

account of the health of one of his daughters, I know not what his intentions are, but he told me before going away that he thought he could give me an easier & less exposing position soon. But perhaps enough on subjects on which I know so little, I suppose that Spring is probably opening slowly even in Iowa. Peaches (where there are any) & wild plums are still in blossom, & many wild flowers are dotting the prairies & plains.

Yesterday in coming in from camp I formed an opinion from the appearance of the ground at the foot of a mountain that there was a spring there. I turned aside & searched for it, & was soon rewarded by finding a warm sulphur spring. The water was nearly of blood heat, clear & beautiful to look at, but so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to enervate everything with it which might lie upon the surface & affects a large creek into which it soon flows, with a strong sulphuric smell through its whole lower course (some 20 miles or more). Gas rises through pores or openings in the ground for some distance about the spring. This water is also salt to the taste, & I think has a slight taste of Petroleum. (I think it would be useful in curing itch. if freely applied, at any rate it would make a man abhor himself if any thing affecting the nerve of smell would do it.) I secured a bottle of it to be analysed & consider myself the discoverer, for though the Indians knew of it & had told me that there was such a spring they would not take me to it or tell me where it was.