

Our Greatest Mountain

and Alpine Regions of

Wonder



By A. H. BARNES

National Park Art Series

Our Greatest Mountain and Alpine Regions of Wonder

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The pictures of this series are from plates made direct from the author's original photographs and not from work idealized by hand. The purpose of this book is to show the Mountain trip from the pictorial point of view, choosing as a majority such places as please the poet and painter.

The selections are mostly of scenes along the general course of tourists, therefore, mostly of the south side of the park. While the author has spent much labor and time, early and late, during storm and shine, waiting for select conditions in which to get some of the work, a number of the pictures were made one after another as the vacationist finds them. It is also the intention not to have the Mountain itself show in every picture, but to leave it out enough, necessarily, and bring forth accompanying features, which have intrinsic importance. The publisher also intends not to bring into discussion the Mountain's name and uses Rainier out of respect for Government and Geographical Authority, while preferring the first and appropriate title Tacoma. But there is much interest in early names and events, so we have asked a friend to express enthusiasm along this line and have here following some paragraphs of truth from our friend A. H. Denman.

The flower plates herein represent but a few of the favorite Park flowers.

Professor J. B. Flett, who, undoubtedly is most acquainted with this region, both as a botanist and mountaineer, announces there are about 300 kinds of plants some of which belong exclusively to this mountain. Mr. Flett supplies the publisher the flowers' names hereof.

The Park is reached via Tacoma Eastern Railway (Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway), or by auto from Tacoma to Camp of the Clouds in a few hours drive.

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The aborigines named the Mountain Tacoma. This scene (from a painting made especially for this book) is from Vashon Island toward Tacoma Harbor showing the land to the right whereon the city now is. The closest view from sea level to the highest point in the United States. Direct distance about 40 miles. The water in the distance is where Mr. Winthrop traveled in "The Canoe" voyage, 1853.



Outdoors in Western Washington



NATURE has been good to us who live in this fair land. This book will serve its best purpose if it unfolds the pleasures of our surrounding forests and mountains that you also may know this splendid country, as some of us do, and "that your joy may be full." It will not do to neglect the pleasure which the Almighty has provided for us. After a certain point nothing is gained by close application to work. We may bury ourselves in sordid affairs, confine our attention and energies to the narrow streets and tenements of cities where "all things are created by the board of works," and call it duty, dead alike to the appeal of the long perfect summer days given to us to explore the enchanted land guarded by the great giant sentinel peaks. Those, however, who are other minded, enter this enchanted land, penetrating forests, climbing mountains, and return to their life work with their faculties sharpened by exercise.

The physical man is restored. Such exercise creates appetite for wholesome, simple food, and deep draughts of the pure air and water. The toil of travel and climb is rewarded by refreshing sleep in the open on a bed of fragrant boughs. The waist diminishes and the chest expands.

The mental faculties also receive their impetus. The man who comes back to his work with the healthy out-of-doors mind revives every department of mental labor like a breath of fresh air in a hot ill-ventilated room. The mind is powerfully invigorated by contact with nature itself, the knowledge that is gained in the provision for our physical needs and the care and direction of our bodily powers, the solving of the problems of the trail, determining the lay of the land, the attainment of the heights and in the comprehension of all that one sees of the forces that are actually at work molding and shaping the earth's surface into what it is.

And last, but not least, there is the soul. The better and higher nature may be profoundly stirred and many have found our "great white hills of God" in a sense, mountains of transfiguration.

"Let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still."

In short, such out-door pleasure open to the poorest and humblest of mankind in the country surrounding us—play it may be—is nevertheless the play that develops every faculty of

body, mind and soul. Such pleasure provided by the Creator himself is wholesome to recall. It gives an uplift that is not lost. It is in truth re-creation.

“Truth has her pleasure grounds, her haunts and ease
And easy contemplation; gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves in studied contrast—each,
For recreation, leading into each:
These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
And guard her fortresses.”

The Mountaineers

The Summers of Western Washington with their reliable perfect weather, their long, cool, bright, dry days, and nights keen enough for delicious slumber, offer unsurpassed opportunities in the open air.

The best introduction to the outdoor life of the country is to be found in the outings of “The Mountaineers.” In Oregon there are “The Mazammas,” in California “The Sierra Club,” all affiliated societies having the same general purposes in view.

These outings in the past have been triumphs of good management. They always include the climb of one of the great peaks of the Cascades. Money could not hire such guides and such companions. Men and women of scientific attainments are naturally attracted and always to be found in the company. At night up on the timber line of the mountains in the pure sweet air, under the brightest of stars, around a generous camp fire, in the relaxation from the day’s tramp or climb, grouped about upon the heather there is a most appreciative audience for all the accomplishments one has, and with the happy abandon of our freedom, we outdo ourselves in song, and story and recital.

The Mountaineers teach us to enjoy the great national parks and reserves. They encourage exploration, construct trails, correct the maps, give names to places, aid in the conservation of the public domain and cooperate with the government. To further these most commendable objects they publish a finely edited illustrated magazine called “The Mountaineer.”

The spirit which animates this society is best expressed by the following bright little poem first produced by Professor Edmond S. Meany at one of the camp fires during last summer’s outing:

“LAW OF THE HILLS

Unknown to him the true intent that perfect law fulfills
Who has not trod, in love of God, thy trails Unpeopled Hills.
In simple hope he comes to thee, finds freedom’s great surprise:

Celestial bars, twelve gleaming stars, God's jury in the skies.
 Forthwith he strides, an upright man, o'er nature's primal ground;
 In calm or gale, the faintest trail, leaves better than 'twas found.
 No room for greed his trove he'll lift and mark it by a tree;
 No cache he'll loot, no brook pollute, his foll'wers, too, are free.
 His timid faith, his falt'ring trust, now bloom and boundless grow;
 Far keys he'll fling, his lock a string, hung loose where trav'lers go.
 The hot tide's throb as up he climbs makes kindred every beast;
 He will not slay, by night or day, for wanton lust or feast.
 Behold his face, this new-born man, in hillside mirror pool,
 And paeans raise, in thy due praise, O woodland Golden Rule!"

The Mountain

Among the giant sentinel peaks of the Cascades that tower above the range there is one that is highest, largest and in all representative particulars, the most attractive of all.

Vancouver, at the end of the eighteenth century, while exploring the waters of Puget Sound, saw the great snow peaks towering at splendid intervals above the range, and from his ship's deck he named the greatest Mt. Rainier in compliment to his friend, Admiral Peter Rainier, who had directed, in some measure at least, the British naval forces against our forefathers in the Revolutionary War. Professor Edmond S. Meany has written most entertainingly concerning Vancouver and Admiral Rainier in his recent history entitled "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound." So far as the history of this coast is concerned, Rainier is only a name and not an influence affecting in any way its exploration or development.

The Indians, before the advent of the white man, called this peak Takhoma or Tahoma, and they still do so.

If the reader will consult the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1876, he will find an article entitled "The Ascent of Takhoma," written by Hazard Stevens, in a delightful literary style, giving an account of the first ascent of the mountain by himself and P. B. Van Trump, which they successfully accomplished in the month of August, 1870. Concerning the Indian name Mr. Stevens says:

"Tak-homa or Ta-homa among the Yakimas, Klickitats, Puyallups, Nisquallys, and allied tribes of Indians, is the generic name for mountain, used precisely as we use the word "mount" as Takhoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designate Rainier simply as Takhoma, or the Mountain, just as the mountain men used to call it the "Old He." To his Indian guide Sluisin, Mr. Stevens tells us, Rainier was "known only as Takhoma."

The first chapter of the order of Good Templars, in the State of Washington, was organized at Olympia in 1865, and incorporated under the name of "The Tacoma Chapter of the Order of Good Templars." This was before there was any City of Tacoma named or in existence, or any jealousy of rival cities to make the Indian name of the great mountain seem anything but most beautiful and appropriate for a cold water society. This chapter is still in existence at Olympia and still clings to the name Tacoma Chapter.

The first man known to us to have written the Indian name of The Mountain in English characters is Theodore Winthrop, who interpreted the Indian form of the name as "Tacoma."

Theodore Winthrop visited Puget Sound in the last days of August, 1853. He travelled alone with Indians in a canoe from Port Townsend to Steilacoom, thence with Indians through the Cascades, by the Natches Pass, north of the great mountain, and foiling the treacherous designs of his fellow travellers found refuge in the camp of Capt. George B. McClellan, commanding a force of United States soldiers in the Yakima valley.

Riding in his Indian canoe Mr. Winthrop obtained his first sight of the great mountain from a point easily identified as the harbor of the city that was destined many years afterwards to bear the same name. He thus records his impressions:

"Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and the south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms, each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine-darkened sierra of the Cascade Mountains—above the stern chasm where the Columbia, Achilles of rivers, sweeps, short-lived and jubilant, to the sea—above the lovely vales of the Willamette and Umpqua. Of all the peaks from California to Frazer's River, this one before me was royalest. Mount Regnier Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody.

More melodiously the Siwashes call it Tacoma—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks. Whatever keen crests and crags there may be in its rocky anatomy of basalt, the snow covers softly with its bends and sweeping curves. Tacoma, under its ermine, is a crushed volcanic dome, or an ancient volcano fallen in, and perhaps as yet not wholly lifeless. The domes of snow are stateliest. There may be more of feminine beauty in the cones, and more of masculine force and hardihood in the rough pyramids, but the great domes are calmer and more divine, and, even if they have failed to attain absolute dignified grace of finish, and are riven and broken down, they still demand our sympathy for giant power, if only partially victor. Each form—the dome, the cone, and the pyramid—has its type among the great snow peaks of the Cascades."

And following is the sermon inspired by the great summit dome towering above the vast solitudes of forest and mountain range and as yet, and for many years thereafter untrodden by the foot of man:

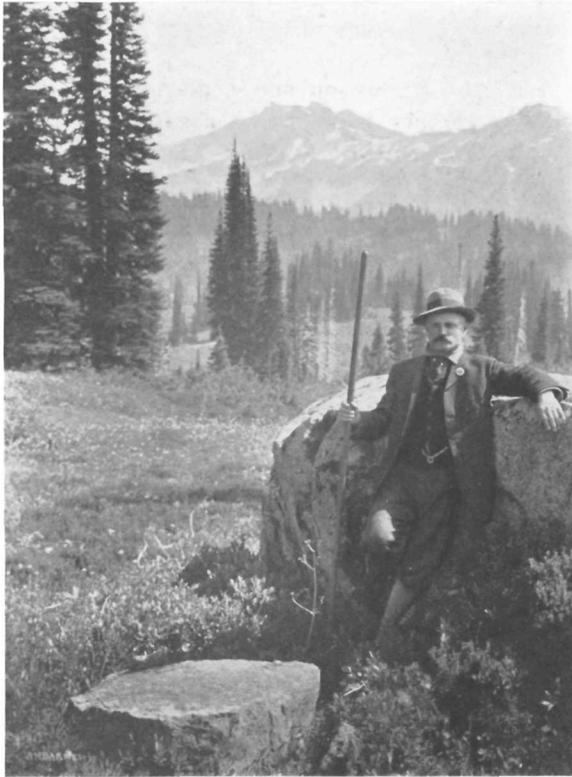
"Our lives forever demand and need visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur or the sweetness of repose. There are some faces that arise dreamy in our memories, and look us into calmness in our frantic moods. Fair and happy is a life that need not call upon its vague memorial dreams for such attuning influence, but can turn to a present reality, and ask tranquillity at the shrine of a household goddess. The noble works of nature, and mountains most of all,

'Have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.'

And, studying the light and the majesty of Tacoma, there passed from it and entered into my being, to dwell there evermore by the side of many such, a thought and an image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke whenever in the world I must have peace



Portion of Tacoma from a photo by A. H. Denman, February, 1911, showing the mountain 40 miles away, overlooking buildings of 10, 12 and 17 stories where 36 years ago forest stood 200 feet tall.



Many people spend their leisure days in the Mountain Park year after year.

or die. For such emotion years of pilgrimage were worthily spent. If mortal can gain the thoughts of immortality, is not his earthly destiny achieved? For, when we have so studied the visible poem, and so fixed it deep in the very substance of our minds, there is forever with us not merely a perpetual possession of delight, but a watchful monitor that will not let our thoughts be long unfit for the pure companionship of beauty. For whenever a man is false to the light that is in him, and accepts meaner joys, or chooses the easy indulgence that meaner passions give, then every fair landscape in all his horizon dims, and all its grandeurs fade and dwindle away, the glory vanishes, and he looks, like one lost, upon his world, late so lovely and sinless."

There is nothing better than this of its kind in American literature. It was consistent with the earnest moral nature of Theodore Winthrop that he enlisted at the first call of "Father Abraham" for troops in the struggle to save the Union. As major in command of a regiment he laid down his life on a Virginia battle-field while leading far in advance

of his men. His remains fell into the hands of the foe, but were recovered under flag of truce and sent to his Massachusetts home for burial. This occurred in 1861. The book "The Canoe and the Saddle," from which the quotations were made, and other literary works of highest promise by the same author, were published after his death. Let the reader get "The Canoe and the Saddle" from public or private libraries, or better yet possess himself of a copy, and he will find that good things are in store for him. And let him read the book as a tribute to one of the precious lives sacrificed and lost to the nation to atone for its sin of human slavery.

There is therefore no need of any apology for using the name Mt. Tacoma. The name has fine significance and patriotic associations. It is altogether fit and proper that we should cherish and perpetuate it. It is a name derived from the Indians and applied by those who first approached the great mountain and reached its summit. It is a name that should be adopted everywhere and always entitled to respect from all persons.

A. H. DENMAN.

Geology as the Tourist Sees It



T undoubtedly occurs to you that when you see a glacier-covered mountain you are looking at a sample or piece of a great cap of ice that at one time covered all of the northern half of North America.

Of course, you are not looking at the very same ice, but practically speaking, you see a small remnant of the great glacial sheet that for a long epoch of time covered the land on which you live.

The surface of the lower valleys teaches that for a long period of time Puget Sound was much deeper than it now is, and, therefore extended farther inland. It formed our level valley lands, but all the rest of the surface land in the Puget Sound country was evidently placed where it is by the action of this large ice cap or glacier. The ice at that time extended from the salt water to the summits of the Cascade Mountains, and was hundreds of feet in thickness, grinding away the rocks and mountains on its slow course and carrying with it in various forms the land, leaving it in morainal deposit where we now find it.

For centuries there were many arms of this ice sheet projecting into the bays, which as they broke away in pieces, kept Puget Sound continually filled with a jam of icebergs.

But after a time a change took place. The sea receded, the ice melted away, and all we have left of it is what we see when we look at the high mountains. It left for our use this great region, which has in itself, a large timbered and farm area, and in addition to this, it is a beautiful country to look upon.

The snow-clad mountains today are practically in the same condition as all this country was during the ice epoch, and they are likely to remain so for a long time; the change is slow. The glaciers move down the mountain slopes at a rate of about eight inches a day for the year's average, and year by year they gradually become smaller.

As the mountains are high and extend up into the cold strata of air, they catch the rainfall while it is yet in the form of snow, and being continually covered with cold raiment, they are great condensers, condensing a large amount of moisture that is carried against them by the upper currents of wind on their way inland from the sea.

In places among the higher mountains where the snow is not disturbed by wind the pack of one season's fall is sometimes 50 feet deep as late in the season as September. The snow garment of the mountains is their chief feature of attraction, for, but few people would visit these piles of lava were it not for the great ice fields, but greater than for their attractiveness are these snows as a reservoir of water power and feeder of the rivers that irrigate our lands. Evidently the lava forming the Cascade Range, especially of the eastern side, flowed from long fissures since which time there seems to have been more upheaval, and after then the last of all lava flow occurred but was confined to the local craters. The glacial epoch came practically to a close before the last eruption, for it is evident that there were ridges raised that formed the valleys and that the valleys have been changed but little by ice since, except in the uppermost parts where the glaciers are still at work. It seems evident that the upper valleys as they now are, were not gouged

entirely by glaciers for since the last period of general uplift there has been a shower of volcanic ash (apparently calcined granite) undisturbed by ice flow. The ash is undoubtedly the chief support of the luxuriant growth of alpine flora.

The most recent craters are those of the higher summits but there are many others in lower places plainly evident though long ago crumbled in. The crater of Takhoma (concerning which many questions are asked) is not dangerous but rather a life preserver and has been so used during storm.

The first parties to the summit always made the crater their inn where they stayed warmed by steam that issues from the small fissures just within the crater's rim. The steam from the main crater is about 150 degrees Fahr. It seems to contain no gas or fumes and it is of feeble force and little volume, soon disappearing in the high dry atmosphere.

The steam is not seen from a far distance and is not a factor in producing the cloud cap that forms on the summit previous to storm.

Publications stating that smoke comes from this volcano during seismic disturbance are vague and unfounded dreams, with no fact foundation, for it is evident that no civilized man ever witnessed such a sight and that volcanic action in this region is a phenomenon of the long past.

Some people yet doubt that the summit has been reached, but they are wilfully sceptical, or of the early day class, holding on to a wooden shoe idea of impossibility, right once, but put out of date in 1870 when the first ascent was made, since which time hundreds of people have stood on the summit of our great white "Templed Hill."

Yours faithfully,

A. H. BARNES.



From a point of rock in "Indian Henry's" I could see through the evening haze the snow clad Mt. St. Helens 50 miles south.



Rainier Inn at Longmire Springs.



Original Hotel at Longmire Springs



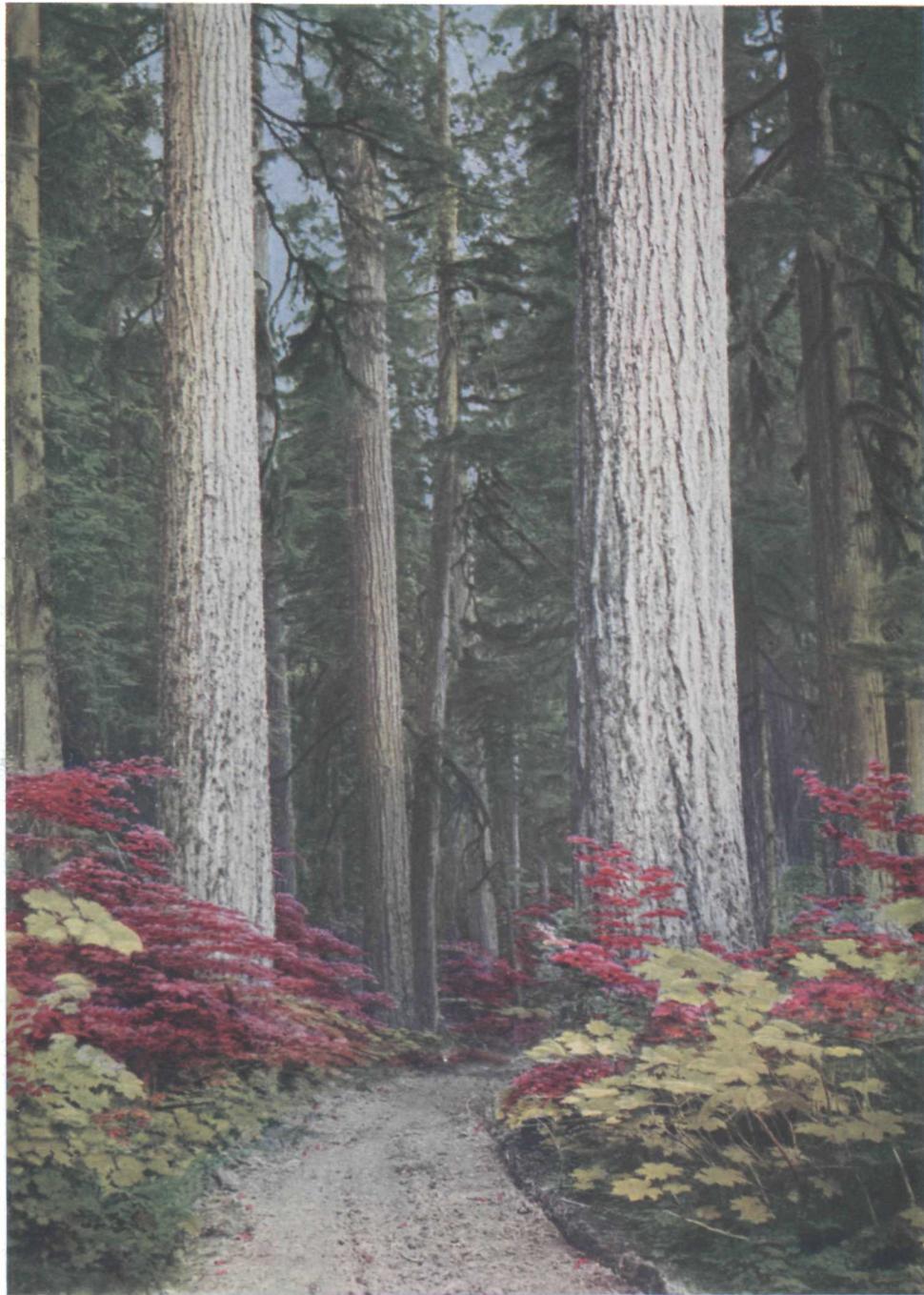
The mountain as viewed from the prairie along Auto Road out from Tacoma, distance about 40 miles.



Mashell—A drop of 65 feet.



From the old stage road just beyond Eatonville is this view of the Mashell, a place sacred in the memory of early day tourists, who at the end of the first day's mountain journey made camp where they slept to the song of the brook and awakened refreshed, never again to think the sound of one stream differeth not from another.



From Photo. Copyright 1909 by A. H. Barnes

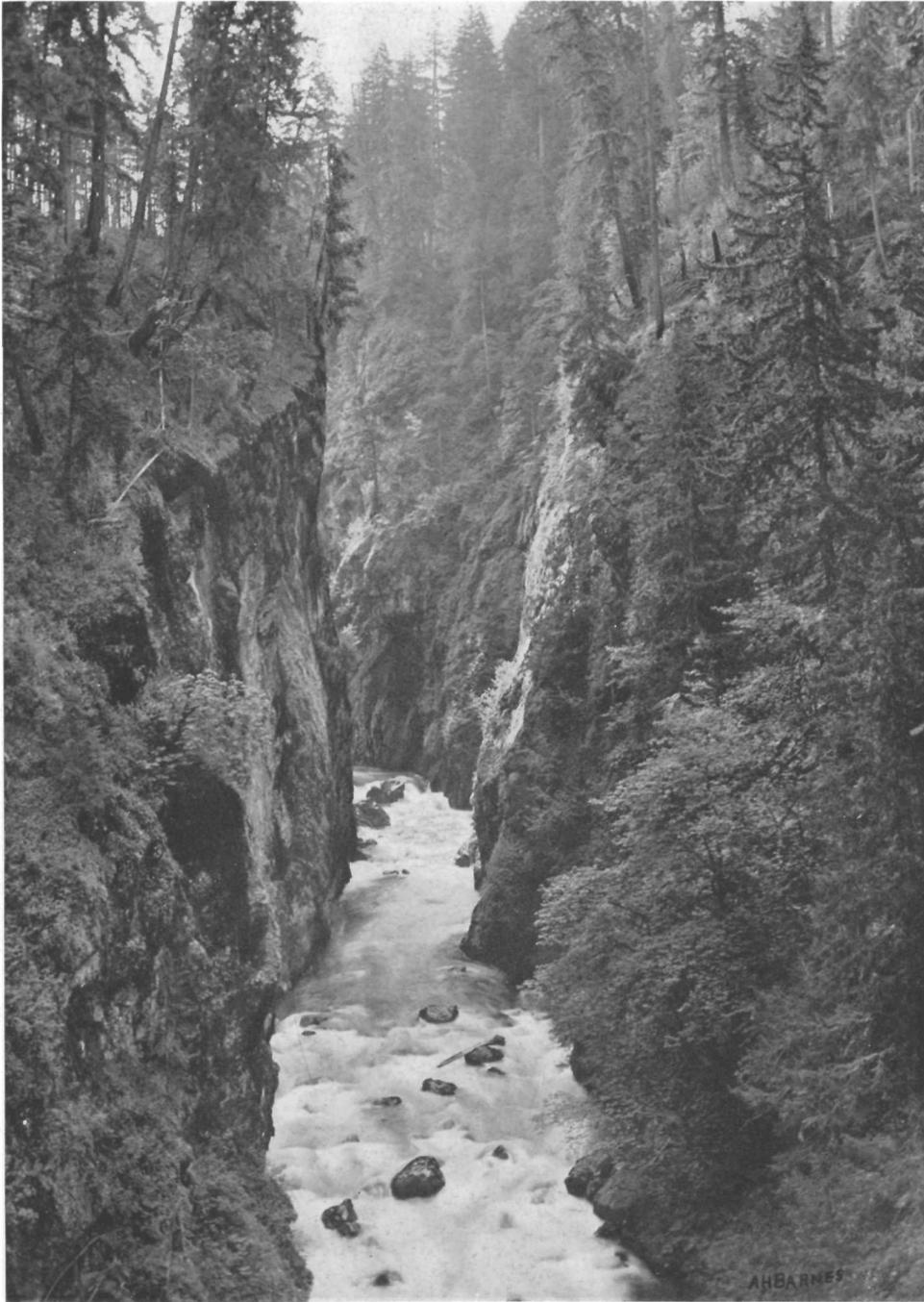
Original Stage Road. Red foliage is vine maple, large yellow leaves are of the devil's club.—*Echinopanax horridum*.



The natural Prairie Park south of Tacoma abounds in scenes like this old branch roadway.



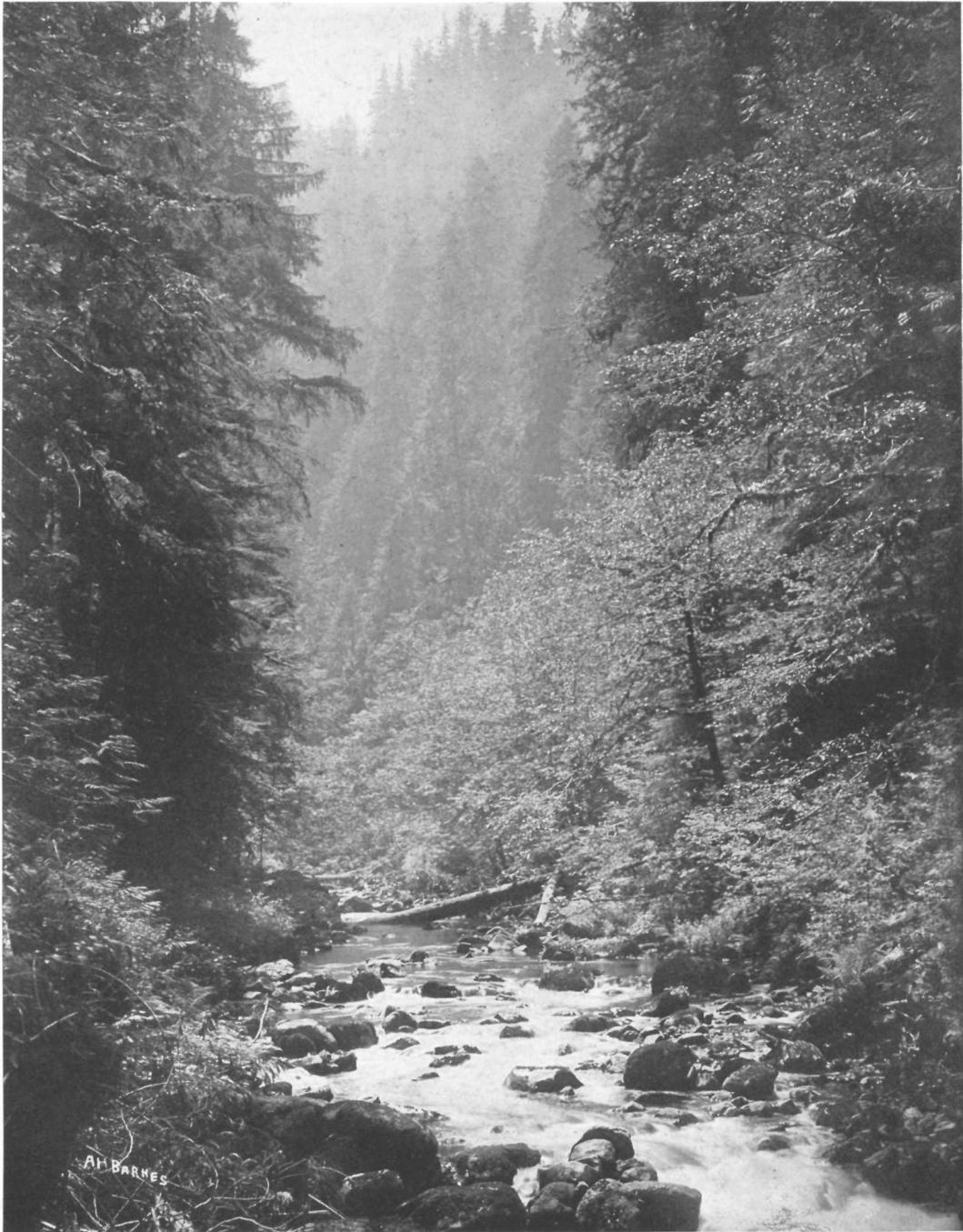
Mosses of a Washington wood.



The 300 foot walls of Nisqually Canyon.



A 6 foot Cedar of the forest along the road beyond Alder.



Scene along Mineral Creek where trees grow 300 feet tall.



Round Top—or Mineral Lake.



A study for the artist's brush, just above Nisqually Canyon. A sample of scenery along the rivers that flow from the Mountain.



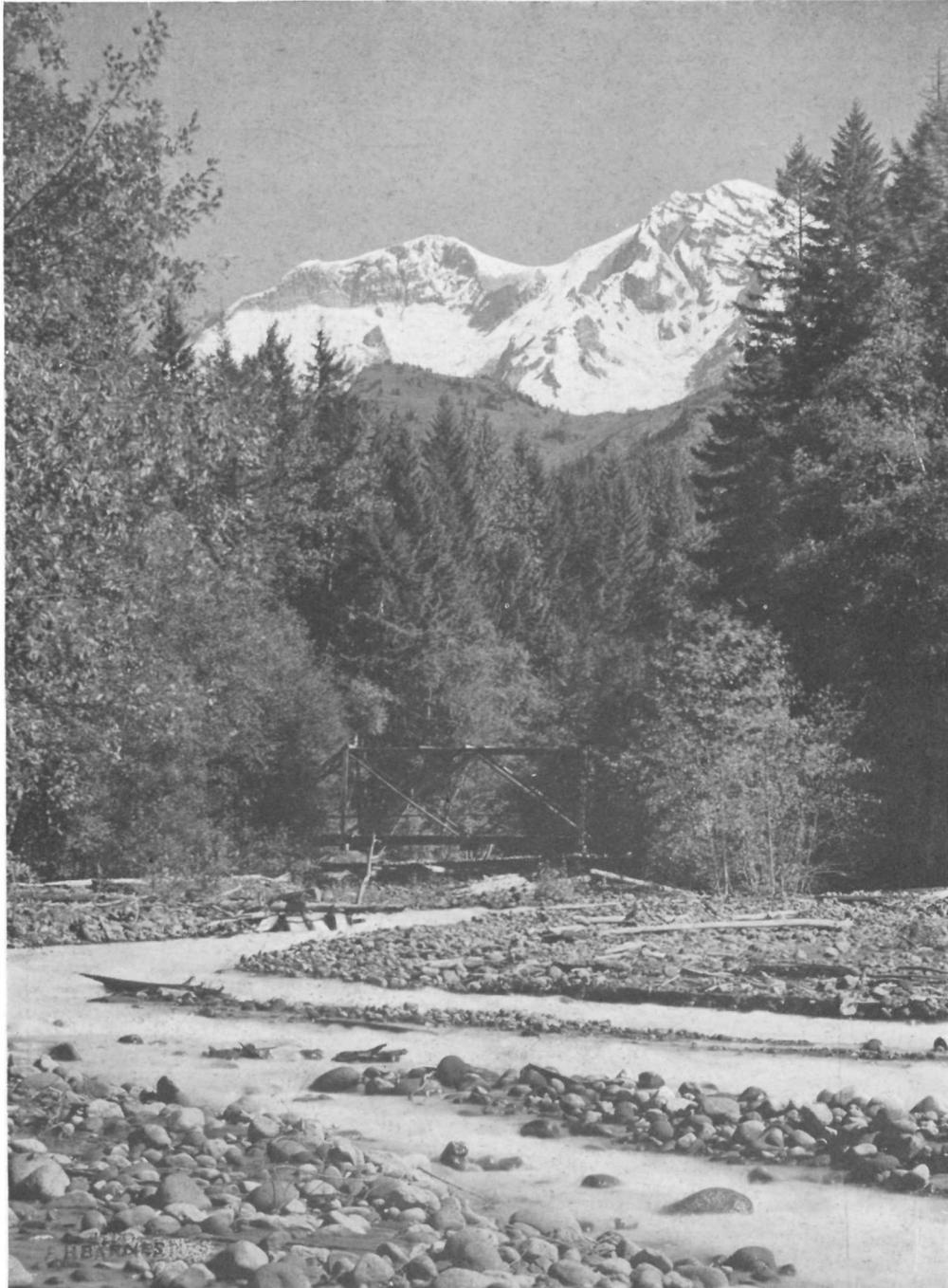
When the Tacoma Eastern Railway was first put through the forest.



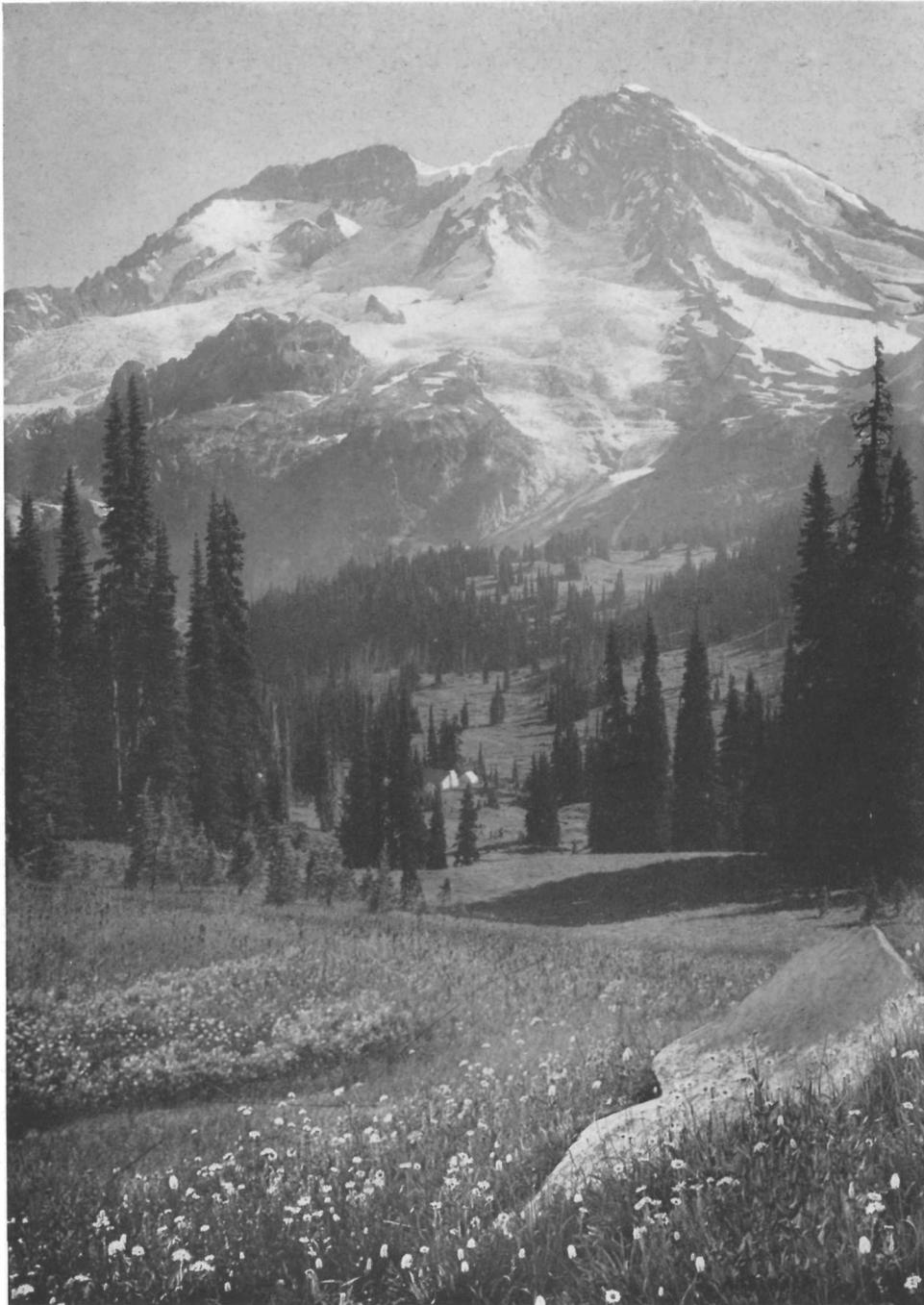
Largest tree along the way. 9 feet. Compare size with axe in bark.



Snow Lake—a beauty spot in Indian Henry's.



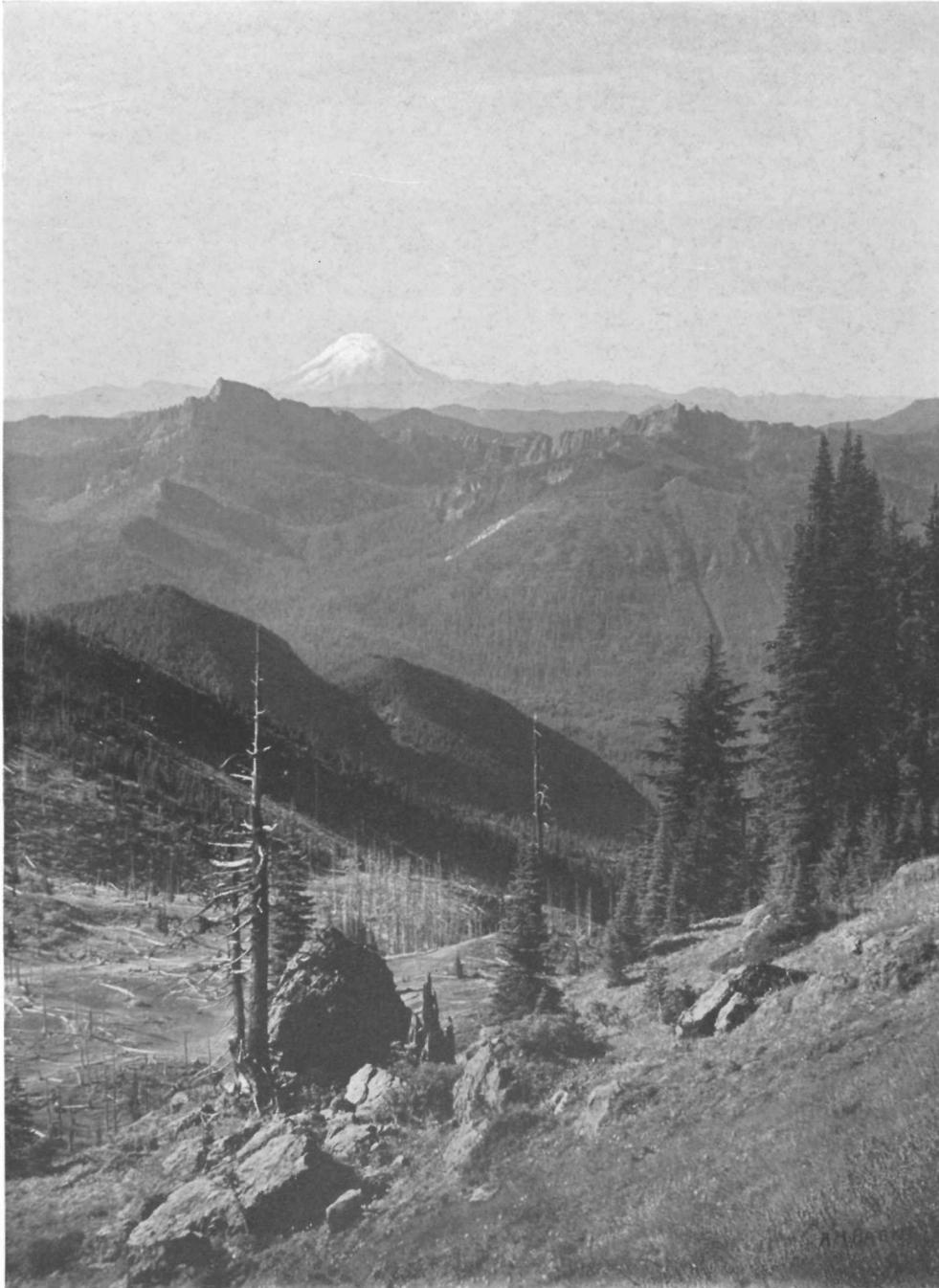
A glimpse up Tahima Fork. Just below summit is seen a portion of Indian Henry's Hunting Ground. The native name of this mountain Indian from whom the park got its name, was Eshni Satulick.



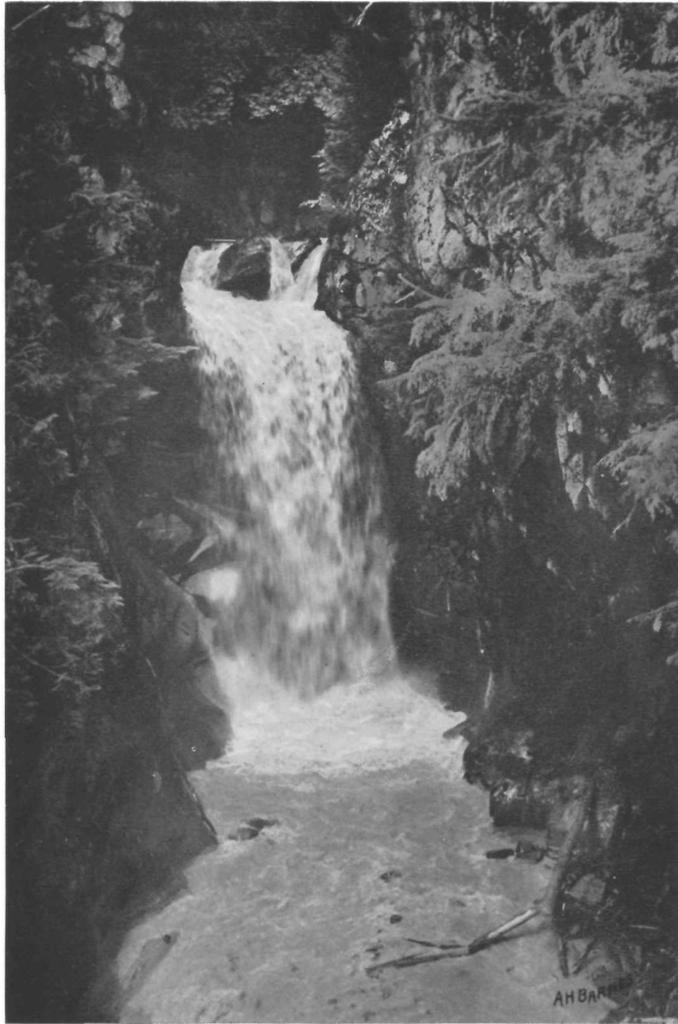
Glaciers of the S. West Slope as viewed from a portion of Indian Henry's Park. Indian name for this place is-No-ach-a-muich. The tents are some of Halls Hotel "The Wigwam."



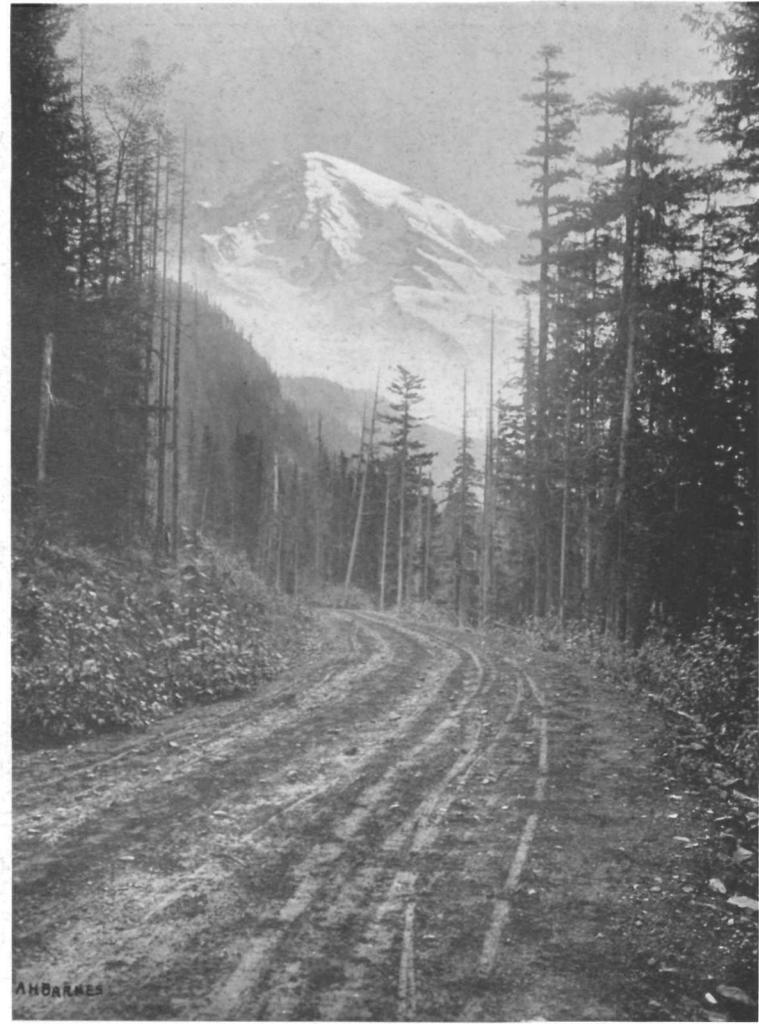
A 40 mile view of Adams—*Pah-too*, from Indian Henry's.



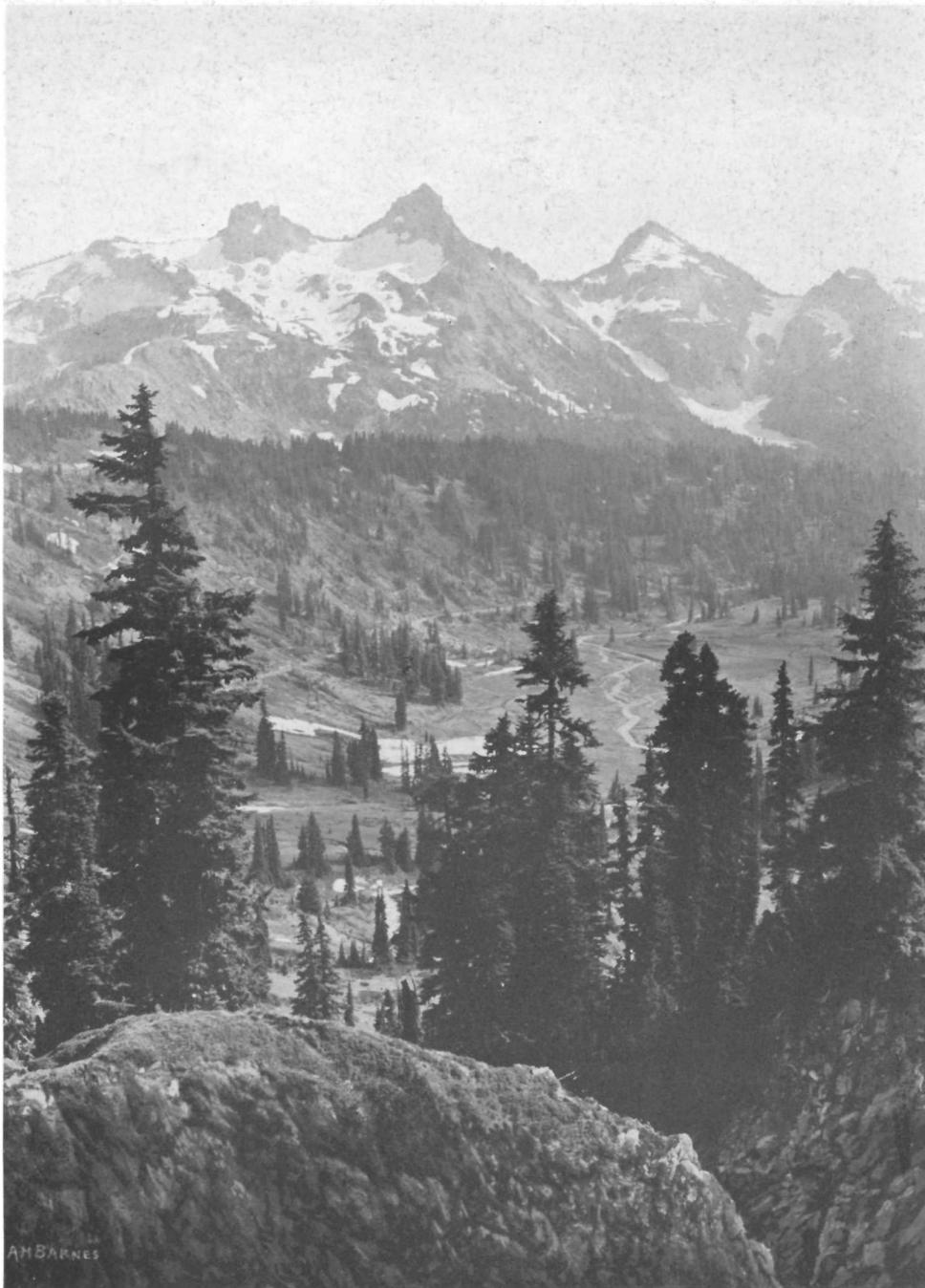
Mt. St. Helens—*Seuq*, 50 miles distant as seen from south slope of Indian Henry's Hunting Grounds. Mt. Tum Tum in middle distance.



Christine—A fall of 50 feet, Van Trump Creek, as viewed from Government Road Bridge.



The Mountain viewed from Gov. Road beyond Longmire Springs.



Portion of Tatoosh Range as viewed from above Paradise Valley—Pinnacle Peak in center, Government Road opposite side of valley.



Basket grass flower or Mountain Lily—*Xerophyllum Tenax*, grows mostly at elevation of 4000 feet.



Snow Brush—*Rhododendron Albiflorum*, generally found in shelter of other woods.



Gentian—*Gentiana calycoso*, a flower of autumn.



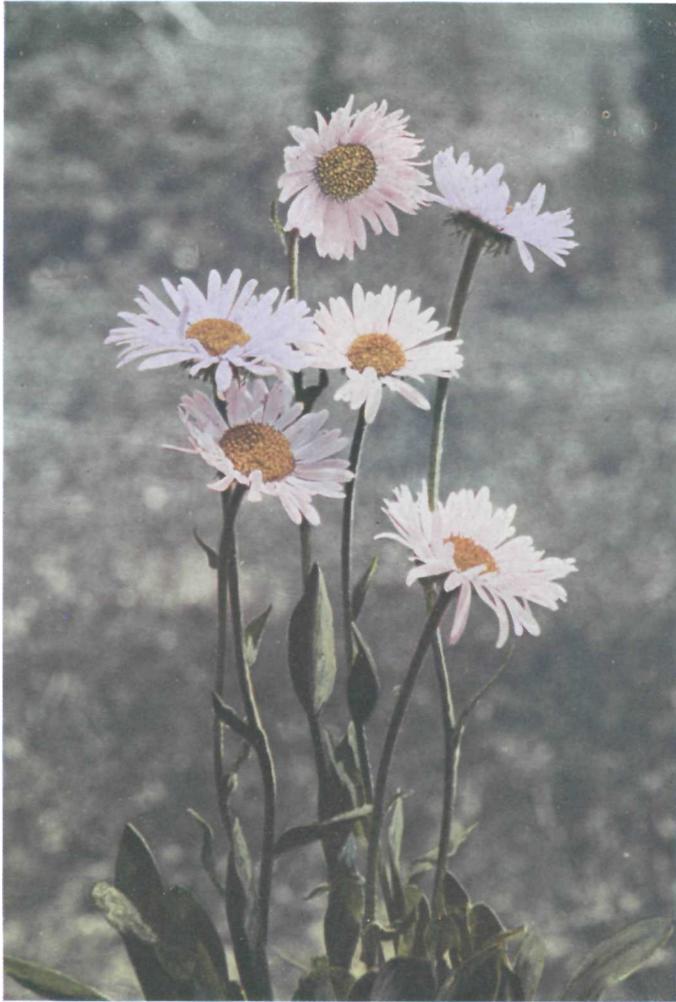
From Photos. Copyright 1910 by A. H. Barnes
Indian Painted Cup—*Castilleja oreopala*.



Narada—a fall of 200 feet.



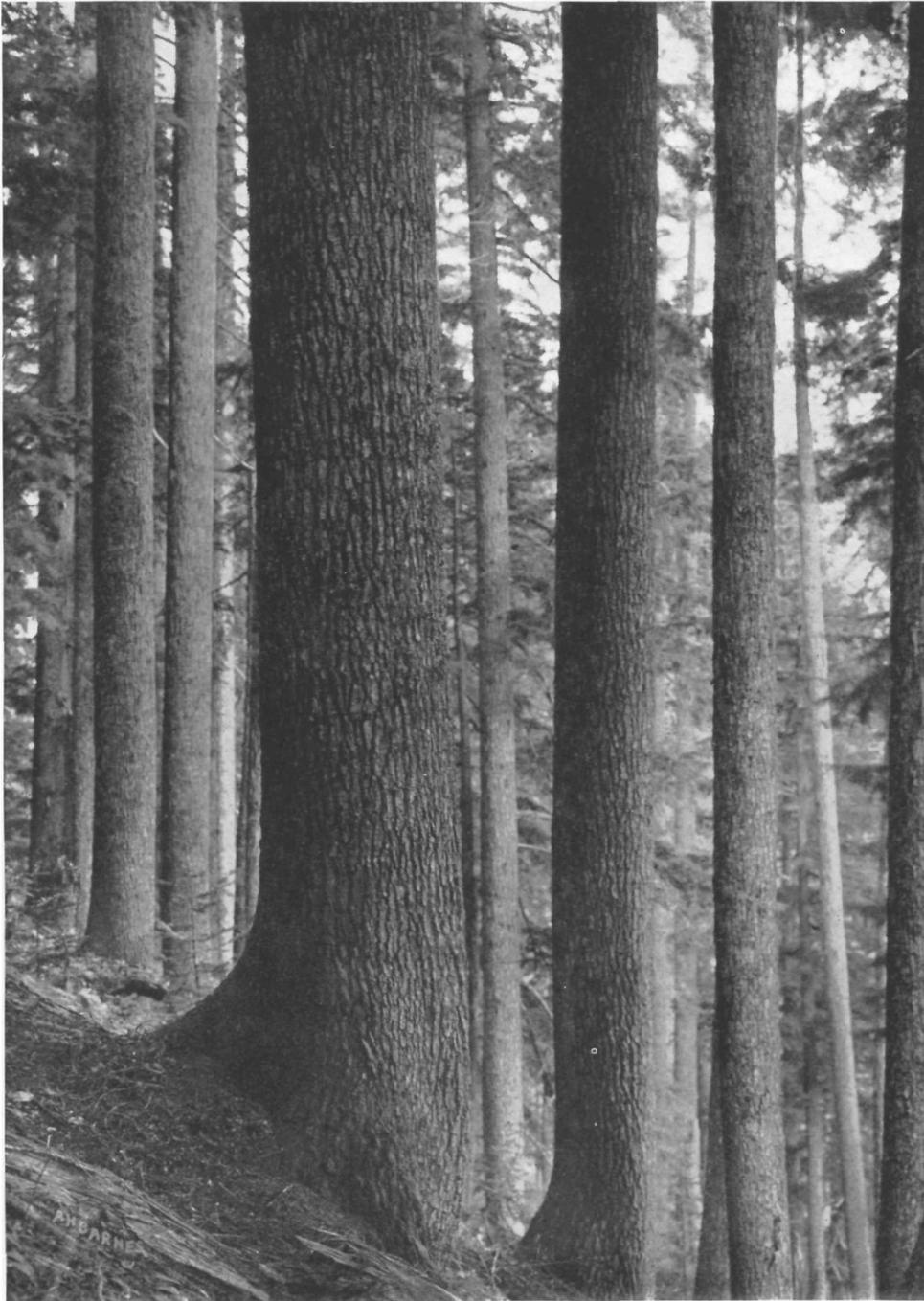
A study in perspective, Lower Paradise Canyon.



Alpine Asters—*Erigeran salsuginasus*, color varies some according to age. Grows in scattered abundance.



Deertongue or Avalanche Lily—*Erythronium montanum*, grows everywhere especially following close up to edges of melting snow beds.



The Noble Fir Forest just below foot of Nisqually Glacier is alone worth the trip to see. This sample is as seen from Gov. Road. Some of these trees are 150 feet to first limbs.



These Rocks of Paradise Canyon were once in one piece that broke away from the mountains 1500 feet above river. Bird on rock is the Water Ouzel.



Anemone — sometimes called Wind Flower — Follows closely the melting snows.



White Heather — *Cassiope mertensianna* a species of high altitude.



Foot Nisqually Glacier as seen from Gov. Road Bridge.



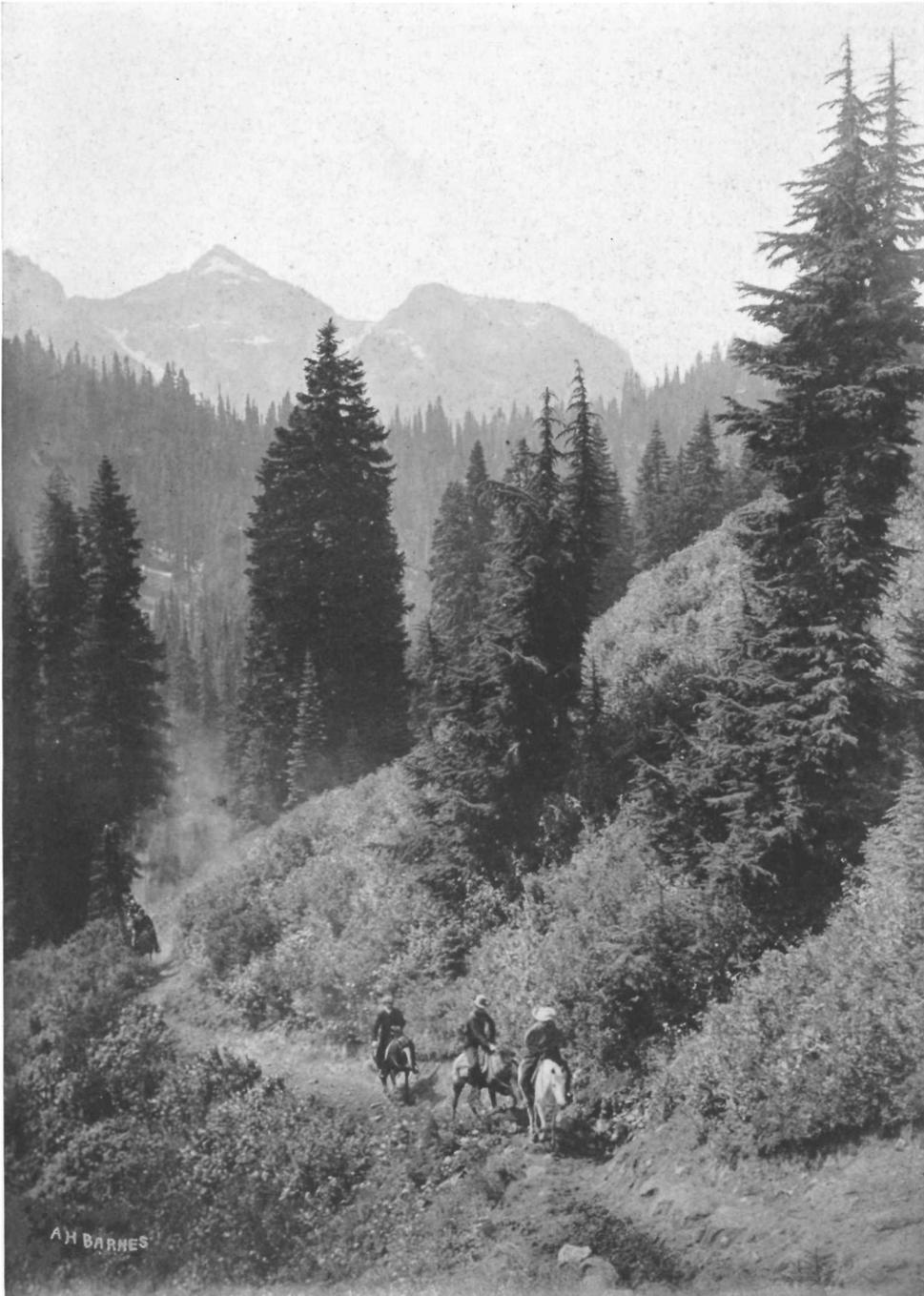
Trail just below Camp of the Clouds—Mazama Ridge in middle distance, Stevens Peak beyond.



Cowslip—*Galtha Leptosepala*. Grows only in wet places.



Mountain Meadow Asters grow mostly in moist grass flats.



Coming up Paradise Trail.



A grey effect about sunrise from the hills above Meslers Mountain Home. This 10 mile view is of the west side of the mountain.



A September Afternoon in Upper Paradise Valley.



Mimulus (Monkey flower) grows only along cold streams of spring water.



From Photo. Copyright 1910 by A. H. Barnes

Valerian—liberally scattered throughout the park between 4,000 and 6,000 feet elevation.



Portion of Tatoosh Range and Paradise Valley.



Named after the Indian Guide, Sluiskin—a fall of the upper Paradise 150 feet. Compare with man below falls.



Nisqually Glacier as viewed from the slope just west of Camp Reese. From foreground to summit this represents a difference of 9,000 feet.



Portion of Paradise Park and Tatoosh Range—Camp Reese at Right. (Tatoosh is pronounced *Tōtōsh*.)



Camp Reese and Eagle Cliff — the west end of the Tatoosh Mountains.



Reese's Hotel at Camp of the Clouds, 5,600 feet altitude.



First snows of autumn—Stevens Peak, highest of Tatoosh Range.



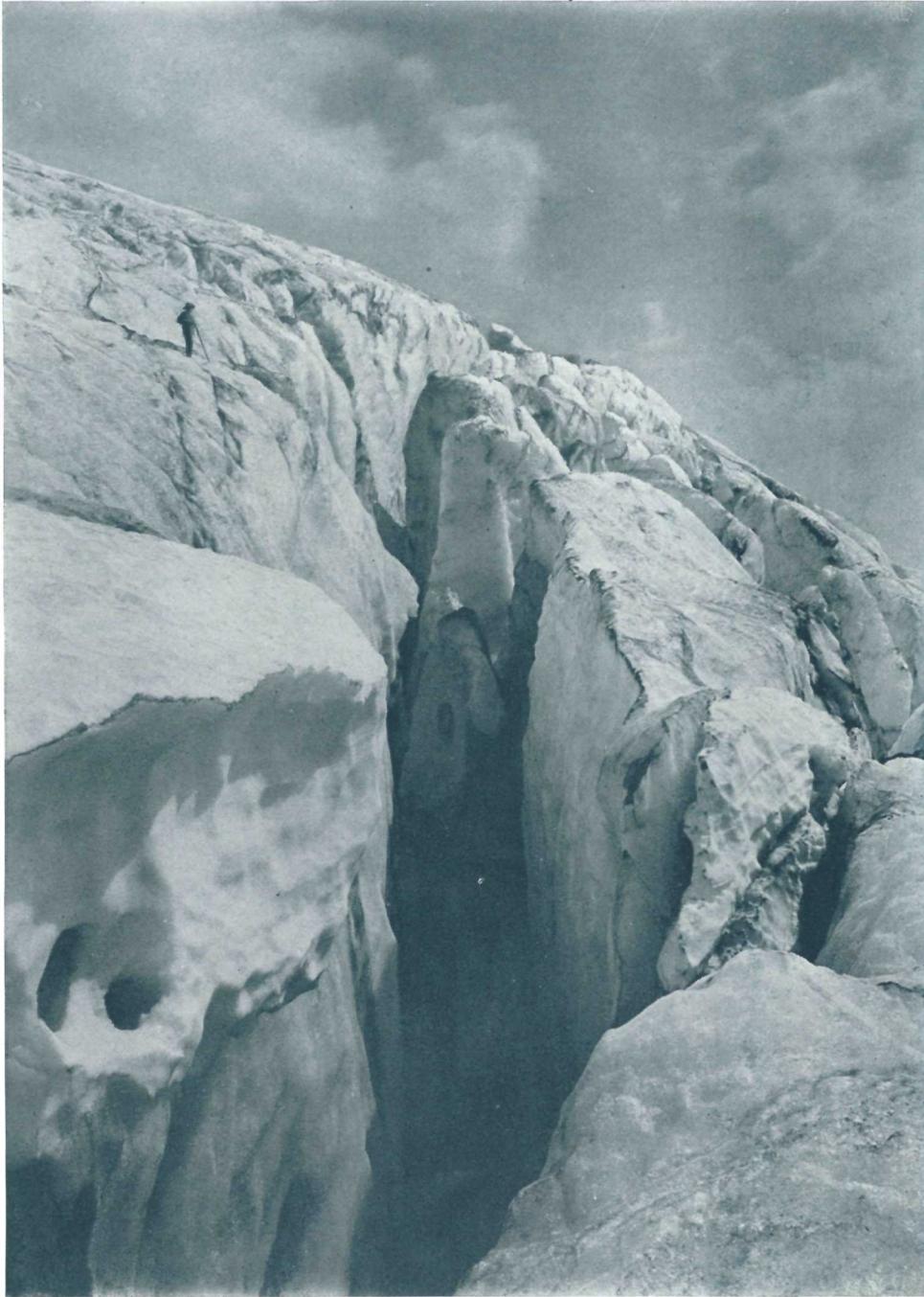
Stevens Canyon—a view late in October, showing Mt. Adams and some of main Cascade Range in distance.



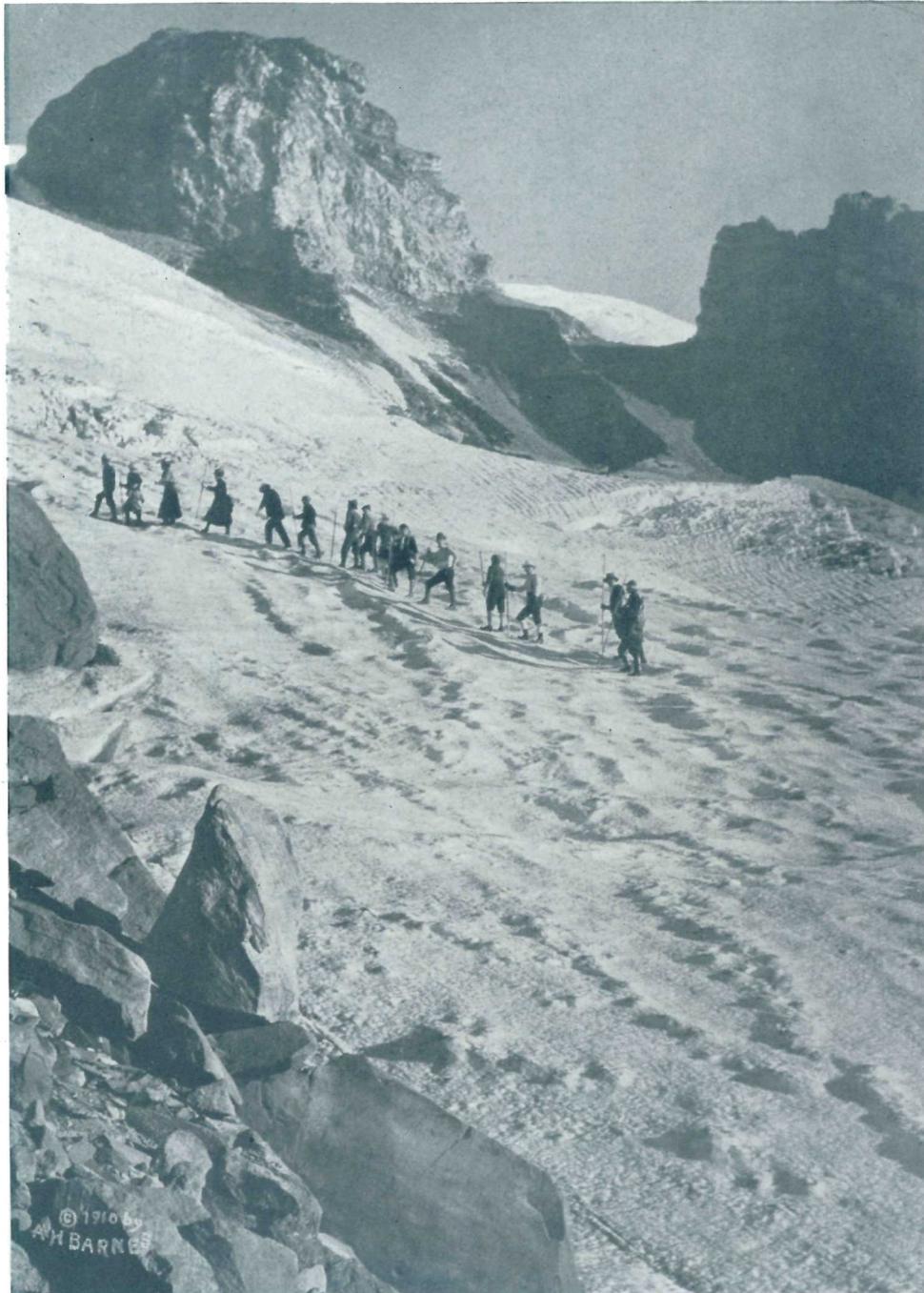
Weird formations of lower Cowlitz Glacier, east slope of the mountain in distance.



Arch Paradise Glacier, branch of river in distance.



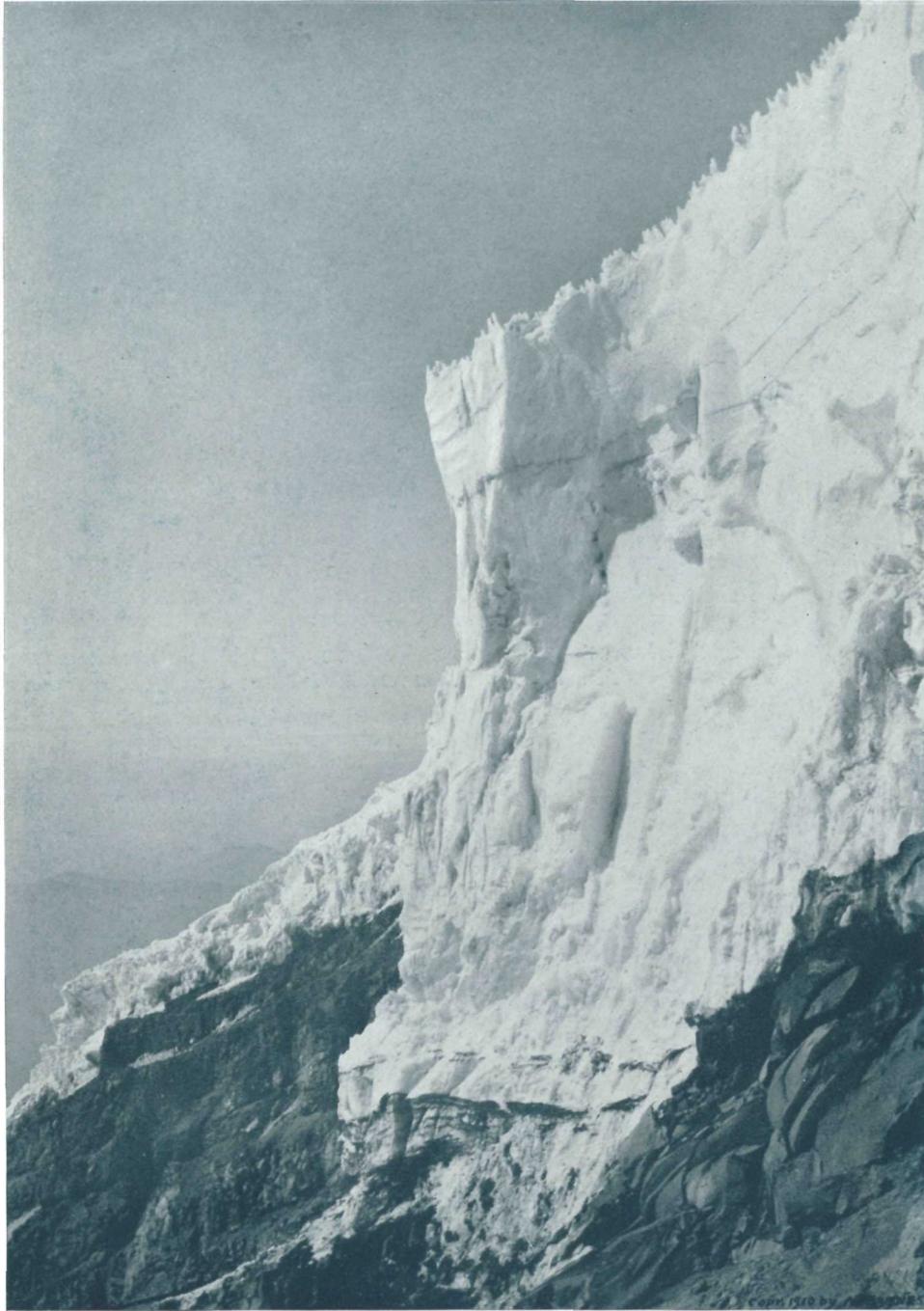
Crevasses on the divide of the Paradise and Little Cowlitz Glaciers.



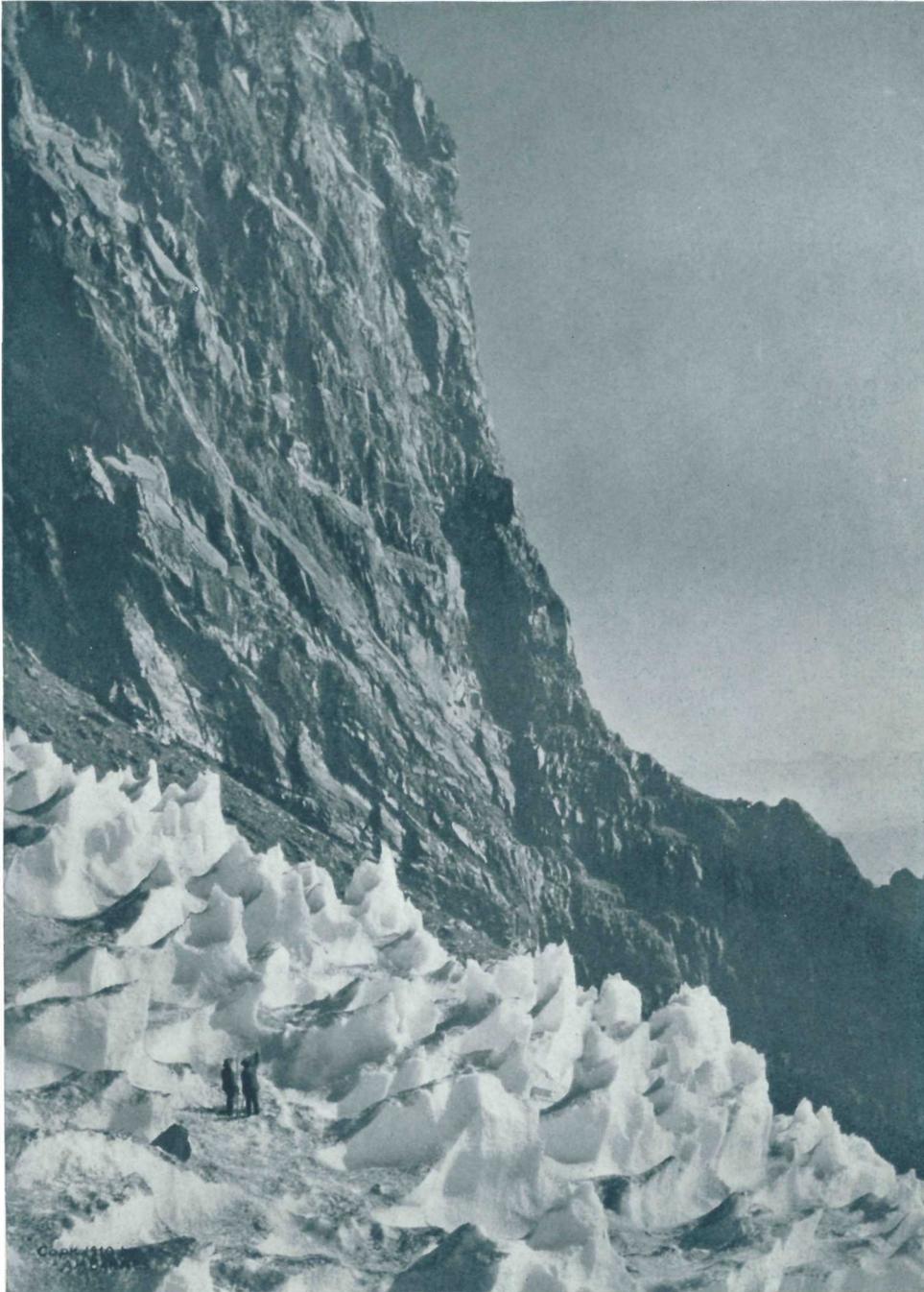
Leaving Camp Muir at sun rise. The climb gets steeper from here-on.



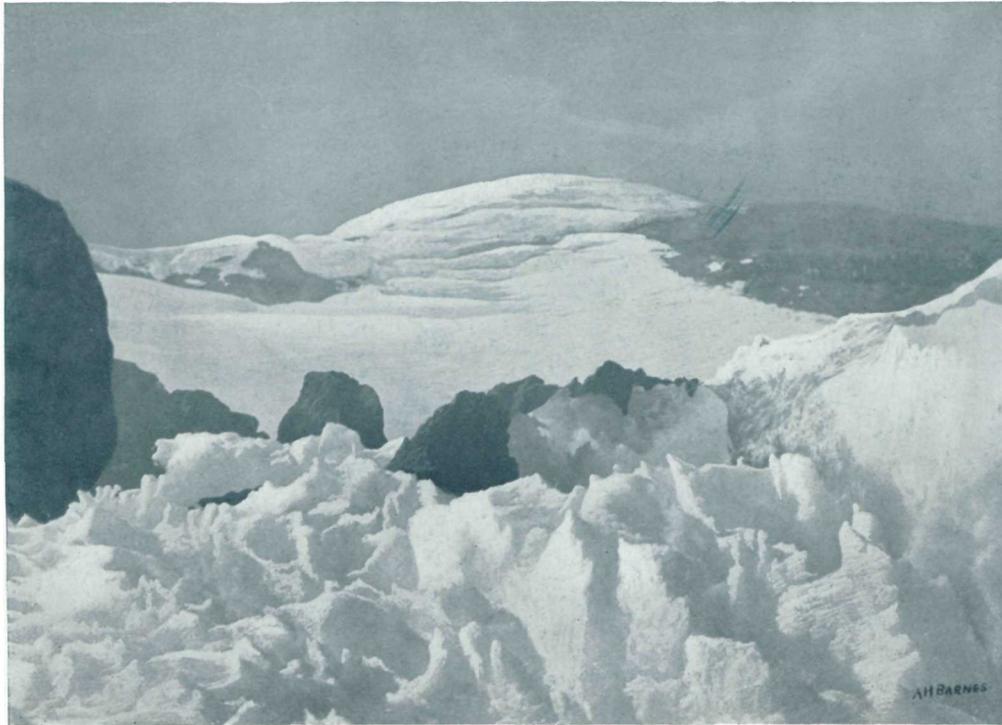
Caverns along the way above Camp Muir.



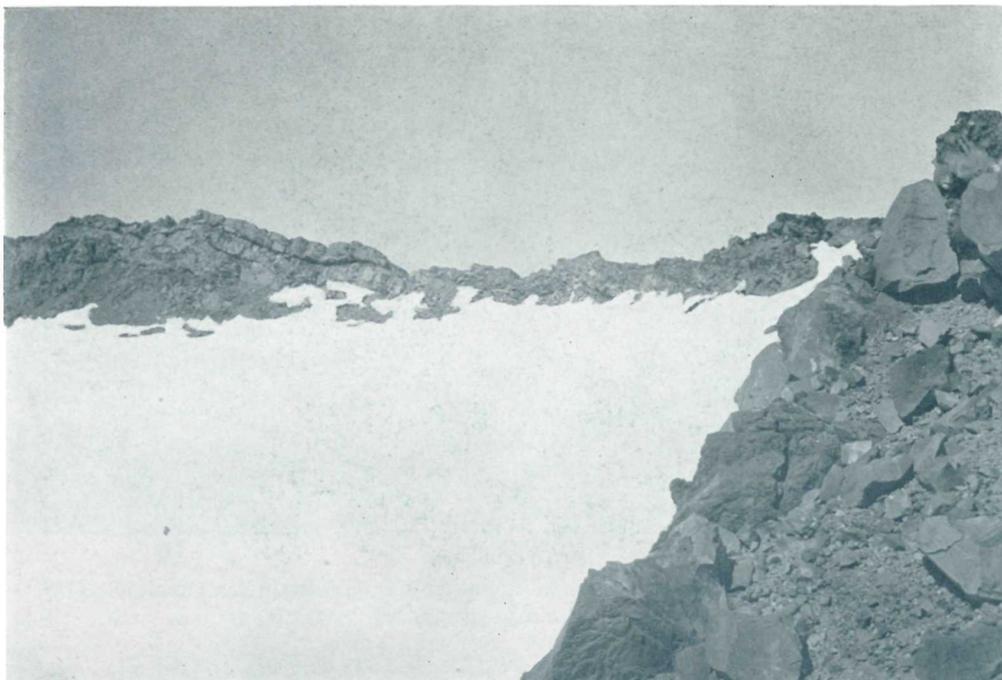
A 400-foot wall of compressed snow as seen west from Gibraltar, upper Nisqually Glacier. Notice the wind-whittled surface on the top.



The 1,200-foot wall of Gibraltar, portion of upper Cowlitz Glacier in foreground. The higher the altitude the sharper become the pinnacles of ice.



From south-east rim of crater overlooking crater basin toward Columbia Crest, the highest eminence of the great mountain. Crater is 1,600 feet across.



Portion of east rim of crater, in distance notice layers of last lava flow.



A view northwestward from Fay Peak (Spray Park, side of the mountain) showing Crater Lake, a sample of formation older than the mountain's, summit crater. The area is more than 100 acres, its depth is yet unknown. Elevation, 5,500 feet above the sea.



