with horror! From the level of the summit of the ridge, where the road passes to the verge of the fissure, the mountain descends about forty-five degrees of an angle, and is nearly fifty feet in perpendicular height. You involuntarily slide down, feet foremost, holding by every twig you pass, until you reach the verge, which is for six or eight feet less steep; the rock is covered with a thick stratum of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. From this landing-place to the verge is a descent of nine feet, so steep that it cannot be approached near enough to look over. To the west of the arc, about four hundred yards, the ascent to the verge is much leveller, where you may look into the abyss below. "My guide," says the gentleman who furnished this account, was an old hunter, who had for many years been accustomed to clambering over steepest mountains. On approaching the verge, the horror of the scene below intimidated him for a few moments; but he could presently walk along the verge with composure. This Bridge may be passed by thousands without a knowledge of it, unless attracted by the roaring of the waters below.*

* Morse's Geography.