

³ [Here is a sketch of two old fishermen looking out
the sea through a telescope.]
⁴ [The prose is preceded by a sketch of the sea with a wooden pier and a ship
sailing in.]

far as that

picture, but not the less a resemblance. Stand on the pier and look round you. The sky is a French sky, it is a very turquoise, the sea is a French sea in everything but its want of motion, the air is French air, none of your English boisterous sea puffs that blow the dust in your eyes when you wish to be particularly clear sighted. No, it is a mere breath, you can't call it a breeze, yet bearing a delicious, a balmy coolness, and a little, a very little smell of the sea. Look at the fishing boats, they are peculiarly French, and particularly clumsy. The red, tattered, shapeless sail, the undistinguishable resemblance of stem to stern, the porpoise like manner in which the vessel labours through the water, the incorrigible disorder that reigns on board, the confusion of fish out of water with men that are at least out of their element, would mark a French fishing boat whatever quarter of the world it might happen to be driven to. And look at the town; the chimneys are entirely vapourless, and have that peculiarly awkward look incident to all useless things. And look at the people; the countenance, the costume, the *tout ensemble* is altogether different from anything you ever saw in England, and yet England's cliffs are on the horizon, half-an-hour's¹ might see you beneath them. It is most extraordinary.

CASSEL²

The way was long, and yet 'twas sweet,
Through many a shady, soft retreat,
Where the broad willow semblance gave
Of weeping beauty to the wave;
And elm, with massy foliage prest,
And feathery aspens quivering crest;
And many a spiry poplar glade,
And hazel's rich entangled shade;
While onward as advancing still
From Omer's⁴ plain to Cassel's hill,
Far yet more far the landscape threw
Its deep, immeasurable blue;
Oh, beautiful those plains were showing,
Where summer sun was hotly glowing!
Many a battlefield lay spread
Once the dark dwelling of the dead.

¹ [So the fair copy. The version in 1A has more accurately "four hours."]

² [Sketch of Calais Square, or market-place, with two figures—a man and woman, and a child (? J.J.R., M.R., and J.R.)—evidently British, at whom a Frenchman, who is wheeling a barrow near them, looks in amazement. The child has its hands uplifted in wonder, and is looking at the quaint buildings. With the above passages in prose and verse, cf. *The Poetry of Architecture*, § 16.]

³ [Sketch of trees in the foreground on either side, and a town with three windmills in the distance.]

⁴ ["Omer=St Omer, where is the Seminary, which suggests the religious procession."—Editor's Note, 1891.]

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A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT ↓ 343

But fruitful now their champaigns wave
With bending grain on soldier's grave,
While far beneath in long array
The priestly orders wound their way;
Heavy the massive banners rolled,
Rich wrought with gems, and stiff with gold;
While, as the cross came borne on high
Beneath its crimson canopy,
Many the haughty head that bowed,
Sunk his high crest the warrior proud;
The priest his glance benignant cast,
And murmured blessings as he past,
While, round the hillside echoing free,
Rung the loud hymning melody.
Many a monkish voice was there,
Many a trumpet rent the air,
And softer, sweeter, yet the same,
The sounds in failing cadence came.
No marvel that the pomp and pride
Of Rome's religion thus should hide
The serpent folds beneath that robe,
The poison mantling in the bowl.

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Champaigns

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When shall we get up this hill, this interminable hill? ² Bend after bend we have been ascending for the last half-hour, every successive turn disclosing a weary length of way, and those tiresome windmills at the top seem as far from us as ever. Windmills have long been celebrated for gesticulation, celebrated with Cervantes all over the world, ³ but never saw I windmills more provokingly alive than at present, with their long stretchy arms bending to the breeze that flew over the hilltop; they seemed beckoning us up ironically, while the slow measured step of our booted postillion, as he tramped it up the hill as much encumbered as a cat with walnut shells, told us of many a weary moment ere those beck should, could, or would be obeyed. We are on the summit, a green plateau of turf, that looks round on the wide plains of France without a single eminence to rival it, and few that can obstruct its view.—Fifteen battle-fields are in view from that spot, telling a fearful tale of the ready ire of nations, yet looking as green and peaceful as if they had never been watered with blood. They say the cliffs of England are visible from Cassel—the sea certainly is, so I looked in the direction and I did see

¹ [These four lines of "rabid Protestantism" (*Seven Lamps*, 1880, Pref.) were omitted in the ed. of 1891. They are followed in the original by a sketch of a bishop beneath a canopy, with other figures.]

² [The prose passage is headed in the original by a sketch of two windmills on an eminence, overlooking a wide plain.]

³ [*Don Quixote* was a favourite book with Ruskin's father, who used to read it aloud to his son (*Præterita*, i. ch. iii. § 68.)]

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something. I had some lurking suspicions it was a cloud, but I chose to believe it was my own England, and it did quite as well to bid farewell to.

I love a view like this, for it seems as if you were looking over all the wide, wide world and were ruling it. Throughout all our after journey I have seen nothing more beautiful or more wonderful of its kind than the view from the little, humble, neglected village of—Cassel.¹

LILLE²

On, red the blushing east awoke,
 And bright the morn on Cassel broke;
 Along the green hillside we flew,
 Flashed the clear sunshine in the dew
 That on the clustering herbage hung,
 That to the tangled copse-wood clung,
 That shot like stars through every shade,
 And glanced on every wildwood glade,
 At length, by many a wind descending
 That ever to the plain were bending
 Farther, and farther still, we pressed
 From Cassel's insulated crest,
 That, back retiring, fainter still
 Showed the rich outlines of its hill,
 And faded in the purple haze
 That spoke the coming noontide blaze,
 That noontide blaze delayed not long,
 On Tournay's towers 'twas fierce and strong,
 And ere we gained the middle way,
 The glow was like an Afric day,
 Full upon Lille's high ramparts round,
 On massive wall and moated mound,
 Shot the fierce sun his glaring rays,
 As bent we on our burning way,
 Till past the narrow drawbridge length,
 The massive gates portcullised strength,
 And moat, whose waves found steepy shore
 Where forward high³ the bastion bore,
 And where the sentinels were set
 High on the dizzy parapet.

¹ [Sketch of a street with quaint architecture—in the foreground market women.]

² [Here is a sketch of a street, with waggon and horses in the foreground.]

³ ["Huge" in the ed. of 1891 is a variant in 1A discarded by the fair copy.]

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345

Till the last portals echoes woke,
 And Lille upon us sudden broke,
 Giving to view another scene,
 So clear, so noble, so serene,
 'T would seem enchantment's varied hue
 On palace, street, and avenue.
 Those ancient piles rose huge and high
 In rich irregularity,
 Colossal form and figure fair
 Seemed moving, breathing, living there,
 The vaulted arch, where sunlight pure
 Might never pierce the deep obscure,
 Where broadly barred, the ancient door
 Was with such carving imaged o'er,
 The bending Gothic gable-roof
 Of past magnificence gave proof,
 The modern window's formal square
 With Saxon arch was mingled there,
 Whose stern recesses, dark and deep,
 The figured iron stanchions keep.²

Passport, monsieur, s'il vous plait. I hate fortified towns, in general, that is.—Their houses are like barracks, their public buildings like prisons, their population like so many rats in a rat trap; they are arduous to get in (*sic*), difficult to get out, and disagreeable to remain in. To all this, however, Lille is an exception, except in one circumstance—its difficulty of access. We were detained after a long day's journey under a burning sun, hot, hungry, and stupid, while our passport was examined. Slowly the sentinel unfolded the paper, spelled over its contents with tiresome coolness and provoking minuteness, slowly returned it, and then came—*Passez.* And pass we did right gladly. Lille is a beautiful, a most beautiful town. I have seen none equal to it, for grandeur of effect, for the massive magnificence of its edifices, for the palace like nobility of its streets, except Genoa. The day also on which we entered it was almost Italian, the sky was of such a deep and unbroken blue, and a stream of rich, glowing, tawny light shot upon the full fretwork and elaborate carving of the upper parts of the houses; but their bases, owing to the narrowness of the streets and the enormous height of the opposing buildings, were wrapt in shade, deep, gloomily deep, when contrasted with the flood of sunshine that glanced on the gable roofs, and almost gave to life³ the many statues of the Virgin, that stood beneath their Gothic niches, really very respectably sculptured, at every angle of the streets.

¹ ["The 'Saxon arch' betrays the student, till then, of architecture exclusively English."—*Editor's Note*, 1891.]

² [Here is a sketch from inside the walls of a fortified town, with cannon.]

³ [So in the MS., for "gave life to."]

1A

BRUSSELS

THE racking clouds were fleeting fast (110) / eddy'ng past
 Upon the bosom of the blast (115)
 In wild confusion fiercely driven
 Fled they across the face of heaven
 The fitful gust came shrieking high
 The rattling rain flew driving by
 But where the horizon stretched away
 Towards the couch of parting day (120)
 A streak of paly light was seen
 The heaped and darkling clouds between
 Against that light, for time full brief,
 Brussels arose in dark relief
 Colossal on the western fire (125)
 Seemed massive tow'r and slender spire
 Nearer, and nearer as we drew
 More strongly marked the outlines grew
 Till of the buildings you might see
 Distinct, the Gothic tracerie (130)
 The drawbridge rung, + we passed the gate
 And regal Brussels entered straight

It stirs, to see the human tide
 That marks a city in its pride
 That fitful ocean's eddy'ng sweep (135)
 Is still more changeful than the deep
 For those dark billows as they roll
 Mark movements of the human soul
 Yet in that city there was none
 Of that confused and busy hum (140)
 That tells of traffic and of trade
 No, Brussels' time of power was sped
 Yet in her streets was something seen
 Spoke what the city once had been

Our rapid course as now we wheel (145) <she> / r / t
 Where rose the huge Hôtel de ville
 The noble spire's proportions high
 Stood forth upon the cloudy sky
 In all its fretted majesty
 And his last light the sun had sent (150) cap / cap
 On buttress and on battlement
 That while the houses were arrayed
 In all the depth of twilight shade

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A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

347

Yet shot there, faint, a yellow glow
Where the tall arches shafted show;
Glimmered a moment there the ray,
Then fainter grew, and past away.

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Brussels, thy battlements have been Oh Brussels, Brussels thou hast been

Of many an action strange the scene

Thou saw'st, on July's dreadful night,

The veterans rushing to the fight;

Thou heardest when the word was spoken;

At midnight thy repose was broken

By tramp of men and neigh of steed,

Battalions bursting forth to bleed;

Till the dark phalanx waving crest

Forth from thy gates was forward prest,

And breaking with the morning mild

The distant roar of battle wild;

And, later still, the rabble shout,

And revolution's riot rout,

Leaving such marks as long shall tell

Of dark destruction fierce and fell.²

[Brussels is a lovely, a queen-like city, from a distance, sweeping up the flanks of its hill, battlement over battlement swelling up higher, and higher, and (yet) higher, and the massive obscurity of the two huge square cathedral towers looming over the whole, and contrasted strangely with the delicate sharp spiriness of the steeple of the Hôtel de ville. Paris would look like an assemblage of brick-kilns beside it. We saw Brussels at eleven miles' distance, its towers rising dark and spear-like out of the horizon. It was waxing dark as we entered the city, and the lights began to twinkle in the few, the very few shop windows. I love to pass through a city at night, the hum of the voices rises so softly out of the obscurity, and the figures flit about dark and bat-like, and the cold starlight mingles so strangely with the red swarthy gleam of the lamps, and when you look up, the narrow strip of sky is of such a dark, dark blue, you may see it appear to quiver with the starlight if you look long, and the white house-fronts rise so ghastly, so ghost-like against it, and the windows seem grinning maliciously askance at you. It makes one shiver to think of it. Cities are exceedingly picturesque when built upon hills, but for exploring, for circumnavigating, for perambulating, Oh, woe to the walker, who is compelled to drag himself up their steep, those tiresome paved steep,

¹ [Quatre Bras and Waterloo. An obvious reminiscence of *Childe Harold*. See above, p. 263 n, and cf. Vol. I. p. xxv.]

² [Here is a sketch: to left, a group of large trees; to right, a wayside shrine; between these a river with a town in the far distance. The prose piece on Brussels is headed by a sketch of the field of Waterloo; soldiers with cannon in the foreground; a general on his horse.]

VIII
"Part of
Brussels"
(H.R.'s title,
after more
in 360 n.)

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those hard, unyielding, provokingly smooth flagstones, or to go thundering down, his rapidity increasing every instant, when he is once in for it, lurching tremendously like a ship in a swell, jerk, jerk, jerking—*Oh, facilis descensus Averni, sed, sed*;—Ay, there's the rub. The Hôtel de Bellevue at Brussels ought to have a *belle vue*, for you might as well scale the crags of Gibraltar, as storm the heights of the Hôtel de Bellevue; whence, for all the boast of its title, I never could discover more *belle vue* than a dusty square, some formal houses, and a few murky park trees.

We left Brussels on Wednesday morning for Waterloo; the sun beamed sweetly among the long trunks of the aged trees of the forest of Soigny; and their damp bark glistened dewily, as it rose up taller and taller, branching off into the bending boughs, and slender spray, with the delicate foliage scattered through; here every leaf defined separately and clearly as you looked up to the broad sky; there in light, spready masses, partially concealing the long tapery trunks which retired back, farther and still farther, yet distinctly grouped, and those groups separated by the gleamy stream of yellow sunshine, which shone full on the sides of the swelling green grassy banks, then broken by the intervening hollows, then climbing again up the dewy moss and white trunks. It was exceedingly beautiful; I could have fancied the glister of the bright bayonets changing, like starlight on a wavy ocean, among the retiring foliage of those ancient trees—I forgot how many long years had past by since that eventful day. ***

This is the field of Waterloo. The round hills of green pasture lay unbroken before me, without a single tree, except where, far to the right, the rich forest country commenced again, breaking away in rounded masses, till lost in the blue of the faint horizon. All is peace now. Englishmen may feel proud on the field of Waterloo—perhaps I did; but there is something mingled with it—Poor Napoleon! The grass is very green on the field of Waterloo—it has grown from the dust of our bravest. Oh, tread on it softly!

THE MEUSE

The sky was clear, the morn was gay
In promise of a cloudless day
Fresh flew the breeze, with whose light wing
Aspen and oak were quivering
From flow'et dank it dashed the dew
The harebell bent its blossom blue
And from the Meuse the mist wreaths grey
That morning breeze had swept away
Showing such scenes as well might seem
The fairy vision of a dream
For changing still, and still as fair
Rock, wave, and wood were mingled there
Peak over peak, fantastic ever
The lofty crags deep chasms sever

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And grey and gaunt, their lichened head
 Rose sheerly from the river's bed,
 Whose mantling wave, in foamy sheet,
 Their stern, projecting bases beat,
 And, lashed to fury in his pride,
 In circling whirlpools swept the tide,
 As threatening on some future day,
 Those mighty rocks to tear away,
 What though their front should seem to be
 A barrier to eternity!
 But And on its side, the cliffs between,
 Were mazy forests ever seen,
 That the tall cliff's steep flanks so grey
 Were clothed in mantle green and gay,
 Long time along that dell so deep,
 Beside the river's bed we sweep,
 So steep the mighty crests inclined,
 None other pathway you might find,
 Till the tall cliff's gigantic grace
 To undulating hills gave place,
 And vineyards clothe the bending brow,
 Stead of the clinging copsewood now.

How lightly the waves of the broad Meuse crisped with the first breath of the morning, as we swept over the long bridge that crosses the river from Namur, and looked back on the rich dome of its small but beautiful cathedral, as it began to smile to the first glance of the joyous sun, that was drinking up the delicate mists which clung to the hills, and rested on the valley, in which the fair city reposed so peacefully, and then we dashed along the valley of the Meuse. I know not if it was because this was our first initiation in to the scenery of Continental rivers, but this part of the Meuse appeared to me infinitely preferable (not in point of sublimity or beauty, but in that romantic and picturesque fairy beauty which is, in many cases, superior to either) to anything which I ever afterwards saw on the shores of the far famed Rhine.

There was, to me, a great sameness throughout the whole of the course of the latter river, and, for its fortresses, it is positively too much of a good thing, a tiresome repetition of ruins, and ruins too, which do not altogether agree with my idea of what ruins ought to be. But for the Meuse, the infinite variety of scenery, the impossibility of seeing every successive change as you feel that it ought to be seen, and, finally, the tantalizing rate at which you dash away from that which you could feast upon, and look upon, and dwell upon, for—ages, I was going to say, months, I will say, are enough to enchant you with anything. If you

¹ [Here is a sketch of a calm, broad river: on one side, a rocky road; on the other, crags.]

the almost confusing succession of delightful changes,

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luxuriance — wish to see rock scenery in perfection, go to the Meuse,¹ for never were rocks more beautifully disposed, more richly and delicately wooded, or more finely contrasted with the amazing richness of the surrounding scenery. But, alas! it was but a forenoon ride, and the eve saw us quit the magnificent Meuse with sorrow, for the smoky streets and coal wharfs of Liège, and the round, dumpy, shapeless hills of Spa.²

written over 2 lands
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

no G (c) Hasst ever heard of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, reader? If thou ever travellest from Spa to Aix, or from Aix to Cologne, thou shalt find various treaties of peace have been entered into, and ratified, which thou wilt not approve of. Thou shalt find a treaty, whereof the first condition is that the postillion's whip be not closely acquainted with the back of his quadrupeds more than two or three times in a stage, or so.

no G (c) Item, That the above mentioned quadrupeds be not compelled to draw any carriage, chariot, gig, or other vehicle, whatsoever at a greater rate than two miles an hour.

no G (c) Item, That the above-mentioned quadrupeds be not compelled to trot upon the paved centre of the road, but that they be permitted to draw the carriage, chariot, gig, or other vehicle into the beds of sand and dust, denominated by the postillion, "la terre," even although the carriage, chariot, gig, or other vehicle be in imminent danger of being overset into the ditch, which commonly bordereth upon the road.

no G (c) Item, That the postillion be permitted, when upon the back of his horse, to indulge himself with a comfortable pipe, and half hour's nap, or so, during which time his above-mentioned quadrupeds be surrendered to their own will, guidance, and management.

no G (c) Alas! every article of this treaty was strictly fulfilled with regard to us, and the consequence was, that in a six hours' ride of twelve miles, I was first fevered by the sun, then smothered by the dust, and finally was—but let that pass for the present.

no G (c) burning A cathedral is a noble, a beautiful, a sublime thing, by twilight, with its white, fretted, marble columns, looking out from the dark retiring immensity of the long aisles, and the faint streams of coloured and variegated light falling faintly through the Gothic windows, streaming at intervals along the chequered floors, or ruddily lighting up the countenances of the marble figures, giving a ghastly resemblance to reality, a mockery of life, that makes you start when you look upon the hollow eyes and rigid muscles starting out of the stone. You almost think that the dead forms of departed monarchs have sprung forth from their narrow dwellings

¹ [Ruskin thus early fixed on characteristics of Meuse scenery which he afterwards enforced. See especially *Letters to William Ward* (letter of Sept. 8, 1867), whom he sent in that year for a sketching tour on the Meuse, in company with Mr. George Allen.]

² [Facing the end of this passage is a full-page illustration of a courtyard, with a pillared corridor, steps, etc. Then comes another nearly full-page one of a large Continental church, and then the following prose piece on Aix-la-Chapelle.]

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¹ [Ruski
Chapelle.]

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A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

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beneath that ancient pavement, and ~~that~~ the peers of Charlemagne are rallying again around their monarch.

Saw Charlemagne's easy-chair—arms stone, back stone, hard, independent, unaccommodating, granite. Thin velvet cushion, however, on the seat as a mediator. Very ancient affair, product of the dark ages, I suppose. His sarcophagus also, sculptured, Grecian, basso-relievo. The revolutionists amused themselves by depriving the poor stone gentlemen of their olfactory nerves, alias noses; consequence, they look all terrible flats. Night coming on, left the cathedral just in time to be tantalized by grinning at a magnificent picture when it was pitch dark (Last Judgment, Michael Angelo, I think, in the Hôtel de ville). Return'd to the inn in very bad humour. Off early next morning for Cologne. Good-night.

COLOGNE

THE noon was past, the sun was low,
Yet still we felt his arid glow;
From the red sand, reflected glare
Deadened the breeze, and fired the air.
The open sky was misty grey;
The clouds in mighty masses lay,
That, heaped on the horizon high,
Marked Alpine outline on the sky.
Long had we toiled to gain a brow
On which we stood triumphant now;²
While the white mist was certain sign
Where took his course the mighty Rhine.
Hills in the distant haze were seen,
And wide expanse of plain between,
Whose desert length, without a tree,
Was stretched in vast monotony.
We drove adown that hill amain;
We past along the shadeless plain;
Rested we now where, uncontrolled,
The Rhine his bursting billows rolled;
And ever, ever, fierce and free
Bore broadly onward to the sea.³

And this is the birthplace of Rubens. Sink these French bad roads. A long day's journey over them under a burning sun, together with a perambulation on a damp evening at Aix-la-Chapelle—so knocked me up, that I was forced to diet and quiet it, and could not stir out to see Rubens' last picture, the masterpiece of the master, the Crucifixion of

¹ [Ruskin was here mistaken. There is no picture by Michael Angelo at Aix-la-Chapelle.]

² [Two lines following are completely erased in the MS.]

³ [Here is a sketch of Cologne: the Rhine, bridge, and unfinished cathedral in the distance; in the foreground to the left, tower and shipping.]

St. Peter, bequeathed by him at his death to his native city, and, yet more, his birth-chamber. — *Fragment*

There is in many, in most, of the pictures of Rubens, and that even in his most sacred subjects, magnificent as they are viewed as paintings only, an unholiness, a cast of Bacchanalian revelry, to say the least, an unpleasingness; that does him dishonour. But there are a few, a chosen few, of his pictures which the master hath poured his whole soul into, and the production of one of which were enough to repay a lifetime of labour with immortality. There is a picture, I neither know where it is, nor what it is, but there is a picture curtained up in one of the royal palaces of France, the St. Ambrosius, I think, kneeling before a crucifix. There is one single ray of yellow light falling faintly upon the grey hairs and holy features of the venerable saint, the rest is in obscurity; there is nothing more, nothing to disturb either the eye or the mind, and you feel calmed and subdued when you look upon that one solitary figure, as if in the presence of a superior being. It is impossible to see that picture, the reality is too striking, and a reality so hallowed and so beautiful, that when the curtain is again drawn over the picture, you feel as if awaking from a dream of heaven. It is by such pictures as this that Rubens has gained his immortality; and it was, I believe, such a picture as this that I did not see at Cologne. Then the disappointment made me worse, and I could not stir out to see the room in which he was born. But it don't signify talking. Reader, beware of the Grosser Rheinberg hotel at Cologne.² Art thou a poet, a painter, or a romancer? Imagine the Rhine, the beautiful, the mighty, the celebrated Rhine, fouler than the Thames at London Bridge, compressed into almost as narrow a channel, washing dirty coal wharfs on the one side; bogs, marshes, and coke manufactories on the other, yellow with mud from beneath, black with tar and coal-dust from above, loaded with clumsy barges and dirty shipping; in short, a vile, sordid, mercenary river, fit only for traffic, high Germans and low Dutchmen, and you will have some idea of the Rhine, as seen from the bedroom windows of the Grosser Rheinberg. Oh, if thou wouldst see the Rhine as it may be seen, as it ought to be seen, shut your eyes, sleep your time away, do anything but look about you, till you get to Bonn, then walk

¹ [Ruskin was in error in supposing Cologne to be the birthplace of Rubens. He was born at Siegen. The claim of Cologne is kept alive by the showing of a house (No. 10 Sternengasse) as that in which the master was born. The picture referred to by Ruskin as his masterpiece is the Crucifixion of St. Peter, over the high altar of the Church of St. Peter. "It was," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "painted a little time before Rubens's death. . . . Rubens in his letters to Geldorp expresses his own approbation of this picture, which he says was the best he ever painted. . . . Many parts are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting that Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars. . . . We went from Düsseldorf to Cologne on purpose to see it; but it by no means recompensed us for our journey" ("A Journey to Flanders and Holland," in *The Complete Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1824, ii. 290).]

² [This hotel, no longer extant, seems to have had a poor reputation. "Conveniently placed on the water's edge and close to the steamers," says the first edition of Murray's *Handbook for Travellers on the Continent*, "but deficient in comfort and badly managed."]

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out upon the terrace which looks forth over the swell of the deep waters to the dim outline of the seven mountains, and there gaze and dream and meditate. Secondly, Art thou an epicure? Imagine mutton-chops which ought to have been tough, but which age had made tender, accompanied by circular cakes of congealed fat, denominated gravy, together with a kind of brown ashes, apparently moistened with whale oil (which, I think, they called fried potatoes), as an addition to your feast, and you have an idea of a dinner of the Grosser Rheinberg. I have omitted one thing, however, which was really capital—the vinegar. They called it Hock wine, certainly, but that don't signify; you must not be led astray by names in this part of the world. However, good vinegar would not make up for the want, or worse than want, of everything else; and although the waiters made a point of not appearing until the bell had been rung seven times, we at last made them understand that we neither liked their mode of waiting, nor the contents of their larder, and so, according to their deserts, deserted them.

The cathedral is the richest in fretwork and carving, in the delicate finish of every shaft, and buttress, and pinnacle, that I saw on the journey, except Milan. They showed us, in a little Gothic chapel, three skulls, which they told us were those of the Magi. They were set in framework of gold, and covered with jewels, but the pomp became not the dry bones. The soul-less eye and fleshless cheek looked not the less horrible, though a diamond beamed through the one and a bar of gold bound the other.¹ Returned home, and the next morning departed from Cologne with regret, to trace the mighty Rhine to his source among the Rhetian Alps.

ANDERNACHT²

TWILIGHT'S mists are gathering grey
Round us on our winding way;
Yet the mountain's purple crest
Reflects the glories of the west.
Rushing on with giant force
Rolls the Rhine his glorious course;
Flashing, now, with flamy red,
O'er his jagg'd basaltic bed;
Now, with current calm and wide,
Sweeping round the mountain's side;
Ever noble, proud, and free,
Flowing in his majesty.

¹ [Cf. § 64 of *The Poetry of Architecture*, in Vol. I. p. 56.]

² [This section, and that on St. Goar (p. 359), were first printed in *Friendship's Offering*, 1835, pp. 317–318, under the title of "Fragments from a Metrical Journal," signed and dated "1833, J. R." They were not included in the *Poems*, 1850. In the American edition of *Poems by John Ruskin*, they occupy pp. 4–5. Both in *Friendship's Offering* and in the original MS. "Andernach" (the Roman *Antunnacum*) is misspelt "Andernacht." The text printed above is that of *Friendship's Offering*. It is so much altered from the original draft that it may be interesting to compare the two

Soon, upon the evening skies
 Andernacht's grim ruins rise;
 Buttress, battlement, and tower;
 Remnants hoar of Roman power;
 Monuments of Caesar's sway,
 Piecemeal mouldering away.
 Lo, together loosely thrown,
 Sculptured head and lettered stone;
 Guardless now the arch-way steep¹
 To rampart huge and frowning keep;
 The empty moat is gay with flowers,
 The night-wind whistles through the towers,
 And, flapping in the silent air,
 The owl and bat are tenants there.²

What is it that makes the very heart leap within you at the sight of a hill's blue outline, that so ætherializes the soul and ennoble the spirit; that so raises you from the earth and from aught of the earth? Is it their apparent proximity to the blue heaven's inaccessibility? Is it the humbling sense of your own littleness, or the immovable, unchangeable magnificence of that which has seen the beginning of the world and will see

versions. The following "First Sketch of 'Andernacht'" was printed in the *Poems*, 1891, I. 283:—

We have wound a weary way;
 Twilight's mists are gathering grey;
 Purple now the hills are showing;
 Bright the western clouds are glowing.
 Lashing on with giant force,
 Rolls the Rhine his sullen course;
 Flash his waves with flamy red,
 Eddying o'er their basalt bed;
 Now with wide expanded breast,
 Now between the hills compressed;
 Ever noble, ever free,
 Flows his river majesty.
 Now upon the evening skies
 Andernacht's grey ruins rise,
 Memorials of the Roman power;
 Buttress and battlement and tower,
 Decaying, falling fast away,
 The monuments of Caesar's sway,
 In heaps together loosely thrown,
 The sculptured head, inscribed stone;
 Unguarded now the bridge's length,
 And failing fast its arches' strength;
 The green sod in the moat is growing,
 The cold wind in the chambers blowing,
 And, flapping through the thin night air,
 The owl and bat, the tenants there.

In the original MS. there is a space left for a drawing before the lines on Andernacht.]

¹ ["Steep" was misprinted "keep" in the ed. of 1891.]

² [Here follows a sketch of a wooded, high-banked river, with towers and a church in the distance.]

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its end, or is it that the thoughts range insensibly from the things created to Him who created them? I know not. How it thrilled through me, when first, far away, across the lake-like swell of the deep waters of that wondrous river, rose the cloudy outline of the blue mountains. Long time has bath past over me since I saw the swell of a blue hill. I have longed for them. I have yearned for them as an exile yearns for his native land, and I am with them. — (no new q)

We left Cologne on a misty summer morning, its many turreted spires rising colossally, but grey and faint amid the wreathing columns of mist, which smoked upward from the course of the broad Rhine. There was the huge cathedral, dark with the confused richness of its own fretwork, and the remains of its unfinished but magnificent tower showing ruin-like beside it. There were the red sails and mingled masts of the innumerable shipping, without one sail swelling or a flag bending with the morning breeze. There was that peaceful and lovely lassitude over everything, that sleep of the earth, and the air, and the sky, that charms the mind into a correspondent fascination of stillness, the very thoughts seem sleeping.

We went on, we past Bonn, and Godesberg, and Drachenfels, and sunset was, sorrowing over hill and valley when the gloomy and venerable towers of Andernacht beetled over us.

I love to look upon the crags that Cæsar has scaled, and upon the towers that his legions have founded. These are now as they were then, looking up to the broad blue heaven, these are in ruins. Yet they are mighty in their ruin, and majestic in their decay, but their Lords are departed and forgotten as the waves that once lashed their foundations. Other snows have melted, and the Rhine yet rolls onward unbroken, but those waves are lost in the ocean for ever.

EHRENBREITSTEIN¹

Oh! warmly down the sunbeams fell,
Along the broad and fierce Moselle;
And on the distant mountain ridge,
And on the city and the bridge,
So beautiful that stood,
Tall tower and spire, and gloomy port
Were made and shattered in the sport
Of that impetuous flood,
That, on the one side, washed the wall
Of Gothic mansion fair and tall,

¹ [Followed by a sketch of the Rhine with the fortress high on the hill, and the town below. The plate facing the next page is a facsimile of the author's MS. The verses on Ehrenbreitstein were printed in the *Poems*, 1850, pp. 8-12, where they were placed after "The Avalanche," as of "atlat. 16," but they were certainly written earlier, as they occur in the rough draft of the "Tour," dated 1833. The text here printed is that of the *Poems*, 1850, which was followed in the ed. of 1891. There are a few minor variations from the MS. in Book ix.]