

graph, however highly colored, can give a complete idea of its grandeur and wildness.

We now left Manitou behind us, and began to ascend the stupendous mountain gorge known as the "Pass." The road is so steep an incline that our good steed Charlie much preferred to walk except when he came to a small level spot. As we were in no hurry, only intending to go as far as Green Mountain Falls, twelve miles up the Pass, that afternoon, we let him choose his own pace, and gave ourselves up to enjoying the magnificent views on each side of us. The road winds along a ledge, seemingly cut out of the side of the mountains with a small river rushing along some hundred or more feet below us; the mountains towering up on either side of the stream as high as those next the road. Every now and then a lovely valley or canyon would branch off from the Pass, giving most charming views of rocks and trees, and occasionally streams of water rising high up in the mountains fell by leaps and by bounds down and down till they were lost in the dark abyss below. Then there would come in sight a small plateau, on which some adventurous and solitude-loving person had built himself a tiny cabin; after that would come a time of glorious sublimity, where the rocks nearly met over your head, and the roadway was so narrow that you trembled lest another traveller should appear coming around one of the sudden turns in the gorge, when it would seem that the only method by which either party could proceed on their journey would be for one to lie down and the other equipage to climb over him. However, we met with no adventures and but few travellers, and those fortunately at places wide enough to pass each other easily, and at six o'clock p. m. found ourselves in front of the hotel at Green Mountain Falls where supper was ready. After an appetizing meal, and seeing that Charlie's wants were attended to, we took a little ramble towards the Falls, which have given the