Chap. 6th The Lamp of Memory. 1.

Among the hours of life troubled the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude — as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy — a clearness of teaching, even as pursued — scenes of pensive among the broken slopes of pine-forest which skirt the coast of the above the Gulf of Spezzia, & the Isles It is — of which has all the elements, with some of the savageness of the Alps: wherein there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the Earth — and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills, which is the first battlement of the mighty mountain symphonies — soon to be heard loudly and wildly along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength — as it yet returned — their depth is felt and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain swell one behind the other succeed each other like the long & rising swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony: The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost ploughed — dust encumbered paths of ancient glaciers greet the Lucca pastures — no splintered and seamed heaps of ruin load the four ranks of her dark forests — no pale-defiled — and waterless stones wind their lonely ways among her dark rocks Silently — edged by soft the clear green streams wind patiently along their old well known — and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines there springs up to you by your rock cistern of joyful flowers as I know not their like of among all the blessings of the earth It was Spring time too — and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love — and thought there was room enough for all — that they could each their leaves out to all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other — There was the wood anemone — star after star — shining evergreen and then into nebulæ — and there was the scarlet tassel — like white virginal fringings of the blossom de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone filled up with them as if with snow. and tricked with ivy on the edges just as light and lovely as the vine leaves and even mid-moss a blue gush of violets — and cowslip bells in sunny places — and in the more open ground — the vetch & cinquefoil & marguerite — and the small apple buds of the Polygala Alpina — and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two — all — and the solemn murmur of the pines I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of the waters rose suddenly from beneath — mixed with the ringing of the thrushes among the pine boughs: and on the opposite side of the valley the wall of limestone — rolled all along as it was by the cliffs of limestone — there was a hawk — sailing slowly above their very brow — and with the shadowings of the pines went with his wings — but and with the shadowings of the pines

Facsimile of a Page of the MS. of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (Chapter vi. § 1)