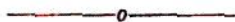


BOOK III.

SURFACE OF THE GLOBE.



And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams.

KEATS.

Blue, and baseless, and beautiful,
Did the boundless mountains bear
Their folded shadows into the golden air.
The comfortlessness of their chasms was full
Of orient cloud and undulating mist,
Which, when their silver cataracts hissed,
Quivered with panting colour.

RUSKIN.