

quaint old hotel by the Rhine side, and the young ladies of the party made friends with the *chef de cuisine*, took possession of the kitchen and had an old-fashioned "taffy pull." The deftness with which the ladies went into the manufacture of home-made candy was a great astonishment to the *chef* and his satellites. It was a pleasant episode of home-life in a foreign land.

A long ride across the undulating plains of Eastern Belgium, cultivated like a garden and studded with busy manufacturing towns—Namur, Liege, Louvain, and many another—brings us to the gay capital, Brussels—a lesser Paris, with stately streets and noble architecture. The new Palais de Justice, it is claimed, is the largest building in Europe—a colossal pile, rivalling in massive majesty the structures of Babylon and Nineveh. A visit to the picture gallery of the mad painter, Wiertz, was like a nightmare vision—a most extraordinary blending of the grotesque and horrible. He was an ardent hater of war and war-makers, and two never-to-be-forgotten pictures are his "Last Cannon," in which a mighty angel wrenches in pieces the deadly enginery of war, while attendant angels proclaim over a war-scarred world the mild triumphs of peace, and his "Napoleon in Hell," in which the victims of the arch-despot's cruelty invoke the wrath of heaven upon his head.

Our drive through Brussels was made in grand style. We had four open carriages, with well-groomed teams and liveried drivers, under whose auspices we did the principal sights of the city. It happened to be the eve of the *fête* of the Immaculate Conception, and the great square was all abloom with a magnificent display of flowers for religious and domestic decoration. The ancient church of St. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. In an artificial grotto was a figure of the Virgin, dressed like a fairy queen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hôtel de Ville is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword, as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone-work looks like petrified lace. In this square we saw the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

The next day I wished to do some banking, but found that the bankers' and brokers' offices were all closed, it being a religious