

Metaphor and Framing in Ruskin's *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*

Text 1

22nd June, 1876.

Thunderstorm; pitch dark, with no blackness, — but deep, high, filthiness of lurid, yet not sublimely lurid, smoke-cloud; dense manufacturing mist; fearful squalls of shivery wind, making Mr. Severn's sail quiver like a man in a fever fit — all about four, afternoon — but only two or three claps of thunder, and feeble, though near, flashes. I never saw such a dirty, weak, foul storm. (SC: 43)

Text 2

[2.1] And now I come to the most important sign of the plague-wind and the plague-cloud: that in bringing on their peculiar darkness, they *blanch* the sun instead of reddening it. (SC: 45)

[2.2] and if you want, in a hurry, to see what the sun looks like through it [the plague-cloud], you've only to throw a bad half-crown into a basin of soap and water. (SC: 46-47)

[2.3] but it is one of the worst omissions of the previous lecture, that I have not stated among the characters of the plague-cloud that it is *always* dirty, and *never blue under any conditions*, neither when deep in the distance, nor when in the electric states which produce sulphurous blues in natural cloud. (SC: 59)

Text 3

[3.1] One lurid gleam of white cumulus in upper lead-blue sky, seen for half a minute through the sulphurous chimney-pot vomit of blackguardly cloud beneath, where its rags were thinnest. (SC: 44)

[3.2] Raining in foul drizzle, slow and steady; sky pitch-dark, and I just get a little light by sitting in the bow-window; diabolic clouds over everything (SC: 45)

[3.3] And yet observe: that thin, scraggy, filthy, mangy, miserable cloud, for all the depth of it, can't turn the sun red, as a good, business-like fog does with a hundred feet or so of itself. (SC: 46)

Text 4

There are, by differences in their own character, Dominican clouds, and there are Franciscan; — there are the Black Hussars of the Bandiera della Morte, and there are the Scots Grays whose horses can run upon the rock. (SC: 27)

Text 5

While I have written this sentence the cloud has again dissolved itself, like a nasty solution in a bottle, with miraculous and unnatural rapidity, and the hills are in sight again (SC: 44)