

and the robber hid. We climb a hill, when suddenly a valley opens up before us, and a village lies at our feet. Down we go into the village of clockmakers, and then along some clear stream, through the quiet vale. Now we see a ruin on the top of a hill, up we climb again, refreshing ourselves meanwhile on blackberries and brambles, which grow large and plentiful by the wayside. But now we enter a dark wood; the road is steep and rugged. We become ravenously hungry, and have nothing to eat. At the top, however, we find an inn, something to eat, and the clearest, coldest water that ever flowed from rock. Now we descend on the other side, and pass the landmarks between Baden and Wurtemberg. New valleys open upon either hand; new hills present themselves in front, but they can't tempt us to further marching when we once get into pretty little Wildbad, after a tramp of about twelve hours.

Now we take train for Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg. We pass through a country rich in natural advantages—undulating, picturesque, fertile. Its people have nearly all the charm of the Irish character, without their pugnacity. Their rich brogue reminds you at once of the Emerald Isle; their good-natured, impulsive hospitality, and their ready wit, have their equal only in the jolly Hibernian. Here is the old family castle of Frederic Barbarossa. The train stops a moment at Ceislingen, and old women come selling curiously-wrought trinkets of bone. This is the only place where they are so extensively made, and well made as they are, they are sold for a trifle.

Emerging from the Black Forest, we see far-towering over the plain of Wurtemberg the famous castle of Hohentwiel, as shown in the engraving on page 195. It rises 2,200 feet above the neighbouring Lake Constance, and held bravely out during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War.

At last we reach Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, which is an enlargement of the Rhine, forty-four miles long by nine miles wide. On a clear day can be seen in the dim distance the hoary crests of the Alps. The little trip over the cold fresh water to Constance was pleasing, as we had a constant view of the undulating shore, covered with corn-fields, pastures, vineyards, orchards, and woody declivities. At last we land at Constance, where the Rhine again becomes a river.

We remain a day here, for the historic associations claim for

the
to
out