Jamieson Valley, down whose sharp slope the car glides as if intent upon a rapid plunge into a gorge, whose deeps are veiled with haze, perchance mist-hidden. All is eerily enchanting by daylight. Imagine the effect under floodlight.

At the terminus below, two paths lead in different directions to many wonderlands. Suppose we take a walk to the Ruined Castle, those rocks with the irresistible lure to the gazer from afar. The distance to them is estimated at four and a half miles, but the path is up easy grade, much of it along the haulage route used in early coal-mining operations, reminders of which hold the interest at many points.