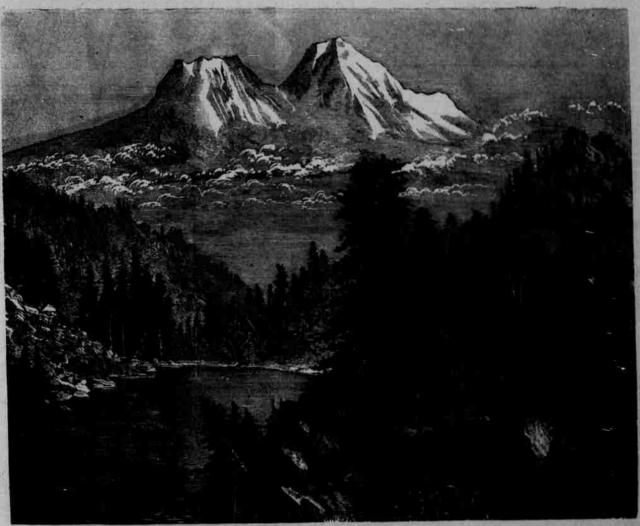
## MOUNT SHASTA

"Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like And cold."

Where the summit ridges of the rocky Coast Range and the graceful Sierra unite to hem in the Sacramento Valley on the north, stands a giant mountain, the noblest in America. This is essentially a region of mountains. Great ridges and spurs reach out in all directions, their canyons, gorges and precipitous bluffs combining, with the green and sloping hills, to form a picture of wonder-

disturbed not with profaning hand the natural order of things about him. The deer, the bear and the antelope roamed the valleys and penetrated the dense forests that cover the mountain sides; the simple natives, unused to toil, subsisted upon game, fish and the natural products of the soil. This was the condition a generation ago, when the magic wand of gold was waved over the mountain tops, and a new race came to supplant the old, to level forests and disembowel the earth, to uproot the soil and deface the brow of Nature with the crown of civiliza-

Shasta was a familiar sight to the early settlers of



MOUNT SHASTA, FROM STRAWBERRY VALLEY,

sible to withdraw from beholding the loveliness of green grass at its base. Standing in the Sacramento Nature. When intervening hills obscure from view the hoary crown of Shasta and the grand but lesser peaks that lift themselves into the sky on every hand, the eye tinctly visible; and from the dome of the capitol at rests with pleasure upon the obstructing hills themselves. The deeper we plunge into the rocky canyons that shut not its name nor the great distance it lies to the north. us in from the great world without, the more we come The mariner on the ocean can see it, and emigrants on into sympathy and union with their rugged grandeur. the parched deserts of Nevada have traveled towards it We sit in some cavernous depth or perch ourselves upon day after day, an infallible guide to lead them on to the a commanding peak, and think of the long centuries that land of gold. When the Russians settled at Bodega in rolled by while the red man called this his home, and 1812, they beheld this lofty peak from the mountains of

ful beauty wherever the eye may rest. Here it is impos- | California long before the feet of white men pressed the Valley, we can see its white top lifted proudly above the surrounding hills of blue; from Monte Diablo it is dis-Sacramento it meets the eye of many a gazer who knows