

A STRANGE COUNTRY, GEYSERLAND.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL TO THE GREAT
FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND
GEYSER BASIN.

Who has not heard of the Yellowstone Park, of its many marvels, of the weird and strange sights to be witnessed within its borders, of its glorious waterfalls, its many colored cañons, its mud springs, its spouting geysers, its sulphur mountains and wondrous lakes? Let those who have not heard bear with the writer in the effort to describe what he saw on making a visit for artistic purposes in this world-famed region.

Take up a map of the Western States and Territories and look at the north-western part of the Territory of Wyoming, you will see a section marked "Yellowstone Park." Its superficial area is 3,575 square miles, it is 55 miles from east to west by 65 from north to south. On this space, preserved by special act of Congress from the vandalism of settlers, are two beautiful lakes, fifty geysers of the first grade of importance as spouters, and 1,500 hot springs. The principal ones of the Geysers can beat the whole world, the well known water volcanoes of Iceland being completely dwarfed by those of the great west located in the park.

The highest estimated point that the eruptions of the great Geyser of Iceland reaches is 80 feet and often, not more than 60 feet. From this fact the statement may be made that in every respect the ebullitions of the American Geysers beat the world.

A man named Colter who crossed the continent with Lewis and Clarke in 1804 is credited as being the first to draw attention to the wonders of this region, but his stories were regarded as fictitious and but little was really known until Captain W. W. De Lacey explored the country with a party of prospectors in 1863. Since then Dr. Hayden has

THOROUGHLY EXPLORED.

mapped, and described the whole region, and it is through his efforts that it has been preserved as United States property, devoted to the pleasure seekers of the world and protected by efficient guards from destruction and spoliation from the depredations of the specimen hunter. No one is allowed to destroy game only as necessity may require. Killing the wild game for their hides is visited, when discovered, by heavy penalties. So much for brief preliminaries. The next question is how can

A PERSON OF LIMITED MEANS

visit this Land of Wonders? There are three or four routes open. The first by the way of the Northern Pacific that has a branch line 57 miles long from Livingston to Cinnabar, seven miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs. The next route is via Beaver Cañon on the Utah & Northern, and the next one available for wagons is the one over Snake River bridge by Market Lake, up to where the roads join the one from Beaver Cañon. Of course the residents south of the Northern Pacific cannot think of entering the Park from the north, and we have therefore the choice of fitting up our own teams and journeying as of yore, slowly and comfortably, camping out by the way. The distance into the Park from Utah is nearly 400 miles, and to those who have plenty of time, the independent camping out method is very enjoyable, but to those in a hurry the proper thing to do is to go by rail to Beaver Cañon, and go by way of Bassett's Stage Line, this will land you in the Park in three days. Regular tickets are sold for the round trip by the railroad company. Large parties can get reduced rates. The best time to visit this Wonderland is from the first of August to the 15th of September, although hundreds go in from the first of June, but the flies and mosquitoes are very troublesome in July.

I can only talk of the last named method of visitation. Our party obtained an independent camping outfit and did our own cooking. Meals at the stations cost \$1.00 each, and hotel fare in the canvas hotels in the Park is \$4.00 per day. As a matter of course our plan is much the cheapest, though more troublesome, but all noted places of resorts have their drawbacks. On no account would I ask anyone that is in a hurry to visit Geyserland.

The road

FROM BEAVER CANON

passes over a series of low rolling hills, the northern edge of the great Snake river valley. To the right the towering peaks of the three Tetons loom up above the horizon. The distance is said to be 100 miles. Grass and water are abundant, the mountains of the Rocky range on our left furnish any number of streams of beautiful water, in which sport thousands of brook trout, the lands fertile, timber plenty, and everything invites the homeless thousands of the crowded cities of the east and the old world to come and secure homes. But the winters are cold; and are not the winters of Canada cold? And how about Northern Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, and still further north Manitoba? Here are millions of fertile acres, timber, beautiful hay lands, pure water and a fine climate, and the finest fishing in the world. Further on after leaving Sheridan 32 miles from Beaver, herds of antelope nearly buried up in luxuriant grass, and thousands of wild

fowl may be seen. The Shotgun river swarms with wild duck, geese, curlew, snipe and other edible birds. The scenery along the route leaves nothing to be desired; grand mountain chains, rolling grassy prairies, and splendid roads (in dry weather.) The road then reaches

SNAKE RIVER.

where it passes over a smooth, pebbly bottom about four feet deep. It then enters the timber and runs along the south side of the river. Now and again the old trail may be seen, well worn and deeply indented in the grassy meadows. A pretty pond called Green Lake is seen on the right. At about eight miles from the first ford we cross the river again, and reach Rea's ranch, the night station of Bassett's line.

OF ALL THE LOVELY SPOTS

to invite the tourist to linger in, none ever seemed so inviting as this one to me. The smooth glassy river swarms with the finest trout: the screech of the wild fowl and the luxuriance of the natural growth of grass and timber: game of the wilder sort, such as elk, bear and deer, roam over the mountains near by. The log hut is embellished with the skins of grizzlies, elk and other animals. This is a good spot to let your own camping outfit have a rest and try the repast served up by Mrs. Bassett in the dinner tent. Trout and venison are the staples, and no stint. Travelers seem to gain wonderful appetites when they reach this place.

One of the attractions here is

CATCHING OF TROUT

with the spear. A fire of pitchpine wood is placed on an elevated grating in the bow of a flat boat. The light attracts the fish and the nimble operator spears the finny beauties with barbed spears. The night before I arrived there Mr. Rea caught 1,002 fish in one night. The lot weighed nearly 1,500 pounds. These are shipped to Butte, Pocatello and other points on the Utah Northern, and must prove very remunerative to the parties interested.

Leaving Snake River Station the road passes over an

EXTENSIVE SWAMP

for several miles. Game, as everywhere else, seems abundant. Henry's Lake is seen to the north of the road. This lake is one of the feeders of Snake River. It is shallow and broad, and looks beautiful, nestled in the heart of a pretty valley with towering mountains all around it. The road then winds over the Togwotee Pass, and we bid good by to the waters rolling into the Pacific. On the down grade the streams run into the Gulf of Mexico, and the next point of interest is the

SOUTH FORK OF THE MADISON.

Fish and game abound and the usual mountain chains are all around us, covered with dense masses of pine timber, but not very large. From the station at South Fork the road is one of the finest in the world for 12 miles. It then takes over the Norris Pass, a high mountain ridge in the Park. The gap of the main stream of the Madison is seen to the left. From the summit of the mountain into Fire Hole Basin the roads are full of stumps and bad for bicycles. Glimpses of sulphur springs and extinct craters are beginning to appear. We are now within the limits of the Park, and at dark, by a steep descent, we are landed into

FIRE HOLE BASIN.

No part of this region is less than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, so that the nights are always cool. The water left in the hand-bowl was frozen solid in the morning, and looking around one could see immense columns of steam issuing from the craters of geysers at different distances. The water of Firehole river is warm and pleasant. It is mainly fed from the heated belchers of hot water located above. The road to the Upper Geyser Basin passes the middle basin. Hell's Half Acre and many wonderful wells and geysers located on each side of the Fire Hole river. I cannot attempt to give in detail the names and sporting qualities of each geyser. Many of my readers may ask the question: What is a geyser? In plain talk it is an orifice in the crust of the earth through which hot water and steam is projected into the air. The height to which this heated water rises above the surface varies. The immense body of water and steam projected from the Excelsior Geyser in Hell's Halfacre reaches 400 feet. But it rarely gives itself that much trouble, and its ebullitions are uncertain. Some of the others are certain in their actions, notably Old Faithful, in the upper geyser basin. I timed it about eight times and found it to vary from 55 to 70 minutes. Its spout is often as high as 150 feet. The Beehive from 200 to 219 feet, the Giantess 250 feet. The duration of the eruption of Old Faithful is from three to five minutes. Some of the others keep up as long as twelve hours. It is not often you can see the explosion of many of the most famous. Parties anxious, will have to camp close by, and be watchful. They are liable to go off at any time day or night, and never respect the Sabbath. All of the Geyser water contains lime and other ingredients in solution, which create about the orifices strong incrustations that assume all kinds of shapes. Some of the craters are level, some elevated into cones, and as these assume different shapes they have been named. If I were to endeavor to explain the na-

ture of a geyser to children I should put a certain quantity of oatmeal into a pot, and as it became heated, and the water absorbed, the upper part thickens, and prevents the escape of the steam from the bottom of the pot nearest the fire. Now as the water below becomes superheated its expansive power is increased, so that it bubbles up through the upper crust, throwing out steam and lumps of the oatmeal. In like manner the water in the earth being acted upon both chemically and by the interior heat of the earth, becomes so much expanded that it bursts forth through the water that has found its way into the orifice above the more heated portions below. We then have an eruption of the heated volume of water from below and all is still again, this is about the way it seems to me. But the curious can study up the matter further in the encyclopedias. An eruption of any of the geysers is something grand and calculated to impress one with feelings of wonder and awe. As I watched the progress of an ebullition I could hear a noise like the blowing off of steam on a big ocean steamer. This subsides and a short spasmodic spurt of hot water a few feet in height is thrown up, then another spout still higher, and gradually this process is repeated until a volume is projected into the air, in some cases as high as 150 feet. I am speaking of Old Faithful. Rocks, pieces of wood or any article that may be thrown into the centre is thrown out at the same time. The whole geyser region is full of different objects of wonder, some of them throw out mud of different colors. Some are more sulphurous than others. The hot wells are most beautifully colored, the deepest blues, and most brilliant hues of green predominating, while fringes of brilliant yellow line the margins.

GEOLOGISTS HAVE ARRANGED

matters in this wise: First we have fiery volcanoes, then eruptions of mud, then water, and finally the whole matter settles down to Warm Springs. This is the last gasp of volcanic action; of such is our warm and hot springs near this city.

From Firehole Basin we went to the

YELLOWSTONE CANYONS

and Falls, a distance of 30 miles, passing on the way the Sulphur Hills, near by, is an immense sulphur spring, showing great activity. These hills are 500 feet high and supposed to be composed mostly of sulphur, the result of geyser action now since extinct. The Yellowstone River is next reached and skirted for a few miles over a road with some frightful mud holes. The scenery is everywhere charming. At length we reach the rows of tents called the Yellowstone Hotel. Next morning we are all alive, one of the

GRANDEST SCENES IN NATURE

is near by. We boldly strike out upon the trail. The first object of beauty is the rapids above the Upper Falls. Next in order is the Upper Fall, which by a twist in the rocks is hidden from sight. It is 112 feet high. Further on is the Crystal Cascade 60 feet high, and the Grotto Pool, both romantic and beautiful. More climbing on this circuitous trail along the edge of the cañon, and the grand view of the cañon and Upper Falls bursts upon us. But near by is a greater roar, and as we still follow the trail, Lookout Point is reached. At this point most people become dumb with amazement. The main cañon with its many-colored rocky sides is before us. The walls are 1,300 feet from the top to the river, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, in the centre of which is the grand fall, 300 feet high, in one unbroken body, filling up the deep recesses of the cañon with spray upon which the morning sun has painted the everlasting covenant between God and man—even the rainbow. The effect upon the mind is thrilling, and leads one to the beautiful words: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord." The operations of old Father Time has cleft the walls into hundreds of pinnacles, frail tiny specks from the dizzy heights above. As the passing cloud throws a shadow upon the scene before us, all is sombre, but soon the sun's rays touch up with golden brightness first one spot and then another until the effect becomes transcendently beautiful. I have seen many places of interest and beauty, the Shoshone Falls of Snake River, the Yosemite Falls, the Niagara Falls, but this one of the falls and cañon of the Yellowstone is the crown of beauty. Mortal man with the greatest fertility of invention cannot invent a superior combination artistically than this picture. It is all here: colors, foreground, middle, distance and background. No wonder that everybody is satisfied for all the trouble taken in reaching this point. Every person who visits this spot is benumbed with admiration.

Following the trail down the cañon reveals a succession of marvellous effects of color, and of light and shade. At one point called

ARTIST POINT

the river is plainly seen and a succession of ridges of greater beauty and wealth of color than those around the falls. The prevailing tints are lemon, orange, maroon and every shade of yellow and gold. The bright fringe of green seen in the dense growth of timber around completes the picture of grandeur and loveliness. On one of the pinnacles a pair of hawks have built their home on the dizzy summit,

just large enough for them. Their little family are getting ready to their ability to float in the air.

Parties having plenty of time should follow the trail down the cañon to Tower Falls and other noted places. In my case I had to leave these points for another visit. The howling winds and angry clouds foretold a coming storm. I reluctantly left these scenes of beauty for the Yellowstone Lake, 7,788 feet above the level of the sea.

The distance from the falls to the lake is about 16 miles, and as we approach the

YELLOWSTONE RIVER,

beautiful views are obtained. One frightful place is worth stopping to look at. It is nothing more nor less than a deep hole, at the bottom of which, nearly 20 feet, an immense volume of blue sand is constantly being vomited with a powerful stench of sulphur and other chemicals. This stink-pot caps the climax for hell-holes, and would answer the description well as an entrance to a lake of fire and brimstone. It almost seems that we can hardly go to any place without coming in contact with hot springs of some sort.

As we near the Yellowstone lake, immense flocks of wild geese, swans, ducks and other wild fowl are met with. The river is full of large fish easily seen from the road. We are now nearing the great water shed of the continent. The lake soon appears. It is a large and broad sheet of water shaped something like the human hand about 20 miles across. On the distant borders may be seen Mounts Doane, Stevenson and Sheridan. I found water on its shores as well as a vegetable growth unlike anything I ever saw. It seemed to be green, globular masses of vegetable lymph. Vast numbers of dead leeches could be seen. I imagine these are the worms that infest the fish found in the lake. We did not get any fish while there, and so could not tell if they were wormy. The scenic effects over the lake before a coming storm are grand in the extreme. We lay down in our tent looking forward to another glorious day's experience on the morrow.

Daylight revealed the fact that there was four inches of snow all over the beautiful landscape. A few short hours had turned the loveliest scenes of summer into dreary winter. We folded our tents and like the Arab stole gently away.

The transition from summer to winter is not long in high latitudes. We were 30 miles from supplies and had no gun to shoot game, and nothing to bait a hook with. The conclusion was quickly arrived at to make for home, reaching Beaver Cañon through a pelting storm that lasted four days.

The wagon roads in the Park are very good—but much of the scenery can only be seen on trails, so that parties will have to pack where wagons cannot go. I could not visit the Mammoth Hot Springs, and Morris geyser basin, Fossil Forest and Tower Falls. One month could easily be spent in viewing the marvels of this volcanic region.

C. R. SAVAGE.

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AMERICAN.

WORCESTER, 18.—Ladies and gentlemen: I am sure that under this rich autumn sun, and in this rich and prosperous State, you will expect from me nothing but a word of congratulation, and if there be any one spot within the limits of the United States which may challenge all others in prosperity, contentment and general happiness, it must be Worcester in the State of Massachusetts. (Applause.) We are in the habit, in our mind, without looking closely at figures, of thinking some rich sections of Europe are far more populous than any sections we have in this country, but in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there is not as dense a population as inhabits Massachusetts, from this point to the sea. There is not in the crowded kingdom of Belgium, nor in that hive of industry, Holland, so dense a population as you on this ground represent to-day, and when you come to compare the comfort, thrift and general prosperity of the entire people, there is not perhaps, on this globe a community that can stand comparison. Out West, in those rich lands that laugh a crop when tickled with a hoe," in that "boundless contiguity of space" in which an agricultural district stretches from the crest of the Alleghenys to the great plains, it will be a surprise to them, if it is not to you, that this county of Worcester, out of 1,700 and odd counties that make up all of the States, that this county of Worcester is the fifteenth in the whole of the United States in value as to agricultural products, and what is more surprising than that, standing in this high rank in agricultural industry and agricultural products, it stands still higher in mechanical industry and the product of manufactures, for in that great list it stands tenth in the United States, so that when you come to estimate the five thousand and five hundred millions of product and manufactures in a single year in the United States, you can see what must be the magnificent prosperity of this county, that it should be fifteenth in one list and tenth in the other. Gentlemen, this county has long been noted and long been known. It is the county best known in the State, so widely known throughout the nation, and if it were

to be presented, or if any county in this country were to be presented as one exemplar, or an illustration of what free industry and free schools and free education could do, there would be one voice in favor of presenting the county Worcester as exemplar. [Applause.] We are sometimes a little jealous of you in Massachusetts, but perhaps it is only for your superior prosperity. [Laughter.] But outside and beyond that jealousy, I am here to say, on behalf of the State which was a part of the old commonwealth, that for the county of Worcester for the State of Massachusetts, no other feeling is entertained than that of profound respect, admiration and honor. [Cheers.] Thanking you, gentlemen, for the very cordial and hospitable reception which has been made so agreeable to-day, and wishing you an abundant increase of the great prosperity which surrounds you, I bid you a cordial farewell. [Applause.]

After speaking at the fair, Blaine and Senator Hale dined with Congressman W. W. Rice. After dinner Blaine was quietly driven to the depot, where a great crowd had assembled, and he was given three times three cheers as he boarded the 5.37 train for New York.

INDIANAPOLIS, 18.—In the United States District Court this afternoon, the attorneys for Mr. Shoemaker filed a bill of discovery in the Blaine-Sentinel libel suit. The bill states that after filing the interrogations, Shoemaker's attorneys, on the 6th of September, moved the court for a rule against Blaine to answer the same within a specified time to be fixed by the court, which motion was argued on September 14th and overruled. The bill then goes on to say that in order that a certain defense of justification may be pleaded by Shoemaker, it will be necessary and material for the orators to show and prove that Blaine had illicit relations with and seduced the person whom he afterwards married, the result of said intercourse being the birth of a child in about three months after said marriage. The bill goes on to say that the orators are informed and believe the marriage of James G. Blaine and Harriet Stanwood occurred on or about March 29th, 1851, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; that the marriage was clandestinely arranged, secretly performed and hastily accomplished; that no license was issued by any authority for such marriage, none being required by the laws of Pennsylvania at that time; that no public official record was kept or made for the same reason; that one Brian, the minister who officiated at said marriage, being dead several years, and that if any private memoranda or record of the marriage were made, the same is lost or destroyed, the particulars of which marriage was known to Blaine. The bill then states that some time before the date of said marriage Blaine was a professor at an institution of learning at Millersburg, Ky., that Miss Stanwood was an instructress in a female school at the same place, and that they became acquainted. Both were unmarried and Blaine addressed Miss Stanwood as a suitor; that he gained her confidence, and illicit relations ensued; that a short time before said marriage Jebai Stanwood a brother or uncle of Harriet, or some other person unknown to the orators, waited on Blaine, charged him with being the cause of Miss Stanwood's condition and threatened person violence unless he married her, that Blaine made no denial of the charge, and agreed to marry her. The bill then states that after the marriage Mrs. Blaine went to Augusta, Maine, where a child was born, about June 13th, 1851, and that said child was always recognized and acknowledged by Blaine as his son. Orators further say they have a good and valid defense, as stated in the plea of justification; that the facts stated in the answer are true, and the same can be fully established by the answers of Blaine to the interrogatories heretofore propounded, all the circumstances being known to him, and a full and complete discovery of said facts from and by Blaine is necessary to the orators in their defense, in aid of such other testimony as may be procurable. Unless this is done the orators cannot so fully set out and show and prove the facts necessary to their defense. The orators, therefore, pray that a full and complete discovery be made by Blaine in relation to the facts heretofore stated, and to that end he be summoned to answer the same under oath. The bill closes by asking that a writ of subpoena be issued out of chancery for Blaine, and that he be ordered to answer particularly the interrogations; that the proceedings be stayed until such time as Blaine may answer; that in case Blaine fail to answer said bill, or fully and truly to answer the interrogations, further proceedings be perpetually stayed and restrained. The bill was not filed till 5 o'clock, and the court adjourned with out taking action.

NEWARK, N. J., 18.—At least 5,000 persons to-day were on the fair grounds of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society at Waverly. Every portion of New Jersey was represented. Governor Leon Abbet arrived early, and General Butler drove over from Newark at 3:30 p.m. After paying his respects to ex-Congressman Clark, president of the society, General Butler spoke for ten minutes to a large crowd. He said he had never thought of talking politics at a fair, and devoted most of his speech to advising the farmers to raise sorghum and produce, and leave the cultivation of grain to the grain States of the West. The speech was warmly cheered.

In the evening, at the military square