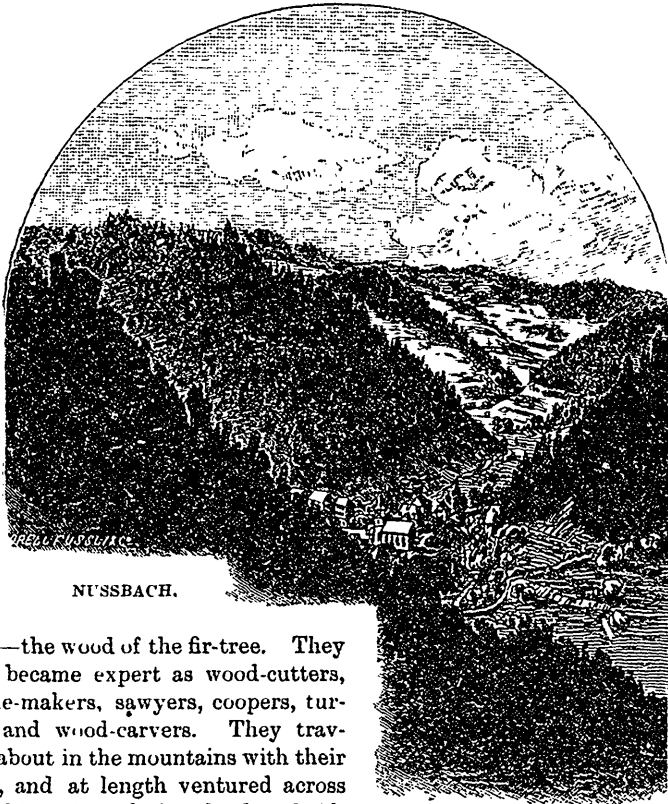


dition, leading over hill and dale; transparent brooks rushing swiftly through the valleys and turning the wheels of mills and factories; and all around us an industrious and good-humoured population. And then the fir forests that have given a name to the district—how refreshing is their shade in summer, what stores of luscious berries do they yield in autumn, how fragrant the balsam odour that exhales from the resin-distilling trees.

“It is long since the people of the Black Forest first began to try their skill on the material which they have at their door in inexhaustible abun-



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dance—the wood of the fir-tree. They early became expert as wood-cutters, shingle-makers, sawyers, coopers, turners, and wood-carvers. They travelled about in the mountains with their wares, and at length ventured across the Rhine, into Switzerland and Alsace, where before long ‘Black Forest clocks’ were to be seen in thousands of cottages. Various mechanical contrivances were affixed to clocks—birds which uttered a cry, trumpeters that blew a blast from a horn, automatic figures of different kinds—all required complicated mechanism, and led by degree; to the perfecting of the more important parts. The Government of Baden established schools for the technical education of the workman, as well as museums of manufactures. The Black Forest clock-making firms now have branches in all the commercial centres of the old and new worlds, and Black Forest clocks are in use wherever the march of time is measured. About 18,000 people now earn their livelihood in this industry; between three and a half and four million clocks are now disposed of annually.”