

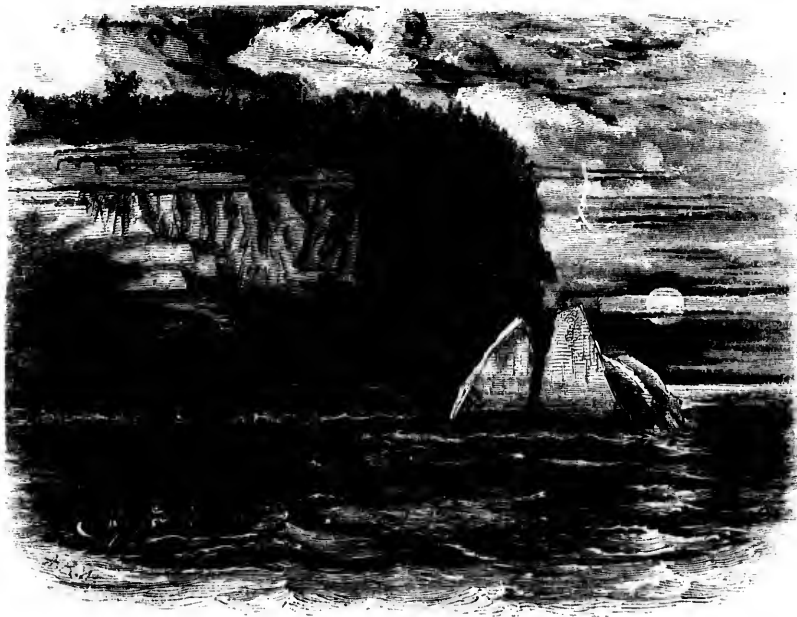
it. That spoiled Grand Island, or we'd all been rich."

The only inhabitant of this *that was to be* mighty city is a pretty smart man; but then he can't draw a head with Lemm. It is two miles to the Chimneys—tall, slender columns of rock, among the trees, very much like factory-chimneys, and one expects to see smoke issue from them. A mile or two farther is the Castle—called Miner's Castle, the first of the principal features of the rocks. Tall towers, solid walls, battlements, doorways, loopholes; in general effect, at a proper distance, there is to all appearance a real Norman Castle, and a more solid, impregnable, never was built. Here we go into the great doorway, and our boat sails far in until we lose sight of the entrance. Miner's River enters the lake beside the Castle and is a stream thirty or forty feet wide, and forms quite a safe harbor for small boats in rough weather. Cliff on the west shore of the river and a sand-beach about thirty rods long on the east. Last season Lemm says that a venturesome young lady climbed to the top of the highest point of the Castle, nearly a hundred feet above the water.

Lemm says this beach is not so good for a camp as the Chapel Beach, so we are to go there to build our hut. Just beyond the Miner's Beach the Pictured Rocks begin to show their wonders. Worn into strange shapes by frost and storm, and stained by a thousand dyes in every possible variety of arrangement, far beyond the power of words to correctly describe, and all this profusion repeated mile after

mile, keeping up the interest by some new prospect of sweeping curve, or abrupt angle, or fantastic form.

The first cascade we met was two miles beyond the Castle, where the water falls about twenty-five feet perpendicular, and then slides, at an angle of about forty degrees, a hundred and fifty feet farther. Here the colors are quite monotonous and dull, and arranged in stripes running downward. Lemm said that the next headland but two beyond the cascade was the Sail Rock, and we pulled hard to reach it. Just as we neared it we discovered a profile in the end of the cliff which bore a striking likeness to Franklin. The likeness from the other side was not so recognizable, the features appearing sharper. The Sail Rock is composed of several fallen slabs of sandstone which rise above the water about seventy-five feet, and from the east appear like a schooner with sails set, running in toward the rocks. The illusion is complete. When we saw it from the steamer, a mile or two distant, it was supposed to be a fishing or pleasure party cruising along the rocks. Two headlands intervene between the Sail Rock and the Grand Portal—the Great Door. These headlands are being continually formed and changed by the waves and the elements, and are rounded outward with a convexity of generally one foot in ten; and one is usually connected with another with long or short concave sweeps of cliff—the outline taking the character of a telegraph-line suspended rather slack between poles set at unequal distances. The general direction of the coast



SAIL ROCK.