

they can find a footing on so steep a slope. The stout herdsman is hailing a ferryboat to come and take him and his sheep and cows across. Many of the cattle wear bells. I have heard hundreds of these together tinkling on the mountain side. The music is indescribably sweet.

After a turbulent and tortuous course the Upper Rhine finds repose in the tranquil waters of the Lake of Constance, depositing the sediment of the glacier-worn rocks in its quiet depths. It issues from the lake in a clear pale green stream for its less stormy course to Basle, where what is called the Middle Rhine begins. Yet on this reach of the river occurs its most famous falls at Schaffhausen. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is about one hundred feet. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with the richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command superb views.¹ Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara and the Yosemite. The old town, with its castle and minster dating from 1104, and odd architecture, is exceedingly picturesque.

Basle, famous in Reformation annals, is the first large town on the Rhine. Here was held the great Council of Basle, lasting from 1431 to 1448; and here is buried the great Reformer *Æcolampadius*, whose fine statue, with a Bible in its hand, stands in the square without. In the Council Hall are frescoes of Holbien's famous Dance of Death. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers, and doctors, lords and ladies are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton Death.

The cloisters adjoining the cathedral are of singularly beautiful stone tracery, five hundred years old. In the grass-grown quadrangles sleep the quiet dead, unmoved by the rush and roar of busy traffic without. The old walls which surrounded the city have been razed, and the ramparts converted into broad boulevards, lined with elegant villas. The quaint old gates and towers have been left, and forms conspicuous monuments of the ancient times. I lodged at the *Trois Rois Hotel*, whose balconies overhang the swiftly-rushing Rhine. Just beneath my window were gorgeous effigies of the three Gipsy kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Baltassar—one of them a negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.