

## SEATTLE HARBOR.

Elliott Bay, the short arm of Puget Sound upon which the city of Seattle is situated, is a beautiful land-locked harbor, and one of the best on that great inland sea. The pine-covered hills which surround it slope gently down to the water's edge, giving it a fringe of never-fading green, while looking from its entrance across the deep Sound, the snow-mantled peaks of the Olympic Range rise in pleasing contrast. Large vessels lie there secure from wind and wave; while steamers reaching every port on the Sound constantly passing in and out; rafts of logs towed in by puffing tugs; vessels loading with coal and lumber; Indian proas darting in and out among the shipping, and the bustle that attends the arrival and departure of the great ocean steamers, all combine to enliven the scene. In her possession of such a magnificent harbor, so accessible to vessels from the ocean and so contiguous to great coal deposits, fertile valley lands and immense forests of excellent timber, Seattle has a prize, the value of which she will more fully appreciate when the railroad across the Cascades connects her with the great interior and gives her a direct route to the East. Elliott Bay was named in 1792 by Captain George Vancouver, the great English navigator, who then, for the first time, explored the bays, canals and straits of Puget Sound, and made known to the world the existence and character of that great arm of the sea which is destined in future years to be such an important factor in the world's commerce.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC SCENERY.

The scenery along the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, especially in the Rocky and Selkirk ranges of mountains and along Fraser River, is characterized by wild and rugged grandeur. After leaving the plains of Manitoba it gradually ascends the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, crossing the summit by the Kicking Horse Pass and thence to the Rogers Pass of the Selkirks. It is through this region of rocky canyons and mountain torrents the company has yet to build its line. After leaving the Selkirks it crosses the Columbia to Fraser River and follows down that stream nearly to the coast. This portion of the road is constructed eastward from the Pacific terminus at Port Moody to a considerable distance above Yale, the only large town on the upper portion of Fraser River. We present an engraving of the river just above the town of Yale, which, with its swift-rushing current, rocky islands and towering cliffs, indicates the character of the scenery along the river canyon for many miles. The railroad track hugs the base of the cliffs at the very edge of the water as it follows the windings of the river, frequently darting through a short tunnel in order to pass some cliff of rocks it cannot circumvent. At Spuzzum Creek the track passes along the narrow canyon on one side of the foaming torrent, while the wagon road follows up the other. The route of the Canadian Pacific across the mountains is nearly that followed by the first white man who crossed the North American continent to the Pacific. In 1793 Alexander Mackenzie, a partner of the Northwest Company, left Fort Chipewyan and crossed the mountains to Fraser River, which he supposed to be the Columbia, and followed it southerly for some distance, and then crossed to the Pacific. This was but one year after Gray entered the mouth of the Columbia, twelve years before Captains Lewis and Clarke followed it from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, and thirteen years before Simon Fraser proved that the stream Mackenzie saw was not that great river, and bestowed his own name upon it.

## REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

BY A CITY GRATE.

Blessed be letters! they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers! Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are moulded by circumstance; they are suggested by the observation, remark and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed or by whom it may be overheard.

Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral; it is social and mixed—half of you and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes or quickens.

But it is not so of letters. There you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself and saying its own sayings; there are no sneers to modify its utterance—no scowl to scare; nothing is present but you and your thought.

Utter it then freely; write it down; stamp it; burn it in the ink! There it is, a true soul-print!

Oh, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world. Do you say it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic?

Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance, and I will tell you if it be studied or real—if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

I have a little packet, not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and holier man.

There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother. What gentle admonition; what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *f*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

I have added latterly to that packet of letters. I almost need a new and longer ribbon; the old one is getting too short. Not a few of these new and cherished letters a former Reverie has brought to me; not letters of cold praise, saying it was well done, artfully executed, prettily imagined; no such thing; but letters of sympathy—of sympathy which means sympathy.

It would be cold and dastardly work to copy them; I am too selfish for that. It is enough to say that they, the kind writers, have seen a heart in the Reverie—have felt that it was real, true. They know it; a secret influence has told it. What matters it, pray, if literally there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling, and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing tears to my eyes, bringing joy to my soul, as living as anything human can be living? What if they have no material type—no objective form? All that is crude; a mere reduction of ideality to sense—a transformation of the spiritual to the earthy—a levelling of soul to matter.

Are we not creatures of thought and passion? Is