

the rim and drop into the valley below, there being no uplands to carry them.

By the present line of road, the cars enter Echo Canyon proper at the little station of

Castle Rock—8.4 miles from Wasatch. This station derives its name from the long line of sandstone bluffs on the right-hand side of the canyon, which are worn and torn away until, in the distance, they have the appearance of the old feudal castles, so often spoken of, but so seldom seen, by modern tourists. For a long distance these rocks line the right-hand bank of the canyon, their massive red sandstone fronts towering from 500 to 1,500 feet above the little valley, and bearing the general name of "Castle Rocks."

The cars descend the canyon amid some of the grandest and wildest scenery imaginable. We do not creep along as though we mistrusted our powers, but with a snort and roar the engine plunges down the defile, which momentarily increases to a gorge, only to become, in a short distance, a grand and awful chasm. About 7.2 miles below Castle Rock, the traveler can behold the Natural Bridge, a conglomerate formation, spanning a cleft in the wall on the right-hand side. This

Hanging Rock—of Echo has more than a local reputation—see illustration, page 39. It gave the name to one of the overland stage stations, when the completion of this road was—but in the dreams of its sanguine projectors—an undefined and visionary thing of the future.

The left-hand side of the canyon presents but few attractions compared with the bolder and loftier bluffs opposite. The wall breaks away and recedes in sloping, grassy hillsides, while we know not what lies beyond these walls to the right, for they close the view in that direction. Wall, solid wall, broken wall, walls of sandstone, walls of granite, and walls of a conglomerate of both, mixed with clay, rise far above us, and shut from our vision whatever lies beyond.

The beauties of Echo Canyon are so many, so majestic, so awe-inspiring in their sublimity, that there is little use in calling the traveler's attention to them. But as we rush swiftly along, seemingly beneath these towering heights, we can note some of the more prominent features.

The only difficulty will be that one will hardly see them all, as the cars thunder along, waking the echoes among these

castellated monuments of red rock, whose towering domes and frowning buttresses gave the name to this remarkable opening in the Wasatch Mountains. Four miles below Hanging Rock the walls rise in massive majesty—the prominent features of the canyon. Rain, wind and time have combined to destroy them, but in vain. Centuries have come and gone since that mighty convulsion shook the earth to its center, when Echo and Weber canyons sprung into existence—twin children—whose birth was heralded by throes such as the earth may never feel again, and still the mighty wall of Echo remains, bidding defiance alike to time and his co-laborers—the elements; still hangs the delicate fret and frost work from the walls; still the pillar, column, dome and spire stand boldly forth in all their grand, wild and weird beauty to entrance the traveler, and fill his mind with wonder and awe.

About six miles below Hanging Rock, up on the topmost heights of the towering cliffs, a thousand feet above the bed of the canyon, can be seen the fortifications erected by the Mormons to defend this pass against the army under Johnson, sent out in 1857 by Uncle Sam. These fortifications consist of massive rocks, placed on the verge of the precipice, which were to be toppled over on the heads of the soldiers below, but the experiment was never made, so the rocks remain to be used on some other foe, or as the evidences of a people's folly.

On goes the engine, whirling us past castle, cathedral, towering column and rugged battlement, past ravines which cut the walls from crest to base in awful chasms, shooting over bridges and flying past and under the overhanging walls (see Steamboat Rock, ANNEX No. 19), when, after crossing Echo Creek, thirty-one times in twenty-six miles, we rush past the Witches' Cave and Pulpit Rock, our engine giving a loud scream of warning to the brakemen, who "throwing on the brakes," bring the train to a stop, and we get out once more to examine the country, Weber River and Echo City station.

Before we take a final leave of Echo Canyon we will relate an incident, thrilling in its nature, but happily ending without serious results, which occurred there during the construction of the road from Echo City to the mouth of Weber, and is known as "Paddy Miles' Ride."—see ANNEX No. 20.