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A TRIP TO THE GEYSERS OF NEVADA.

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THERE is probably not one person in ten, or even a hundred, who can tell to what Continent Nevada belongs, whether it is a Town, Province or Territory, or whether its inhabitants are black or white, barbarous or civilized. The reason is obvious. It is only twelve years since it had a name; for previous to that time it was passed over as blank space on the map of the world. To be sure, since 1849, parties had been passing through it by the Carson Valley and Truckee routes; but if any account was given of it, it was vague and unsatisfactory. Even Fremont, who explored it in 1846, does not throw much light on the country, for his locations are so loose and his descriptions so unexact, that if we know anything previously of the country, we rise from a perusal of his travels utterly bewildered. Captain Bonneville, of the United States army, who explored a great portion of the country west of the Missouri River between the years 1832 and 1840, is even more vague. Viewed by the light which the geography of the present day has thrown on it, we are amazed at the free and easy way in which he talks of journeys of a thousand miles or more. He fairly annihilates space with the celerity of his movements. From Green River to the Immahah (a branch of the Columbia), or from Powder River to the Big Horn (a branch of the Yellowstone), in each case covering from eight hundred to a thousand miles, he travels as easy, and seemingly as quickly, as we would journey to the nearest market town.