



"TACOMA," OR MOUNT RAINIER, FROM OUR CAMP 120 MILES AWAY.

land speculators in these parts. "Seattle lots" are offered for sale all the way to San Francisco at prices varying from \$50 to \$500. From this to Olympia, at the head of the sound, all the eligible lands have been taken up. This has been occasioned in great part by the fact that the "Snowqualmie Pass" is comparatively near—about eighty miles from Seattle. The old military road from Walla Walla (such as it was) came over the Natchez Pass further north; but it is now generally abandoned for that by the Snowqualmie. To reach the sound from the east the railway must cross the Cascade range, which is from 6000 to 10,000 feet high, and very steep. Much depends upon the pass. Although there had long been an Indian trail over the Snowqualmie, yet it was not thought much of till recently. A few years ago an enterprising band from Seattle went up and discovered that it was gentler in ascent, and the summit lower, than any of the passes previously in use. More recent explorations have established the fact that it is only 3700 feet high; and already the immigrant wagons—the prairie schooners—make their way through it in preference to the Natchez, which is 5000 feet high. The "Yakima," the long, rich valley of the Klickatats, leads up to it from Walla Walla, to which the line will probably come on the other side. This is also in favor of the Snowqualmie Pass being chosen; for it is in the region around the Cascades, and not at the Rocky Mountains, that engineering difficulties will be encountered. Great interest has thus been attached to the Snowqualmie, and the people of Seattle regard it as their hope and boast. There is an interesting waterfall 270 feet high on the river about sixty miles from town, and with great enthusiasm they treat their friends with a trip to the "Snowqualmie Falls." The trip is worth staying even a week to make.

We left Seattle late in the evening. The sound now presented the grandest of her scenery. The forests were on fire, and the flames glimmered and danced on the hills around.

The clear moonlight fell upon the waters and lent an air of witchery to the picture. We had now turned the corner of the Olympic range, which rises up in bold outline behind us. An opening in the woods here reveals Mount Rainier, ninety miles off on our left. This is the queen of the Cascade range, the fairest, stateliest, and purest of all its peaks. It has no rugged shoulders like Mount Baker, but rises up in a clean-cut sugar-loaf shape to a height of 14,000 feet. In its silence and solitariness it

speaks to the innermost depths of our nature. But, my reader,

"If you would see Rainier aright,
Go view it by the witching moonlight."

This was our good fortune, when all its transcendent loveliness was full disclosed. The impression created by its snowy gracefulness, its calm majesty, can never be effaced. We may wander to the farthest corner of the earth, but the *image*, the *look*, of that mountain in the moonlight will not wear away. All eyes were spell-bound by its beauty until the woods intervened and shut it out from sight.

Now another and different object becomes the centre of attraction. We are called out from the cabin to view a Western city in its infancy—the fledgeling of a summer, that is to rise and spread its wings with railway speed. It is well that the world should know the name of this future New York of the West. "Tacōm-ah" they call it now, though, before Governor Stevens and his "Memoloose" men came along, the Indians said Tac'-o-mah'. The Tacomites argue in this way: "It is almost certain that the railway must cross the Cascade range by the Snowqualmie Pass—now *if*," and on this hang the fortunes of the Tacomites—"if the railway come through this pass, Tacoma is the nearest point on the sea. From the pass to the water's edge there is much level prairie land; the grades would be easy on either side; the country is open, fertile, and full of coal; the line will be twelve miles shorter than the Seattle." The difficulty of ships going further up the sound is very much increased by the "Narrows" immediately beyond. The tides rush very rapidly through these, and impede the navigation. The harbor is spacious, and the anchorage, though deep, is good. The land is taken up all around. Tacoma on paper boasts of streets, and squares, and wharves, yet one sees merely a clearing in the forest—a few piles of lumber, one hotel, one store, two whisky saloons, and several un-