

strikingly in contrast with the aspect of the country nearer the river. Here are unlimited districts deserving our highest encomiums,—regions of green and flowery mountain valleys, of clear and copious streams, magnificent forests. Here the atmosphere is of unrivalled purity, and the climate delightfully tempered. It is curious to mark the gradations by which the foliage of the valleys disappears as the mountain sides are ascended. The aspen, trembling with some unspoken terror, gives out first; the sturdy pine keeps on, undaunted by colder airs and a rocky footing, for a while, but at last “cowers towards the earth, becomes cramped and distorted,” lags behind, and falls out of the march. “Timber-line” is now passed, and there remain only a few scant grasses, brave little flowers, and small lichen-like plants, which keep along almost to the summit. “*Hæc fabula docet*”—something! At this point one is reminded to how great an extent the language of a people is influenced by the scenery to which they are accustomed. In this land of many mountains a man with a bald head is described as having his head above “timber-line.”

The mineral treasures, of which the sedimentary rocks of the plateau furnish almost none, are here found; and here will be congregated the mining population, whose business it will be through future ages to extract the wealth with which many of these mountain ranges are stored. Then what a turning and twisting these peaceful little streams will get! Somebody, describing gulch-mining, says: “It is impossible to give one who has seen nothing of the kind an idea of the fearful transformation which this process works in a clear, beautiful mountain stream; of the violence, cruelty, and remorselessness with which the greedy miner heads it off, backs it up, commits highway robbery upon it,—‘your gold or your life!’—how he tortures and ruffles it, and rolls it, by panning, sluicing, and shaft-sinking,—till its own pure mother-fountain, up among the eternal snows, wouldn’t know her much-abused daughter.”

A mere pleasure-seeking tourist would be content to rest awhile in these charming nooks, breathing the marvellous air, which seems pulsing with an influx of new life, fearing no sting or hint of dampness from the balmy evening breezes; or perhaps basking in the excess of sunshine, which is so remarkable here,