

The love of mountain scenery is a striking manifestation of the spirit of the age in modern times. In the classical era, and in the middle ages, mountains were looked on as objects of terror, places only fit to be "inhabited by the beasts." Even so late as the times of Addison and Gray, these poets could find no better epithets to apply to them than "horrid," "rugged," etc.; but when the "ideas of the middle ages decayed, and classical traditions lost their power," as well as improved means of travel had made mountains more accessible, it was suddenly discovered that nature possessed transcendent charms, and first Rousseau, and then Goethe and Wordsworth paved the way for its interpretation, and in the exposition of its beauties, shewed the close analogy that exists between the material and the moral world. †

These considerations suggest themselves on surveying the view from Beacon Hill, in which mountains form the most prominent and attractive feature. The panorama commanded from this site, is probably not excelled at any other city in the world, and may be said to be an epitome of the Universe. It embraces hill and dale, the rugged cliff and the gentle slope, the woodland and the forest, the smiling city and the mighty ocean—on the one hand civilization, on the other barbarism, and the howling wilderness. Above all, it displays those towering masses, ever marked features of the earth, but pre-eminently conspicuous on this coast. These have their culminating point in Mt. Baker, one of the great peaks of the Pacific. Looking at this mountain, which stands up as a lonely sentinel of the silent land, with its hoary head far above the adjacent ridges, and its breast covered with the soft and shining snow, we are all the more interested remembering that from that summit, now smooth and

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† "Love of the Alps," Cornhill Magazine, July, 1867.