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ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. Massey, Esq.)

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Second Letter, dated S.S. "Zealandia," Dec. 2, 1887.

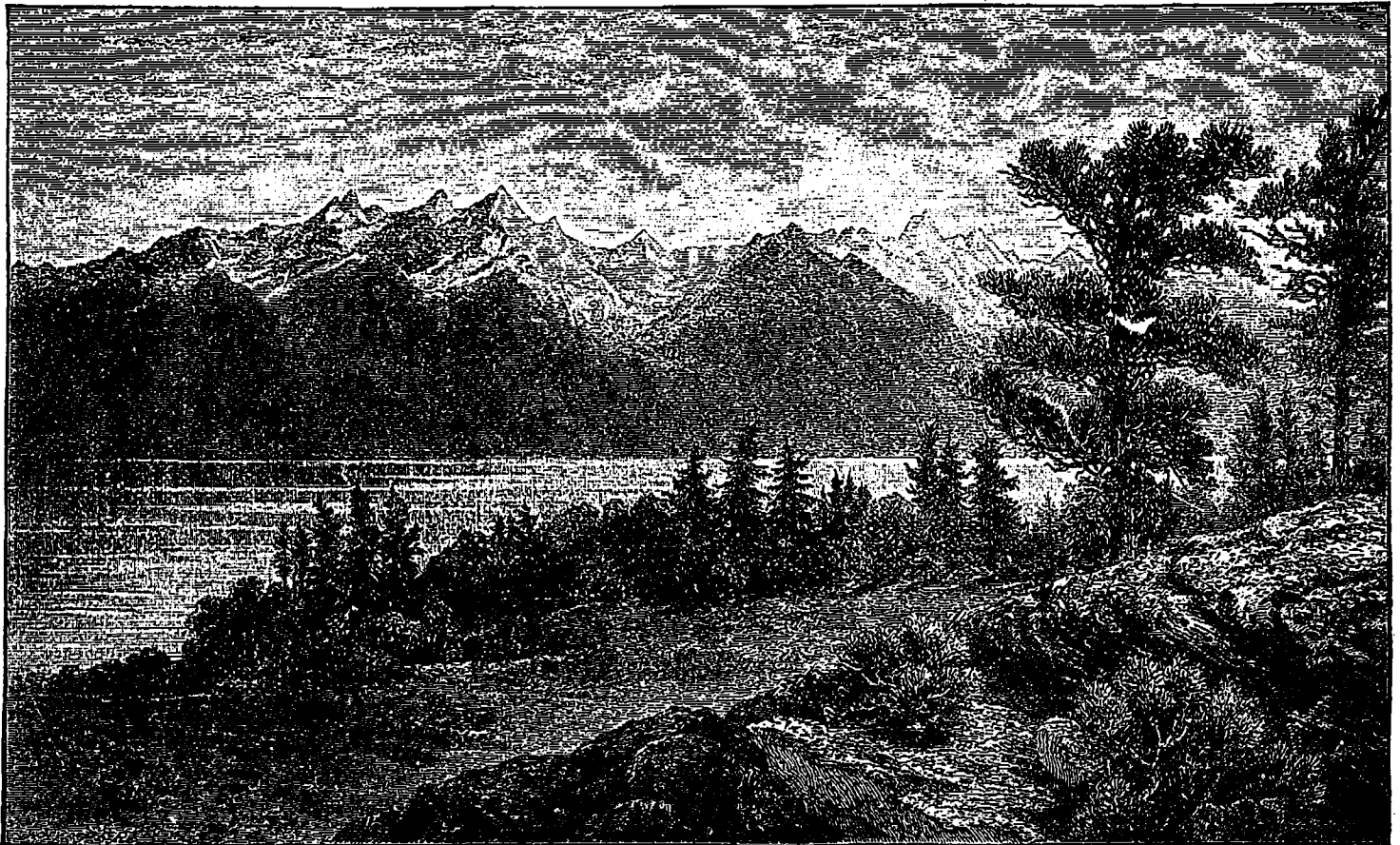
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I am now pleasantly quartered in the good ship *Zealandia*, bound for New Zealand, and expect to arrive in Auckland about a week hence, having

me time enough to stroll about the principal parts of the town. It is the leading city of the Territory and presents considerable life and activity. On nearing Tacoma, Mount Rainier came into view—its white crest first peering above the low woodland until finally, as we steamed further up the Sound, it came into full view. This most magnificent mountain, rising almost out of a plain to a height of 14,440 feet above sea level, and standing so strangely alone, is wonderfully symmetrical; fully two-thirds of its height is covered with snow the year round. It is so well and beautifully proportioned that the distance to it is most

This mountain, and the others of that district, all having the same characteristics, viz., rising abruptly out of comparatively flat country, and without immediate connection with a chain or range of mountains, are very peculiar. They are extinct volcanoes.

Tacoma is a busy little place, and has been made the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, much to the disgust of the citizens of Seattle, who claim that their city was the rightful terminus, and who, to spite the Northern Pacific, patronize the C.P.R. It is but a seven hours' ride from Tacoma to Portland, Oregon, via the Northern



THE OLYMPIAN MTS. FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND. FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

already been sailing five and a half days, and enjoying a pleasant voyage, though at the present time it is exceedingly hot.

But, to resume the sketch. Our party left Victoria, B.C., on the morning of Sept. 19th, taking a steamer across the straits and up Puget Sound to Tacoma—a delightful day's trip. Two stops were made en route—Port Townsend and Seattle, W.T. At the latter place we "coaled up," which gave

deceiving. I suggested, when gazing at it, to the person standing by my side, that it must be at least 25 miles off, when he laughed and said it was certainly not more than ten; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be *sixty miles away*.

The sunset effect on that great mountain with the snow and ice tinted in delicate shades of red and pink, I shall never forget. It was one of those pictures that make a lasting impression on one.

Pacific. This piece of the Northern Pacific runs through wild forest land for the most part, and over waste and apparently useless soil, the scenery not being particularly attractive, with the grand exception of splendid distant views of Mounts Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, and Hood, in clear weather, which I was fortunate to have. The first two resemble each other, while Mount Adams has a double rugged peak, and is not so uniform in its