

THE MOUNTAINS.

What an immortal fascination there is about mountains! Their solemnity, their silence, the grandeur of their outlines, the unspeakable glory of their lofty crags and "snowy summits old in story," and their splendid inutilty!

When you look upon the vague and troubled immensity of the ocean, you think of commerce and codfish and whales. When you contemplate the grassy waste of prairies, expanding to the skies, you think of wheat and corn and pigs and steers. But Pike's Peak and Sierra Blanca and Trenchery and Culebra and the Tetons are good for nothing except adoration and worship. Man does not profane their solitudes where the unheard voices of the winds in the forests, of waters falling in the abyss, and the eagle's cry have no audience nor anniversary.