

Buch and the old exploded "crater of elevation" theory. Each of these cones was nevertheless undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilisation; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geyser Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey, far down below its lowest cañon, on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely-timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again towards the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine-tops,—a vast dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short narrow valley full of beaver dams, we reached a low flat watershed 7063 feet above the sea, and stood on the "great divide" of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry's Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky towards the west