

This poem in JR's hand - esp. interesting that at the bottom of a ms. in  
Maurice's hand, JR places a code - see xxix

## A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

341

NT<sup>1</sup>

1891, i.  
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k ia) were  
s," "The  
"Passing  
see p. 380)

far as that

(IA

(Text  
all caps)

cap/r

And yet advance  
& yet retreat

(5)  
8/19

no stc  
break

cap/E

E cap

Calais  
(Everb)

H5

entitled  
"Calais"

THE sands are in the sunlight sleeping,  
The ocean barrier is beating;<sup>2</sup>

Again, again for evermore

Haste the light curlings to the shore,

That from the sands the impression sweep;

Of playful Childhood's daring feet,

That seeks within its sandy cell

The pebble bright, or purple shell,

Far in its clear expanse, lay wide

Unruffled that ocean tide,

Stretching away where paler grew

The heaven's bright unclouded blue;

And, far away in distance dying,

Old England's cliffy coast was lying;

And beautiful as summer cloud

By the low sun empurpled proud.

Strange, that a space from shore to shore

So soon, so easily passed o'er,

Should yet a wide distinction place!

Twixt man and man, twixt race and race!

Sudden and marked the change you find,

Religion, language, even mind;

That you might think that narrow span oceans

Marked the varieties of man.<sup>3</sup>

How much has been said of Calais.<sup>4</sup> Every one who has ever set his foot on the French shore, from poor Yorick to the veriest scribbler ever blotted paper, has written half a volume upon Calais. And no marvel—Calais—the busy—the bustling—the—I had almost said the beautiful, for beautiful it was to me, and I believe to every one who enters it as a vestibule—an introduction to France, and to the French. See Calais, and you can see no more, though you should perambulate France from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. It is a little France, a miniature

<sup>1</sup> [Here, in the fair copy (ix.), is a sketch of calm sea at low tide, with sailing-boat and fishermen.]

<sup>2</sup> [So both in the rough and in the fair copy. The editor of the 1891 edition of the Poems thought that the text "must be a mistranscription of an insufficiently altered rough copy now lost, as the reading is neither rhyme nor reason," and changed the line to "[The tide upon the bar is leaping];" but the young author, as we have seen in the case of the "Iteriad," was not always careful to get a true rhyme, and the meaning is clear enough. In lines 5 and 6, above, his father's copy (MS. Book 1a) has: "And yet advance and yet retreat On playful Childhood's daring feet;" but this (followed by the ed. of 1891) is corrected by Ruskin to the version in the text, which is also given in his own fair copy.]

<sup>3</sup> [Here is a sketch of two old fishermen on the shore, of whom one is looking over the sea through a telescope.]

<sup>4</sup> [The prose is preceded by a sketch of the sea with a wooden pier and a ship sailing in.]

### CALAIS<sup>1</sup>

(c) 19

cap/r

cup

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picture, but not the less 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-hours<sup>1</sup> might see you beneath them. It is most extraordinary.

IA - no title -  
starts verse of  
"CALAIS," still in  
MR's hand, as  
if continuation  
of Calais poem

**CASSEL**<sup>2</sup>

THE way was long, and yet twas sweet,  
Through many a shady, soft retreat,  
Where the broad yellow semblance gave  
Of weeping beauty to the wave;  
And elm, with massy foliage prest,  
And feathery aspen's quivering crest; - 30  
And many a spiry poplar glade,  
And hazel's rich entangled shade,  
While, onward as advancing still  
From Omer's<sup>4</sup> 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. cap/cap/g

<sup>1</sup> [So the fair copy. The version in IA has more accurately "four hours."]

<sup>2</sup> [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.]

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

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

5/8c/1c

dc/[the dust(?)]

5/king/Smudged

Lot

Smudged/1m/19c/run in -no9

5/15

#/card/1c  
2/four hours

25 - drawing  
from CALAIS on  
verso

When shall  
bend we have  
disclosing a we  
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Cassel—the se

<sup>1</sup> [These four  
in the ed. of 1891  
a canopy, with o

<sup>2</sup> [The prose  
eminence, overlo

<sup>3</sup> [Don Quixot  
to his son (*Præte*)

Campaigns [not champagnes]

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT ↓ 343

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With this  
one begins  
R.R.'s hand

here  
begin  
2d sheet  
in IA

*<Aar>*

gr  
40K

But fruitful now their champagnes wave  
With bending grain on soldier's grave. *gr/10*  
While far beneath in long array  
The priestly orders wound their way *gr* *45*  
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 *gr*  
Many the haughty head that bowed, *gr* *50*  
Sunk his high crest the warrior proud,  
The priest his glance benignant cast,  
And murmured blessings as he past, *gr/10*  
While round the hillside echoing free,  
Rung the loud hymning melody.  
Many a monkish voice was there, *gr* *55*  
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 *gr* *60*  
The serpent-folds beneath that robe,  
The poison mantling in the bowl.

numbering  
continuous

When shall we get up this hill, this interminable hill?<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>3</sup> 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 becks 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

<sup>1</sup> [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.]

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

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

"]  
nd woman,  
uman, who  
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gious pro-

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.<sup>1</sup>

(1A)

LILLE<sup>2</sup>

Oh / gr

continuous  
w/ Canal  
poem  
preceding

On red the blushing east awoke,  
And bright the morn on Cassel broke;  
Along the green hillsides 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 ray,  
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 high<sup>3</sup> the bastion bore,  
And where the sentinels were set  
High on the dizzy parapet.

Sketch  
verso

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

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

<sup>3</sup> ["Huge" in the ed. of 1891 is a variant in ia discarded by the fair copy.]

After "On palace... avenue" comes "Colossal... fair"; but between those lines  
He inserted an asterisk, farther below appear the 2 lines now inserted their  
place + there's a vertical line next to them in the margin. I can't see a cor-  
responding asterisk but the charring at the edges might have burned it away

## A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

345

I chose  
to bid

all the  
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(in all it)

5/95

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.<sup>2</sup>

here the  
original place  
of the transposed  
lines above

gr  
5/95

g/f

rich f/g

rich f/g

g/r

100

g/r

110

g/r

*Passeport, monsieur, s'il vous plaît.* 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 life<sup>3</sup> the many statues of the Virgin, that stood beneath their Gothic niches, really very respectably sculptured, at every angle of the streets.

<sup>1</sup> [“The ‘Saxon arch’ betrays the student, till then, of architecture exclusively English.”—*Editor’s Note*, 1891.]

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

<sup>3</sup> [So in the MS., for “gave life to.”]

## BRUSSELS

(1A)

THE racking clouds were fleeting fast  
 Upon the bosom of the blast  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 The drawbridge rung, — we passed the gate,  
 And regal Brussels entered straight.

(1c) eddying past  
 continuous as preceding  
 poem "Lille" in ms.

no stz  
break

*was written above the  
line, above is but  
latter not deleted*

gr/r/r/s  
no stz  
break

It stirs, to see the human tide  
 That marks a city in its pride!  
 That fitful ocean's eddying sweep<sup>135</sup> g2  
 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,<sup>140</sup> &  
 That tells of traffic and of trade,  
 No, Brussels' time of pow'r was sped.  
 Yet in her streets was something seen  
 Spoke what the city once had been.

Our rapid course, as now we wheel  
 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<sup>150</sup> cap/cap  
 On buttress and on battlements  
 That, while the houses were arrayed  
 In all the depth of twilight shade.

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cathedral  
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horizon.  
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appear to  
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Cities are  
for circui-  
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<sup>1</sup> [Quat  
above, p. 2

<sup>2</sup> [Here  
between th  
headed by  
general on

## A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

347

Yet shot there faintly a yellow glow  
 Where the tall arches shafted show; <sup>155</sup>  
 Glimmered a moment there the ray,  
 Then fainter grew, and past away.

no stz  
break

R/E *(Thy)*

*(They)*

cap

R/W

Brussels, thy battlements have been Oh Brussels, Brussels thou hast been  
 Of many an action strange[the scene] <sup>155</sup> *(Thy)*  
 Thou saw'st, on July's dreadful night, <sup>160</sup> *(Thy)*  
 The veterans rushing to the fight;  
 Thou heardest when the word was spoken <sup>165</sup> *(Thy)*  
 At midnight thy repose was broken  
 By tramp of men and neigh of steed,  
 Battalions bursting forth to bleed <sup>170</sup> *(Thy)*  
 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, <sup>175</sup> *(Thy)*  
 And revolution's riot rout;  
 Leaving such marks as long shall tell  
 Of dark destruction fierce and fell.<sup>2</sup>

SPIRES

darkness

a horiz. line  
to mark end  
of poem

VIII  
 "Part of  
 Brussels"  
 (It is title,  
 after more  
 in 360 n.)

11

1/4

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 ghostlike 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 steeps, those tiresome paved steeps,

he

*(light)*

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

<sup>2</sup> [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.]

*(traversing)*

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 taper 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 exceeding 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!

How lig  
of the morn  
from Namur  
cathedral, a  
was drinkin  
the valley,  
dashed along  
was our firs  
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sublimity or  
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Meuse—the  
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upon, and 1  
months, I v

<sup>1</sup> [Here is  
crags.]

### THE MEUSE

THE sky was clear, the morn was gay  
In promise of a cloudless day.<sup>175</sup>  
Fresh flew the breeze, with whose light wing  
Aspen and oak were quivering.  
From flow'ret 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.

lost  
with  
chasm

Numberry  
picks up  
fern  
"Pompey"

<down>

(c) (c)

corn

cap

Leach

<delicate>

s / <caught>

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spreading

cap

up

stet all caps

(c)

## A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

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n for it,  
*h, facilis*  
Bellevue  
the crags  
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Soigny ;  
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bravest.

E/g And grey and gaunt their lichened head M/5  
Rose sheerly from the river's bed,  
Whose mantling wave, in foamy sheet, 190  
g Their stern projecting bases beat,  
And lashed to fury in his pride, 5/19  
In circling whirlpools swept the tide,  
As threatening, on some future day, 195  
Those mighty rocks to tear away,  
What though their front should seem to be  
A barrier to eternity? 19  
But And on its side, the cliffs between, g/g  
Were mazy forests ever seen? 19  
That the tall cliff's steep flanks so grey,  
Were clothed in mantle green and gay, 19  
Long time along that dell so deep, 202  
Beside the river's bed we sweep,  
(So steep) the mighty crests inclined,  
None other pathway you might find, 205  
Till the tall cliff's gigantic grace  
To undulating hills gave place,  
And vineyards clothe the bending brow,  
Stead of the clinging copsewood now. 21

The Mouse

VIII HR 18 title, after Dorent  
(b) 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 after-  
wards saw on the shores of the far famed Rhine.

(no 91 come upto) 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

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

(capital road)  
the almost confusing succession of delightful changes,

wish to see rock scenery in perfection, go to the Meuse,<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>2</sup>

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### AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

HAST 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.

Item<sup>3</sup>. 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.

Item<sup>4</sup>. 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.

Item<sup>5</sup>. 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.

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.

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

<sup>1</sup> [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.]

<sup>2</sup> [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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<sup>1</sup> [Ruski  
Chapelle.]

<sup>2</sup> [Two]

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## A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

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Cologne

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 Judgement, 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.

*cop*

*cop*

*cop*

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*cop*

*cop*

## 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,<sup>2</sup>  
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.<sup>3</sup>

And this is the birthplace of Rubens. Sink these French bad roads!<sup>4</sup>  
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<sup>5</sup> 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

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

<sup>2</sup> [Two lines following are completely erased in the MS.]

<sup>3</sup> [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.<sup>1</sup>

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.<sup>2</sup> 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 wouldest 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

<sup>1</sup> [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 compensated us for our journey" ("A Journey to Flanders and Holland," in *The Complete Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1824, ii. 290).]

<sup>2</sup> [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.<sup>1</sup> Returned home, and the next morning departed from Cologne with regret, to trace the mighty Rhine to his source among the Rhetian Alps.

#### ANDERNACHT<sup>2</sup>

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 flamby 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.

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

<sup>2</sup> [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. 44-5. 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 Cæsar's sway,  
 Piecemeal mouldering away.  
 Lo, together loosely thrown,  
 Sculptured head and lettered stone;  
 Guardless now the arch-way steep<sup>1</sup>  
 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.<sup>2</sup>

What is it that makes the very heart leap within you at the sight of a hill's blue outline, that so aetherealizes the soul and ennobles 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 inaccessibleness, 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 'Andernach'" 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 flamèd 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 Cæsar's sway,  
 In heaps together loosely thrown,  
 The sculptured head, inscriptioned 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 Andernach.]

<sup>1</sup> ["Steep" was misprinted "keep" in the ed. of 1891.]

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

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(20) 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 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. ← cap → to → at resto

that (tr) 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 beatified over us.

I love to look upon the crags that Caesar 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 waves have melted, and the Rhine yet rolls onward unbroken, but those waves are lost in the ocean for ever. ← its → then → flows

#### EHRENBREITSTEIN<sup>1</sup>

Oh! warmly down the sunbeams fell,  
Along the broad and fierce Moselle,  
And on the distant mountain ridge, *city, and* over  
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.

<sup>1</sup> 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 "atut. 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.]