

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

THE sequel to the late sensation about the discovery of the outlet to the Great Salt Lake, has come to hand. The whole matter is in a fair way of solution now, and henceforth the mystery of the Lake is exploded. The hero of the adventure is said to be a Mormon, but we think this a mistake, it must be one of the members of that party of "scientific men," who left Corinne, at the time of the "outlet" canard, on a voyage of exploration.

This yarn was printed a week ago in the *Rocky Mountain News*, published at Denver, Col., and was furnished to that paper by a correspondent, who at the time of his wonderful discovery, was fishing or boating on Lake Sahwatch, in San Luis park, Denver.

The hero of the adventure, tempted no doubt by his love of "scientific" exploration, was probably drawn into the vortex, or "maelstrom" outlet to the waters of the Great Salt Lake; and strange to tell, did not see daylight, again until he reached Lake Sahwatch, above mentioned. The story reads as follows:

"Those visitors who have camped near the lake must sometimes have been awakened in the night by a singular gurgling sound like that of fluid escaping from the neck of a demijohn, and perhaps have uncharitably ascribed it to the gurgling propensity of some comrade. I have often heard it, but on a recent night, when I had penetrated into the swamp in search of mud-turtles—really the finest game for the pot in this region—the gurgling became so loud, and at the same time was so evidently distant, that my curiosity was excited. I determined to make an attempt to ascertain the cause of the strange sound.

"I pushed on as I could in my skiff for several hours through water, mud and thickets of reeds, and at length my labor was rewarded. I came into an open lake, perhaps half a mile across, which was bubbling and foaming like a boiling pot, and I could see that beyond a little island the agitation was still greater, and that the water was leaping up in a great jet there and flowing out in all directions, rapidly extending and deepening the lake. At considerable risk I pushed quite near to the centre of operations, and could see that the outburst of water was growing larger every minute. The agitation was now so great that I did not dare to remain long near the grand jet; and besides there were choking fumes rising from the surface, suggestive of anything but 'the better land.'

"Just as I started my skiff toward the point at which I entered the lake, my attention was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be a long dugout ejected violently from the boiling flood. As good luck would have it, it was driven toward me, and what was my astonishment to discover the form of a man lashed to the thwarts in the inside. As quickly as possible I caught hold of the dugout and towed it to a safe distance from the boiling water, thinking only that I was taking an unknown body to its burial. But some signs of life were soon visible in the prostrate form. Happily I had a flask of whisky in my pocket, with which I occasionally wet his lips with good effect, and when I got both boats outside of the swamp, now a very respectable lake, it was evident that there was hope of saving the man's life. Securing help, I took him to the nearest ranch, and after three days of careful nursing he is now able to speak. He seems to be a Welchman, and a Mormon, and unfortunately can speak very few words that we understand. But we make out the drift of his story, which is so incredible that I do not much blame my neighbors for saying that he is a crazy fellow, and I am his silly dupe. But I know where he came out, and so am prepared to put some faith in what he tells us, which is this:

"He says his name is Yeneke Sikwot, or Sikwurt; that he came from Wales with Elder Hardy, who converted him six years ago; that he was out fishing on Salt Lake about a week ago, as he thinks, when he found that his boat was being drawn into a great whirlpool; that, finding he must inevitably go down, he lashed himself to the thwarts of his boat, thinking it might prevent his being dashed in pieces on the rocks, and that its lightness would cause it to rise to the surface again with him. After he went down into the vortex he remained insensible, for how long he does not know, and when he awoke, he found himself rapidly borne on a rushing river in total darkness. Luckily he had some food in his bag and bailing the water from his dugout with his hands, he made himself as comfortable as he could. Occasionally there was a gleam of light through a crevice far above, just sufficient to show that he was on a wide river with an immense archway of jagged rocks above his head. The occasional fall of a fragment into the water caused him much alarm. His idea of the time that elapsed on this subterranean voyage is necessarily vague, but his famished condition proves that it must have been several days. He has but a single remarkable incident to tell of all that dreary time. Not long before his boat emerged into the lake, he passed under a large open

cleft in the mountains, so wide that he could look up to distant snowy peaks, and the great chasm of the river was made bright with sunshine. One side of the archway at that point seemed to him a wall of solid, brilliant gold, for hundreds of feet above his head, and he thinks for a mile in extent. He has no doubt that there lies the gold 'in mass and position' so often spoken of by the great prophet and eulogist of this centre of the globe, and as soon as he is strong enough we shall explore for the cleft where he saw it, which he is confident must be among the mountains encircling this valley.

"Such is Sikwot's story. Is it the dream of a madman or is it reality? I can swear that he came out of the lake, and the rest is as yet a matter of faith. If a great subterranean river from Salt Lake flows under this Park where is its outlet? for evidently its debouché into the lake can only be caused by an occasional flood in its waters or the obstruction of the stream further down. But speculations are futile. If I obtain further information from Sikwot or by our joint explorations of the lake and the neighboring mountains, I will hasten to make it known to you."

If Swift and Munchausen were here now, they would feel themselves eclipsed after reading that, and, if they could, "would hide their diminished heads," &c.

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 1st, 1870.

Ed. News:—Do you think the Fine Arts are represented sufficiently, as they exist in our Territory? A very pointed query.

I have a reason for asking this, which is, that being connected—somewhat—with the NEWS, I was spoken to by an artist, who asked why it was that nothing (recently) had appeared in the paper on Home Fine Arts, while other papers, in towns and cities where they are cultivated, are continually speaking favorably of, and, thereby, encouraging them.

We have talent in this line—excellent talent—which is being developed, and with encouragement if no more than by a friendly word or notice occasionally would increase in excellence. A good critique, after an inspection of several paintings now on the easels of some of our artists, would encourage them to persevere in well doing.

Respectfully,
J. E. EVANS.

REACHED HOME.—Elders Albert Carrington, Heber Young, H. C. Jacobs and George Thatcher reached home on Saturday, from missions. They were accompanied by Elder Ellebeck. Elder Carrington, for the past two years, has been presiding over the European mission, and has traveled extensively on that continent. Elders Young and Jacobs have been absent, we believe, for about three years, the latter having labored in the British Islands, the former most if not all the time, in the Swiss mission. They are all well, and are extremely gratified at being again among their friends and relatives in the Valleys of the Mountains.

THE FIREWORKS.—The display of fireworks, last night, was one of the finest ever seen in this city, and was a capital finish to the day's Celebration and festivities. It took place on the hay and wood market, opposite the Theatre, and lasted an hour and a half. Among the most beautiful devices exhibited, were a shield and olive wreath, Maltese Cross, Chinese Fan, and an inscription, with batteries, July 4th, 1776. These, with volcano, minor stars, rockets and Roman candles were the leading features of the display, which was given under the superintendence of Messrs Millard and Baker. There was a large concourse of spectators, but the best of order was preserved then and throughout the entire day, not a case of disorder of any kind having occurred, that we have heard of, to mar the harmony of the Celebration.

IN TOWN.—J. Corning, Esq., General Assistant Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, from Sacramento, and D. R. Patton, of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and Dr. McNulty, of San Francisco, with their wives, on a visit to our city, arrived this morning, in a special car of their own. They were accompanied by Brothers Lorin and Aaron Farr, of Ogden. They will probably stay over Sunday, and visit the places of interest in and about our city.

STRAYED

FROM Mount Pleasant range, a Light Roan HORSE, with white strip in face; branded T on left thigh; had a short rattle hanging round his neck, was last seen in Thistle Valley. Any information that will lead to his recovery will be gratefully acknowledged by the owner.

HANS POLSON.

w24 1

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w16-1f

NOTICE!

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that I, Samuel Smith, Probate Judge of Box Elder Co., U. T., did on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1870, enter in the Land Office at Salt Lake City, U. T., for the use and benefit of the citizens of Willard City, U. T. the following described land, to wit:

Lot four, [4], section twenty-two [22], south half of south-west quarter section twenty-three [23], north-west and north half of south-west quarter section twenty-six, [26], lots one [1], and two [2], north east and south-east, and lot three [3] section twenty-seven [27], Township 8, north of range 2 west, containing 682, forty one hundredths acres.

Any person or persons having claims in the above survey of land, will file the same with the clerk of the County Court of Box Elder County as prescribed by law.

SAMUEL SMITH,

Probate Judge,

Box Elder Co., U. T.

W17-3m

STRAYED

FROM the West Mountain, on Wednesday, June 29th, one Black MAKE, and one Bay HORSE; branded AT on left hip, and X on right hip; both animals had a long rope attached when they got away. They were traced east as far as Sugar House ward.

Any person giving information that will lead to the recovery of the above to James Saunders at D. H. Wells' office, will be liberally rewarded.

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