

present face to face with the musty past! Talk about what some other people would do if given an opportunity! Talk about slowness in going ahead and inability to recognize how other places are sweeping past us! Can anything be more subversive of the disposition to grow and expand and forge ahead than to be constantly confronted by bourbons and croakers and bigots and speculators who for purposes of their own unceasingly scold when their vaunted pace is not followed and unstintedly misrepresent when their real one is past!

One word as to the personnel of the Congress. They were chosen as a rule because of their fitness by men or bodies of men in every case capable of making good selections. They are representative of their respective sections and to a man were intelligent and wide-awake to what in their judgment is the best interests of the largest number in the Great West. It was not a speculation with them, so even if they were so disposed they would scarcely oppose their own conscience, judgment and information. To say or imply that these men are so feeble-minded that they do not understand the case, or so infirm of purpose that they are easily swayed one way or another, may be some people's real idea of what the average Western man is and an illustration of what kind of "progress" we ought to have. If so let them enjoy it to the utmost; it is almost a case of finding a charm in the midst of perfect solitude.

INACTIVE IN ALL LANGUAGES.

When Bismarck made his famous epigram about "masterly inactivity," he must have had in mind some such condition as that in which the city officials of Salt Lake find themselves with reference to the high water danger. We presume the Iron Chancellor holds that inactivity is of various sorts and degrees—hence his qualifying and expressive adjective. What we should now like to know is how he would have proceeded to indicate by a single word, in either German or English, the exhibition of a concentration of all kinds and degrees of inactivity—for that is the condition we have to describe. No more luminous instance of absolute doing-nothing was ever given in Teuton, Briton or Yankee land than is now on daily display by the beautiful coterie to whose tender solicitude the property interests of a considerable part of Salt Lake City are committed.

We are informed that two or three officials have taken enough interest in the subject to go down to the threatened district and look at it. This shows some courage, at least; it is opportune, too, for if the warm weather comes, no one can tell how long the said district will be there to look at. Furthermore, it shows that the official mind is beginning to get into action. All this, we maintain, is hopeful. Merely looking at the angry waters will scarcely evaporate them, or congeal them; it would be vastly more serviceable to attempt to drink them. Still, we do not want to be forever grumbling. While adhering to

all we have said about "masterly inactivity," we are inclined to think that if we can pull through this season by means of boats and webbed feet, the eyes of the Council and its underlings will cease to gaze upon the waters and will in Heaven's own time be turned upon the cauale.

A MINER'S EXPERIENCE.

J. S. Templin, a well known Idaho mining man, interested also in California, and in Mexico in mines, who makes his home at Salmon City, but who, when winter sets in, has gold mining in Chamberlain's basin, has arrived at San Francisco after having had a very narrow call for his life, says the *Chronicle*. He and an associate named Barney Tolman were snow-bound in the basin and, on April 11th, their condition was fraught with imminent danger by the fall of thirty inches more of snow. This amount fell in eighteen hours. They had food remaining, but all they had for four horses, which they had brought in over the Bitter Root range with them, was ten pounds of grain.

Knowing, as Mr. Templin told last night at the Palace, that the horses could not possibly be got and that they would starve if left, they shot all of them and then started on a 160-mile walk over the Bitter Root mountains to Elk City. To cross these mountains they had to go to an altitude of 9500 feet. Luckily they struck an old cabin on the evening of the first day, where they found four pairs of snowshoes, and, selecting what they wished, the next morning came on rapidly for sixty miles to the Salmon river. From there they footed it to a place known as Gardner's ranch, where they got horses and rode 150 miles to Lewiston.

Mr. Templin says it was a wild trip and the weather bad. The region from which he started, in Chamberlain's basin, is the place of the great glaciers discovered last summer. He says the glaciers are numerous and of great size. The mountains about are covered with pine, spruce and fir timber. He says these mountains also are full of wild game.

He and his partner, he said, saw some moose and many elk. The moose are protected by an Idaho law, but the elk are plentiful enough everywhere in that region and need no protection. He saw many of their yards also, the places where they buddle at night or during a storm, as cattle do in a corral. Numerous wild goats were seen while en route, too, as well as some smaller game. Bears, which he says are plentiful, were all hibernating.

Mr. Templin comes to California often, and frequently buys goods here for different mining companies which he represents. He says the Salmon river gold fields, as well as those of California, are attracting much attention among Colorado mining men, and that they have been buying and bonding a number of properties lately.

IT MAY be a little risky, still the chances are in our favor; and we predict as weather for tomorrow, snow, rain, hail and fog, with wind of varying velocity from the north, east, west and south, with occasional glints of sunshine from above.

THE INTERNAL REGIONS.

The following, to which allusion is made on the editorial page of this paper, is reproduced by request, from the *DESERET NEWS* of February 21st, 1852:

NEWS FROM THE INTERNAL REGIONS.

[From the *Missouri Republican* of 1826.]

Some months ago a Canadian, of the Rocky Mountain party, to whom I had rendered some services, brought to me a bundle of papers, of which he gave me the following singular account: He said that beyond the mountains he fell in with a party of the Hudson Bay company. With this party he found a brother that he had not seen for many years. His brother gave him the bundle of papers, and informed him that about two years before, he had been on a hunting party, east of M'Kenzie's river, where fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux Indians, from one of whom he received the bundle in exchange for a knife. The Indian told him that a long time ago, his band was encamped on the sea shore, a great distance to the northeast; that one day a strange man was seen on the ice, coming toward them; that the stranger was greatly exhausted from hunger and cold; that he took him to his tent and gave him food, but he died the next day, and left the bundle of papers, securely wrapped up in skins.

If my curiosity was excited at this singular history of these papers, it was much more so when, on examination, they proved to be a narrative of the travels and extraordinary adventures of an American by the name of Jonathan Wilder. The papers are in a greatly deranged state, and appeared to have suffered from the rude hands through which they had passed. The narrative is written partly on common paper, and partly on rude parchment, and what appears to be the bark of a tree.

It appears that Mr. Wilder was many years ago, wrecked on the coast of Africa; was taken prisoner by the natives, and was carried into the interior of the country; that he passed through many nations of Africa, as a slave to a black merchant; that he eventually fell in with, and was ransomed by the celebrated Munco Park, whom he afterwards accompanied on his travels. He states that Mr. Park, himself and three natives, were descending a large river, (the name of which is rubbed out in the manuscript, but presumed to be the Niger), they came to a large city, at which they proposed to land, but were diverted from it by the hostile attitude of the natives, who appeared on the bank in immense numbers. They passed the city, followed by the natives on the banks, halloing and using singular gestures, which added to their apprehension that mischief was intended. In a short distance, the river became contracted, and the current greatly increased, which induced them to attempt a landing at all hazards, but it was now too late; the river became a perfect rapid; rocks and whirlpools beset them on all sides, and they soon lost all control over the direction of the boat.

A large mountain appeared directly ahead, with a chasm in its base, gaping to receive them. The three natives had jumped overboard on the first alarm. Park and Wilder clung