

amid the great trees, leading from village to village, or across the hills to the more open valleys. With no other companions than the squirrels playing among the boughs and the great buzzards circling far overhead, he may in this manner traverse wide tracts of solitary forest. He may quietly drop in upon the quaint and legend-haunted hamlets, surprising the good burghers and peasants at the occupations which have been theirs, and their fathers' before them, for ages past. He may sit beside the sturdy peasant, in the sand-floored village inn, and from his strong, honest face may call forth many a pleasant smile, as they chat together in the most friendly manner over the important events of this hidden, secret world of trees. And he may discover the fair daughters of the forest, in their most characteristic costumes, with fantastic top-knots and plumes waving from their bridal head-dresses, as in our initial cut, or clad with their bright-coloured skirts and bodices at work in the fields.



IN THE VILLAGE INN.

In an easy day's journey from the railway he will seem to have stepped backwards into the Middle Ages; and the unfrequented portions of the Black Forest will certainly tend to keep up the illusion. It is only in this manner that the remnant of the vast Hercynian Forest can be seen to the fullest advantage. To be really *known* the Schwarzwald must be studied in all its aspects during the different seasons of the year.

The Black Forest on a still, hot day in August, when the tall pines rise motionless against the blue sky, like the beautiful spires of some old cathedral, is not the same Black Forest we see in an autumn storm. Then the whole forest seems to sway to and fro as the winds roar through its myriads of branches and the trees and sky mingle in impenetrable gloom. Nor is it the Black Forest in its white winter robes, when all its sounds are deadened by the thick snow.

But the weird loveliness of the Schwarzwald can only be appreciated by those who have watched the changes that grow upon its stern face under the wondrous lights of sunrise or sunset; or as night creeps slowly over its hills or villages, investing them with a blackness all their own; or again, in the magic hours that follow sunset and precede the dawn. With this object in view, perhaps the best place for the traveller to leave the train is at Somerau. This little station is the highest point on the line, and