

shades," is invited to verify his osteology by an examination of Death's skeleton; and a judge exclaims:

"When rich and poor shall judged be,  
O God have mercy upon me."

In the museum is a large mechanical head, which, till 1839, stood on the clock tower of the bridge, and at every stroke of the pendulum rolled its eyes and protruded its long tongue in derision of the people of Little Basle, on the German side of the Rhine. A corresponding figure on that side returned the graceful amenity. I saw a similar clock still in operation at Coblenz.

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 din of busy traffic without. The Rath Haus, or town hall, is an exquisite bit of mediæval architecture, with its quaint Gothic courts, stairways, and council chamber. An old church of the 14th century is used as a post office; high up among the arches of the vaulted roof is heard the click of the telegraph instruments; the chancel and solemn crypts are used to store corn and wine and oil; and beneath the vaulted roof which echoed for centuries the chanting of the choir, is now heard the creaking of cranes and rattle of post waggons. 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 form 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 Belshazzar—one of them a Negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.

Instead of going direct from Basle to Strasburg, which is only a few hours' ride, I made a long detour up the left bank of the Rhine, and through Wurtemberg and the Black Forest—a route which commands some of the finest river and mountain scenery in Europe.

The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with our own Niagara. Nevertheless they are very picturesque and beautiful. The river makes three successive leaps over a