

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

369

And, swelled by every Alpine snow,
Now see it chase these cliffs below,
On whose high summits deeply rent
Rise many a fortress battlement,
Seeming the lords of rock and hill,
And mighty in their ruin still.

VIA MALA¹

Our path is on the precipice!
How far, far down those waters hiss
That like an avalanche below
Whirl on a stream of foamy snow!
I've seen the Rhine when in his pride,
All unresisted, undefined,
Rolled smoothly on his aged tide.
I've seen the Rhine with younger wave
O'er every obstacle to rave,
I see the Rhine in his native wild
Is still a mighty mountain child,
How rocked upon his tortuous bed!
Came up, from the abyss of dread,
The deafening roar with softened sound,—
Murmuring up from the profound
Of distance dark, where light of day
Pierced not the thick, damp, twilight grey,
To the precipices sharp and sheer
Whence the white foam looked up so clear.
On looking o'er the barrier
From that rock-shelf, that hung so high
Twixt the far depth and the blue sky,
Above, beside, around there stood
The difficult crags in order rude
Soaring to the thin, cold upper air,
Looked forth unnaturally clear,
Jagged with many a piny spear,
And here and there a patch of snow
Contrasted strangely with the glow
Of the red, rough, mighty cliffs, and shed
A strange, cold light through the yawning dread
Of the abyssy gulph below.

¹ ["It was again fortunate that we took the grandest pass into Italy,—that the first ravine of the main Alps I saw was the Via Mala" (*Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 136).]

HR's title
after Viamala

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

Splugen
SPLÜGEN

A LITTLE cultivated space
Amid the rocky wilderness,—
It was not so conspicuous seen,
Where every mountain top was green;
But that a little hamlet lay,
With its enclosures, mid the array
Of the dark pines, most peacefully:
And a few cattle strayed along,
Browsing the grass the rocks among,
Ringing their bells, and here and there,
Poised on rock-pinnacles in the air,
Looked out from his round glassy eye
The mountain goat suspiciously.
And, drop by drop, a little spring
Down the smooth crag came glistening,
With a sweet, tinkling sound, and fell
Into a mossed receptacle,
The long trunk of an aged fir,
You scarce could see the water there,
So clear it ran, and sparkled round,
Then gurgled o'er the grassy ground,
Marking its course by the fresh green
Of the grass-blades it danced between.
I drank, and rested, and would fain
Have stopped to gaze, and gaze again,
And rest awhile the wearied eye,
Wearied with wild sublimity.
No! on! the peaceful bourne is past;
The rocks around are closing fast;
Higher and higher towards the heaven
Betwixt the cliffs our road is riven,
Or twining round the hillside bare
With many a bend, where the high air
Gan to blow cold, and damp, and keen,
But sharp, and pressureless. The green,
Though fresh upon the mountain side,
Was now more thinly scattered.
Now might you see, in sheltered nook,
The snow arch o'er the icy brook,
With strange, white, delicate, bridgy curve
That the green light shot through above.
And round, beneath, beside, there grew
The Alpine rose's heathery hue,

¹ [This v
never lost h
second editi

² [The e

³ [The r
ed. of 1891.
among the A
p. xxx. n.]

<you> That blushed along the mountain head,
 Was never flow'r so regal red!
 <It> It climbed the scathed old rocks along,
 Looked out, the cold, white snow among,
 And, where no other flower would blow,
 There you might see the red rose grow.¹

<descent>
THE SUMMIT

Oh, we are on the mountain-top!
 The clouds float by in fleecy flock,
 Heavy, and dank. Around, below,
 A wilderness of turf and snow,
 Scanty rock turf, or marble bare, <sand stone>
 Without a living thing; for there
 Not a bird clove the thin, cold air
 With labouring wing; the very goat
 To such a height ascendeth not;
 And if the cloud's thick drapery
 Clove for a moment, you would see
 <A> The long, white snow fields on each side
 Clasp the mountain-breast, or heaped
 In high, wreathed hills, whence torrents leaped,
 And gathering force, as down they well down <ward> welling
 <broad> To aid the swift Rhine's headlong swell
 <and> And here and there a mouldering cross
 Of dark pine, matted o'er with moss,
 Hung o'er the precipice, to tell
 Where some benighted traveller fell;
 Or where the avalanche's leap
 Hurl'd down, with its wild thunder sweep,
 Him unexpecting, and to pray
 The passing traveller to stay,
 And, looking from the precipice
 <from> Dizzily down to the abyss,
 To wing to heaven one short prayer,
 One, for the soul that parted there.³

¹ [This was of course the so-called "Alpine rose," i.e. rhododendron. Ruskin never lost his particular affection for this flower: see, e.g. *Sesame and Lilies*, preface to second edition.]

² [The ed. of 1891 reads "on."]

³ [The rest of this passage, and that headed "The Descent," were omitted in the ed. of 1891. It is interesting to note that even in the excitement of new impressions among the Alps, the boy's thoughts revert to the hills of the Lake Country; cf. above, p. xxx. n.]

VIII, 8 Ray
little, after
Spenser

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

I thought, as by the cross I past,
 Of far Helvellyn's dreary waste,
 Mid my own hills, and legend strange;
 How from dark Striden's¹ ridgy range
 One fell, upon a wintry day,
 When snow wreaths white concealed his way,
 And died, beside a small dark tarn,
 Overlooked by crags, whose foreheads stern
 Shut in a little vale, a spot
 By men unknown and trodden not,
 Green, and most beautiful, and lay,
 His bones there whitening, many a day,
 Though sun and rain might work their will,
 From bird and wolf protected still;
 For he had one companion, one,
 Watched o'er him in the desert lone;
 That faithful dog beside sat aye,
 Baying the vulture from his prey,
 Else moved not, slept not, stirred not, still
 O'er lake and mountain, rock and fill,
 Rung his short, plaintive, timid cry,
 Most melancholy. None passed by,
 None heard his sorrowing call for aid,
 Yet still beside the corse he staid,
 And watched it moulder, and the clay,
 When three long months had past away,
 It was discovered where it lay,
 And he beside it. Would that we could love
 As he did.

VIII Str's talk
 after Summit

THE DESCENT

A FEARFUL mountain wall, whose sweep
 At one sheer plunge, six thousand feet,
 Stoops to the valley, on each side
 Is tossed a very ocean tide,
 Of surgy, snowy mountain crest;
 And all along that hill's steep breast
 With snake-like coilings, wound our way
 On narrow shelves of rock, that lay
 Almost overhanging, and so sheer,
 'Twas terror to look down, so near
 To such a precipice of fear.

¹ [Striding Edge. For another reference to Gough and his dog, see Vol. I. p. 416.]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

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And far before, and far behind,
We tracked our dread way's mazy wind,
Continuous and descending, low,
At length looked up to the white snow
From the deep valley, it would seem,
Incredible, a very dream,
That we had scaled a ridge so high,
Or climbed so near the domy sky;
And we wound on, beside the course
Of a roaring torrent's flashing force,
And many a fall of minor stream
Down the smooth rocks came thundering,
Or in white sheets of gauzy foam
Mingled with archy iris shone
Among the forest pines.

CHIAVENNA

Oh, softly blew the mounting breeze
Through Chiavenna's myrtle trees,
And o'er the green hills' viny spread,
That rose in many a rounded head
Beneath the Alpine rocks of red,
And the fresh snow had fall'n that night,
And sprinkled with its mantle white
The mountain amphitheatre
That rose around us far and near,
Though in such far confusion hurled
They looked to rule o'er all the world;
And the white clouds seemed to immerse
Another ruined universe.

LAGO DI COMO¹

It was a little peaceful bay
Beneath the precipices grey,
Lay deep and blue and calm, but clear,
As is the sapphire, and you saw

¹ [See *Præterita*, i. ch. vi. § 136; and cf. *Poetry of Architecture*, § 102, in Vol. I. p. 77.]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

The precipices sharp and sheer,
 And the white clouds' careering war,
 And the blue sky, and the high hills
 Neath the cold waters where they slept ^(as)
 Seemed fed by thousand mountain rills
 Flowed upward from the crystal depth.¹
 And all along that quiet bay
 A range of little shipping lay,
 With their red flags drooped downward right,
 And sheltered by their awnings white
 From the high sun's red, scorching look,
 That o'er the living waters shook
 A blaze of hot and swarthy glow,
 When we had launched from below
 The shade of the tall cliffs, and came
 Where Como rolled his breast of flame,
 Down southward winding far away,
 The olives' tints of gentle grey
 Stooped to his borders, from between
 The hills' uncultivated green.
 And orange-groves him girded round,
 Blossoming o'er him fragrantly;
 And in the sleep of his profound
 White villages shone silently.²
 And from our prow the ripple's flash
 Threw forth its little sparkles paly;
 The light sound of the oars' dash³
 Came dancing on the waters gaily,
 There was blue above, and blue below,
 And the gleam of the eternal snow.
 Forth from the fastnesses it came
 Of the high Alps' retiring chain,⁴
 And all along the shore, where'er
 The storm-winds wont to chafe the wave,
 The crucifix is shrined there;
 That Christ may hear the passion'd prayer
 —May hear, may pity, and may save! ^(listen)

¹ [The above ten lines were omitted in the ed. of 1891.]

² [In *The Poetry of Architecture* (§ 116), Ruskin describes the crystalline waters of the lake, "of which," he adds, quoting partly his own early verses, "some one aptly says, 'Deep within its azure rest, white villages sleep silently.'"]

³ [So in the MS., the word o-ar making two syllables. Altered in the ed. of 1891 to "oar [blade's] dash."]

⁴ [This and the preceding line were omitted from the ed. of 1891.]

CADENABBIA

Oh < lone >

a love(?)

~~On~~ coolly came, on Como's lake,
 The lovely beams of morning mild,
 That o'er the Lecco mountains break,
 And red their summits piled,
 That high above their olive shore,
 Their weary winter garments bore,
 The broad boat lay along the tide,
 The light waves lapped its sloping side,
 And soft perfume of orange trees
 By fits came on the landward breeze,
 The trouts shot through the waters blue,
 Like small stars in the heaven glancing,
 Or hid them where the broad weeds grew,
 With wavy motion dancing.
 Away, away, across the lake
 How fast retires yon myrtle brake,
 All sprinkled with a silver shower,
 Through the dark leaves of lemon flower.
 Clear, as if near, nor faint, though far,
 Shines on the mountain, like a star,
 The rock born torrent's milky spray,
 And many a small boat on its way
 Urged by a breeze that bore them well,
 Though unfelt as invisible,
 With sunshine on their winglike sail,
 Past, like young eaglets on the gale.

glance

cap

 nothing
 indicates new
 512 in VIII

The steps were broken, mossed, and steep,
 The waters sparkling, clear, and deep,
 The rock was high, the cavern dark,
 Scarce lit up by the jewelled spark,
 Of the cold stream, that under earth
 Was darkling buried at its birth,
 Nor once its wave had sunned, nor seen
 Aught but dark rock, and ice caves green,
 Where the dark waters, as a home,
 Received the torrent's churned foam,
 We launched again, and downward bore
 A while beside the centre shore,
 Then left the shadowy eastern lake,
 Crossed through thick vines the wooded cape,
 Struck the clear wave with long, light oar,

deep

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

Left a white wake that sought the shore,
 High o'er the boat the awning spread,
 And, quick as sunned waves flashed before,
 Toward the southward fled.

sunned

VILLA PLINIANA¹

those I love to hear the names of those
 Who long ago have past away,
 Though now ~~their~~ names be drowned by clay,
 And who would stand where they repose,
 And look upon their dust, and say
 That this was Trajan, and below
 This foot of mine, lies cold and low,
 Earth, which compounded long ago
 What held the soul of Cæsar.
 How peaceful is the turbulence
 Of spirits, whose high deeds long hence
 Shall still be told as now!
 How strange those mighty powers that hurled
 With change and terror o'er the world,
 Should pass away, we know not how!
 That one would wonder how a thing
 So temporary, perishing
 Should dare such deeds, or work such change
 I' the texture of the world.
 There have been many mighty,
 And many more renowned,
 The ignoble and the glorious
 Are underneath the ground.

[claimed(?)]

may be
drowned

MILAN CATHEDRAL

le pr The heat of summer day is sped;
 On far Mont Rose the sun is red;
 And mark you Milan's marble pile
 Glow with the mellow rays awhile!

le cap / r

R. J.

360 [Following
after "Panor-
am of the Alps"
in 1A mss.]

1A

¹ [The section on the Villa Pliniana (viii.) was omitted in the ed. of 1891; cf. *Poetry of Architecture*, § 216, Vol. I. p. 161.]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

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Lo, there/relieved, his front so high ✓ / <his> / 9
 On the blue sky of Italy! (365)
 While higher still above him bears
 And slender in proportion fair, with
 Fretted with Gothic carving well, 5
 Full many a spiry pinnacle; (370)
 And dazzling bright as Rosa's crest,
 Each with his sculptured statue prest,
 They seem to stand in that thin air
 As on a thread of gossamer.
 You think the evening zephyr's play
 Could sweep them from their post away, 375
 And bear them on its sportful wing
 As autumn leaves, wild scattering.

<higher>

SE / cap / 5

cap

VIII; not
 JR's title;
 after part
 of Genoa

[LAGO MAGGIORE]

It was an eve of summer, mild
 As ever looked the pale moon through,
 That the deep waters were beguiled
 Into such rest, that, as the blue,
 The moveless blue of the high heaven,—
 Such sleep was to the low lake given
 That, as in lethargy, it lay
 Waveless and tideless, soft and grey
 As chasmless glacier. Voicelessly
 The little barks came gliding by
 Apparently without a wind,
 Leaving long ripply wakes behind.
 It would have seemed a lifeless sea,
 But there arose colossally,
 Beyond the mist-horizon, where
 The waters mingled with the air,
 The spirits of gigantic things,
 Lords of the earth, and air, and sky,
 Where, while heaven's cloud around them flings
 Concealment everlastingly,
 The mountain-snow, like scattered flocks,
 Speckled on high the red ribbed rocks,
 Or down the ravine's rolling blue
 Its crisped surge o'er the green fields threw,
 Flinging the ice-waves far and wide,
 Like the tortured spray of the ocean tide
 Breaking broad on the mountain side.

<waters>

<the>

written above:
 in his gattering
 but this phrase
 not scored through

this line written above:

<In the [(?)] green of the meadows and mountain side>

GENOA

Now rouse thee, ho! For Genoa straight!
We did not for the dawning wait;
The stars shone pale on Novi's gate,
And on the airy Apennine,
Whose towery steeps, with morn elate,
Lay southward in a lengthened line.
And we knew,—and we knew,—and we knew
That from Elba to the Alps, o'er the sea's broad bl
Where the wild waves wander and white ripples shi
Looked the cloudy crest of the tall Apennine!
From the torrent's barren bed,
Bound by blocks of granite red,
Came the gay cicada's song;
Wheresoe'er the dew was dank
On the tree, the shrub, the bank
All our scorching road along
Came the gay cicada's song.
While, beside our path, was seen
Of various trees a vista green,
Into the streamlet looking down,
Whose living crystal shot between,
All trembling with the leafy gleam.¹
And coolly on a high arch span
The sportive light reflected ran
Hither and thither fast; and through
That natural arched avenue
There showed a rich and mighty plain,
Rolling its wooded waves away;
And, through the stretch of that champaign,
A noble river wound its way.

¹ [In the ed. of 1891, "the broad sea's blue."]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

Yet was there such a softness shed
 Upon the rude Alps' stormy head,
 On massive wood and russet brake,
 Flashing river and polished lake,
 So broadly stretched in sapphire sheet,
 Another heaven beneath our feet
 Of deeper, darker, lovelier blue,—
 It seemed that we were looking through
 Those æther fields, so pure, so high,
 Above the concave of the sky,
 Where nor storm nor tempest cometh nigh,
 And the moon she sits in her majesty.

GENOA

Now rouse thee, ho! For Genoa straight!
 We did not for the dawning wait;
 The stars shone pale on Nov's gate,
 And on the airy Apennine,
 Whose towery steep, with morn elate,
 Lay southward in a lengthened line,
 And we knew, and we knew, and we knew
 That from Elba to the Alps, o'er the sea's broad blue,
 Where the wild waves wander and white ripples shine,
 Looked the cloudy crest of the tall Apennine!
 From the torrent's barren bed,
 Bound by blocks of granite red,
 Came the gay cicada's song;
 Wheresoe'er the dew was dank
 On the tree, the shrub, the bank
 All our scorching road along
 Came the gay cicada's song;
 While, beside our path, was seen
 Of various trees a vista green,
 Into the streamlet looking down,
 Whose living crystal shot between,
 All trembling with the leafy gleam,
 And coolly on a high arch span
 The sportive light reflected ran
 Hither and thither fast, and through
 That natural arched avenue
 There showed a rich and mighty plain,
 Rolling its wooded waves away,
 And, through the stretch of that campaign,
 A noble river wound its way.

¹ [In the ed. of 1891, "the broad sea's blue."]

VIII
 after "Cont."
 Mendelssohn

VIII
 This part first
 untitled,
 after "Lago di
 Como" 80

a/on
 but P. 79v
 earlier
 given

<stormy>

sailing

these 3 lines repeated & followed
 by "etc" on p. 79v

the 1st & 3d

see p. 72,
 app. A for
 variant lines

And on the horizon to the north
 Pale gleams of icy sun came forth
 From the St. Bernard's fastnesses,
 White as the wreathed salt sea-spray,
 With the snow wreaths that ever press
 Upon that heaven girt boundary,—
 Boundary meet for Italy,—
 Most meet for such a lovely clime,
 As it looks o'er Marengo's sea
 Unto the Apennine.

'Tis sweet, a topmost mountain-ridge
 Impatiently to climb,
 And there to stand, and dream away
 A little space of time. * * * *

Oh, is there one remembers not
 When first he saw the living deep,
 With panting bosom, crimson shot,
 Call its smooth billows from their sleep,
 That shout "the morn!" from steep to steep,

When far away to seaward show
 Her first beam's solitary glow?
 Whoever thou art, who hast not felt
 Thou loved'st to be where sea-birds dwelt,—
 To wander on the weary beach,
 Just on the line the wild waves reach,
 Or watch the petrels flit before
 The marching tempest's warning roar,
 And ocean-eagles dark and proud,
 And white winged ospreys skim the cloud;—
 And if thou ne'er hast felt as if
 The ocean had a mind,
 Nor held communion with the deep,
 Nor converse with the wind,
 When broad, black waves before it roll,
 I would not think thou had'st a soul.

PASSING THE ALPS

To-day we pass the Alps, to-day
 High o'er the barrier winds our way,
 The barrier of boundless length!
 The Queen of nations, in her strength,

¹ [This couplet was omitted in the ed. of 1891.]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

Considered its recesses lone
 Beseeming bulwark for her throne;
 Until her Carthaginian foe
 Had soiled the yet unsullied snow,
 The eagle drove from her retreat,
 And woke the echoes from their sleep,
 That ne'er had answered before
 Save to the avalanche's roar.
 Methinks upon the mountainside
 I see the billows of that tide,
 Of men and horses headlong driven
 As clouds before the blast of heaven,
 That ever change their hurrying form
 In dark foreboding of the storm;
 When the low sun's last light is shed
 In glowing streaks of swarthy red,
 And from his cave with fitful swell
 Wakes the wild tempest's sounding shell,
 So see the plumes, in dark array,
 Roll on their yet untrodden way,
 Unbroken yet with dreadful sweep,
 Mark you that stormy, changeful deep?
 Wave after wave is eddying on
 And crested casque and morion
 Flash frequent as the lightning flies
 Among the armies of the skies.
 But fiercer storm is gathering now
 Than ever broke on Alpine brow;
 And wild shall the confusion be,
 The strife of that tremendous sea,
 When, bursting from the Alpine chain,
 It meets the storm on Cannæ's plain.

CHAMOUNI¹

AND this is our last excursion on Swiss ground, thought I, scanning the provoking clouds that ever rolled massively among the regions of eternal snow, though far above the blue mountains that encircle their mighty monarch. I have always a sort of kindred feeling for these beautiful blue hills; they ever look half English, and I love them for it. They may not be so wonderful, so majestic, so mighty, or so beautiful, but

¹ [The prose passage on Chamouni is inserted from a volume of MSS., 1827-44, where it is described as "Fragment from a Journal, 1833." It is copied in a lady's hand (query—his mother's). His father has added the signature J. R. at the end, and the description above given.]

from
 MS XI

kinds of helmets
 - also pun on
 a kind of
 quartz

they are more like home, sweet home, and it is pleasant, very pleasant to meet a friend in a foreign land. We are going to Chamouni, *est vra*, but it seems exceedingly strange. Before we left home, I had read of Chamouni, heard of Chamouni, and seen some few drawings of Chamouni, but never so much as dreamed of going to Chamouni, it seemed so uncome-at-able, and for the Mont Blanc, it seemed in another world, in fairy land, and of course had a magic halo thrown round it, an etherealness that can never be joined with reality. That halo comes again on looking back. And this is our last excursion on Swiss ground, thought I, the last, and the wildest, and the sweetest, because—because, perhaps it is the last. The day was exceedingly favourable for the scenery of the lower mountains, not for the Alps, they were reserved for other times. The noon verged gradually from burning sunshine to thick thundery clouds, that rolled rapidly over the murky heaven as we entered a solitary mountain recess, a cliff defile, leading from the valley of Maglan to that of Salenches. Down they burst with a fierce rattling turmoil and headlong flash, flash, flashing, and the bridgeless clouds carved along the crags at such a wild rate that their own speed broke them into scattered confusion, that the blue sky shone calmly through their openings, and the labouring sun struggled strangely—now gleaming waterily on the red-ribbed skeleton crags, now mingling with the quiver of the lightning, now again plunged into the swift rack of the thunder-clouds that seemed sweeping round the mountain summits like lashed ocean waves round a labouring vessel. The Arve swelled on the instant, and his turbid waves tore madly down, trees, stones, rocks, all tost along the channel, by the arrowy force of that resistless river, ever mighty, but now fearful. As the sun verged towards the horizon, the clouds swept partially away, the hills, the cliffs, the mountains, the rocks, and the blue vaulted sky glowed with his last rays for a moment, he sunk and the night came, his darkness made yet more visible by the thunder gloom of the storm.

Voilà les aiguilles, quoth our char-a-banc driver. If any person in the whole world is totally insensible to pain, knocks, and bruises, it must be a Swiss char-a-banc driver. The Swiss char-a-banc is a vehicle expressly built for the purpose of passing over those roads, which no other species of conveyance can pass over twelve yards of without immediate demolition. It is a sort of large side-saddle, capable of containing, if well packed, three pauvres misérables, with a back and roof to it, and a board to put the feet on, with a leather to keep you in, all which are of a most ancient and venerable description; this is fixed totally without springs or anything of the kind, as far as I could see, upon four wheels, always resemble and are often carried through the beds of tumbling mountain torrents, any one may easily imagine the sort of pleasurable penance to which he is subjected who submits to be driven from Salenches up to Chamouni in a char-a-banc.

Voilà les aiguilles, quoth our char-a-banc driver. How I started, I believe I was dreaming of home at the time; it is odd you always think

<disorder>

<was>

set

rom

within the
a hour or
line an
imagination

it would be very pleasant to be where you are not; it can't be helped, but it is very provoking, the charms of a place always increase in geometrical ratio as you get farther from it, and therefore 'tis a rich pleasure to look back on anything, though it has a dash of regret. It is singular that almost all pleasure is past, or coming. Well, I looked up, and lo! seven thousand feet above me soared the needles of Mont Blanc, splintered and crashed and shivered, the marks of the tempest for three score centuries, yet they are here, shooting up red, bare, scarcely even lichen'd, entirely inaccessible, snowless, the very snow cannot cling to the down-plunging sheerness of these terrific flanks, that rise pre-eminently dizzying and beetling above the sea of wreathed snow that rolled its long surging waves over the summits of the lower and less precipitous mountains. Then came the stretching gloominess of the pine forests, jagging darkly upon the ridge of every crag, strangely contrasted with the cold blueness of the peaky glaciers that filled the huge ravines between the hills, descending like the bursting billows of a chafed ocean tide from the desolate dominion of the snow, and curling forward till they lay on the green fields of Chamouni, which stretched away, one unbroken line of luxuriance, till bounded by the lonely desertness of the Col de Balme. There is not another scene like Chamouni throughout all Switzerland. In no other spot that I have seen is the rich luxuriance of the cultivated valley, the flashing splendour of the eternal snow, the impending magnificence of the bare, spiry crag, and the strange, cold rigidity of the surgy glaciers, so dreadfully and beautifully combined. There is silence unbroken, no thunder of the avalanche comes crashing from the recesses of the hills, there is no voice from the chasmy glacier, no murmur from the thousand mountain streams, you are in solitude, a strange unearthly solitude, but you feel as if the air were full of spirits.

The wreathing clouds are fleeting fast,¹
 Deep shade upon the hills they cast,
 While through their openings ever show
 Enormous pyramids of snow;
 Scarce can you tell in middle air
 If cloud or mountain rises there,
 Yet may you mark the glittering light
 That glances from the glaciated height;
 And you may mark the shades that sever
 The throne where winter sits for ever,
 The avalanche's thunder rolling,
 No summer heat his reign controlling;
 The gloomy tyrant in his pride
 Spreads his dominion far and wide,
 Till, set with many an icy gem,
 Rises his cliffy diadem.²

¹ [Cf. the first line of "Brussels" above, p. 346.]

² [This rhyme was used again in later pieces; see below, p. 432, and "Salsette and Elephanta," lines 121-122 and 270-271, above, pp. 95, 100.]