

coarseness that is offensive to good taste. Of course, the masterful life and rich colouring of his pictures indicate the consummate artist. But there is none of the poetic feeling of Raphael, nor of the seraphic purity of Fra Angelico. Crowded around the venerable cathedral, like mendicants around the feet of a priest, are a lot of squalid old houses, that greatly mar its beauty. Beside the principal portal is an ancient well, covered by an intricate canopy of wrought iron, made in 1529 by Quentin Matsys, whom, as an inscription records, love of an artist's daughter transformed into a painter—" *Connubialis amor Mulcibre fecit Appellem.*"

The Hôtel de Ville, with a splendid façade 300 feet long, rising to the height of 180 feet, contains some fine historic halls, one with an immense chimney-piece, with famous Bible reliefs.

In a neighbouring church-yard is an artificial Calvary, forty feet high, crowded with statues and saints and angels. Beneath is a grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, and an iron-grated purgatory, in which carved figures in painted flames beseech alms for masses to procure their release. It has all the horror of Dante without any of the poetry.

The picture gallery is wonderfully rich in *chefs d'œuvre* of Flemish art; but none impressed me more than a dead Christ, by Matsys, whose deep pathos brings tears to the eyes. In the public squares are fine monuments of Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, and the streets bear the names of famous painters.

My most delightful memory of Antwerp is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells—the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood god-father, and gave his own name, weighs eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful *carillon*, and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. My hotel was in the Cathedral Square, and at night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

"As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
Then with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven;
And from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.