

mination in a chaotic gorge two hundred and seventeen miles long, from nine to thirteen miles wide, and, midway, more than six thousand six hundred feet below the level of the plateau.

"The singularity of the formation," says Mr. James, "is such that one does not discover the existence of this vast waterway until he is on its very brink. Hence the tremendous and startling surprise that awaits every visitor. The Canyon springs upon him with the leap of a panther, and, suggesting a deserted

the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

"We had expected a canyon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6,000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom, but the reader may dismiss all his notions of a canyon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We looked up and down from twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses ter-



LOOKING DOWN TRAIL CANYON.

world, yawns at his feet before he is aware that he is within miles of it. It overwhelms him by its suddenness, and renders him speechless with its grandeur and magnificence."

Charles Dudley Warner thus gives his impressions of this tremendous chasm:

"The scene is one to strike the beholder dumb with awe. All that we could comprehend was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with colour. The vastness of

raced up to the level of the eye—temples, mountain size, all bright with horizontal lines of colour—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width, yellows, mingled with white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendour. A far off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid, boiling torrent, six thousand feet below us."