

And, on the other side, was seen,
 Checked by broad meadows rich and green,
 And scattering spray that sparkling flew,
 And fed the grass with constant dew.
 With broader stream and mightier wrath,
 The Rhine had chosen bolder path,
 All yielding to his forceful will,
 Through basalt gorge, and rock ribbed hill,
 Still flashed his deep right on.
 It checked not at the battled pride,
 Where Ehrenbreitstein walled his side;
 Stretching across with giant stride,
 The mighty waves the rock deride,
 And on the crag, like armies, ride,
 Flinging the white foam far and wide,
 Upon the rough grey stone.
 Beneath the sweep¹ of yon dark fell
 Join the two brothers, the Moselle,
 Greeting the Rhine in friendly guise,
 To join his headlong current, flies:
 Together down the rivers go,
 Resistless o'er their rocky foe,
 As lovers, joining hand in hand,
 Towards the west, beside their strand
 They pass together playfully,
 Like allied armies mingled band,
 Toward the east white whirls of sand
 The torrent tosses by.

The morning came, and rosy light
 Blushed on the bastions and the height,
 Where traitor never stood,
 And, far beneath in misty night,
 The waters wheeled their sullen flight,
 Till o'er them far, for many a rood,
 The red sun scattered tinge of blood;
 Till, broadening into brighter day,
 On the rich plain the lustre lay;
 And distant spire and village white
 Confessed the kiss of dawn,
 Amid the forests shining bright
 Still multiplying on the sight,
 As sunnier grew the morn.

¹ [So the MSS.; the ed. of 1891 reads "brow" for "sweep," and, three lines lower, "To mingle with his current." A little lower down, the fair copy in ix. has, "The rivers pass full playfully," which is, however, corrected to the text in viii. "River" for "torrent" is also read in ix., but corrected in viii.]

² [So the fair copy. The draft in MS. Book viii., however, followed in the ed. of 1891, reads "While" for "And," and four lines lower, "Then" for "Till."]

cap
added

They

<Rivers>

cap

<Full> together

<river> torrent

no #
in viii

<And> while

<Till> Then

written interlinearly

We climbed the crag, we scaled the ridge,
 On Coblenz looked adown,
 The tall red roofs, the long white bridge,
 And on the eye-like frown
 Of the portals of her palaces,
 And on her people's busy press,
 There never was a fairer town,
 Between two rivers as it lay,
 Whence morning mist was curling grey
 On the plain's edge, beside the hill:—
 Oh! it was lying calm and still
 In mornings' chastened glow,
 The multitudes were thronging by,
 But we were dizzily on high,
 And we might not one murmur hear
 Nor whisper, tingling on the ear,
 From the far depth below.
 The bridge of boats, the bridge of boats—
 Across the hot¹ tide how it floats
 In one dark bending line,
 For other bridge were swept away;—
 Such shackle loveth not the play
 Of the impetuous Rhine;—
 The feeble bridge that bends below
 The tread of one weak man,—
 It yet can stem the forceful flow,
 Which nought unyielding can,
 The bar of shingle bends the sea,
 The granite cliffs are worn away,
 The bending reed can bear the blast,
 When English oak were downward cast,
 The bridge of boats the Rhine can chain,
 Where strength of stone were all in vain.

Oh! fast and faster on the stream
 An island driveth down,
 The Schwartzwald pine hath shed its green,
 But not at autumn's frown,
 A sharper winter strip them there,
 The long, straight trunks are bald and bare,
 The peasant, on some Alpine brow,
 Hath cut the root and lop'd the bough,
 The eagle heard the echoing fall,
 And soared away to his high eyrie;
 The chamois gave his warning call,

¹ [So both MSS.; the ed. of 1891 reads "swift," and nine lines lower, following the draft, reads "stems" for "bends" (in the fair copy).]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

And higher on the mountain tall
 Pursued his way unwearied.
 They come, they come! the long pine floats,—
 Unchain the bridge, throw loose the boats,
 Lest, by the raft so rudely driven,
 The iron bolts be burst and riven.
 They come, they come, careering fast,—
 The bridge is gained, the bridge is past,—
 Before the flashing foam they flee,
 Towards the ocean rapidly;
 There, firmly bound by builder's care,
 The rage of wave and wind to dare,
 Or burst of battle-shock to bear,
 Upon the boundless sea.¹

written
 above
 and but
 and not
 erased

looks like
 shock

[It is said that French will carry you over all Europe, over all civilised Europe at least, and that may be, but it will not carry you over Germany. You might manage with the Grand Turk, but you will not manage with the Germans. Wishing to see the interior of Ehrenbreitstein, we got a young German guide, and crossing to a place where two roads met, considered him to be going the wrong way. There was a poser, how could we stop him? "Nein, nein," we called after him. "Ya," quoth he. "Nein." So he went the way we chose.]

After a very hard pull up an abominably cramp² hill, we beheld the top of the flagstaff. Here we are, all right. No. There was the fortress certainly, but between us and it a ravine nearly a hundred feet deep, walled up the sides so as to form a very unhandsome ditch, and two or three dozen impudent, enormous, open-mouthed guns grinning at us from the battlement. Well, there was nothing for it, so we went back and took the other path.

This time all went right, and we got into the fortress, first, however, prudently stepping up to a sentinel, to ask permission; and he brought an officer upon us. "Do you speak English, sir?" (A stare.) "Français?" (A vibratory motion of the head, and a "Nein.") "Deutsch?" "Ya," and there we stuck. Well, we pulled out our passport, but it was in French, and the officer could not read it. So he looked up and down and at us, and we looked up and down and at him. What was to be done? We bowed, and he bowed, and we looked over the battlements and trotted down again, having a very high opinion of the height of German hills, the strength of German walls, the size of German cannon, and the stupidity of all German brains.³

¹ [Here is a sketch of a river, swollen and rushing between the hills. Above the prose passage next following a blank space is left for a large drawing to be inserted.]

² [A favourite word with Ruskin in his *juvenilia*. He uses it of his own handwriting (Vol. I. p. 455), and of the style of Thucydides (below, p. 395); and here extends it to a contracted, strait, narrow hill. In the "Tour" of 1835 (canto i. stanza 11), he uses it of the statues on Rouen Cathedral (p. 400).]

³ [Again a space left, for a small drawing.]

not until
 now?

no 4

no 4

couldn't

idea

coming

what

was

looks

with

we

ST. GOAR¹

PAST a rock with frowning front,
 Wrinkled by the tempest's brunt,
 By the Rhine we downward bore
 Upon the village of St. Goar.
 Bosomed deep among the hills,
 Here old Rhine his current stills,
 Loitering the banks between,
 As if, enamoured of the scene,
 He had forgot his onward way
 For a live-long summer day.
 Grim the crags through whose dark cleft,
 Behind, he hath a passage left;

[The verses on St. Goar were published, with "Andernacht," in *Friendship's Offering*, 1835, pp. 318-319; not included in the *Poems*, 1850; published in the American edition, pp. 5-6. "With this, as in the case of Andernacht, it may be interesting to compare the first draft; if for nothing else, to show that the young poet could polish when he chose, and that he would have eliminated the slipshod grammar and faulty rhymes if he had prepared the rest of his juvenile verses for publication."—*Editor's Note*, 1891. The MS. sent to *Friendship's Offering* is no longer extant; but there is a draft in MS. 1A, and a fair copy in ix., which differ very slightly. The latter was printed in the *Poems*, 1891, i. 284-285, as follows:—

FIRST SKETCH OF "ST. GOAR"

We past a rock, whose bare front ever
 Had borne the brunt of wind and weather;
 And downwards by the Rhine we bore
 Upon the village of St. Goar.
 That, mid the hills embosomed, lay
 Where the Rhine checked his onward way,
 And lay the mighty crags between;
 As if, enamoured of the scene,
 He loved not on his way to wind,
 And leave a scene so fair behind.
 For grim the chasm through whose cleft
 The waters had a passage left;
 And gaunt the gorge that yawned before,
 Through which emerging, they must roar,
 No marvel they should love to rest,
 And peaceful spread their placid breast,
 Before in fury driving dread,
 Tormented on their rocky bed;
 Or flinging far their scattering spray
 O'er the peaked rocks, that barred their way,
 Wave upon wave at random tossed
 Or in the giddy whirlpool lost,
 And now are undisturbed sleeping,
 No more on rocks these billows beating
 But, lightly laughing, laps the tide,
 Where stoop the vineyards to his side.

1A, title
 "St Goar"

spot / 2

< passage >

2 / a passage / 9

his

his

lost

his

following
 "Andernacht"
 in 1A ms.

"emerging" is written above the line, and "a passage," but the latter is not deleted

While, gaunt as gorge of hunted boar,
 Dark yawns the foaming pass before,
 Where the tormented waters rage,
 Like demons in their Stygian cage,
 In giddy eddies whirling round
 With a sullen choking sound;
 Or flinging far the scattering spray,
 O'er the peaked rocks that bar his way.
 —No marvel that the spell-bound Rhine,
 Like giant overcome with wine,
 Should *here* relax his angry frown,
 And, soothed to slumber, lay him down
 Amid the vine-clad banks, that lave
 Their tresses in his placid wave.¹

List to
 and the
 and my
 sings at
 the crag
 more.

[VIII - after Andernacht prose]
 but St. Goar is the least and sweetest place on all the Rhine. There is Godesberg with its hilltop crested with ruins, there is Andernacht with its venerable remains of antiquity, there is Ehrenbreitstein upon whose cliff never traitor stood, looking out far away over its rich sea of champaign, yet there is nothing like St. Goar. It has a lone hill beauty, the little scene around it is exceedingly small, but it has a modest secluded loveliness. You look on Andernacht with veneration, on Ehrenbreitstein with awe, but on St. Goar with love.

There is a voice in all nature. List to the rave of the mad sea; speaks it not eloquently, does it not tell of its green weedy caverns and its coral towers, and the high hills and shelly vallies far, far beneath its cold blue?²

¹ [Here follows a sketch of a town in a large plain, with distant mountains. The rough draft of the "Tour" (viii.) contains at this point the following prose passage:—

"It was a wide stretchy sweep of lovely blue champaign, richly cultivated and beautifully wooded, and bounded by magnificent mountain ranges; here fading away, faint and blue and cloudlike toward the south, there distinct and near and lofty, with the green cultivation climbing up their broad flanks. I had read that the snowy summit of the Mont Titlis was visible from Strasburg, the consequence of which marvellous information was, that I metamorphosed every cloud I saw into a mountain, strained my eyes with looking for that which was out of sight, and had at last very nearly argued myself into a conviction that blue hills were white ones, until our entrance into the narrow dell above mentioned precluded all farther observations upon the clouds. A Swiss cottage is a celebrated thing, celebrated far and wide; it has modelled the Tivolian villas of—Highgate and Hampstead, the mock waterfalls and crocodile stools of the Coliseum have extended its fame, and much it delighted me when first the wide projecting wooden roof and carved galleries and external stairs looked out to greet us from among the dark pines. What a host of associations and recollections tumbled in upon me. Mountains, avalanches, glaciers, cottages, Hannibal, vinegar, Tell, Alps, apples, tyrants, and crossbows came crowding into my brain, jumbled together in most admired disorder. I thought of nothing connected the whole day."

With this first impression of a Swiss cottage, cf. *Poetry of Architecture*, § 38, in Vol. I. p. 31. The reference to vinegar is of course to the story told by Livy (xxi. 37) about Hannibal's use of vinegar for blasting operations in his passage of the Alps.]

² [MS. viii. adds: "and the skulls of the drowned men that grin from among its rolled round pebbles."]

sun

sea of rich champaign country

cap

Pick up from n. 2

usual signal for a new ch following

[MS.]

List to the song of the summer breeze, ^{and} does it not tell of the blue heavens, and the white clouds and other climes, and other seasons, and spicy gales, and myrtle bowers, and sweet things far away? ^{softly} How sweetly the Rhine sings at St. Goar, and it tells of the arched grottoes of the glacier, and the crags of the far Alps, and how its joys to dash against tall rocks once more.

HEIDELBERG

Now from the smiling afternoon
The rain had past away;
And glimmered forth the pallid moon,
Amid the heavens grey.
Brake, and bush, and mead, and flower
Were glistening with the sunny shower;
Where, from the tangled, viny wreath,
The clustered grape looked out beneath,—
Climbing up the southern side
Of the round hills' bosom wide,
Branches of the chain that bound
All the south horizon round,
Far towards the western day
Mannheim's towers softened lay.
But a moment:—darkly down
Came the thunder, heaven's frown!
Mong the trees, a fitful shaking
Told the hoarse night wind was waking,
Grey upon his mountain throne,
Heidelberg his ruins lone
Reared colossally,
All begirt with mighty trees,
Whistling with the even's breeze,
Flapping faintly by.

It was morning:—from the height
Cumbered with its ruins hoar,
All that lovely valley bright
We were looking o'er,

¹ [MS. Book viii. here reads:—

From behind a thunder cloud,
Dark as envy, shot the sun
On those towers high and proud,
Hazily his rays came down
Smiling with those bright rays' kiss,
Shooting round effulgence moony
Like a lovely Oasis
Mid a desert dark and gloomy.]

There is
cht with its
whose cliff
champaign,
y, the little
ded loveli-
itstein with
sea; speaks
nd its coral
cold blue? ²

Mountains. The
e passage:—
ly cultivated
ranges: here
here distinct
broad flanks.
visible from
that I meta-
with looking
d myself into
o the narrow
e clouds. A
has modelled
waterfalls and
it delighted
galleries and
ines. What
Mountains,
ples, tyrants,
her in most
ure, § 38, in
ivy (xxi. 37)
e Alps.]
m among its

VIII;
not told by
JR; after
Aix more

<Bending to>

cloudy
leaves

no # in VIII

see
appa

With its silver river bending,
 Vineyards to its banks descending.
 Many a distant mountain chain
 Girded round the mighty plain.
 Here the sky was clear and bright;
 But upon their distant height,
 Like a monster o'er his prey,
 Rain and tempest scowling lay;
 Like a mighty ocean wave,
 All along th' horizon sweeping,
 Flinging far its cloudy spray,
 O'er the peaceful heaven beating.
 Then around, the reddening sun
 Gathered, throwing darkness dun
 On the ruin's ghostly wall,—
 Then between the pine-trees tall,¹
 Came quick the sound of raindrop fall.
 Fast increased, the leafy rattle
 Spoke the coming tempest-battle.

Increasing fast

MS VIII
 Rem lines below

not
 in
 VIII

Enter then the chambers cold—
 Cold and lifeless, bald and bare;
 Though with banners decked of old,
 Ivy tendrils flickering flare
 Are the only banners there,
 You would start to hear your tread
 Given back by echoes dead!
 You would look around to see?
 If a sprite were watching thee!
 Yet a vision would come o'er thee
 Of the scenes had past before thee.

<And distant growls of
 Warned us of thy

not
 in
 VIII

¹ [Instead of this and the three preceding lines, the rough draft of the "Tour" has the following:—

"But climbed the cloud yet more and more,
 Into the heaven dancing,
 Till, like the scouring bands before
 Embattled armies' path advancing,—
 Circling the sun with mazy ring,
 They wildly on came scattering.
 Then darker, deeper, heavier grew
 The fitful light the red sun threw
 On the gaunt ruins' ghostly wall;
 [And, coursing o'er the sloping meadow,
 Strong was the light, and deep the shadow.]
 Till, rustling through the pine-trees tall," etc., etc.

This passage, of which the bracketed lines are erased in the MS., was given in the text of the ed. of 1891, "for the sake of the fine 'Turner' sky and effect."—*Editor's Note*, 1891.]

² [In these lines the ed. of 1891 reads, "Thou wouldst . . . thy tread . . . Thou wouldst look."]

Continuation
 Herdeltberg
 (PR 4 title)

Till

throw

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

363

Of the time when many a guest
 Blessed the baron for his feast;
 When the peasant, homeward stealing,
 Dusky night the hills concealing
 Heard the swell of wassail wild,
 Cadence from the castle coming,
 Mingling with the night-breeze humming;
 And, until the morning mild
 Lightened upon wall and tower,
 Beacon-light from hour to hour
 Streaming from the windows tall
 Of the baron's ancient hall:
 Where the shout around was ringings
 And the troubadour was singing
 Ancient air and ancient rhyme—
 Legend of the ancient time:
 Of some knight's blood, nobly spilt
 In the melee or the tilt,
 Of the deeds of some brave band,
 Oath-bound in the Holy Land,
 Such as iron Richard led,
 Steeled without and steeled within,
 True in hand and heart and head,
 Worthy foes of Saladin,
 Or, if pleased a darker theme;
 Of spectres huge, at twilight seen
 Above some battle-field,
 Mimicking with motion dread
 Past combat of those lying dead
 Beneath their cloudy pinions spread—
 Crested helm, and spear, and shield
 In the red cloud blazoned.

Thus with feast and revelry
 Oft the huge halls rang with glee,
 All reckless of the withering woes
 Reigned in their dungeons dank below,
 Where, in the lone hours sullen flight,
 The masked day mingled with the night;
 Until the captive's practised eye
 Could pierce the thick obscurity
 Could see his fetters glance, or tell
 The stones which walled his narrow cell,
 Till, at the time the warder came,
 His dusky lamp's half smothered flame

¹ [Here half a page is left blank for a sketch.]

Woke that mass
 of
 Breaking

74

9

And

no #
 in VIII

And

(prison)

might please

in

dense

the formed

Flashed on him like that sun whose ray,
And all the smile of lightsome day,
He has almost forgotten.¹

Most beautiful are the paths which scale the face of the hill which is crowned by the castle of Heidelberg, winding beneath the twisted branches of green woods, with here and there a grey crag lifting up its lichened head from the wilderness of brake and grass and flower, that concealed the mass of that ancient granite, sometimes supporting a fragment of the remains of the old walls, with here and there an arrow-slit choked up with ivy, then emerging on narrow vallies, or steep and rocky dells, or lovely sweeps of dewy green sward, fresh and flowery as ever fairies circled on, and ending on a lofty terrace, whose precipice base was begirt with meadow land, at the point where a narrow mountain gorge opened into the mighty plains of the Rhine, having in its embouchure the little town of Heidelberg, with its river and its tall arched bridge, all glistening under that most lovely of all lights, — the first glow of sunshine, after a spring shower.

The castle of Heidelberg is exceeding desolate. Armies have razed its foundations, the thunder hath riven its towers, and there is no sound in its courts, and the wind is still in the open galleries. The grass is very green on the floor of the hall of the banquet, and the wild birds build their nests in the watch-towers, and they dwell in the dwellings of man, for they are forsaken and left, and there is no voice there — there is no complaining in the dungeon, and where is the voice of gladness in the hall? It is a ruin, a ruin, a desolate ruin. The husbandman sees it on the height of the hills, as he looks up from the green valley, and remembers the power of his ancient princes, and knows not if he should grieve that their power is past away. I know not how it is, but all nations in all ages seem to have respected the juice of the fruit of the vine. All has yielded to it from time immemorial. When Marshal Turenne attacked the castle in question,² it was but a touch and go. The foundations were blown up, the battlements were knocked down, the towers snapt like so many sticks of barley sugar, the statues decapitated, the carving crashed, the ditches filled, the castle ruined, but the cellars — Walk into them, sir, walk into them, there is not a rat dispossessed or in any manner disturbed.

¹ [In the MS. fair copy (ix.) two pages and a half are here left blank, and then follow the first four and a half lines of the prose passage given above, the rest of which is supplied in the text from the draft in the earlier MS. (viii.). The fair copy ends at this point, so far as writing is concerned, but seven page-sketches are inserted: (1) A mountain gorge; (2) mountain heights, a castle on one; (3) a river between steep banks, snow mountains in the distance; (4) a mountain scene, chalet in foreground; (5) a, a mountain scene, b, a lake with a house on piers islanded on it; (6) a lake-side, with terraced gardens, hills behind; (7) aiguilles. These sketches belong to the later portion of the "Tour," of which the author did not make a fair copy.]

² [Heidelberg was in fact taken by Count Melac, who reduced the castle to ruins in 1689, fourteen years after the death of Turenne. The Great Tun in the cellar is still one of the sights of the place.]

Why, they seem
afraid of shak
the timber of
example of the
disturbed, but
brotherly affect
brated butt so
vinum, no rub
Bacchus! come
of thirst.

¹ ["Kehl, lin
must refer to th
morning saw us
well remember
plain of the Rhin

<firing> pluffing

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

365

Why, they seem to have stopped ^{pulling} off powder here as if they were afraid of shaking up the lees of the good old respectable wines. Even the timber of the new-fangled fashionable cask, (which, following the example of the ladies nowadays, has gone without hoops) are not a whit disturbed, but sit there in peaceful placidity, clasping each other in brotherly affection, but dry, very dry, unconscionably dry. And the celebrated butt sounds mournfully hollow, no rich splash from the enclosed *vinum*, no ruby red tinging the joints of the timbers. Oh, Bacchus! Bacchus, come not into the cellars of Heidelberg, lest thou shouldst die of thirst.

[THE BLACK FOREST]

Oh! the morn looked bright on hill and dale,
As we left the walls of merry [Kehl],¹
And towards the long hill-ridges wound
That ramparted the plain around,
That greener growing as we neared,
At length with meadows decked appeared
Fair as our fields in May, and then
We entered on a little glen,
Those miniature Alps among,
All smiling with a morning sun;
Grassy, and woody, and most sweet
As ever fairy her retreat
Formed for her midnight dances. Through—
Tracing, in mazy winds anew,
The spots it had passed o'er, as fain
To run its sweet course o'er again,
Flowed a small tributary stream
That the Rhine levied. All between
The frontlets of the fair, fresh hills
Leaped merrily the glad, young rills,
Smiling in silver as they sprang,
And merry were the notes they sang,
For they were joyful at their birth
From the cold prisons of the earth
To the warm sun, and open sky,
And their song was all of liberty.
But the dell narrowed as we went;
Till, 'twixt the promontories pent

¹ ["Kehl, line 2, is my conjecture; the word in the original is illegible. The poem must refer to the day's journey described in *Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 130: 'Earliest morning saw us trotting over the bridge of boats to Kehl, and in the eastern light I well remember watching the Black Forest hills enlarge and rise as we crossed the plain of the Rhine.'"—*Editor's Note*, 1891.]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

It upward ran, and the clear stream
 Now forward shot, its banks between,
 Fast flashing, till from the obscure
 Emerged we on a lofty moor,
 Open, and shelterless, and bare,
 And gently undulating far;
 With here and there a patch of pine
 Breaking the smoothness of its line.

Toward the south horizon

[ENTRANCE TO SCHAFFHAUSEN]

(breeze)
 The eve was darkening, as we climbed,
 The summit of the hill,
 And, cradled mid the mountain-pine,
 The wind was lying still.
 Beneath the forests shadowy
 Long time our path wound on,
 One narrow strip of starry sky
 Between the dark firs shone,
 The drowsy gnats had ceased their song,
 The birds upon the bough were sleeping,
 And stealthily across our path
 The leveret was leaping.

THE ALPS FROM SCHAFFHAUSEN

MS VIII - after 51 - Prose
Keep
 THERE is a charmed peace that aye
 Sleeps upon the Sabbath day,
 A rest around and a calm on high,
 Though a still small voice speaks from earth and sky;
 "Keep holy the Sabbath day,
 Sleep it holy ever alway."
 Sabbath morn was soft and shroudless;
 Sabbath noon was calm and cloudless;

¹ [Here the MS. (viii.) adds one line: "Towards the south horizon"—similar to the last line of the passage on Cadenabbia.]

² ["See *Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 132. 'It was past midnight when we reached her closed gates,' etc. The whole tour is well re-told in *Præterita*; and the two accounts are worth comparing, written as they are at an interval of more than fifty years apart,—the one in verse and the other in prose,—and the latter with a power of recollective imagination resembling that of Turner."—*Editor's Note*, 1891. The first eight lines of this passage were omitted in the ed. of 1891.]

¹ [For the first time
 "There was no thought
 "Ruskin was first
 evening on the gar-
 terrace . . . my he

Sabbath eve is sinking low
 O'er the blue Rhine's sullen flow.
 He has worn a prisoned way
 Neath the round hills' bending sway.
 Far and near their sides you see
 Gay with vivid greenery,
 Many a branch and bough is bending
 O'er the grey rocks, grim impending.
 Danced the leaves on the bent twigs high,
 Skeleton like on the evening sky.
 And the oaks threw wide their jagged spray
 On their old, straight branches mossed and grey,
 And the foam drove down on the water's hue
 Like a wreath of snow on the sapphire's blue.
 And a wreath of mist curled faint and far,
 Where the cataract drove his dreadful war.
 The Alps! the Alps! — it is no cloud¹
 Wreathes the plain with its paly shroud!
 The Alps! the Alps! — Full far away
 The long successive ranges lay.
 Their fixed solidity of size
 Told that they were not of the skies.
 For could that rosy line of light,
 Of unimaginable height,
 The moony gleam, so far that threw
 Its fixed flash above the blue
 Of the far hills and Rigi's crest
 Yet russet from the flamy west,
 Were they not clouds, whose sudden change
 Had bound them down, an icy range?
 Was not the wondrous battlement
 A thing of the domy firmament?
 Are they of heaven, are they of air?
 Or can earth bring forth a thing so fair?
 There's beauty in the sky-bound sea,
 With its noble sweep of infinity:
 There's beauty in the sun's last fire,
 When he lighteth up his funeral pyre:
 There is loveliness in the heaven's hue,
 And there's beauty in the mountain's blue:
 But look on the Alps by the sunset quiver
 And think on the moment thenceforward for ever!²

¹ [For the first sight of the Alps, here told in verse, see *Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 134: "There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds," etc.]

² [Ruskin was faithful throughout life to this instruction of his boyhood. That evening on the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen fixed, he said, his destiny: "To that terrace . . . my heart and faith return to this day" (*Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 135).]

<The moony
gleam gave>

of such
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once

<firm>

<Can things
etherial
trodden
of man>

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ears apart,
ecollective
ht lines of

THE RHINE

THE traditions of the Rhine have long since been celebrated, and I hope long will be so, for the terror and amusement, if not the benefit, of the rising generation. The two districts of the Rhine and the Hartz have been selected from time immemorial as fitting theatres for the gambols of brownies, fairies, gnomes, and all other fashionable hobgoblins of every shape, sort, and size; and the consequence is, that a midnight walk through the forests of the Hartz, or the vaulted chambers of Rheinfels, would be considered, by many persons possess'd of considerable strength of nerve in the day-time and in places not haunted, as a very disagreeable, if not positively dangerous affair. Marvel not, therefore, reader, if I inform you that I considered myself upon suspicious, if not enchanted, or even haunted ground, as soon as we came in sight of the crags of Drachenfels, and that my thirst for ancient rhyme or story became considerably augmented as we advanced farther into that wilderness of rock and fortress, which must be traversed by the voyageur who passes between Ehrenbreitstein and St. Goar. I could not hope for much true dictionary lore from most of the personages whom we encountered on any of our perambulations, judging from their countenances, at least. I do not, at present, remember any physiognomies which exhibit so much of, let me see, a combination of the stupidity, lifelessness, and laziness of the owl, with the ugliness of the monkey, as do those of the generality of the German peasantry and lower classes; and I was therefore not particularly tempted to interrogate any of them upon the subject before alluded to, until at length Fortune threw an individual in my way who appeared likely to be able to answer any inquiries which I might make, entirely to my own satisfaction.¹

We saw it where its billow swells
Beneath the ridge of Drachenfels;
We saw it where its ripples ride
'Neath Ehrenbreitstein's beetling pride;
We saw it where its whirlpools roar
Among the rocks of gaunt St. Goar—
In all its aspect is as fair!
That aspect changes everywhere.
From Rhaetian and Dinaric crest,
From the wild waters to the west,
From fearful Splügen's glaciated head,
The mighty torrent dashes, dread;

¹ [There is nothing in the MS. to explain the reference here. It is conceivable that Ruskin had at this time formed some idea of the fairy story, with a German setting, which afterwards became *The King of the Golden River*, or the allusion may be to "The Emigration of the Sprites," stanza x.; see above, p. 13.]

¹ ["It was again for the ravine of the main Alp II.