

Will's Mountain Gap, appears to magnificent advantage as the threshold is approached. On either hand the cliffs tower into the clouds, their lines broken by ponderous ledges of rock over which hang trailing vines, and from which jut lean, lank and almost leafless pines. On the very edge of one of the highest of these projections some courageous hand has planted an observatory, the framework of which from below seemed too frail to support the weight of a child. A peculiar formation of rock demonstrates the violence of the volcanic action that threw it into its present position. The jaggedness of its edge led to its name, "The Devil's Backbone."

For mile upon mile the road follows a ledge cut into the mountain side, and from here the passenger looks away down upon the whirling rapids. The way through the Youghiogheny Valley is one of curves and long, sweeping turns, which open up new and wilder views of all that is fascinating in Nature in the way of mountain and valley, and forest, and river. He must be a writer of marked power who could bring the sight to the full realization of the reader. All along the valley the mountains which hem it in restrict the waters until they increase in fury sufficient to burst any ordinary barriers. Many of these ponderous boulders have tumbled thousand of feet to the beds of the stream, and are almost mountains in themselves; others have so long been subjected to the action of the water that their edges have been rounded to a symmetry of form closely assimilating the work of man. Gradually the aspect of nature grows in a measure less wild, and valleys are introduced, giving the scene something of a pastoral appearance.

Near Ohio Ryle, the Youghiogheny rushes and tumbles tempestuously over the ledge of rocks to the granite masses below, a distance of nearly a hundred feet. It is no puny, trickling stream, but the tremendous cataract, five hundred feet across, that dashes against the projecting rocks in its descent and flies off in fantastic shapes of spray. The whole body of the Youghiogheny here pitches over the precipice, and to say that it seems to boil with rage, or that it writhes and fumes to a white heat, is to express but feebly the whirling cauldron below. On one side the mountains exhibit a sheer height of hundreds of feet, and on the other is a romantic old mill, age-worn and moss-covered.

A moonlight ride through this romantic valley is a delightful memory. The peaks seemed to stand out to treble their ordinary proportions as the silvery rays announced the approaching disk. The phantom clouds anon glided athwart her pale beams; and as the empress of the heavens rose to her zenith the palpitating