

other hand, were there evidences of great wealth. There were no mansions or parks. Here and there stood farmhouses with surrounding buildings, that were plainly the abodes of well-to-do people; but these bore only about the same relation to the rest as the half-dozen larger houses in a children's "German village" do to the quaint and uniform little rows among which they are set up. The reader must pardon the comparison, it was irresistible. Everywhere we saw toy-houses of our childhood, magnified, as it were, to gigantic size; and the churches, too, with their round cupolas and little spires. Nor only so, but the very trees were there



BLACK FOREST WAGGON.

in *facsimile*, standing in avenues, with their oddly-clipped tops tapering conically to a point. Like other artists, the Dutch, or rather *German* ("Deutsche"), toymen had, after all, only imitated what they had seen.

The "Dutch" clocks of all kinds, from the simplest and cheapest up to the most elaborately and artistically carved, tempt the purchaser; and almost everything into which wood can be carved or shaped may be found, and the prices, which are astonishingly moderate, are plainly marked.

The quaint old Black Forest towns abound in the most curious architecture. On market-day the little squares are like a page out of the Middle Ages, with their odd peasant costumes. In Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, the architecture partakes of a bolder