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# THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXI---NO. 35. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1602.

**The Cecil Whig**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

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$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

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Jan 27, 1872

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FOUR OCTAVE ORGANS $50 each; FIVE OCTAVE ORGANS $100, $125 and upwards. With *three sets reeds* $150 and upwards. *Forty styles, up to $1,500 each.*

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For one or two persons of either sex, in every town in the United States, by which they may realize from $800 to $1,000 per year, with but little interference with ordinary occupation. If the whole time is devoted, a much larger sum will be realized. Boys and girls can make nearly as much as grown people. Some making from $7 to $10 per week. For particulars, address J. J. FARDELL & CO., 767 Broadway, N. Y.

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The New Odorless, Non-Poisonous Deodorizer and Disinfectant.

**The want of a certain and Perfect Deodorizer and Disinfectant** capable of destroying all noxious odors and gases, as well as *germs of disease, and septic particles in the air*, has long been felt, and more particularly one that was free from *poisonous qualities*, so that it could be **safely used under all circumstances;** fatal results having occurred in the use of such as *Carbolic Acid, and its compounds, (known as Phenates or Phenol Sodique.) Chloride of Lime, Chloride Soda*, also *Sulphate of Zinc* and *Acetate of Copper*, known as "Girondin."

**Bromo-Chloralum** contains *no poison*, possesses *no color in itself*, operates by *destroying* and not by *creating* an odor greater than the one to be removed.

**Invaluable as a Gargle** in Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Canker, Catarrh and Fœtid Breath.

**Indispensable in Small Pox,** Typhoid and Scarlet Fever, Cancers, Fœtid Ulcers, Discharges of all kinds and all contagious diseases, both as a wash to neutralize fever poisons and as a disinfectant.

**To Remove all Bad Odors** or gases and to **Disinfect Sick Rooms,** suspend cloths saturated with it diluted, and put a gill of same in all chamber utensils before use.

**This Odorless Deodorizer** absorbs in an astonishing manner all odors in the Kitchen, in Store Rooms, Pantries and Meat Safes, by simply suspending cloths saturated with a dilution of it, also by sprinkling Cellars, Sinks, Water Closets, Sewers, &c.

**As a Household Article** it has no equal for superficial injuries, Scalds, Burns, Mosquito Bites, Chilblains, Fœtid Feet and Arm Pits, Erysipelas, Itching and Cutaneous Affections. For purifying Barrels, Milk Cans, Babies' feeding bottles, and all dishes and utensils that have any bad color.

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To Advertisers.—All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of Advertisements should send to

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for a Circular, or inclose 25 cents for their **One Hundred Page Pamphlet,** containing lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates, showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experience of men who are known as **Successful Advertisers.** This firm are proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Agency,

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FOR SALE.

The subscriber will offer at Private Sale, a FARM, containing 22 ACRES and some perches, in good condition. A three-story COTTAGE, nearly new, containing 8 rooms, with a Kitchen and Pizza back, with a never-failing Well of water in it. Also, a good sized Frame Barn, stoned stable-high, with a threshing floor and side mows; and other small outbuildings. Also, Fruits of various kinds. The property is situated on the road leading from I. D. Carter's Paper Mill to Bay View, 1 mile from the former, 3 from Cherry Hill, and 6 miles from Elkton, Cecil county, Md., convenient to churches, schools and mills.

For further particulars, apply to the subscriber, on the premises. JOHN JOHNSON.

Jan 13, 1872—3m*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

J. HARVEY ROWLAND
vs.
MARY E. HILL, Administratrix of Stephen A. Hill, AND OTHERS.

In the Orphans' Court for Cecil county. In Chancery.

The creditors of Stephen A. Hill, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, in the Office of the Register of Wills for Cecil county, in Chancery, on or before the 16th day of July, 1872.

W. P. EWING,
mar 16, 1871—4w Trustee.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

200 Tons Cope's Phosphate AND 150,000 Osage Orange Sets, FOR SALE.

☞ Delivered free of freight, by Railroad.

Price Cope's Ammoniated Bone Phosphate, $45 per ton.
" " Dissolved Bone, 50 "
" Osage Orange, $3.75 per M.

Satisfactory references given on application. Orders respectfully solicited. Address

GEO. B. PASSMORE,

CHROME P. O., Chester co., Pa.

Residence—two miles north of Brick Meeting House, Cecil county, Md. [mar 16, 1872—4w

For The Cecil Whig.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

STOCKTON, CAL., March 15th, 1872.

MR. EDITOR,—It was only about seven miles down Little Cottonwood canon, Utah, before we came to bare ground, where mild zephyrs fanned our cheeks and the songs of birds were once more echoing amongst the trees; and a few miles further down in the valley, green grass and the farmers following the plows, seemed to us like magic. Only three hours before we were travelling over twenty feet of snow, where the keen winds from the North seemed to belie that it was possible for so great a change in so short a time and distance, yet such was the fact. When we took the cars at Sandy station, on the S. U. P. R. R., we were in a great state of prespiration, although those living in that vicinity thought it cool. In due time we arrived at Salt Lake City, thence to Ogden, a Mormon city, containing about 400 inhabitants; where the water is so impregnated with sulphur that we could not drink it.—The next day we arrived at Corinne, the only true Gentile town in Utah, containing 1,500 inhabitants, who are at present very poor, inasmuch that the mice go about with tears in their eyes, and if we had remained there long we should have been ditto. The U. P. R. R. Co., contemplate making that vicinity the terminus of their road. If so, those people will crawl out of their penury.

From the last town referred to as far West as the Humboldt, the Toano range (Utah) and the Humboldt (Nevada) mountains, with their valleys, present to the eye a similar panorama. Rain but seldom falls, and its being too elevated for irigation, will therefore never be of any use to Uncle Sam, except for grazing close to the mountain streams. The only thing indigenous to the soil is sage brush, for hundreds of miles it covers the vallies and high up the hills or mountains. The water level or line is visibly seen, and many of the hills appear to be a conglomeration of boulders and sand, showing inevitable proof that it was formerly covered with water, and the very hills look as if there by streams running into this once great lake or sea. The Humboldt River is a very small river, only about 20 or 30 feet wide, emptying itself into Humboldt Lake, or sink close to the C. P. R. R. In its vicinity are a few white families engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the Pi Utes Indians inhabit those parts in fantastic array. West of the lake are the White Plains, or desert, deriving its name from the white limestone, sand and alkali, wherein are the hot springs, notwithstanding the water of those springs comes to the surface, an artesian well 500 feet deep only found surface water about a mile from there on the railroad.

In due time we arrived at the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, where are snow sheds for nearly 50 miles,—otherwise the trains would be blockaded like unto the U. P. R. R.,—think of being in a place like a tunnel for 50 miles, yet we were glad that we were, else we should have been put on *hard tack*. Just as we began to ascend the range the American River presented itself to our view, away down below the track—I should think 1,500 feet—enough to make one giddy headed to read about it; however, I looked and saw waterfalls leaping hundreds of feet into the terpid stream below. In its neighborhood are the gold mines. Valleys and hills are turned upside down by manual labor, even close to, and under the turn of Dutch Flat for the precious ore.—Journeying on we soon caught a glympse of what an old *forty-niner* called *God's own land*. As far as the eye could reach the renowned Sacramento Valley was to be seen, just at the time when the great red sun was fast descending beyond the Coast range, leaving reflections of rainbow hues on the glossy bosom of the Sacramento River, where, on each side for scores of miles is a valley, or plain, rich as those which greeted, with its fertile loveliness the eyes of Lot; waving wheat and green grass, like you get in May, with flowers of every hue perfuming the breeze. Oh, for a longer nose!

Still traversing through this delightful region we finally beheld the twinkling lights of gas in the distance, when in a few moments the iron horse neighed, and in pops the conductor shouting "Stockton!" This city is situated on the San Joaquin River, (pronounced San Wakeen,) equal in fertility to the above mentioned valley; in fact both might be termed one. After we got West of Utah the greenback ceased to be—ten per cent taken off—went somewhat against the grain, but we were forced to succumb to it, and now we are basking in the land of gold and silver, and you ought to hear it jingling; also, when we retire to hear it go down "whack" on the floor; and what fun it is to see them trickling about. A $10 greenback turned into coin makes the possessor feel that he is as rich as all *Shermany*.

More anon. THOS. STEPHENS.

For The Cecil Whig.

Letter from Indian Territory.

TAHLEQUAH, Cherokee Nation,
Indian Territory.

DEAR WHIG:—Your familiar pages come to me often through the kindness of a friend. How welcome you are! how pleasant to see the name of a friend, if it is but in an advertisement; it is almost as good as a letter from them.

The latest news here in the Red Man's country, is the opening of the Male Seminary as an Orphan Asylum. On Monday, the 4th of March, the audience room was crowded. There were prayers, speeches, and singing by the choir. The first speech was made by our Chief, delivered in the Cherokee language. It was very interesting to see him and hear him, and judging by the manner in which he spoke, it must have been excellent. The next was by Rev. J. B. Jones, the Indian Agent. Then others occupied the floor, which added much to its interest, and, no doubt, profit. All the speeches were made in English, except the Chief's.

After all such exercises were over, the chief taking the lead, the audience followed into the dining room, where there were long tables spread for dinner, and a nice dinner it was, too.

The orphans came in very poorly clad, but are now being cared for very nicely.—Most of them are very interesting, and very few look like Indians.

Our President is a Methodist minister, and a good man; his heart is in the work. There are many things to contend with.—The institution is not a wealthy one. We need a Sabbath-school library, and a pulpit bible and hymn-book.

I hope some of my friends will see this, take the hint, and do what they can for the poor orphans. What a pleasant surprise it would be, some morning when the teams come from town, to find in them a box containing the above articles.

KATE A. CALEB.

[From The Aldine for April.]

LIVERWORTS.

They are laughing in the meadow,
They are smiling in the dell;
Upon the woody hill-tops
The blue-eyed beauties dwell;
And unto those that love them
A pleasant tale they tell.

From fallen leaves and withered
They mischievously peep,
And laugh at later flowers
Unwakened from their sleep,
While tenderly they guard them,
An loving vigil keep.

In modest maiden beauty
Some blush along the way,
While others fleck the meadows,
Or by the fountains stray,
In white or blue habiliments
To greet the April day.

They seem at frolic ever,
Now hiding from my sight,
And then together clustering
As if in half afright,
Yet conscious of their holiday.
And happy in the light.

No other coming flowers
To me as dear as they,
Of those that bloom in April,
Or in the genial May;
I would that thus to comfort me
They evermore would stay!

For tales of vanished childhood
To me they sweetly sing,
And to the fading memory
They recollections bring
Of home and loving faces—
A precious offering.

Unplucked I leave them growing
Full thick about my feet;
I cannot call them townward
From out their fair retreat;
No refuge has the city
For anything so sweet.

The story that they tell me
Of pleasure and content,
Of hope and trusting confidence
However faith is bont—
This lesson I can bear away—
To teach it they were sent.

THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MARVEL.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WONDERFUL SCENERY OF THE REGION—"THE BATHS OF THE ANGELS"—THE UPPER AND LOWER FALLS, AND THE GRAND CANYON—YELLOWSTONE LAKE—THE GEYSER REGION.

Day by day the marvellous scenery of the Yellowstone region is being unfolded to the world, and each fresh development adds to the wonders previously described. It is now proposed to constitute the headwaters of the Yellowstone into a grand national park, in order that our treacherous civilization may not mar the beauties of this wonderful section. The region which is so abundant in natural marvels is situated about the sources of the Yellowstone river, in the Territories of Wyoming and Montana. Although many years have elapsed since glimpses of its wonderful scenery were first given to the world in the reports of miners and trappers, it was not until 1859, that a systematic attempt at its exploration was made. In that and the following year, a party under the command of Colonel William F. Reynolds, of the United States Engineers, attempted to penetrate the Yellowstone Basin by way of the Wind River Mountains, but the expedition was rendered abortive by reason of the depth of the snow and the ruggedness of the mountains. Last year the party of General Washburn, accompanied by an army escort commanded by Lieutenant Doane, contrived to enter the region, and to give the world a glowing account of its beauties. This year another party, sent out by Lieutenant-General Sheridan, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Barlow, has explored the region, and from the reports of this expedition a Washington correspondent has compiled the following highly interesting sketch:—

The maps will show that the Yellowstone river is a tributary of the Missouri, into which stream, after leaving the northwestern part of Wyoming, and flowing through nearly the whole length of Montana, it empties just east of the boundary line between Montana and Dakota. But the headwaters of the Yellowstone are the scene of the phenomena to be indicated, and these are approached by striking the river at a point some distance above the boundary line (running east and west), between Montana on the north and Dakota on the south, and by thence following the river up stream (that is to say, nearly due south) towards its mountain sources. (It will be observed that the Yellowstone river flows at first from south to north before it takes its eastern direction through Montana to join the Missouri.)

The progress of the traveler from what is called the middle canyon up the valley of the Yellowstone, develops before him a series of surprises. The middle canyon, rough and obstructed by masses of volcanic rock, at length widens out into a beautiful valley, affording the finest pasturage and camping-grounds. The river swarms with trout. Farther up the stream tall mountain ranges arise on either side. Rocky spurs shoot out from these and intersect the trail. Lovely little lakelets sleep between the ridges, within a short distance from the river bottom. The Devil's slide, a ragged mountain colored a deep red by salts of iron, is seen along the way.

Fifteen miles above the middle canyon the warm creek called Gardiner's river empties itself into the Yellowstone from the southwest, whence it descends down a mountain gorge of singular beauty. Five miles up the left bank of this river the first great scene of the theatre of natural wonders into which the traveler has entered is exposed to view. He is at the foot of Soda Mountain, which might have been more whimsically named the Baths of the Angels. As seen from a distance it may be compared to a frozen cascade which had broken out from the side of the mountain. But on a nearer approach it is seen to consist mainly of the deposits of a system of calcareous springs, the like of which cannot probably be found anywhere else in the world. Based upon a broad, flat terrace, on which, in the forms of old chimneys and irregular openings like entrances to caverns, are plainly visible the remains of once active springs, the mountain rises up, disclosing at first a series of basin-like pools, from four to eight feet deep, and having semi-circular rims exquisitely scolloped; and underneath these rims depend rows of stalactites, with every variety of ornamentation on the surface. From these basins or baths rises a declivity of about a hundred and fifty feet, in steps formed of similar white and parti-colored basins. Upon the terrace above are numbers of active springs, with basins twenty to fifty feet in diameter. Three hundred feet farther up on the sides of the mountains are a few living springs and the remains of hundred of those extinct. The lower terrace exhibits remains sufficiently curious. Among the extinct geysers here is a cone called the "Liberty Cap," a circular deposit of carbonate of lime fifty feet high and about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base.—The layers of deposit from this spring, which gradually formed such a shield around itself until it died out at the summit of the cone which it had created, are arranged on the sides of the cone like straw on a thatched roof. The terrace above, where most of the active springs are situated, is on a near inspection indescribably charming. The wonderful transparency of the waters, the brilliancy of the reds, purples, yellows, and greens, of the deposits on the rims of the springs and along the channels through which the waters are carried away, and the grace and delicacy of the mineral formations, are spoken of with enthusiasm by every visitor. And those who have seen the mountain aver that its sides still further above present the remains of an exhibition of natural architecture that must have been on even a more beautiful and grander scale than any of the others. Here are found a splendid series of semi-circular basins rising in steps to the very summit; but the rich scolloped borders, resting upon rows of stalactites, are now fast going to decay under atmospheric influences. The few small springs, which send up small jets two to four feet high, burst out of orifices lined with a light cream-colored substance, which also covers the sides of the declivity over which the water flows with this brilliant coating. The springs on the middle terrace below have loftier jets and a warmer temperature. The temperature of all the springs varies from 80 to 100 degrees.

What a place would this have been for Tennyson's Lotus-eaters! Reclined. 'Like gods together, careless of mankind,' on the terraces of this magnificent mountain, they might have united to the sleepy influence of the lotus the lazier luxury of the bath until, blissfully dying, their bodies should be embalmed imperishably in soda and carbonate of lime, and turned into griffins and caryatides for the astonishment of future tourists.

Descending to the mouth of Gardiner's river, the traveler continues the trip up the Yellowstone. The mouth of the east fork of the river is next approached—a stream which finds its source many miles to the east and southeast, among some of the loftiest peaks of the Rocky mountain range. An elevated rolling country, several miles in extent, lies in the angle of the fork and the main river. It is intersected by numerous streams, fed from the melting snows on the neighboring mountains. Here a number of small lakes are discovered, their surfaces covered with ducks. Near the centre of the area stands a mountain of remarkable appearance, nearly square, with precipitous sides, known as the "Square Butte."

Above the mouth of the East Fork the vally of the Yellowstone narrows again. The walls which enclose the valley, composed of volcanic conglomerate, capped by basaltic columns, tower hundreds of feet above the river level. In many places graceful pinnacles arise far above the tops of the columns, increasing the picturesque splendors of the vista. Steam jets, and other evidences of the hot springs which abound in nearly all the valleys of the upper Yellowstone basin, are visible near the river's edge. Several miles further on, the stream called Tower creek enters into the Yellowstone. Just before seeking the river, this fine torrent drops from the midst of a group of tower-like crags—some of them rising upwards of a hundred feet above the declivity whence the waters leap—forming a sheer white fall of a hundred and fifty-six feet into a shallow basin.—Thence it rushes down in a series of rapid and roaring cascades to the point of its junction with the Yellowstone. Its wild channel and the channel of the main river in the vicinity are fringed with growths of pine and hemlock.

A short distance above the mouth of Tower creek a beautiful undulating country comes in sight, covered with grass and flowers. Though the elevation here reached is some 7000 feet above the sea level, the effect of the cold mists on the verdure is like that of healthful dew. Beyond appears the formidable mountain range named the Elephant's Back, in the heart of which is the Great Canyon, of the Yellowstone.—The trail ascends this range at a considerable distance from the river, the view of which is for some time lost in the midst of sublime mountain scenery. Mount Washburn, one of the highest peaks of the range, rears its head hundreds of feet above the pine wildernesses that cover the surrounding summits, and the fields of snow that fill the intervening gorges. Stupendous vertical canyons are worn through this mountainous region, down which innumerable torrents fed by incipient glaciers tumble towards the deep, hidden course of the river. This the trail returns to at a point above the Upper Fall of the Yellowstone.

For several hundred yards before reaching the brink of the Upper Fall, the river descends over a series of cascades. The solid rocks on either side converge until the channel is narrowed to a width of about eighty feet. The velocity of the current becomes intense. At the crest of the fall the whole volume of the river is projected outwards and separated at once into conical masses of foam. These soon lose their individuality, and gradully blend together, forming a dense white mass, which spreads out at the bottom with unparalelled force and beauty. At the foot of this fall the Canyon of the Yellowstone finds its beginning in a delightful gorge between two and three hundred feet in depth. The river flows swiftly though smoothly over a rocky bottom, to the edge of the Lower Fall half a mile below. Here it makes its prodigious leap to the bottom of the Great Canyon.

The spectacle of the Lower Fall and the Great Canyon is from any point of view sublime. But it is from the bottom of the canyon, into which it is possible to descend on one side down the steps of an appalling lateral fissure, that explorers have derived their most vivid impressions of these marvels. The walls of the canyon, nearly vertical, rise from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the river. Their faces present an irregular surface of basalt, resting against which are immense deposits of silica of all colors—every shade of red, yellow, and white. Much of the deposit is as white as snow. The rocks are constantly crumbling down, leaving steep ridges and lofty pinnacles standing out from the walls. Between these ridges and pinnacles are visible the traces of fissures which communicate with the heated interior of the mountains. Hot springs and steam jets bubble and spurt at the feet of these precipices, and far above them the sharp peaks of the bordering mountain appear like rows of Egyptian pyramids. Set between such barriers of splendor, sublimity, and gloom, the picture of the Lower Fall is seen—a symmetrical and unbroken sheet of foam, 350 feet in height, in front of which arise volumes of spray taking the hues of the rainbow. Beds of vivid green moss adorn the rocks at the sides of the fall. The river below runs with the velocity of a torrent, hurrying down declivities, spinning around abrupt angles, and dashing itself into foam at every turn. Standing in the depths of this gigantic canyon a man is but a flea. To miss his footing and be sucked to death by a whirlpool would be to perish among what seem the thunders and the sombre and stupendous formations of original chaos.

The scenery above the Elephant's Back, through which the Yellowstone has thus carved its way, is tame and pastoral.—Flowing over a sandy bed, with gently sloping and well-wooded banks, the river is a broad, smooth stream. In the peaceful valley which sleeps between the distant mountains, is space enough for farms and thriving hamlets.

The monotony of the expanse is relieved, however, some miles farther on, by the largest group of sulphur and mud springs on the south side of the Yellowstone. The group is distinguished as the Seven Hills, and covers an area half a mile square.—Several mounds of silicious deposits from extinct springs, varying in height from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet, have given it this name. These show that the present active springs represent only the last stages of what must have been in the past a magnificent phenomenon. The existing springs are either boiling, mud, or quiet springs. On the west side one spring produces a sound like that of a locomotive.—The principal boiling spring is near the base of the hills, and sends up a column of water two feet. The mud springs emit thud-like noises every second, with impulses at long intervals that throw up the mud several feet. The sounds and sights here make nature queer company. She speaks with extraordinary voices.

Sixteen miles above the upper fall of the Yellowstone and eight miles above the Seven Hills, is the Yellowstone Lake.—This beautiful sheet, which lies among the snow-peaks of the highest mountain, 7500 feet above the sea, is about twenty-two miles long from north to south, and has an average width of fifteen miles from east to west. The river enters it on the south and finds an outlet at the northern end. The lake is very irregular in outline. Several high promontories project from the southern and western shores, greatly diminishing its apparent size, but adding to its beauty. Heavy masses of timber cover the shores quite down to the water's edge, leaving here and there, however, lovely beaches bordered with grassy slopes, odorous with flowers. In the deep embayments sit myriads of ducks and other wild fowl, and the waters furnish several fine varieties of fish. The mountain rim of the lake rises from 1500 to 4000 feet above its surface, and, except in two directions, is unbroken. To the west and southwest are breaks in the chain, though one of which appear the outlines of a conspicuous conical peak, 10,500 feet in height. In the mountain system which surrounds the lake are born the tributaries (almost the principal sources) of three of the largest rivers on the continent. Four of the most important tributaries of the Missouri, namely, the Big Horn, the Yellowstone, the Madison, and the Gallatin—have their springs here.—Flowing first north, then east, they strike the Missouri, which in its turn flows south easterly to the Mississippi Valley, where its waters are blended with the stately stream that empties its tides at last, 3500 miles below, into the Gulf of Mexico. The Snake River, whose sources are actually interlaced with those of the Madison and the Yellowstone, turns westward, and traverses nearly a thousand miles of territory before it joins the Columbia on its way to the Pacific Ocean. Again, the Green River, rising but a few miles from the sources of the others, seeks the Colorado of the West, which, after innumerable windings through deserts, and a roaring passage of hundreds of miles in the abysses of canyons surpassing even those of the Yellowstone in grandeur, depth, and gloom, reaches the Gulf of California. Penetrating to the lofty recesses where these springs arise, the explorer stands, as it were, astride of the grandest water-shed in the world. A pebble dropped into one spring touches a water-nerve of the Pacific; a pebble cast into another touches a similar nerve of the Atlantic Ocean. It is a thought to cause the wings of the spirit of a man in such a place to expand like an eagle's.

We now pass into a region south of the Yellowstone Lake, which is more unique, and in some respects more impressive, than any of the others. This is the Fire-hole Basin, the seat of the greatest known geysers, and the scene of other natural curiosities, to describe which, typographically and in detail, would be impossible in a popular letter. Some modern Bunyan might adopt the approach to the Fire-hole as the scene of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The Fire-hole River is a branch of the Madison, and the course from Yellowstone Lake leads westerly through a broken country, where are encountered from time to time innumerable indications of the hot springs which are the heralds of the true geysers. The Fire-hole Basin is entered from the north, and there and in the vicinity appears a bewildering succession of wonders.

The two geysers first encountered are called the Sentinels. One is in constant agitation, its waters revolving horizontally with great violence and occasionally upward twenty feet. Near a plateau containing some fifteen or twenty hot springs are situated the Fan Geysers, whose waters spread out in the shape of a fan. The walls and arches of the Grotto—an exceedingly intricate and fantastic formation of rock and spring deposits, from the summit of which a geyser plays to the height of sixty feet, and from whose numerous apertures below the water issues with the play of a fountain—have a splendid effect. Near the Grotto is a remarkable group of geysers, of which one, called the Giant, throws a column of water fifteen feet in diameter to a measured altitude of 150 feet. This display is continued for an hour and half, and so immense is the quantity of water discharged that during the eruption this volume of the river is doubled. At the base of a mountain further south is the crater of the Comet geyser, the pride of the Basin. There are three openings, all of which are apparently connected with the reservoir. One a very small aperture, emits puffs of steam like the exhaust-pipe of a steam engine. The large one in the centre boils violently during an eruption, but does not throw water to a great height.

The third opening is the geyser proper, from which a towering column of hot water, twelve inches in diameter at the base, ascends to the amazing height of 200 feet. These are merely specimens of a collection of geyser and boiling springs distributed over the basin and along the mountain sides, producing from all points of view a marvellous effect, and exposing, when closely examined, even more beautiful formations and colors than those at Loda Mountain. In some localities the scene is a reminder of Dante's descriptions of the Inferno. Sulphurous fumes and clouds of threatening steam overhead, a hot crust that sinks under the feet below, and the unearthly noises of the geysers on every side, are enough to affright a nervous adventurer. But occasionally his path leads up over the shoulder of some hill, when his gaze is attracted high above the fiery valley and away through some mountain gorge to such a delightful, reassuring picture as that of Fairy Fall.

THE LAND OF OPHIR.

The great geographer, Herr Petermann, in a letter to the *Ostsee Zeitung*, expresses himself satisfied by the latest report of the German explorer, Herr Carl Mauch, that our newly acquired diamond fields in East Africa are identical with the Ophir of the Bible, from which King Solomon is said to have conveyed gold and ivory and precious stones to Jerusalem for the construction of the temple. The whereabouts of the ancient Ophir has long been a disputed point. The Portuguese, on taking possession of Sofala, invested that colony with the Biblical character.

Legends were affirmed to be currant among the natives that the rich gold mines and the buildings of which ruins were visible owed their origin to the Queen of Sheba, and Lopez even asserted the existence of ancient documents, proving the removal, in ancient times, of gold and precious stones to Jerusalem. These assertions cannot, however, in Herr Peterman's opinion, stand beside the discoveries made in our new colonies by Britton and Mauch, Merenksy and Grutzner. Zimbabye is the place.

Its neighborhood is rich in alluvial gold, precious stones and diamonds. It possesses ruins of extensive piles of buildings, the structure of which shows them to be of unquestionable and remote antiquity.—Ornaments and instruments are still found that could not possibly have been made by the natives, but might well have been left there by Phœnicians. Three days' journey from Zimbazye similar ruins have been found, and the surrounding country is rich in all that favors agriculture.

The present inhabitants have been in possession only about forty years, and they regard the ruins and relics with a certain awe, due to tradition, which invests them with a sacred character. The geography of the place tallies admirably with the indications given in the Bible. Phœnician vessels would naturally sail along the eastern African coast for the Red Sea, and proceeding by this route they would be about three years coming and going, as stated in the Bible.

—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempest, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other, and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute that part of education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the mark of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

A STARTLING ANSWER.—A good story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which the children took an uncommon interest. She told that the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who come next, and was readily answered by one boy, 'Man,' she felt encouraged to ask:

'What comes next to man?'

And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under a defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competition by promptly shouting:

'His undershirt, ma'am.'

—Reader, if you have borrowed the paper you are reading, don't do it again.—Subscribe. It isn't safe to borrow papers. We once knew a poor, but honest man, who borrowed a paper, innocently and inadvertently, from a hitherto wholesome neighbor. Fatal act! That terrible contagion, the small pox, was conveyed insidiously in the fibres of the sheet. Of that extensive and interesting family, a doting father, a fond wife, several intelligent and heroic sons, thirteen lovely daughters, two popular mothers-in-law, and three beautiful aunts—not one remains to tell the tale.

—Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny he lay down and laughed to think of it.—The more he thought of it the funner it seemed, and he determined to do it. Bull quickly tossed him over the fence again; somewhat bruised Pat leisurely picked himself up, with the consolatory remark, "Well it's a mighty foin thing I had my laugh foorst."

—Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see, in the rear, a dressed hog hanging by a hook to the wall. "Ha! ha!" cried they to the young man