

place, and its deep chasms and lofty sides, and great stone, of every hue and shape, amaze the beholder. The deep, narrow dell is completely walled in, and the little gateway through which we entered was made by nature, that mountain torrents might have access to the exterior world. A bright, sparkling stream rushes perpetually from the second and larger garden, which is full of wonders. There are towering crags and lofty stones set upon end, some inclined like the leaning tower of Pisa, and others erect as was Cleopatra's Needle or Bunker Hill Monument, all rising to dizzy heights, and each having its own peculiar color. Eagles' nests are visible along the summit and within the palisades, and there is a plateau covered with bright undergrowth; and five hundred yards from this mightier than Chinese wall is a residence at the base of the mountain. Through a deep, narrow gorge flows the brawling brook, and along its bed we rode beneath overhanging cliffs, until weary of wonders and of the contemplation of amazing precipices and mighty overhanging stones, shutting out the sky. These, now and then, almost kissed one another, and so far above our heads that we could hardly have heard it if the rugged osculation had been accompanied by a thunder-clap. To the broader garden one finds access through a double gateway, each wide enough for a dozen horsemen abreast. The stone fence on either hand is a solid wall of red sandstone, very thin in comparison with its frightful altitude. It was painted red, perhaps that it might endure and gratify the taste of savage red men. It is