

the precipitous sides of a granite bluff that reached half way across its course. Above we looked up the steep sides, straining the eyes sometimes to see the tops of the high bluffs; often to see the channel, for stream and roadway seemed to be but a few yards wide.

“There are many scenes of remarkable interest on the way. I pause to mention but two: ‘the Dome’ and ‘the Falls.’ The dome is an immense mass of bare rock, in the shape of a ‘dome,’ which rises out of the narrow valley two or three hundred feet high. Around its base and along the bank of the stream the roadway has been cut. About half way down the canon we came to the junction of North and Middle Boulder creeks. A few rods from the junction we reached, by a narrow trail cut in the side of the mountain, and wide enough for one person, some beautiful falls. They seem to break out of a mass of rocks, and, falling some forty or fifty feet into a deep pool, they presented a charming sight. The surroundings were as wild as they could be. Here, under some large cedars by the side of the creek, we found a small camping-ground, large enough for a company of forty or fifty, and opening our well-filled baskets, and dipping our cups into the cold clear stream, we enjoyed a bountiful lunch. Now and then the tourist through Boulder Canon may discern, far up on the crags and heights, the wild mountain sheep which frequent these hills, and are as nimble and fleet amid these precipices as are the chamois of the Alps. They keep beyond the reach of deadly gun and murderous man, and clamber about these ledges