

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers* 2, 1886 – 1887 June 5, '86 to May 21, '87)

The Black Forest

Loafing about the baths, strolling along the charming promenades, or tramping among the beautiful surrounding hills, which together make Baden-Baden one of the most lovely spots in western Germany, that sort of Free Masonry among students, that unconscious attraction of kindred spirits, had drawn together a quartette of young fellows, all equally intent upon killing a few weeks in the most pleasant and congenial way.

We were soon conveniently and familiarly re-christened. There was the Doctor, and the Chemist, Martin Luther, and the kid. Martin Luther, ("Luth" for short) soon tacitly recognized as the leader of the party, was a tall, dark, smooth faced, handsome fellow, from Baltimore. He was bright and brainy, a student of theology at Paris and Rome, with, for a mental change and stimulus, semesters at Turbingen and Munich. His nickname was an inspiration of the Chemist's. The Chemist insisted that this nickname was so appropriate and all-embracing, that it could only be compared to a mathematical demonstration. It recognized the fact, of which we all soon became aware, that this tall handsome chap had a remarkably taking way with the fair sex; it recognized the fact which the Chemist, no mean judge himself, frankly and admiringly acknowledged, that he was an unerring expert on every vintage from the fair hills of Hungary to the sunny slopes of Portugal; and to round it out, he played divinely upon the flute. Luther himself had remarked sardonically that there could be no question as to the appropriateness of this title, he being a Roman Catholic, educated in the strictest school of the Jesuits.

The Chemist was a pleasant, genial fellow from Philadelphia. Luther, in a timely exchange of compliments, had dubbed him. He was, however, at home supposed to be studying Chemistry; and had, it is true, inspected Fettig's Laboratory at Strasburg on several occasions. In the rather wide intervals between the arduous occasions, he was engaged in spending a very large allowance in collecting bric-a-brac and old prints. His nickname was accepted as appropriate; and Luther, with his most serious and impressive manner, insisted that it approached the dignity of an hereditary title; a delicate reference to the fact that his father was the proprietor of one of the best known and most widely used patent medicines in America.

The Doctor, unanimously named, was a slim boyish chap of 20, in his first semester at Berlin. He was from Boston; had been rusticated during his second year at college, and the old folks had sent him to Germany to keep him out of mischief (a brilliant idea) and to bring home a German diploma. He was putting in his time with that feverish industry which characterizes German students during their first semester.

The fourth member of the party chanced to be the shortest in stature, and the Doctor reverently christened him the Kid. This title was accepted with unqualified enthusiasm in easy disregard of such trifles as his being the senior of the party; engaged in post-graduate studies, whiskered, and spectacled.

Quartered modestly, but on very cordial terms with our rotund host of the "Engle" who

took quite a fatherly interest in us, (his son had emigrated to America) and looked rather lovingly after our special table. Our fare was unquestionably good, and Luther, with a knowing wink, called attention to the fact that our bottles of red Affenthaler were certainly more cobwebby than any of the others. And all this while the old man would hover about, showing un-alloyed satisfaction at our appreciation and jolly pranks. He even detailed the fair daughter to give us some attention and music; but glared malevolently on some German students down from Heidelberg who attempted the gallant.

I presume he had the prevailing German infection (*sic*); that all Americans are perfectly democratic, and fabulously wealthy. At any rate, he and the fair maid gazed very kindly upon Luther; and her duets with Luther were very sentimental and touching, – even in German.

After a week of this sort, drinking at the Frinkhalle, and laying the foundation for a life-long antipathy to mineral waters; recovering at the Engel; scrambling up to the fantastic cliffs of the Felsen, or to the ruins of the old castle; prowling through the subterranean vaults of the new castle; were taking those pleasant strolls along both banks of the Oos, we felt we had “done” Baden-Baden. It was then that the Doctor, young, slim, long-legged, but pretty tough, suggested that we start out on the tramp, and go through the Black Forest, that beautiful pine-clad, back-bone of Baden, breaking in steep slopes and romantic valleys on the West, into the flat plains of the Rhine, and on the south, with rocky peaks and wild ravines, nodding to Switzerland across the Rhine, which here breaks its way through in a remarkably picturesque valley.

So, one fair morning, rigged out in stout shoes, and leather leggings, with knap sacks and good sticks, we bid farewell to host and hostess, rather gloomy on their part; and with lavish promises (never fulfilled) to meet them again, we set out for Gernsbach. Trudging along the old road, through those picturesque hills, with the pine laden breath from their wooded slopes, and indescribable feeling of both sturdiness and buoyancy taking hold of us, who can blame us for feeling that two weeks of life lay before us. – Soon, leaving the broad road, a not fatiguing climb up one of those excellent foot-paths with which this whole region is so carefully interlaced, we reach the summit of the Mercurensberg (the votive tablet to Mercury found here is preserved at Carlsbuhe the Chemist tells us). Here we were rewarded with the first of those noble panoramas, from now on to be ever-recurring; but in which the same features, in infinite change and variety, seemed never to tire us, seemed ever new and fresh.

To the north seemed to roll away, wave after wave of dark-green wooded hills to the far distant Königsstube, towering over the ancient home of the Muses. Westward ran the flat, fertile plain of the Rhine from the Neckar to the distant Strasburg in the south-west. Southward lay the charming Valley the Murgthal, that we were so soon to invade. Descending by a good path through the pine woods, we reached Pfeiffer's Inn, just above the village of Gernsbach.

Unquestionably dusty, and all admitting a slight fatigue, we indulged in a novelty which is a feature in this region. Although all scouting the claims that are made for it, we found it a thing not to be despised. It was a bath, if you so please, in warm pine-cones, through which steam is passed, followed by a brisk rub, performed by the way, in Luther's case to

his intense disgust by a very ancient frau, the baths happening to be crowded at that moment, and the entire force of the establishment being called in to help. – Refreshed, and after doing amazing justice to a good dinner, we started on. Our road took us past the eminence upon which stands the restored castle of Eberstein, and the Chemist insisted on ascending. We all scouted the idea of wasting any muscle on any “restored” castles; but when the Chemist announced that it contained a widely-known collection of medieval relics, armor, weapons, etc., we knew we might as well give in. While the Chemist, who had opened the door, and the keeper's mouth and heart, all by one sovereign prescription, was examining those gloomy apartments, we were refreshing ourselves outside, and enjoying a delightful view of the beautiful valley stretching away below. It is to the credit of these art, and antiquity, and nature-loving Germans that they show a praise-worthy, practical side. Whether it be a beautiful view, Nature is linked to Humanity; whether it be an ancient ruin, Antiquity is linked with To-day by the convenient proximity of a gasthaus where one can procure a good lunch, and excellent wine.

The Valley of the Murg now becomes wild and beautiful. The Murg dashes over its granite bed, or forms round the immense blocks dropped in its way from the cliffs above. The slopes are wooded, and here and there the eye is rested by bits of smooth meadow, or small, carefully cultivated fields. Now and then we pass a low, broad-roofed, thatched cottage, in among fruit-trees; bright with a bit of color from blossoming flower-beds, and alive with the noise of childhood, the lowing of cattle, and the hum of bees round the queer, conical, straw-thatched hives. We are entering a veritable Arcadia, prosperous and happy, comfortably away from the strongest throw of civilization, and with beggars unknown. We pass through the thriving village of Forbach, with its pretty church very picturesquely, but as the Doctor thinks, very stupidly and inconveniently perched on a high cliff, overlooking the town. Beyond this, the valley becomes even grander, resembling some of the wildest Swiss ravines; and towards evening we reach our stopping-point, a village with the euphonious name of Schönunzsch, about one house for each letter. We were soon seated about a good supper at the cozy “Waldhorn.” After supper, we stretched our tired limbs, and refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of Murgthaler, not bad. In this quaint old room, with its antique furniture, heavy wainscoting, massive beams across the ceiling, with broad, open windows on one side, looking across a wide porch to where the two mountain brooks dashed musically into each other, and on the other side with open windows, looking into the main room where the peasant lads and their sweethearts were dancing; we met the ever-familiar party common to the “extra room” of all these little German inns. And a right jovial and intelligent party it invariably proves to be. Always University men, of course. There's the official, corresponding to our Squire; and if any official in this broad planet has a sinecure, he in the Black Forest has: the local doctor, and he's not rushed, either; the pastor; the chief post and telegraph official, and two or three of the leading land-holders.

We had put nearly 30 miles of hard tramping behind us, and admitted being tired, and agreed that the ardor of this first day should be tempered in the future, except the Doctor, who laughed at such a thing as fatigue, and to prove it went out, and won the hearts of the peasants by giving them some rattling jigs and clogs, which his hob-nailed mountain shoes made very effective. Luther must needs go out with him, and, borrowing a piccolo from one of the musicians, play him his airs.

The only formal attempted organization of our party was made here by the selection of a Treasurer according to an admirable method emanating from the College-bred, fertile brain of the Doctor. Each man's share of the next day's expense was laid on the table, and we played draw-poker until someone had the entire pile: –he was Treasurer to spend it next day. This plan soon fell through, for Luther was nearly always Treasurer anyhow: and this born linguist showed such a phenomenal aptness in picking up the rough patois of the country, that we fell into the natural habit of handing over the cash to him without a struggle.

After a sleep of the innocent, we started out fresh and early to ascend the Hornisgrunde. By well-kept paths, through wooded ravines, and along very little brooks with very large names, we climb to this 4000 ft. peak. Here on the flat summit, another panorama, luckily free from mist. North some 15 miles, the Mercurinsberg, whose tower we had climbed the day before. It pleased the Doctor to estimate it as approximately 30 miles away; notwithstanding the curt remark of Luther that in that clear mountain air it looked five.

Due west, the tall spire of Strasburg, rising from a dark dot of city South the Feldberg and the Belchen, where we expected another glorious reward for hard climbing in about a week or ten days: and just visible away beyond these, the snowy caps of the highest Alps. – Descending through winding paths, in an hour we reached 500 feet below, the gloomy little lake, the Mummelsee, popular home of the water sprites, shut in by these pine-clad mountains. It looked so inviting, that we all rushed instinctively to the bank, and began to undress for a bath. The Doctor, always impulsive, was ready first, and began to wade in. We had sought a little bank where the water was deeper. How he managed that usually tell-tail face, and preserved that smile of childlike enjoyment, we could never tell; for we, with one accord plunged breast-deep into this mountain lake, into water so cold that it seemed to harden our very bones. The Doctor, who was in knee-deep, waded back; we scrambled out, rubbed off, and dressed frantically, amid wild peals from two peasant girls, hitherto unnoticed, who were on the mountainside gathering fagots. It was only after a glass of Kirchwasser at the forester's house, and finding the girls' paths lay with ours down to the village, Luther had shouldered one bundle, the Doctor the other, while the Chemist and the Kid had brought out their pouches and briarwoods, – that the spirits of the party arose.

Luther forged slightly ahead with the elder sister, and to judge from the merry laughter that floated back, and a very rosy face that was once in a while turned back upon us, they were getting along amazingly. When we reached this little village, of Leebach, Luther piloted us past the little gasthaus, and into the home of these peasants. We had already become aware of the fact that the fare served to tourists by the little inns of this region is exceptionally fine, and now had a chance to test the peasant fare, for, after being very hospitably received, while waiting for dinner we could observe that the Frau simply dumped some more truck into pots already on the Dutch oven. We had fine, thick soup, with plenty of vegetables; the meat used to make the soup, not now very juicy; some stewed liver-balls with boiled cabbage, coarse black bread, with fresh butter; some of the rich cheese of this region, and an abundant allowance of the cheap new wine. Luther remarked that we missed the hot biscuits, cakes, preserves, and pies, of the American farmer's table; but no one could blame these people for being sturdy. The elder girl must

narrate the episode at the Mummelsee embellishing it with characteristic German frankness in such matters, with certain details that seemed unnecessary, all to the boisterous amusement of the old man. Leaving, it required insistence on Luther's part to make the old people take for our dinner what we would have paid at the inn; they stating with typical German peasant honesty that that was more than the entire meal had cost.

An easy trudge of half the afternoon takes us down the valley, across the hills, and into the valley of the Lierbach, to the ruins of Allerheiligen. The grand ruins of this fine old abbey, stretching entirely across the wooded dale were too much for us, and seeing we were safe with the comfortable looking gasthaus only a stone's throw away, we took out our pipes, threw ourselves upon the thick grass in the shade, and gave ourselves up to unalloyed enjoyment. Luther began to kindly inform us that this had been a Premonstratensian Abby, founded by the Duchess Judith of Shamburg in the 12th century, when the Doctor requested him to drop 700 years, stick his pipe in his mouth, and let us alone. But the Chemist, to whom recent news of this character was like good food, picked Luth up and they strolled off. In an hour we found them discussing a bottle of old wine and old history of this secluded nook, in really very interesting and bearable manner.

The next morning our two days' 50 miles was having its effect, & the sun was far up before we were. It was surprising how the briarwoods blossomed early, and how we lingered round to take last loving looks at the noble ruins. – An easy stroll of half an hour brought us to the waterfall, and that would have put some life into anybody. It was a beautiful and grand sight to see this little stream, dash down its seven cascades, and ripple away 300 feet below. No wonder they call it the “Sieben Britten” (the seven cauldrons). Some cynic began to mention Niagara and Yosemite, but he was shut up very short. From below, the site was exceedingly fine. We now strolled down the valley of the Lier, a very lazy cloud. Some distance below, a gasthaus on one side, and a babbling brook on the other were again too much for us, when some one suggested trout-fishing. We found an excellent line of tackle at the inn, and the obliging host, with a straight face, rented it to us at a reasonable figure. Soon we began thrashing the brook, and thrashed it all morning with nary a bite. This nettled New England especially, who had a very familiar throw. About noon we gave in, and strolled down the stream, soon coming upon an ingenious trap which stopped all the fish going up stream. Below this we could throw in and pull out until we were tired.

Returning with full strings, our jolly host thanked us for sparing them the trouble of sending his man down with a net; at any rate, we had a fine, fresh-trout dinner. We set out again along the fine road, lined with great cherry trees, public use, so that even the mill-men and the timbermen, and those not having little farms, are not deprived of that apparent necessity, cherry brandy, when the cold, wintry winds blow over these evergreen hills.

Two or three hours of rather quiet tramping and in a great horseshoe bend of the road, we came upon a bevy of peasant girls mowing hay, in the adjoining meadow. They were resting: their awkward broad, short-bladed and straight-handled scythes thrown aside, and drawing strength and evident enjoyment from an immense, jolly looking earthen tankard. As Luther gaily greeted them, they smilingly and laughingly responded, and arose to go to work. Rosy and sturdy, square-shouldered and strong-armed, thick waisted and heavy

limbed, the only draw-back, as Luther sadly remarked, quite too flat in the bust.

The Chemist was feeling tired and stiff generally, and a trifle sour over the trout-fishing; and this was too much for him. Puffing up like the cupola of a blast-furnace, he asked us to look at this country of "pauper labor" where women, young girls, had to work in the fields like slaves. The effectiveness of this explosion was rather marred by the leader of the girls starting up a song, the remainder taking up the refrain; and the line moving across the field with a strong, sturdy, swing that was particularly free and graceful; while from the opposite hillside came like an echo a faint, far-distant tenor, from some timbermen taking up their song. Luther put on his most smiling, and reflective, innocent expression. He had observed, he mused, that the rosy-cheeked, sturdy factory-girls of New England went singing about their work; that the miners of Pennsylvania were jovial, hearty fellows, living in the Company's houses that were pretty Swiss cottages nestling among fruit-trees and flowers, amid the hum of bees, in a region where tramps were unknown, and general content prevailed: then changing his tone, and turning rather savagely upon the Chemist, he blurted out that he would rather see rosy cheeked German peasant girls mowing hay than half-naked Hungarian women raking at the mouths of coke-ovens. All this while, New England blood was going up one degree a second; and Pennsylvania was already at the melting point of pig iron: the Kid forged ahead out of the way, reaching for his pouch and briarwood, for he saw coming one of those calm, intelligent, and judicial discussions with which Americans so generally treat the tariff, – when fortunately swinging round a bend we came upon the busy, buzzing little mill at the upper gate of Oppernau. The Chemist was at once attracted by the ancient gate carved with the old Episcopal arms of Strasburg; Luther and the Doctor were mollified by the site of a very pretty waiter-girl standing in the door of a very inviting gasthaus with nice gardens; and the Kid could bear up under the circumstances.

We found most excellent beer, served by a most buxom girl; and a very good alley (sic), served by a very patient Johann; so we decided that ten miles mostly pretty level, was a fair allowance for that day, and stopped. Not long after, a married couple, British tourists, drove up from Allerheiligen, & stopped over for a late dinner before taking the train to Appenweier. They were the typical English travelers. He was rigged out in those ridiculous tweeds and helmets which every Britisher thinks he must don as a sort of war-suit when invading any country under the sun. An inane eyeglass, probably not worn at home, was screwed uncomfortably and uncertainly in place. It is unquestionably true that London drawing rooms and English country homes, (I have been told) are bright with feminine taste and grace and beauty; but if any fair traveler dons a dowdy outfit, it is the English female, maid or matron. No wonder they despise American girls.

He had his Murray's Rhine grasped in one hand, like a club; and the other thrust into his pocket; most likely grasping a city of London £10 circular banknote like a revolver. Ignorant of the language, and ignorant of another thing quite prevalent on the continent, the push thro' Europe by the sheer weight of roast-beef and pluck. No doubt with it all, if you get under his crust, or find him at home, he is a right good fellow.

Luther gave us our instructions: we were German students, densely ignorant of English. At table, we introduced ourselves, in sensible German style, and were met with a stony glare through the eyeglass. Took our places and bowed our heads and Luther with a long

face asked a little blessing in Latin. Mrs. J. B. remarked on the shocking blasphemy of these Dutch, and we noticed that we had been a little too hasty, as yet nothing being on the table but four big bottles of wine. J. B. ordered Bass ale, and before the astounded and puzzled look of our host, fell back on sherry. That at least our host could say he did not have on hand; so he took some good Rhine wine and mixed it with some Rippoldsau water, and pronounced the mixture “damm bad” in which we were sure he was correct.

All went well, however, until Luther, with the ruling passion too strong, must needs throw off a few compliments to our pretty waiter girl which set her to smiling, her cheeks even more rosy, and gave our side of the table the main attention. Mrs. B., horrified, remarked upon the shocking and morality of these German students and this Englishman, just about 30 hours' travel from Britain's great metropolis blurted out that it was “beastly.” Afterwards while alone sipping our wine and smoking, our waitress asked Luther what “damm it” meant, and he watchful of the Anglo-Saxon character, explained that it meant about the same as “thank you” between comparative strangers. When, soon after, Luther pressed her to take a small schoppen of our wine, she drank it, smacked her lips, looked up into his eyes, blushed, and said “dammit.” He rapidly corrected this lesson in English. But it seemed to give him an idea, for soon we saw him talking easily with the proud and honored Johann.

Soon after, the English couple departed, and as Johann put them into their carriage, and the coachman cracked his whip, the honest face lit up with a proud smile, and a look of conscious power; and in a hearty voice he bid them “Goot bye, you alt fools.” As the carriage rolled away with the astonished and speechless English, good Johann turned with a very superior manner to the admiring natives.

In the morning, in good condition again, we bid farewell to our host, & started for our walk up the Reuchthal. Honest Johann standing in the doorway, his face again lit up with pride, and pleasure calls after us, “Goot by - you alt fools.” There was a roar, and the simple peasant will never understand why the Chemist threw back to him a big round thaler..

Our day's walk takes us up to the valley of the [Rinch?], and over the Kniebis in the afternoon, with a charming retrospect of the valley. The little watering places of Feiersbach, Petersthl, Griesbach, and Rippoldsau, offer tempting retreats, and make this one of the most frequented regions by the Germans, but out of the way of the average tourist. It is a surprising fact that all the upper class, and nearly all the middle classes in Germany take sick and feel generally “done up” about the first of August, and need if possible, a bath, in the broad sense of the term. The Doctor would explain this by the fact that professional and mercantile occupations are carried on with such a small margin, for the hard work and close attention, and even those with incomes must watch the outlay so carefully that the average economical German can not reconcile himself to a vacation, and so this very polite fiction has arisen, aided by the perfectly honest German doctor, who wants to get off somewhere himself.

This was Sunday, and we saw the peasants in all his or her glory. The men wore dark, broad-brimmed, soft, felt hats; a bright red vest, braided, and with large brass buttons; knee-breeches of dark-brown, blue, or black; dark blue, green, or purple stockings, and

low, heavy shoes. The young man wore a short jacket, generally dark green. The old men wore a coat the type of our Uncle Sam's in front, lined with red, and with large brass buttons; the tails not swallow, but cut away very rapidly and very long. But what the architects call the rear elevation was the amazing point. The tails were cut up half the back, and two immense brass buttons were put just under the shoulder blades. To be overtaking an apparent hunchback, and to have him turn and greet you, shoulders and torso like Hercules, was a curious sensation. The Doctor remarked that he felt like Superintendent to a home for cripples and incurables. The female portion of the community wore bodices of red or purple, braided: a broad, dark green or white collar; blue, red, or black dress; short sleeves; low, stout shoes, and sturdy ankles encased in gorgeous worked red or blue stockings. But what caught our party were the hats. They were of straw, with rather wide brims, and upon the brims around the crown were a number of woolen, puffy balls or rosettes. These in the case of the unmarried girls were red; in the married women they were black. Luther's admiration and enthusiasm over this arrangement was outspoken and unbounded. How convenient! How safe! He called the Chemist's scientific attention to this as a striking example to illustrate the "Correlation of Forces, and the Conservation of Energy" and made some very unpatriotic remarks derogatory of a country that must slavishly trot in the wake of Parisian fashion. He dubbed this headgear the Lighthouse.

The children were absolute copies in every detail, of the elders, and this being Sunday, were just a solemn: so that any determination as to age was made up by a calculation of the altitude, divided by a careful scrutiny of the face.

That evening, we put up at the Ochs at the lower end of the struggling village of Schapbach. It being Sunday evening, the dance of the peasants in the big room of the Inn was indeed a sight worth seeing. It kept up until the late hour of eleven, and two or three of the peasant lads got drunk: they tried hard.

Next morning took us up the valley towards Wolfach. Along here, the typical Black Forest houses were best seen. The value of this highly cultivated land is such I presume that it leads to this very peculiar economy in building. The houses are built with the stable, cow-house, etc. on the ground-floor, opening on one side, the dwelling is on the second floor opening on the other side on a broad porch; above this is the granary and hayloft. Under the eaves are pigeon-houses; and on shelves under the projecting second-story are bee-hives. Trained against the wall are apricot trees and grape-vines. The artistic effect is certainly not bad; but the Doctor, putting on a most professorial air, called attention to the unpleasant and unhygienic conditions. Luther, gazing at some of the sturdy peasantry who chanced to be in sight, and then at the Doctor's slim, boyish physique, remarked that he better stop over a few years, and take advantage of these unhygienic surroundings. That afternoon we reached Hornberg, and put up at the Bär, that ancient inn delighted the Chemist, and the Hapsburger or Hohenzollerns could not show more pride in their ancient lineage than did our worthy host when he informed us that this inn had been in his family since 1550. As usual we missed the Chemist for an hour or two; but this time this indefatigable hunter came back with his face beaming, and bearing in triumph an immense, fantastic earthen beer-tankard. He at once went into voluble explanations about a rare old German potter in some nook or corner centuries

ago; showed his mark, etc. etc. and when the Doctor mildly asked why he took the trouble to carry that big mug with him for, when at all the inns you could get a mug large enough to satisfy any reasonable Christian, he looked at him in helpless and speechless agony. At any rate, wrapped carefully in a cloth, that tankard hung at his knap sack until he could ship it from Freiberg.

The next forenoon takes us over the most picturesque portion, as yet, of our tramp. The eight miles from Hornberg to Fryberg are through rocky and wooded ravines, the wild beauty of which is rivaled by few localities. What possessed the Germans to call this romantic dale Die Kleine Holle (the little Hell) is more than I can imagine; it must've been a comfortable easy-going Theology. The only thing that mars the perfect face of Nature here are the bridges and tunnels of the railway. – At Fryberg we turn aside to spend a few hours at the feature of our entire trip. The waterfall is the finest in Western Germany. The little Fallbach plunges down a descent of over 500 feet broken into seven distinct leaps by huge blocks of granite. Crowding in on it, like a huge frame to this charming picture, are the solid sweeps of dark green pines. The view from a favorable point below, although necessarily foreshortened, is indescribably picturesque: rivaled only by the remarkably similar Giersbach in Switzerland. The Doctor's sympathetic rendering of Southey's very appropriate lines on the Falls of Lodore was the only bit of poetry on the trip, not cut short abruptly. At our late dinner at the "Löive," we chanced to run across the young schoolmaster, who was eking out his meager salary by making exceedingly pretty oil and water-sketches of the Fall. Of course we purchased, and at ridiculously on artistic figures.

Late in the afternoon we started for Schonwald. We were now in the centre of the clock and watch-making district. When, towards evening we reached that little village, from nearly every house resounded the musical tapping of hammers, and the peculiar grating of files. And this indeed was true of most houses throughout this section; they are combining their daily farm-work with bench-work, in the evening. It was here, after supper, our curiosity took us from the inn, and into one of these busy homes just outside the village. Possibly an extremely sweet, pretty girl carrying a tankard of beer up to the house from the inn, decided Luther that here was unquestionably the very best place to see watch-making.

We were most hospitably welcomed, and found them a family of clock-makers. The quaint little sitting room and work-shop combined, was a novelty. The old lady was sitting busily knitting and serving out the beer to all. All the rest of the family were at mechanical work. The old man at one little bench, seated, was making the metal parts, the works; the eldest son at another little bench was seated, carving the cases; even the pretty girl was busy making and arranging the pipes for the "cuckoo" part; and not to be behind, a youngster of 13 or 14 was training his hand at another little bench by carving the rude, wooden animals of our babies' Noah's Arks. Luther, as a fine flute-player was soon of course deep in the "cuckoo" part of the business; and really, it was not long before his marvelous musical year and talent had suggested some change in the cutting or arrangement of the pipes. The old man pricked up his ear at this, and on being tried, it was voted an improvement. The old man was so grateful, and so impressed, and so astounded, that we came to the conclusion that this had been the only advance made in

the Black Forest in his generation.

The kid with some rough sketches and some clumsy handling of the chisels on his part, had delighted the boy by putting him on the way to making a buffalo and a grizzly bear. The Doctor, whose boyish face seemed to have aroused the old lady's motherly interest, was abusing her by rattling off gossip about America and American life; drawing a very long bow, but speaking easier and more rapid German than we had ever heard him. The Chemist, quietly puffing, was feeding his hungry eyes on the old carvings on the wall (for we found that this family had been in this village, and at this work for generations) and on some recent things by an absent son who was certainly a genius in this line. Later, the young girl having gone out and borrowed a flute from some neighbor, Luther charmed us all for an hour; ranging from good German music through English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, to soft, sweet plantation melodies. Then the eldest son clearing off his bench, got out a big zither, he singing bass, his sister that rich, clear, full contralto, of this region, and Luther putting in a marvelously sweet tenor, – they gave us several of those charming mountain airs (Luther needing but a preliminary glance, or reading at sight from a well-thumbed, old, written music book). It was a revelation, even to us of this bright, many-sided; and gazing at him, the Chemist remarked that it was a pity he should waste himself in a celibate priesthood; but the matter of fact Doctor growled at him to “dry up only one could get him anyway, so you'd better leave him as he is.” When through, it was pretty late, and when about to depart for the inn, Luther very dexterously broached the question of keeping us for the night. They were happy to have us honor them. Two sons were away in military service; and two of us could occupy that room: the eldest son and the boy would take straw and blanket on the floor, and that would accommodate the other two of us. But we insisted that if they would fix up a “shake-down” on the floor for two of us, we would be perfectly happy. After some demure they did so, and we drew lots for the bed, the pretty daughter manipulating the straws. Luther and the Doctor were the lucky ones; and although she looked perfectly innocent, the Chemist privately advised me never to trust a young, pretty girl. So we turned in. Luther from the bed asked the Chemist what he thought of this “pauper” family; and the Chemist snapped back to him to say his little Latin prayer and go to sleep.

In the morning they would not listen to our offer to pay; the old folks quite flushing up over the idea. This gave the Chemist an opening, for he started in, apparently, to buy the house. The old family carvings were not to be had; and although the Chemist, backed up by a Family Almanac, offered some sums that made the old man turn pale and twitch about the mouth, he remained firm; and the Chemist must content himself with three wonderful little pieces by the absent son; which little pieces packed very nicely into the big beer tankard.

Starting out, we climb until we pass the water-shed between the Rhine and Danube, giving us an admirable distant view. We pass the prosperous little town of Furtwangen; now turning to the west, we pass Güttenbach, another busy, watch-making little place; beyond this we came in sight of the fall of Zweribach, the cascade visible from the road, and in its picturesque beauty, a modest rival of the Fryberg. A long afternoon's walk takes us through the beautiful valley of Simonswald; and evening finds us at Deuzlingen, so far, unbending to modern civilization; the Rhine Valley being flat and uninteresting, as to

take the railway to Freiberg, less than ten miles away.

Our day in Freiberg reduced us to the tame level of the every-day guidebook tourist. The cathedral, –well, after one has seen some twenty or thirty Gothic cathedrals pretty much all alike, the keen hunger for cathedrals is rather blunted. The only thing that saved Freiberg is that its cathedral is almost the only perfect, pure Gothic church in Germany. So the Chemist impressed upon us, and we deputed him to see the old masters in our name. The University buildings and collections of course we did not visit. Towards noon we made a trip to the neighboring Schlossberg whose ruined castles have been laid out as pleasure grounds. Here we had a fine view of the charming valley and pretty town. The University which in regards to surroundings is favored as no other university town in the world, not even excepting Heidelberg. From there, in deference to the kid's wishes, we went on to St. Ottilie. Here is a chapel, – a great point for pilgrimage, in honor of this patron saint of this South Rhine valley, and the neighboring mountains on both sides. The legend of her blindness and miraculous cure is widely current among these people. The church is so built that in the vault or sepulcher below, there gushes out a clear, fresh spring: and to this the peasantry from far around, resort for the cure of their eyes. Returning, we made an ascent to the Loretto Chapel, giving us a charming view of the Gunthersthal below. Descending to this village we took an early supper before returning to Freiberg. The ancient cloister here is secularized into a beer brewery. This afforded the profane Doctor enjoyment; and for once Luther was puzzled what to say: he was perfectly non-committal.

In the morning, we drove up the level part of the valley, starting again afoot at the "Hummelreich," a beautiful valley, soon merging into the wild and rocky "Hollenpass." To show the way these Germans throw around expressive names, you see this beautiful entering Valley is called "the kingdom of heaven," in contrast, this rocky defile is called "the pass of Hell." This rocky pass, over a half mile long, was the wildest bit we had yet seen. Narrow, with its great towering, overhanging cliffs on either side covered with firs and underbrush, clinging into every crevice.

This pass is historic. Through here passed Marie Antoinette on her way to France to marry the Dauphin; and not many years later, the Republican army under Moreau, poured through here pursued by the Archduke Charles; perhaps then it received its name. At the upper end the Chapel of St. Oswald looks down from its perch up on a projecting rock. Further along, we turned off to climb the Feldberg. A hard climb of four hours takes us to the summit, the highest peak in the Black Forest, 5000 feet. It commands an extensive and magnificent panorama: not a grand and imposing Alpine view with its monotonous ocean of peaks, and wearying miles and miles of bare rock and glittering snow and glacier; the charming valleys buried out of sight; but the entire, beautiful sweep of the Black Forest lies like a map spread out at your feet. North, with a glass we could almost trace our week's tramp. I would be almost afraid to state how many peaceful hamlets we could count. West, the broad fertile populous valley of the Rhine stretched far away in each direction, backed by the dark wall of the Vosges. East, we swept along the Swabian Mts., and South rolled away dark billows of green, seeming to foam in distant breakers on the far-distant white line of snow-capped Alps. The finest view probably north of Switzerland, and one of the haunting memories for years.

We descend to the south-east into the valley of the Subach. It was during this descent that the Chemist met with a mishap. Our torturous road with its windings visible just below us, –led him to conceive the brilliant idea of taking a direct, short cut. Long after, when we had wound round the lower level, we looked up, and spied the Chemist just above us, laboring down the cliff. Digging into crevices and hanging onto bushes, he was working down slowly and successfully, when one of the bushes tore out by the roots, and he bounded down like a bull. Fortunately twenty feet up, a stout fir completely broke his fall, and he dropped on his back into luckily a thick clump of bushes. Running to him we found that beyond being stunned, scratched, and bruised, and with a gash over one eye, he was not seriously the worse for his 50 or 60 feet slide. A little spring-water externally, and a little Kirschwasser internally, and he soon came to. His first words are worthy of record: grinning a feeble, bloody grin, he ejaculated, “Thank God, I shipped the beer mug!”

Relieved of his knap sack by the kid, and with a shoulder of the tall Doctor on one side, and tall Luther on the other, we made our way slowly with frequent rests, down to the inn “Adler” in the Barunthal. Here we went into docks for repairs. After a good dinner, we decided that, being in the midst of Paradise anyway, we would stop until the Chemist felt perfectly sound. That afternoon, leaving the Chemist bolstered up in an easy-chair on the wide porch, getting a fine view of the great Feldberg in one direction, and the pretty valley on the other; and with the two daughters hovering tenderly and with unnecessary frequency about him, we set out for the Titi-see, a beautiful lake shut in by pine-clad mountains. Procuring tackle from the little tavern, and finding the lake abounding in fish, we enjoyed a fine afternoon's sport, returning in the evening with good strings to the “Adler.”

Here we found a Chemist holding an audience like a noble. The host was puffing away, the hostess knitting, and a dozen neighbors sitting around drinking in the Chemist's yarns, and making ready to enter the account of his slide, with already about two years compound interest, into the fund of Black Forest anecdotes. That evening, in addition to the neighbors, we were reinforced by a party of German students just over their summer semester at Freiberg, and also on the tramp, at first cool and distant, engrossed in scat and beer. The Chemist had his circle of neighbors, still all attention. Like gravitation, the little children flocked around Luther; and the Doctor and the kid sat back puffing, and listened to this enchanting story-teller fill them with wild delight, and harrow their little souls with blood-curdling stories about Indians, bears, etc.: stories told in such simple narrative and yet so very thrilling that their rosy cheeks grew pale or fiery, their mouths opened, and their big blue eyes stared wondering. When their early bed-time came, they could hardly be pulled away; and one little toddler [was] literally dragged off sobbing piteously for "Mehr Indianer." Then he turned his attention to the adult population; and we marveled to hear him dilate to this wrapt audience on Indian raids, border life, pioneer adventure, etc. with a graphic fire and vividness, and a personal equation that made the Western member of the party quietly blush for his friend who had never been west of White Sulfur.

The Chemist tried to edge in some facts about big factories, railroads, etc.; but anything in the big industrial way was accepted as common place from America. The kid

unfortunately tried to put in some remarks about a big Music Hall and an Art Museum, and he was glared at with looks of cold suspicion. Later the Chemist gave an order, and a great bowl was brought in. It seems this worthy son of a wide-awake sire had not been idle during her absence. With an innate genius that no number of semesters in Fetting's Laboratory could have created, he had produced a taking work of art. With some of the cold, clear, pure spring-water; with some Kirschwasser; possibly some cognac or rum, or what the house afforded, with some of the fine honey of this region; with some of the sweet, aromatic herbs that the older women were keeping for winter; – all mixed with magic art, the great bowl sunk away for hours in the cold spring, it came on like nectar. The German students thawed at once; and in an hour, a very jolly party retired to deep slumber.

The next day, we made the trip to the Schluchsee. Dinner at the pretty village, back from the lake, in among the mountains, and an afternoon's sport fishing like the day before. Back to the Adler over the wild mountain foot-path, sparing several miles of road at the expense of very tired muscles. It was here that Luther picked up a most wonderful old carved crucifix with two kneeling female figures at the foot of the cross. Even the Doctor admitted that this was so bad that it was very good. That evening Luther, with a queer gleam in his eye offered it to the Chemist; but although the latter devoured it with a loving and longing gaze, he refused to take it, so, carefully packed, it was hung to Luther's knap sack; and I presume it graces his quiet rooms where he is now doing his quiet and earnest work.

The next day was Sunday. We rode with our host some distance to attend service in a quaint, ancient little chapel. The dress of the peasantry was a trifle different; but it was the change in the feminine head-gear had excited Luther's intense disgust. Instead of the pretty "light-houses", the women wore a straw hat with broad brim, and with a big, high, round crown just like an ordinary beaver in shape. Nothing could be more unsightly, and Luther remarked we were lucky: they were kept for Sundays only. – That afternoon, in strolling across the more populous valley north of us, to give the Chemist some preliminary exercise, we came upon a bridal couple walking home from church. The bride, a buxom girl, in dark-colored clothes with many braids and ribbons, had a most amazing head-gear: a great cheese-box shaped frame of roses and green leaves. But the groom struck us with pity. He had, as seems to be the custom, gone down to Freiberg and rigged himself out in all the glory of a tailor-shop, ready-made suit of clothes. The contrast to the picturesque figure beside him was depressing. He was such a plain, every-day-of-the-week-Cincinnati-German that the kid groaned.

Late that afternoon we climbed over the hill to Meuzenschward, the Chemist on the donkey, and put up at another "Adler." Here the kid got even. The host had fortunately a son emigrated to Milwaukee and a friend and neighbor to Cincinnati. The son working in a brewery, the fond father was furnished with a large and elegant assortment of information about the brewing interests of Milwaukee, in general, and the one his son was in in particular. The old host, although inn-keeper was not thereby prevented from being the Kapull Meister, and was interested in music. His friend had written him frequently, and he began trading points with the kid about the "Musik Halle" what he, to the other's disgust called the "Nord amerikanische Ausstellung;" the "Turn Verein," etc.

The three were impatient; but when he asked if Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were towns near Cincinnati and Milwaukee, there was a violent protest all along the line.

Talk about the New England Conservatory of Music etc. was of no avail. That he had been Kapellmeister for forty years, knew all the Conservatories on the Continent probably, and had not heard of this one, was enough to settle at. It was only when Luther, finding there was a flute in the house made the old man get out his violin, and they had some duets together, that he seemed to have a dim, novel idea that there was possibly some chance in America outside of the cities of his son and friend.

The next morning, the Chemist's sprains and bruises having been repaired, we started for our tramp through the Albthale. A good road takes us down to W. Blasien, once famed for its rich and scholarly abbey. Passing now through a state reserve, we spy several deer, and pass only occasionally a forester's cottage. We pass this prosperous town with its handsome church modeled after the Pantheon, but with its old abbey turned into a factory. Below this we leave the main road, and climb to the top of the "Höchenswand." Here we are rewarded by a beautiful retrospect up the valley; but above all by a noble and most magnificent view of the entire chain of the Alps. Nothing could be grander than this distant line of peaks, beginning with the broad Glarnisch to the south-east, and running along the well-known names, the Todi, Scheerhorn, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsterhorn, the Monch, the Jungfrau, and away to the south-west the towering tip of Mont Blanc. Descending, we take a narrow foot-path down to Immenrich, and there dine at the little inn. From here on, and especially the lower half beyond Tirfenstein the wild ravine is of wonderful beauty. I think none of us will ever forget that afternoon. The Valley is, I think, the most striking in the Black Forest, and unsurpassed in grandeur and propriety, and picturesque, wild beauty, by the most famous in Switzerland. The precipitous, pine-covered cliffs are almost perpendicular. At places they are wonderfully broken & fantastic, and clumps of luxuriant vegetation peep out between the frowning rocks. The Albstrasse has been cut through here with infinite labor.

Below the road dashes the impetuous brook, tumbling over its uneven bed or seething brown blocks of granite obstructing its way. Why the expressive Germans should call this wildest of rocky ravines the Albstrasse, (street) was more than the kid could imagine; and he called the attention of the others to this surprising anti-climax in comparison to the rich vocabularies of the regions behind. The Chemist saw an opening to even up last night, and he explained that when they named this street, they must have had some emigrated friends on a return visit from Cincinnati. –

Late in the afternoon we reached Albruck. Here we took the railway and before many hours, had separated on our several ways. Of that charming tramp, only pleasant memories remain; and the only living memento, if you so allow me, – is a little carved clock from the happy family at Schönwald, and its brisk, busy tick! tick! from my office wall, the incentive probably, to this literally rambling paper.

David DeBeck

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