

MOUNT SHASTA.

"Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless
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 civilization.

Shasta was a familiar sight to the early settlers of



MOUNT SHASTA, FROM STRAWBERRY VALLEY.

ful beauty wherever the eye may rest. Here it is impossible to withdraw from beholding the loveliness of 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 rests with pleasure upon the obstructing hills themselves. The deeper we plunge into the rocky canyons that shut us in from the great world without, the more we come into sympathy and union with their rugged grandeur. We sit in some cavernous depth or perch ourselves upon a commanding peak, and think of the long centuries that rolled by while the red man called this his home, and

California long before the feet of white men pressed the green grass at its base. Standing in the Sacramento Valley, we can see its white top lifted proudly above the surrounding hills of blue; from Monte Diablo it is distinctly visible; and from the dome of the capitol at Sacramento it meets the eye of many a gazer who knows not its name nor the great distance it lies to the north. The mariner on the ocean can see it, and emigrants on the parched deserts of Nevada have traveled towards it day after day, an infallible guide to lead them on to the land of gold. When the Russians settled at Bodega in 1812, they beheld this lofty peak from the mountains of