

magnificent scenery. I was much amused at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course. The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly descends. Leagues upon leagues of dark pine-forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright and lovely streams leap and flash. The native costume is very quaint. The men wear queer-cut coats with red linings, and the young women a green bodice, with strangely-trimmed hats. They wear their hair in long plaits hanging down their backs, and when in gala dress have a queer crest, almost like a wheat-sheaf on their heads.



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH, IN THE
BLACK FOREST.

Life in cities, the world over, is much the same; yet there is something in the German character that resists much of this modern influence, and makes them cling to their own national life and customs, so that even Berlin, with its million and a half inhabitants, still retains the marked German life. There is this, also, to favour the continuance of it—the marked divi-