

the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "the Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geyser Basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously-coloured mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the grayish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared. But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the caldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly-coloured green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within, and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud, It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von