

The geological structure of the earth, except a tract of beautiful granite, through which we travelled for a few days near the Black Hills, and one or two bad specimens on Snake river, is one and the same, viz. basaltic. It would seem that the entire Rocky Mountains, extending even to the Pacific ocean, have been thrown up from the bowels of the earth by internal fires. The country of the Columbia river especially, is a beautiful specimen. The Bluffs on either side rise to the height of from 100 to 1,200 feet, in benches of perfect flutes, closely piled, all perpendicular, with the exception of two small piles I observed in passing from Wallawalla to this place—one horizontal the other oblique. For one whole day, while passing the Blue Mountains, two days from Wallawalla, we were upon cut stone, or stone broken fine by some natural agency, and resembling very much continued heaps of such broken stone as is prepared for covering roads in the States. This day's travel injured the feet of our animals more than the whole journey besides. In fact we found but little difficulty till we reached these mountains. Most of our animals made the whole journey without being shod. We drove a wagon to Snake Fort, and could have driven it through, but for the fatigue of our animals. We expect to get it at some future time.

The whole face of the country, from Fort William, at the foot of Black Hills, till within six or seven days travel of Wallawalla, is covered with the mountain sedge, a species of wormwood, with a fibrous stalk of the size of a man's wrist, and from three to four feet high, having a dead appearance. No creature, I believe, eats this bitter herb, unless compelled by hunger. This sedge was some obstruction to the wagon, though but little to the pack-horses.

Three days before we reached Fort Hall we passed what seems to me one of the greatest curiosities in the world—a natural soda fountain of unknown extent, having several openings. One of them is about fifteen feet in diameter, with no discovered bottom. About twelve feet below the surface are two large globes, on either side of this opening, from which the effervescence seems to rise. However, a stone cast in, after a few minutes, throws the whole fountain into a violent agitation. Another of the openings, about four inches in diameter, is through an elevated rock, from which the water spouts at intervals of about forty seconds. The water in all its properties is equal to any artificial fountain and is constantly foaming and sparkling. Those who visit this fountain drink large quantities of water with good effect to health. Perhaps in the days when a rail-road connects the waters of the Columbia with those of the Missouri, this fountain may be a source of great gain to the company that shall accomplish such a noble work, if they are beforehand in securing it. For I am sure if visitors can come from the far east to see the Niagara Falls, they would not value a few days more to visit the west and see the great soda fountain of the Rocky Mountains.

#### DAVID HUME AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—

"In the year 1763, the celebrated Infidel, David Hume,—a man, compared with whom, the Infidels of our day, in point of intellectual stature and attainments, are timid and imbecile dwarfs—was reaping the harvest of his bad fame in Paris. Writing to a friend in Britain, he says,—'Here I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London.'—Who would imagine that in this elysium of our Arch-Infidel, and, in the very hour he wrote this pompous sentence, that his opinions, and those of his fulsome flatterers, were ripening to all the horrors of revolutionary phrenzy! Hume moved in the politest of the Parisian circles, among them the demon of unbelief had found a distinguished place; and the accomplished Ladies of Paris did, what some vulgar women have done with us,—avowed themselves Infidels!

"The consequences too soon appeared. Not many years after, the French, a people celebrated through the earth for their suavity and politeness, were suddenly transformed into democratic fiends. All softer passions were swallowed up in one boundless appetite for blood. Murder was aided by mechanical skill, and thirteen heads were severed in one short minute.

"So fixed and indulged was the passion for slaughter, that a solitary or dual execution would not collect a crowd;—it was only when numbers bled, that spectators could be obtained. The unearthly mania raged from the capital to the extremities of the empire. Louis was no more, and Robespierre reigned."—*Sermons by the Rev. J. Bromley*

#### POPULATION OF IRELAND.

Established Church.....	851,792
Presbyterians,.....	635,587
Protestant Dissenters,.....	21,518
Roman Catholics,.....	6,429,162

7,937,162

Dr. Cook gives the number of Presbyterians much larger than this. He says, "As to our numbers, they are variously estimated. I have myself calculated the Presbyterians of Ireland at 700,000; others have estimated them at a million. One of my fellow-deputies, not negligent of statistics, calculates the people of the Synod of Ulster at 800,000."