



GRAND PORTAL—EXTERIOR.

from the Castle to the Door is northeast; and from the Door by a sharp angle nearly due east to the Sable. All along the coast there are heaps of rocks which have fallen from the cliff, and where the waves have not worn them down (and the sandstone, of all the strata, readily disintegrates) still afford a landing-place. Lemm says these avalanches usually happen in the spring.

We were in a hurry to get to the Chapel Beach before dark and put our hut in order, so we made but a few moments' halt in the Great Door. Sublime spectacle, a dome high in the air, vast and impressive—echoing our voices and the splashing of our oars, and alive with flocks of gulls, we reluctantly pulled away from it, resolving to come again, as soon as we should be located, to measure and explore it. But we did not then know the inconceivable attractions that lay beyond, and prevented our return for many days. On the way to the Chapel Beach from the Door you pass by ten or twelve headlands formed very much like each other, and each resembling the stern of a vessel; and this group we named the Stranded Fleet—from its resemblance to a fleet of immense vessels gone ashore bows on.

Here we are at length at the Chapel Beach, and there is the Chapel. Is it not truly named? Like the ruin of some ancient temple, whose roof still rests on a few crumbling columns and is overgrown with trees, carrying its date far into the dim past. The Indians locate a Manitou in the Chapel, and another in the Grand Portal.

Did you ever build a birch hut in the wilderness? No. Well, look on, and see how it is done. Cut a few poles for the frame, and stick them firmly into the sand, and tie them together at the top to form the apex of the roof. Roof! why, it will be all roof and floor like a garret. Now peel birch bark in as broad pieces as you can, and get the inner bark of the cedar for strings, and tie the birch bark pieces on the poles, overlapping to shed the rain. Drive stakes deep into the sand and tie poles over all to anchor against the wind. Make a door, and your hotel is complete. Of course the fire is outside.

See, our friend the Indian is quietly making a fire to boil coffee. How expert these red men are in woodcraft! He stripped two pieces of bark to my one; and did you see how skillfully he doubled up the corners of one large piece which he is now using as a pail to bring water from the spring? Birch bark becomes flexible by warming, and may be bent without breaking. "I wonder if his birch would be as safe in a high wind as your boat, Lemm?" The idea that any craft could be compared with his boat for an instant so dumbfounded Lemm that he stalked silently away, only giving us a pitying look for answer.

Hurrah! now for work! "Come, Duxtater, while Lemm is busy catching some trout for dinner or supper, as we happen to want it, let us cruise along the rocks; and first we will visit the Chapel. But I say, Lemm, did you ever notice the resemblance to a lion's head in the rock at the top of the Chapel?"