

— "Having turned this trying hill, we may rest here and regard the valleys below, the confronting mountain, and the many purple dips of the earthcrust in the clouded distance, but above all this singularly charming valley at its tranquil level, whose suavity softens even the flow of sunlight into it."

"Let us hold this height, viewing the valley at our feet and many others, including the occasionally glimpsed stream which gutted them, not to speak of the numberless hills and mountains so entwined in their uncertain directions and distances, that it all but gives one the vertigo to eye them." —

— "But come, I grow faint here, as if my identity were escaping from me. No, let us rather go down into this valley with its yellow fields, than stay here. . . Now see, with the hills running sheer against the sky, locking us in so there is apparently no egress, we are within our microcosm again!"