

brush, palette and hat lie at his feet as well as scrolls and books which are said to typify his capacity as a diplomatist and statesman as well as a painter. The Hotel de Ville is on the other side of the Cathedral. As a building it cannot be mentioned with that at Brussels, but we saw an interesting ceremony there, marriages being performed by the Burgomeister. It seemed very easy to get the knot tied there, only a very few minutes were occupied in uniting each couple. The costume, which seemed de règle for the brides, was a black dress and bonnet, the sombreness of the latter being relieved with white flowers. In front of the Hotel de Ville is a bronze fountain representing Salvius Brabo, who, according to legendary lore, defeated and cut off the hand of the Giant Antigonus. It is told that this giant used to exact a heavy tax from all vessels entering the Schelde, and cut off and threw into the river a hand of every shipmaster who refused to pay it. The name of the city is said to be derived from this, "hand werpen," werpen—to throw.

The Musée Plantin is one of the most interesting sights of Antwerp. The House is that of the noted printer, Christopher Plantin, who set up his printing office in Antwerp in 1549, where the business has been carried on until 1876. It is said that he left instructions in his will that the business was never to be divided, and that it was not to go to the eldest but the ablest member of his family, whether son or daughter. It fell first to a daughter. I was not able to discover in whose hands lay the decision as to who was entitled to the business. One imagines that it would not be settled without some family jars. The house is built round, the four sides of a square, and is a beautiful specimen of the dwelling house and adjoining business premises of a wealthy Flemish gentlemen of the sixteenth century. When one sees how charmingly the business and dwelling houses can be united, one thinks that there are advantages over the present system of dissociating the two. Even in these days of telephones and express messengers there are various disadvantages connected with the latter course. Plantin had everything under his own eye. Even the foundry where the type was cast is on the premises. The dwelling house is furnished in charming taste, and contains much valuable old furniture, as well as tapestry and paintings. Family portraits abound, there are forty in all, including fourteen by Rubens, and two by Van Dyck. One side of the house is covered by a vine, said to have been planted by Plantin himself. The man who shows one round presents one with a leaf from this. The dwelling house takes up one side of the square—then one passes on to the sale rooms. Who would not wish to sell in such rooms, panelled with oak, and hung with tapestry! On the further side is the Printing Office, where everything is in the most perfect order. The first room is the proof reader's room, and old proof sheets are still lying on the desk. Next comes the proprietor's office, a delightful room, then a room called the room of "Justus Lipsius," where this celebrity is said to have lived when he visited his publisher. The walls of this room are covered with Spanish leather. From this one passes on to the type room, and the composing and printing rooms. Besides these there are rooms containing Chinese porcelain, a library, wonderful copper plates, and all sorts of interesting things which I have not space to mention. The Musée Plantin is unique and well worthy of a visit.

Near to the Musée Plantin is the Church of St. Andrew, which is interesting, as containing a picture supposed to be one of the few true ones of Mary Queen of Scots, but you must be sure to ask for *Saint Mary of Scots*, or you will be reminded of this in reproachful accents! Whether she can with justice lay claim to this title or not I leave my readers to decide each for themselves—opinions vary. But there can be no doubt that she was a very beautiful woman, and no one acquainted with human nature will doubt that the vain Elizabeth was jealous of her, and hated her right royally. Two of the ladies in waiting of this unfortunate Queen are buried in this church, and it is said that they brought the picture to Antwerp after the execution of the Queen.

Another interesting thing in this Church is the pulpit, which, like so many of the pulpits in Belgium is most beautiful. The pillar on which the pulpit is supported represents a fig tree, and, below, the call of St. Peter and St. Andrew is depicted. All the figures are nearly or quite life size. The future Apostles are in their boat, the bottom of which is covered with fishes, and close by hang fishing nets. The carving is of the eighteenth century. Van Geel and Van Hool are the names of the artists.

The Great Museum is some little distance from the Cathedral and Musée Plantin. Plenty of time should be allowed to see this, for it is crowded with all kinds of choice works of rare beauty—sculptures, as well as pictures, both ancient and modern—and it would really take days to see it properly. Rubens, of course, is well represented, and his usual gorgeous colouring makes his pictures recognisable immediately. An interesting and most pathetic sight in this Museum is that of an artist, who works there, receiving orders for copies of many of the pictures, which he executes wonderfully. He was at work when I paid the Museum a visit. He was born without arms, and paints with his toes. One wonders why a man should have been gifted with so much talent and so handicapped in his power of expressing it, but another point of view is that his love of his art, and his absorption in it, must certainly go a long way towards consoling him for his terrible affliction.

There is quite a new hospital at Antwerp, built on modern lines, many of the wards being circular. As usual we wandered in and out, no one seemed to mind much, and no one offered to show us round. Having a friend at court, however, in the lady who kindly took me there, she found one of the doctors who kindly showed me the theatre, and the X-ray apparatus which is a very excellent one. I saw many skiagraphs; and the results attained in cases of fracture seemed excellent. The theatre had a most complete assortment of instruments in glass cupboards, and a large sterilizer, and all the arrangements seemed of the best. As to the nursing—well, I believe the Sisters have not had much, if any, training, and it seemed to me more people were wanted in order to make it possible to nurse, as we understand, Nursing. Not far from the Hospital are the Zoological Gardens, which are some of the finest in Europe.

The Scheldt and the Docks, of course, must be seen. When fate is kind enough to send me back to Antwerp, I think I shall go by boat from London or Harwich, and up the Scheldt. I am sure it would be delightful. May the opportunity come soon!

M. B.

(To be continued).

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