

immediately after leaving it the train begins its long descent. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of this typical village is more open than in many parts; and a rough little path leads up a steep slope where the pines are less dense. A short hour's climbing brings one to the summit, and the view that bursts upon the sight is surprisingly extensive. In great undulating waves the gloomy hills of the Schwarzwald roll away on every side as far as the eye can reach. The air that sweeps across the summit is sweet and pure, and it is as redolent of the ocean of fragrant pines it has crossed as the sea breeze is of brine and ozone. If the day be dull and the horizon cloudy, the general aspect of the view is so gloomy that the origin of the word Schwarzwald at once suggests itself with great force. It is indeed a black forest.



COTTAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

It is strange that this spot, with its so beautiful view, should have been selected in the dim past as the place of execution for witches and criminals. Yet so it was; and the remnants of the rude gallows still rear themselves up ugly and gaunt into the air—two roughly hewn granite slabs, across the top of which formerly rested a third slab. As late as 1847 there was an execution in this place, when an old witch, so-called, was hanged from these very granite slabs. There seems a refinement of cruelty in the idea that the victim's last view of mother earth was one so fair. The forbidding blackness of the nearer forest soon fades into the softer blues and rich purples of the far distance; while the various shades between the two enormously enhance the general effect.

Such a view can never, of course, be called bright or glorious. It is too sombre, not to say even monotonous. Yet herein lies the