

the star of empire takes its way." Illinois is no longer in the far West. Minnesota and Nebraska are only frontier States on the way to the "true Northwest."

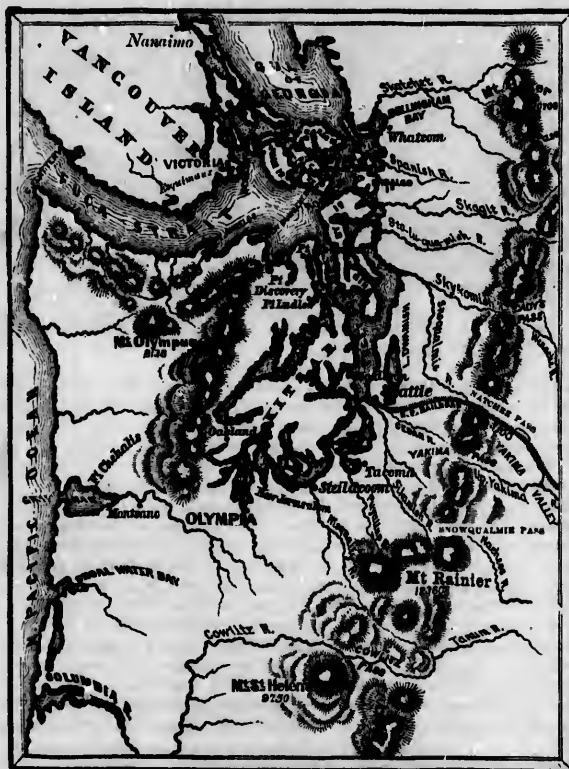
The railway linking the far West to the far East was opened in July last. The full significance of that important announcement can scarcely be estimated. It will change the aspect of a great and productive region. The Indian already stands aghast as he sees the line of cars—that greatest of all great "medicines"—rattling along the plains where he hunted the buffalo, and withdraws to the northward. He hears in the whistle of the engine the death-knell of all his race. The trapper hears it, and hurriedly gathers up his traps and little "fixins," and, with his squaw and half-breed brood, retreats before the surging flood of immigration. They hear, not afar off, "the rush of waves where soon shall roll a human sea"—a sea that shall sweep them before it.

These regions, of which many knew little, save by the tales that came floating back of the exploits of Jed Smith and Kit Carson, the hardy pioneers; of Skipper Gray, who first

breasted the breakers on the bar of the Columbia; of Captain Bonneville, who made his way to them by land; of Sutter, who found a bank of gold in his millrace; of old Downie, yelped "Major," who always "struck it" where he slept—these regions have all been brought near by the railway. Thousands have left their homes in the East for a month's vacation and a trip to California during the last summer. They have been to see us and gone away again, to tell of our snow-tipped mountains, and giant forests, and rocky gulches, with the glittering gold, and pleasant corn-covered valleys and vine-clad hills. To us in the West it seemed as if New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had gone out "on the tramp." In August the writer met an authoress from New York in the Willamette Valley, a professor from Iowa away up at the Cascade Falls of the Columbia, a couple of Senators from Washington staging it through an Oregon forest, the Governor of Illinois at a social gathering in Portland, dined with the Vice-President on board one of the Oregon Steamship Company's vessels, near to the 49th parallel, had a drink with an Eastern

editor in one of the ice-caves of Washington Territory, and spent three of his happiest days of his existence with Seward and his party, on the pleasant waters of the Puget Sound.

And no sooner has one railway been opened than another is proposed. The engineers have already been out and made the survey. The Northern Pacific is spoken of as a rival to the Central Pacific, and the landholders and lot-holders of the Puget Sound are discussing the location of the great terminal city. The eyes of all are turned to a spot which is destined to play no mean part in the history of our national progress and civilization. Bills may be proposed and defeated, particular schemes may be discussed and delayed; but let any one take a look at the position and contour of the northwestern corner of our country, and he will be



MAP OF PUGET SOUND.