

opening its massive walls to the right and left, as if in proud submission, to permit the waters of the majestic Sacramento to pass on. Still farther north, rising majestically above the other peaks, and looking down upon them as if in scornful derision, the Buttes stand out, a kind of guardian sentinel over the inferior portion of the mountain family, a huge guidepost to direct the traveler along his way. This is what Benton proposed as the everlasting monument of Washington and of the glory of America. What an idea! Only think of a sign-board extending across that huge pile, the glittering letters carved out two miles apart which the emigrant as he passes over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada at the distance of one hundred miles, reads plainly, making out the words—WASHINGTON and AMERICA. Apparently but a short distance to the south, the Table Mountain modestly raises its form, and looks very much as though it had been beheaded. Trees are visible on its rugged sides; but the top is flat, giving it the appearance of the base of a cone, or a table, from which it received its name. Still further to the south, and almost buried in the distance is Mount Diabolo, which overlooks the Bay of San Francisco. The Mexicans have long had a superstitious belief that evil spirits had their abode there. Turning to the east, the grandest spectacle is here beheld. Below, the gentle waters of the Macosumnes wind slowly through the valley; flowers of every hue meet the eye; at least a hundred varieties fill the air with their delicious odors; grass of luxuriant growth waves in the breeze; while above, commencing apparently but a few miles distant, and extending to the utmost limit of view on either side, the Sierra Nevada are covered with deep snows. Not like distant clouds as seen in the west on a summer evening, piled up like bags of cotton, but one continuous line of deep, deep snow. These snows continue till late in the summer, wasting gradually away when the heat becomes so intense that they yield to its warm embrace; all except here and there a spot on the more elevated peaks. Between, among the hills which rise gradually, one after another, and along the upper part of the Macosumnes as you ascend into the mountains, are thousands of miners busily delving, like so many moles, from morning till night, day after day, washing in the cold water which flows from the everlasting snows above them.

But a short distance from this locality, where the hills begin to