

**AN ART-STUDENT
IN MUNICH. IN
TWO VOLS. VOL. II**

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An art-student in Munich. In two vols. Vol. II by Mrs. Howitt-Watts

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MRS. HOWITT-WATTS

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BY
MRS. HOWITT-WATTS.

IN TWO VOLS.

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AN
ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH.

CHAPTER I.

A PICTURE IN LENT.—FEET-WASHING ON GREEN
THURSDAY.

IN the garden of one of the churches here, there is a *Kreuzgang* or *Via Dolorosa*, a number of small shrines or "Stations" erected to commemorate the various sufferings of Christ on his way to the Cross. During Lent, prayers are read and chanted every Friday by the priests before these shrines to a considerable assembly of devotees.

I visited this *Kreuzgang* the other Friday, but did not observe anything very remarkable in the ceremony.

A few priests in robes of sky-blue and white, attended by a number of choristers, and with a veiled crucifix borne before them, were slowly progressing from station to station, praying and singing, whilst a crowd composed of all ranks, and principally of women, followed them, also singing and praying.

I observed a number of heads looking down into the church-garden from the windows of the neighbouring houses. A knot of maid-servants at one of these windows seemed especially edified by observing the actions and

bearing of one of the officiating priests. I wondered within myself whether he were the priest of whom I had once heard a strange and affecting history from Fräulein Sänchen.

He was an extraordinary man, at all events—whether this sad history attached to him or not. He was singularly handsome, and knew it well enough. He marched along with the step of a soldier rather than with the step of a priest: with his keen eagle's face gazing upon his missal, the expression of which was full of a certain scorn; the crisp locks of his black hair escaping from beneath his priest's cap fell upon his priest's robes in unusual luxuriance. He was no meek follower of Christ. The carnal, not the spiritual sword belonged to that hand, the epaulette to that shoulder, not purple and fine linen. The lines of the strong passionate face told of a proud nature hardened into bitterness through a mistaken vocation; it was a countenance about which to weave strange imaginary histories.

I have just witnessed the ceremony of the Feet-washing, which has been announced for this month past as one of the great sights of the season. My good friend at the *Kriegsministerium* kept his word faithfully, and procured tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra Ansel and I have seen the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set forth to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature!—for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey, had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first. But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving, therefore, the patient old lady as

our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules-Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one had yet appeared, Myra and I ranged along the white washed galleries of the old portion of the Palace in which we were. Cannot you see these vistas of whitewashed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, ruffles, gold lace, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed amid heavy wreaths and arabesques of stucco?—dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminishing in long perspective! Now we came upon a strange sort of little kitchen in the thick wall, where a copper kettle, standing on the cold hearth, told of coffee made for some Royal servant some hours previously; now we were before the door of some *Kammerjungfer*; now in a gallery with the whitewash, but without the portraits, where opposite to every door stood a large white cupboard—of cupboards there was a goodly row!

And now below stairs, on passing through a doorway, you stood upon a low terrace; above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers, and other stucco ornaments which probably, once upon a time, had been gilt; faded frescos representing gods, goddesses, and Cupids, mingling with the other ornaments. From the wall protruded a grotesque excrescence, a grotto-work summer-house, a perfect incrustation of pebbles and spars, and with an ugly Triton on either side the entrance bearing a brown marble shell before him.

By a few steps you could descend into a quiet little garden, shaded by the tall palace walls on the other three sides; here grass grew rank and brightly green around green bronze statues, and around the basin of a fountain. Old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen scattered over the grass in Watteau-like groups, would have been greatly in character