

over the plain about twenty miles, and halted until day-light, on a fine spring, flowing into Cammas Creek. Refreshed by a few hours' sleep we started again after a hasty breakfast, and entered a very extensive forest called the Pine Woods: (a continued succession of low mountains or hills, entirely covered by a dense growth of this species of timber;) which we passed through, and reached the vicinity of the springs about dark, having seen several small lakes or ponds on the sources of the Madison, and rode about forty miles; which was a hard day's ride, taking into consideration the rough irregularity of the country through which we had traveled.

We regaled ourselves with a cup of coffee, the materials for making which we had brought with us, and immediately after supper lay down to rest, sleepy and much fatigued. The continual roaring of the springs, however, (which was distinctly heard,) for some time prevented my going to sleep, and excited an impatient curiosity to examine them, which I was obliged to defer the gratification of, until morning, and filled my slumbers with visions of waterpouts, cataracts, fountains, jets d'eau of immense dimensions, etc., etc.

When I arose in the morning, clouds of vapor seemed like a dense fog to overhang the springs, from which frequent reports or explosions of different loudness, constantly assailed our ears. I immediately proceeded to inspect them and might have exclaimed with the Queen of Sheba, when their full reality of dimensions and novelty burst upon my view, "the half was not told me."

From the surface of a rocky plain or table, burst forth columns of water, of various dimensions, projected high in the air, accompanied by loud explosions, and sulphurous vapors, which were highly disagreeable to the smell. The rock from which these springs burst forth was calcareous, and probably extends some distance from them beneath the soil. The largest of these wonderful fountains, projects a column of boiling water several feet in diameter, to the height of more than one hundred and fifty feet, in my opinion; but the party of Alvarez, who discovered it, persist in declaring that it could not be less than four times that distance in height—accompanied with a tremendous noise. The explosions and discharges occur at intervals of about two hours. After having witnessed three of them, I ventured near enough to put my hand into the water of its basin, but withdrew it instantly, for the heat of the water in this immense chauldron, was altogether too great for my comfort; and the agitation of the water, the disagreeable effluvia continually exuding, and the hollow unearthly rumbling under the rock on which I stood, so ill accorded with my notions of personal safety, that I retreated back precipitately, to a respectful distance. The Indians, who were with me, were quite appalled, and could not by any means be induced to approach them. They seemed astonished at my presumption, in advancing up to the large one, and when I safely returned, congratulated me on my "narrow escape." They believed them to be supernatural, and supposed them to be the production of the Evil Spirit. One of them remarked that hell, of which he had learned from the whites, must be in that vicinity. The diameter of the basin into which the waters of the largest jet principally fall, and from the center of which, through a hole in the rock of about nine or ten feet in diameter, the water spouts up as above related, may be about thirty feet. There are many other smaller fountains, that did not throw their waters up so high, but occurred at shorter intervals. In some instances the volumes were projected obliquely upwards and fell into the neighboring

fountains or on the rock or prairie. But their ascent was generally perpendicular, falling in and about their own basins or apertures. These wonderful productions of nature are situated near the center of a small valley surrounded by pine-crowned hills, through which a small fork of the Madison flows.

From several trappers who had recently returned from the Yellowstone I received an account of boiling springs that differ from those on Salt river only in magnitude, being on a vastly larger scale; some of their canoes are from twenty to thirty feet high, and forty to fifty paces in circumference. Those which have ceased to omit boiling, vapour, etc., of which there were several, are full of shelving cavities, even some fathoms in extent, which give them, inside, an appearance of honey-comb.—The ground for several acres extent in vicinity of the springs is evidently hollow, and constantly exhales a hot steam or vapor of disagreeable odor, and a character entirely to prevent vegetation.—They are situated in the valley at the head of that river, near the lake which constitutes its source.

A short distance from these springs, near the margin of the lake, there is one quite different from any yet described.—It is of a circular form, several feet in diameter, clear, cold and pure; the bottom appears visible to the eye and seems seven or eight feet below the surface of the earth or water, yet it has been sounded with a lodge pole fifteen feet in length, without meeting any resistance. What is most singular with respect to this fountain, is the fact that at regular intervals of about two minutes, a body or column of water bursts up to the height of eight feet, with an explosion as loud as the report of a musket, and then falls back into it, for a few seconds the water is roiley, but it speedily settles and becomes transparent as before the effluxion. A slight tremulous motion of the water and a low rumbling sound from the caverns beneath, precede each explosion. This spring was believed to be connected with the lake by some subterranean passage, but the cause of its periodical eruptions or discharges is entirely unknown. I have never before heard of a cold spring, whose waters exhibit the phenomena of periodical explosive propulsion in the form of a jet. The geysers of Iceland and the various other European springs, the waters of which are projected upwards, with violence and uniformity, as well as those seen on the headwaters of the Madison, are invariably hot.

Now, let it be remembered that the foregoing was published nearly thirty years before the discovery as quoted by the *Review*. At the time there was very little known of the country west of the Mississippi, scarcely anything of the boundless West beyond the Missouri. Such information as there was, however, was keenly sought after by the Mormons and was generally in its most reliable form possessed by them. They were then, as indeed, they have been ever since and are today, an exploring people, ever on the lookout for new lands to redeem. The old volume before us, published in the beginning of its career by William Smith and later by John Taylor, furnishes the proof of this; on another page it even gives a description of the terrible canyons of the Colorado. While it may be technically admissible to consider 1870 as the date of the discovery of the Park, because it has only since that time been continuously known and fully explored and utilized, there will have to be the important reserva-

tion, proved from the pages of a Mormon newspaper, that there had been knowledge of it 28 or 29 years earlier, even though that knowledge had been lost again.

A THEFT OF THUNDER.

At the last previous meeting of the City Council it was the agreement and was so announced by the president that at last night's session the special order would be the motion of Mr. Folland to fix the tax rate at five mills on the dollar. But lo! and behold, last evening the "bell wether" of the Liberal flock had a resolution all ready to present embodying in exact terms the motion of Mr. Folland. To pave the way for this motion of another kind was made by one of the flock which, as a matter of form no doubt, was debated for a while and voted down. Then came the previously prepared resolution. In vain was the point of order made that Folland's motion was what the councilmen were to vote on; the chair announced the question as being on the resolution just introduced, which carried naturally.

There is a contemptible trick in this which may need a word of explanation. We are on the eve of a political campaign. True to its instincts the Liberal party is on the lookout for vantage ground. At such a time as this, not to bring the rate of taxation down to the lowest point consistent with a good administration of public affairs would be for those responsible to commit hari kari. The leaders are smart enough to realize this. Furthermore, to permit a Democrat or anybody but a Liberal to initiate the reduction would be to permit something of credit to attach itself to the party doing it, with the likelihood of some votes following it. Rather than permit an advantage fairly gained to accrue to political opponents, there be Liberals as we can see who will violate parliamentary law, upset recognized usage and cast discredit upon their own word. It is altogether contemptible and those responsible for it should be made to feel, if they can feel, just how contemptible it is.

Now let upright, impartial citizens without regard to party see that the authors of the political piracy do not profit by it. While we are disposed to admit that many things are tolerated in political procedure that elsewhere would not be, and that to a great extent the rule of fairness is suspended, there is still a limit to the extent to which sharp practice must go and the perpetrators not be subjected to denunciation. The author of the Morey letter gained nothing for his party by his forgery and only infamy for himself, because he went to an unwarrantable length. So also did the majority of the Liberals in the City Council when by a miserable theft—not a stroke of superior diplomacy or the exhibition of any unusual "smartness" except such as the burglar possesses—they stole from Mr. Folland and his party the prestige which was theirs. The people will restore the property, we hope.