning over it. Liebenzell is by way of becoming a "cure" place, with vague ambitions, perhaps, of rivalling Wildbad. The road, shadier and prettier lower than higher, though it is pleasant all the way, passes Reichenbach, Weissenstein, and Dillstein before it finally reaches Pforzheim.

A good part of Pforzheim has the quaintly irregular gabled look of a seventeenth-century town, and such juvenile age—juvenile, I mean, compared with its Roman reputation—it really possesses. But it is fast forgetting that. It has thrived too well on its jewellery, in spite of Birmingham competition with its duo-

decimal monetary system which is almost the despair of those who export to England. The place has, indeed, grown so rapidly through this trade that it is, paradoxically, no longer recognisable at a glance, as it was once, as essentially a habitation of jewel workers. The jewellery trade grew out of an older Black Forest craft, that of the lapidary. The Black Forest lapidaries, with a guild at Freiburg, had a fame of which more than one sixteenth-century writer takes note. Freiburg saw little of them after the middle of the seventeenth century, but Waldkirch and Oberharmersbach have still a few survivors of their descendants. But as the lapidaries' craft disappeared that of the jewellers grew into being, and Pforzheim became its centre.

The origin of guilds may be traced to the dim mists of pre-Roman times. Formed in the first instance with objects of mutual protection against enemies, they developed into bodies, akin to our City companies, to safeguard the interests of particular trades. The guilds had stringent regulations governing followers of handicrafts, and aspirants were compelled to apprentice themselves to duly authorised members. At the termination of the period of apprenticeship the apprentice had to travel for three or four years to gain experience, and then, on the production of a masterpiece of his own make, he might, if it were approved, receive the freedom of the guild together with the right to exercise his skill in a free city. The travelling system endured until quite recent years, and since the young men had no money but what they earned it unquestionably taught them, literally and metaphorically, to put their best leg foremost.

The Pocket Books of hints and instructions which each of them carried form an interesting commentary

on the trials and perils of wayfarers. I take the following paragraphs from William Howitt's *Rural and Domestic Life in Germany*, in which he quotes from the *Berlin Handworker's Pocket Book* of 1842 :—

“ Keep as much as possible to the highways. Every sidepath, every woodway, is dangerous. Thou mayest not only diverge from the right track, if one of thy companions do not know it exactly, but mayest run into danger of being seized by robbers, and be plunged into a variety of troubles. When thou leavest the herberge, take care to inquire out exactly the right way ; note down, in all cases, the guiding signs and names of places on the road ; yet, even in these inquiries, be cautious ; and when thou observest suspicious characters, conceal as much as possible the real direction of thy journey. When thou lovest thyself in the woods, mark the bark of the trees. The rough side is towards the north ; and from that observation steer thy course. If thou meetest on the highway other wanderers, be not too confidential in thy discourse, decline the courtesy of the proffered flask, and take heed to be the last in the troop.

“ Seek herberge in towns when possible, rather than in villages, and never, or only under the most urgent necessity, in lonely ale-houses, mills, wood-houses, and the like. It is better to turn back again, or to shorten the day's travel, when thou canst not reach the place thou hast intended, than rashly to run thyself into danger. Seek to avoid insecure districts, or pass them only in a strong party, or early in the morning. Perhaps waggoners may be on the way. Join thyself to them, and advance beyond them only with the greatest circumspection. Shouldst thou be compelled to pass the night in suspicious quarters, spend as little as possible ; avoid stupefying drink ;

place thy knapsack under thy head ; grasp thy stick in thy hand, and commit thyself to God in earnest prayer. Shouldst thou be attacked, defend thyself manfully, where the contest is not too unequal ; where that is the case, surrender thy property to save thy life."

One regrets that time and Herr Baedeker should have deprived such advice of its value. In the Black Forest there are no robbers either on the road or in the inns (where they are sometimes elsewhere). And if you are walking it is surprisingly easy to get your luggage conveyed ahead of you by rail.

CHAPTER V

THE HORNISGRINDE

A way with waggon horses—Bored waiters—A road to nowhere
—Water nymphs—Bloodstained water-lilies—An old posting-house.

FOR lazy people (amongst whom at times I have counted myself) who do not care for the walk, a motor omnibus plies between Baden-Baden and Hundseck, and it is not a bad plan for those who wish to visit the Hornisgrinde and the Mummelsee to go in it. It gets one over the greater part of the long uphill road, and there is not likely to be any mishap worse than the occasional blocking of the road by timber waggons. This happened to me once at a place a little above the Geroldsau Waterfall. It was a long pair-horse cart loaded with logs of wood. All the wheels in turn had to be prised up with a special ratchet arrangement which the carters carry for occasions when the roads are seared with ruts, as they are in these parts more often than in the more southern portions of the forest. Indeed, the roads here seem to be made of softer stuff and in wet weather they are the worse for being under trees. The cart was not got out of our way until the horses were changed to opposite sides of the shafts, an expedient which seemed to me to smack of superstition, almost as one turns over the money in one's

pocket for luck. When this change was made, with a cheer from the motor passengers who helped with ineffective pushing, the waggon got under way again. The motor rattles you along the road through Geroldsau, up by the waterfall, and on to Schwanenwasen, Oberpläflig, and Sand, which is also the best way to walk, though an occasional steep short-cut may perhaps diminish the distance. All of these places are, artificially, little more than hotels, though naturally they are all that one could demand in the way of mountain air with a scent of pine forests. They seem great edifices to be so far away, these hotels, though in their season they are busy enough. Some of them boast tennis courts, which indicate, even to-day when Germany is far from unathletic, a life of some strenuousness. They all call themselves Kurhaus, and thrive only in the cure season. Out of their season, when they are waiting for it to come, they are peopled by many waiters, whose faces light up as you approach, grow gloomy as you tell them you are not to stay with them, and revert again to a normal serenity as in your high compassion you cross their palms with a few pfennigs. On the road you may pass a yellow post van with a white horse harnessed on one side of a shaft, which should have had two horses—a common enough practice for country carts, though surely a little undignified for the uniformed imperial postman. Still, the van makes good progress with its burden of parcels, for this and the motor carry to these hotels much of their stores.

From Hundseck to Hornisgrinde, according to immaculate local testimony, is a walk of two hours. It can be done in much less, but it must be walked. There is no proper alternative. Carriage roads of a kind go part of the way, but there is no road on

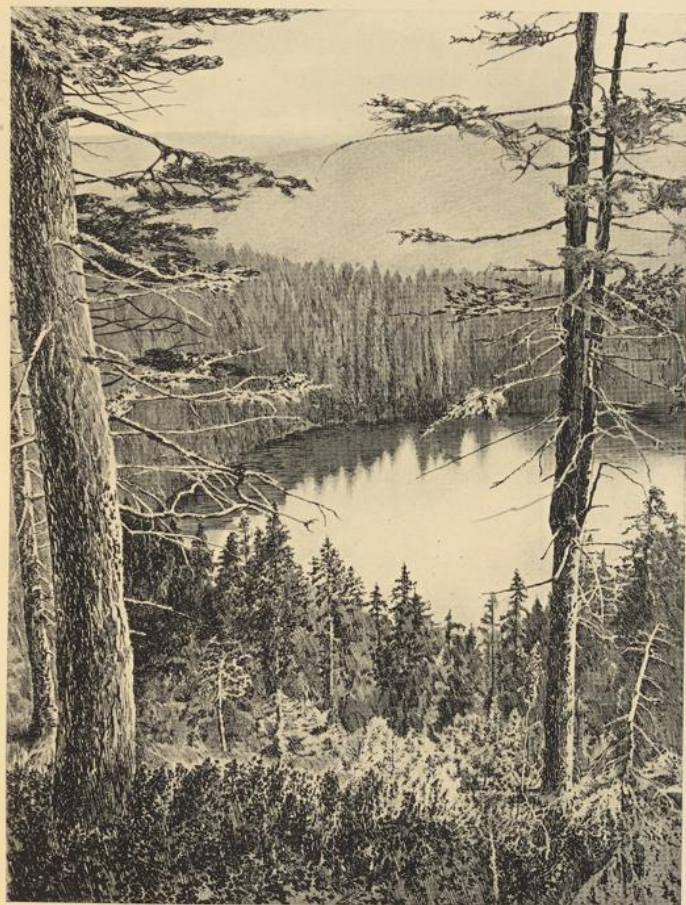
the top of Hornisgrinde. The road is comparatively level to Untersmatt, where there is a bare, new-looking, and not very inviting Kurhaus. Before you reach it you should have had occasional glimpses of snow on the heights lingering in crevices and hollows of the rough ground. Then a rather steep ascent takes you to a point where three roads meet. A roadside cross erected to one Leopold Stribel, a young hero, I imagine, of purely local celebrity, marks it. One of the roads goes to Hunsbach and one to Hundseck, whence we have come, and the third goes nowhere, or used to. I followed it once, past a small dismal swamp which you can see from above as you look over, as you will, at the panorama of hills. Beyond this it runs over the rockiest going for a road I have ever experienced and then it stops—fades away vaguely into the hillside. I felt more like a pioneer than I have ever felt before or since. The way to Hornisgrinde is by a steep footpath—the hilltop, as I have said, is only for walkers, as is the Mummelsee on the other side. At the top is a tower, with external iron steps, which gives an extra few feet to your altitude of vision. It is worth while to go up, though you are already so high that the little extra seems superfluous. One feels almost glad to break away from the magnificent loneliness in which it stands.

The path to the Mummelsee winds away to the right over the barren, rocky, treeless, and marshy waste of which the summit of the Hornisgrinde is composed. Soon one is among the trees again, and a view of the Mummelsee from above—unquestionably the best—is to be had. Seen from here the water has a curious appearance of brimming over. Below is the restaurant. The way down to this not unpleasant

place on the edge of the lake is by a narrow path bordered by rocks and tree roots that seem to clutch at it with long snaky tendrils. It is a fit place for legends and mystery and eerie figures. But the legends of the Mummelsee are peopled with fair maidens, full of kindness, which is checked only by the curiosity of its recipients. Every night—so say those who know—beauteous females are seen bathing in the Mummelsee. The first stroke of the sunbeams on the tree-tops is the signal for their master, the lord of the lake, one crowned with reeds, to rise from the depths and put a stop to their revels. Then their human shape changes to that of white water-lilies, and they lie floating thus on the surface till evening comes again. Once upon a time these water-maidens would come ashore and spend happy hours amongst the peasants when their day's work was done. But it happened that one of them fell in love with a young labourer and took to meeting him every night, until he naturally began to make inquiries about her. She warned him to be satisfied with what he could see, but he persisted, and one night followed her and saw her return to the lake. Instantly there was a peal of thunder and a wild, sad cry, and waves blood-flecked rose high on the surface. Mocking laughter greeted the departure of the horror-stricken youth, and a monastery saw the end of his days. Since then Mummelsee maidens have been more careful about their excursions, but you may know that they are still there if you find a water-lily. Water-lilies are not easy to find on the Mummelsee.

From the restaurant (and hotel), which has taken the place of a more romantic though less beneficent stone hut that, erected by unknown hands, used to stand there, several ways lead. One may go to Achert

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and thence by the road to Freudenstadt or to Ottenhöfen, from which Achern or Allerheiligen are easily accessible. In another direction one may go to the Murg at Schönmünzach, a delightful valley way. Or, turning off this same way at a log hut not far from the Mummelsee, you may follow a path through the woods to the Wildsee. If you take this route you must walk about five miles before you strike the Achert and Freudenstadt road at Ruhstein. I think this walk well repays the trouble of an occasional stumble over a stone.

The Wildsee, easily found by the signposts, is approached over a desolate piece of ground on which the path takes the form of crude rock steps, a fitting prelude to the dreariness of the scene which greets you at the top. At the foot of an almost precipitous slope lies the small lake, fringed with dark firs which are reflected in its depths. Away beyond are the spreading curves of the forest with never a way through them visible. The Wildsee has a legend similar to those of the Mummelsee. A water-nymph became enamoured of a beautiful shepherd boy, who lived at a time when sheep grazed round the edges of this pool. I know of none that graze there now. Then, however, matters were different. The maiden emerged one day and embraced her love, greatly, even in those happy days, to his surprise. They arranged clandestine meetings, but he was never to pronounce her name. Days passed, and the youth, though warned by a solicitous father who had found out all, continued to haunt the stream. The lady at last, in fear of detection—for she, like her sisters of the Mummelsee, owned the sway of a hard-hearted lord of the waters—announced that she could not meet him for a short period. The youth came, nevertheless,

and seeing her on the far side of the lake fondling a deer and sweeping the strings of a lyre, he called her by name. An anguished cry answered him, and a water-lily covered with blood remained where she had sat. The youth, distraught and witless, is, they say, still seen.

At Ruhstein we enter Wurtemberg. Twin stakes ringed with rival colours mark the boundary between that kingdom and Baden. Ruhstein was not so very long ago a posting village, and the arrival of the coach was the event of the day.

Now there is a big post office which is half inn, the two—a rare thing—not being very easily distinguishable, and a motor omnibus running between Achert and Freudenstadt is scarcely looked at as it stops. A pleasant and very favourite walk from here is to Allerheiligen.

Down from Ruhstein to Freudenstadt, if you have a bicycle, is one of those fine free-wheel runs which the Black Forest provides in such excellence. The valley which the road follows is that of the Rothmurg, which at Oberthal joins with the Rechmurg to form the Murg pure and simple. The run down is not so extended as are many others, but what there is of it, about five miles, is superb. There is a variety on the hillside. Thick and sparse forest-land, rock-strewn spaces, and spaces green with rich, low-growing shrubs—all these are there. The hills widen out at Oberthal, and the pines stand back to give place to rich lush meadows.

At Mittelthal, a busy little village, with many long plank bridges across the stream to the pasture-land beyond, the Murg begins to grow sizeable, and at Baiersbronn, ten miles from Ruhstein, it is reinforced by the Christoph from Freudenstadt, and other

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streams. Baiersbronn is a little town which began on the side of a hill, but has taken to dropping portions, including a railway and station, into the valley below. Here we turn off to the right for Freudenstadt and climb to its tableland.

CHAPTER VI
THE KNIEBIS

The Lamb—A monopoly of waters—The Valley of the Wolf—Battlefields—Watching the siege of Strasburg—Bathing establishments—The Kirschwasser country—Wayside shrines—Deportment in church—Prowess for its own sake—The foot at the wedding—Reflections on boundaries.

ONE may ascend the Kniebis, an expansive hill-top full of interest, without serious discomfort by the road from Freudenstadt to Oppenau. It is a good high-road of the kind in which the Black Forest excels, rising not too quickly for a reasonably vigorous cyclist. The road leaves the southern end of the town and takes at first a fairly long dip. Then the rise becomes gradually noticeable. The Forbach stream clatters along down the slope at your left. It is reckoned a walk of two hours to the Lamb Inn at the beginning of the summit—for the summit has several miles of road to itself—and I don't know that one need try to do it in less than that time, particularly if the day is hot, for there is not overmuch shade until one reaches a pleasant little thicket of trees prettily called the Abendwiese—the evening glade—through which the road passes a little way before the Lamb is reached. The Wurtemberg Tourist Association has placed a log cabin at a convenient point about half-way, and here one may rest and utter a word of gratitude to this and other associations which do much

in the Black Forest to make things easy for travellers. The Lamb, with its shady shelters by the roadside, stands at the point where the road turns off to the left for Rippoldsau. Here we come again upon boundary posts marking the line between Wurtemberg and Baden. The way is steep, and a thought stony, but a careful cyclist may take it without fear, provided he keeps a good grip on his brakes, and has reliable ones. A long run down with a Z-shaped finish brings you to Holzwald, a small hamlet with paths leading back to the heights of the Kniebis. From here to Rippoldsau is not far. Rippoldsau, as you get near it, looks not unlike an old English coaching inn, with its arched entrance. It loses this appearance as you come up to it. Then you see it as unmistakably what it is—a place where fashionable invalids may take the waters. The inn with its arch over the road is a great hotel embracing very nearly the whole place, and ever widening the spread of its arms with new blocks of apartments. You cannot get away from the baths at Rippoldsau unless you get away from Rippoldsau. There are several springs there, and the hotel has literally captured them at the outset, by erecting a building right over them and encircling them with railings and steps. In this prison the waters pay tribute to their masters. Part of the building contains a bazaar of Black Forest souvenirs—carved work of all kinds, dolls dressed in local costumes, and so forth.

The springs are strongly mineral, and should be taken with care, or under medical advice. They were discovered originally by monks of St. Georgen, who founded a monastery at Klösterle, a little way down the valley. The waters enjoyed some mediæval repute, and an invading Swedish army destroyed a

bathing establishment there so far back as 1643. The hotel buildings now in existence have grown from those erected on the seventeenth century ruins.

Of the monastery at Klösterle, little, if anything, remains of the original building of 1140. The present one dates from 1769, and a pretty bridge guarded by a saintly figure, both in stone, which the road crosses just beyond, dates from two years earlier. The large church attached to the monastery, with its two squat square spires, has inside a profusion of modern gilding and painting of a respectable artistic mediocrity.

From Klösterle a way leads to the left to Freudenstadt. Down the main road clusters of cottages now become frequent. There is a briskness among timber workers and an untiring cultivation of the fields. There are, too, the characteristic roadside fruit trees. Schapbach is the next distinguishable village, for the groups of habitations are scarcely to be sorted by the passer-by into separately named bunches. They are all very similar, excepting one row of much blackened wooden houses not far above Schapbach. This village has a pretty church on the slope on the left. Below, a way leads to the right up to Wild Schapbach, and to Petersthal, another place frequented for its waters.

Here one may come, particularly on Sundays, upon peasants wearing their distinctive costumes. They are Swiss-looking in character, and with the woman there is almost invariably a border of red on the sleeveless jacket running over the shoulders and under the arms. The men wear broad-brimmed rough beaver hats of a clerical cut, and black tailed coats of a length very little more than an English boy's Eton jacket.

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down, to St. Roman, a lonely little spot in the midst of the hills to the north of the Kinzig Valley. From Walke to Wolfach the road is almost level.

We return, after this long digression, from the summit of the Kniebis to the Lamb Inn where our road to Rippoldsau branched off. Beyond the Lamb the road to Oppenau takes us over the battlefields which cover the top of the Kniebis, but they are now battlefields no more. They are overgrown with fir trees, and the blows of the wood-cutter's axe are the best of the blows that are struck there. But traces of them remain. Three considerable earthworks, the Alexanderschanze, the Schwedenschanze, and the Schwabenschanze, which are still to be seen, throw reflected glory upon tavern signboards. The Alexander who has given his name to the first was Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, and the work rose as a defence against invading Frenchmen in 1734. The Swabian mound dates from 1796, when Colonel Roesch was driven from it by the armies of the French Republic. The Schwedenschanze is a relic of the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War. But the immediate neighbourhood has a more recent connection with warfare than this. In 1870 the inhabitants erected a high wooden tower whence they could watch the siege of Strasburg. Strasburg is a long way off, but the Kniebis lies high and the point of observation was well chosen.

Though the road to Oppenau by these earthworks (whence also there are paths to Allerheiligen) is shorter than another which passes by the Alexander redoubt, I prefer to follow this because it takes us down the beautiful Petersthal with its pleasantly situated watering-places. Just beyond the Alexanderschanze we pass two more of those bewildering

boundary posts of Wurtemberg and Baden, and then the road begins to descend. Soon we get glimpses of distant purple between the tree trunks, the first hints of the valley through which our way lies. The road winds continually, and with a bicycle one must needs be cautious at the turns. A better view of the surrounding heights is to be obtained from the road than from Griesbach, the first village we reach. Roads—or rather cart tracks—lead from it to the Holzwälderhöhe, an imposing height, which from here is seen with a side view of its ridge and looks precipitously steeple crowned. The Glaswaldsee, known locally as the Wildsee, may also be reached, and there is a path to Rippoldsau. There is a further duplication of nomenclature, a Devil's Pulpit, near at hand, but it is not the real one (which is at Baden-Baden) and not, from the preacher's point of view, so effective. The approach to the village of Griesbach follows a noisy little stream that rises in the hills at our back as we descend, and joins the Wilde Rench at the village. One is met, as at Rippoldsau, by a great bathing establishment, with an arch across the road. Beyond this begins a row of plane trees, which is continued with intervals and with occasional stretches where it becomes double and forms an avenue, far down the valley. The village of Petersthal also greets us with a bathing establishment, new, with prettily laid out gardens and a rotunda guarding a spring, known as the Sophienquelle, and wearing generally a surprising air of importance and dignity. But it lacks the historical standing of Griesbach in whose Kurhaus the Grand Duke Charles of Baden granted to his people the first constitution that was ever granted in Germany. This was in 1818.

The slopes of Kniebis—for all this district may

be broadly so described—are, indeed, speckled with watering-places, which have been growing for the last thirty years, to some extent in fashionable opposition to Baden-Baden, and are growing still. Rippoldsau on the Wolf is, I suppose, the first in importance, to judge from the names in its visitors' book, and it was so even when it was the least accessible of all from the westerly direction. Before the building of the Kinzig Railway, from whose station at Wolfach you may now take a motor omnibus, it was necessary to leave the railway at Oppenau and drive through Petersthal and Griesbach and up to the Lamb Inn, where the diligence stopped, and make your way thence by private carriage. That was a rather long journey, and the old yellow conveyance, driven by a stage coachman in a uniform that one would look to see in a musical comedy, made a sensational progress. Another place with a chalybeate spring is Antogast. People who take the road to Antogast stop there, for the road goes no farther. It turns off to the right from the Lierbach road out of Oppenau. There are innumerable paths, of course, that lead to it, but, so far as I know, only one road on which you may drive. The name is said to be derived from that of St. Arbogastus, a British missionary who set about converting Germany in the seventh century and became Bishop of Strasburg. Why this particular place should have been named after him, if it was, I do not know. He may have gone there, though not, I think, for the waters. Their fame is only some three centuries old.

We return to the Rench Valley—for it is from the Rench that we have wandered. It is throughout a busy locality, though commerce has not yet robbed it of its beauty. The brisk little sawmills are pictur-

esque and picturesquely worked by water taken in long troughs from points in the stream above them. There is a considerable agricultural interest, and fruit is everywhere. This, I think, is the true heart of the Kirschwasser country—Oppenau and Oberkirch being its headquarters. Cherry trees in the lower part of the valley take the place of the planes by the side of the road, and are to be found right down where the mouth widens out into the fertile fields of the Rhine Valley.

Oppenau is a rather larger place than we have hitherto come to in the Rench Valley. Its comely, old-world streets lead mostly in the direction of the big church, with a giant lime tree at its door. An old arched gateway is on the road out to the Lierbach and Allerheiligen. The houses in the Rench valley are of the Black Forest type, which I describe more fully elsewhere, but many of them have overhanging upper storeys, an unusual feature. Below Oppenau the river pursues its way between lush meadows, to which the rounded hills stretch their sides. Beeches here are more numerous than firs, and there are a good many oaks.

A noticeable thing in this district is the frequency of wayside shrines and crucifixes. Many of these are of a respectable though quaint antiquity. There is one dated so far back as 1681, and several have known the eighteenth century. As specimens of sculpture in which the reverent object of the designer has compensated for any deficiencies of art, they are worth nothing. Quaintness, however, is by no means in this regard always the concomitant of age. There is one little crucifix not far from Achern whose symbolism is as puzzling, though simple, in design, as it is crude in execution. It is not easy to describe it

without a seeming disrespect. Eleven heads, grouped about the cross, appear to be growing on stems which are traceable to a goblet fallen on its side below. What it means I cannot say exactly, but probably the artist had in his mind some reference to the last supper and the eleven faithful disciples. It is no older than the end of the last century. The church at Lautenbach is worth a passing visit. Its spire attracts you as you round a breast of hill which hides the village. It has a vaulted ceiling, which, by the way, the church at Griesbach has too. The lines make diamond patterns and are geometrically hard. A pretty Lady Chapel is enclosed with Gothic work in the body of the church, and visitors of architectural tastes will see curiosities of detail here and elsewhere. For example, the diamond pattern carving at the bases of the columns round this chapel, and the detached columns one on each side, at the west end of the church. A winding stair from the choir leads to a gallery over the rood screen, and there is a little balcony with a door high up on the south wall. There is a curious notice, too, modern, asking people not to put their feet on the knee rests and not to spit on the floor.

From Lautenbach the Rench winds on to Oberkirch—a quaint little country town overlooked by the ruins of a castle in the midst of slopes to the right, which are here thick with vines—and so on to Renchen.

Another castle, on the left this time, must be noticed before we leave the Rench. This is Staufenberg, reached by paths from Oberkirch or Appenweier. Staufenberg is the scene of the legend of the Waldfrau and the Knight Petermann. This gentleman was beyond all others in deeds of knightly prowess, but one virtue of all good knights he seemed to lack. He

performed all his exploits because he liked performing them, and not, as others did, to win a smile from his lady-love. He had no lady-love, and apparently did not feel the need. However, one day matters took a different turn. He met the fairy Melusine in the forest, and fell deep in love. The fairy promised him lifelong prosperity if he would take her to wife on one condition. The marriage must be a secret. So secret, indeed, that she would be visible to him alone. Further, if he were unfaithful, three days would see his death. He agreed, and for many years lived happily in the compact. But it came about that the Emperor gave a great tournament at Frankfort. Petermann attended and came through with flying colours. So pre-eminent was his success that both the Emperor and his daughter agreed that there could be only one reward—her hand. The knight could do nothing, poor fellow, but make protestation of gratitude, and confess the facts of his secret entanglement. Such a case was beyond the Emperor's experience, and he called in the bishops and clergy to consult. The church saw an easy and obvious way out of the difficulty. The knight, they said, was in the clutches of the devil—this rather startled the warrior, who had not looked at his wife quite in that light—and there was nothing for it but to defy the powers of darkness like a man by contracting a correctly and ecclesiastically certified marriage. The knight consented to do this, but Melusine, less in anger than in sorrow, told him that her compact could not be so easily broken. Warning him that his death would result even as she had foretold, she left him. The wedding festivities were put forward, Staufenberg Castle took on a guise of revelry, the bride was there, but the knight's heart was not. His forebodings

were realised when, in the midst of the feasting, the foot of a woman of rare beauty appeared through the ceiling. The guests fled in terror, leaving the bride alone with her ill-fated lover, who had swooned at the apparition. Three days later he died. The Lady Melusine lived on, and continued to appear at intervals. It is on record that she appeared in the year 1779 to a young peasant girl, whom she offered to conduct to some hidden treasure if she would meet her at midnight on St. Wunibald's day. The place of meeting was to be at a spot known as the Twelve Stones in the Stollenwald. The girl, however, took counsel with the village priest, who repaired to the spot himself and quenched the spirit of Melusine with holy water. She has not appeared since.

The way to Achern from Oberkirch lies through meadows, orchards, and cornfields, over which, on the right, one gets frequent glimpses of the hills of the Forest.

One is tempted, more by way of an exercise in observation than with any idea of arriving at a preference, to compare these country lanes and meadows of the Rhine Valley, and the lower parts of the Black Forest, with our English byways. One might go casually through parts of these and see no very striking points of difference. In the villages, of course, the distinction becomes instantly obvious, if for no other reason than that the sign-writer's craft in Germany is a thing by itself. Apart from the actual words or the peculiar lettering, one could never mistake a German signpost for an English one; nor the name above a shop; nor the superscription, and the notice-boards on the post offices. But there are nicer distinctions than these. The German lanes and fields have no hedges. The standing corn marks the edge

of the cornfield. Quite often there is an invisible line, no less real and no less imaginary than the equator, between the gardens of adjoining cottages. Every tree that is felled in the forests is marked with some indication of ownership, yet only occasionally will you see painted rings, or perhaps numbers, on roadside fruit trees. How the proprietorship of the unmarked ones is upheld, excepting by inviolable and universally known traditions, I am at a loss to guess. In England we are more precise. What we have we hold, and we raise a fence to show it. An Englishman's home is his castle ; a German's home is Germany.

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CHAPTER VII

ROUND ABOUT ACHERN

A French oasis—The flying castle—Blackmailing a hermit—New and Old Windeck—A maze of paths—A great lime tree—Hens as fortress-builders—The Lady of Lauf—The ghostly wedding—A thirsty lover—Midsummer night music.

ACHERN is a town with a visible kernel of antiquity, and a spreading shell of modern villas. The oldest of its streets are winding and irregular, but a more easily intelligible arrangement is being adopted for the many nursing homes and institutions of a like nature which are springing up round about it. It was to Achern that the poet Scheffel was brought from the Mummelsee to die.

A not too exacting walk from Achern may be made to include visits to the two castles of Lauf or New Windeck, and Alt Windeck near Bühl, and a train back from Bühl is convenient for those who have done enough. From Achern one passes at Sasbach a memorial to Turenne, who was killed here on the 27th July 1675. A triangular stone on the mound of the monument marks the spot. The monument itself, a plain obelisk, with a long avenue leading to it, was erected in 1829. It is an interesting relic of the time when this was French territory. Indeed, until 1870, when France and Germany went to war, it actually was considered to be French territory, by virtue of an arrangement between France and the rulers of Baden.

A French veteran had the care of it, but the friendly treaty lapsed with his retreat over the border on the outbreak of hostilities. Still, it is not less carefully preserved on that account by its present German proprietors. Lauf is reached by winding roads farther on, and the castle lies on the slopes of the hill down which the houses are scattered.

Another castle will have been noticed far up on the heights to our right as we approach Lauf. This is known variously as Hohenrode, or the Brigitten-Schloss. To reach it now entails a pretty stiff piece of climbing, but that is because we are making our visit several centuries too late. Some hundreds of years ago—I am not quite sure how many hundreds—the Brigitten-Schloss crouched comfortably and conveniently at the foot of the mountain. From all accounts, however, its position was not wholly to the liking of the dwellers round about, for the Lady Brigitte who lived there was a very awkward neighbour. She was in constant communication with the devil, and this intercourse seems to have entailed an inconvenient amount of thunder and lightning, which played havoc among the fields and orchards. Finally the peasants rose to protest, and the lady, realising that they meant business, called in her partner, and had the castle lifted bodily to the peak on which it now stands. The spot was thought to be inaccessible, but that was not so, for the castle continued to be occupied until the time of another Brigitte, the beautiful wife of the last lord of Hohenrode. This Brigitte was of a temperament directly opposite to that of her namesake and predecessor. So devoted was she to religious exercises that her husband lost patience with her and sought female society elsewhere. He found it in the person of Kunigunde of Rosenstein,

a virtuous lady of rare beauty whom he met wandering in the woods. It was not long before he proposed marriage to her, but brief though their acquaintance had been, she had taken the precaution to make inquiries, and taxed him with his existing wife. The knight deemed this an obstacle easy of removal. He had an old servant who was atoning for a youth of dark deeds by a maturity of penance in the guise of a hermit. On this hermit the knight levied blackmail. Unless the Lady Brigitte were spirited away, he hinted, the tale of the hermit's evil doings should be blazed abroad. The hermit in fear and trembling went off to act on the suggestion, but repented, and, hiding the lady in a cave, produced her at the wedding-feast of the knight and Kunigunde. As to what happened then there seems to be some doubt. Kunigunde disappeared altogether, and her lover is said to have gone on a pilgrimage. Brigitte, however, remained to fill the countryside with gratitude for her good works. No one has lived in the castle since her time, and few leave the road to Lauf to go to it.

The neighbouring Sasbach Valley, though, is a very good approach to the Hornisgrinde. The way lies through Sasbachwalden, and affords grand views, not only of the near fertile fields, no longer blighted by the first Brigitte's necromantic oppression, but also of the vast-spreading Rhine plain. One passes along the Geishölle—the Goat's Glen—a charming spot with a little torrent spanned by bridges. Higher up there are cherry trees and much Kirschwasser.

As a village Lauf, for it is Lauf that we are really making for, has more size and less arrangement than most villages. Indeed, there is no recognisable plan at all. The occupations of its inhabitants are largely agricultural, though there are sawmills, and hats of a kind are made. The houses, therefore, have appar-

ently sprung up, wherever it seemed most convenient to place them. The castle, with its square tower, has from a distance, as one approaches it, something of the appearance of an old village church in England, clustered round with trees. A stair leads to the top of the tower—the key is to be had from a cottage at the foot—and the view from the highest platform is worth the climb. Alt Windeck may be seen plainly (though from Alt Windeck it is easier to see the church of Lauf than the castle), but the road to it is not so plain. In fact, it is apparently a good deal more inaccessible than Hohenrode, and the finding of it may entail inquiries, for such signposts as there are are not too informative. Neusatz Windeck, a village lying between the two castles, is as good a place to make for as any by way of direction ; but one passes through a small maze of paths skirting orchards whichever way one goes. From Neusatz Windeck a pleasant way leads up through fields and woods. From the Bühl direction there are good carriage roads.

Alt Windeck is a better preserved ruin than its newer partner. Two great square towers rise above walls and courtyards in which some kind of scheme is traceable. The taller of the towers may be climbed by those who do not fear steps, on obtaining the key from the keeper of the restaurant. From here you may see the vast panorama of the Rhine plains, and you may see, nearer at hand, how the vine-lands merge into the forest. This tower is one of the few in the neighbourhood which do not require a particularly clear day to enable you to see the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. You may even see this plainly as you have your lunch—or whatever meal it happens to be—on the restaurant terrace. The restaurant in itself is an ugly building, and certainly from the path

by which we have come it spoils the picture of the castle (trees hide it from other directions). But there my quarrel with it ends. It gives you a good deal better welcome than the stones, ivy-grown though they be, and the dark stairways of the old stronghold.

The way down to Bühl passes through Kappel Windeck, and the picturesque spire of its church attracts you as you approach. When you reach it you find, as at Oppenau, a giant lime tree before the door. But this, more than the other, is a wonder among lime trees. Its lowest branches are supported all round with horizontal beams and uprights, and form a sort of gallery. Above this a second storey, so to say, of branches also supported, forms a ceiling. Apparently it has served as an arbour (as a tree should), and one of a most fascinating kind, almost like the tree house of the Swiss Family Robinson, but it is not now in use. The church is old, and there are decorative sculptures inside and out. The interior, perhaps, is getting shabby, but the pews, the ends nicely carved with a classic feeling, have a deal of wear in them yet.

Bühl church, whose openwork spire is a landmark for many miles, is new. Built in 1873-76, it was redecorated—very well—in 1906. The town has another church, a very old one, for the building of which a miraculous appearance of the Virgin is responsible. But the townspeople are more proud of the new edifice. Beyond Bühl, out in the Rhine plain, is Zell, one of many towns so named. It produces a wine of some reputation.

One must not dismiss the two castles of Windeck as though they were ordinary ruins with ordinary forgotten histories. They both have legends. That of Alt Windeck relates to a feud, many generations

old, which existed between the lords of Windeck and the Prince Bishops of Strasburg. The fortunes of war changed sides continually, but at the period of which the legend treats the lords of Windeck were in the ascendant. Some time previously one of them had been held prisoner for three years by the bishops, and only got free on payment of a very heavy ransom. But early in 1370 the tables were turned, and the Dean of Strasburg, dragged from his travelling coach, was safely locked in a cell of Castle Windeck. Things were at this pass when the Strasburgers determined on a great and final effort to take the stronghold. Spies discovered its weak points and everything was ready for the assault, when one of the spies, a young man, encountered during a storm an old woman who lived hard by. She was a witch, was this old woman, and one of the signs of her witchhood seems to have been a particular breed of pure white fowl which she kept. When the young man found her she had no difficulty in discovering his business—it is one of the dangerous points about witches that you have to speak the truth to them. Forthwith she told the secret to the lord of the castle, and offered, for a price, to save the place. The knight agreed, and the witch forthwith set her hens to work to scratch a large ditch round the castle. This was done so effectively that it was deemed safe to leave it while the garrison sallied out and defeated the Strasburg force in the open. Another and more romantic version of the story tells how the dean's two nieces met the witch and told her that they were bent on pleading for their uncle's release. The witch, knowing, as before, of an intended attack, was moved by the girls' tears to lend her aid. She entrusted one of the white hens to the girls, telling them of its scratching

powers, and advised them to address their prayers rather to the count's son than to the count himself. They proceeded to the castle somewhat mystified, but the count's son listened to them while his father scoffed, and the hen was put to work, with the result that the invaders were beaten back, and the dean was shortly afterwards released to solemnise the marriage of one of his nieces with the count's son.

The story of Neu Windeck has also to do with a wedding. The ruin is haunted by a phantom—the Lady of Lauf—the last of the Windeck race. This lady in her lifetime was fair but pitiless, and it is said that her haughty scorn broke the heart of a youth, noble, but poor, who among many others sought her hand. The lady smiled when she heard the news, thinking herself well rid of a nuisance, but she had not reckoned with the youth's mother. This good dame repaired to the castle, penetrated to the presence of the fair one, and cursed her so emphatically that she begged for mercy. The mother relented a little. In the place of a loveless life and a grave which should know no peace for ever—the first fine effort of her fury—the dame agreed to a time limit which should be reached when a youth as true as her son should take the restless spirit in marriage. With that the Lady of Lauf had to be content. Matters turned out as the mother had expected. The lady died unmarried, and the castle remained untenanted but by her ghost, very much to the terror of the surrounding country folk. Years passed, and at length came a likely young man, one Kurt von Stein. He was very weary and his horse could go no farther, so the ruins were selected for a camping-place. Tethering his animal he explored the buildings and was surprised to see a maiden in occupation. In response to his request for a lodging

she brought wine and good things to eat. In view of what followed and of the fact that Kurt's is the only evidence, hard-headed thinkers have suggested that the wine came just a little bit earlier in the story, that, in short, it was the cause of his weariness, but of this I cannot judge. I do know that Affenthaler, the wine of the district, and that said to have been in question, is very well spoken of, but beyond that I can only tell the tale as it has come to me. Kurt, then, enjoyed his meal and he was particularly pleased with the pleasant way in which the maiden waited on him. So pleased was he, indeed, that he offered her then and there his heart and fortune. The maiden jumped coyly at the chance. She produced a ring—some say two, but Kurt in his joy perhaps saw double—and led him away to the chapel. As they went figures stepped from the pictures on the walls and followed in a procession. In the chapel a stone effigy of a bishop came to life, and, his eyes flaming with fire, put the momentous question, "Will you take the Lady of Windeck—" Kurt heard no more. He flung himself from the spot and awoke with the sound of a cock crowing in his ears. He says he swooned. Certainly the experience was enough to make him, if—but of course there cannot be anything in that scandalous gossip about the Affenthaler.

Thackeray in his *Legend of the Rhine* has given a rollicking version of this story. Thackeray accepts without question Kurt's own account of what happened, and the sanction of such an authority ought to be sufficient for the most sceptical.

Another tale of the Lady of Lauf pictures her as a maiden whose lover left for the Crusades and never returned—unless he was the very old man who, long after she who still kept true to him had died, came

back to breathe his last among the ruined stones of the castle.

Yet another tale tells of a young huntsman who came to grief through speculating among the ruins on the amount of good wine which had been drunk within its walls since they were built. His meditations were interrupted by a damsel who handed him a brimming goblet. He drank—the wine was Affenthaler as before—and made love, but the discreet fair one warned him and vanished. He departed, but was back again the next day, and the next, and the next, but with no encouraging results. There was no more maiden and no more wine. In the end, it appears, he went up to the castle, and, like Billy Pringle, lay down and died—a sad example to the lovelorn and the thirsty.

In the Rastatt direction from Bühl lies Steinbach, a little town notable as the birthplace of the architect who was responsible for portions of Freiburg Cathedral, and for the whole of that of Strasburg. Farther on is Niederbühl, where, if your ears serve you well, you may hear strange music and the sound of bells at midnight. It appears that near by, centuries ago, there was a monastery on the ground now occupied by a deep pool of water. The monks, once famed for their learning and piety, gradually acquired a reputation for laxity and extravagance. Wanderers who sought their charity were shocked at the tone of the songs that rose from the refectory, and hurried away to face the terrors of the night, rather than risk the society of such reprobates. The end came which all right thinking folk anticipated. The Evil One took the monks to himself, monastery and all, dragging the building bodily down into the earth. A broad lake took its place, and its shores were cursed

with a barrenness over which nothing but the rankest of weeds could triumph. In the watery depths the monks are doomed to a perpetual penance, and the sound of their tolling bell and the wailing of their hymns float sometimes up to the surface. It is said that one can only be sure of hearing this on Midsummer night, the anniversary of the disaster, but I daresay that for any one who has a sincere desire for the experience any other night will be found equally good.

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CHAPTER VIII

ALLERHEILIGEN

Village justice—How to climb hills—The Grave of the Noble Lady—An ass site-hunting—The gipsy bride's ring—The waterfall—Spurious rain.

I THINK every one who visits the Black Forest tries to go to Allerheiligen. All should. It is a place where are united most of the qualities which travellers thither go forth seeking. A waterfall, a ruin—by far the finest ecclesiastical ruin in its part of Germany—and surrounding scenery of the most beautiful kind. Many paths lead to Allerheiligen—it lies on a shoulder of that far-reaching monster, the Kniebis—but perhaps the road to it most frequently taken is that from Achern through Ottenhöfen. The little Achernthal Railway will take you thus far, and travellers who are pressed for time will not do much harm by letting it take them. At Kappelrodeck one begins to feel the embrace of the valley, and it gradually narrows into a land of undulating meadows and orchards dotted with peasant houses. These, by the way, show a small peculiarity, I think, of their own. Their various storeys are marked by small tiled slopes of roof shading the windows. Houses with this characteristic are to be found elsewhere, but I fancy that in this valley they are in the majority, just as in the Petersthal are those with

storeys stretching out one above and beyond the other.

Kappelrodeck has on its record the putting into operation about a century and a quarter ago of a custom which is not unknown in certain English villages. It is a case of lynch law in a mild form. A man is unfaithful to his wife, and his neighbours, provided that she is popular and he is not, serenade him from his lair with a band playing on tin cans. He is seized and flogged, and finally thrown into the village pond. That is what happens occasionally in our own eastern counties, and Kappelrodeck did something of the kind on so stupendous a scale that the story is still told. It is probable that it was done thoroughly, for the people at Kappelrodeck at that time were no strangers to hard knocks, and gave, it seems, as good as they got, for somewhere about the same period they kept a French force at bay and compelled it to retreat. How that happened I do not know, unless the goblin which is said to have defended Rodeck Castle single handed in the Peasants' War lent them powerful aid. Rodeck Castle stands high on our right as we go up the valley, and is an interesting example of an eleventh century stronghold.

Two principal roads lead out of Ottenhöfen, one to Allerheiligen, and the other to Seebach, Achert, and Ruhstein. This last is the most comfortable way to the Hornisgrinde, Mummelsee, and Wildsee.

The signposts for the first road say that Allerheiligen, with its waterfall, is a journey of an hour and a half. This is pretty accurate, but you can reach the highest point to which you must climb in about an hour if you keep going well, and the rest is easy, because little paths shorten the way, and besides, you are in sight of your goal, which is everything. It is not a tedious

walk though it is uphill—one does not look for waterfalls in the plains—and you will be surprised (unless you follow the map closely) how quickly you have got over the climb if you go the right way about it. Since my experience on the road from Wildbad to Freudenstadt, of which I have said enough elsewhere, I have learned never to anticipate the end when climbing a hill. Take hope with you by all means, but do not let it give way to songs of praise until the moment for them has unmistakably come. If at the sight of every bend of the road ahead of you—and on this road to Allerheiligen there are as many bends as there are on most roads in the Black Forest—you moan out that there at last is the top, you will be an unconscionable long time before you reach the real top. If you keep your praises for what you have accomplished you will soon have plenty to bestow them on.

A little beyond Ottenhöfen, at Unterwasser, a path is indicated, which leads to the Edelfrauengrab—the Grave of the Noble Lady. You may take this path, and regain the road higher up if you will, but the Grave of the Noble Lady is a somewhat insignificant affair, and hardly merits the detour. There is a tragic legend connected with it.

The Noble Lady in question had the misfortune to refuse charity to a certain woman, who, with seven children, came begging at her gate, and the woman predicted that the hard-hearted one would bear seven children at a birth. This came to pass, and the mother, grown harder hearted with vexation, ordered their nurse to destroy six of them. The lady's husband returned from hunting just in time to prevent this, and the six were conveyed to a safe place. Years passed, and their father, having obtained from the mother an unsuspecting and emphatic statement that a

woman who could be guilty of the crime which she had committed deserved to be buried alive, confronted her with her offspring, and inflicted on her the punishment she had prescribed. It is not a pleasant story.

The last serpentine bends in the road to Allerheiligen—they are a good deal shadier than the straighter part—are reached near the point at which the path from the Lady's Grave rejoins it. Eventually we attain Hundskopf, a point where several ways intersect. One on the right is an old road, now little used since the one by which we have come has been finished. Others lead to Sulzbach and the Rench Valley. That to Allerheiligen here begins to descend, and very soon we get our first fascinating glimpse through the trees of the ruins.

It would be difficult to choose a more pleasing situation for a monastery, and yet, according to the legend, an ass discovered it. It was the idea of its foundress, a Duchess of Schauenburg—a Guelph of our own royal line—that an ass should be loaded with a bag containing enough money for the beginning of the work, and that where the ass dropped his burden there should the building rise. It was a risky scheme, but, starting from Lorsch, the animal made its way through the Rench Valley (where he opened a spring by stamping with his hoofs), and proceeded up the hills on the south of the Lierbach Valley. Here at last he let the bag fall, and it rolled down to the place at which, in due course, the monastery was built.

This happened in 1191. It was a Premonstratensian foundation, and became an abbey in 1657. Long before that year it had grown vastly in wealth and importance, and in time, though the monks were noted rather for their austerity than for their learning, it became a centre of education for young men of high

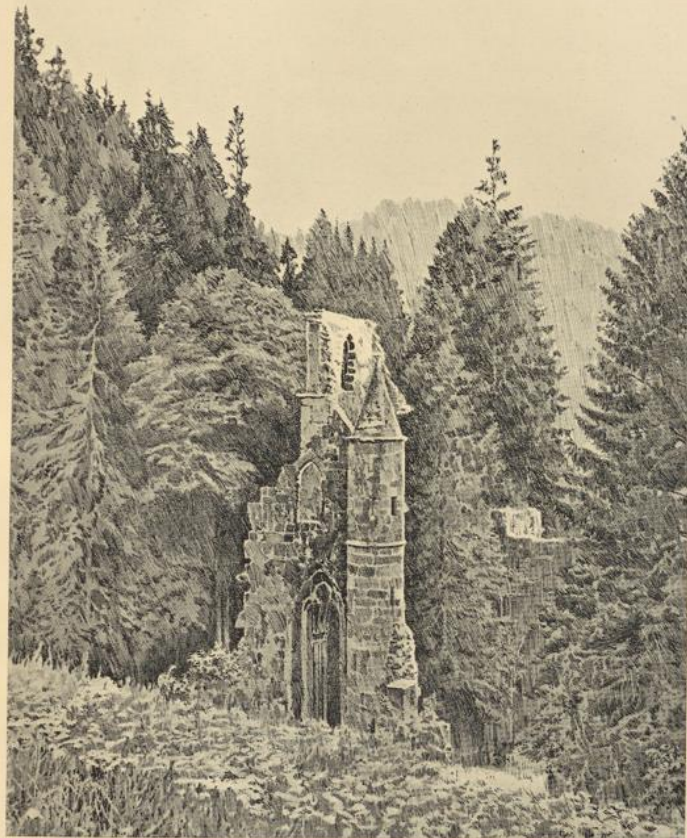
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family. One of these, Hans von Wesenburg, has given the place one of its best known legends. Wandering one day near the falls he met a gipsy girl of surpassing beauty, and loved her at sight. She loved him too, and, her tribe approving, they were married. After the ceremony, performed in gipsy style, an old woman of the tribe prophesied that if the girl—Elsa was her name—ever lost her wedding ring she would lose her happiness with it. Sitting one day by the waterfall she took off the ring to gaze at it, and it was snatched away by a raven, who carried it to its nest on a rock above. To remove her forebodings her lover climbed the rock to recover it, and fell dead at her feet just as he was on the point of reaching the nest. The gipsy's seat is still shown, and I understand she herself may still be found there sometimes.

The falls, I suppose, are pretty much as they were when this luckless pair made their vows, but of the monastery little is to be traced but the church. Of that the remains are of singular grace and beauty. There is a charming suggestion of a terraced garden below it, but beyond this one must search with a sharp eye for remains. They are to be found every here and there round about. Old pieces of stone carving are worked into new springheads, and so on. To judge from old prints, some of which are to be seen in the adjoining hotel, even the garden is not quite as it was. Changes seem to have been made, apart from those which time has wrought. Every two years the ruins are repaired. On one of the columns is to be seen a plate in memory of a member of the Student Corps, Saxo-Borussia, who fell while climbing. The tablet was set there by his fellow-students. The corps, in fact, seems to regard it as

one of its unwritten laws to visit Allerheiligen once every year. Starting from Heidelberg a party makes a tour of a week or so through the Black Forest right down to Constance, and Allerheiligen is always one of the stopping-places. The monastery was secularised in 1802, and in the following year its buildings were destroyed by lightning. The Bütten Falls—they are more generally known by the name of the Monastery, Cauldrons being merely a fancifully descriptive piece of nomenclature—are approached by a path at the side of the old garden. For a distance it passes through a glade of most delicate beauty, the stream—good for trout, I believe—rippling and murmuring at its side. Trees that stretch far up on either side shadow it, and the gaunt lichen-grown branches of many of them lend it an air of ancient mystery. Suddenly the glade gives place to a rocky winding gorge. The level of the stream begins to fall away. The murmur grows. The path goes to stone steps and rustic wooden bridges, spanning the torrent, and one can look over into clear pools at the foot of cascades many feet high. The fall is altogether not very big, but it is more beautiful than many bigger. Some of the rocks and other features of it and its immediate neighbourhood have names. There are the Gipsy's Seat, the Horseman's Leap (a rock whence a Swedish soldier is said to have leaped across safely), an Angel's Pulpit, and a Gipsy Cave. This is a little way down, on the right of the path and above it as you descend. The cave looks dark and mysterious, but it is not very deep. At least it has no unexplored recesses.

At Allerheiligen, if you stay there, and the hotel with its various annexes is big enough to accomodate a big crowd of guests, the continual ripple of the stream as it goes by to the waterfall is apt to damp

your spirits until you find it out. It sounds like rain. Indeed, when there is rain it is frequently not easy to say which noise is rain and which stream. Once when I was there, though, there was very little doubt. A thunderstorm, the loudest I have ever heard—just such a one, I imagine, as destroyed the old monastery—broke over the valley. It seemed to break right over my head; and then the rain fell in torrents. There was no question then which noise I heard. The hotel, by the way, is not beautiful. Some one ought to pull it down and build one exactly like the old monastery, and then leave the place entirely alone for a hundred years for Nature to do the colouring. I think such an hotel would pay, but many people would be the poorer for a beautiful sight during the hundred years.

From Allerheiligen, unless you are on foot, when you will naturally go down by the waterfall, you must proceed to Oppenau by the road which circles the hill on the left. It is a rather long way round, but there are compensating glimpses of the valley below. The Lierbachthal is a country of beeches and fruit trees. The road, carved out of the hillside, is flanked on its right for much of the way by a stone wall that harbours an infinitude of fern and moss and wild flowers. On the left we pass in the valley an isolated crag, or rather a peaked spur, which ought certainly to have been a Devil's Pulpit, or an Angel's. But the makers of legends seem to have missed it. On the way to Oppenau one comes upon many scattered houses, but no gathering big enough to have a name as a hamlet.

CHAPTER IX

THE HARMERSBACH VALLEY

A road in the making—Stripped oaks—An emperor in a pigsty—A charming hamlet—Black Forest houses—Peasant customs—Rights of succession—A Gargantuan banquet—Weddings—The question of trousseau—Local costumes—Vanished postilions.

OPPENAU is a convenient starting-point for the Harmersbach Valley. The way to it lies up the Petersthal, whence, below the village of that name, a road runs off to the right (as you go up) and mounts steadily till a point is reached which is known as Löcherbergwasen. Views at your back during the climb give a very good idea of the contours of the valley and of the Kniebis ridge, but soon you are among trees, and the view is all about you and near at hand. (Have you ever noticed, by the way, when walking over fallen leaves, what a variety of tint is produced by the upper and under sides of a leaf being different colours?) At the highest point, by the road, stands a pathetic nameless stone with an inscription in primitive spelling and lettering, begging the "Liber Wanderer" to pray for him whom it commemorates. Not far from this there are other stones—natural ones—and, I doubt not, more interesting to travellers. One is something like a church, and is said to have been used as a church, or rather perhaps as a temple, in pre-Christian times. Heidenkirche is its name. Another stone forms a bridge over a small ravine. The road

hereabouts is rough. It is slightly better than a cart track, but it has not yet come under the hands of those who do such wonders elsewhere in the way of road-building. That, I think, will not be long, for a little lower down, when I was last there, not such a great while ago, I came upon a good road in the making. A road merely cut like a level groove along the side of a hill is a comparatively small matter, though of course the maintaining of it is a question of incessant attention. But here they were making a wide platform to allow of a sweeping bend at a corner. Many waggon loads of earth had to be tipped over to form that platform, and many blocks of stone had to be brought to keep the earth in position. A light railway, working at an amazing angle on the hillside, had been pressed into the service.

I happened to descend to the Harmersbach Valley at a time—it was June—when the oak trees were being barked. Groves of young oaks are grown solely for this purpose, the bark being of course utilised in tanning, and when the work is in progress the trees give a desolate look to the mountain slopes. The young trees are barked standing. The worker moves with a ladder, lopping all branches, and slitting the sappy bark from bottom to top, so that when stripped a long skin like the sloughed skin of a snake hangs from an unpared piece at the top. From a distance it looks exactly as though the white barkless trees are supported by poles. In the autumn the barked trees are burned to the ground.

But in spite of this gaunt sight the Harmersbach is not by any means a desolate valley. It is of the orchard kind, on the whole, but there are several saw-mills. Its peasant houses—of the regular Black

Forest type—seem to have a distinctive feature, in that the sloping roof reaching down to the second storey is boarded across in front of the gable, thus making a kind of projecting upper part, but different from that of the Petersthal. The lower part of the house is generally plastered. Here, too, I think, more than elsewhere, they allow play to the imagination in the matter of gaily coloured roof tiles.

Near Oberharmersbach, conspicuous by reason of its enormous and rather ugly church, is an elaborately decorated crucifix of the kind of which I shall have more to say when we come to the Prechthal. Here the allusive symbols which surround the principal figure are not so numerous nor so well executed as they are elsewhere, but the general idea is the same. Very similar ones to this are to be seen near Achern, and at Unterentersbach, a hamlet at the mouth of the Harmersbach Valley.

The Oberharmersbach church is painted inside with a profusion of wallpaper-like stencil work, but with the lofty circular arched roof and side-aisles the general effect is impressive. Oberharmersbach once enjoyed the privilege of political independence. This it earned through the loyalty of one of its peasants, who, when the unpopular Emperor Wenzel was fleeing from his enemies, hid the potentate in a pigsty. For this service the man himself was granted, in perpetuity, the licence of an inn which he named the Three Sows' Heads, in commemoration of the number of fellow-occupants of the Emperor's place of concealment. So that once upon a time Oberharmersbach was a village of some distinction. But for all its ancient dignity it is not very much to look at to-day. Zell, lower down the valley, is more attractive. Its church is picturesquely situated—you cross the river to it by bridges

either above or below—and there is a pleasing eighteenth-century fountain by the door, with a sunk basin with steps in front. The design is good, but it is not greatly improved by having recently been painted “proper,” as the heralds say. The church is curious in plan. It is like a T upside down. Across the west end, where is the principal door, is set at right angles to the body an oblong building which presents a wide front. It is as though the arms of the cross in the more usual church plan had slipped down to the base. At the ends of these arms are chapels.

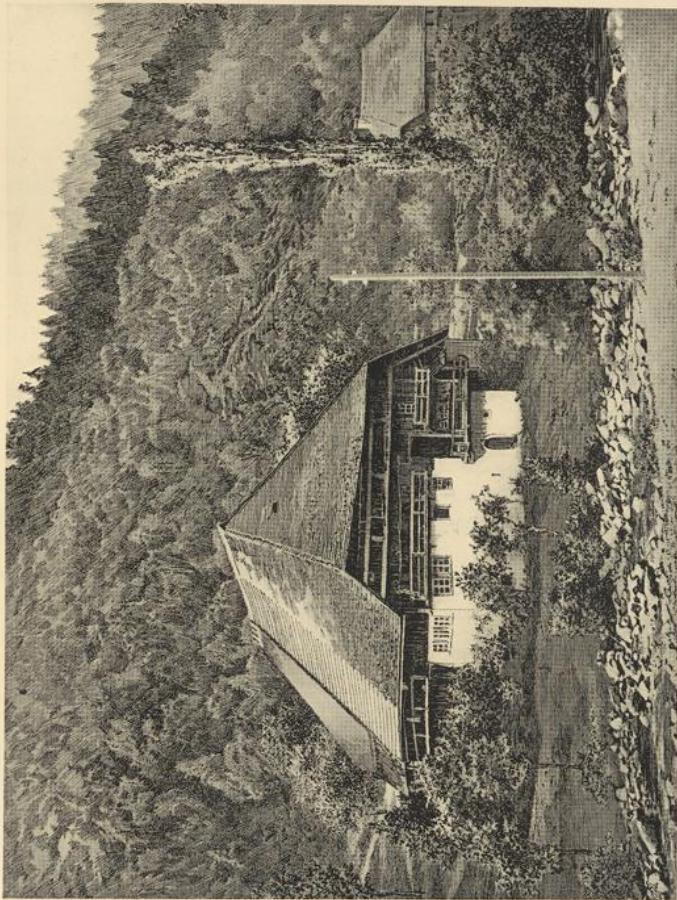
To follow the Harmersbach Valley out to the end, one should go forward to where the stream joins the Kinzig, near Biberach; but unless one's way lies definitely in the Biberach direction, I would recommend the meadow path which turns to the left when we have passed through the dignified old central street of Zell. This road leads to Steinach, joining the Kinzig Valley road before it gets there; but, more particularly, it goes through Unterentersbach, the little village which I have mentioned above as possessing the ornate crucifix. But that is not all there is to see there. Scattered in the fields near a suitable small church—about the right size, according to our English ideas—is a collection of perfectly charming forest houses. Here they may be seen in splendid variety. They are of the level ground pattern as distinct from that for sloping ground. That is to say, all doors for people, animals, and carts are on the lowest floor, and not divided among two or three floors, as is the case when the side of a hill gives different levels. The church is an eighteenth-century building—1768 is the date, to be precise. Another village, Bollenbach, lies at the mouth of the Welschbollenbach Valley—beyond Steinach in the distance on our left, on the way to

Haslach—but it is not so good a one from all points as Unterentersbach.

I have referred several times to the great Black Forest houses, and before we go farther we may as well get on more intimate terms with them. It is said that you never see two alike, and that is strictly true, although they are all built on general lines which are the same. The design, I believe, belongs to the sixteenth century, and occasionally I have come upon one actually so dated, though I have generally had a suspicion that the date has been added on the authority of the oldest inmate's recollection of family traditions. But I daresay I am unjust. Timberwork wears well in the Black Forest. Although, as we have seen, the houses are to be found in level places, the design is intended to take advantage of hillsides. A house built on the side of a steep hill can have ground floor entrances on several storeys, and they all have them on at least two. That is a great thing when people and pigs, carts and cattle, all find shelter under one roof. An upper ground floor always contains a hay barn with an entrance big enough to take a loaded cart. Below are the living rooms for the humans, and elsewhere those for the beasts. The rooms for human occupation can always be distinguished from the outside by the windows and balconies, on which open many doors. The general living-room almost invariably takes one of the corners, thus giving a pleasantly lighted space with window seats encircling the ancestral round table. The panelled walls of the room are frequently painted with crude designs. The great stove is the focus of domestic activity, and religion is centralised at a little niche with an altar and showy decorations. There are also reserved places—the warmest and most comfortable—for the old people.

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Big though these houses are, it is most unusual for more than one family, with its dependants, to occupy each. Occasionally one sees double houses, like, in principle, a magnified pair of our semi-detached villas, and these may belong to two different peasants, but it is very seldom that their families are quite unrelated. In the rare cases in which this does happen there is no sharing. Each community is entirely self-reliant and self-contained, just as in our suburbia—to make the comparison again—you will see the column between two front doors accurately painted half and half, so that each side matches the residence to which it is nearest. The great rule, however, is one family, one house, for the prosperous peasants of the Black Forest are men of weight and substance. In the majority of cases they own their house and land, and Mark Twain does not exaggerate very much when he suggests that they measure their wealth by the size of their manure heap. The farmer works with his men, as does his wife with her maids, though he may be in a position which renders it unnecessary. By a curious custom, rights of succession are vested in the youngest son, or, if there are no sons, in the eldest unmarried daughter. A reason for this is to be found in the fact that the father, as a rule, resigns in favour of his heir during his lifetime, taking his place in his son's household as adviser, with a good share of the best that is going. By making the youngest son his heir he lengthens his own period of tenure and is able to see his other sons safely settled while he still has the full strength of his own resources to back them.

Minute observers of the Black Forest peasants are able to discern distinct characteristics, derived from intercourse in the past with Austria and France, which differentiate them from the Germans of other parts.

To appreciate this to the full, one must associate with them on terms of some intimacy, but there are superficial indications of it in a gaiety which finds vent noticeably on occasions of social or public rejoicing. A typical Black Forest peasant wedding provides perhaps the best occasion for observing the spontaneous jollity of the holiday-maker, for, though there is at all times an innate vein of good humour, there is also an innate vein of industry, and a special occasion is necessary to give the holiday mood its full value in the eyes of a stranger.

These weddings are tremendous affairs. It is no unusual thing for a rich peasant to have five hundred guests, and I know of a coachman of peasant parentage, earning perhaps thirty shillings a week, who had a hundred and fifty. And for these guests it is not merely a matter of shaking hands with the bride and departing after a polite bow or so. They come early and stay late, eat and drink enormously, and dance almost till they drop. Strangers viewing these functions from afar off not unnaturally wonder how it is done. The secret is that every one pays. Invited guests send presents of food and drink or money, or all three. Uninvited guests—and any one may go—pay for what they have—food, nosegays, and so on. There is no lack of these uninvited guests, who go for the fun of the dancing, which of course is free. The wedding dinner as approved consists of soups, boiled beef with horseradish, beef garnished with vermicelli, pork with sauerkraut and sausages, roast veal, and salad, and a very big cake of light sponge with raisins. This usually has a great bunch of flowers inserted in a hole in the middle. All these different items are served separately as courses, and one is expected to treat each as though it were the only one. This gastrono-

mical feat is assisted by interludes of dancing, and, of course, by a running accompaniment of liquor. Coffee is generally taken at the end. It will be readily understood that there must be very copious supplies if this gargantuan banquet is to be kept going. Some idea of the Teutonic conception of abundance may be had from the following list, which I quote from Mr. William Harbutt Dawson's *German Life in Town and Country*. The food was actually consumed during the marriage festivities of a well-to-do farmer on the Weser. "One fat cow, seven pigs, seventeen calves, two hundred and twenty hens, two hundred loaves and cakes, three hundred and seventy gallons of beer, and a large quantity of spirit and wine." There is, indeed, always more than enough. But it is not wasted. The invited guests divide what is left and carry it home with them, and not infrequently they are able thus to keep their own households fed for a couple of days.

According to Mr. Henry W. Wolff's excellent book, *Rambles in the Black Forest*, affection is not taken into account in these marriages. This may have been so twenty years ago, when the book was written, but so far as I have been able to learn the young peasants of the present day have matters much more in their own hands (or they leave them much more in Cupid's) than was formerly the case. There are still a great many formalities between the parents—formalities connected with finance, for a peasant does not like his child to marry down—but the young people take the first steps. Engagements, too, are lengthening; Mr. Wolff gives the couples three weeks to see themselves through from proposal to consummation. Nowadays betrothals are usually announced at the New Year, and spring sees the wedding. Thus three or more months are occupied. Possibly it is

a question of trousseau, for the young idea is learning how to shoot.

Whether this be so or not, in the Gutachthal the actual bridal costume, though elaborate, is not the result of much premeditation. Here all true Black Forest brides, and frequently the bridesmaids too, wear a great head-dress covered with a variety of such glittering ornaments as those with which we decorate Christmas trees. These formidable articles are heir-looms, and they are the quaintest and least becoming of all the many peculiarities of peasant costume. They were formerly used all over the Black Forest, but now the locality is more or less limited to the Gutachthal.

The distinctive peasant costumes are, as I have said elsewhere, disappearing, but there are still plenty to be seen. The Gutachthal again is a good place in spite of the fact that it is Lutheran, and the Lutherans wear, as a rule, quieter colours than the Roman Catholics. The Gutachthal hat, with its heap of red or black soft-looking balls—pompoms, I believe, English ladies would call them—as big as oranges, is one of the most picturesque of all. A tall yellow hat, something after the style of an Early Victorian stove-pipe, which used to be worn round about Triberg, has now, I believe, quite departed. I am rather sorry, although those skilled in such matters say that the interests of beauty are best served by its elimination from the Black Forest wardrobe. Of that I personally have never been convinced, for it is impossible to avoid noticing about these Black Forest costumes that the peasants who wear them wear them naturally. They are not put on, as the costumes are in parts of Holland, for the satisfaction of strangers in search of local colour.

One costume, by the way, that has quite disappeared is that of the postilions who used to drive the mail coaches and diligences, which are now giving place to motor omnibuses. They had bright yellow waistcoats, a hat of varnished leather, white buckskin breeches, and jack-boots; and from their shoulders hung a horn slung on a red tasselled cord. They are credited with a lack of courtesy in proportion to their grandeur, so perhaps we need waste no regrets on them.

CHAPTER X

HORNBERG AND THE PRECHTHAL

A lively railway—A ceiling clock—Black Forest painters—A name outlived—Hornberg Castle—A doe as undertaker—The family pew—Timber traffic—Rafting—A living picture—The Prechthal—A village gossip—The rural postman—A mutual acquaintance—Rustic piety—Elaborate crucifixes—Votive tablets.

MOST Black Forest tourists leave the Kinzig Valley at Hausach where the Gutach Valley joins it, and make through Hornberg for Triberg. Triberg is an excellent place to aim at, for there are splendid walks all round it, if you are good at steep gradients, and splendid drives, though slow, if you prefer the more beaten tracks. But I fancy that the great majority of the travellers who go to Triberg go there merely to see the waterfall, and to travel over the most interesting part of the Black Forest railway. That is, perhaps, in itself a not insufficient aim. The Black Forest is very proud of its railway, and the engineer has, and he deserves it, a monument at Triberg. But let me say of the Gutach Valley as I have said of the Kinzig, that you can get but a very limited idea of it if you rely on the railway for your points of view. The object of any railway, no matter where it may be, is to get a train from one place to another place by the shortest route. That is no less the idea actually of the Black Forest railway than that of any other. It is in a way a lucky accident

that this particular railway cannot frequently get from one place to another without turning and doubling and crossing its tracks like some hunted animal, or going round and round like a spiral staircase. It is not the only railway in the world that does it. There is that which takes you to Innsbruck from Switzerland for one, and that which takes you from Innsbruck to Italy for another. But that is nothing against it. And apart from the excitement of its twisting manœuvres there is a surpassing interest in the innumerable glimpses which it affords of rocky gorges and peopled valleys. Each fresh tunnel heralds a fresh picture for all the world like the dark intervals in a cinematograph entertainment. I think that it surpasses even the thrill of those rocky windows in the tunnels on the line between Spezzia and Genoa, each with its own bright flash of the blue Mediterranean.

But, as I have suggested, all this is not the Black Forest as I understand the Black Forest. If you remain in your railway carriage you cannot even get a proper idea of the towns, for many of them are quite a distance from the stations which bear their name. The railway is not concerned with the picturesque, and the villagers who want to use it, as very many do, must, like Mahomet and the mountain, go to it. At Triberg the station is a good mile to a mile and a half of stiff uphill road from the waterfall, and a mile from the market place. Some of the other towns or villages are nearer—St. Georgen, for instance, and Peterzell—and you may pass them thinking you have seen all there is to see that is worth seeing. But get out and walk through any one of them and your perspective changes.

Hornberg, of the situation of which you can get a

tolerable idea from the railway, is supposed to mark the beginning of the "show" part of the valley, but there is plenty to look at lower down. Gutach is reached from Hausach by a road leading from the Kinzig Valley road to Wolfach. The way is delightfully shaded and it keeps fairly near the river with its innumerable wooden bridges, formed, after the local fashion, with a couple of firs laid parallel, and foot-boards set crosswise. At Gutach, which takes its name from the valley—as so many of these villages do to the confusion of the map-searcher—there is a rather remarkable old inn, the Linden, a typical Black Forest hostelry, recalling the times when commercial travellers were unknown and tolerable hostelries did not number one to every five houses. Near it is the church with an extraordinary clock in its flat ceiling. This church, one of several Lutheran churches—at Hornberg, Rothenberg, and Schiltach are others—in a land which is staunchly Roman, is of a size such as we in England would think scarcely big enough for the village. Indeed, it is so small that there is a very large gallery at the west end and another smaller one across the east end behind the altar, thus very effectively bringing into use a part of the church which dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. Even with these additions there is none too much seating accommodation. One might be tempted to the thought that the Lutherans as a community worship less spaciouly than the Catholics, were it not for that tremendous edifice at Schiltach.

In this very charming little village of Gutach live two of the best-known Black Forest painters, Professor W. Hasemann and Herr C. Liebich. Professor Hasemann has painted the forest in all seasons and at all times of the day. He has caught the glow of the autumn sunset,

the shimmer of the summer sun at midday, the cold grey atmosphere of snowclad winter. Liebich is the painter of Black Forest sunlight. He is attracted by strong colour effects—the blazing glory of yellow broom, the many hued mosaic of flowers in a cottage garden, or the strong contrasts of light and shade seen when bright rays filter through trees. With less definite effects he is not, I think, so successful. Both painters have a rather minute touch, but Hasemann has to my mind more poetry than Liebich, and his minuteness is not in effect so photographic as Liebich's. Hasemann paints also the Black Forest peasant. Many of his character interiors are full of those touches of reality which only a good painter can present.

Gutach is about half-way between Hausach and Hornberg, the road to which begins to show signs of the ascent of the valley. Hornberg has been described as the Nuremberg of the Black Forest, but I don't know that it is a good description. It might have deserved it some years ago, but to-day utilitarianism is beginning to assert itself. Factories, which until recently kept themselves discreetly in the background of the valleys that converge on it, are now creeping inwards, and the railway which gives you a good view of the town when you are in a railway carriage certainly does not aid the effect when you are out of it. I do not say that the place is yet made modern; that would be very far from the truth; but I have fears for what another twenty years may do. But no amount of years can affect its position. Nothing short of an earthquake could spoil that. The valleys I have mentioned meet below a jutting spur of rocky hill on which stands the castle, and all round the base of this are scattered the houses, with the river taking a winding course among

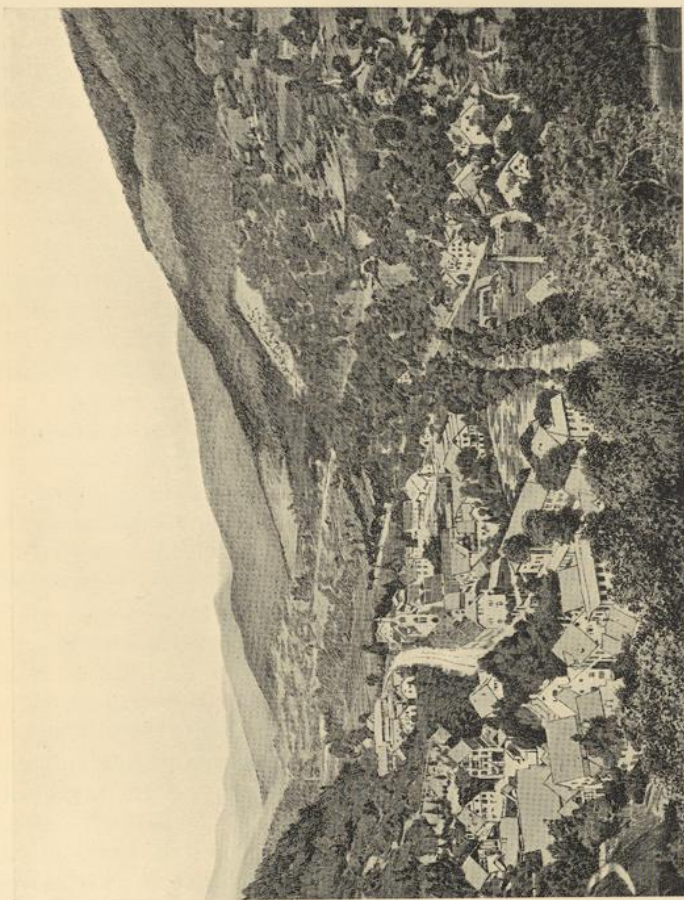
them. The view from the castle tower is well worth the rather tedious climb which it costs ; and that also from the very excellent Castle Hotel, in whose grounds the castle stands, is only less fine because it is from not quite so high a point. Indeed, I am not sure that with its restrictions it is not as good, for you can have your dinner looking over miles of distance and never see the scarifying railway bridge at all.

Hornberg Castle, one should be glad to know, is properly equipped with a legend. It relates actually to a building older than the present very old structure, but the site is the same. The baron who lived there had a beautiful daughter, an only child, for whom he was always on the look-out for a suitably important husband. After a good deal of searching he could select no one better than a prince of the pagan Huns. The girl Notburga saw the prince and fell in love with him, but she was a Christian, and religion stood before love, so she fled from the castle and the marriage, accompanied only by a pet doe, and hid in a cave. Here, having written out a prayer for her lover's conversion, she died, and the doe capped the tale of its devotion by performing the funeral rites. Some time after, her lover, who meanwhile had been converted to Christianity, was hunting in the forest, when he started a doe of remarkable comeliness. He aimed and missed, and the doe—need one say it was *the* doe—took him to Notburga's grave. He read the prayer and forthwith decided to become a hermit. Many years later an angel disguised as a pilgrim visited him, and, having tasted of his hospitality, conveyed him to his sweetheart. I do not know the whereabouts of Notburga's cave, but there is a cave at the foot of the precipitous rock on which the castle stands. It is not a very big cave, but it might have been big enough. At any rate

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no beautiful lovelorn maiden inhabits it now. It is used as a pig-sty.

Hornberg church is perhaps worth a passing glance. Being Lutheran, one does not look for any gorgeous gilding and paint, and one certainly does not find it. The interior appears very bare indeed, but there is somehow an attractive homeliness about it. Perhaps the remarkable curved gallery under the vaulting at the east end gives it a cosy look. At any rate one does not feel repelled by its whitewashed walls. On these walls are some rather quaint memorial tablets. Two on the right of the chancel date from the early eighteenth century. One on the west wall, half hidden by the gallery stairs, belongs to the very beginning of the seventeenth century. In the gallery there is a most ducal-looking family pew, enclosed, and with a ceiling of its own. Here chairs in elegant disorder take the place of benches. The gallery, too, has two more tablets, the most interesting of all, for they are of early eighteenth-century marquetry of crude rustic workmanship.

The railway at Hornberg helps one to get some idea of the timber traffic at a time of the year when it is not actually in full swing. The autumn and winter, when the streams are swollen to their widest, is the season to see it at its best. Then the great rafts which have been gradually prepared during the dry months, the huge trunks being bound together by means of willows which are grown in various parts of the Kinzig Valley, specially curved for the purpose, are sent rushing and crashing and leaping on their wild career to the lap of that great mother of all the rivers on this side of the forest, the Rhine. But in the summer, when the rivers have just a tiny rippling flow of water murmuring in rock-strewn beds, the railway helps the work

along. You may see trimmed tree trunks, fifty, sixty, and even seventy feet long, stretching their great length between two railway trucks, which bear them slowly and very carefully to their destination.

The timber trade is of course the real native industry of the Black Forest, nearly all the others being imported and not strictly dependent upon local conditions. As is the case elsewhere in Germany, the forests are all, irrespective of ownership, carefully supervised by Government officials to prevent deterioration. The State itself possesses an increasingly large proportion of the whole. Towns are also large owners, and their sales go to the relief of the rates. Other very extensive proprietors are societies of timber merchants. Trees may be cut down only subject to well-framed laws, one of which is that a new tree must be planted for each old one that is removed. The timber is mostly sold by auction. Occasionally it is bought standing, but not often. Cut trees are left two or three years to season. From the sloping forests the seasoned trunks are slid down clearings to the roads, whence they are conveyed to the railways, or to the rivers, on which they are floated in rafts, to the regions of commerce. The rafts are built wedge shaped with a few trunks abreast in front and a considerable width behind. They look ungainly craft for the rivers which carry them, and the voyages are exhilarating experiences. The huge rafts to be seen on the Rhine are made up of the smaller ones which are floated down from the Black Forest rivers and elsewhere. These are veritable colonies. A hut houses the crew and their cook, and provides a concert-room for the evenings, for the raft-men are good company, as their occasional pleasure passengers can testify. To many of the inland dwellers these raft-men who travel down

the Rhine to Rotterdam are almost the only link with the greater world, and there is probably some truth in the notion that they, with their news, have been pioneers of civilisation. Moralists have indeed at times been not too pleased with the particular lessons of civilisation which have found admittance in this way to primitive minds. It is not always good to put, as we say, ideas into people's heads.

The upper end of the Prechthal is one of the least frequented parts of the Black Forest within a reasonable distance of Hornberg. The lower portion of the Lauterbach Valley is another. In the latter case there is comparatively little to attract the visitor, for he can get scenery as good without climbing such a very tedious carriage road for it. One does not object to a mountain path being steep, but a road definitely marked out with stones, as the more important roads are, should at least be tolerably easy to walk on. For this reason it is, I imagine, that one of the byways from Hornberg—the left as you go up to Triberg—I have already spoken of this road in connection with Schramberg and Schiltach—is not much frequented. The other byway, the right, which turns off about a mile below the town and leads to the Prechthal, is pretty stiff climbing too; but then it does not make so much of itself as the other. It is not a main road, and it does not pretend to be. It takes you at first through a little pretty group of peasant houses, where things are going on, not much otherwise than they have been for hundreds of years, as though no inquisitive travellers ever passed by. Not that these people are mediæval exactly. They do progress after their lights. It looks wrong, somehow, to see a bicycle ready for action leaning up against a doorpost of one of these great houses, but it is no uncommon sight. The signpost

at the turning from the Gutach Valley road says it is a climb of an hour and three-quarters to the point at which the way begins to descend, but I think that is an excessive estimate. I have never timed myself very accurately, but I certainly did it in less than an hour and three-quarters on one occasion when I was helping a bicycle up as well. Besides, there are no inns on the way to detain you. Anyhow it is a fairly long climb; but it is very good to be up there. Let me try to dissect the great landscape which is there painted for the world to see. The artist wanted, I should think, eight different shades of purple to get those ranges of distant hills—for you can see far beyond the Gutach Valley, where a white puff of smoke shows the railway with a train toiling up to Hornberg. Then the Gutach Valley. A grand hazy patchwork of greens and browns, and more purple where the sun fails to strike it. There are some umbers, too, on these hillsides working gradually into the dark green mass of trees in the middle distance. These, too, have a gauzy veil of purple. Then the warm green of the nearer distance, and the rich glory of the foreground—bright golden broom that no yellow can put on paper, and tints of mauve and blue and pink and a paler yellow where wild flowers show in the grass. And there is the silver green of the aspen poplars flickering everywhere near. Those are some of the ingredients. Add to these, if you can, the great open living spaciousness, the breath of life that is a second life, and you will have something like the real thing. And when, turning, you leave it behind, there is another picture as good, or better, round the shoulder of the hill. It is the Mühlenbach Valley running down to Haslach. A little way farther on you come to a sight of the valley which you are after—the Prechthal.

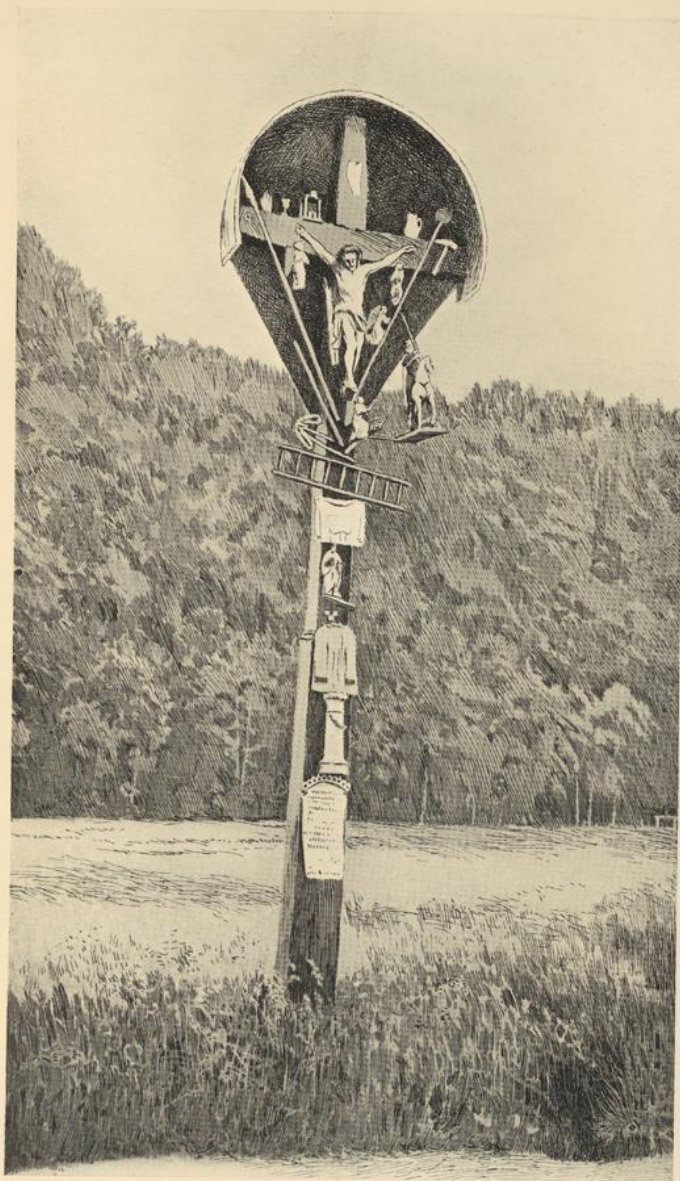
There is a little inn at the top where I waited once for a few minutes. The old dame who kept it was very friendly and talkative, and it required tact to break away from a rather too long story of the postman and of how difficult he found it to get his bicycle up the hills. A few minutes after I did break away I saw this postman, with his bicycle, smiling upon me like an old friend. It was the smile with which two strangers greet one another, knowing that they have a mutual acquaintance. It said to me as clearly as words could have said it, "So you've been having a dose of her too. Well, we all do." Later on he kept catching me up and dropping behind again to deliver letters, and every time he reappeared there was the smile. And yet I found her a very pleasant old dame. But doubtless the people of the valley knew her better than I knew her. They live there.

The Prechthal is, I think, one of the straightest valleys in the Black Forest. From the top you can see almost the whole length of it. It is also unquestionably the part of the Black Forest which has the most evidences of rustic piety. Nowhere else have I seen so many crucifixes and roadside monuments of various sorts. Such things are not uncommon anywhere in the Forest excepting in the few Lutheran districts, but here they are quite exceptionally numerous. There is hardly an old house without either a crucifix or else a niche with a figure of the Virgin or a group of little plaster angels. Above Elzach, to which place the railway comes from Waldkirch, they are to be found more frequently than in the lower part of the valley. The railway, perhaps, has brought worldliness, as the raft men who go down to Rotterdam are said to have done on the rafting rivers. But even in the lower part they

are almost more in evidence than in other parts of the Black Forest.

There are two or three instances of an elaborate type of crucifix which it is worth while to describe in some detail. Simpler ones are of course very plentiful. Many of them commemorate St. Peter's connection with the crucifixion, being surmounted with a carved cock with a very blatantly painted red comb. Some of them have life-sized figures; others are miniatures set high; some have hoods to protect them from the weather; some are buffeted by all the winds of heaven, and the Black Forest can number a good many. But the more elaborate ones are far more than these. The pious ingenuity of their makers has lavished on them signs which suggest every imaginable incident in the greatest Christian tragedy. They stand high and are invariably surmounted with the cock. On the arms of the cross and on the upright, surrounding the figure of the Christ, are the symbols. The number of these varies and the best show perhaps eighteen or twenty. Among the emblems most frequently seen are a hammer, an auger, some nails and a pair of pincers, and a ladder—the tools used by the crucifiers. Then there are the soldiers' weapons and suggestions of the preliminary sufferings, a spear with a sponge on its head, a scourge, a sword, a spiked club, a column with a chain, a piece of rope, and so on. A chalice and cup; a lantern (for those who searched in the garden); a hand; Judas' bag of money; the seamless garment, and the dice with which lots were cast—all these find a place. And generally there is a little figure of the Virgin. The emblems are carved in wood and painted in something like their natural colours. In some cases a Roman soldier on horseback is sup-

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ported on a bracket on the right, and this soldier is occasionally to be seen represented in the regulation uniform of a German cavalryman. Crucifixes constructed in some such style as this are to be found in parts of Tyrol and elsewhere, but I know of no place in which there are so many within a short distance of each other as there are in the Black Forest. One of the best I have seen from the point of view of the number of its suggestive decorations (though it lacks a horseman) is at Furtwangen. There is another on the heights above Triberg, and another above Hornberg in the Niederwasser Valley. These all show traces of weather or time, but in the Prechthal the crucifixes are kept, on the whole, in good repair. The people of the Prechthal, too, are accurate in detail. The Roman soldier when he appears is not a Prussian cavalryman but a proper Roman soldier, with a helmet and shield and cloak of a conventional cut. For the rest, the symbols are very much the same, though, as I have said, I think the ingenuity of the Furtwangen people has taken them a little way farther. They have thought of one or two more things.

One of these crucifixes is just at the top of the Prechthal; that is to say at the foot of the first long slope which takes you properly into it. There is a more elaborate one beyond Oberprechthal soon after you pass a rather interesting chapel. This little place, whose inside measurements are about eight yards by four, including a little bay which has apparently been added for the altar, has a pillared portico with a flight of steps imposing enough for a fair-sized church. The interior is elaborately and not so badly painted, but the most interesting things in it are the votive tablets put up in the past by grateful villagers. These consist of square pieces

of wood most crudely painted. Most of the designs include cattle, and one has pigs as well. They date from about the middle of the last century. Two chestnut trees shade the door of this tiny chapel and nearly hide its tower.

There is another notable chapel—there would appear to be no other but ecclesiastical interests in the valley, but there are a few—on the Hornberg which becomes prominent long before you reach Oberwinden, and stays behind on your left between Oberwinden and Bleibach. Here the valley shows open country—as it has, on the whole, all the way down—with a wonderful panorama of hills on the left stretching their bases to within a quarter of a mile or so of the road. On the right the wooded slopes are nearer. The stream which bears us company flows now tranquilly with a frequent covering of small white waterlilies, now boisterously over little rocky cascades. Many irrigation sluices dot the fields as we get lower, and at Bleibach the beauties of the valley are almost at an end, for one enters a long, dull-faced outskirts of Waldkirch—new dwelling-houses, necessary, but not much to look at.

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE CLOCKMAKERS

A contrast—Hell—A new portrait—A microscopic chapel—The disappointed maiden—Sacrilege of the loaf—Thunder in mid-winter—A place to stay in—The waterfall illuminated—A stage effect—The useless sundial—A musical tree—Clockmaking—A dream of waiters—A school for clockmakers—A church with five doors—Confusing paths—The Stöcklewald—An oval town—Martial vicissitudes—A wheel wager—The last of the Black Forest giants—Church service at St. Georgen—A new old town—Notices useful and otherwise—Peterzell—The Moravians at Königsfeld—The Berneck Valley—Imperturbability of railway officials.

THE road from Hornberg to Triberg follows the very beautiful Niederwasser valley. The railway follows it too, but the railway's sinuous course renders it for the most part not easily discoverable by the walker. One passes through scenery of the boldest and wildest. Ridge upon ridge of hills spread with forest broken by huge masses of rock; patches of fruitful fields set at angles so impossible that one wonders how their cultivators can ever contrive to work in them, far less wrest from them their rich sustaining harvest; and dotted here and there are those wonderful Black Forest houses of which there are no two alike. Near one of these, which is passed on the right on the way up, there is one of the more elaborate crosses which I have already described.

The village of Niederwasser is very small, and a suitably tiny bridge crosses the stream to it. Beyond

the little group of houses rises the picturesque, square-steeped church. Above this idyllic spot there is a contrast terrific in name if not in reality. It is called Hell, and certainly parts of it might have served as models at least for the approaches to that locality as conceived by Dante. Perhaps the name is not altogether inappropriate, for the valley began with Heaven round Gutach, though its position falsifies the *facilis descensus* tradition. Many of the crags here are so grotesque that local imagination has discovered in them a very Valhalla of colossal statues. There are said to be a fair lady robed in long flowing draperies, and a crowned king seated in state ; and I have myself discovered one not unlike the old German Emperor, but doubtless the loyal respect of the country folk for those who sit in high places has prevented this from being known. The portrait is not very good.

The delirious curves of the road through Hell bring you safely to Steinbis, where, half-way up the slope on the left and commanding an extensive view away from the Infernal region, is one of the tiniest chapels to be seen even in a country which is sprinkled with tiny chapels. If Charles Lamb could have seen it he would certainly have transferred to it the playful description of Hollingdon Rural Church which he wrote to his friend John Dibdin. Far more than the little Sussex church it "seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit, who was at once parishioner and a whole parish."

It stands near a large farmhouse which is reached by a steep and stony path wide enough to take a waggon if it goes circumspectly. It is painted white, is this little chapel, and its two windows, one north and one south, are gaily outlined with blue. So, too, is the door. Stretching down from it on one side is a very small

vegetable garden with an old stone wall, and room is found, in addition to the necessary crops ("if the glebe land is proportionate, it may yield two potatoes") for a bed of gay flowers under the chapel wall. It dates from 1777, and I daresay as many as twenty slim people besides the officiating clergyman might be able to find seats in it. There is another of these Lilliputian churches just above Triberg on the road to St. Georgen, overlooking the village of Nussbach.

A mountain path leads from Steinbis to the ruined castle of Althornberg which is notable chiefly for a legend whose moral is only partially evident. Among the ruins in the ravine, near by, you may happen to meet a maiden of a rather disappointed aspect. For some reason, which neither I nor anyone else apparently can give, she is refused admission into heaven until some youth gives her three kisses. I have never seen her so I cannot say whether this is an inviting task, but so far as I know she has only herself to blame. At any rate here is her story: The Lord of Althornberg of her time was a man, as they say, of loose habits. His amusements were highly riotous and improper, and nothing shocked him. One Christmas evening he promoted a great deal of very unseemly revelry, of which one of the features was a dance performed by persons wearing hollowed out loaves on their feet. Now in Black Forest tradition any desecration of bread is always visited with Divine wrath, so one is not surprised that although it was the depth of winter a fierce thunderstorm broke over the stronghold. In the midst of this, our damsel, who worked in the castle as a kitchen-maid, in a state of perpetual scandalisation, entered the hall and in righteous indignation tried to stop the dance. The baron, however, choosing to regard the thunder as Heaven's applause rather than

reproof, urged the performers to greater efforts, whereupon a thunderbolt fell into the throng, the castle broke into flames, and the maiden alone escaped alive, to wait, as we have seen, till some lover was smitten with her charms. It seems to me that she deserved a better fate. But perhaps Heaven's wish is that maidens should not be too difficult. That appears to be the obvious conclusion. I leave it to the moralists.

From Steinbis the road, gradually ascending, goes on to Triberg, passing the hamlet of Schonachbach, and leaving, after the railway station has been seen across the stream to the right, the road to St. Georgen on the left.

Triberg presents to the traveller a long, steep, and formidable hill. A motor omnibus plies between the station and Schonach, which is upon one of the heights to the right. It passes through Triberg market-place, and there you will find yourself well on the way to the waterfall. Besides the waterfall there is little in Triberg itself, with the exception of a fine view over the town and down the valley, to attract the traveller in search of the picturesque. There are few buildings there which are not either clock factories, clock shops, or clockmakers' dwellings. But the surroundings are very inviting. Innumerable paths take you into the forest, where vistas of grey trunks with their dark foliage above and the earth rock-strewn and rich with a luxuriance of bright moss below surround you on every side. The open spaces at the top, where barley, oats, and potatoes seem to flourish, present prospects of that clear exhilarating expansiveness which can only be enjoyed thoroughly when you have climbed for it. Triberg is not a place to be taken, as some guide-books suggest that it should be taken, in the interval between two trains. It is one of those insidious places which

with a little encouragement get their arms about you and hug you almost into patriation. You may stay a day there and leave gaily, thinking you have seen all and must be moving. But stay a month and you will wonder who invented months that they are so short.

I don't know that I am particularly interested in the fact that the waterfall at Triberg is the finest in Western Germany, or that it is 500 feet high, or that it carries over some millions of gallons of water every year. But I am interested in the natural tunnel which the dark firs form for it; in the huge boulders of granite, worn to smoothness and splashed to iridescence, that break the course of the water; and in the voice of it, and the relentlessness of it, and the almost malicious fascination of it. Bridges span the most approachable of its boulders—bridges of fir trees dragged from the forest and laid across with rough-hewn footboards to cover them—and from these bridges you can look down on the tumbling torrent, and in the immutability of its purpose get some idea of time, even as Tennyson did with the brook. Prehistoric man never saw the trees which shade you, nor the houses which you gaze out upon, nor the bridge on which you stand. But he saw that same waterfall.

On that way to it which passes the Schwarzwald Hotel (where they speak excellent English, though in print they instruct you to "wring the bell") there is a kind of rustic tower crouching back from the path. By day a notice invites you to throw your waste-paper into a recess at its base, and having no waste paper you pass it by, with just a kind thought for the housewifely instincts of the Town Council. But by night this tower is something much more than a receptacle for litter. From the upper storey of it,

reached by a stair that goes round at the back, a long blinding ray of electric light darts forth and illuminates the falls. People travel over continents and oceans to see that illumination, and they stay just a night, and go back again contented. So popular is it that the town feels justified in imposing on every visitor a tax of thirty pfennigs a day (if you stay a week there is the bargain rate of one mark fifty pfennigs), part of which goes to pay for the electricity. But the fall lighted by electricity is really a very poor artificial affair. Indeed, it looks much more artificial than it really is. There is no special reason why a pretty effect should not be obtained by throwing a ray of light on some dignified natural object. But somehow in this particular case it gives it precisely the appearance of a painted set-piece in a theatre. The strong light thrown on the fronts of the trees casts a black shadow behind them which outlines them and makes them stand out exactly like the sidewings on a stage; and the light on the rocks and on the water throws them all into a series of flat planes like masses of scenery. You must stand very near to see any rotundity. In fact, you must stand on the great block of stone which an enterprising photographer has appropriated as a foreground for groups of tourists with the waterfall as local colour. Or you can get a very good effect from one or other of the bridges, though it is a rather perilous climb in the dark. But if you stand some distance back where there is a good view by day—just far enough for the grasshoppers to be heard above the roar of the waters—it is one great ineffective piece of scene-painting. I am certain that Mr. Arthur Collins could do better at Drury Lane Theatre, or Mr. Tree at His Majesty's.

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might easily pass through the town without suspecting that it has any at all. Neither of them to look at is very remarkable. The smaller of the two is on a little, very steep footpath leading up from the market-place to a higher point of the main road—one of those inviting short cuts which make you wish you had held yourself patiently to the highway. The older and bigger church lies tucked away on a slope of the valley which leads up to Schonach, and has a good deal of elaborate gilding inside on the balcony pulpit and on all the three altars. There is a rather effective transparent back to the high altar, letting in a softened purply blue light. The adjacent Katholisches Pfarramt, which is connected with the church by a wooden bridge, has a curious kind of sundial, but as the sun does not reach it after noon, and in any case the numbers on it have been painted over, I doubt if it is accounted of much chronometrical value by those who see it oftenest. At the top of the sloping footpaths by which the church is approached from the road, there are little booths for the sale of cheap rosaries and other objects of piety. It is, in fact, a considerable place of pilgrimage by reason of a miraculous happening—another of the musical tree character—which brought about its foundation. It was towards the end of the seventeenth century that the heights round Schonach were occupied by Austrian soldiers, a party of whom, scouring the woods near Triberg, were attracted by strains of music which proceeded from the top of a lofty fir tree. Search revealed a carved image of the Virgin, placed there by a peasant who had been cured of leprosy by the waters of a spring which rises just behind the spot on which the church now stands. The soldiers treated their discovery reverently, and affixed an almsbox

to the tree. Pilgrims to the spring made such generous donations that the box soon yielded a sum sufficient to justify the starting of a church. This was begun in 1696 and finished in 1709.

A glance at the shop windows of Triberg, and at the nameboards of the factories hiding behind the main street, and particularly at the permanent exhibitions of local industries here and at Hornberg, will convince the visitor that he is well inside the clockmaking district. Several of the factories may be inspected, but those who go should leave their cameras outside, for there is a dread, only equalled in frontier fortresses, of foreign acquisition of secrets. If, though, you do not wear the look of one who can remember from a glance the details of very elaborate and ingenious machinery, you may see the whole process of clockmaking from sheet metal to packing case. One feels, perhaps, a vague sentiment of regret that machinery should so effectively displace the old hand-work which fostered the original Black Forest industry, but it does not altogether displace it. Hand and machine move side by side to the vast increase of employment. In the greater number of clocks machines begin and hands finish, and the fitting together of these machine-made parts occupies very many people. I have been told that all the waiters in all the hotels become clockmakers in the winter—a frivolous friend of mine suggested that they live on tick—and it is a rather pleasant dream to picture the majestic head waiter doffing his tails and putting together, with that supremely dignified manner of his, Big Ben, or something as important, while the piccolo gets back again into knickerbockers and erects a cuckoo clock. But I am afraid the dream has little reality. I have never yet broached the subject to any waiter who did not tell me that he flies away to Italy,

still waiting, as soon as the Black Forest season is over. And a waiter nearly always tell you the truth about his private affairs. I knew a waiter once—but that is neither here nor there.

The idea of making clocks was given to the people of the Black Forest, as I have already told, by a glass-hawker. The first primitive clock was brought by one of these pedlars from Nuremberg about the close of the seventeenth century. The peasants at Schönwald and elsewhere soon established the industry, but some fifty years passed before a striking clock was produced. About the middle of the eighteenth century the wooden mechanism which had till then served, somewhat spasmodically, to mark the flight of time, was replaced by metal. When metal wheels had spread into common use, some one discovered how to imitate the cuckoo, and so we come forward to quite modern days. Many variations of the cuckoo notion have competed for its popularity, but it holds its own, and I have a suspicion that the inspiration of a good many letters to English newspapers in the early spring might be traced to its lifelike notes.

Machine-made timepieces, though now they are responsible for a more prosperous state of things than could ever have obtained on the old lines—a huge trade is now done in "American Clocks," dealt a hard blow at the Black Foresters when they first came into the field. The blow was fatal to much of the picturesqueness of the old industry. The hawkers with their ticking load, once a familiar sight, are now seen no more, and for some years it looked like being fatal altogether, for the ingenuity which could imitate a hand-made article could not rise to the imitation or invention of machinery. But in 1877 the German Government came to the rescue, and established a school for clockmaking

and wood-carving, and the stricken workers rallied. This school is at Furtwangen, where, in the museum, a practical study of the history of the industry may be most pleasantly made.

One of the many walks which are worth taking in the neighbourhood of Triberg is out to Schonach by the road past the old church—you can, if you like, climb the worst part of the hill in the motor omnibus for about fourpence—and back through the woods to the top of the waterfall. If there you take the rather steep path down to the right—it is unsafe in the winter, but I am writing of the summer—you can get a better idea of the falls' 500 feet of height than you can get from below. Under the little bridge near the restaurant above it comes flickering along, and in between its innumerable pools, with their surface scarcely rippled, it roars you as gently as any sucking-dove. It is about half-way down that the real thing begins. You can recognise the place, if you are likely to mistake it, by the stone built electric power station which has been erected there. This is not visible from below, by the way. Thence downwards you may count the cascades, seven of them, and sit between whiles in little rustic summer-houses—the Jenny Rest, one of them is called.

Schonach has a church curiously well provided with doors. As if the original one at the west end were not sufficient, no fewer than four of the windows, two on each side, have been opened down to the ground and patched with the local granite. Inside there are a quaint set of fifteen pictures representing stages of the cross, and an interesting pulpit set balconywise in the north wall. It is painted crudely to resemble marble, and on the right of the preacher a hand stands upholding a crucifix, all painted in colours intended to be natural. The central altar and the two on either side

are elaborately painted and gilded in a style similar to the pulpit, and are not very attractive, but there are two very old-looking table lecterns, one for each of the side altars, which took my fancy. They are of primitive turnery, decorated with chip carving. The octagonal spire is covered with the little wooden tiles which are a distinctive feature of the fir-growing districts, and look remarkably like small slates until you examine them carefully.

The first time I took the walk through Schonach, which I have mentioned, I lost my way. Not hopelessly, for I knew well enough the direction in which Triberg lay, but the right path takes some finding, in spite of the friendly signposts and little coloured discs displayed by the various tourist societies, or perhaps because of the over-minuteness of their directions. Anyhow, I decided to go to Wolfbauer, where there is one of the very elaborate rustic crucifixes, and where, according to the map, a road went right and left, and the left was right. I took the path shown by the signpost near the church overlooking the valley, which seems unaccountably strewn with granite boulders until you realise that the rich thick grass of the fields is merely a thin cloak for the bed of rock. I found the parting of the ways and followed the left, but it seemed to me that I was striking inland in the Schönwald direction, and so I left the road and struck across country. This turned out to be very much more interesting than the beaten track. I passed through stubbly tracks of old fir roots and new young trees planted for some future cutting, and I came upon a little copse where granite workers were chipping and shaping the rough boulders until they were fit for carting. Their little settlement included a forge for re-sharpening the

cold chisels. Several times I asked the way and was always told I was right for Schonach, the one place I wished to avoid. But at length by persuading them that there must be a road, or at least a path, to the top of the falls, I induced them to tell me that there was, and I found it taking quiet tracks among patches of wild flowers growing from the glorious carpet of purple heather. There seemed to be some fatal magnetism about Schonach. All roads led there or were said to, rightly or wrongly, even as all roads are said to lead to a certain spot in London. But there *is* a path to Triberg waterfall and I now know where it is. I am not going to tell, though, because there is infinite pleasure in the finding of it. And there is experience too. You will learn the great truth that belongs to Black Forest footpaths, namely, that the one which seems to go to the place which you wish to reach is not necessarily the one which will take you there. Black Forest paths have a wonderful trick of twisting and turning and doubling on themselves. I started on that walk from Schonach determined to keep to the heights, and it seemed that whenever in a choice of paths I took the higher, it came ridiculously back to Schonach, or else led to the open country due south. I will give away this much of the secret. The right path makes one dip into a valley and up the other side. It skirts a farmhouse in the hollow and ascends the hill again. Then there are three distinct tracks to choose from. Take the one to the right. *Experto crede*. I tried all three. A very favourite short trip from Triberg is to the Stöcklewald Tower, from which a fine panorama of the surrounding country is to be obtained. You can see far beyond the recognised limits of the Black Forest. In the direction of St. Georgen, for example,

and just to the right of it, rises the steep cone of Hohenzollern with its castle, and on a clear day there is a very distinct distant line of Alps ending in the Bernese group. The tower is reached most pleasantly by the new forest road which winds up from the Schwarzwald Hotel. On this road the Geutsche signboard is the one to follow. Or one may climb to it by most of the paths which thread the forest from the neighbourhood of the waterfall. The road winds along the top of the hill for about a mile, and then a signpost at a junction of the routes gives the immediate direction. At this junction, if you have a bicycle, and have taken the trouble to push it so far, for it is too steep to ride much of the way, you have the chance of a splendid piece of coasting. Take the way to Rohebach, which is a scattered group of houses with a big church and a big school, and thence on to the high road at Schönenbach. You need hardly use the pedals once the whole way. At Schönenbach you may go to the right to Furtwangen or to the left to Vöhrenbach. From Vöhrenbach there is a winding uphill road to Langenbach, but it is not too steep to ride, and from there you have a run down of something like eight miles through Unterkirnach to Villingen. It would be impossible to conceive anything more beautiful of its kind than the road for about the middle four of these eight miles. It is a dense narrow tree-clad valley all the way.

Villingen wears the picturesque worn look of a town with a past; and there are signs also that it is a town with a present and a future. Its two broad main streets crossing one another, flanked with weather-beaten old houses, dotted with pleasing fountains, not less picturesque because they are useful, and terminated by arched gateways, are

speaking records of what has been. And the new villas, the factories, the busy railway, all without the line of the old walls are evidence of a prosperity to be continued. Villingen was originally an oval town, well walled and formidable. The exact number of the sieges which it has withstood need not trouble us. In one year alone of the Thirty Years' War it was beset some half a dozen times, and another single year of the War of the Spanish Succession saw it beleaguered four times. There were many other occasions. The great thing is that it only once capitulated. That was to an overwhelming force of French and Bavarians in 1745.

It is said that the father of that Duke Berthold of Zähringen who founded Freiburg had his seat there; but I hesitate to accept that theory, because it does away with the romantic legend of the charcoal burner of Freiburg, of which I shall have more to say in connection with that city. Whether or not Count Bezelin of Villingen was the father of Duke Berthold of Zähringen, one thing is certain—that in course of time the town passed into the possession of the Counts of Fürstenberg who still flourish as princes at Donaueschingen. Count Henry of Fürstenberg founded a Franciscan convent and a hospital of the Knights of St. John in the town of Villingen. He also built the Pfarrmünster, his place of burial. A gold and jewelled chalice still proclaims in a quaint inscription the gift of him, his wife, and his seven children. Later the town passed from this family to the Hapsburgs, and the Austrian peacock feathers still adorn its coat of arms. The town became part of Baden in 1806.

The Pfarrmünster has a curious reminder of the town's martial vicissitudes in a collection of cannon

balls suspended in full view of the congregation. The fourteenth-century pulpit, with its scenes in the life of Christ, is worth inspection, as are the artistic relics, including the Fürstenberg chalice, in the sanctuary. Not far from the church is the Rathhaus, a building affording glimpses of many aspects of mediævalism. An early sixteenth-century Council Chamber with some fine carving gives evidence of civic importance. A dismal suite of torture chambers, approached by an ancient staircase, and known as the Witches' Prison, tells of departed zeal in the inculcation of moral rectitude. And a museum contains various valuable examples of ingenuity and art of a rare standard of excellence. Here there are musical instruments, old books, coins, metal work, pottery, and implements of torture. A reputation as locksmiths, held in bygone days by the workmen of Villingen, is here shown to have been well founded; and the potters are not less reputably represented. Amongst these last, Hans Kraut, the sixteenth century master—he was born in 1520 and died seventy years later—is pre-eminent. A stove by him is a valued possession of the British Museum. Another industry, that of the wheelwright, is worth mentioning. Here is an old record regarding it: "In the year 1562, on the Monday in Holy Week, Füglin's son-in-law made a wheel, a perfect one, and rolled it the same day from Villingen to Rothweil and back, and spent as much as the wheel was worth at the tavern—all in one day. He did it for a wager; Martin Billing bet a crown, and Matthew Shüttle, the butcher, a thaler. The wheelwright won, and an honest councillor made him a present of a florin into the bargain. This same wheel is still to be seen here in the Rathhaus to this day."

Rothweil figures more than once in Villingen chronicles. Romeius Mans, the giant whose portrait

adorns the tower of St. Michael, once lifted the gate of Rothweil from its hinges, and, following a notable Biblical example, bore it in triumph to his native town. On another occasion Romeius assisted a pair of oxen, who were unable to draw a waggon loaded with two great tree-trunks, by putting the animals into the waggon and drawing the whole load himself. He was a great man, this Romeius, the last of the Black Forest giants, and by reason of his strength not only a hero to the lesser folk of his town, but a sad thorn in the flesh of the greater ones. Several times those in authority tried to have the law of him for disrespect. Once they got him into prison, but he escaped, to the great joy of the populace. Finally, he went for a soldier and died honourably on the battlefield.

I had the good fortune to be in Villingen on a day during the very interesting exhibition held there a year or two ago when the late Grand Duke of Baden paid a visit. Such an auspicious occasion—I use the phrase in its best possible sense, for the old Duke never paid a visit to a town which he did not leave the happier for it—such an occasion gave the chief personages of the town an unrivalled excuse for appearing all day in the full glory of evening dress, and thus arrayed I had the felicity of seeing them. But the occasion also afforded an admirable excuse for the country folk to don their distinctive costumes, and there was the chance—a chance which is becoming increasingly rare—of seeing at one time an example of every variety of the Black Forest dress.

One of the things worth doing if you are making a stay at Villingen is to go to church at St. Georgen, one of the few places—Gutach at the beginning of the valley is another—where the distinctive local costumes are to be seen. Most visitors do this from Triberg, but they

must be up rather early in the morning to do it, for the service begins at 9 a.m. and is over in about an hour. There is sometimes a later service at one o'clock which lasts till about half-past one, but the earlier is the one best attended. The only way to get there from Triberg is to take the road, driving or on foot. There is a train from Triberg to St. Georgen at something after 6 a.m., but that would give you an hour or two of waiting till the service begins, a tedious experience, for there is not very much to see at St. Georgen, at least on Sundays, besides the costumes. For the cyclist the climb from Triberg to Somerau at the top of the hill is rather steep and winding, and altogether too tedious to be recommended. It is splendid in the reverse direction, but going, no. The scenery is grand all the way to the top, and you pass the particularly charming little village of Nussbach, with a pretty church in its midst, and the tiny chapel which I have already mentioned overlooking it. The church spire of St. Georgen may be discerned over the brow of the hill a very long time before you reach it. It looks exceedingly new for a town which used to have a Benedictine monastery dating from about the time of our William the Conqueror, and in fact it is very new. A fire took away the old church in 1865, as another had swept off the monastery some two-and-thirty years earlier. There is now very little at all that suggests age about the town. It is brisk and busy, but it finds time to keep its houses so well painted that if any of them are old you cannot detect the crows' feet through the make-up. For enamelling is one of the great industries of St. Georgen. Clock faces and iron notices in various colours are the chief products. The town does a very brisk trade in those little labels marked "Verbotener eingang," or "Halt!" which are so irritatingly frequent all over

Germany. But useful labels are made too. In the middle of the group of iron enamel plates displayed when I last visited the town's perpetual exhibition of local work, I saw one marked "Oxford Street." A great number of clocks are made there, and there is also a considerable amount of furniture. Plaiting of straw and palm leaves, an imported product, which used to keep a good many hands occupied, seems now to be dying out. The Gewerbe Halle, like its brothers at Triberg and elsewhere, is supplied with an orchestration of local manufacture, and those of them which I have heard are remarkably good.

When you have done with St. Georgen I recommend a further progress towards Peterzell, and thence to the Moravian settlement at Königsfeld. The church at Peterzell, Protestant since about the seventeenth century, is said to have been built in the time of Charlemagne. I cannot vouch for the truth of this. It has been enlarged to about twice its original size by expanding the width, but it still remains small. Parts of it are unmistakably very old, notably the tower, with its rather weather-beaten death's head set in the side wall, and the nave with its vaulted roof curiously painted. There is on a bracket a quaint figure of the church's patron saint, Peter, displaying his key, but this dates no farther back than 1787. The clock and one of the bells—there are two, one a modern copy of the other—are also of respectable antiquity. The villager, the local St. Peter who unlocked the door and showed me over, performed for my benefit a number of interesting experiments with the clock's internal arrangements, with the object of proving to me that it could still strike, which it could not.

There are two ways of going from Peterzell to Königsfeld. One is a good road leading from Peterzell

railway station—which is some distance from the village—through the forest. If you are driving that is the only way, but for walkers and cyclists (who must get off and push their machines) there is a stony cart track branching off from the main road just beyond Peterzell church. This is the better way of the two. You go through the forest just the same, but you have in addition a superb view over miles and miles of fields and tree-tops and roofs, including those of Königsfeld itself. About due east the distance is only bounded by the mountains.

One's first impression of Königsfeld from this direction is that it is a remarkably smart little suburb of, say, Berlin lifted bodily by some American house juggler, and conveyed to this solitary spot in the Black Forest for the benefit of visitors who go to be "cured" by its summer air. This effect is more or less fortuitous, and due to the fact that the newest houses happen to have been built on the Peterszell side, for on close inspection the place loses this suburban character, and appears more definitely what it is.

All Moravian settlements have a sort of family likeness in Germany. During a casual visit to Königsfeld there is very little of the distinctive dress of the Moravians to be seen. When you do see it, a plain white cap is the most noticeable article of the women's attire. Married women have a blue ribbon on it, widows a white one; with girls under eighteen it is a bright red, and with girls older than that pink. You may be fairly certain of seeing it on Sundays at the meeting-house services.

If you are staying at St. Georgen and you happen to have a bicycle with you, you could make worse use of it than in riding to Schramberg or Schiltach, through the Berneck Valley. From Schiltach, or, if you care

to go on farther, from Wolfach, or Hausach, you can take a train back to your starting-place. The possibility of getting a train, too, makes it a convenient walk, though I prefer it myself as a bicycle ride because it is downhill the whole way to Hausach. At first, that is after a short preliminary rise at St. Georgen, it is all definitely downhill. After that the down grade is just sufficient to make cycling easy. At St. Georgen you have to find the Schramberg road. It is in a part of the town which seems not over interesting, until you recollect that somewhere in every one of the rather blank-looking houses which you pass there is some one making a cuckoo clock, or an orchestration, or a toy consisting of two bears beating alternately on a block of wood. This may interest you, or it may not; but you must pass these dull-visaged dwellings before you can get out on to the road you want. Once there you climb just a little bit more—for you have been climbing in St. Georgen all the while you have been finding the road if you have been going in the right direction—and you are on a level stretch with the pine woods on each side of you. Emerging from this you come upon an open tableland, the woods falling back into position as distant boundaries. Your road is lined with a variety of trees, some of them silver birches, and between these, spreading over a stretch of hillside away down to your right, you can see the village of Buchenberg. It has a pre-occupied air and you pass it by, for immediately afterwards on your left you get a long glimpse of the valley down which you are to go. It is really a continuation of the tableland, broad and spacious, but as you descend into it, taking a long sweep of road along which pine groves shut it from your gaze, and emerging well in its midst, you find it full of delightful details of prettiness. You pass many scattered

houses, few of them sufficiently collected together to seem worthy of a common name, though some of the groups have one, and come at length to Thennenbronn, which you see from a distance and recognise by two church spires. One of these churches you pass on your left in the village street—its door is shaded with a couple of horse-chestnut trees—and the other you see on your right as the road winds out again under a small avenue of more chestnut trees, leaving the village behind. All this time one has been coming to closer terms with the valley. There have been places where it has narrowed for a few yards while the stream which is bearing you company cuddles round a mass of boulders and the road is edged over towards it by a brow of hills. These little matters are just vague hints of what it has in store for you later. In the narrowing part beyond Thennenbronn it becomes increasingly difficult to tell in which general direction the road is really going. Continually you see ahead of you places where it seems that it must stop altogether. These again are just hints. Almost before you know it you are in a narrow defile, a ravine, in a small way almost a cañon, and for nearly a mile the road winds and winds so that it would puzzle a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society to map it out from memory. In places it is so narrow that there is barely room for both the road—a good fifteen feet of the best the Black Forest can show—and the little turbulent stream—a good trout stream, by the way. Sometimes great masses of rock rise straight at your side; sometimes there is a slope, rocky always, with a thick burden of trees and bright undergrowth. But however it is you can never see very far ahead of you or on either side, and if you look back you wonder where you have come from. It is like all the Hell valleys in the Black Forest rolled into one and multiplied. Yet I

think it has no such name. It is simply the Berneck Valley without legend that I have been able to trace, without romance of nomenclature. The ruined castle of Falkenstein high up on the left marks where you near the end of it. The actual end comes with a great thin wall of jagged rocks beyond the castle. It is like a giant's saw, this wall of rock. Why the devil in his numerous interesting incursions into the Black Forest never made use of it only he can tell. It was there ready for him until the simple rustic cross which stands on the edge of its extreme end was erected by some pious preventist.

Beyond this saw-toothed ridge you pass a row of tenement houses of a type of which Scramberg seems to be particularly fond, and you know you are in one of the tentacles of that octopus of a town. The valley road which takes you down to Schiltach is not a bad sequel to the ravine, or prelude to it. It is of the same close rocky formation, and its windings, as I have said elsewhere, are bewilderingly numerous for the space they are in.

I suggested the possibility, above, of taking a train from Schiltach or one of the other Kinzig Valley towns back to St. Georgen. If you decide to do this you will possibly learn something of the official imperturbability of German railway men. On one occasion after I had made this trip my train was due to start from Hausach at 5.4 p.m. (Hausach is perhaps the best station to get a train from, as you must change there in any case). I arrived a little before five o'clock and found the platform crowded. Soon after twenty past five a disreputable-looking engine panted into the station with a tag-rag-and-bobtail of carriages. I made inquiries and was told that this train went to Hornberg, and so, doubtless, to St.

Georgen, though as to that I could get nothing definite. I could learn only that it was run solely in the interests of third and fourth class passengers. Taking another look at the train, I saw that this distinction was probably accurate. The carriages were mostly fourth class. How it was to get to Hornberg I do not know, because the engine-driver, whom I asked, intended to take it to Schramberg, and no train in its senses could get to Schramberg and Hornberg as well. Then I made inquiries about my 5.4, which, in the time-table at any rate, was a respectable train. There were nearly a dozen officials on the platform, all with very pretty uniforms, but none of them knew anything about it. One of them showed me his pocket time-table to prove to me that there really was a 5.4. At last there appeared on the wall, whence I know not, a notice to say that the 5.4 train coming from Offenburg would arrive thirty-five minutes later. Who put the notice there, or whether it was given forth by some mysterious inner power that worked the railway in secret, I do not know, but I do know that punctually to the tick that train arrived thirty-five minutes late. The other passengers all took it as a matter of course. But then, to be sure, there was a refreshment room open to the platform.

CHAPTER XII

FROM TRIBERG TO WALDKIRCH

Trout for "cure" visitors—The real clockmaking centre—Exhibition of local industries—Musical clocks—Unsaintly saints—The Simonswaldthal—A modern miracle—Zweribach—The Angel Inn—Three unpaid workers—Dangerous bell ringing—The birth-place of barrel-organs—The Forest church—A bad bargain—Water legends—The White Lady's treasure—Golden beans—Goethe and Emmendingen—A Christmas Eve pastime—Advice from a horse—Henry of Bourbon—The retired tailor.

MY favourite way of leaving Triberg, and I think it beyond question the best, is by the road to Schönwald and Furtwangen. This turns to the left out of the Schonach road just beyond the old church, and leads up the right hand side of the waterfall. It winds about and about, as all these hillside roads do, and its bends afford every now and then the best views that are to be had over the town of Triberg. So you can go on saying good-bye to the town from different heights until at length that first piece of preliminary sparring, with which the waterfall practices for its great effort lower down, distracts your attention. It is a good long way to Schönwald, and the way is all uphill, but you must not lose heart, for you are to be amply repaid later for the climb. Personally, I am not convinced that the little clockmaking place justifies its name when you do reach it. It has a big church in its midst, and a tiny chapel on the hillside

above its houses, and they are not any of them particularly picturesque. But the air attracts many visitors for the "cure," and they contrive to grow rapidly convalescent on a diet of the excellent local trout.

The road to Furtwangen out of Schönwald is still on the upward grade, and remains so till the Cross hostelry is reached. On the left we look across great sweeping curves of open country, patched here and there with firs, to the Stöcklewald Tower. In the middle of this vast lonely place there is another of those tiny chapels. In the public room of the Cross, an epicurean rhyme urges visitors to drink. I did not gather that the exhortation was very necessary.

From the Gasthaus zum Kreuz there is a fine piece of downhill road into Furtwangen. On the right we pass what I take to be the original of the very elaborate crucifixes which I have mentioned before. This is the oldest of its type I have seen, and is now not quite so perfect as it used to be. The Roman soldier, in Prussian uniform, piercing the side of the crucified figure is missing, but a great number of the other insignia are there. Furtwangen is the most important of all the clockmaking towns. Triberg, I fancy, lays claim to the first place, but I give the palm to Furtwangen, for here, as I have said, the German Government has a school to assist the industry. In Triberg the visitor will find a good many more evidences of the local occupation than he will find at Furtwangen, but this is due not to there being more clocks made there, but to there being more visitors. Furtwangen has no waterfall. It has, however, a good deal better permanent exhibition of local industries than Triberg. It has indeed the best in the whole district. There is an

extraordinarily fine collection of old clocks in which one may trace their progress from one which is believed to be the first Black Forest clock ever made. It has been in existence since the middle of the seventeenth century, and was made at Glashof, near Waldau, which is a few miles away. It is a half-day clock, and consequently commands the attention of a winder every twelve hours, though nowadays the command is not obeyed. Furtwangen made the first musical clock, and it exercises a good deal of originality in that direction still. There is an old clock with a marvellously good imitation of a lark's song. One of the specialities here is clocks with toy figures, which, when the hour strikes, toll bells or walk on tightropes, or turn somersaults, all the more amusingly because the actions are not remarkably lifelike. Furtwangen also produces very pretty baskets of plaited straw, and hats of the same material. It is a place of ingenuities. I was particularly struck when I was there last by an ash-tray at the door near a notice forbidding smoking. This was divided into numbered grooves in which gentlemen could leave their cigars, to be reclaimed on coming out of the exhibition.

Furtwangen has two churches, one of which, the newer, covered entirely with the little wooden scale-like tiles of the Black Forest houses, is chiefly remarkable for its imitation stained glass windows. I don't think I ever saw anything of the kind quite so inefficient. They are made of some sort of white cotton material, stretched on frames which fit into the inside of the window spaces. On these are painted figures which look very much less saintly than they are intended to look.

Beyond Furtwangen the road goes up again, and

we look back on the busy little town lying in the midst of great sweeping curves of cornfields and grazing ground. Farms are dotted about, and you may see children plodding off to school with a knapsack on their backs, or making themselves very valuable about the yards. I saw, when I was there last, one tiny person driving a black brood of chicks and their mother with a long-lashed whip. At the top of the hill there is a little laid-out plantation with two very welcome seats under trees where the road joins two others, one leading to Neukirch and the other to Gütenbach. You can see from here the distant peak of the Feldberg, with its restaurant, a small speck on the top. You can see, also, the Kandel farther along on the left. To Gütenbach we descend, and begin for the first time to taste the reward for the long climb up. The village is a charming little place, nestling under the hills in a corner of the road. Just beyond it we come suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, so great is the change, on the part which we have taken this direction to see. It is the Wildgutachthal, or, more generally, Simonswald. Its rugged grandeur breaks upon one almost like a thunderstorm. You have come down the road from the Hirsh Inn at the top, and it has been charming, but not more charming than what you have seen of the Black Forest has led you to expect. But here, I think, Black Forest valley scenery reaches its zenith. A steep rocky gorge stretches down far below you, curving round into the dim blue glory of the distance. A laughing stream flings itself against the rocks of its bed in the middle. Your way, like a mountain pass, hugs the right hand side, the almost precipitous slopes stretching down from it to the tree-tops and up from it to heights hidden with the massing foliage. On the

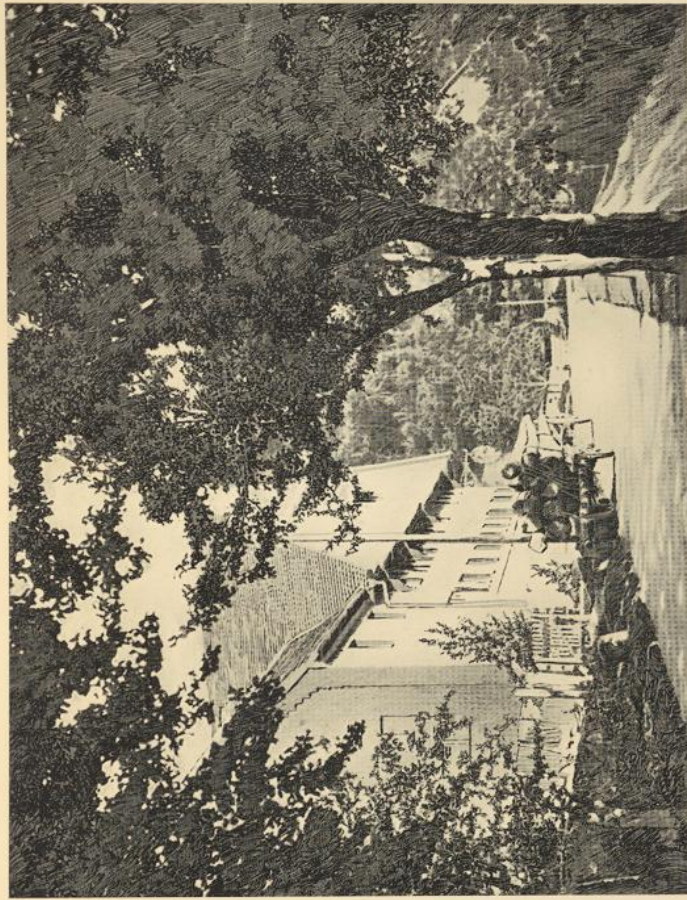
far side are sprinkled houses with their little cultivated squares of garden, and tiny paths cross and recross the fields all set at an angle that must almost demand an alpenstock. There are miles of this, the view changing every minute as you pass through. And always under your feet there is that marvellous road, with its sides as parallel and its fifteen-foot width of surface as smooth, and its edges as free from weeds as a garden path. Gulleys at regular intervals are cut in the beautifully trimmed grass at the sides of it. There are rock-built walls in the more dangerous places, and pieces of roughly hewn granite at others. It curves wonderfully round the sides of the hills, flinging itself hither and thither, seemingly, with a rare eye for the only line it can take to maintain its uniformity of gradient. The engineering of it is a triumph, but the maintaining of it is something like a miracle. It has one fault, perhaps. Though the slope is slight, unless you are walking it takes you down too quickly.

The name Simonswald is a corruption of Siegmanswald, "Forest of the Conquerors," an echo of the fighting men who drove the Celts from this valley into the Prechthal. The men of the Simonswald long held, subject to the convent of Waldkirch, certain rights which they fought hard to preserve.

On the left below Gütenbach as we go down we pass the Zweribach Falls, but in the summer they need a good downpour of rain to make them worth a visit. It is quite easy to go down the road on the right without noticing them. To take the path by these falls is a favourite way of ascending the Kandel. The valley gradually widens, and at the point where the road begins to become noticeably more level there is a delightful wayside inn, the Angel. It is one of the

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original Black Forest guest-houses, built in the manner of the farms, and it is worth while, if you can spare the time and do not demand a French chef, to spend a night there. There is one thing at least that I can say for it: no French chef could make better coffee than it can give you. And the landlord will not overcharge. Indeed, the people of the valley have a reputation for honesty, which, since it is due to the existence of a certain playful being called the *Aschenmännlein*, is perhaps a virtue made of necessity. This *Aschenmännlein* makes it his particular business to look after those who are worsted in deals. He paid out a cattle-dealer once, who bought a calf from a peasant at less than half its value. As the rogue was leading his booty home the *Aschenmännlein* let the animal loose in a place where it was impossible to follow. He did a good many other acts of this kind, and now the folk of the Simonswald deal fairly.

One of the buildings dependent on the Angel is a very curious beehive—or rather colony of beehives. It has a front painted with crude figures and flowers and divided into a number of square divisions, each of which has its hole for the bees to enter. In the middle of these there is a doorway leading to a shed behind, and above the door is a rhymed motto which I venture to render:

“Willing workers that ask no fee,
Are the mill, the stream, and the honey bee.”

In the middle of this doorway hangs a bell-rope communicating with the bell above to summon the surrounding people to service on Sundays. Judging from the way in which the bees resented my last inspection of them, I do not envy the bell-ringer, even if he be the man who, so far as I could see,

went about perpetually with his head covered in muslin.

The distinctive dress of the women of this valley, which is much worn and need not be looked for only on Sundays, is a kind of black waistcoat—there is possibly a more technical feminine name for it—sometimes made of velvet and frequently decorated with bright colours, worn over a short-sleeved white blouse, which is fastened with bands above the elbows. The hat is low-crowned and broad-brimmed, the front curved down over the eyes, and has black ribbon streaming behind.

The roadside through the lower part of the valley is dotted with houses at frequent intervals, and it isavenued, as are all the lower valleys, with fruit trees. Where several of the houses happen to be grouped together they have managed to acquire a special name and to rank as hamlets with a toy chapel, but for the most part the name Simonswald does for all of them. A post omnibus with four horses plies up and down, and one of the groups of houses is marked by the Crown Post-House, another charming old inn. Hard by it is a fine old lime tree, whose roots, with a little cutting and coaxing, have formed seats, and whose shade protects several surrounding houses. Opposite the Crown is a garden which might be in England, with its phloxes, lilies, and roses, and its orchard beyond. Indeed the flowers along this road are magnificent. Where there are not gardens there are tubs with, generally, hydrangeas.

At Bleibach we meet the railway, and the valley broadens to a wide and fruitful plain, the Elzthal, well fed by the river, which, beginning in numerous small streams in the branching valleys of the Simonswald, has at length become a waterway of respectable size.

A lovely chapel on the Hornberg, above Bleibach—we saw this from the Prechthal—commands a very extensive view towards Freiburg. Waldkirch is about a mile and a half farther on. First we pass through Kollnau, which forms almost an outlying quarter of Waldkirch, though it is on the other side of the river. This part of the town, if we are to call it so, is not attractive. It is rapidly growing in the direction of the Elzthal, and the growth is necessitated by its increasing importance as a manufacturing centre. Excepting a few pleasant villas there is little besides factories and the workers' dwellings. Waldkirch produces cotton, silk, and linen, does a good deal of dyeing and stone-cutting (which sound like consecutive ideas, though they are not), and has some reputation as the birthplace of barrel-organs, a reputation to which it lives up by making orchestrions. These are all things of to-day, but the town has a good many points of ancient interest, including the old convent of St. Margareta, a building which has seen many vicissitudes, including its use as a hotel.

The church, as the name of the place suggests, is on the edge of the forest. The present building, which is highly decorated internally, is not more than a couple of centuries or so old, but a much older church stood once on the same site. The ruined stronghold of Kastelburg looks down on the town from a commanding position not far from the railway station.

Romantic legend places in this castle, the Schwarzenberg as it was formerly called, the scene of an interesting act of supernatural justice. Sir Conrad of Schwarzenberg was in every possible way a bad lot. He oppressed his tenants; his hunting parties rode over their ripe corn; he was a terror with their daughters. A certain peasant maid Janet was as beautiful as she

was chaste. Her father, like George Washington's, had a favourite cherry tree which grew before his door. Sir Conrad looked upon Janet and found her fair. Determined to possess her he ordered her father to deliver her forthwith at the castle. The father protested, and at length the knight made terms. The peasant must, he said, bring to the castle either his daughter or his cherry tree, roots, branches, and all. That, he reckoned, would settle the matter as he wished it to be settled. The peasant took home news of the impossible condition, and there were weeping and lamentations. But a dwarf happened to hear, and very soon he set things right. At midnight appeared a great waggon drawn by three black horses, and with surprisingly little trouble the cherry tree was uprooted and hoisted thereon. The castle gates flew open at their approach, and the sturdy dwarf summoned its lord. Sir Conrad was very much surprised, and when the dwarf told him that the three horses were three of the knight's ancestors borrowed for the night from hell, where they were expiating their crimes, he fell down in a fit which proved fatal.

This castle seems on the whole to have been unfortunate. At an early period of its history it had no water supply. This inconvenience was tolerated until one day there arrived a stranger, who, by means into which no one troubled to inquire, found a spring. Such was the joy of the dwellers that the knight straightway gave the stranger his daughter in marriage. But the stranger was not a marrying man. He allowed the preparations to go forward until the very wedding feast was served. Then the lady suddenly expired, while from the spring came a torrent which flooded the valley and permanently ruined the mines of the district.

Another spring legend relates to the Kandelfelsen, a picturesque rock near by, at the foot of the Kandel. The stream which gushes out at this spot dates, as did the Schwarzenberg one, from a period in which water was scarce. A reward was offered to any one who could find a spring, and a stranger, possibly the same stranger, arrived, and, selecting a particularly simple-looking yokel, offered to show him how to win the prize. The yokel told his sweetheart, and she, scenting mischief but having an eye to the main chance, advised him to do nothing without invoking the Deity. The youth bore this in mind, and when the stranger directed him to lift a great stone from the ground he tried with the words "in God's name." Forthwith there were infernal alarums and excursions—earthquakes, flashes of lightning, sulphurous fumes, and the rest of it—but the stone came up and a remarkably fine flow of water was the result.

Waldkirch is a good place from which to visit the ruins of Hochberg. The road through Buchholz and Lörch leads to them, and of these two hamlets Buchholz is a particularly charming piece of rustic prettiness. Hochberg lies behind Emmendingen—if one considers, that is, that Emmendingen faces out towards the Rhine. I am afraid that this is not a very accurate description, but its position on the map gives it that appearance. However this may be, Hochberg lies pretty near Emmendingen, but one gets a glimpse of it up the little valley of which Sexau fills the mouth. The castle covers a good deal of ground and its legends cover a good deal of paper, both pleasantly enough. The earliest of its heroes is Hacho, one of Charlemagne's knights, who is said to have received the castle as a reward for his exploits with his monarch in Italy. He still dwells there, they say, waiting with eleven other

warriors in some vast misty hall below the crumbling ruins, till the day when Germany shall have need of a deliverer. The majority of the romances relating to the castle—I cannot give them all—have some connection with gold. There is a White Lady who guards a great treasure-chest, and she, it seems, can be released of her trust only by a child born on a Sunday. Statistics show that such children are not fewer than one-seventh of all the children born, but luck apparently does not bring them to Hochberg. One came once, a peasant, who passed the ruin at night with a sack of flour. The lady showed him her treasure and allowed him to take just so much as he could carry home without setting down the sack. Complying with this simple condition, he was to make as many journeys as he liked until the whole amount was taken. In the event he made only one journey, and that was not completed. On his way to his dwelling the attractions of the village inn proved too much for him, and he laid the sack on the floor while he drank his beer. When he went to pick it up not only was there no gold, but there was no flour and no sack. And that is the last chance the lady appears to have had. The treasure is still there, as many reliable witnesses attest. One of these was a peasant boy who saw at noon in the ruins nine baskets full of beans. He took a handful home and there found that the beans were gold. Returning for some more, baskets and beans had all vanished together with the gold in his pocket. The lady, doubtless, had taken occasion to investigate his birth date and found that it was not a Sunday. Another witness was a shepherd, who one Sunday afternoon happened upon twelve soldiers—possibly Hacho and his party—playing skittles. The shepherd's services were enlisted to replace the

skittles as they fell, and he received three gold pieces for his pains. These he seems to have been clever enough to keep, but he got no more, so there is still plenty left. Visitors with Sunday birthdays should go into training as weight-lifters and stay at an hotel not too far away.

Emmendingen is, of course, the scene of Goethe's "Herman and Dorothea," but I believe there is not much there to commemorate the fact excepting the Goethe Platz. It is a quaint bewildering town with its winding streets, and with, I think, some conceit of itself in that lying in the midst of fair fields it is not all agricultural. On the heights beyond Mundingen, which lies between Emmendingen and Köndringen, with its tapering openwork spire, are the ruins of Landech, and near them is the Brittenbronn, or more strictly Brigittenbronn, a well with an interesting story. It turns on the idea held widely by German peasants that bread (as we have seen in the legend of Althornberg) is in a much more real sense the staff of life than we hold it to be; that, in fact, it is a gift of God, and not to be lightly despised. There was in this district years ago a certain Lady Bridget, who, with an arrogant contempt for the popular superstition, once ordered that loaves should be put down so that she could cross a wide and muddy puddle which prevented her from reaching the well. Despite the protests of the people, this was done, and as the Lady Bridget put her foot upon the first loaf she fell dead.

We are wandering rather far from Waldkirch, to which I must return, but it will be convenient here to go on to Ettenheim and Lahr, and so complete this piece of the Forest's western boundary. The fringe of this boundary consists mainly of sunny plains which are less attractive to travellers than the shadier valley

roads, and the scattered tall poplars, which dot the fields and lend a French appearance to parts of it, do not provide much relief from the vine-planted low slopes which, little more than mounds, are far less picturesque than useful. On one of these mounds near Hecklingen is the ruin of Lichteneck, which seems to assume an importance that it hardly deserves by reason of its isolation as an outpost among the molehills. Those who have nothing better to do on Christmas Eve may go to it and listen for the silver bell, which on that night rings from the bottom of the castle well.

Between Ettenheim and Altdorf stands what is known as the Cross of Good Counsel. This marks the spot where fate settled for a certain young knight of Ettenheim a very momentous question. At a tournament at Strasburg he had fallen in love with two ladies, each of whom was endowed with all the rather stringent qualifications which he had decided his wife must possess. They were young and beautiful, and rich and well-born. One was fair and came from Freiburg, the other dark and a Strasburg lady. For the life of him he could not make up his mind which to take—there was from the first no doubt as to acceptance—and at last he left it to his horse. Starting to ride from Ettenheim, his mount took him first to Altdorf, and the chances of Strasburg rose, but suddenly the animal turned about and galloped to Freiburg, and Freiburg and the fair lady had it. But Ettenheim has seen more serious doings than this. Towards the end of the sixth century St. Landolin founded a monastery there. He was murdered by Count Giso for objecting to hunting, and five springs of medicinal power beneficial to the eyes sprang from his five wounds. These springs still bring sufferers

to the spot, though the religious establishment, not without protest, went the way of all such in Germany in 1802, and the monks' cells were put to other uses, including the manufacture of gold beading. The suppression of this monastery, the last great event in the town's history, created possibly little less stir than the occupation of the place by Mirabeau's army nine years before. Certainly it created far more than the dramatic arrest of Henry of Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, two years later. Before the French Revolution, Ettenheim belonged to the bishopric of Strasburg, and Cardinal de Rohan, whose name is inseparably connected with the story of the Queen's necklace, retired thither when he was compelled to fly from Strasburg, and lived there till his death in 1803. It was in March 1804 that Napoleon's soldiers succeeded by a carefully laid plot in capturing the duke, who, trusting in the security of German territory, had taken up his residence in Ettenheim in a house to which he gave the name of Chantilly. French spies disguised as hawkers gained the confidence of his attendants, and at dead of night he was awakened to find the house surrounded. It was hastily arranged, since the duke was unknown to the Frenchmen, that Baron von Grünstein, one of his companions, should allow himself to be arrested in his place, and this ruse might have succeeded but that the same idea occurred to the duke's secretary, who entered the bedroom, declaring that he was Henry of Bourbon, just as the baron had made the same declaration. The French officer accordingly made short work of it by arresting everybody, and the duke was subsequently identified unwittingly by the mayor of Ettenheim, who was summoned by a message to the effect that the duke wished to see him. The Duc d'Enghien was forthwith

conveyed to French territory, and the story of his unfortunate life ceases to be our concern.

Kippenheim lives in history as the birthplace of Stulz the tailor, who cut the smartest clothes in London in late Georgian times, founded the orphanage in the Lichtenthal, and died, Baron Stulz von Ortenberg, at Hyères in 1832. Lahr, at the mouth of the Schutter Valley, is identified, among other things, with the publication of a humorous almanac.

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CHAPTER XIII

FREIBURG

The shrewd charcoal-burner—An unpleasant dinner—Reading history backwards—Freiburg Cathedral—Good pictures—Night-watchers—An underground passage—St. Ottilien—A miraculous spring—Too urgent signposts—Freiburg's gates—A wife with a turn for humour—The fountain that runs wine—The discovery of gunpowder—The nail in the skull—San Loretto—A birds' shelter—The kidnapped brewer—The Venus legend—A great vintage.

THE road from Waldkirch to Freiburg skirts most charmingly the toes of the Kandel. To one's left are densely wooded slopes ; above, an arched aisle of trees ; to the right fields gloriously fruitful, with the river Elz making gay headway among them. In the distance stand up the hilltops of that detached volcanic island of the Black Forest, the Kaiserstuhl, a kind of oasis, comparatively barren, in the middle of the prolific Rhine lands of Breisgau. The railway veers off from us here, to the right, to provide the little village of Buchholz with a station. This our road misses, and we pass on to Denzlingen, which is remarkable chiefly for a very long street with a factory of negligible cigars at one end. In the middle there is a railway station, between one old church with a curious wooden openwork spire and the standing ruins of another, older and beautifully coloured by time. And so we pass through Gundelfingen and on to Zähringen, now practically a suburb of

Freiburg, with its ruined castle on the heights to the left.

This castle has a peculiar interest for the traveller to Freiburg, for the builder of the castle founded the city. Berthold, the first Duke of Zähringen, was what we should call a self-made man. That is to say, he was a man of keen business instincts, and one who seized his opportunities. To begin with he was a charcoal burner. One day he noticed among the ashes of his charcoal some molten metal, which some say was gold, some silver, but which was certainly valuable. Berthold burned more charcoal on the same spot, with the same result, and it was evident that he had discovered a mine. Soon he had a pretty hoard hidden in his hut. Now Berthold, it will be seen, was not confined by the limits of the charcoal-burning industry. Although he dwelt in the middle of the forest he knew what was going on outside. Thus it came to his ears that a certain banished emperor was living on the Kaiserstuhl. The emperor hadn't a penny to his name (that, by the way, is lost), but still he was an emperor, and as such, argued Berthold, worth financing. What does the charcoal-burner do, then, but approach his imperial majesty and strike a bargain with him. Berthold was to find the emperor the means to run an army, and the emperor was to find Berthold a title and as much land as he could see from the highest point of the Kaiserstuhl. The emperor agreed, and the matter went through successfully. Berthold got his land, built his castle, and as Duke of Zähringen became the great man of the countryside. He continued to be so, but he was not very popular, from all accounts. He is recorded as tyrannical, which doubtless means that, true to his instinct he always got a good price. Some of his

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deeds, however, are unconnected with business. Once, it is said, he instructed his cook to prepare for his dinner a human child. This was done, and the duke having by dinner-time thought better of it, the cook was beheaded for his pains, while his master founded by way of penance a couple of monasteries, one of which was that of St. Peter on the slopes of the Kandel. The duke's last act was characteristic. He took all his personal wealth and melted it down into one solid block, to encourage a hand-to-hand fight among his children, and to ensure that it should be inherited only by one who could show that he deserved it. History does not relate the immediate results of this move, but at any rate the duke was the first of a great family. The Grand Duke of Baden is its present representative.

Freiburg is entered from Zähringen by the long central street which, beginning and ending with new and prosperous-looking boulevards, passes through and out again straight to the Günterstal. I think that this is the best way to enter it, for it gives you at a glance some idea of the town's history. Indeed, the name of this street, the Kaiserstrasse, has in itself a hint of history, for it is named not after the emperor of 1870, who is honoured in streets and market-places innumerable, but after the Emperor Joseph II who carries us back a good century earlier. We read the town's history backwards, of course, in our progress along this street, starting from now, with the very new great buildings which will be shops and flats, and most comely ones, when they are finished, and wandering gradually into the mists of tradition as we see the imposing mass of the Martin's Gate across the road ahead of us, and then get that first glimpse of the Cathedral up the narrow little street to the left. But, after all, do we not always really read history back-

wards? However perfectly we may be able to project ourselves in the mind into past ages, there is always the conscious comparison. We look from our present standpoint; our investigations are an anachronism.

Freiburg has a history which is worth reading. It was founded as we have seen by that versatile charcoal burner Berthold, first Duke of Zähringen. This was in 1090, but it was under Berthold the third Duke that it received its present name and began to assume more respectable proportions than those of a mere village nestling at the feet of the castle of Schlossberg. Berthold III was taken prisoner by a warlike bishop of Cologne, who treated him so cruelly in his captivity that he determined if he should ever regain his freedom to celebrate the event by making a free town of his village, and build there a cathedral. In course of time he did get free, and from Cologne he brought with him the architect and workers to carry out his scheme. Freiburg was enclosed with a wall and there were four towered gates, of which only two now remain, and the Cathedral was begun. As the Cathedral stands now, it is among the finest Gothic buildings in Germany, but the oldest parts—the side towers, and the transept without, of course, the incongruous renaissance screens at each end—are distinctly Romanesque in feeling, for they were built at a time when the Gothic style in Germany had not yet been known sufficiently long to have produced masters. The nave and aisles were built next, and the choir, begun in the middle of the fourteenth century, was not completed till the beginning of the sixteenth. The tower dates from the thirteenth century, and is a triumphant combination of simplicity of form with elaboration of detail.

Externally the beautiful proportions, the profusion of statues and quaint gargoyles and other decorative

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sculpture, form a whole which to my mind is not less impressive than Cologne, in spite of the greater clear space which that city has been able to provide. The old market-place at Freiburg, with its fifteenth-century Merchants' Hall roofed with the quaint snake skin pattern of tiles and adorned with its vaulted colonnade and its statues of emperors of Germany, forms, set askew as it is, a far more fitting frame for the great pile than the modern railway station and hotels of Cologne form for her Cathedral. The only jarring note outside is the matching, with a corresponding portico on the south side, of the eighteenth-century screen of the transept.

Within there are more signs than there are outside of the flight of years. Hands less skilful than those of the early artists have made their additions. The statues of the Twelve Apostles, for instance, which stand on brackets on the nave columns, are scarcely worthy of their position, but on the whole there is not much visible to the ordinary worshipper that need distract attention by its lack of harmony. Some of the modern stained glass can bear comparison with the old, dating from the fifteenth century. The two side altars are superb specimens of carving, particularly that with the "Adoration" group. The pulpit, the work of Jerg Kempf in 1561, is said to have been carved out of a solid block of stone; this is not the case, though the joins are well concealed and the component parts are very large. One of the things which visitors should make a point of seeing is the very fine "Crucifixion," by Hans Baldung Grien, at the back of the high altar. This seems to me to be a piece of painting quite as worthy of notice as "The Nativity" and "Adoration of the Magi" by the younger Holbein which attract very much more attention.

There is one little fact about the spire of the Cathedral which brings one frankly face to face with the march of civilisation. Some ten years ago it was the picturesque custom to have men watching there by night for fires in the city. These watchers, one with a lantern and one with a great horn, took their stand at the part of the tower from which the tapering steeple springs. A long blast from the horn made the announcement, and the lantern was hung out to indicate the direction in which the fire was seen. In those days a fire by night was witnessed by hundreds of hastily dressed citizens. Now there are watchers still, but they have a telephone, and the fine fire engines play before but a sparse audience. It is less romantic, but I don't doubt that the fire brigade and the insurance companies are better satisfied.

It is said that from below the choir of the Cathedral of Freiburg an underground passage led to the castle or to one of the castles, for there were two, both destroyed by the French in 1744. If this be true, the entrance to it has long since been closed up and it has passed out of mind. One regrets such bluepencilling of a paragraph of history. There is a romantic fascination about a good underground passage such as this must needs have been, which, even if one may not come to practical acquaintance with it, should not be bricked out of existence. Certainly it must have been a stupendous passage, long and steep, and none too well ventilated. For the castle—there is little left of it now—stood high up on the hill which overlooks the Cathedral, and the straightest line which could be drawn between the two places would be a long one. The Schlossberg is reached by a very regular zigzag path which starts from the foot at the nearest point to the Cathedral.

One may reach it by taking the narrow passage—a good deal of the width of which is a waterway of the kind that is everywhere to be seen in Freiburg, carrying water from the river Dreisam—leading from the market-place surrounding the cathedral. The path takes you to a succession of terraces and promenades, from which are to be had a variety of views of the town spread round the hill below. Higher is a pavilion with a metal plate showing the direction of the points which are to be seen from it. It shows also the direction of various places which cannot be seen from it. London is one of these. So that if you are in a hurry to get back you know exactly which way to go. Higher yet, through woods threaded with a mazy network of paths, there is a bridge leading to Feldbergblick. A visit to this spot is a good prelude to an ascent of the Feldberg, for from it you can get some sort of an idea what that fine monster means for you in the way of uphill work.

A walk of perhaps three-quarters of an hour from the Schlossberg brings you to the chapel and spring of St. Ottilien. On the way, placed where meet several forest paths and three roads, one to St. Ottilien, and two to different parts of Freiburg, is a pretty curiosity of the log hut kind. It is something like a small circular Doric temple, but the columns are all covered with a smooth moss-grown bark. It is a good specimen of such artificiality. Instead of following the road to St. Ottilien, you may take a path running practically level on the hillside through woods of beech and oak. This at length brings you to a glimpse, through the trees, of three little groups of buildings shaded and almost hidden by other trees. If you have not seen the beauties of the way in coming, you will certainly see them in going back, for the spring that rises in the

chapel crypt has—or is believed to have, which is the main point—miraculous powers of healing the eyes. At the west end of the chapel, which is pleasingly painted inside, one descends a flight of steps to a little grotto enclosed within the chapel walls and under its roof. Here the spring rises in a small dungeon of its own behind an iron grating duly padlocked. Under this it trickles out and along a gulley in the flagged floor, and thence out into the valley below. Around the spring rustic piety has erected some very artificial-looking rockwork on which are a group of figures, besides flowers, moss, ivy, ferns, and the initials of the more barbaric and less blind pilgrims. St. Ottilien has attracted a good many people in its time, though I am not sure whether the spring or the dancing floor which used to be there has been the greater lure.

The legend of the spring of St. Ottilien dates from the early days of Christianity, and its principal actors are not Black Forest people but dwellers on the far side of the Rhine. A certain great baron had a beautiful daughter, Ottilie, whom he was anxious, like the Lord of Hornberg, to wed to a heathen prince. The maid objected, but objections were useless, and so she fled and found a boatman to row her across the Rhine. He landed her on the edge of the forest, and here she wandered in despair. Meanwhile her father had discovered the direction of her flight, and he was soon scouring the country in pursuit. The hunted girl took refuge in a little cave where she was at last found. As she was about to be seized she made a final appeal to Heaven. The rock closed about her, and nothing remained but a tiny stream of water. On this spot the chapel was built. I do not know by what virtue the water is good for the eyes, nor do

I see that that has any very logical connection with the legend. But so it is told. Objects of piety may be bought at a stall near the chapel—rosaries, crucifixes, and the like—together with picture postcards, but as the grotto is in too confined a space for the makers of picture postcards to do justice to it, one must needs see the spring itself to get much of an idea of it.

Back from the St. Ottilien Chapel another forest path leads to the Jägerhäusle. I cannot help thinking that this Hunting Lodge gives the sign-writers more trouble than it is worth. From all directions finger-posts urge you to it—through an endless number of delightful paths, it is true—but when you come to it it is nothing more than a rather second-rate restaurant with high-falutin ideas as to prices. But from the shady terrace where you consume these costly dainties—more costly than dainty—you get a pleasing view of the town in the distance, with the great mass of the cathedral on the left. The view is not so good as those to be had from the Schlossberg, because it is not from so high a point, but it is good.

The two gates which remain of the four originally giving admittance to Freiburg are known as the Martin's Gate and the Swabian Gate. They are picturesque buildings of some height. In regard to their width, and the space that they allow for traffic, they are as such things should be, or as it was right that they should be when they really were gates—not over hospitable to let in every one unquestioning, not too narrow for friends. The Swabian Gate has now plenty of room on one side of it, so that this is of no great importance, but the Martin's Gate might in a busy thoroughfare such as the Kaiser Strasse, where it stands, be considered to be in the way. It is to the

credit of the town that its people and its electric trams are willing to dodge through and round it without any thought of a grumble at being cramped for space. Temple Bar, it will be remembered, once stood in Fleet Street.

On the St. Martin's Gate there is a fresco depicting that episode in the saint's career when he shared his coat with a beggar. The other gate has a picture illustrating a legendary incident in the town's history, and below it is a little grotesque figure carved on a single stone, showing an imp taking, I think, a thorn from his foot. This, I am afraid, has no record. It is just a freak. But the picture's story may be told. It presents a pompous peasant standing gazing out of the picture at the town. In the background an underling is urging on a heavily laden waggon. The story is that this peasant, hearing that Freiburg was a place with some sort of a reputation, evolved in his brain, like the rich Yankee with Stratford-on-Avon, the great idea of buying it. So he told his wife to pack up all his wealth in a bundle for him, to take to offer. His wife, not over enthusiastic, sent him on his journey, and when in due course the good man came to bid, he found to his surprise not only that the people of Freiburg treated the suggestion with ridicule, but that his wife had done so too, for she had filled the bundle with gravel.

It is impossible to relate all the legends connected with the stones of Freiburg. They would make a book by themselves. And to trace some of them to their sources would require another book still. It is said, for instance, that any one who will take a bucket alone at midnight to the fifteenth century fountain, a charming little sculptured medley of soldiers and ecclesiastics, which stands in the Kaiser Strasse,

opposite the end of the street that leads to the Cathedral, will find not water issuing from it but wine. I have been alone by it at midnight myself, and I have awakened next morning without a headache. But possibly the bucket is essential. Another tale, perhaps not so difficult to account for, concerns the statue which commands the open space in front of the old and beautiful, though recently restored, university. This statue shows Berthold Schwarz, "Franciscan monk, doctor, alchemist, and the discoverer of gunpowder." People say he got the secret by selling his soul to the devil. The more matter-of-fact moderns who erected the monument in 1856 placed on it two bas-reliefs depicting the discovery. There is no devil. There is only, in one, a very harassed monk poring over chemical apparatus, and in the other a very surprised monk half turning from a crucible from which come fumes not unlike an exaggerated version of the Prince of Wales' feathers.

One should mention just one other little sign of a love for the supernatural. It is in the old cemetery. This is situated in Herdern, a suburb of Freiburg, a little way from the Zähringen Strasse, which is a continuation of the Kaiser Strasse. In the middle of the cemetery is a mortuary chapel, whose porch, by the way, is adorned with a quaint series of pictures of the Dance of Death. In front of the chapel is a crucifix, and at the foot of the crucifix is a skull with a frog peeping from below it, and a nail—it looks more like an iron ring—transfixing it. The story is that a rich burgher died suddenly and that his widow remarried, almost more suddenly, immediately after. Years later a gravedigger turned up a skull to which he was attracted by its seeming to

move. He discovered a frog to be the cause, but, more important, the investigation revealed the nail. He took it home as a curiosity—gravediggers do not object to such ornaments—and its fame was noised abroad. Conscience smote the widow and her lover, and they confessed to having murdered the burgher. They were hanged, and the skull with the frog and the nail was reproduced and set up as a caution to evil-doers. I am not over-keen on haunting cemeteries, but were it not for this rather gruesome piece of work the old cemetery is a wonderfully restful place. It is a mass of trees and tombstones and graves, much overgrown and neglected. And somehow that neglect—kept, I have no doubt, within reasonable bounds—gives it a great unpeopled calm.

The San Loretto Chapel is reached by an easy walk under the Martin's Gate and on to the Loretto Strasse. An electric tram will take you this distance for ten pfennigs. Turning to the right at the point where the tram ejects you, you pass the swimming baths at the entrance to the Güntersthal on the left, and immediately afterwards take a steep sloping pathway leading between enviable private gardens. The chapel, shaded by magnificent walnut and chestnut trees, faces you at the top. There is little to see on the spot, but there are magnificent views on three sides, over the Güntersthal, the town of Freiburg, and the spreading plains of Breisgau backed by the hills of the Kaiserstuhl, and, if you have chosen a clear day, the far more distant peaks of the Alps. It is best to come in the evening. The chapel itself, though small, is divided into three, the largest in the middle and two smaller at each end. Behind it, as you approach from the town, is what you expect on a German viewpoint, a restaurant, which is actually con-

nected with the chapel by a wooden bridge. I have no great wish to quarrel with the German authorities, but I think that this connecting link might have been refused sanction. And I think, too, that some other place than the walls of the chapel might have been found for the blue and white enamelled iron plate indicating the name of the path which runs past it. Beyond the chapel, up a further slope, is the Hilda Tower, whence a view over a wider range of country, though not necessarily a finer view, can be obtained. In this immediate neighbourhood I was reminded recently of one of the numerous little German societies which carry on unostentatious work in the forest. There is a diminutive wooden shed erected on a post under one of the trees, and one wonders what it can be until one sees the name of the association which placed it there—the Vogel Schutz Verein—the Birds' Protection Society. To appreciate this society's work at its true value one must be in the Black Forest during the winter. Then it really does, by sprinkling food, save a great number of birds from dying of starvation. But in the summer, when birds can conceivably shift for themselves, the society's little wooden shelters look—shall we say—a trifle babyish.

The Güntersthal, which lies on our right as we face Freiburg, is worth exploring. The village of Güntersthal had once a Cistercian convent which has seen changes, including its use as a cotton mill and as a brewery. Beyond the village is the castle of Kyburg, another place which has developed. Once its knights had names which were household words. Now people think more of the beer supplied by its restaurant.

On the left of Loretto is the Hexenthal and, beyond,

the Schönberg, where once stood the castle of Schnewberg. Here, unlike Kyburg, beer and knight made their reputation together. It seems that this knight was a particularly lawless confiscator of everything of worth which travelled into his domain. He was known widely for this engaging peculiarity, but his fame could not be considered to have been established until on a certain day he held up a Bavarian peasant, who was driving by with a great barrel. The knight insisted on knowing what the barrel contained, and the man straightway poured him out a foaming tankard. It was beer, but the knight had never tasted beer before, nor had he ever heard of it. He drank deep and approved, and the countryman lost no time in explaining that it was a rare vintage which he himself brewed, and one, moreover, which he could brew, if desired, in the knight's own castle. The knight most certainly did desire it, and the peasant was given permission to produce as much of the exquisite beverage as he could, provided that the knight and his men drank free. The Bavarian set to work and soon made a good thing of it. His beer became popular with the folk of the countryside. So popular, indeed, did it become that he felt justified in taking a high hand, and that was the beginning of the end. He refused to supply the knight and his men on the old terms. The knight threatened to cancel the licence, but his men would have none of that. They wanted their beer, even if they had to pay for it. The upshot of it all was that the knight got together a trusted band of followers (who were doubtless teetotallers) and stormed the brewery. Then the god of good liquor intervened and blotted out castle and brewery with an earthquake. Beer may still be drunk on the site, but the castle is no more.

Schönberg itself is famous for a certain cavern, the abode of a lady named Venus, whose charms were not less potent than those of her classical namesake. The legend—it is substantially that of Tannhäuser—has many homes, and nearly as many variations. In some the lady is actually the ancient goddess. The Schönberg version tells how a virtuous knight, married and with children, was caught in a storm while hunting, and took shelter in Venus' cave. Her allurements were enough thenceforward to wreck his life. He was unable to resist her attractions, although he had, we are told, every desire to do the right thing. So desperate was he about his immorality that he managed one day to drag himself away from the fair one to consult the Pope at Rome. The Pope said that the problem was beyond him. When his staff budded, he declared, and not before, would the knight find release. With this cheerless consolation back he went to the arms of his mistress, who took him, horse and all, into the cavern and closed the entrance. Soon after this the Pope's staff actually did bud, and so His Holiness instituted a search for the poor unwilling lover. When the search-party broke into the cave they found the knight and his steed turned to stone. Venus has never been seen since, but doubtless she is lying in wait for some other quarry as interesting.

At the foot of the Schönberg lies Ebringen, whose neighbourhood has the respectable distinction of being the first land on which the vine was cultivated in Germany. And the wine itself has claims to distinction, too. In 1839 and 1840 so plentiful was the grape harvest that there were not enough casks to store the liquor. Old wine was emptied out to make room for new, and empty casks actually sold for more

than full ones. In some places peasants were compelled by their masters to drink the old wine as serf duty, and when they got drunk on it the masters fined them, and so got their price—a truly Gilbertian transaction.

CHAPTER XIV

THE KANDEL

Footpaths only—A superfluous bicycle—The Kandelhof—The guest-book poet once more—A dancing floor—The sheep-dance—Recruiting witches—St. Peter—A jubilant innkeeper.

THE ascent of the Kandel is a favourite excursion from Freiburg, and I think it is best climbed from the Waldkirch direction, though there are others to choose from. Not a bad way, as I have said before, is from the Simonswald Valley at the point where the Zweribach waterfall joins it. It is rather farther to the top by this route, and there is the disadvantage that unless you happen to be staying near, and not just travelling from Triberg, you lose much of the Simonswald, which is too good to lose, though you get a view of part of it from the lower heights of the Kandel. Another way is through St. Peter, or up the Glotterthal from Freiburg. Whichever way you select it must be a walk. There are no roads at all on the upper part of the Kandel. In places there are vague cart tracks distinguishable from the grass by reason of their being more worn and more stony. There are very pleasant forest paths, but no roads. Therefore you cannot do the Kandel sumptuously in a carriage, nor will you find a bicycle of much use to you. Maps show a road some distance up from Waldkirch, past the Altersbach Hotel, but it is a poor sort of road, and

it gradually tails off into no road at all. From the Lower Simonswald Valley a similar road wanders up a little way from Ettersbach, and there are several short ways up in the St. Peter direction. But all these come to very little. The good road from Freiburg to St. Peter, after a few evolutions in a small space, turns back and goes down the Glotterthal to Denzlingen. So you must walk.

I do not know whether it is worth recording, excepting as a possible caution, that some long time ago when I was younger and less provident than I am, I took a bicycle over the Kandel. I scarcely remember now what particular circumstances induced me to do it, but I know that I had my bicycle at Waldkirch, and my other various belongings, including friends, at Freiburg. I wanted to climb the Kandel—it was my first time. I might have sent my bicycle to Freiburg by train and walked unencumbered. I might have done many things, but I elected to keep my bicycle with me. A vague pleasure that I had in prospect was a run down into Freiburg from St. Peter, and this I got and enjoyed, but I doubt, even at this distance of time, when the minor discomforts are forgotten, whether it really repaid me. There was the glory, of course. My bicycle, when I reached the top with it, made something of a stir. It was the first that ever burst into that silent scene, and perhaps that was worth it. But I am not sure.

The way from Waldkirch takes you past a pretty little waterfall half hidden in the trees, though a path leads to a bridge over it. You are within sight or hearing of the stream which makes this fall for quite half of the ascent, and afterwards other streams bear you company. Stepping over frequent felled trees that have buried their heels in the path, and crossing

and recrossing the little stream, you have gone two-thirds of the way when you reach a welcome log-shelter called the Albinhütte. Here a very cold spring, the Rau Quelle, starts its course down the hillside, and a piece of verse posted on a tree above tells its story, and draws a moral.

Close by another poet has been at work with some more verses on much the same subject. The German peasant is fond of this kind of thing.

From the Rau Quelle the path begins definitely to take distinct zigzag lines up the hillside. Two long laps, and seven shorter ones among the pine trees, whose dark green is pleasantly brightened by the lighter green of occasional beech trees, will bring you within sight of the Rasthaus, an hotel and restaurant practically at the top. Two or three hundred yards more, and you are at the steeple-shaped erection which marks the extreme summit, and supplies you with far more detailed topographical information on what you may see from it than I can give. It includes, at any rate, much of the Black Forest, and the Vosges, Jura, and Alps.

After duly studying the chart on the summit, I advise you, unless your climb has given you a particularly dainty appetite, to visit the old inn just beyond the Rasthaus. The Kandelhof will not offer you rare wines nor any wide choice of delicacies, but it will give you a good idea of the Black Forest peasant Gasthaus. The inn is constructed on the model of the great peasant houses. The slope of the hillside gives a higher level that communicates with barns on the second floor. On the ground floor you must be careful which door you enter or you may feed with the cows, for the doors of their room and the public room are side by side. I found it interesting, when I was there, to observe how the running stream from a spring was

utilised to make a sink, always full of clear water, a cooler for the larder, and a very handy place for the stone that sharpened the innkeeper's tools. The inside of the house has been adapted to modern purposes in some degree, but it is still essentially what it was. The panelled walls and the tables and benches are all of the old pattern. The ceiling of the public room is the floor of the room above, and you can hear what is being done upstairs more plainly than what is being done close beside you. One of the modern innovations is a visitors' book, which had been in use some time when I was there last. As soon as the landlady brought it to me I thought of my London friend, on whose heels I had trodden at Alt Eberstein and Yburg. It seemed hardly likely that I should find him again here, but there he was. He was rather profane this time, but I quote him in gratitude—though he may not appreciate it, in which case I apologise—for the pleasure I got from running him down a third time. These are his lines—I give them from memory :

"The foot of the Kandel was hot as Hell,
The top of the Kandel was hot as well;
And the trade of the Kandelhof mainly depends
On the Kandel thus burning at both of its ends."

I think some one had tried hard to explain the outrageous puns to the landlady, but without success. Her verdict was that it was stupid. And, on the whole, I daresay she was right.

The Kandelhof is not so picturesque as the Angel in the Simonswald Valley, but it is better equipped in that it owns a dancing floor—a kind of platform raised on posts—to which on Sundays and holidays country folk flock from places miles away. A popular dance on these occasions—it is a great favourite, too, at weddings—is the sheep-dance. A rope is stretched

across the room and a light is so arranged that it will burn and sever the rope. Couples take turns to dance down the room below the rope, and the couple on which the severed rope falls is presented with a sheep—the gift of the landlord or the host.

But dancing of the sociable kind is not the only dancing which the Kandel sees. Hither on certain red-letter days—I have no accurate information as to which days—come all the witches of the Black Forest riding on broomsticks, or pitchforks, drawn by flying cats. At these times young candidates for witchhood are initiated, all the old ones waiting on them at the feast and finding them the handsomest partners from the selected band of young fiends who are sent from below to assist. This ingenious arrangement, I understand, always results in a large enrolment of recruits, and it is not until future occasions, when the novices are called upon to lend in their turn the same aid to enlistment, that they realise that the life of a witch is not all dancing and revelry. I believe one may also join the ranks at meetings held on the Kastelburg at Waldkirch, but, being as a mere male ineligible, I have never looked into the question very closely.

The way down the Kandel to St. Peter leads through shady woods for a space, and then emerges on broad, high-lying fields with the snowflecked Feldberg in the distance. St. Peter, with its conspicuous two-spired church, lies away to the left. One seems to be offered a fine selection of enticing routes, but on investigation they resolve themselves into two, the Glotterthal, which takes you out to the Rhine plains at Denzlingen, and the Eschthal, which takes you from St. Peter to Freiburg. In this part, where the roads are, as I have said, frequently but faintly indicated cart tracks, it is possible, in spite of the numerous signposts,

to miss the direct road to St. Peter, and take that to the Glotterthal by mistake. One can get to St. Peter by this road, too, but it is longer. The clue is to avoid the road indicated as leading to Rohr and St. Peter, though it looks better, and take that pointing to Sägendobel and St. Peter. Almost the whole of St. Peter, as well as the old church, was once a Benedictine Abbey. Part of it is now a Catholic seminary. The church, a remarkably beautiful building full of artistic details, contains the remains of four of the earliest Dukes of Zähringen, including Berthold II, who founded the monastery, Berthold III, who founded Freiburg Cathedral, Berthold IV, and Conrad. Painted effigies of the first six dukes are in the church. They are striking figures of their kind, but they suggest the imagination of the artist rather than actual fact—though I may be doing them an injustice. The founder of Freiburg is the only one who is clean shaven.

The way down from St. Peter, where you get on to the good road, plunges you among orchards and meadows and hillsides tinkling with goat bells, and gives many beautiful distant glimpses of mountain scenery. You pass Eschbach and Stegen, and enter a land of hayfields and standing corn—I am thinking of June, when I saw it last. Through these the road wanders, almost lost but for the view of Freiburg as a guide ahead. Ebnet, where there is an old castle, is the last village we come to before Freiburg. Here I saw one of the village inns *en fête*—for a new proprietor, I fancy. A whole fir tree, sixty feet high, barked to within ten feet of the top, where the branches were left and adorned like a Christmas tree, was erected against the corner of the house. It was decorated with wreaths and garlands, and a profusion of red and yellow flags. The Christmas tree is a common

sign of jubilation in Germany—it generally denotes, for instance, the completion of the building of a house—but I have never seen anything quite so extravagantly lavish as the use of this whole fir tree.

At Ebnet, where there is a choice of roads, it is worth while to take the shadier one, that going to the right, while the other crosses the river to the left. By this road we pass the charmingly situated Karthaus, once a Carthusian monastery, now an almshouse. And so we get into Freiburg by the Swabian Gate.

CHAPTER XV

THE FELDBERG

Duplication of names—Many ways up—Titisee—The submerged convent—Elusive gold embroidery—A bad portrait of the sun—Incongruities—A quaint chapel—The beautiful Valley of Hell—The Falcon Rock—The sleepy knight—Grim humour—Villars' jest—A masterly retreat.

NOMENCLATURE in the Black Forest, though frequently very felicitous, strikes one occasionally as lacking in fecundity. Names are repeated in various places with confusing frequency, though there is generally one of the number which is accounted to be *the* one. There are more than one Gutach, but the Gutach below Hornberg is the one that would receive your letters, if you put no qualifying direction. There is a St. Georgen in Breisgau and there is a Haslach close to Freiburg, but the St. Georgen on the Brigach and the Haslach in the Kinzigthal are the ones that count. So, too, there are many Höllenthals. Almost wherever there is a narrow valley with very steep sides local imagination has named it the Valley of Hell. But the Valley of Hell which stands first before all others is that which leads from Freiburg to the Titisee. As in the Hell between Triberg and Hornberg, there is a Heaven at the lower end of it—represented here by Himmelreich. To preserve the correct sequence of ideas we must come down the valley from the lake, and so pass through the Inferno

to Paradise. Let us start, then, from the Titisee. There are several very pleasant ways of getting there. If you are a good walker, the best thing to do is to climb the Feldberg by one of the numerous footpaths. As good a way as any is from Kirchzarten through Oberried, but it is rather long. Guide books will enable you to make a choice in accordance with the time and energy available, and the numerous signposts make it easily possible to put your choice into practice. The great thing is to get to the top of the Feldberg and to descend it in the direction of the Titisee. One can, of course, get straight to the Titisee by train, but that is not worthy of mention. The Feldberg is the highest point in the whole of the Black Forest, and a record of having climbed it should not be missing from the annals of one's journey. The district, by the way, provides the scenery for some of William Black's novel, *In Silk Attire*.

Let us say, then, that you have seen the fine panorama from its summit—the Bavarian Alps, and the real Alps with Mont Blanc, and, nearer, the great forest stretched out like a huge raised map; that, perhaps, you have broken a bottle of wine at the Feldbergerhof, in the large low-pitched eating-room with the long tables; that you have passed the tower, built in 1859 to commemorate the marriage of the late Grand-Duke of Baden with Princess Louise of Prussia; that you have gazed at the Feldsee, that freakish little lake, reputed bottomless, that has forced for itself an exhaust way right across the mountain ridge, and is inhabited by mischievous water sprites; that you have left the little clockmaker's shop with its wonderful flute-playing and cuckoo clocks, the work of the old man who keeps it; and that you have passed down the beautiful Bärenthal to the Titisee. It will not take

you very long to walk the length of the lake, but you will see it spread out below you—provided that you have struck the footpath near the Adler Inn at Bärenthal—long before you get to it, and you may ponder on its legends.

The chief of these tells the origin of the lake. It is said that in the midst of the land which the water now covers stood once a great convent whose inmates were beautiful heiresses. No young lady was admitted without a banker's reference, and when they got in, apparently, they lived on the best that money could buy. They were feasting one stormy night when a knock was heard at the door, and the most recent novice was sent to peep out. This novice had not yet imbibed the doctrines of high living and plain thinking which her more experienced sisters held, so, when she saw a weary old man, white haired, who begged a night's lodging, she felt sorry and asked the Lady Abbess to shelter him. But the Lady Abbess laughed at the idea, and would do nothing more than drink his health. That night the valley was flooded, and from the deluge only the young novice escaped, rescued in a boat by the old pilgrim. There are two ways of testing the truth of this legend. One way is to peer into the depths of the lake and catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the submerged building. The other is to dive in. Whoever does this, it is said, can hear "deeper than ever plummet sounded" the bells of the doomed convent. I have never been successful in either test, perhaps because I have neither looked nor dived deep enough. For the Titisee, like the Feldsee, is said to be bottomless.

One may turn off to the right at the head of the Titisee and make through Lenzkirch to St. Blasien, or one can go more directly by avoiding Lenzkirch. I

think, though, that if St. Blazien is the objective from this direction the little town with its clock-making and straw-plaiting is worth the detour. Either way takes one to the Schluchsee, a bigger and more picturesque lake than the Titisee.

About Titisee the village there is not much to say excepting in praise of its position. In itself it is little more than a railway station, hotels, and wooden booths for the sale of souvenirs. We turn off to the left—the road to the right leads to Neustadt, and I think is scarcely worth following unless you wish to go straight on to Donauechingen, in which case you pass Röthenbach, Löffingen, Döggingen, and Höfingen. I went to Neustadt once, lured by the rumour that they made gold embroidery there. I found no gold embroidery, but only a town which looked—I speak from documentary evidence, not from memory—far more picturesque a hundred years ago. They gave me good trout to eat there, but that can be had elsewhere. We get on the rising ground above Titisee a view of the plateau in which lies Hinterzarten. It is dotted with farmhouses. We pass on our right a curious sundial on the side of a house, the sector coming from the mouth of a small flaming face—a bad portrait of the sun. We may pass, too, such queer incongruities as oxen and horses yoked together to the same waggon. We reach the summit of the rising ground and go down the other side, past Oberhöllsteig and through a bewildering number of curves, one of which circles the Ravennafelsen, a sugar loaf mass of rock surmounted with a crucifix standing in the middle of a ravine which should be explored from the celebrated Stern Post-House below. This we pass a little later, having descended the Höllensteig, or Mount of Hell. The Stern is now a very much frequented pension,

but was once the most important posting-house of the valley, where as many as six four-horse coaches in a day changed animals. Just below the inn is St. Oswald's chapel, a relic of rustic simplicity untouched either for destruction or adornment by modern vandals. It contains some curious fifteenth-century paintings, and a retedos carved and painted, but the furniture otherwise is of the crudest and barest.

From this chapel the descent is long, straight, and easy, and almost before you know it, you are in the gloomy, narrow way called Hell. One need not describe it. It is enough to say that there would be more sinners than even there are if the real hell were half so beautiful. At the narrowest point the figure of a stag set high up on the left commemorates a leap, perhaps not altogether fabulous, made by a stag pursued by a hunter. The sides were doubtless nearer together then than they are now that they have been blasted to make room for the road, and it is conceivable that a desperate stag might have leaped across. Even then the space was too wide for a man, for the story has it that the hunter tried to follow and perished.

And so the valley gradually widening, we get to Heaven—a place much more like Heaven, one would guess, than it was six centuries ago, when the knights of Falkenstein occupied the castle that now stands in ruins above the village of Falkenstein.

The name Falkenstein—the Falcon Rock—has its origin in a story dating from crusading times. A young knight, Kuno, who was newly married, then lived there, and, fired by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, he went off to the Holy Land, leaving with his wife Ida the half of a gold ring, and taking half himself, as a token that though separated they were still one.

Seven years was, he said, to mark the limit of his absence. After that his lady was free to find another husband. His adventures in the Holy Land were such as he had hoped for, and he acquitted himself well, until he was taken captive by the Saracens. The seven years dragged slowly on, and when the last day arrived he was still a prisoner, and a very despondent one. In the midst of his lamentations there appeared to him an aged and austere looking man, and Kuno was not long in recognising that his visitor was the Devil. Being a Crusader he was not over ready to have much to do with him, but when the old man offered to convey him home in time to prevent his wife marrying again, Kuno accepted the offer, and he accepted it the more readily that the only condition was that he should remain awake during the journey. The means of transit was a flying lion, and the knight mounted the beast's back and was soon on his way. But, try as he would, he could not hold his eyes open, and repeatedly he would have dozed off had not a white falcon hovered above him and kept him awake by pecking him and flapping its wings. In the event, much to the disgust of the Evil One, he arrived safely, just in time to stay the marriage of Ida with his cousin Berthold, who had proclaimed himself heir to Kuno's possessions, including his wife.

Succeeding knights of Falkenstein were less chary of association with the powers of darkness. They robbed and maltreated every one who passed up or down the valley. Merchants, of course, with their goods, were unquestionable game, but they had no respect even for religious wayfarers. No booty was too insignificant for them. Pilgrims bound for Rome were despoiled and sent on their way penniless. Nuns made many involuntary contributions to their treasure

chests. One was robbed of her rosary, another left her mantle, and a third, by a stroke of grim humour, was sent shivering on her road in a single scanty garment. The end came in 1390. Wolfrienne, a maiden of the Falkensteins, had married one Schneider, a rich citizen of Freiburg, and thereby brought upon him and herself the enmity of her family—a condition of affairs which, as we have seen, did not require much to bring it about. The people of the castle managed to capture Schneider, and when his wife went to plead for his release he was returned to her—another piece of grim humour—headlong from the highest point of the battlements. Thereat Freiburg rose in arms to avenge its townsman, and the castle was laid in ruins.

The Höllenthal's sinister reputation endured though the cause was removed, and its natural characteristics made it a formidable obstacle to various armies which traversed the Black Forest at different times. The existing road, which, of course, removed many of its terrors as a trackless defile, was made by the Austrian Government in 1770, that Marie Antoinette might pass safely on her bridal journey. In 1702, Marshal Villars refused to conduct his French army through it to join his Bavarian allies. "Cette vallée de Neustadt que vous me proposez," he wrote to the Elector of Bavaria, "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." At that time there was only a mule track, but even after the road was made, and the valley was definitely opened up for traffic, it was regarded as a very dangerous place to take an army. Moreau's retreat through it in 1796 is regarded as an outstanding feat in military history. "So ably were the measures of the French general concerted," writes Alison, "that he not only passed the defiles without

either confusion or loss, but debouched into the valley of the Rhine rather in the attitude of a conqueror than that of a fugitive."

The Romans held a strong position in this district with headquarters at Tarodunum, now Kirchzarten, where there are Celtic earthworks and other things of archæological curiosity.

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CHAPTER XVI
THE KAISERSTUHL

Alt Breisach in silhouette—A toy train—A vineyard mascot—Roman potteries—An auspicious birth—The defeated wizard—A witty notice—The key of Germany—A pleasing confusion—Dürer's pupil—Obliterated frescoes—The obstinate relics—Neunlinden.

THOSE who go from Freiburg to the Kaiserstuhl by train, as most visitors do, miss a very pretty piece of country road. It lies between Lehen and Gottenheim, and is one of the most charming that I know in the Rhine plains near the Black Forest. One takes it in conveniently by cycling straight to Breisach, a place well worth seeing. When I was last at that town I approached it from the other direction, making a complete circuit of the Kaiserstuhl. I leave the hint conveyed in this statement for what it is worth. Possibly a good many holiday cyclists would find certain stretches of the road wearisome, though for my part I think it worth some exertion to get the distant view of Breisach in silhouette which is obtainable only from a point on the road near Bischoffingen. But the value of that, again, is a matter of taste.

I propose, however, to follow this road here, and those who come after may follow me or adapt as they will.

From Gottenheim, then, with its stork's nest on the

church tower, we turn to the right where a simple eighteenth-century crucifix marks a fork in the road. With us here plies, on a little toy rail, a little toy train which surprises us, though it is labelled grandiloquently "South German Railway Company," by disgorging quite a crowd of real people. This line appears and reappears as our road winds through Bötzingen (which has also a stork's nest on its church tower), Eichstetten, and Bahlingen, and goes in fact all round the Kaiserstuhl, though we see little of it later. In this part less than elsewhere are we reminded that the land is kind to its vines, for the scenery most in view is the pleasant plain dotted with aspens. But the vineyards are on the slopes on our left, and Bahlingen is of peculiar interest in connection with them. The people of Bahlingen have what blunt-spoken folk would call a fetish, and more polite ones, a mascot. It is the wooden figure of a boy, and its possession brings good results from the grape harvest. Once it left the town, rashly sold to a wine merchant who was also a collector of curios. Its absence being marked by the worst grape years within memory, the chief man of the place, who had consented to its sale, was petitioned to get it back. He was successful, and prosperity was restored. Bahlingen has a monument in coloured tiles commemorating the Duke who gave the town a charter of incorporation, and commemorating, too, unconsciously, the fact that pottery is one of the oldest industries of the district. It dates, indeed, from the time of the Romans who first planted vines there.

A pottery was established by the Romans at Riegel, where the Celts had a settlement. The Emperor Hadrian still lives there, in effigy, in the town's municipal seal. Just above Riegel our compassing

road turns to the left for Endingen, which has many quaint signs of age in its odd scraps of carving, its old iron signs, and the general irregularity of its plan. We have already heard of the people of Endingen in connection with the pious, if somewhat violent, struggle for the body of the English King Offo of Offenburg.

High up on the slopes behind Endingen is the chapel of St. Catherine, a grand viewpoint. This may be approached pleasantly from Bahlingen or Riegel through Silberbrunnen. Or one may go to it from Königschaffhausen through Amoltern; or from Rothweil, which we pass later, through the Hessenthal. Whichever way one chooses one need not fear to be disappointed of wayside beauty.

At Königschaffhausen a road goes away to the right to Sasbach and Limburg, the birthplace in 1218 of Rudolf of Hapsburg. Portents hailed his coming. The Emperor, Frederick II of that period, was hunting near by at the time, and falling asleep he dreamed that he was directed to stand godfather to the boy. He gave his godson a rare hunting-knife as a baptismal gift, and with this later the boy killed a wolf single-handed. At Limburg, the finding centuries ago of a golden statuette, possibly a relic of heathen worship, has given rise to a romantic little story of love which is still repeated. A young shepherd found the image, and was denounced by an unfriendly wizard, who declared that by black art the youth had converted into gold the child of a widow which was lost on the same day. The youth was thrown into prison, but his sweetheart worked his release by finding the lost child and turning the tables against the accuser. The figure, it is said, fetched a high price in Freiburg, and the loving pair, united, lived happily thenceforward on the proceeds.

Just beyond Leiselheim, a village with an early seventeenth-century fountain, I came, during the ride of which I am writing, upon an example either of local ignorance or of local wit. A hill rises from the village, and near the top of this, and facing me as I went up, there was a notice directing cyclists to go slowly. It marked a point at which it was impossible to do anything else but go slowly, and the board was obviously intended to warn, not cyclists coming up the hill, but cyclists coming down, against whom it was turning its back. Either some humorist had twisted the board round, or else the person who erected it did not know what the notice meant. I fancy it was the work of a humorist, for, although I did not myself laugh very much, I noticed a couple of road-menders near by who did.

Through Leiselheim we leave the road to Sasbach on the right and pass Jechtingen and Burkheim, a red-roofed little town prettily perched on the slopes among its vines. It is here that we get that silhouette glimpse of Breisach, a momentary sight, just where the road reaches its highest level.

One needs not to look twice at Alt Breisach, even lacking the eye of a medieval leader of armed men, to see that it must have been a grand fighting place in the old days. It was the key of Germany, and a good many people tried to turn it. Rudolf of Hapsburg held it after a long succession of Allemanic and Frankish small potentates. Bernard of Weimar, whose love was the Reformation, died, and was buried there with his half-realised ambitions. Louis XIV built fortifications—or Vauban did for him—and France dwelt within them for two centuries, treating the town kindly, excepting during the years of the Revolution, when the Republicans set fire to it in spite

against the Royalists who made it their refuge; 1870 let in Germany once more, and on holidays Germany (from Freiburg) overruns it gaily, rejoicing in its antiquities and in its beer-gardens overlooking the Rhine.

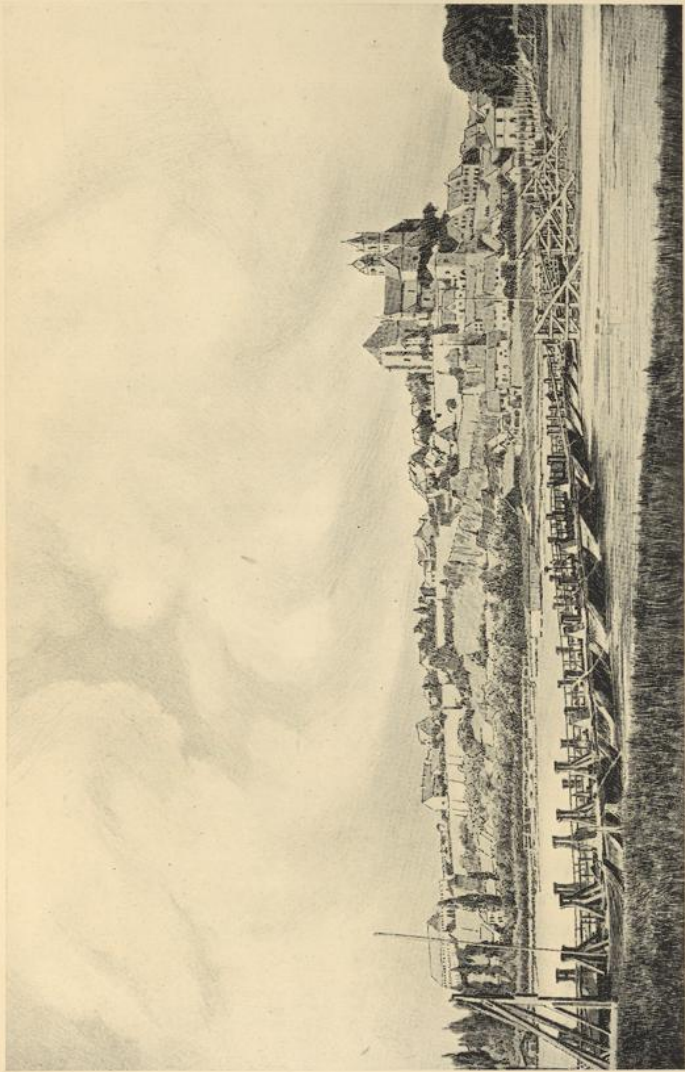
The best features of the cathedral happily survived the fire of 1793. It is a fine and interesting piece of work, partly Romanesque, partly Gothic, the two styles being mingled with an indifference which may be the despair of purists, but which is most pleasing to the ordinary unlearned observer. Within there is a superbly carved altar and a scarcely less beautiful screen. The altar, dated 1526, is the work of Franz Lieverinck, a pupil of Dürer. The curious bowing curve of the central finial is said to have had a romantic origin. Lieverinck was in love with the daughter of one Rubacher, a member of the town council, with whom rested the selection of the sculptor. Rubacher did not favour the artist's suit, and, since all his colleagues wished for the young man's work, he managed to get certain difficult conditions inserted in the commission. The altar must measure just so much from top to base, and it must stand just so high above the floor of the choir. The dimensions were cleverly calculated so as to bring the top of the altar, if it were constructed to measure, unpleasantly near the roof. Rubacher congratulated himself that he had set a poser, but chance showed Lieverinck a solution. He had planted a rose in front of his sweetheart's window, and one day he noticed how the wind beat the little tree over in a graceful curve. Thus he curved the top of his altar.

The inner walls of the cathedral were once, I understand, all covered with old frescoes. They now glare with modern conventional ecclesiastical designs, and

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only the west transept reveals a few faint survivals of the old work. Outside, below the altar, is a curious open crypt—so to say—containing a representation of the Garden of Gethsemane. Rockwork and a few plants in pots make the Garden, and crudely painted figures people it, yet it attracts many pilgrims. Pilgrims, indeed, flock plentifully to Breisach, for in its possession are the relics of St. Protasius and St. Gervase. These, originally at Milan, were claimed for Cologne when Milan was destroyed by the Emperor Barbarossa. Bishop Reinhold of Cologne himself superintended their removal, and he placed them in a boat to float down the Rhine. But the boat stopped at Breisach and would go no farther, so there the relics were landed and there they remain. They have worked many miraculous cures despite an official papal slur on their authenticity.

Continuing our circular tour we pass Ihringen and Wasenweiler and so get back to Gottenheim. Ihringen is one of the best grape districts of the Kaiserstuhl, as its wine attests. It is also a good point from which to make the ascent, by way of the Lilienthal, of the Todtenkopf, the Kaiserstuhl's highest point. This is perhaps better known by its name of the Nine Lime Trees, Neunlinden. Here was the ancient seat of justice as dispensed by the mediæval German kings. Those who go there to-day hoping to find nine lime trees will be disappointed, for a storm in 1884 wrought havoc among them. But those who go to get a view will find it as good now as it ever was, and for that it is hard to say too much. One may descend by way of Bötzingen, by way of Bickensohl and Achkarren, or by way of Rothweil, passing on the left the old church of St. Pantaleon, whither on Fridays, through the surrounding vineyards, walk many pious wayfarers.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VALLEY OF ST. TRUDPERT, BADEN-WEILER, AND THE BLAUFEN

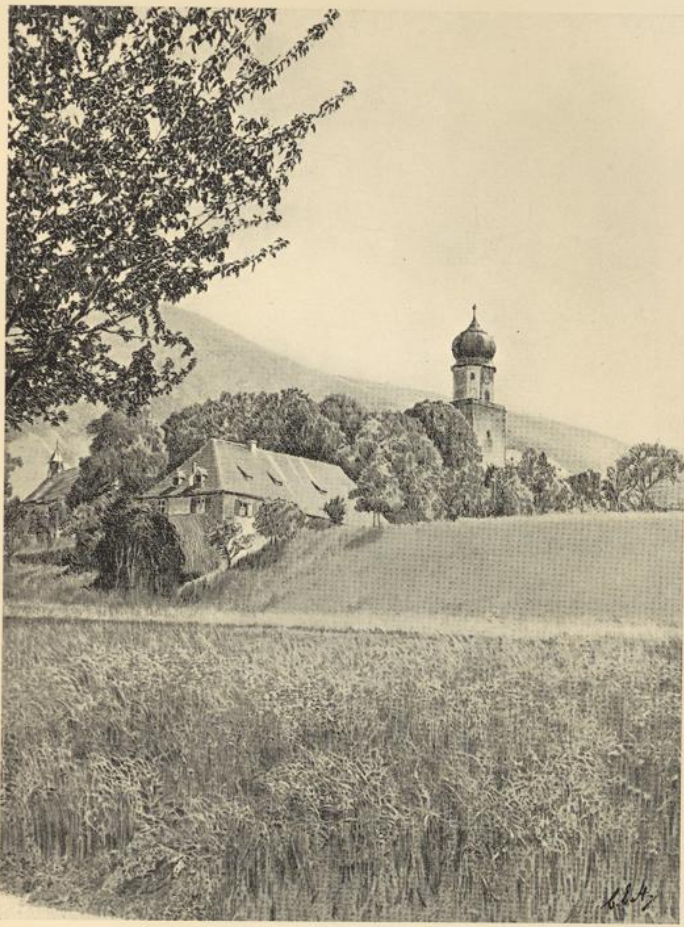
Natural and artificial attractions—Exhausted silver mines—An unfortunate gift—Gullible robbers—St. Bernard's favourite disciple—A knocking spirit—Where Dr. Faustus paid his debt—A seat of the Guelphs—Roman baths—A careless caretaker—A chance for curio-hunters—The Dance of Death—Another toy train—The paternal post office—Picking apples—A walk before sunrise.

THE valley of St. Trudbert may be approached from several directions. One may take it in a circular trip from Freiburg, going up the Güntersthal to Eck and Giesshübel, and so up and down and out again by way of Staufen and Krotzingen to which town a light railway connects Staufen and the main line. One may approach it from Schönau in the Wiesenthal. This is not a bad way for cyclists who do not mind a little preliminary climbing. Those who come by train from Freiburg, as many do, and set out from Staufen, have a choice of roads in the upper part of the valley, at Obermünsterthal. Here a new and good road, that going to Schönau, starts up the hillside to the left of the rock-strewn stream, and fine views are to be had from it, particularly from a little shelter erected on a jutting crag. The old road follows the course of the stream to where it is a cascade tumbling down among trees and ferny boulders, and eventually joins the other road again at the Scharfenstein, a

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towering precipice which is the natural feature that attracts visitors.

The artificial feature which attracts is the Abbey of St. Trudpert lower down. This was founded by the Irish missionary St. Trudpert in the year 640, but the present buildings date from very much more recent times, having risen, not without beauty of the rococo order, on ruins left by various invaders. An ancient aisle of lime trees leads to it. The interior of the church shows a mingling of fine coloured real marble and distempered stucco, well carved oak and painted deal, but it is by no means so gaudy as many ecclesiastical interiors of the Roman faith, and the effect is cool-looking and pleasing. The pulpit, which is pointed out as having been brought from a monastery at Freiburg, is elaborate but not very remarkable. The adjoining buildings, long since, of course, secularised, seem to wear an air of patient regret for their past glories. For St. Trudpert's was a great place in the old days. Wealth came to it from silver mines near by, now no longer worked, and that meant power. It also meant popularity, for once a year, on St. Barbara's Day, the abbot kept open house to all who cared to come to a feast which lasted twenty-four hours. It was a custom at these feasts for young peasants to give their sweethearts handkerchiefs, and a tale is told of one who was not a peasant presenting a handkerchief to a maid, very much to the discontent of her accepted lover. This lovesick youth took the matter so much to heart that he broke out into acts which brought him under the eye of the law as a poacher. He was condemned to wear antlers and saw wood with them in Breisach Prison, a task which, however, he escaped by opportune repentance. There is no feasting or giving of handkerchiefs in the

valley now. Such quiet pursuits as brushmaking and the noisier sawing of timber (with saws, not with antlers) take up too much time. It is one of those primitive places where the price of bread is posted daily on the Rathhaus. But it was not all revelry, even in the old days. Robber castles at Scharfenstein and Regelsburg flourished on a big income of booty. Of Regelsburg there is nothing left, and of Scharfenstein there are only a few feet of ruined wall scarcely distinguishable from the precipitous face of the rock on which they are built. The fall of the knights of Scharfenstein is said to have come about through a ruse which ought not to have been too much for such wily hands. They had taken a rich citizen of Basle and were holding him to ransom, when his nephew, disguised as a wandering knight with a record that commended him to them, called and proposed a joint expedition. They consented, and were led into the arms of a band of warriors whom the nephew had placed in waiting for them.

Ruined Staufen, the crowning point of a hillock of vineyards, stands guard in front of its town at the mouth of the valley. It is not beautiful, but expedience doubtless weighed more than beauty with those who made it. The lords of Staufen were not of a class with those of the castles higher up. Henry of Staufen, indeed, was the favourite disciple of St. Bernard. The castle is said to be haunted by a knocking ghost, the shadow, seemingly, of a spirit which in early times was wont to give warning, by three knocks, of death or misadventure to any member of the Staufen family. I have not heard this survivor knock. In fact, I find it difficult to believe that he really does, for there are no members of the family left to warn. It was at Staufen that

Dr. Faustus lived, in constant communication with Mephistopheles, and it was through a window in one of the houses that he was spirited away, in 1548, to keep his compact. The wall of the Lion Inn has a painting of this important event.

If we follow the Rhine boundary of the forest south from Staufen, Badenweiler is the next place to merit our attention. It is a place of remarkably even temperature. Some doctors recommend it as bracing, others as mild, and strangely enough the patients of both go there and return satisfied. The fact is that it is a rather pleasing place to be in. The park offers shady walks and shadier seats, and the mineral spring, of which visitors are supposed to drink, is not in the least degree nauseating. There is in the park a ruined castle, standing on a hill, and visible from some distance. Here once lived the Guelphs, ancestors of our royal family. It is a sixteenth century structure, very massive, but it was laid in ruins by the French in 1678. Here the real invalids climb when they have drunk their glass of the waters, and look down on the *soi-disant* invalids below who are too feeble to attempt the exertion. Very fine views are to be had from the castle walls. But there is more of interest at Badenweiler than the park and castle (though they are excellent) and the Kurhaus, which is more than half restaurant. There are the remains of the Roman baths. These give to the ordinary visitor, unequipped with precisely those details of classical archæology which should tell him what to look for, a remarkably good idea of what the baths were in their original state. The ground plan is in the main very complete. At the entrance is an altar to Diana Abnoba, the Roman goddess of the Black Forest, standing among walls overgrown with moss

and ferns and ivy, and inside one sees a symmetrical arrangement in which everything is in duplicate. The men and the women were treated equally. Judging from the few remaining relics of marble the original was a very fine building, but it has suffered from various periods of ill-treatment. The baths were discovered in 1784, and excavated. Twelve years after this an Austrian army saw in them convenient stabling for their horses, and that is not likely to have done them any good. At present they are covered with a tiled roof supported on wooden columns and beams. There is a caretaker, but I am not convinced that she takes very great care. When I was there last I walked in unaccosted. The good lady was, I believe, doing her week's washing somewhere not very far off, but it would have been the easiest thing in the world to get away with some of the pieces of engraved stone and other relics which are shown in a not very secure-looking cupboard. And, moreover, there is no particular reason why any one feloniously inclined need walk in at the gate at all. The gate itself, which I found unlocked and open, is about the most formidable part of the surrounding protection. On the whole, therefore, I do not blame the Austrian horse hoofs for all the damage and loss that the Roman baths have sustained. It certainly seemed to me that there was less evidence of the original marble on the occasion which I have mentioned as my last visit, than there was when I first knew of them.

Another of the things to see in Badenweiler is the Lutheran church with its old frescoes. There is nothing in the appearance of the church outside or inside which would suggest the possession of anything of antiquarian interest. I gather that the pieces of

painted plaster which are now fixed round the walls of a little room at the north-east corner of the church are all that remains of some very different building which stood on the same site. Admission is obtained by getting the key from the schoolmaster's house, which stands behind the church as you face it from the road. And there seems to be here as little care taken, or as much confidence placed in visitors, as in the case of the Roman baths. I am only judging here from my own case. I don't know whether I look particularly reverent or respectful, or whether I have the stamp of an archæologist. Be this as it may, I had only to mention the word key and the servant-girl who answered the door of the schoolmaster's house rushed to get it for me, and I proceeded alone to the church. Now I maintain that this is inviting destruction or even theft. I can only say that I left the frescoes as I found them, but I fancy from a description I have read of them elsewhere that not all those who have seen them have been so merciful. During a recent restoration of the church they were removed bodily—doubtless as carefully as might be—and they are now fastened with iron clamps to the walls of the little room which I have mentioned above. But the inscriptions in old German are not so legible as they would appear to have been when the description was written to which I have referred, and something has evidently happened in the meantime. The frescoes include a "Dance of Death," which is believed to be older even than the famous one attributed to Orcagna in the cemetery at Pisa. The picture shows three kings met by three skeletons. The idea, of course, as suggested by the almost effaced legends round each figure, is that of the text: "In the midst of life we are in death." Each skeleton makes

some warning speech, and each king puts it aside. The figures in this fresco are not dancing, and it is suggested that this is proof of the antiquity of the painting, inasmuch as the dancing idea was a later elaboration of the original crudely sedate notion.

Badenweiler is a fairly gay little place, and its position makes it a perfect centre for short excursions. A great number of French people come to it during the summer months for that very unirksome course of treatment known as a "cure." You may get to it from Freiburg by train, and the country passed, though fertile in the extreme, is, I am bound to say, void of interest sufficient to justify one in suggesting a more tardy advance through it. One goes by way of Mülheim, whence a rather pleasing little light railway completes the journey to Badenweiler. The tiny train seems to be imbued with the gaiety of the holiday-makers who travel in it, and to have an uproarious contempt for those of them who are really ill. For much of its way it looks and feels as though it were going to tumble into the little ditch of a river that it runs beside, a ridiculous river eight feet across, with all sorts of mature bridges and dams as though it were the most business-like river in the world. And this train is fully provided with cautionary notices. Where an ordinary dining and sleeping express train would say merely, "Do not lean out," this little upstart says, "It is forbidden to lean out on account of the accompanying danger!" Having told you what to expect, the reckless little thing, with its two carriages and a luggage van in addition to the engine, screams and dashes with the impetuosity of a frivolous steam roller through the outlying parts of Mülheim, which lies some way from its station, and on until it actually indulges, on a small scale, in those

tortuous windings which are characteristic of the Black Forest Railway. Thus it gets to Badenweiler and emits you, and you find your way up the hill marvelling at the luxuriance of the flowers and foliage, and at the freshness of the green. Badenweiler is on the whole a rural place in spite of the pretensions of its Kurhaus which is mostly restaurant. The paternal German post office thinks it necessary here, as it does in most of the country places, to put a notice on the letter boxes to remind you to see to the address and the stamps of your letters. In the middle of the village street, which is largely made up of hotels and *pensions*, there is a fountain dated 1756, which I liked much better than the Kurhaus one with its bas-reliefs of Moses striking the mountain, and the woman of Samaria at the well. But it probably gets less attention. And I saw a trick for picking apples off high trees which rather took my fancy. There was a spiked circle of iron, something like the crowns of old-fashioned kings in pictures, or like three or four of Neptune's tridents joined together and bent into a ring. This had a bag fastened inside, and there was a long pole to it. It was pushed up under the apple; the prongs dislocated the fruit, and it fell into the bag. Excellently simple and ingenious. Perhaps it is an old dodge, but it was new to me.

The ascent of the Blauen is one of the great and worthy things to be done at Badenweiler. I don't know, perhaps, since the roads are easy enough, that it is very great, excepting that the best time to do it is sunrise, which visitors, no matter where they are, like Mark Twain on the Matterhorn, frequently fail to see. At sunrise the Alps are all a-glitter. After sunrise sunset is the best time. Some indeed prefer the view then, for if the sky is sufficiently cloudless you

can get a picture of the Alps, as it were, in miniature, with the sun shining across them. But of course the Alps are not the whole. The Rhine Valley is laid out before you like a map, with Basle quite plain, and Strasburg not very indistinct. There is something to be seen of France and the Vosges Range, and the chief heights of the Black Forest are there as well. Altogether, if the weather serves you properly, it is worth the climb. There is a good carriage road up, but it winds and winds, and naturally takes you longer than if you were on foot and ready for the numerous forest paths. Besides, the foot traveller has a chance of coming upon the ancient Celtic entrenchments, for which the Blauen has some fame with archæologists.

There is a good walk to be taken from Badenweiler over the Belchen to the Wiesenthal. The way lies through Sirnitz, leaves the Kohlgarten on the right, and goes over the bare-topped mountain to Schönenberg and Schönau. There is scenery ranging from rocky defiles to smooth, undulating hillsides, like our Sussex downs.

CHAPTER XVIII

KANDERN AND THE LOWER WIESENTHAL

Denaturalised oaks—Bürgeln—Loyal portraits—Treasure-hunters—A rural town—No pigs—Bretein—Historical conjectures—A new Naples—The polite husband—Istein—The solitary lover—A superfluous sweetheart—Many ghosts—An army of virgins—Three convents—A termagant—The restless coffin—The Black Forest bow—Good tea—The gnome's cave—White flies.

A GOOD and interesting journey is to be made by bicycle from Badenweiler to Säckingen. It entails a little walking, but not overmuch, and you can do it in one day or two, according to the thoroughness of your explorations by the way. The road from Badenweiler at first mounts, but you come soon to down grades which at times carry you almost too swiftly. The first diversion from the main route is to Schloss Bürgeln. The position of this is a trifle confusing to the stranger, though he cannot miss it. The signposts near Badenweiler indicate Bürgeln and Kandern, and then Bürgeln drops out and you think you have passed it by. But keep on in hope. Later, about three or four miles from Badenweiler, at a place where the road divides, Bürgeln gets a path to itself, and you are safe. It is rather steep, that path, and, on a hot day, rather tedious. Half-way up there is a finger-post pointing the way to the Hilda Oak. I confess I have never actually met this tree. I stood afar off, and, gazing at it, spurned it for all its

grateful shady surrounding seats, because it seemed to me that it was no oak at all, but a beech, a giant among the numerous more slender ones which abound here to the exclusion of firs. I believe I did it an injustice. There are oaks here too, but somehow they have not the gnarled look of our oaks at home. Certainly the Hilda Oak is very different from the sort of oak tree of the same age we should expect to see in England. In fact, the oaks in these districts seem almost to lose their individuality, and to try to take on some of the characteristics of their more plentiful neighbours. Later on in the same trip between Schopfheim and Hasel, where there are firs once more, I came upon an oak which was trying very hard to look like a fir. It had the smallest possible ridges of bark, there were no lower branches, and it had the most absurd globular tuft of foliage on the top, like a tree from a child's toy farmyard. Poor oak! I felt sorry for it, though against my patriotic instinct.

But about Bürgeln. When you do get there you find it almost more like a French chateau than a German. You enter through an arched gateway and get into the house, a big, square, many-windowed building, by double curving flights of steps. Within, it is half restaurant and *pension*. The public room is adorned with a quaint assortment of clocks, a portrait of "Our Grand-ducal Pair," other portraits of a smug-faced little boy who doubtless on inquiry would be introduced by the proprietors as "Our Willie," and a bird's-eye view of San Francisco. It is all, then, essentially German. Any picture is good enough to decorate the public room of a small German *pension*, but there are generally loyal portraits. The "Grand-ducal Pair" picture is typical. There used to be something rather touching in the way the late Grand

Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden were venerated. They are so still, and deservedly, though the point was more noticeable when they were both living. Knowing the almost filial regard which their people had for them, they were not above meeting it in a way which in England would seem undignified. They appear together sometimes in photogravure subscribed "Fidelitas," in the Grand Duke's writing. There is about that in Germany no bathos, nothing "cheap." The Germans are not afraid of sentiment. But we are wandering again.

Bürgeln. The antique part of the castle is to be seen by visitors. There is a very elaborately decorated little chapel, a remnant of the days when the place was an ecclesiastical building dependent on the monastery of St. Blasien. It is still used for worship. The wide staircase from the paved entrance hall takes one to a large room lined with old portraits, some of considerable merit, though there are not any recognised as by masters. The staircase itself is of interest in that it shows a rather crude inlay of lighter wood into the dark oak. The charming garden outside, with its very fine views—Hebel, the Black Forest dialect poet, made a poem on them—completes the sight-seeing Bürgeln offers, and you take the steep way which leads down again to the high road to Kandern.

Our way passes, on the left, Sitzenkirch, where there was an old conventual foundation. Near by are the ruins of Sausenberg, a great place in the old days for treasure-hunters. On fine days, it is said, a white lady appears here, combing her raven tresses. Once she spoke to a young man who ventured to approach her, and told him to bring three friends to dig at midnight in a spot she indicated. There, she said, was buried a great box of gold, and if they could get

it she would be free. The young man brought his friends, and they did their best, but the obstacles were too much for them. They found the box, but they also found an ugly black poodle with fiery eyes sitting on it. This they overcame only to discover a goblin with a nose a foot long, dangling a huge millstone above their heads at the end of a slender thread which he was trying to cut with a pair of scissors. This scared them off, much to the distress of the lady, who, owing to their timidity, was doomed to wait another hundred years for her release. Very naturally the box of gold became the object of frequent expeditions, and at length, so they say, a poor shepherd found it. I am not quite sure whether this is true. If it is, the discovery must have been made without the lady's knowledge, for, according to all accounts, she still haunts the place with her comb.

Estate agents in England would describe Kandern as truly rural, and I fancy it is not certain whether it still remains an agricultural village or whether it is a coming manufacturing town. I am inclined to prophesy that the latter is its fate, though you may still see distinctly agricultural implements and carts in almost any of its irregular streets. One reason I have for this conjecture is, that it seems to have given up making the earthenware pigs which were once its specialities. I went there recently, with memories of what it used to be, hoping to get one of those pigs for a friend at home who collected local ware of this nature. There was not a pig to be seen, either of flesh or clay. The people of the place seemed to be devoting whole-hearted attention to the manufacture of more serious pottery in the way of bowls and drain-pipes. They have not, however, given up making their other speciality, the "bretzeln," a kind

of very crisp rolls of richly browned bread, shaped into a circular knot enclosing two smaller loops. These biscuits, if one may call them so, are supposed to represent the ropes with which Christ's hands were bound before the crucifixion, and they were first made only in Holy Week. I do not know whence the pattern was taken, but I have noticed the sign in several seventeenth century gravestones, among those ranged along a wall by the side of the church, a building dating from 1825, but reared on a much older site. The curious may compare notes by inspecting the first and sixth stones counting from the left, and the sixth counting from the right. The third from the left I am not sure about. It contains a symbol certainly very much like it.

From Kandern onwards the scenery assumes a character very like French. Fertile fields bounded by rows and dotted with groups of tall poplars would make you believe yourself in France, but for the absence of roadside crucifixes, for this is a Protestant country that we are now in, reaching to Basle and over the broad mouth of the Wiese Valley to Schopfheim. It has something of Germany, too, for in the far prospects one sees just such little round balls of trees as those with which Dürer so wonderfully indicated distant perspectives of fields. But there is little of the Black Forest. The Black Forest farmhouse as it should be is here not to be seen at all. For one thing, the country is too flat, on the whole, for a type of house which is designed to be built on the side of a hill. And besides, this is a distinctly manufacturing part of the Black Forest, and the manufactures are of the outside world, not of the woods. Mr. L. G. Séguin in his book on the Black Forest describes the Lower Wiesenthal, to which we are coming, as the Lancashire

of the Black Forest, "a Lancashire without smoke, without grime, without squalor, without ugliness." That was written some thirty years ago, and I am afraid the description hardly fits to-day. The district is not without smoke. In most of the towns and larger villages you will find it difficult to look upwards to the dome of blue sky and see it without a smear of black fume from a neighbouring chimney. It is not without squalor. Indeed, passing through some of its hamlets, I was repeatedly reminded of some of the little habitations in the outskirts of Naples. No one, I think, can deny the squalor there. They have only their beauty—from a distance—to recommend them. "See Naples and die" was never written inside the town. In this degree, then, the lower Wiesenthal is without ugliness. Seen from any of the heights which overlook it, it is indisputably beautiful, but when you come into it I fear it is not over-attractive. There are, of course, exceptions which I hope to make more of later. This unattractiveness may be due partly to the roads, which are not nearly so good as those which a tour in the wilder parts of the Black Forest leads one to expect without disappointment. Possibly I have chanced upon the road at times when repairs were just being contemplated. If so, my bad luck here was exceptional, for on very few occasions indeed have I passed over elsewhere anything but the perfected thing. Once or twice for small stretches I have caught the steam roller and its minions at work, but in the lower Wiesenthal I saw no steam roller nor any navvies. And they were needed badly.

Leaving Kandern our road takes us through several small villages, the majority of which are very tiny congregations of houses round the church, or perhaps just a roadside inn with a kind of outgrowth of

cottages evidently so placed that their inhabitants might be near the public drinking room, which is everywhere a good deal more of a social club than the public bar is in England's rural places.

One of the villages, a little way off the road to the left, is Egerten, and near Egerten tradition speaks of that most fascinating among great tragedies, a buried town. Proof of its existence is found in the story of a woodcutter who acquired some of its wealth. One day he saw a woman with a basket on her head, and, greeting her with a polite benediction, because, so the story runs, he mistook her for his wife bringing his dinner, he was surprised to see her fling down her basket and make off. He found that the basket contained broken pieces of porcelain, and these he took home for his children to play with. In the evening the pieces had all turned into gold. "He then knew," says the quaint record, "that the woman had been a spirit from the sunken town; he was very grateful for this unexpected wealth, and by using it wisely became a respected and well-to-do man." And doubtless he went on being very polite to his wife.

The church at Wittlingen, to resume the road, looks as though it were nearly half a barn, and that half the part in front of the door, for there is erected a huge lean-to roof stretching the length of the wall to serve as a porch. We come at length to signposts indicating the proximity of Basle, and we know that soon, to keep on the Black Forest side of the Rhine, we must bend round to the left. To reach that romantic corner of the Rhine called Istein we must bear off here to the right, taking the Basle road. Or, better, perhaps, go there direct from Kandern. Its legends make it worth seeing.

The oldest of these has been charmingly told by

Joseph Victor Scheffel, the poet and author who, better perhaps than any one else, has employed rare literary skill to give the traditions of the Black Forest a new lease of popular favour. It is said that the bodies of all persons drowned in this part of the Rhine float to Istein, and have done so since the fifth century of the Christian era, when a hermit named Hugideo made his abode in a cavern there. Hugideo was not a religious recluse. He was a lover who, being a German, had hoped in vain to win the hand of a Roman maiden. So he dwelt in the cave, adoring a marble statue of his loved one. But the peace which he enjoyed was not the lot of those who lived round about him. One day he heard the tramp of hostile armies, and on the same day his marble statue showed signs of life. He leaped to clasp it in his arms, and it fell into the river below. As he gazed on the water he became conscious of a glow in the sky. The Huns were attacking the Roman settlement where lived his lady, and a great fire was completing their work of destruction. Then Hugideo knew that a sign had been given him. He dug two graves on the shore, and waited, and at dead of night came the body of his love floating from the burning town to his arms. He buried it, and lay down to die himself, and the fishermen in the morning closed up the second grave.

Another legend of a later date tells of a young knight, Veit of Istein, who was also a lover, but not quite so faithful a one. He was betrothed to the Lady Jutta, who dwelt in the Castle of Sponech which stands in the neighbourhood of Breisach. The pair were about to be married when the Count of Angenstein, a castle on the heights known as the Baden Jura, near Basle, most inopportunately announced a great tournament. Now Sir Veit was by no means a

lukewarm lover, but he did like a tournament, and this was too good to be missed. So, with the ingenuity of a man already married, he put forward all sorts of reasons why he should be allowed to go to try his luck. The tenor of his arguments was that, with all the glory he would win, he would be so much the more worth marrying. Jutta was not in her heart convinced, but she agreed, and off he went. As matters turned out, Veit did win a great deal of glory. He was first in every event, and so outstanding was his merit that the count's proud and beautiful daughter Bertha, who had hitherto spurned all mankind, made eyes at him. This did not escape the notice of the count, who, not at all displeased, did all he could to encourage the young man. The young man, it must be confessed, needed little encouragement, and soon the news of a new betrothal spread. In time it reached the unbelieving ears of Jutta. Jutta, however, was quickly convinced of the fact, and, being convinced, she had no doubt of the cause. Bertha must be an enchantress. She determined to confront her beguiled lover, and, with the sight of her own beauty, not only bring him back to herself, but confound the siren who had bewitched him. But the scheme failed. Veit, walking with Bertha, cut her dead, and with a shriek of despair she flung herself into a stream which carried her to the Rhine. The shriek brought the young man to his senses. Leaving Bertha to faint, unassisted, he followed Jutta. At the bank of the river he took a boat, and in midstream caught a momentary glimpse of the dead face of his sweetheart. Home he hurried to his castle, and from the high rock on which it stood leaped into the river to wait his bride's coming. In the morning the bodies were recovered and buried together at the foot of Istein,

where a small chapel, since demolished, was erected in their honour. As for Bertha, who after all was not an enchantress, but just a rather badly used young lady, the legend, with the quaint justice of so many of those legends, leaves her, as did her swain, to pick herself up as she might and make the best of a bad case with no word of sympathy. I am rather sorry for Bertha.

Returning to our road from Kandern we climb a hill on a road through a great meadow, and go down the other side into Lörrach. To our left on the top of this hill, overlooking the broad flat valley below, with Lörrach and Brombach near, and the pleasantly wooded slopes of the Dinkelberg beyond, is the castle of Rötteln. This extensive ruin, standing immediately above the hamlet of Haagen, was once a residence of the Margraves of Baden. A fifteenth-century building on an older site, it became a mark for hostile artillery in the Peasants' War of 1525. The Thirty Years' War, too, left its mark on it, and it was destroyed by the French in 1678. The church of Rötteln is also of respectable antiquity, for it is said to contain the oldest bell in Germany. It was cast in 670. The pleasing little church attracted me first by its gabled spire, which, like several others similarly built in the Wiesenthal, has a stork's nest perched perilously on the ridge.

There is not a great deal to attract you to the castle of Rötteln. Unless, that is, you are a member of the Society for Psychical Research. If you are, it should keep you profitably busy. Legends say that there is a great treasure hidden somewhere in the castle, and that a lady in white garments guards it until she can find some one brave enough to relieve her. Once she tried to induce a boy whom she saw passing

to come with her and help himself, but he was afraid, and ran away and died, as he had lived, in poverty. In the old days, when exciting things really did happen, fiery dragons haunted the ruins by moonlight, but these have given place to serpents, which, unless you understand them, may do you harm anywhere on their side of the Wiese. This river, I gather, marks the limit of their hunting ground. Rötteln is also the house of a wild huntsman, Hapsberg, whose many followers stall their horses somewhere within its walls. All these fascinating beings are at Rötteln for those who can see them.

Lörrach, again, offers little to the traveller unless he be commercial. Its domes and minarets are factory roofs and chimneys, and, I believe, they justify their existence.

Just beyond Lörrach, on the way to Basle, is the picturesque site of the old convent of Obertüllingen, one of three which have an English interest. They date from the time of the British Princess, Saint Ursula, who, in the year 237, made a pilgrimage to Rome with ten companions, each of whom, as well as herself, was accompanied by a thousand virgins, eleven thousand maidens all told. The great army suffered at the hands of the people of Cologne, and only three ladies escaped alive. These, Saints Chrischona, Ottilia, and Margaret, made their way along the Rhine and landed at Wylen. Here they determined to found three convents in view of each other. Saint Chrischona chose the place which still bears her name in the heights between the Rhine and the Wiesenthal, a spot just north of Wylen. St. Ottilia selected Obertüllingen and St. Margaret a place beyond Basle. Before Basle succumbed to an unromantic Calvinism, all three convents were

favourite places of pilgrimage from that town. The pilgrims nowadays go nominally for the fine views, but they spend most of their time in the restaurants eyeing a limited perspective (of pewter).

We turn our backs on them and on Lörrach, and take the road to Schopfheim, which lies at the entrance of the Upper Wiesenthal. Half-way there is Steinen, a curiously zigzag kind of place, if you follow the main road through it. Its streets, indeed, seem to take their course from the shuttles of the looms which work up the cotton so industriously made there. Still, it is not unpicturesque for all its strenuousness, and it has a very picturesque legend to help to bind the past with the present. It is connected directly with the castle of Hägelberg which overlooks it. Hebel, the poet, who was born hardly two miles from Schopfheim, has put it into verse.

In this castle many years ago lived a knight and his lady with their daughter, and the three of them seem to have devoted the whole of their time to devising schemes for annoying the peasants of the district. The daughter was perhaps the worst of the three. She was an adept at those petty arts of irritation which are called "going on at people" and "ordering about," and there was no end to the demands which she made for the gratifying of her whims. One of her ideas was to have the path from the castle to the church covered with white linen, so that, like Queen Elizabeth, she might pass the puddles dry-shod. In course of time her parents died, and none too early to please the villagers. She died too, and her coffin was carried with all honour to the churchyard, and buried. Next morning it was found outside the gate. It was buried again deeper, and with the same result. When all further attempts to re-inter it had failed, it

was placed in an ox-waggon for the beasts to take where they liked. The oxen set off through the forest till they reached a well at Häfnet, and into this they threw their load. From that time the well has been haunted by a malicious sprite, whose particular pleasure is to comb the hair of any unkempt-looking young man who passes. This she does so vigorously as to draw blood. I have not noticed that there is on this account any remarkable neatness about the hair of the young men of the district, but doubtless they are careful as to the direction in which they take their walks.

Parts of Schopfheim have, I think, an idea of trying to be like Venice, only its river which is directed in channels between the houses moves much too quickly. Its age is more or less forgotten in its latter-day usefulness. As a productive factor it turns out paper and wool, and the broad black ribbons which, throughout the Black Forest, even unto the streets of Strasburg, are worn in great bows set squarely on the heads of the womenfolk. I think this bow is the commonest of all the Black Forest costumes. There are varieties of it. In some places the loops have long streamers hanging down on each side. Elsewhere the streamers are behind. I have no preference. I think all are becoming.

I believe it is worth recording that at Schopfheim, the last time I was there, I got about the best pot of tea that I have ever had in this part of the Black Forest. It is only of recent years that it has been possible to get tea at all in Germany, and even now, when English travellers are fairly numerous, and it is recognised that English travellers like tea, it is difficult to get it made with a reasonable proportion of tea to water. The German idea is like Falstaff's bill, "this little bread to this intolerable deal of sack." The bread stands for the

tea. You pour it out and see a faintly coloured fluid. "Patience," you say; "let it stand." You pour out again and still there is that faintly coloured fluid. Then one looks into the pot and sees a few vague leaves whirling round like the playthings of a windy autumn. To add to the disaster, there is always a large jug of boiling water to replenish the pot; and there is nearly always a strainer to catch those solitary leaves. Well, at Schopfheim I got the real thing. You can get it, mind, at good hotels in frequented towns, but Schopfheim has no hotels that one could call good. It has good inns, good hostelries, what you will, but not hotels. They are Gasthofs. And at the Gasthof zum Pflug at Schopfheim I got good tea. At the end of the private road leading from the inn there is a wooden arch painted with a rhyme which I venture to translate:

"If the Plough has cheered you on your way,
Don't forget to come another day."

In case I do not return myself, let me recommend it to others.

The direct road from Schopfheim to Säckinggen goes by way of Wehr, but, by turning aside when you have got over the little hill that you climb outside Schopfheim, you can go to Hasel and see the Mannikin Cave—the Erdmännlein Höhle. Personally I think the detour well worth the trouble. We take, then, the left-hand road to Hasel instead of the right to Wehr, and come down into the village. From a point in the road where there is a turning which leads to the station at Hasel you will be able to see a little white house which is the entrance to the Hole, but you must go into the village to get the key and a guide. I made my only visit there at a time which I suppose was

after hours, for on inquiring at the village inn, which also houses the post office, I was answered by a man who seemed to be engaged in Imperial affairs connected with the sorting of letters. As a matter of fact he was the guide, and a change of uniform—the substitution of the post-office cap for another with Erdmann Höhle on it—made the matter evident. A short walk through fields brought us to the little white building. Here I donned a white robe with a hood to protect my head from the dripping water—for it is, of course, a stalactite cave—and we descended. The place is lighted with electricity, and the effect is weird in the extreme. The explored portions of the cave do not occupy very much ground, but there are unexplored places—mysterious holes leading no one knows whither or how far. Many of the rock formations have received names. There are the Death's Head, the Oak, Gambrinus—"the Beer King," as my guide explained—and others. There is a mysterious little lake, there is a river whose outlet is not known, and there is a "chapel" with three hollow stalactites which, being struck, give out three notes said to make a perfect chord. They did not seem to make a perfect chord when I was there, but the fault may have been in the striking, and anyhow I had not brought a tuning fork. Some of the stalactite forms are remarkable, among them being those with the appearance of hanging drapery, with folds exactly reproduced. For naturalists there is the excitement of looking for white flies and blind white spiders. It is one of my regrets that I had no time to be a naturalist. And to see the good-natured gnomes who also dwell there under their King Bodenboser, one needs to have still more time on one's hands.

There is a cave of similar geological character at

Beuggen, on the Rhine near by, but it lacks Hasel's versatility of appeal.

In returning from Hasel be careful not to take the road that leads to the station unless you wish to go by train. It leads only to the station. The road to Wehr goes up again by the way you travelled to come down. Wehr is a considerable little country town, with a guarantee of its loyalty in the form of a memorial to the war of 1870-71, not so common here as in the districts more north. Brennet, a little farther on, has the appearance of being mostly railway station, post office—bright yellow with bright blue window-frames and blinds—and a huge factory. These make the place look prosperous, and an inn opposite the station, with a very noisy skittle-alley and an equally noisy mechanical music-producer, sounds happy. Farther on, the road takes us through Wallbach, a long agricultural village with few noticeable shops and an ugly church. But it gives us the first glimpse of the Rhine, before we reach Säckingen a mile beyond. Of Säckingen I shall have more to say later.

CHAPTER XIX

THE UPPER WIESENTHAL AND ST. BLASIEN

Markgräfer Land—A dialect poet—An impressive funeral—Todtnau—Handy people—A nursery of foals—The marks of saintly knees—The Gascons and the nails—Schönau redressed—Dead Man's Swamp—A miraculous conversion—Difficult roadmaking—An unmistakable site—A lonely road—Inviting sunstroke—St. Blasien—The monks and the Feldberg demon—"Cure" discipline—Firearms from monastic cells—Birthplace of the Winterhalters—The line of Alps—The Albthal—Rudolf of Hapsburg—The whipping-top season—Naming Waldshut.

FROM the Lower Wiesenthal, Markgräfer Land, the way to the upper valley lies through Schopfheim. From here as far as Zell there is a branch of the railway from Basle. Higher, as far as Todtnau, the villagers are served by a narrow-gauge line, pretty generally overgrown with weeds, though it is much used. The valley has, in fact, the same commercial character as the wide plain which its stream helps to water and to supply with trout. It is not so picturesque as its neighbour leading up from Wehr, the Wehrathal, but still sufficiently so for it to contain the village of Schönau, which has been in its time the village above all others frequented by painters. The first little place above Schopfheim, Hausen, has the distinction of marking the boundary line between the Lutherism that spreads south to Basle and the Romanism that spreads northwards, and the greater distinction of being the birthplace of Johann

Peter Hebel, the poet of the Black Forest dialect. Born in 1760, he lived most of his sixty years in or near his native valley. He was for a long time a schoolmaster in Lörrach, but the closing years of his life were spent at Karlsruhe where he occupied a professorial chair and where now a fine memorial to him stands in the palace grounds. Hausen does not cover very much more space now than it did when Hebel knew it, but there is a very large factory at the upper end which he would not recognise, within full view of the meadows—dotted at regular intervals with their irrigating sluice-gates—of which probably he knew every blade of grass.

Zell, which we come to next on the way, looks very much as though some one years ago had poured a cupful of very thick house-mixture down the hillside into the little valley branching from the main one, and then cut ways through it across and across as one used to divide home-made toffee with a knife. The chief way through lies straight down the middle. On the last occasion on which I was there I saw vivid evidence that I had crossed the religious boundary line, for the place was mourning the death of the Sister Superior of an ecclesiastical house in the neighbourhood. The long funeral procession went slowly up that middle street to the church. In front the local band in top hats played Chopin's "Dead March" as solemnly and finely as I have ever heard it played. (Zell, by the way, has some claim to be called musical, for there dwelt the father and the grandfather of Carl Maria von Weber, the composer.) Behind the band came a group of veterans with many medals, but nearly all of them in mufti, some shouldering umbrellas like rifles. Then came the younger men in two lines; then the coffin on a poor little hearse

wreath-decked and drawn by heavily draped horses. Attending it were the priests. The sisters followed, with two lines of young girls in white, carrying two garlands. Then the women in two lines, and finally many villagers—more than one would have expected to find in the villages for miles around. Nothing could have been more impressive. The crowds in the streets—for there were still folks left who were not following—ceased their occupations. Men let their cigars go out, and it takes much to bring that about.

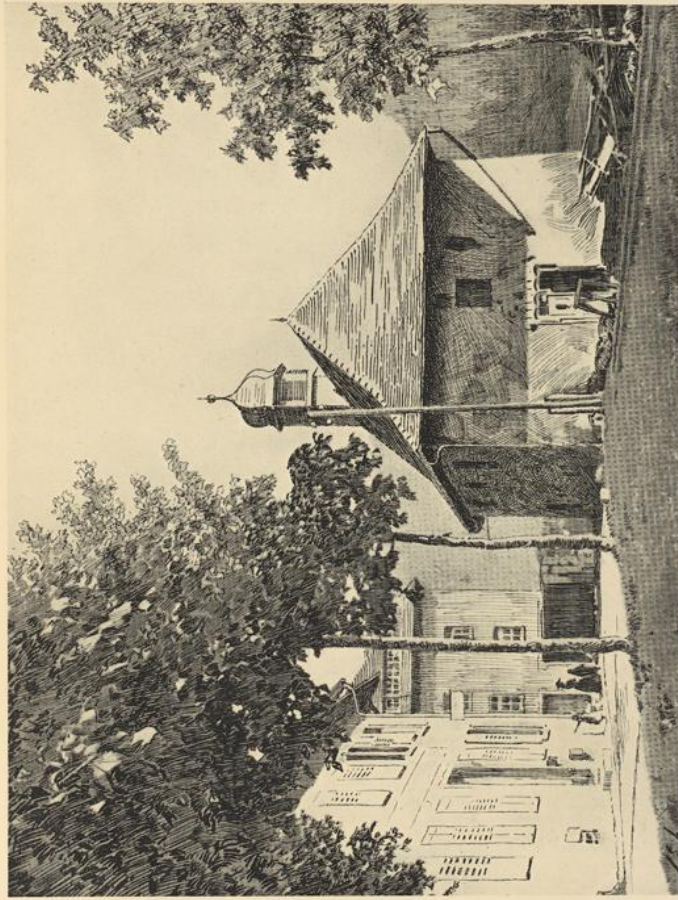
Beyond Zell the light railway gives its passengers, warmed in cold weather by a big stove in each carriage, entrancing glimpses of their neighbours' and their own back gardens. The valley grows narrower and wilder in character, and more rocky, though it is still fertile enough. As you approach Todtnau you get into a district which was once busy with mines, and it is easy to understand whence the town got its rather unpleasant name suggestive of death. For the hillsides surrounding it have great dead patches of stone, almost like slag. Occasionally even now you see notices warning you to beware of the mine explosions, when there have been no explosions, I suppose, these twenty years. Todtnau, the highest town of the valley, has in itself little to attract the visitor. But it is a good centre and there is its waterfall, formed of the Wiese and Bergerbach, rushing down from the Feldberg. This is in a ravine above the town, but the town itself is not very interesting, at least in appearance. Some thirty years ago it was burned, lock, stock, and barrel, and a new Todtnau has arisen on the ashes of the dead, even as that had risen on the ashes of another burned by the French under Mélac in 1689. It is set square, though not particularly fair, in the trough of hills that Nature

has made for it. As a manufacturing town it is well occupied. It is the heart of a large brush-making industry, and it makes almost every kind you can think of. It has done things with its hands for many centuries. Silver-mining was about the first, and that started its prosperity some nine hundred years ago. Latterly cotton-spinning was introduced from Switzerland, and then paper-making began. After that, tinder, and finally brush-making. The town has also in its time turned out a good many lucifer matches. On the Gisiboden, one of the hills near Todnau, there is subsidised by the Government a nursery for foals.

Schönau, which I have mentioned as the goal of many painters, is the next place of importance below Todnau. Utzenfeld lies between them, and also Schönenbuchen, though that is now almost part of Schönau. At Utzenfeld, as also at Mambach and Atzenbach lower down, are some of the oldest Black Forest houses I have noticed. Several of them have moss-grown thatched roofs, a thing seldom seen now, and those at Mambach are a good deal too near the railway to be quite safe from sparks. Schönenbuchen has a quaint little very old chapel. Outside it is remarkable for two things, one a glaring new red-tiled roof, and the other the fact that the light railway very nearly grazes it as it passes. Inside there are also two things to note. One, the great picture which occupies the north wall, and the other the tiny crypt which is reached by an open stair in front of the pews of the aisle opposite. Here, on a piece of the rock foundation which emerges from the pavement, St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have knelt. Great furrows, which tradition attributes to the saintly knees, are to be seen in it. Doubtless they were hard, firm kneelers in those days. Certain nails preserved

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as relics are shown to devout inquirers. These are connected with the story illustrated by the picture. This commemorates the defeat of certain Gascon warriors in the year 1444. Charles VII of France had lent these turbulent men to the Emperor Frederick because he could find no mischief for their idle hands, and it seems that they were as much a source of worry to their new leader as they were to their old. Anyhow Frederick sent them to conquer the Wiesenthal, and possibly they would have succeeded had not an angel thrown down into their path great spiked nails which they mistook for each other's weapons, with the result that they defeated themselves by mutual annihilation like Kilkenny cats. The nails shown in the chapel, which was erected on the battlefield, are said to be some of the originals.

Schönau is not now the idyllic piece of untouched rusticity which it was thirty years ago. Electric light, which is almost everywhere in the Black Forest, has replaced the oil lamps which hung between the houses. Modern brick dwellings have encroached on the old wooden ones which are of the Black Forest type though they stand mostly in rows. The old church has been almost entirely rebuilt. Only the lower part of the old tower remains, and this is crowned with a new spire. The new nave is not even rebuilt on the site of the old, but the direction of its length has been adjusted so that the tower stands curiously askew to it. Still there is much that is original yet to be seen in Schönau. The cows and goats driven outwards and homewards through its streets still find of their own accord their stalls and their favourite drinking fountains, as of old. And the artists still come to be turned away from hotels already overflowing with summer "cure" visitors.

A good excursion from Schönau is the walk to Todtmoos, to which people go for various reasons. One is that the air is good. Another, perhaps, is that the name attracts, for there is something rather fascinating in what we should call "Dead Man's Swamp." But there is a better reason than any of these for going there. It is impossible to get to or away from the town without journeying through superb scenery. From Schönau the way lies through Mambach and Happach, a way hemmed about with frowning granite walls and pine-clad slopes, which follows, as do nearly all these mountain ways, a boisterous little stream. Mambach is credited in history with a very early conversion to Christianity in which a miracle assisted. The daughter of the pagan chief of the district nursed to health a young Christian who was picked up wounded on a battlefield. He converted her, much to the displeasure of her father, who was about to stab her with a dagger when the weapon broke in his hand. He accepted this as a sign, and not only became a convert himself, but took care that all his followers should do the same. At Happach we begin a winding ascent, getting with every step better acquainted with the distant Belchen, and then a shaded road takes us down into Todtmoos. That is one way. At Todtmoos there is a generous choice. We may work back to Schönau either through the Wehrathal to Wehr and then round by Schopfheim, or by the road that goes to Schopfheim through Gersbach, direct, though not particularly straight. The Wehrathal, the Murgthal—a different one from that running from Freudenstadt to Rastatt—and the Albthal are together perhaps as good as anything the Black Forest can show in the way of pioneering under difficulties. In each of these valleys an ex-

cellent road has been made in many places absolutely through solid rock, and the value of such work to those in search of the picturesque can hardly be over-estimated. The favourite spot in the Wehrathal, christened the Sonnenblick, is where the road crosses the stream. This point is certainly beautiful, but I am not sure that I prefer its beauties to those through which one passes to get to it. The Murgthal is another of the ways out of Todtmoos, and though it is different from the Wehrathal, it is not easy to put the differences in writing. It is enough to say that each whets the appetite for the other, and both make you determined not to miss the Albthal, the third of the fine trio, of which I shall have more to say.

At the mouth of the Wehrathal, perched up on our left as we go down, are the ruins of Bärenfels. Not far off on the heights which bear the castle is the Bergalingen Wall, which is said to be the most extensive relic now existing in Germany of the old Teuton defences against the Romans. Yet another road, leading from Todtmoos, goes by way of Mutterslehen to St. Blasien. From this, if the weather is kind—an occurrence by no means rare—one may see the Alps. I recommend travellers on foot or on bicycles to traverse this road *from* Todtmoos rather than *to* it, for in the direction from St. Blasien three-fourths of the way are uphill.

The village of Todtmoos itself—for we have wandered round about it long enough—lies at the top of the district from which it takes its name. To its church on the Hochkopf, with its double row of little huts where trinkets are sold, rising one above another like flights of steps, many thousands of pilgrims have worn a path. This building, erected in 1627, owed more to its position than to the art of its makers, for its position was not of their choosing. For that a

miracle was responsible. What exactly this miracle was it is difficult to say. One account tells of a priest who was directed to the spot by the Virgin, and instructed there to make a hermitage. Another mentions a woodcutter who, as in the case of St. James near Wolfach, was prevented by strains of music from cutting down a tree in which was found a picture. Yet another makes the Virgin appear to a hermit installed there. Whichever version we accept—and I don't know that it matters much—it is certain that the site was definitely indicated and a church was built there at an early date. Some say that Rudolf of Hapsburg, afterwards Emperor, was responsible for its foundation, and there is a tradition that the Devil did his best to frustrate the scheme. By 1439 it had acquired such importance that four hundred burghers of Basle went there in procession to petition Heaven for the removal of the plague which was raging in their city. The present church, as I have said, dates from 1627. The main portion, that is. The choir was added a hundred and thirty years later by the Abbot of St. Blasien. Todtmoos is a great place for fairs, or it used to be when fairs were more frequent. On these occasions the local industry of weaving makes a good show among the stacks of imported trifles which always find favour at such times.

I think the most pleasant path for leaving Schönau—for it is from Schönau that we have made this incursion into the pleasing swamps of Todtmoos—is by way of Utzenfeld to St. Blasien, and thence down the Albthal to Albrück. The walker can stop conveniently at St. Blasien for a night, or, better, for a week. Cyclists can do the journey very comfortably in a day, putting up for preference at Waldshut. Utzenfeld is a hamlet of agricultural interests, and

it wears on its face the mark of many centuries, but its church is very new-looking. It had just been rebuilt when I passed it last, and the new bells, suspended on a kind of gallows decorated with flowers, were displayed on the ground in front. The road rises gradually from here, and indeed to here from Schönau, but the ascent is not yet tedious—I am thinking of cyclists. For walkers no part of the road need make very much difference. You pass between rocky slopes rich with moss, and many kinds of fern, and I have seen heather and forget-me-nots (or a flower very like them) blooming together. On your left is the Präg, a little stream feeding the Wiese, which it joins near Schönenbuchen. Presently the road crosses this stream, leaving a road on the right which wanders through the valley up and then down to Todtmoos (yet another way thither). Beyond the bridge the road to St. Blasien begins seriously to rise, and the cyclist will do well to dismount and take things easily. There is a long climb before him, a climb which has many deceiving points where he will think that surely here is at length the top. But the top, as I say, is a good long way off. Before you reach it you come to a strangely desolate valley. Inhospitable patches of grey stone, like those around Todtnau, break the green of the slopes, and balance accounts with the beech trees. You meet no one. There is no house in sight, though perhaps in the distance you may see the faint blue haze of smoke that indicates a habitation, and the sun beats down pitilessly on your head, for those beech trees are not near enough to give you their shade, and the roadside trees are just here not very kind. But telegraph wires, the numbered pegs that tell the meters you have travelled, the heaps of broken granite, and

perhaps initials cut in the trees, show that man is not really very far off. There are, too, paths wandering criss-cross on the mountain, and occasional little stacks of cut logs. But it is solitary for all this, with no sound but the whisper of the hills and valleys—that inscrutable voice that comes partly from the wind in the trees, partly from the rushing brook below, and partly from beetles, grasshoppers, and innumerable insects. You pass through this into a wilder part which is more friendly, because it is shadier. One of the most tantalising things about hill journeys in this part of the world is the sight of your road winding back a little above you, but separated from you by some insuperable barrier of steep slope. This is frequent in the Black Forest, but there is little of it in this particular spot. The road goes straight forward nearly all the way, and you must climb and climb and enjoy the scenery, and perhaps, as I did, a drink from that busy little river.

Well, you get through it at last, and there is the rush down on the other side. You come upon a great undulating plateau dotted with single houses and little clusters of them. There is one bigger cluster, Innerlehen, which more than the rest of these very exposed dwelling-places seems to invite sunstroke. For, although it is the only one that has any trees to speak of, they are all on the slopes below its houses. The church is at the top, then come the houses, then the shady wooded slope, then a cool stream. If I were the sun I think I should pay the village out for such reckless contempt of cover.

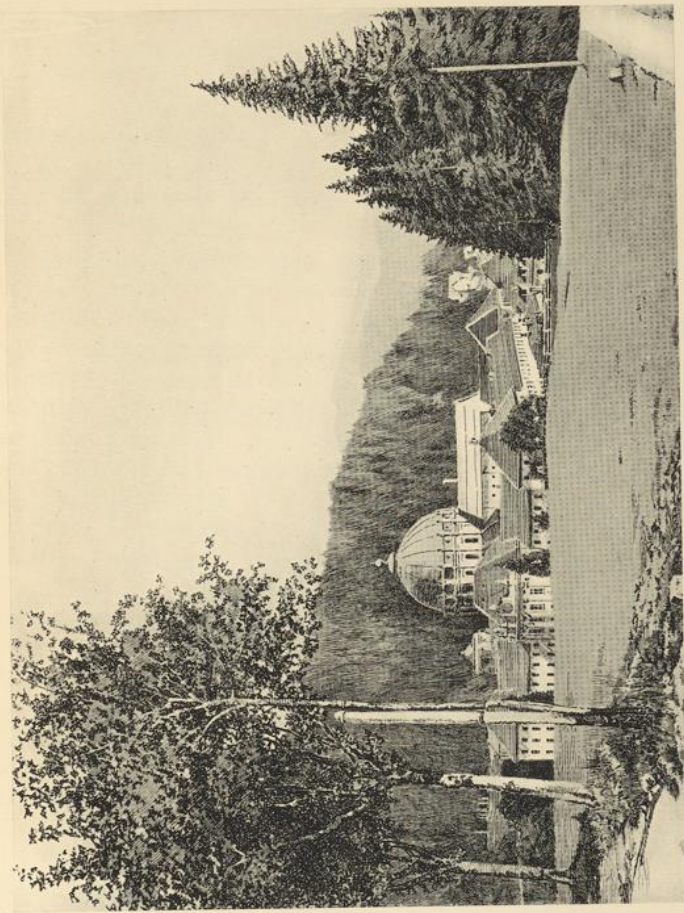
We leave this exposed plain and enter thick fir woods, and through these eventually we have a glimpse of St. Blasien, that curious chip, so to say, from the

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mason yards of Rome, with its surrounding little houses trying to look as though they belonged to it. My first thought on seeing it was one of regret that such an opportunity for white marble had been neglected. If only that domed church had been copied from Santa Maria Della Salute at Venice instead of from the Pantheon at Rome!

St. Blasien has a record unrivalled among the monastic establishments of the Black Forest, and in many respects, notably its traditions of scholarship, it has had few rivals anywhere. Its abbots ranked as princes of the Holy Roman Empire, and they ruled over no fewer than thirty-six parishes. Their ecclesiastical treasures were deemed not unworthy of imperial depredations, and the Emperor of Austria, when stress of circumstances deprived him of his sovereign rights in these parts, took valuable pickings to his palace in Vienna. As civil potentates the abbots were less important. They were required to contribute six and a half foot soldiers and one and a half horse soldiers in times of war, an arithmetical feat which doubtless their learning enabled them to perform to a nicety.

The monks had, seemingly, no very great reputation as fighting men, owing possibly to their many unsuccessful campaigns against the demon which at one time haunted the Feldberg. This cheerful spirit delighted in stealing the monastic poultry, burning the monastic hay, turning loose the monastic cattle, and disturbing the monastic slumbers by ringing the monastic bells at midnight. The monks were very much annoyed, but they bore the annoyance patiently, as monks should, for a long time. At length, however, they decided on more aggressive measures. Holding council together, they arrived at the con-

clusion that the demon must be corked up in a bottle, and on various occasions they tried hard to do this. The cellarer provided the empty bottles—there was no lack—and the more courageous monks did their best. But there was no success. It was hinted that two or three of the brothers introduced a leaven of unrighteousness into the expeditions by taking out full bottles and emptying them on the way, and that the demon being cognisant of these weak spots in the battalion always managed to slip through the advancing lines. Be this as it may, he was never caught. Once the monks tried to attract him with a great fire, but he defeated this scheme by lighting a greater—he knew all about fires—and swung their own weapon against them. It is said that when the monastery was suppressed he followed the brethren to their new home in Carinthia. At any rate the Feldberg knows him no more.

St. Blasius is the patron saint of woolcarders, a position which, apparently, he owes to the fact that his martyrdom consisted in his body being lacerated with iron combs. I understand that he is one of fourteen saints in the Roman calendar who are invoked by those suffering from pains in the neck. The body of St. Blasius was placed at St. Blasien in the year 900, and people have flocked there in great numbers ever since, though I suspect that the superb position of the little village is the attraction in the majority of cases. People go there for walking, shooting, and fishing (for trout). And German doctors prescribe it for lung complaints.

In fact, one may there see as well as anywhere the extreme rigour and vigour of a German "cure hotel." The system is everywhere in evidence, but it forces itself upon one perhaps with the greatest

insistence at the meals. There is a great hall with long tables for the general, and a few smaller ones for the particular, guests. The guests are seated. A regiment of waitresses, each of whom bears a dish of food, surges into the room. A bell is struck by a portly gentleman in a frock coat, and the regiment presents nourishment. A certain time is allowed for eating, and as soon as the course is finished the plate is whipped away, cleared of its knives and forks, and stacked with others in a pile. The hand strikes the bell, and the regiment wheels through the doors with its piles of plates, and reappears to await the signal again to open fire. Once I had the temerity to put my foot into the machinery. In a spirit of devilry I asked for more spaghetti. The sun once stood still for Joshua. It is on record that Oliver asked for more. But I think the deadlock which I created was the most impressive. While that hand hung poised over the bell a hundred and fifty eyes (there may have been more) watched me eat spaghetti which I did not want. When the last coil had left my plate, and only then, the hand descended. Instantly there was a rush of feet and a sigh of relief. One should exercise great circumspection at a "cure hotel."

The domed church of St. Blasien is a notable piece of architecture. It spans 106 feet—not far short of St. Peter's at Rome—and stands 192 feet high. Twenty Corinthian columns built of great blocks of stone support the dome, which now covers what is only a kind of forecourt to the small church beyond. Its floor is bare earth, with the exception of two paved pathways which cross at a circular space in the centre. The church has monolith columns, some of granite and some of marble, of which the rest of the interior is painted in imitation. Its glories of

decoration have, indeed, departed, with the pomp and pride of the monastery, in whose buildings very secular workers have taken the places of the old students. St. Blasien used to send classical professors to all parts of Germany. It now sends cotton spun in the monastic cells. And there was a time when it sent out firearms. In fact, it is said to have produced some of the first breech-loaders, and actually the first rifled cannon ever turned out of a factory. This last was in 1823.

The town of St. Blasien itself is a compact little place, clustered about its ecclesiastical buildings and a shady small public garden in which there is a pleasing monument to E. F. Krafft—a solid block of stone with a bust portrait in a niche, and a girl with a garland below.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the places which can be reached comfortably by walkers from St. Blasien, chiefly because I do not wish to spoil for visitors the rare pleasure of exploration for which the spot is ideal. But two or three of the routes should be mentioned, inasmuch as they contribute to the network which we are tracing over the whole of the Black Forest. First of all there is the ascent of the Feldberg. This is made by way of Menzenschwand, back along part of the road, by which we came from Schönau, and turning from it at the point where the Alb River leaves it. Menzenschwand, I may mention incidentally, is the birthplace of the Winterhalters, one of whom painted several portraits of Queen Victoria and other members of the English royal family. Beyond Menzenschwand the way, getting steeper, passes below the Feldsee to Todtnauer Hütte, and so past the stone tower to the summit.

Another walk, a short one, takes us to the Höchenschwand, where there is a small village with a big reputation for its air cure. On a clear day one can see from here a range of Alps stretching from Mont Blanc to Tyrol, which, reduced to a question of arithmetic, means that no fewer than one hundred and sixty-one peaks are visible. That is not only worth the climb, but it is worth waiting for. A good hotel does what it can to prevent days which are dull atmospherically being dull in any other way. There is a road from Höchenschwand to Waldshut—one of the few roads of any importance in the Black Forest which have no river to bear them company. One ought to mention, in order to avoid confusion in nomenclature, the Waldkirch through which it passes. The important Waldkirch, of course, is to the north of Freiburg. But one must mention the road, too, for the views which one gets beyond Höchenschwand. In the other ways by which one may reach the Rhine from the heights of Todtnau, Todtmoos, and St. Blasien, one's view is confined largely to the very beautiful sides of the valley down which one travels. On this road, the Alps, which are the asset of Höchenschwand, may be seen, for a great part of the way, rising ridge upon ridge, the last a dim faint line like the teeth of a pale opal saw biting the clouds. Below, when this is lost to view, one gets a supreme survey of the Rhine Valley, which everywhere hereabouts is worth getting up high to see.

The road down to Albrück takes you through the valley of the Alb. The first two-thirds of the way are not particularly interesting, though the scenery is always delightful. Now the road is shaded over with trees, now open to prospects of distant fields. There are few houses, and you pass hardly a village of any

note. But always there is the stream on your right for companion, winding its way in the place which it has made for itself. It is a mild-mannered companion at first, but suddenly without warning it leaves you and plunges downwards ; or perhaps it is that the road rises from it. I think there is a little of both. However this may be, you find yourself, if you are cycling, as I have been, whirling round curves to a view of it from a bridge which spans the valley far above it, and you realise that your gently rippling friend is a mountain torrent lashing its way among the boulders of a rocky ravine. The road over the bridge leads to several mountain villages. Our road continues on the left bank, or, I should say rather, on the face of the left side, for it is no longer a bank. The road, in fact, terraced like a mountain pass, clings as it were to the sheer front of the rock, going up and down and following its bends. On your left, dense foliated trees and moss-grown crags interspersed with ferns press down to the roadway. On your right the same, only you are looking down on them as they crowd to the water far below. This, with infinite variety, takes you as far as Tiefenstein, where there is a little inn. I have paused there and drunk to the accompaniment of a phonograph with a triple trumpet—all three mouths baying at once, like Cerberus. I think one should be a teetotaler to drink to such music.

Crumbling ruins are all that remain of the castle of Tiefenstein which had once a reputation something similar to that of Falkenstein in the Höllenthal. But the lords of Tiefenstein had serious rivals in the Counts of Hapsburg, from whom sprang the Emperor Rudolf. So persistent, indeed, was the Hapsburg aggressiveness, that a certain Baron Hugo of Tiefen-

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stein, who flourished in the thirteenth century, abandoned the lifelong struggle and became a hermit. Rudolf's name figures large in Albthal legend, and peasants still point out a great tree under which he slept and dreamed that the surrounding pines bowed to him and hailed him emperor.

At Tiefenstein we come to close quarters again with the stream, but as we proceed the torrent is once more at its pranks, and our road, ascending almost imperceptibly, leaves it severely alone. But we do not desert the valley. Between here and Albbruck is the most frequented part of this fine piece of roadmaking. Our way passes through five successive tunnels in the rock before at length we reach the highest ground and go down to Albbruck.

Albbruck is chiefly concerned with the making of paper for news sheets, and the bridge from which it takes its name is prosaically the iron viaduct which carries the railway over our versatile friend the Alb. The village of Alb lies below at the point where the river mingles with the Rhine. The last piece of road down into Albbruck is, or was when I cycled over it, very bumpy, but this improves on the way to Waldshut. Half-way there we pass through Dogern, an old rustic place beginning, as we come to it, with its church and graveyard, with a curious arched flight of steps leading up from the highway. There are ancient houses in Dogern—one of them bears date 1563—but there is otherwise not much to arrest one. I judge that those who dwell there are not cold in the winter, if the stacks of cut firewood against the front walls of every house are any evidence.

Waldshut is an ideal little town to enter. You come

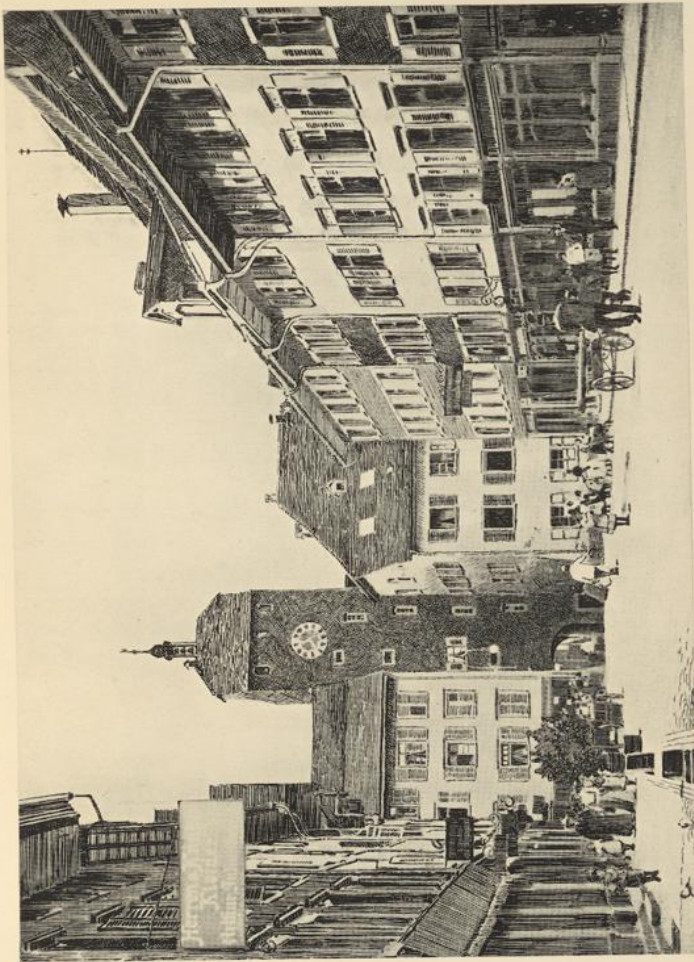
in through a towered gateway, and you go out through a towered gateway, and in the long street which has these two arches at its ends you feel or ought to feel four centuries younger. I should have, only I had the misfortune to enter it first at the height of the whipping-top season, and the illusion was spoiled. So careful had I to be of my eyesight that I felt nearly fifty years older. On inspection one finds there is a good deal more of the town than lies between these two gates. A good deal more even of the old part, I mean, for of the new there is unmistakable evidence outside before you enter the gates at all. On the western gate of Waldshut there is a painting of a little man supporting a shield with a coat of arms. This not very beautiful piece of artistry is the portrait of the ingenious peasant who thought of a name for the town. When it was built by a certain Count Albert of Alsace, he offered a prize of ten gold pieces for the best suggestion, and Waldshut, meaning guardian of the forest, was not only considered generally the most suitable, but was also the most flattering to the noble founder. So the man with the idea—he came from Hozenland, which lies about Säckinggen and the Lower Wiesenthal—got the reward together with a rainbow-hued immortality.

I have mentioned several ways from St. Blasien to Waldshut, but there is another way still up to the Schluchsee and through the Schluchthal. One gets entangled over comparisons, but I am not sure that this route is not to be recommended before all the others which I have mentioned. Going to the Schluchsee one sees a little of the Schwarzathal, and that is a pleasure in itself, but it is as nothing beside the winding wild variety of the river which bears one company later. Not far from Waldshut is the ruin

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of Gutenberg, once the home of a certain warrior minstrel Ulrich, who on fine spring nights still sings beneath his castle walls. His song is not unlike the music of the wind in the trees, and waves laughing among rocks.

CHAPTER XX

WALDSHUT TO DONAUESCHINGEN

Varied scenery—More railway manœuvres—The poet of the Niebelung—A daring lover, but a cautious husband—A peasant leader—The Danube controversy—An interesting museum—The ducks' castle—The mausoleum at Neudingen.

THE Schluchthal road from St. Blasien enters Waldshut from the east, joining a little way before it reaches the town, the road which, following the course of the Wutach, crosses the watershed of the Rhine and the Danube. The journey across this watershed gives a good idea of the variety of scenery which is open to the traveller within the limits of the Black Forest. There are all kinds of prospect conceivable between the two extremes of rocky gorges and spreading plains. The railway, which follows generally the direction of the road, provides for those who accept its accommodation a not unattractive couple of hours. That part of it which passes through Grimmelshofen is perhaps the most interesting. There the line makes one of those spiral curves which are so often necessary in mountain railways to achieve the gradual ascent, but it makes it almost imperceptibly. You do perhaps see the same crag of stone more than once, and wonder if you have slipped back without knowing it and are now catching up again, but the curve is so slight that one has the impression of going straight forward all the time. At Fützen

and beyond, one sees more of this kind of twisting, and it is more interesting. Fützen is a big village with a church in the middle, with one of those gabled spires with an outward curving roof. It is a conspicuous point, this church steeple, and we continually see it. The line circles almost round the village, centring apparently about a little chapel on the slope overlooking the church. Then it rounds a wood-capped bluff and there is Fützen again a little farther off. Epfenhofen is also nearly circled round before the tortuous railway gets to work again in the direction of its destination. Unless one is ready for these windings one gets the idea that for so bare a country as this great spreading tableland it is singularly well supplied with railways, for one is constantly seeing viaducts and stretches of lines on either side. But they are all one, and you traverse every piece before you are through. Indeed, you are tired of that tableland before you leave it, and excepting that its villages are picturesque and the railway like a Chinese puzzle in its machinations, you might regret coming to it. But all these windings get you at last to a respectable height, and there are fine views of distant mountains on clear days.

But to take the road. Thiengen comes first, a town with rough stone streets and fountains and flights of steps, and generally a good deal of picturesque-ness combined with modern readjustment. Thiengen is at a point where the Wutach Valley widens before the river joins the Rhine, and near it on the brow of a hill once stood the castle of Offerdingen, one of the reputed birthplaces of Henry of Offerdingen, the poet of the Nebelung. The knights of Offerdingen were so uniformly notable as warriors that it is impossible to distinguish one more worth mentioning

than another. A certain Sir Berthold Strobel, however, is remarkable as having abandoned the battle-field for a hermitage. He was the intimate friend of the great Rudolf of Hapsburg, whom he helped to imperial dignities. After that, having apparently become satiated with the easily won glories of the chase and the tourney, he set up as a hermit at the confluence of the Wutach with the Rhine. There he lived out his days, scornfully refusing the abbacy of a monastery at Königsfelden on the score that it was founded with the spoils of war.

From a point a little way up the valley from Thiengen one may follow the Steina to Ebnet, near Bonndorf. Our road runs by way of Oftringen and Eggingen to Stühlingen. At the castle of Stühlingen well-informed villagers can show you the print of a horse's hoof which has a story. It is connected with the castle of Hohenlupfen, which attracts our attention as we come up the valley. It is told that the daughter of the lord of this castle once in jest ordered her lover to prove his love by leaping with his horse from the window of the great hall down the precipice which dropped sheer beneath it. The young man, Curt Ewatingen, took her at her word. He led his horse upstairs into the great hall, mounted, and leaped from the window. He alighted safely, and rode off—to marry some one else with less dangerous tastes.

A legend connected with the castle of Stühlingen gives a fanciful reason for the peasant rising of 1525. Hans Müller, a young man of humble birth, had gained such distinction as a soldier that he was welcomed to the company of his social superiors, and in course of time fell in love with the daughter of the Landgrave Sigmund; who resided at Stühlingen.

Thusnelda, the young lady, favoured his suit, but had doubts as to how her father and mother would regard it. Hans summoned up his courage and approached the parents, only to be very definitely put in his place. The Margrave was dignified, and dismissed the matter from his mind with a brief speech. The Margravine, however, determined to teach the young man a lesson, and proceeded to pit her influence with the peasantry against his, by issuing petty orders. On one occasion when they were at work in the fields she sent her steward to order them immediately to gather five thousand snails. Hans forbade them to obey the frivolous command, and it was not long before the whole countryside was in revolt. Hans triumphed for a year, and then paid the price of power with his head.

The Wutach Valley, which runs down fairly straight from Grimmelshofen, there wanders away to the left till it eventually finds Titisee and the Feldsee, where the river rises. We leave it and make for Donaueschingen and the Danube by way of Fützen, Riedböhringen, Behla, and Hüfingen. At Hüfingen I think the elaborately carved doors of the church deserve a glance as you pass through.

Donaueschingen lies in the midst of gaunt, bare, rolling waves of tableland, intersected by long straight roads fringed with tall aspen poplars. But for these it might be a magnified piece of our South Downs. Without the hills it might be Holland. Certainly Hobbema could have found there something not at all unlike his "Avenue" in that which leads to Dürrheim. Dürrheim, by the way, has deep-level saline springs, which supply many tons of household salt and are utilised for some much-frequented salt baths. In Donaueschingen (now quickly recover-

ing from a great fire which two years ago laid nearly half of it in ruins) you enter the atmosphere of one of the oldest controversies in Germany, which is saying much for its antiquity. It is the question of the source of the Danube. There is an old rhyme—

“Brigach und Breg
Bringen die Donau zu weg,”

which one may perhaps translate (without much respect for the metre, the rhyme, or the Danube)—

“Brigach and Breg
Give the Danube each a leg.”

Therein is the bone of contention, The people of St. Georgen, near which town rise the Brigach and the Breg, claim that they hold the source of the Danube. But the people of Donaueschingen have what they say is the one and only true source. To prove it they have enclosed it in a handsome fountain, suitably inscribed. As additional proof, I suppose, they have erected another fountain in the town decorated with dolphins, which certainly indicate a distinct connection with the sea. The source is marked with a circular balustrade with rows of flowers round a basin. On the inside of this balustrade are two tablets inscribed: “To the sea, 2840 kilometers,” “Above the sea, 678 meters.” Above the spot where the spring rises is a fine allegorical group of statuary, representing Baar, the parish, clasping her daughter the river, and whispering instructions for her journey. The sculptor is Reich. Opposite the group are steps down to the basin, from which visitors may get a cupful of the Danube to drink. The cup, an old enamelled iron one, is not very inviting, but I believe the original design included a handsome pitcher and goblet.

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THE ROAD FROM DONAUESCHINGEN TO DÜRRHEIM

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The stream from the spring flows out through a conduit from its basin into the combined Brigach and Breg, which passes through the town. It is at this point a scarcely moving piece of ornamental water full of trout, and the best part of it may come from the spring or it may come from St. Georgen. Anyhow the outlet from the Donaueschingen spring is marked "Donau" in letters of gold, and surely no one can dispute that. I am personally inclined to give the honour to Donaueschingen partly because of the tasteful enterprise which erected that fountain, and partly because it is a far more important town to my mind with its library and museum than St. Georgen, and it has always taken more pains to make much of its river, if it be its river, than has St. Georgen. If the Danube should ever flow back to its source, wherever it may be, there would be many gallons of wine to drink at Donaueschingen, for in the Middle Ages it was the custom for visitors to pour a cup or so into the stream as an oblation. There is no record of that being done at St. Georgen.

Donaueschingen, as I have said, has a library and a museum. The library contains an invaluable collection of early manuscripts, including one of the three best extant of the *Nibelungenlied*, Germany's epic. The museum has many relics of the princes of Fürstenberg, to whom it and the library belong. They include jewellery and a most curious selection of coloured meerschaum pipes. Also there are walking-sticks, chessmen, pocket-knives, and a thousand and one articles which give clues to German life in bygone years. There is besides a fine selection of casts from the classic masterpieces, and a beautiful set of statuettes of the world's great men of genius, including Shakespeare. Natural history and geology are ex-

cellently presented. And above all there is a very interesting collection of pictures, of which the gems are a set of twelve Stations of the Cross by the elder Holbein. These are skied in the first room on the left of the top floor. I think they should be given a better position. Perhaps then they might be well copied for use in modern Catholic churches, instead of the mediocre sets of such pictures which now too often find places there. The collection includes a good selection of German painters from the earliest times to the present, and it affords an opportunity for studying the growth of art in Germany. The beauty of German landscape has, it seems, made but a small appeal until practically our own day.

A good circular walk of about fifteen miles from Donaueschingen takes in Pfohren, Wartenberg, Geisingen, Neudingen, and Hüfingen. Of these, Pfohren and Hüfingen have little that is of much interest, and nothing that would justify a special visit, but they are pleasant incidents on the way. Pfohren, which is reached by a long straight road flanked with tall aspen poplars, is celebrated in some degree for Schloss Entenberg, the ducks' castle, so called because it was built originally in water. As it now stands it is in a field near the River Danube, which possibly swells and surrounds it in very wet seasons. The building itself, once square with a circular tower at each corner, now looks like a barn, for the tops of the towers have been cut off at a slant, and the pointed roof goes over them all almost as though they were not there. Schloss Wartenberg stands high and dry on a little hill of its own crowned with trees, as the hills in this generally flat tableland mostly are. Good roads lead up to it. Neudingen is an exceedingly rustic hamlet, though it has a railway

station. You must walk warily in all its streets to avoid the ducks and geese, and the cows will hustle you if you don't hustle them. But the place is worth a visit because there is the Mausoleum of the Princes of Fürstenberg. This is a fine little building, conspicuous for some distance by reason of its dome, resembling that of St. Peter's at Rome. The whole is sometimes described as St. Peter's in miniature, but that is very far from the fact. On close acquaintance with it, it is difficult to discover any resemblance at all. The interior has some good frescoes and two very fine angels in white Roman marble by Professor Heer of Karlsruhe. There is also an interesting carved table lectern, dating, I judge, from about the end of the eighteenth century. The village of Fürstenberg lies on the hillside above.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HEGAU

Scheffel as travelling companion—A river at hide-and-seek—The fanatic—Swiss freebooters—Wolf of Hohenkrähen—The antics of Poppele—A mediæval vision—Hohentwiel—A disgraceful surrender—Cross-country adventures—Schopfeln—Protecting frescoes—Banishing snakes—Valuable relics.

ONE reads from time to time discussions as to the best books to take on a journey, and the problem occasionally presents difficulties. But for a journey through the Hegau there can be no question. Scheffel's *Ekkehard*, of which there is a good translation in the Tauchnitz series, peoples this country with folk who give new life to all the landmarks.

The road which takes one through the best part of the Hegau, the land of towering castle-crowned peaks, the land of legends and traditions innumerable, is that which leads from Donaueschingen, through Pföhren and Geisingen. Thus far it follows the Danube. At Geisingen it crosses the river by an old wooden covered bridge and makes off by way of Hausen to join later the River Aach which comes by some mysterious underground route from the Danube near Möhringen. From Hausen there is a long gradual ascent, leaving on the right Stetten with its little castle, which is hidden by forest, though the view from the partially restored ruin is by no means so circumscribed. But the climb brings its

reward when we emerge upon the heights down which runs the road to Engen. The prospect stretches away to the white arm of Constance on the left, and four castles in a line mark different distances in the plain which separates us from it—Hohenstoffeln, Hohenhewen, Hohentwiel, and Hohenkrähen. Beyond all are the Alps.

Hohenkrähen, which points one's direction unfailingly from Engen and is seldom hidden for long, lies just beyond the village of Mülhausen. It was at Mülhausen, then doubtless a more important-looking place than it is now, that Thomas Münzer, the fanatical anti-Lutheran leader in the Peasants' War, promised his followers to establish an earthly Jerusalem. Friends and enemies alike of the Reformation united to oppose him, and a crushing defeat at Frankenhausen saw 5000 of his 9000 men dead on the field, and brought him to the gallows.

Near Mülhausen and Hohenkrähen stands the Mägdeberg with a ruined convent which is said to date from the time of Ursula,—perhaps even it was founded by her,—the British princess who led that great pilgrimage to Rome of which, as we have seen, more definite traces remain round Basle.

Hohenkrähen has been a ruin since 1634, when it was in the hands of one of the bands of Swiss freebooters, who were ready to serve any leader who had money in his purse, and, failing that, any leader from among themselves who was conspicuous enough to justify selection. For upwards of a century these gentlemen had possessed it, it having been rebuilt after destruction by fire in 1470. Before that date it had been the centre of operations of a succession of robber knights of whom the district was well rid.

The story of the last of these, happily named the

Wolf, is told with great unction in old chronicles. Wolf was a fierce uncouth ruffian who had no eye for a lady; but his young brother Werner had. Werner was no fighter. He was fond of a love song which he would sing sweetly to the harp, and the fair Barbara of Hornstein was particularly attracted. Came a great tournament at Constance, and both Wolf and Werner were there. There, too, was Barbara, and Wolf saw her and fell in love, and when Werner, the gentle harp-playing Werner, cried "Hands off!" there was strife between the brothers. But Wolf did not do battle for the lady as Werner would have wished. Instead, he laid wait for him near Radolfzell, and murdered him. Thereat the peasant-folk rose in indignation, and, Otto of Bodman leading them, put an end to Wolf and his doings, while poor Barbara entered a convent at Engen.

A more popular legend of Hohenkrähen is that of Poppele. Poppele is a mischievous rascal who is always up and down the countryside playing practical jokes. Innumerable stories are told of him. A miller of Radolfzell returning from the market at Engen, or, as some say, the fair at Möhringen, lost every coin in his pocket, and found them, to an accompaniment of mocking laughter, at intervals along the road over which he had travelled. A woman with a basket of eggs had every egg thrown to the ground, and picked them all up without a break. Travellers were misled by imaginary lights in imaginary windows; misdirected by twisted sign-posts or by earnest people whom they met; or landed in a ditch which they thought was hard high road. And always there was the mocking laughter at the end, and generally some small stroke of luck to compensate. Unless, that is, the victim happened to have

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been doing some one a bad turn himself. There was a glazier who overcharged a poor priest for mending the church windows, and going home leaned his case of glass against a stone. That stone was Poppele, and the glass did not survive. This, by the way, is the only occasion on which Poppele, however indirectly, helped a priest, for he was no lover of priests. And for a sufficient reason, for Poppele was no other than Christopher Poppelius Mayer, steward of Hohenkrähen, who took a liberty with the Abbot of St. Gaul and was condemned to eternal unrest for his pains. This was how it happened. The Abbot was on a journey and stayed a night at Hohenkrähen. Christopher did him well, as they say. The best of food and wine was on the table and the Abbot grew merry. So merry, indeed, that he indulged in personalities. Himself a man of robust habit, he cracked a jest at the expense of the steward who was at the other extreme. Poppelius did not like it, and, rising from the table in wrath, he swore that the Abbot should not leave the castle till he was as thin as his entertainer. Nor did he. But when the reverend man did go forth, thin as a lath, he uttered a curse which made of Christopher—Poppele.

I do not think that Poppele still haunts the highways and byways, though when I was on his beat last I very nearly did think so. I was at Singen and was making my way to renew an old acquaintance with the Hohentwiel. Gradually as I advanced up the road I became aware of a new feature in the landscape, or rather an old feature which I could not remember to have seen before. On the left on a little ridge of the hill stood a mediæval building, with something of the look of a castle and yet with a good deal about it that seemed peaceful and domestic. Towers and

gables rose in pleasing profusion. Old walls, old timber, old windows—a gem all mellowed with age. And I wondered where it could have sprung from, for surely I had not noticed it on any previous visit. And then I wondered whether Poppele had before for some reason borne a grudge against me and thrown dust in my eyes, for some sort of likeness of it would surely have remained in memory if I had seen it. But when I got near the truth was revealed. Singen had been bitten with our English pageant mania (or perhaps England caught it from Singen, for Singen's case is of older birth), and here was the playhouse. A big hall with an arched roof had been most cleverly hidden with this mediæval dress of lath, plaster, and paint. It is an excellent piece of work, but not more excellent than the music which may be heard at the annual festival performances.

Beyond Hohenkrähen, Singen is the next town of importance to which our road takes us, and there, however one may fail to see the playhouse, one cannot miss Hohentwiel. It rises, a majestic tree-grown rock with its castle walls peeping over the highest crags. Never was there a place better created for a castle, and since the days of Charlemagne it has borne one. In open siege it never fell, and it never would have fallen but for treachery. An ignominious capitulation to Vandamme in 1800 is the one blot on a history which included a blockade of no less a period than fifteen years, from 1635 to 1650, during the Thirty Years' War. Wiederhold was the commander. Onwards from the latter part of the seventeenth century it did duty as a State prison—the State of Wurtemberg, by the way, for though it lies in the midst of Baden territory, it has been a treasured possession of Wurtemberg since 1538, a fact of which

one is reminded by the coloured boundary posts that greet one on the way up.

As a State prison Hohentwiel is said to have been remarkably well equipped. There were dungeons which had never seen daylight, as there ought to be in State prisons. Some very dark cellars are to be seen there now, but prisoners of the Duke of Wurtemberg were provided with far less attractive quarters even than these. All this was done away with when, after its betrayal, the castle was destroyed by gunpowder. As a ruin it repays the toilsome ascent, and the view from the summit of the tower is of course supreme, though those in charge would do well to place a new direction-table there. Much of the action of Scheffel's story centres about Hohentwiel, and a good bas-relief portrait of the author, together with one of Bismarck, is fixed in the wall near his favourite spot.

The pretty town of Radolfzell brings us to the waters of the lake, though only to one of the many irregular arms into which it is broken round the town of Constance. It is worth while to note here an interesting cross-country route from Hohenkrähen to Radolfzell. At the foot of the castle rock one takes the road which leads to Hohenkrähen railway station, and follows it to Schlatt. Thence a pleasant field road—narrow, but a good deal better than a cart track—goes to Beuren. From Beuren one may go to Friedingen with its finely situated little castle, and so on to Böhringen, or one may go to Steisslingen and thence to Radolfzell, being careful not to take the road which leads to Singen. I did this once, cycling, and being anxious to catch a train to Constance did not bless the paucity of signposts, and the local lack of knowledge as to whither paths led. Guarded against

such misadventures with a good map, one finds these byways more interesting, because more topographically and ethnologically informative, than the main roads.

Between Radolfzell and Constance lies the island of Reichenau, connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway planted with a long regiment of poplars. They are sturdy, aged sentinels, these poplars, and botanists can tell, perhaps, why they all have a rich thick velvety moss on one side—that facing towards Radolfzell. I cannot, but I know that it gives them a less gaunt look at close quarters than they bear from a distance. One must pass down the long avenue which these trees make, to reach the island, unless one has brought to life the infrequent ferry from Hegne, or Allensbach. I think there is no regular service, but boats with very slow oarsmen come into being at urgent request.

Going along the causeway we pass the ruins of Schopfeln, of which not much remains but an angle of wall built in massive masonry. Probably raised by the Romans, it came into the hands of the monks of Reichenau, whose monastery lies a little way farther along our road, and was by them used for various purposes not intimately connected with their religious offices. One of these, together with an ancient feud between the Abbot of Reichenau and the Bishop of Constance as to the exact boundaries of the island, brought about its downfall. It happened that a fisherman of Petershausen, now a suburb of Constance, was fishing and inadvertently rowed his boat over the line of demarcation, a thing not difficult to do, for the line was as imaginary as the meridian of Greenwich and not nearly so mathematically determinable. In

the midst of his labours there came upon him, rowed in a galley, the Abbot Mangold, whose cross and crozier are still shown in the Abbey church. The Abbot demanded the fisherman's explanations of his trespass but did not wait to hear them, and had him hauled away to one of the subaqueous dungeons of Schopfeln. Here his only daughter, who had gone in search of him, discovered his presence. Having applied in vain to the monks for his release, she pleaded his cause with the burghers of Constance, who were glad enough to have some definite complaint against the Abbot. Remonstrances were successful in reclaiming the prisoner, but not before he had been deprived of his sight. Thereat the burghers rose in arms and laid the old stronghold in ruins. This happened in 1370.

The old church of Oberzell is near the ruins of Schopfeln. Parts of this date from 1620, but parts are very much older. An ingenious scheme has been adopted here in regard to the fast fading mural paintings. Copies of them have been made on canvas, and these are hung in front of the originals, and serve the double purpose of screens from the destroying rays of the sun, and vivid reminders—perhaps too vivid—of the building's past beauty. That the church is still the centre of a wide parish is shown by the fulness of the adjacent graveyard with the vineyards all about it, and the vines growing even on its railings.

The monastery of Reichenau dates from very early times. The church was consecrated at the beginning of the ninth century, and the nave and tower are original and fine specimens, but tradition places the foundation of the ecclesiastical community at a date nearly a century before that. St. Pirminius is the

reputed founder, and he is said to have prepared the ground by banishing snakes from the island. A quaint old painting inside the church shows the saint actually doing this. Here monastery and church are fully built, and formidable serpents are taking to the surrounding water in obvious terror. The legend in the corner of the painting gives the year of this miracle as 724, though the evidence of an artist who lived many centuries later cannot be taken as very definite. More satisfactory proof of the antiquity of the edifice is to be found in the stone marking the grave of Charles the Fat, the great-grandson of Charlemagne. This potentate was dethroned in 887, and his tablet bears the date of the following year. A picture of him near by, painted probably by one of the monks a couple of hundred years ago, shows him in armour, and not so remarkably stout, though he is certainly not thin. But perhaps Germans weighed less in those days.

The sacristy has a number of relics, which, if they are not of great value themselves—I can give no opinion—are certainly, some of them, enclosed in very valuable caskets—far too valuable indeed, according to our English ideas, to be so easily accessible. When I was there last, I walked straight in through the open door, and might, I believe, had I been so minded, have carried away the tooth of St. Mark, set in gold dated 1723. This with many other things was shown me casually enough by the sacristan, who took them from the unlocked cabinet in which they were stored, gave them into my hands, and returned them as though they were articles of most ordinary value. Nor was he particular about leaving me alone. Doubtless rustic piety is a sufficient local safeguard,

but not all visitors could resist an attempt at depre-
dation. I am not, as I have said, able to guarantee
the authenticity of the relics—they include, besides
St. Mark's tooth, a small crucifix containing four
thorns from Christ's crown, the head and arm of
St. Bartholomew, the skull of St. Constantine, and
arms of other saints—but I can vouch for the very
fine workmanship of the shrines and other ornamental
pieces which make of this sacristy a most bewildering
museum. There are some further relics of St. Mark
brought from Venice in a casket of the thirteenth
century, with twelfth-century enamel medallions. A
twelfth-century box with silver plaques and enamelled
inlaid decorations contains remains of St. John and
St. Paul. Other caskets of the fourteenth and
fifteenth century, all of rare excellence, hold relics of
other saints. There is a cibarium in carved ivory of
workmanship dating from about the sixteenth or the
seventeenth century. There is a two-handled bowl
of the year 926, and there is a Roman bronze vessel of
charming form of about the same period. A fifteenth-
century monstrance has a series of exquisitely finished
miniatures. The sacristy contains also a good piece
of oil-painting in the form of a panelled tryptich, said
to be fourteenth-century work of the Ulm school.
Elsewhere in the church there are some quaintly
inlaid cupboards with the arms of the monastery
and other decorations in early eighteenth-century
marquetric; and also some beautiful old vest-
ments.

These are proof of the monastery's ancient power.
Its wealth was almost incredible. It is said that the
Abbot could travel to Rome and stay each night in a
palace belonging to his own foundation. But it all
went, and the income of the brotherhood dwindled

to a few marks in the year. The monastery was secularised in 1799.

In Petershausen, which lies on our way to Constance, we pass another old monastery, now used as infantry barracks.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY

Idle waiters—Zeppelin's birthplace—The city of Huss—A youth of prompt action—The great Council—The coming of Pope John XXIII—Reforms and reformers—The valiant butcher prentices—A link with Ireland—Ignaz Heinrich von Wessenberg—Decorated villages—A disreputable though artistic abbot—The illusive frontier—The falls of the Rhine—Schiller's bell—An involved tale—A lure for Scottish travellers—The three Wagtails—A well-earned lack of rest—Laufenburg—The curse of fire and water—Säckingen and the trumpeter—In the track of Ruskin and Turner—A frontier stronghold—Impertinent efforts—A villainous iron bridge.

CONSTANCE, with its background of snow-tipped Alps, greets us pleasingly across the water as we take our way back from Reichenau along the avenue of poplars. It is not my practice to recommend hostelries, but at Constance I think I may make an exception. Here one should stay at the Insel Hotel, which is now the name of the old Dominican monastery standing on a small island close to the Rhine Bridge. It has been transformed, but one may still dine in the old refectory, walk in the old cloisters, sleep in a very comfortable monk's cell, and gaze out between whiles over the lake towards Switzerland and Italy. It is a big hotel, and at seasons it is not always full. I have been to it at a time when, if you raised your finger, five waiters would rush, not to get what you wanted, but to put your finger down again. Thus does enforced leisure beget

a desire to do things which are useless. "Satan finds——" as Dr. Watts said. But these are exceptional occasions, and a sojourn at the Inselhof is always enjoyable.

A notable list of happenings belong to its history between the old days when it was a Roman fortress, and when, later, the bishops of Constance made it their palace, and the very modern days when Count Zeppelin, who was born there in 1838, pays it frequent visits while he is resting from his aeronautics. It was in the very uninviting basement of the tower that juts out from the face of the building looking towards the lake that John Huss, the reformer, spent, in 1415, part of the period of imprisonment before his execution in the same year. Gottlieben, on the Swiss side of the Rhine between Constance and Reichenau, provided his dungeon for another part of the period, and Gottlieben, too, held the Pope, John XXIII, who had convoked the Council of Constance which tested Huss's heresy, and who, before the "heretic" was condemned, had been himself proved guilty of everything of which a pope should not be guilty. Huss suffered death by fire at a spot outside the town of Constance, which a stone indicates; John XXIII bought himself a pardon for a few thousand marks.

Constance is the city of John Huss scarcely less to-day than it was those five hundred years ago. One is reminded of him continually. But things happened there before Huss's time, and have happened since of possibly equal importance. There are few calculations more difficult than an estimate of the comparative values of historical events, particularly when one of those events is a martyrdom. A martyrdom tends to pale other occurrences by its glamour. I mean no disrespect, for I judge that the martyrdom

of Huss certainly deserves the first place in the history of Constance. But other of its records deserve a passing word too. Let us run over them briefly in order.

According to a certain learned Benedictine, Gabriel Bucelin, Constance was built by the grandchildren of Noah. It is not known where this authority got his information, but his word is not very generally credited, even by the most patriotic citizens of the town. A settlement of lake dwellers, of which remains were discovered when the new harbour was made in 1872 and 1873, marked probably the first definite human occupation. The name is said to have come from the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus in the fourth century, though here again doubts are raised by philologists, who give it a Celtic derivation. The eighth century A.D. brings us to certainties. Charlemagne and Hildegarde stayed in Constance while on the way to Rome to receive the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. That chivalrous emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, held several Reichstags there after 1152 during the thirty-eight years of his reign, and the Peace of Constance was signed there in 1183. Four years later Barbarossa led a German army on the crusade in which Richard Cœur de Lion earned his name. In this expedition he lost his life, though for many hundreds of years it was believed that he was only sleeping, to awake when Germany needed a deliverer. His grandson, Frederick II, a boy of seventeen, who, though acknowledged by Pope Innocent III, had to win his empire by force of arms from Otto IV, entered into his kingdom at Constance, having arrived there and received the allegiance of the townsfolk and of the neighbouring potentates just three hours before Otto appeared with his army at the gates. Frederick was a youth of prompt action

and he made the most of his time. Had he wasted those three hours it is possible that we in England might have known other rulers, for Otto was nephew of Richard I, and a Guelph of our own royal house. The year of Frederick's death, 1250, saw Constance laid in ruins by a great fire—the second it had known in seven years.

The Great Council, the big event in the town's history, opened in 1415 and lasted nearly five years. At this time Christendom had no fewer than three popes, Benedict XIII, whose seat was at Avignon, Gregory XII, who directed affairs from Spain, and John XXIII. Pope John was the successor of Alexander V, who had been elected by the Council of Pisa in 1409, and it is by no means certain that he did not assist in creating the vacancy which he was chosen to fill, for Alexander, after a year of pontifical power, died in circumstances which even in those days of plausible accidents were considered to be unusual. It was perhaps natural that Pope John should endeavour to dispel the atmosphere of suspicion that surrounded him, and to this end he announced a desire to reform the church. After some preliminaries an œcumenical council was convened at Constance. Constance was selected for several reasons. It was a free town; it was the seat of a bishop under the Archbishop of Mayence; and, perhaps, above all, it could give the necessary accommodation. In regard to the actual number of persons who attended the Council accounts differ, but it is certain that there were many thousands of visitors, for all the most learned men of the civilised world were there, and the principal rulers and nobles of Europe made it an occasion for rivalry in the magnificence of their equipment and retinue. These great folk very naturally attracted lesser ones, and

there followed a motley crowd of mountebanks and players, gentlemen of fortune and ladies of misfortune. Among the more reputable, it is interesting to note, were English mummers, who, with their repertory of "mysteries," were the originators of dramatic performances in Germany.

From a very circumstantial account written in 1460 by Ulrich of Reichenthal, a citizen of Constance, we get the exact moment of the arrival of John XXIII (I quote a translation from *The Shores and Cities of the Boden See*, by Mr. Samuel James Capper): "As we reckon from Christ's birth 1414 years, on St. Simon and St. Judas, on the evening of the Holy Twelve Apostles, on the seven-and-twentieth day, which was a Saturday, after lunch, between the twelfth hour and one, came the most Holy Father Pope John XXIII to Constance."

Those who desire it, and can read old German of a not too abstruse kind—it is beyond me—may have an account equally circumstantial of all the proceedings. I am compelled to be more brief.

The meetings of the Council were held in the Cathedral and in the monastery, and not, as is sometimes stated, in the Conciliums-Saal or Kaufhaus. It was to this Council that John Huss, the reformer, was summoned by the Emperor Sigismund to answer charges of heresy. Huss, born at Husinec, in Bohemia, in 1369, and educated at Prague, had won the hearts of his countrymen by his zealous opposition to the many abuses which had gained ground in the church, and by his advocacy of wholesome reforms. Pope Alexander v excommunicated him, and Pope John XXIII formally declared him a heretic. None the less he was held in high favour at the Court of Bohemia, and his summons by Sigismund to the Council was

coupled with a "safe conduct" from the Emperor himself. Moreover, King Wenceslaus IV of Bohemia, Sigismund's brother, deputed three Bohemian noblemen to attend him. Such precautions for the safety and freedom of his person might reasonably be supposed to have sufficed, yet after the first day of his examination he was thrown into prison—thrown literally, I imagine, for the dungeon at the island monastery is not a place where much ceremony of entry could be observed. Before he was removed thence, Pope John, accepting the suggestion that his abdication would be for the good of the Church as simplifying the confusion by giving an opportunity for starting afresh with a new pope, had voluntarily resigned the pontifical power. He had resigned and accepted the fervent thanks of devout churchmen for his magnanimity, but he did it with no intention of being a loser. Aided by Duke Frederick of Austria, he fled from Constance to Schaffhausen, but prompt action on the part of Sigismund suppressed the incipient rising in the ex-Pope's interest. Duke Frederick returned as a suppliant to Constance, and subsequently handed over the fugitive John, who was forthwith confined in a stronghold at Radolfzell. At the twelfth session of the Council he appeared to answer a list of charges, which included simony, gross immorality, and murder, and, being handed over to Sigismund, was imprisoned at Gottlieben, whither John Huss had been removed. Huss stood his last trial before the Council in its fifteenth session, held on 6th July 1415—the flagstone on which he stood in the cathedral is still shown—and on that day he suffered, as I have said, martyrdom by fire. On the same spot, eleven months later, his follower, Jerome of Prague, met a similar fate. The Council, having thus begun its work of reforming

the Church by removing the greatest reformers of the age, then settled down to serious work. A conclave held in the Conciliums-Saal elected a new pope, selecting one Otto of Colonna, a man apparently fitted in every way for the high office. But the simple and thrifty cardinal, for such were his qualities, made by no means a simple and thrifty pope. Martin v gave a new licence to the old evils, and, as an early result of his rule, John xxiii regained his freedom. Pope Martin left Constance at Whitsuntide 1418, and the members of the Great Council, together with all those who had come to observe the spectacle, finally dispersed. One notable person, however, did not return. Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, died during the sittings, and was buried in the chancel of the cathedral.

An official tariff had been ordained in the town, so that visitors should be saved the impositions of ravening innkeepers; but, while this kept down the prices, it did not ensure payment of them, and there was some little difficulty about bills when the Emperor Sigismund's own followers wished to depart. This matter was settled with the aid of a pleasant and tactful speech from Sigismund, and a deposit of silken cloths, woven with gold, in lieu of a cash payment. After that, Constance, having obtained what we should now regard as a fine fillip in the shape of a world-wide advertisement, reverted to its former humdrum prosperity.

Just a hundred years later the town was once again the scene of religious activity; but this time the pomp and magnificence of the Great Council were absent, and the reformers meant business. The teachings of Luther had provided the necessary stimulus to the forces of revolt latent in a downtrodden peasantry. The ecclesiastical treasures of Constance were looted by an iconoclastic mob, and the citizens, declaring

for the reformers, signified their wishes to the Emperor, Charles v. Charles allowed them twenty years of Protestantism, during which time, with the aid of Spanish mercenaries, he conducted a deliberate campaign of retribution through southern Germany, against all towns which had taken a like stand to that of Constance. As her turn approached, Constance tried to avert her fate by submission, but the Emperor would have no peace measures. An army of Spaniards advanced on the city, and a conflict ensued, in which the successful defence of the Rhine bridge by fifty butcher prentices is historic. Constance held her own, but she could not come to terms with the Emperor, and finally, as the price of intercession on her behalf, she surrendered her rights and liberties to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and ceased to be a free town. This surrender entailed a reversion to the Roman Catholic faith, and the dismantled churches and monasteries were reconstituted.

The fine cathedral of Constance contains a link with England other than the grave of Bishop Hallam. In one of its chapels there is a copy of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, built in the thirteenth century on a suggestion made three centuries earlier by Bishop Conrad. This distinguished ecclesiastic, the patron saint of a large part of the Black Forest, was a Guelph, and to commemorate this member of her family Queen Victoria presented the chapel with a silver statuette of him.

It is only within recent years that Protestant worship has been permitted in the city ; but the religious houses were suppressed some years earlier than those in other parts of the Black Forest. In the year 1777 a visit was paid to Constance by the Emperor Joseph II, a ruler with ambitions for the good of his country, which, for

the most part, his country was not enlightened enough to gratify. Joseph found the population, which had shrunk to about 2000, poor and priest-ridden, and his first step was to remove the tyrants. In the island monastery, thus emptied, he installed a party of Genevan watchmakers and jewellers, who, having emigrated to escape the aristocratic oppression rife in their own city, had founded a colony in Waterford, and abandoned it in bitter disappointment. It is to these Genevan settlers that Constance owes the germ of her present prosperity.

I have said that Constance is the city of John Huss. It is also in some measure the city of Wessenberg. Ignaz Heinrich von Wessenberg was the last of its great reformers. As you walk through Constance, the Huss Strasse—wherein is the house where Huss lodged before his examination, paying exorbitantly (as he said) for his bedroom, at the rate of about a shilling per week—the Huss Strasse takes you into the Wessenberg Strasse, and to the Wessenberg Institute. The greater part of Wessenberg's life was spent as vicar-general to the Bishop of Constance, and as administrator of the bishopric. Though he was a zealous Catholic, his broadmindedness on doctrinal questions brought him, *mutatis mutandis*, into much the same sort of conflict with the Pope as Huss had experienced four centuries earlier. But the temporal powers were on his side, and he remained to exert an active influence for the well-being of all, whatever their faith, who lived in the district of which he had charge. His work is traceable in modern Germany in many directions. The improvement of the national school system, the establishment of technical colleges, and the freedom of the press, to name only three of his interests, owed not a little to his advocacy. He was

a great collector of pictures, and these were at his request bought at his death by the Duke of Baden, the price being devoted to the endowment of the Wessenberg Institute, a home for young girls, Protestant or Catholic, which by the founder's will was never to come under the influence of the Jesuits.

From Constance we must turn westwards again, and there is a choice of three ways. We may take the Swiss road through Gottlieben with its historic prison, we may take the road back to Radolfzell, or we may go by boat. It makes a pleasant journey to go to Stein by water and thence on to Schaffshausen by land. Stein is one of the few villages at which the boat calls that are worth getting off to see, for though these little places are attractive enough as one approaches them; they contain not much of sufficient interest to occupy the two or three hours during which the steamer service compels one to wait.

On the occasion, however, of my last journey along this route, nearly all the towns and villages had assumed a fascinating guise. They were decorated for Frohnleichnam, the Roman Catholic festival which is held ten days after Whitsun. The streets were adorned with garlands, and particularly with young trees—generally beeches—cut down whole, or with big branches of them, and the roads were strewn with leaves. The churches, too, were of course decorated, the trees giving a very sylvan look to the columned aisles. In such a town as Waldshut, whose principal street appears to be enclosed by walls with a gate at each end, one seems at such times to have stepped into a real garden city, for the shops are all shuttered, and the tree stems, leaning thickly in front of them, have a look of actual growth so long as they remain fresh.

Stein, with its old monastery of St. George, and its quaintly frescoed houses, is dominated by the Castle of Hohenklingen, and legends tell of a great revolt against its lords, led by one Heinz of Stein. This young man's father had lost all his small possessions through some tyrannical act on the part of Count Nellenburg, then the owner of the castle, and on his deathbed he bound his son to devote his life to revenge against all those in high places, be they lords temporal or lords spiritual. Heinz set to work, and before long he had beaten up no fewer than ten thousand recruits among the worshippers of Wotan and Thor, and had himself been proclaimed an outlaw. He joined forces with Rutard Weissenburg, who, having murdered the Abbot of Rheinau, was also an outlaw, and a night was spent among the soothsayers on Hohenstoffeln, a noted centre of the ancient worship, where Rutard's sister Gunhilde was a priestess. The following day the forces of Heinz and of Count Nellenburg joined battle near Schaffhausen, and the trained warriors of the count made short work of the peasant rabble. Rutard was killed, and his sister, searching for his body, came upon Heinz, fell in love with him, and married him. The happy pair set out for foreign parts, where they turned their hands successfully to the plough, quite oblivious of the lingering hope among the peasants whom they left that Heinz, their deliverer, as they called him, would place himself once more at their head. He never came. He had laid aside his sword and found metal more attractive. Thus all important, even in those days, were the domesticities.

The monastery, long since converted to meet the requirements of a private dwelling-house, shows

many interesting relics of its ecclesiastical occupation. Some of the relics, notably the wall paintings in the old oak-beamed refectory, are not in the least degree ecclesiastical, though they were placed there by order of one of the abbots. This worthy, Abbot David, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was, according to all accounts, even less ecclesiastical than the paintings. He was an artist, as the beauty of his architectural and other adornments of the abbey prove, but he was besides a sporting cleric of a rather loose type. He hunted, and he did a good many other things very much more open to criticism, so that life in his monastery became a glaring scandal. In 1524 he found his monastic duties so irksome that he came to an arrangement with the town of Zurich to take over the control and pay him a comfortable stipend. A controller was accordingly installed, and he kept so sharp an eye on the monastic manners and morals that one night the abbot and a number of the monks escaped by rope-ladders, shipped the best of the abbey's valuables, and made their way to Radolfzell. Here the disgraceful old gentleman died and was buried, and the abbacy died with him.

The great days of the monastery were during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Founded in 1005 by monks who had migrated from the bleak austerities of the Hohentwiel, the community had rapidly grown in wealth and literary fame. Among the more curious relics of this period of activity is a treatise on chess, written by Conrad of Ammenhausen, a monk of wide learning, which he applies to the characterisation of the various pieces as types of various ranks of his countrymen.

From Stein we may go on by boat to Schaffhausen,

but, as I have said, I recommend the road. It leads through Helmishofen, where one must be careful to keep to the left, and avoid the way to Ramsen and Singen. Through fields over which one can see Hohentwiel standing out in the distance on the right, the road winds up through the most delightful of beech woods and thence down again to Diessenhofen. Before entering these woods, do not forget to look back for the view of the Rhine and the Castle of Hohenklingen. For that alone it is worth while to have left the boat.

Diessenhofen lies in Switzerland. Indeed, one needs to be a frontier expert to know on this route exactly which country one is in. The boundary line, sometimes in the Rhine, makes irregular sorties on to its banks, with a bewildering frequency. Stein, for instance, is Switzerland, as is Diessenhofen, where customs officials greet you at the end of the old covered wooden bridge. But Gailingen, a few yards north of Diessenhofen, is Baden, and we plunge once more into Switzerland just before we reach Schaffhausen. All this, however, is more formidable on the map than it is in reality, unless you carry contraband, and the German language is not only spoken everywhere but used officially in notices. The road from Gailingen makes a long swift descent, with the pretty, isolated church of Büsingen, a prominent point ahead for much of the way, into Schaffhausen. This irregular picturesque old town loses importance in the eyes of visitors owing to the nearness of Neuhausen, where are the magnificent falls of the Rhine, with the castle of Laufen on the rocky promontory round which they swirl, and that of Wörth just across beyond the bend. Truth to tell, no one can be blamed for the preference. The malicious rush of that torrent

of water, with the glorious colour of the river, its foliaged banks, and the sweeping distance, make a picture for which much may be forgiven. And to see the blue of night gradually blot the picture out, while the roaring white foam struggles to retain a visibility which it never quite loses, is to get very near to what our cynics call sentiment.

But Schaffhausen is worth a sentence or two as we pass. Many factories, of which tales are told of fabulous profits gradually reduced by competition, press about the feet of the old town, clutching eagerly at the water that squanders valuable horsepower. Behind and above there are many winding ways and gabled roofs and curiously carved doorways. And above all is the grim old tower of Murroth, with walls twenty feet thick. The Romanesque cathedral has large cool cloisters which enclose a weird overgrown wilderness of a graveyard, and lead to a small open space where rests the great bell which Schiller has made more famous than it was. Cast in 1486, it has a curious old inscription in German, of which part is broken away and part very difficult to decipher. The purport of it is said to be that of the Latin motto, *Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango*.

Good roads go from Schaffhausen to Stühlingen and to Thiengen and Waldshut by way of Neunkirch. I prefer, however, to follow that which marks our southern boundary and holds to the Rhine. Through Altenburg we come to Rheinau, perched on a hill which the Rhine nearly encircles, and reached by a long covered bridge, through which we again cross the frontier. From Rheinau, where once was an important monastery, we cross the Volkenbach to Balm, now a sleepy, guileless little hamlet, but once a very

dangerous place for unguarded travellers. A castle which once existed there belonged to the Counts of Hapsburg-Laufenburg, the original lords who bore its name having been exterminated by the vengeful daughter of a certain King Albrecht whom one of them had murdered. The stronghold was eventually razed by the combined forces of Schaffhausen and the Abbot of Reichenau, in response to an appeal from a merchant of Ulm who, having been captured, had been liberated by the robber count's daughter, whom subsequently he married.

But the destruction of the castle of Balm did not disinfect the district. A long story is told of the misadventures of Burkard Jüntelen and of his friend Sir John Conrad of Griessen, the Abbot of Rheinau. The pair, with Burkard's daughter, had been celebrating the abbot's birthday at Rheinau, and late at night they set out for home. They were waylaid at the bridge over the Volkenbach near Balm. The daughter was captured, but help arrived just in time, in the persons of one dressed as a pilgrim, and his servant. Rescuers and rescued proceeded to Burkard's castle, but on the way were stopped by officers of the law who were searching for a notorious Tyrolese rebel, one Ulrich Geping, who was known to be disguised as a pilgrim. The pilgrim had not waited to hear his description, and the rest of the party waited no longer. There was a wild chase over hill and dale, and a temporary shelter in a hermitage, only to result in the arrest of Ulrich, though his companions managed to escape. How Conrad and Burkard reached home I do not know. The account is too confusing. But when they did it seems that Burkard set out again to rescue his rescuer and himself came under the eye of the law. But pardons were

freely given and Ulrich married Burkard's daughter and lived in the castle of Jestetten, which is within easy reach of Rheinau.

One may cross the Volkenbach by taking a footpath from the road that connects them, and it is as pretty and as peaceful a path as one could wish for. Through Balm and Lottstetten and Rafz we get to Swiss Eglisau. Its conspicuous church with its gallery supported on eight curiously unsymmetrical columns has little of interest, but there is a delightful old covered bridge with what seems to me a remarkable cantilever scheme of timbering. Eglisau nestles beautifully upon the Rhine, long downhill roads leading to it, and tree-grown banks hemming it in. A lofty and graceful stone bridge carries the railway over a little lower down.

From Eglisau the principal road runs through Bühl to Griessen, where there is a spring said to have been started miraculously by Nothburga, an exiled Scottish queen who tried to introduce Christianity among the pagans of the district. Compatriots of Burns will doubtless take this way, but I recommend the road on the Swiss side to Kaiserstuhl. It goes through an enchanting piece of country to Rheinsfelden and passes Neuhaus, a solitary farm a mile from anywhere, and, despite its name, apparently not newer than the hills it has gazed at all its life. Above Rheinsfelden we get a glimpse of Hohenthengen, prettier from here than it is nearer. Of Kaiserstuhl only an old tower is to be seen before one is actually there, for the village lies over the edge of the steep bank up which it scrambles from the river. On the other side is Castle Rötteln. This and two other castles a little way down the river are known as the Wagtails, Red, White, and Black. The story is that an old

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baron who lived in Rötteln was in difficulties as to the disposal of his property among his three sons, Jacob, Curt, and Marquard. A wise woman whom he consulted at Hohenthengen advised him to give all to the one whose name was called to him by some living animal. As he went home a great raven cawed out "*Ja-a-ch, Jach, Jacob,*" and that satisfied him until he heard a frog croak "*Mark, Mark, Marquard.*" Finally, a wild pigeon called "*Cur-cur-curt,*" and he resolved to divide his goods among the three. So the White and the Red Water Wagtails were built for Curt and Jacob, while Marquard got the Black. It is not stated what the wise woman got, but doubtless she was wise enough to draw something in the way of a house-agent's commission from the three tenants.

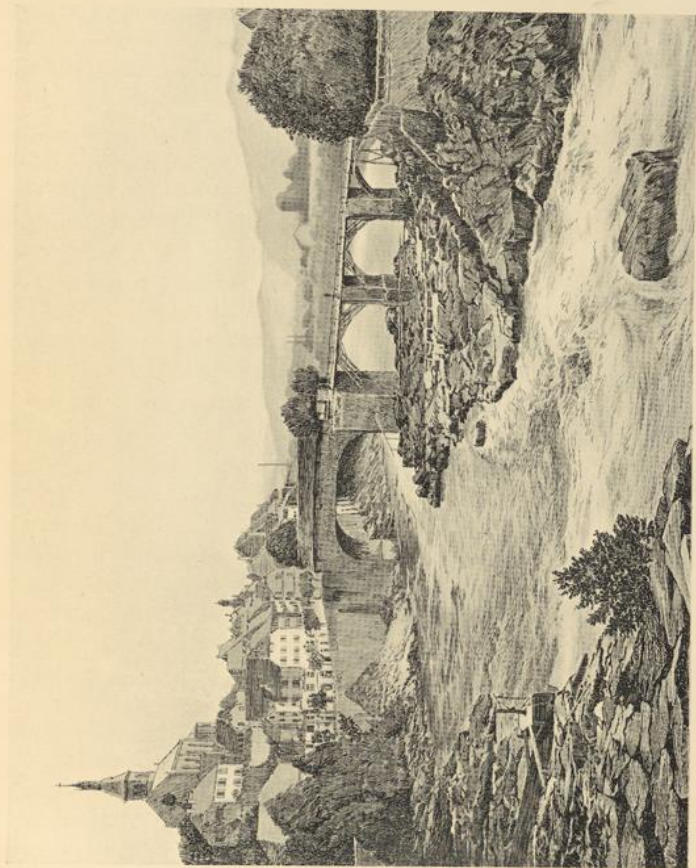
Lienheim and Rheinheim take us to Zurzach, where we are once more in Switzerland. The last time I was there I took the road leading to the ferry at Kadelburg and went through the woods to Thiengen—a charming approach to a charming town. From this way, just beyond Zurzach, there is a fine view of the distant castle of Küssenberg, from which a good deal better one may be had by those who climb for it. Those who do may also see the ghost of Count Rudolf of Sulz, who lived there as Landgrave of the Klettgau during the Peasants' War, and inflicted a defeat upon the insurgents in 1525. He was not accustomed to knuckle under to peasants, and it is the memory of this, they say, which prevents his spirit from resting. Beyond Thiengen the Steinach and the Schwarza run into the Wutach, which joins the Rhine near by. It is not a great way on to Waldshut, which we have already visited.

Beyond Waldshut the next town of interest is Laufenburg, but to reach it one passes Dogern, Albruck

(which marks the outlet of the Alb River) and Hausenstein with its cable ferry and its ruined castle. The houses of Laufenburg seem to have been toppled from a sack upon the hilly bend of the Rhine, on which they rest. Then I judge they were set up in the places where they fell, while the swift river washed away those which fell between the two banks. I fancy that the Swiss side received rather more than the German, and it has the advantage of an old church and a few older towers than the other. But a bridge, partly covered, joins the two parts, a bridge of rough timbers, as all these old Rhine bridges are, between which you can see the water rushing along below your feet. It is a superb little corner of the river, with its great spray-washed rocks and its walls rising from them. It has attracted a good many painters, and incidentally, I may add, a good many salmon fishers. As I have mentioned before, Hornberg has been described as the Nuremberg of the Black Forest. I make no question that if I were to be called upon so to describe any town of the Black Forest I should name Laufenburg. Arched gateways leading to narrow winding streets; here and there pieces of Gothic tracery; dormer windows jutting out from the roofs with pulleys for raising merchandise—all these make a very passable sort of Nuremberg, and an infinitely better one than anything to be found in Hornberg. It was at Laufenburg that the young Viscount Montagu was drowned, thus fulfilling part of the curse which, uttered at the time when Henry VIII granted Battle Abbey to Sir Anthony Browne, the viscount's ancestor, predicted the extermination of the line by fire and water. Lord Montagu, with his friend Sedley Burdett, tried to shoot the Laufenburg rapids in a small boat. They were

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drowned at a point a little way down where the eddies converge. This happened in 1793, and in the same year the viscount's Sussex home, Cowdray, was burned to ruins.

A long downhill sweep of road, splendid for the cyclist, takes us from Laufenburg to Säckingen, past Murg and the Murgthal. Säckingen has presented a stony face to the Rhine for centuries, and presents it still, but it is kindly enough inside, behind the wall. From the middle of it springs out the old covered bridge to join hands with Switzerland, and to invite international friendship strictly supervised by the customs officers at each end. In Säckingen the last house on the right as you cross the bridge if you are a German, the first on the left if you are Swiss, was from 1850 to 1852 the dwelling-place of Dr. Joseph Victor Scheffel, the poet. There is a tablet on the front to commemorate this fact, and in addition there are some bad mural decorations, including an unflattering portrait. A good deal better one in bronze stands on the pleasing monument in the market-place, with the Trumpeter below. There is naturally a good deal of Trumpeter about Säckingen. Pictures of him and of his love-making, statuettes of him, reprints of Scheffel's verses about him, fill the shops. You may buy trumpets in size from an inch almost to an ell. He and St. Fridolin, in fact, share the worship of the place, and keep alive its romance in the face of commerce and the railway.

The Trumpeter of Säckingen was a certain Werner Kirchgöfner, who rose to fame after many struggling years, through his skill with the trumpet. His early musical progress was, as frequently happens, not much appreciated by those who watched it, and it was partly his passion for trumpet-blowing which

got him expelled from Heidelberg, his native town. From Heidelberg he wandered through the Black Forest to Säckingen, where he fell in love with Margaretha, the daughter of the baron of the town, who lived in a castle on the river bank, since turned into a factory. His love was returned, but though the Baron thought a great deal of the young man's trumpeting, he would have none of him as a son-in-law. The couple were therefore separated and years passed. At length Margaretha went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and there she found as Chapel Master to the Pope her lost trumpeter. Seeing how matters stood, the Pope conferred a title on him, and finally, of course, the Baron relented and the pair were wed. Their grave is in the cemetery at Säckingen.

St. Fridolin founded the fine church of Säckingen, which holds his tomb and such of his relics as were not stolen by an Austrian Archduke in 1337 and conveyed to Vienna. An Irish monk, he has the credit of being the first Christian missionary to venture into the Black Forest, and his day, the first Sunday after the 6th March, is kept as a high festival throughout the district. Many miraculous doings are ascribed to him, and he has to his credit not a few real ones, including the improvement of Säckingen by diverting an arm of the Rhine. In addition to two religious houses in this town, and several others, the Benedictine monastery at Gengenbach in the Kinzig Valley was his foundation. Säckingen church is elaborately decorated inside with paintings, the majority of which, being of that distorted perspective which is deemed necessary for ceiling pictures, are more comfortably noted as a whole than in detail. The pews have some interesting old oak carvings, and the hinges and latches of the main doors at the

west end should not be missed by lovers of ecclesiastical artistry and ingenuity.

Beyond Säkingen there is Brennet, where the Wehr adds its stream to the Rhine, and then Beuggen, where once the Knights Templars had a house, which has since done duty as an orphan asylum and school. Near Beuggen, too, is a rival of the Hasel caves called the Tschamberhöhle, where there are natural sculptures and a waterfall some twenty-five feet high. The passages are nearly half a mile in extent.

Rheinfelden is the last town to be noted before we finally leave the Black Forest and enter Basle. Rheinfelden is Swiss with a growing and not beautiful German extension, but we may rightly include the older part because it was formerly regarded as a frontier stronghold with a very watchful eye on Black Forest freebooters. Rheinfelden, too, is one of the five towns which, I think, make it worth the while of any one to travel down this piece of the Rhine that I am regarding as our southern boundary. The other four are Neuhausen, Schaffhausen, Laufenburg, and Säkingen. These five towns are especially worthy the careful attention of English travellers because Turner made superb sketches of them. For the benefit of those who care to compare the pictures with their originals, I quote from Ruskin's notes on one of the drawings of Schaffhausen:

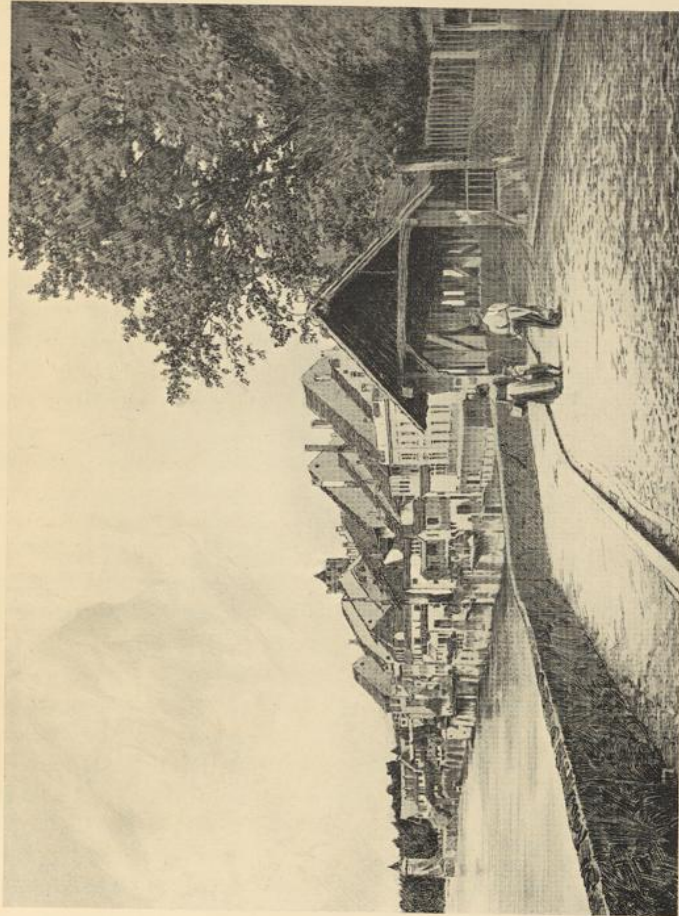
"The line of the fall is straight and monotonous in reality. Turner wants to get the great concave sweep and rush of the river well felt, in spite of the unbroken form. The column of spray, rocks, mills, and bank, all radiate like a plume, sweeping round together in grand curves to the left. . . . The little spring splashing out of its trough, is to give contrast

with the power of the fall—while it carries out the general sense of splashing water.

“This spring exists on the spot, and so does everything else in the picture; but the combinations are wholly arbitrary, it being Turner’s fixed principle to collect out of any scene whatever was characteristic, and put it together just as he liked. The changes made in this instance are highly curious. The mills have no resemblance whatever to the real group as seen at this spot, for there is a vulgar and formal dwelling-house in front of them. But if you climb the rock behind them, you find they form on that side a towering cluster, which Turner has put with little modification into the drawing. What he has done to the mills he has done with still greater audacity to the central rock. Seen from this spot, it shows, in reality, its greatest breadth, and is heavy and uninteresting, but on the Lauffen side exposes its consumed base, worn away by the rush of water, which Turner resolving to show, serenely draws the rock as it appears from the other side of the Rhine, and brings that view of it over to this side. Finally the castle of Lauffen itself, being, when seen from this spot, too much foreshortened to show its extent, Turner walks a quarter of a mile down the river, draws the castle accurately there, brings it back with him, and puts it in all its extent, where he chooses to have it, beyond the rocks.”

A good deal of this may be studied at the falls to-day. The little spring is still there, but “corrected.” The outline of the central rock may be recognised though the place worn away by the water has been partly repaired. Lauffen Castle is as it was. But the mills are changed. Others more serviceable have taken their place in spite of protest from those

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who would restore the old order of things. I expect they will remain. "Whatever is, is best."

At Rheinfelden it is less easy to follow Turner. Ruskin went there in 1858, when he had finished arranging Turner's sketches in the National Gallery, and he made two very beautiful little drawings from points which Turner had chosen. These are reproduced in *Modern Painters*, together with two of Turner's drawings of the old bridge. I spent an afternoon not long ago searching these points out. Where Ruskin sat to draw his view of the old bridge there is now the garden of a pretty villa situated near the German railway station, and though I made earnest, if impertinent, efforts to obtain permission to enter the garden, I was unsuccessful. But the view is very much changed. An ugly iron bridge has replaced the old wood one—or that part of it which Ruskin drew. The rest of the bridge (which, being at an angle with it, is hidden by foreshortening) remains as it was. The charming "fishing house" at the German end of the bridge has been removed. Ruskin's second drawing is taken near "a small dark tower" which appears in his first, and still exists. Of this he says: "Getting round nearly to the foot of it, on the outside of the town, and then turning back so as to put the town walls on your right, you may, I hope, still see the subject of the third plate, the old bridge over the moat, and older walls and towers, the stork's nest on the top of the nearest one; the moat itself now nearly filled with softest grass and flowers; a little mountain brook rippling down through the midst of them, and the first wooded promontory of the Jura beyond. Had Rheinfelden been a place of the least mark, instead of a nearly ruinous village, it is just this spot of ground which,

costing little or nothing, would have been made its railroad station, and its refreshment-room would have been built out of the stones of the towers."

Ruskin's picture may still be traced. The stork's nest is still there. The small dark tower is still there, and it overlooks no railway station—the Swiss one lies hidden at the back of the town, while the German is on the other bank of the river. But there are differences. Houses have sprung up to hide a great part of the old town wall; an iron rail surmounts the old bridge over the moat; trees have grown and interfered. And Rheinfelden is not any longer ruinous. With hotels in its midst, curehouses pressing it close, and factories, of which there is a hideous group just above on the Baden side, coming very near, it bids fair to be anything but a ruin, as that villainous piece of iron bridge seems to bear witness. Changes, I know, are inevitable. We live in an age when few old places may resist the beckoning hand of modernity. Towns are towns, and the elderly must toe the line with the youngsters. But I wish that the builders and the engineers could have found it in them to deal more kindly with that old bridge. One dreads lest the scar may spread. The Black Forest is far too sweet a place to be overlooked by a new Rheinfelden, a phoenix stronghold glaring in flames of red brick.

That, at least, is my view, and it is my hope that this record of my wanderings may bring others to share it.

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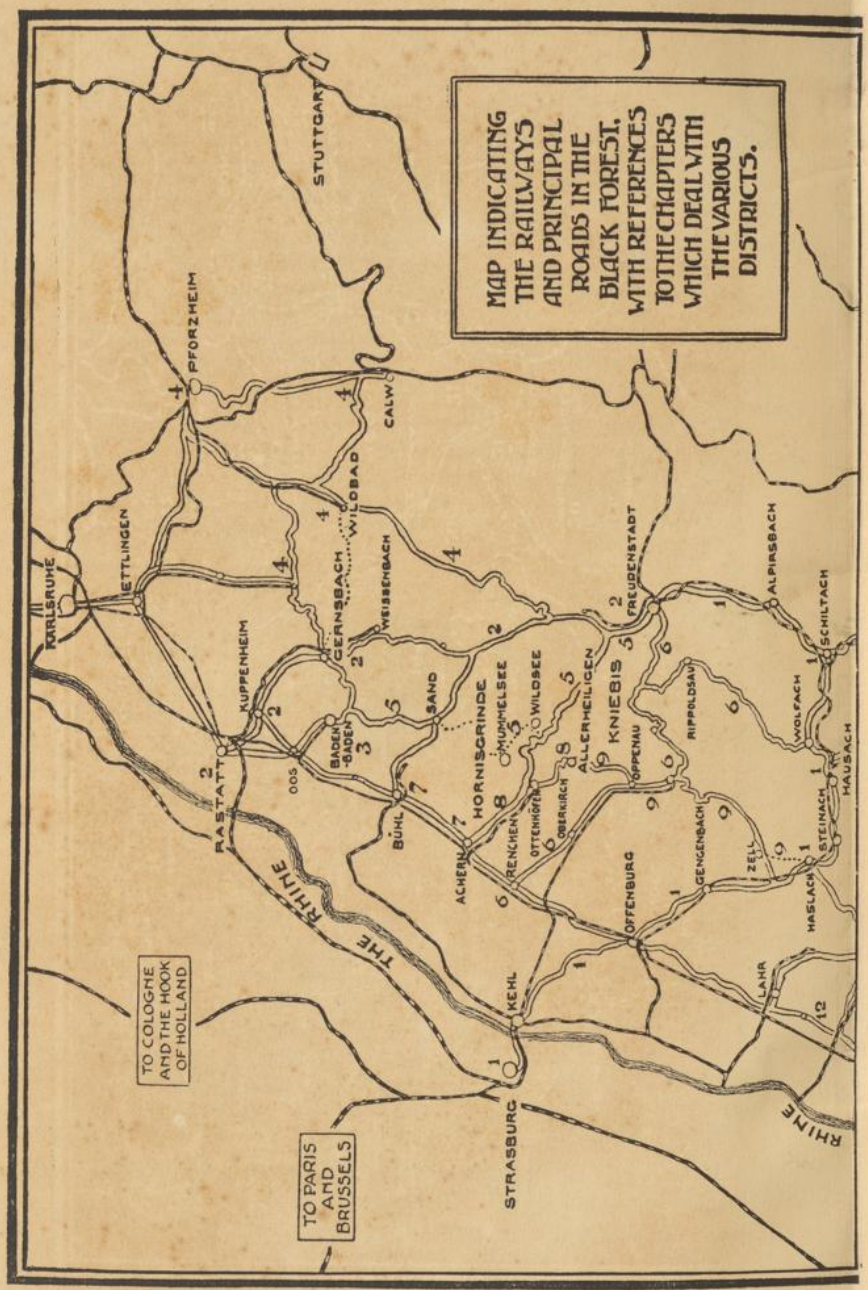
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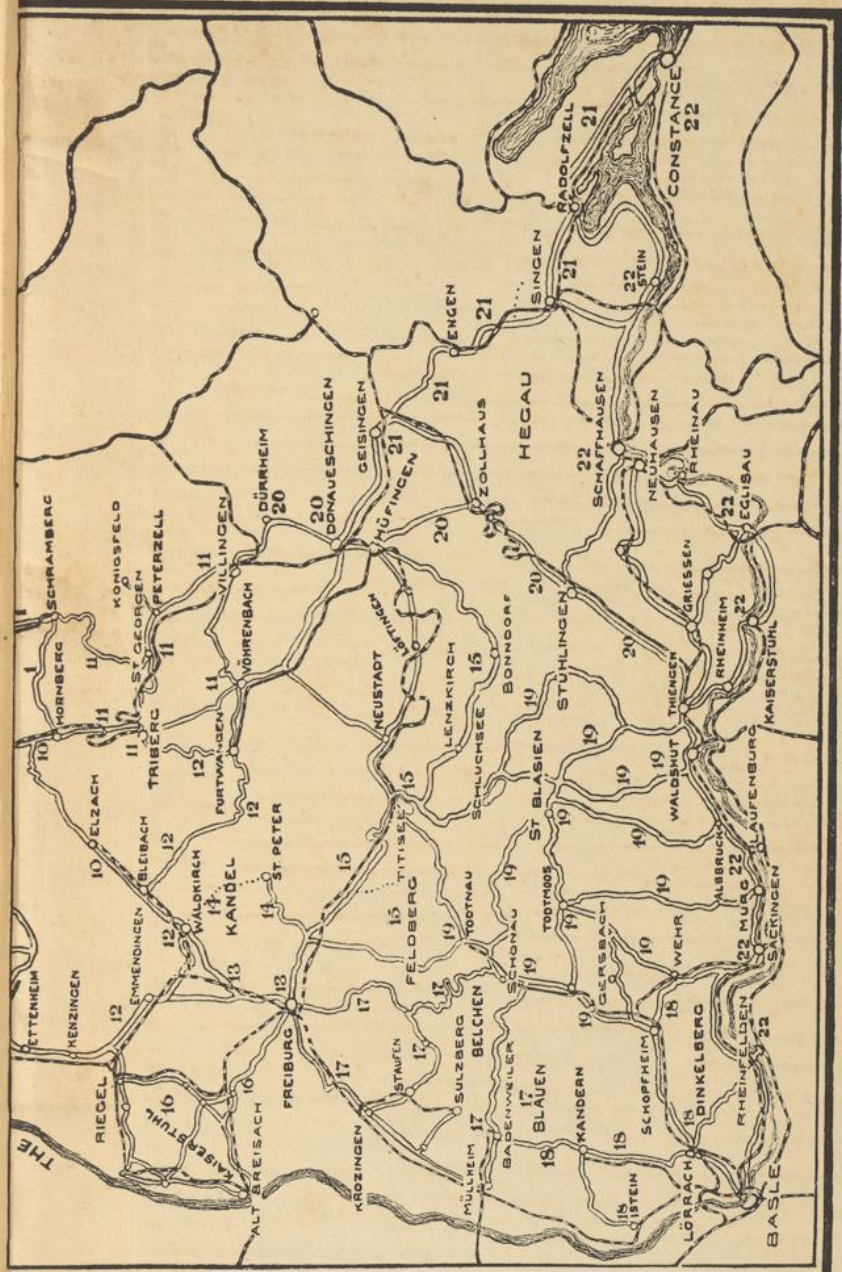
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