

# Mount Shasta Collection

## Poetry

Ridge, John Rollin. "Mount Shasta." *History of Siskiyou County*. By Harry L. Wells. Oakland, Calif.: D.J. Stewart, 1881. 1.

### MOUNT SHASTA

Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands  
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like  
Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless  
And cold. The storms of Heaven may beat in wrath  
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted  
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists upheaves  
Its tower of pride e'en purer than before.  
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests leave  
Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it  
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.  
Thus doth it, day by day, and age by age,  
Defy each stroke of time; still rising highest  
Into Heaven!  
Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,  
No human foot has stained its snowy side;  
No human breath has dimmed the icy mirror which  
It holds unto the moon, and stars, and sov'reign sun.  
We may not grow familiar with the secrets  
Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius  
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!  
Far lifted in boundless blue, he doth  
Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad  
Dominions of the west, which lie beneath  
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose  
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall,  
Gigantic hills arise in silentness  
And peace, and it the long review of distance  
Range themselves in order grand. He sees the sunlight  
Play upon the golden streams which through the valleys  
Glide. He hears the music of the great and solemn sea,  
And overlooks the huge old western wall  
To view the birthplace of undying Melody!  
Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud  
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding  
Form, that monarch mountain casts its mighty  
Shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,

That, like inferior minds to some great  
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness!  
All through the long and summery months of our  
Most tranquil year, it points its icy shaft  
On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall  
In showers of splendor round that crystal cone,  
And roll in floods of far magnificence  
Away from that lone, vast reflector in  
The dome of Heaven.  
Still watchful of the fertile  
Vale and undulating plains below,  
The grass grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom  
The flowers. Strong purifier! from its snowy crest  
The breezes cool are wafted to the "peaceful  
Homes of men," who shelter at its feet, and love  
To gaze upon its honored form, aye standing  
There the guarantee of health and happiness.  
Well might it win communities so blest  
To loftier feelings and to nobler thoughts--  
The great material symbol of eternal  
Things! And well I ween, in after years, how  
In the middle of his furrowed track the plowman  
In some sultry hour will pause, and wiping  
From his brow the dusty sweat, with reverence  
Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsman  
Oft will reign his charger in the plain, and drink  
Into his inmost soul the calm sublimity;  
And little children, playing on the green, shall  
Cease their sport, and turning to that mountain  
Old, shall of their mother ask: "Who made it?"  
And she shall answer--"God!"