

been added authentic information from every known source.

We may learn much from the pulseless solitudes—from the desert untrodden by the foot of living thing—from the frozen world of mountains, whose chasms and cliffs never echoed to aught but the thunder-tempests girding their frozen peaks—from old Nature, piled, rocky, bladeless, toneless—if we will allow its lessons of awe to reach the mind, and impress it with the fresh and holy images which they were made to inspire.

And now, dear reader, my task is done. Should you laugh and weep, suffer and rejoice, with the actors in the wayfarings before you, and send your fancy in after-times over those rose-clad realms where they will lead you, and feel the dews of a pleasant remembrance falling on your life, I shall receive a full reward for my toil.

Adieu.

THE AUTHOR.