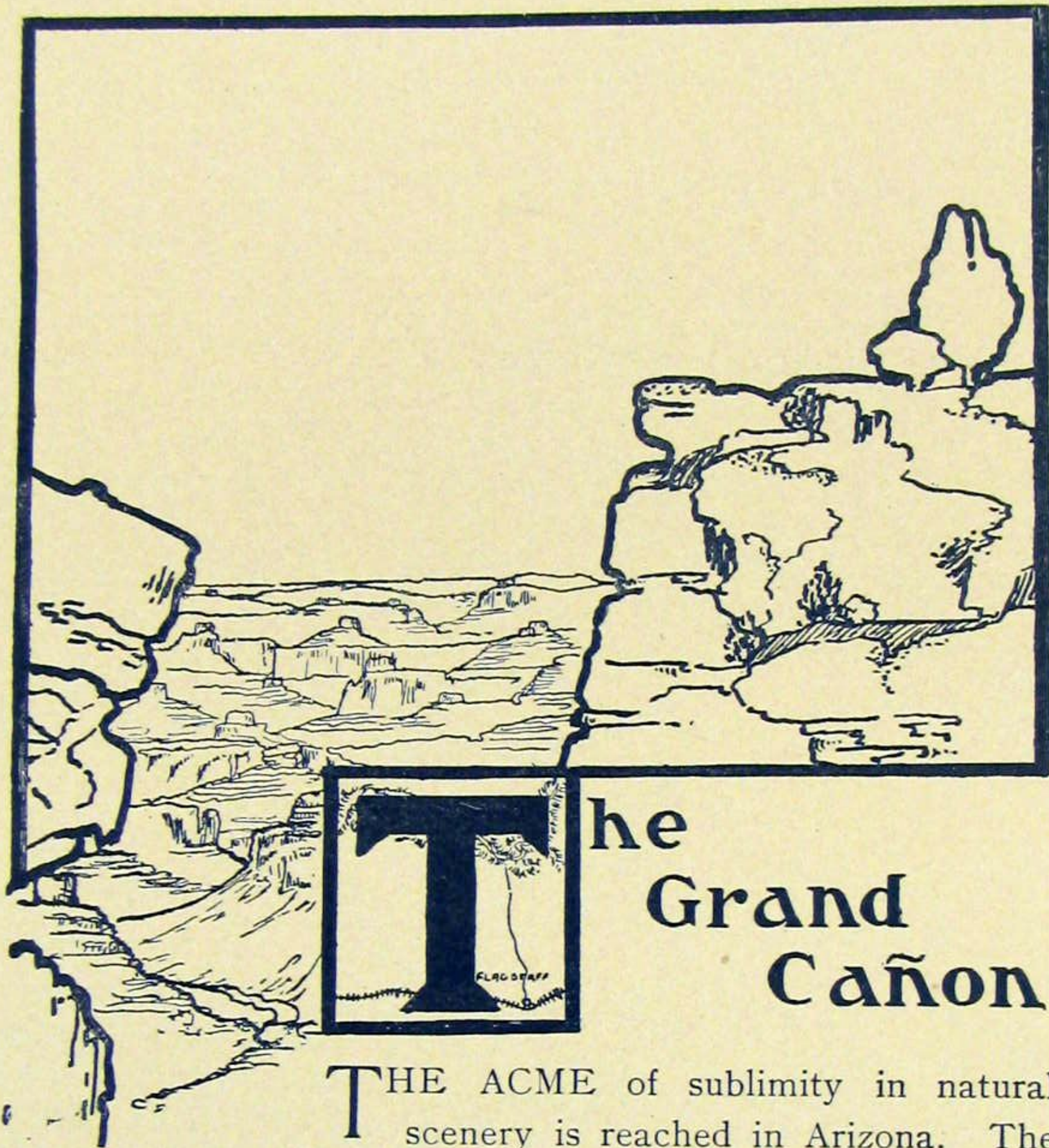




FROM THE RIM

THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA



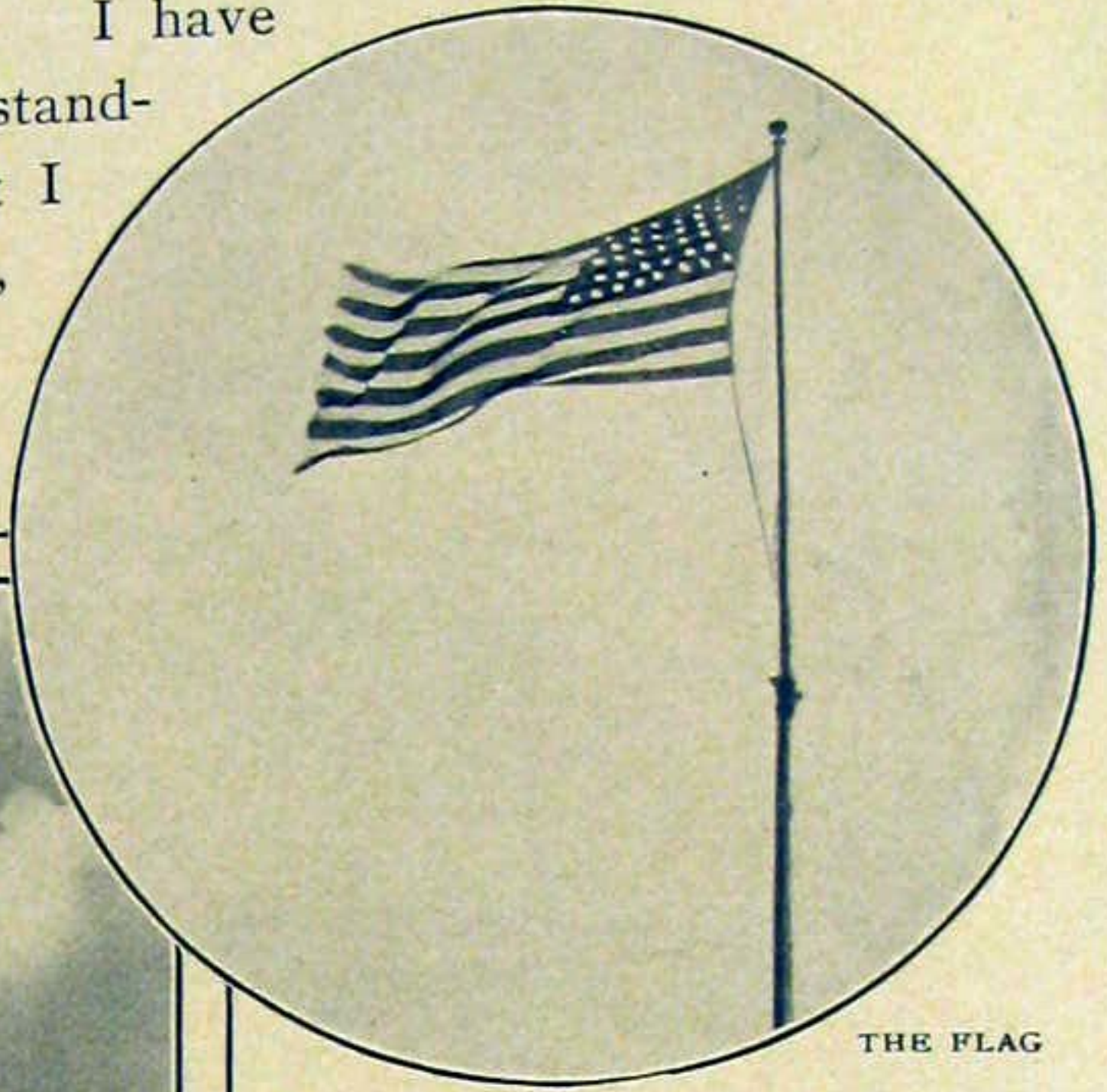
he Grand Cañon

THE ACME of sublimity in natural scenery is reached in Arizona. The world is not aware that this is true, nor do I hope to prove that it is true except to those who, with an interest aroused by words that are inadequate and pictures that fall far short of the reality, shall some day undertake the marvelous journey that glorified for me the summer of 1898.

The cañon of the Colorado River has become for me a haunting memory, dwarfing all things that I have seen, belittling all the gorges, all the mountains that in the past impressed me, robbing the sun of Africa of its luster, causing

the colors of the Orient to fade. I have to-day a new and totally different standard by which to measure all that I intend to see before the greater, the eternal journey is begun ; and I am certain that in this life there is awaiting me no other spectacle equal to that afforded by the chasm of the Colorado. It has revolutionized my perceptions of the beautiful and the sublime.

I believe that when we behold that scene for the first time, a series of new brain-cells is generated, and until they have be-



THE FLAG

come sufficiently developed, the cañon withholds its message. In the average mind there is no place for an impression so unlike any before received. At



Photograph by Mary V. Worstell

THE FLAGSTAFF OF FLAGSTAFF

first sight the mentality is dazzled. He who looks but once sees not the cañon. He who would know its glory must first prepare the tablets of his mind,—erase all preconceived images, and then with reverence approach the brink, and sitting there day after day teach his blind eyes and blinder sense to read through the medium of feeling the exalted message which this supremest of earthly scenes imprints upon the soul.

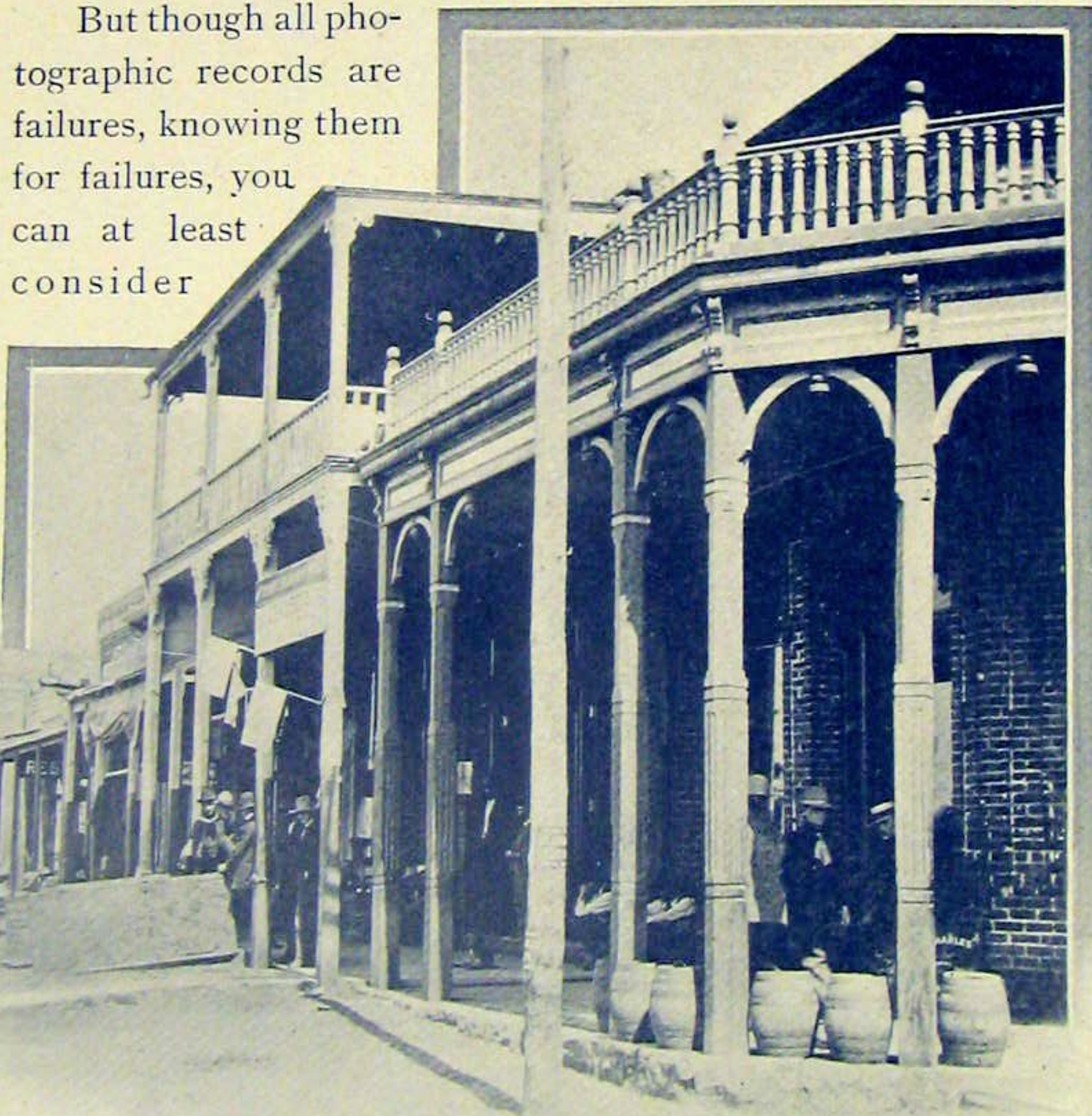
And every time we read the story changes; it is never twice the same and it becomes ever more glorious at each perusal, until those who have learned to read its message tremble at thought of grander chapters and long for their former ignorance that they may recommence ere they approach a climax too overwhelming to be borne by the human mind.

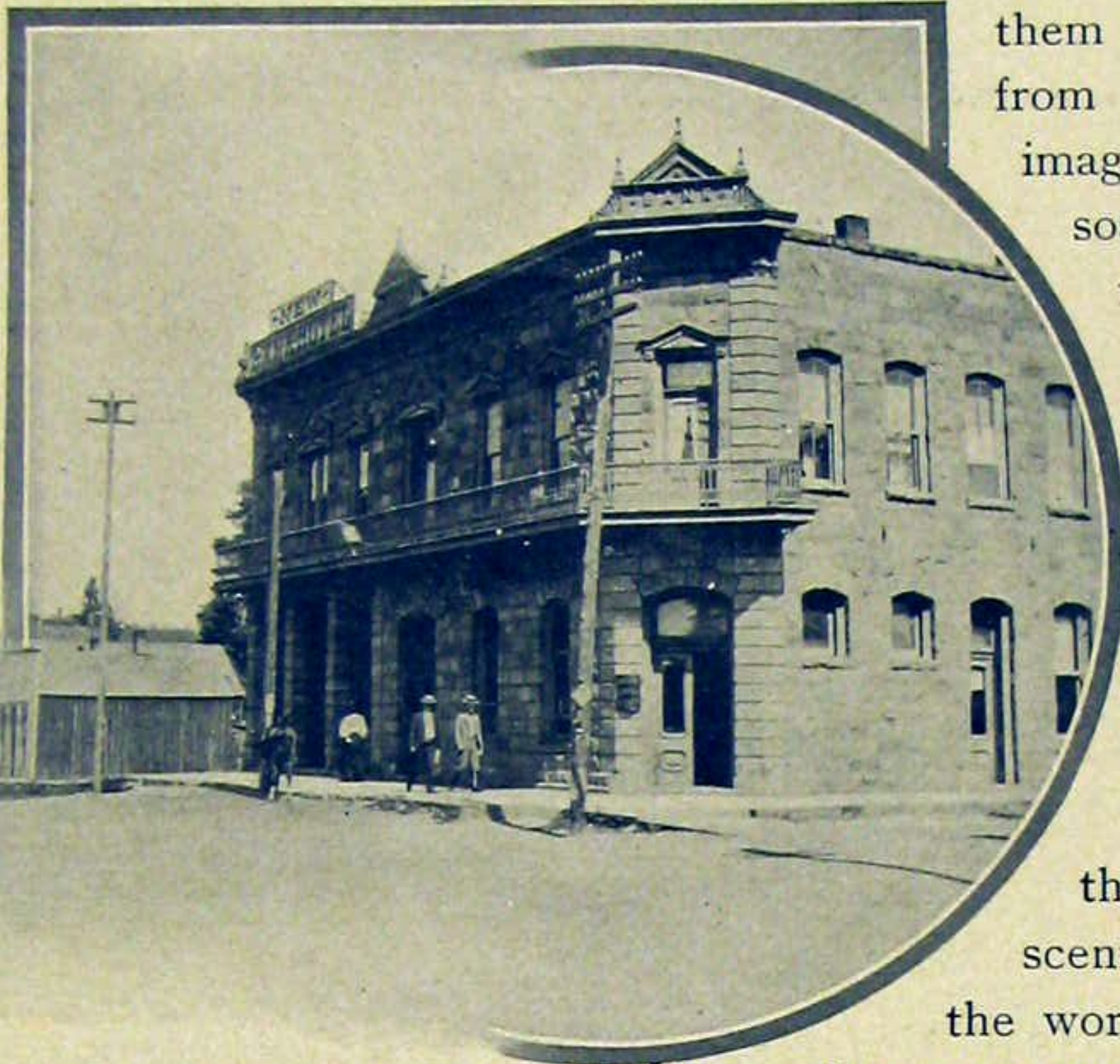


FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

And having said so much in praise of that which is to be my theme, I must not fail to offer here and now apologies for the unsatisfying treatment to which this theme must of necessity be subjected. Yet why should I apologize? It is not in the power of man to put in words the glory of the cañon. Many have tried and all have failed, as I shall fail; there are degrees of failure that is all. Art has attempted to portray what tongue has not been able to translate, and art has failed. I say it boldly: No painting, photograph, or sketch can do more than suggest to those who have not seen. Photographers by scores have risked their lives to reach that one elusive point of view where the grand lines of majesty would meet one another at the focal plane, but all have failed.

But though all photographic records are failures, knowing them for failures, you can at least consider





THE HOTEL

them fixed points from which the imagination may soar in its effort to picture that which no imagination can possibly preconceive.

To reach this greatest scenic marvel of the world, there is

but one route practicable for ordinary travelers ; only the south side of the cañon is accessible to those who have not the months of leisure and the untold energy required for the exploration of the almost unknown land that stretches away upon the north into Utah. Accordingly, being neither explorers, geologists, nor trappers, we chose the easiest, most rapid, and most attractive route. By rail we have been whisked across the fertile state of Kansas, across the southeast corner of clear-aired Colorado into New Mexico, past the quaint old town of Santa Fé, the second oldest city in our country, where civilization had taken root even before the Pilgrims landed, past the stations where some day we hope to turn aside to visit the Indian pueblos of Acoma and Zuñi, the petrified forests and the famous Mesa Encantada, or Enchanted Mesa, so recently the cause of scientific controversy. But all these things, intensely interesting as they are, must wait another visit. Even the Snake Dance of the Moki

Indians cannot now arrest us. With the Grand Cañon on our minds, all other things seem for the present petty. Accordingly our train flies on across the desert and the wooded lands of Arizona toward the San Francisco Mountains. They rise from a plateau itself eight thousand feet above the sea; their summits pierce the clouds five thousand feet above the general level of this great tableland, a province in itself. They are the guide-posts which warn the traveler to alter his course from west to north, and change his railway coach for a four-horse stage, for at the base of San Francisco Mountains lies the town of Flagstaff, Arizona, the starting-point for the stage ride to the cañon.

The arrival of our party with cameras and chronomato-graphs, with almost a mile of film, and rather more than two hundred weight of plates, causes the citizens to smile and



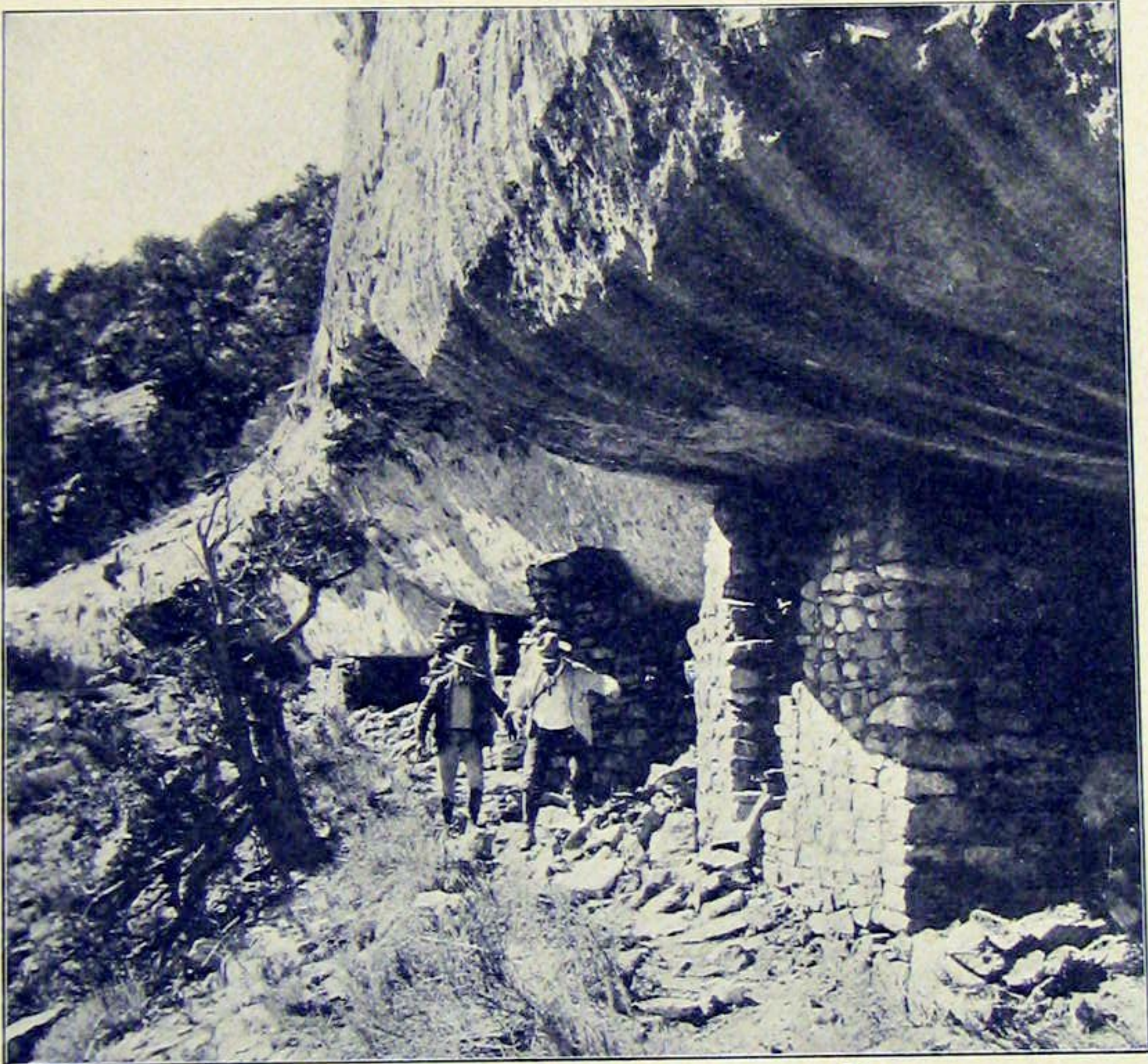
ON THE MAIN STREET



IN THE FOREST

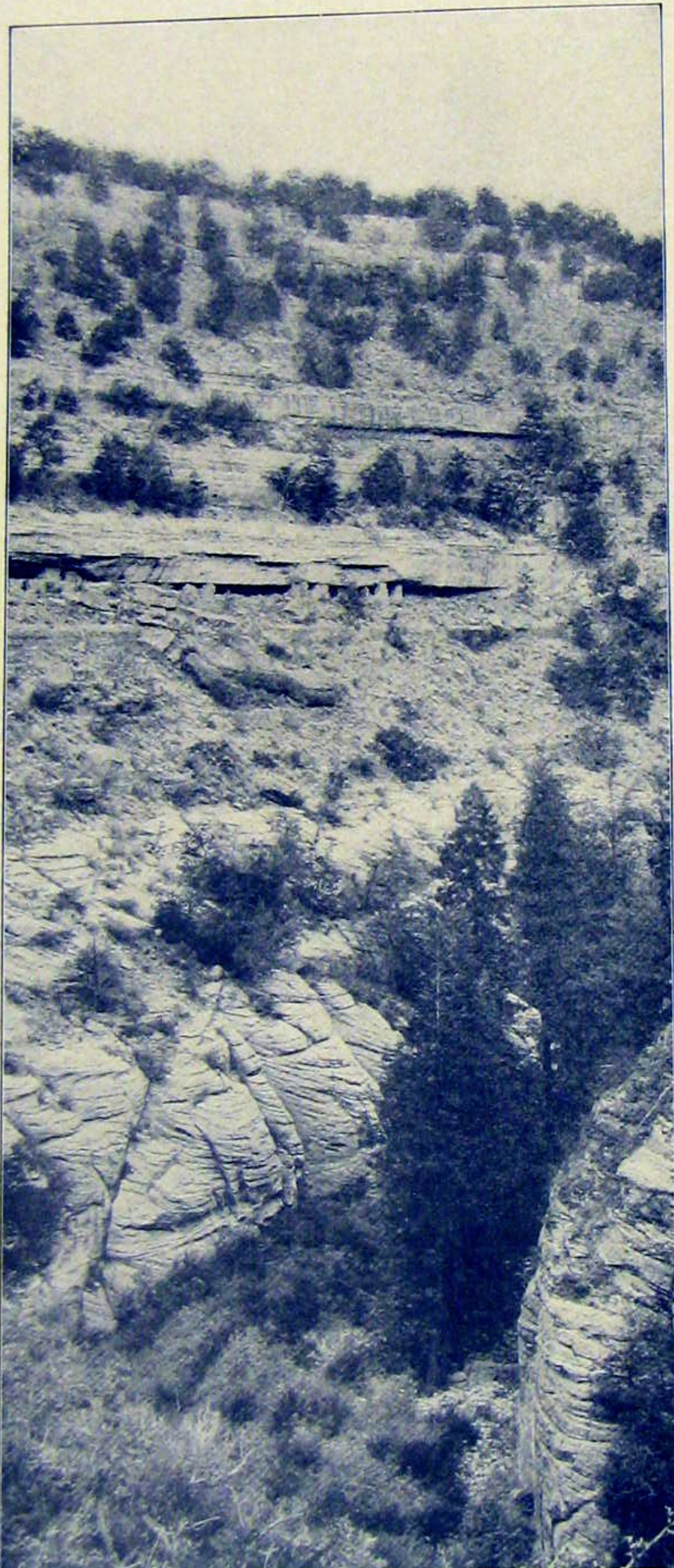
murmur to themselves, "Here comes another group of sanguine photographers, doomed to disaster and defeat."

Flagstaff has been very aptly described as a nice little town with nothing Puritanical about it; nor is it hypocritical. For barefaced honest badness, all on the surface, commend me to this frank and open town of Flagstaff, Arizona. We



ABANDONED CLIFF DWELLINGS IN WALNUT CAÑON

first pass three saloons, then a restaurant, a newstand, and a barber-shop, and then another group of drinking-halls. And there are no screen doors to hide the bars, and no attempt is made to persuade the passing visitor that the men who sit behind the numerous green tables, toying with piles of silver dollars, are money-changers or collectors of the revenue. Nor are the men who sit in silent circles around the smaller



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

CLIFF HABITATIONS IN WALNUT CAÑON

tables, playing solitaire. No; gambling is not winked at by the municipality, it is boldly smiled upon, and flourishes like a green bay-tree upon a score of green baize tables. Even the smoking-room of our hotel nightly resounds to the click of the ivory chips along with the chink of silver dollars; but in the glorious, healthful atmosphere of Arizona much of the abjectness of these pitiable pursuits is lost.

Having an afternoon at our disposal we seize the opportunity for visiting the curious cliff-dwellings about eight miles away in Walnut Cañon. What people dwelt in

these rude semi-natural shelters, why they dwelt there, and when, are questions that have not been answered; but it is probable that the inhabitants were of the same race as the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, and that they used these hidden homes as places of abode during periods of warfare or invasion. To-day they are deserted; the bits of broken pottery, which are occasionally picked up by the wondering stranger, are all that tell of a past human presence here. This cañon must have been indeed a safe retreat. Although several hundred feet in depth, its presence is entirely unsuspected until we find ourselves upon its brink; for all round about, a lovely forest clothes the level surface of the earth, inviting us, new-comers from the world of cities, to linger and renew acquaintance with Nature. And Nature has to-day put on here a robe of spring. The eternal fascination of young June is in the atmosphere; here we bid farewell to the grimy world that we have left behind us,



SUBURBS OF FLAGSTAFF

and try to attune our souls to the concert-pitch of nature, that they may vibrate in faultless, unbroken harmony with the supreme impressions that are soon to strike upon them; for with our eyes we are to see a symphony of form and color,



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

IN THE COCONINO FOREST

we are to look upon a world of silence, light, and color, that is more eloquent of grandeur than any musical composition that ever stirred the soul of man.

Returning to Flagstaff, we make our final preparations, reducing our luggage to its lightest littleness, and bright and early on the following morning drive briskly away casting a backward glance at the old flag that floats from the tall pole from which the town takes its name. Alas! this splendid flagstaff, the tallest and finest we have ever seen, save one at the World's Fair, is doomed to quick annihilation; for ere we return from our long drive it was completely shattered by a thunderbolt. We found it a week later a mere stump, its middle lengths lying round about like riven

logs, its upper shaft scattered in a million tiny chips far and wide, as if a storm of shavings had overwhelmed the town. But it will be soon replaced, for there is here no lack of towering trees from which to form flag-poles and masts for ships. "What, are there trees in Arizona?" we asked incredulously, when a companion in the train referred to a friend in Flagstaff, who had made a fortune in the lumber business. One of the noblest forests in America adorns these Arizona highlands, and our route to the cañon lies for fifty miles or more through an open park-like country, where splendid pines, piñons, and cedars stand like a multitude of kings; and they seem conscious of their dignity, since they stand each at a respectful distance from the others. For a few miles out from Flagstaff, fences accompany and guide us; like a long line of outriders these barriers of rails escort us, until at last, seeing us fairly started on the proper trail to



SIX-IN-HAND



COACH AND TRAILER

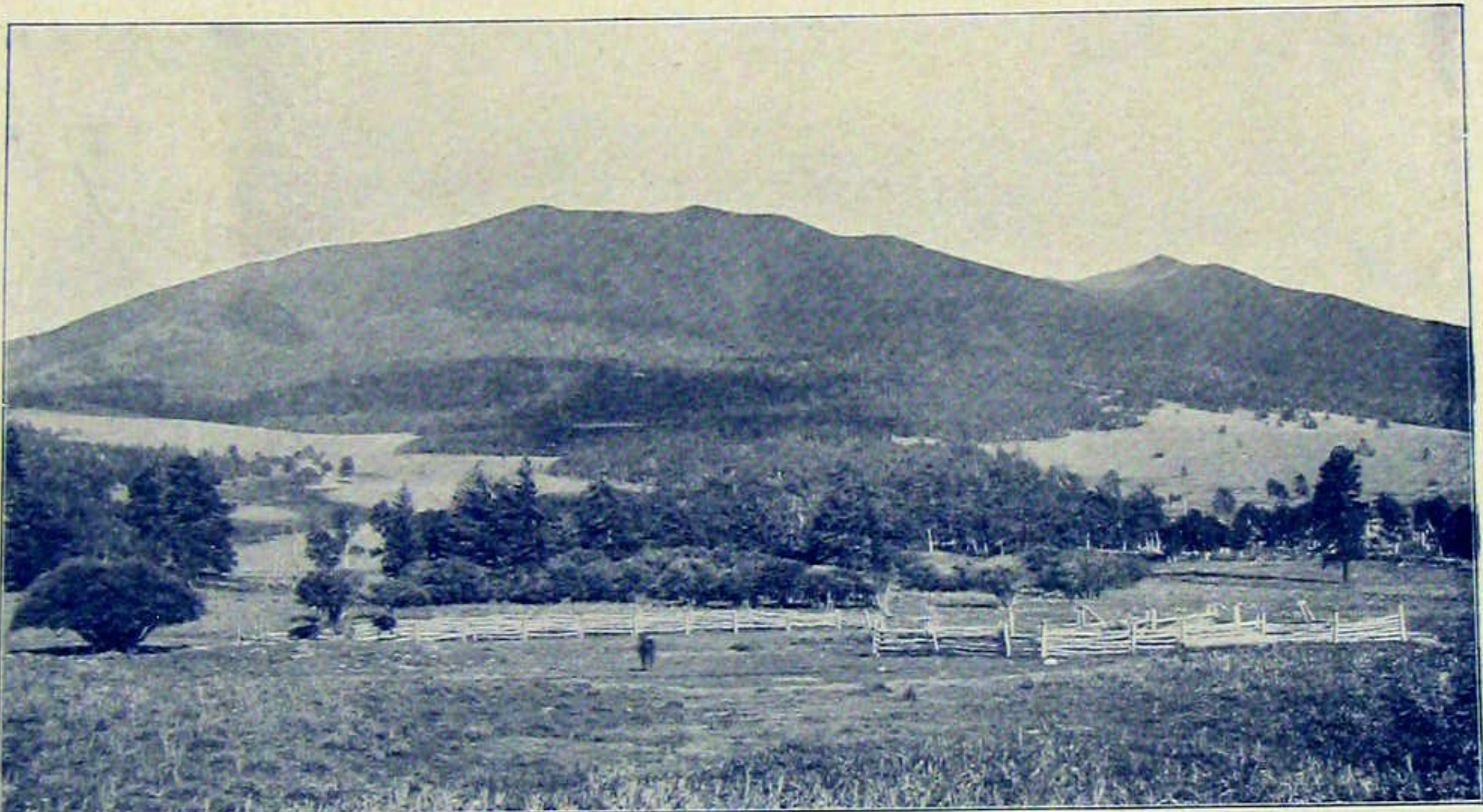
the Grand Cañon, they halt suddenly and leave us to drive on without their guidance across these noble parks of open woodland, the gathering-places of uncounted forest monarchs.

All this is very different from what we have expected to find in Arizona. We pictured this drive as a weary progress across a sage-brush desert. How grateful are we to find it a delightful dash over pine-needles and across cool shadows cast by arborescent sunshades. And this surprise is but the first and least astounding that is to greet us in this unfamiliar, unappreciated, misrepresented Territory. I wish that I could put in words the sweet exhilaration that comes with every breath of this dry, cool air through which we ride, perched high on the box-seat behind six toiling horses. Here, as in the Yellowstone, it is a joy to feel oneself alive. We travel thus for one day, ten or eleven hours long, the distance covered being almost seventy miles. Four relays of six horses each enable us to make fast time, and save the journey from being a weary



FROM THE BACK SEAT OF THE TRAILER

one, as it would be were we compelled to use one team for the entire drive. When there are so many passengers that one coach would be overcrowded, a second coach or "trailer" is attached, transforming our conveyance into a long train that measures forty-eight feet from the tips of the leaders' noses to the tail-board of the trailer. Unhappy are the mortals who become inmates of that trailer; they assiduously collect all the dust, their view is cut off by the forward coach, and they see little else. When crossing the broad stretch of desert that



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS

separates the two delightful timber regions, deep wheel-ruts in the yellow soil cause the first coach to act like an overladen schooner in a heavy sea: a nerve-shaking inclination to starboard is followed by a sudden reeling lurch to port, accompanied by suppressed exclamations, and frantic clutchings at the stanchions. These antics of our flag-ship are seen by those in the trailer through a cloud of dust, and serve as prophecies and warnings that they may know just what their craft is going to do, and be prepared to hold tight

at the proper moment. These little vagaries, however, serve to relieve the monotony of this stage of the journey, and to increase the appetites with which we soon attack a wholesome luncheon at a half-way station, called "The Cedars."

Throughout the day the San Francisco Mountains have been ever-present features of the view. They are extinct volcanoes, and are among the grandest volcanic piles in the United States. Snow lies upon their summits nearly all the

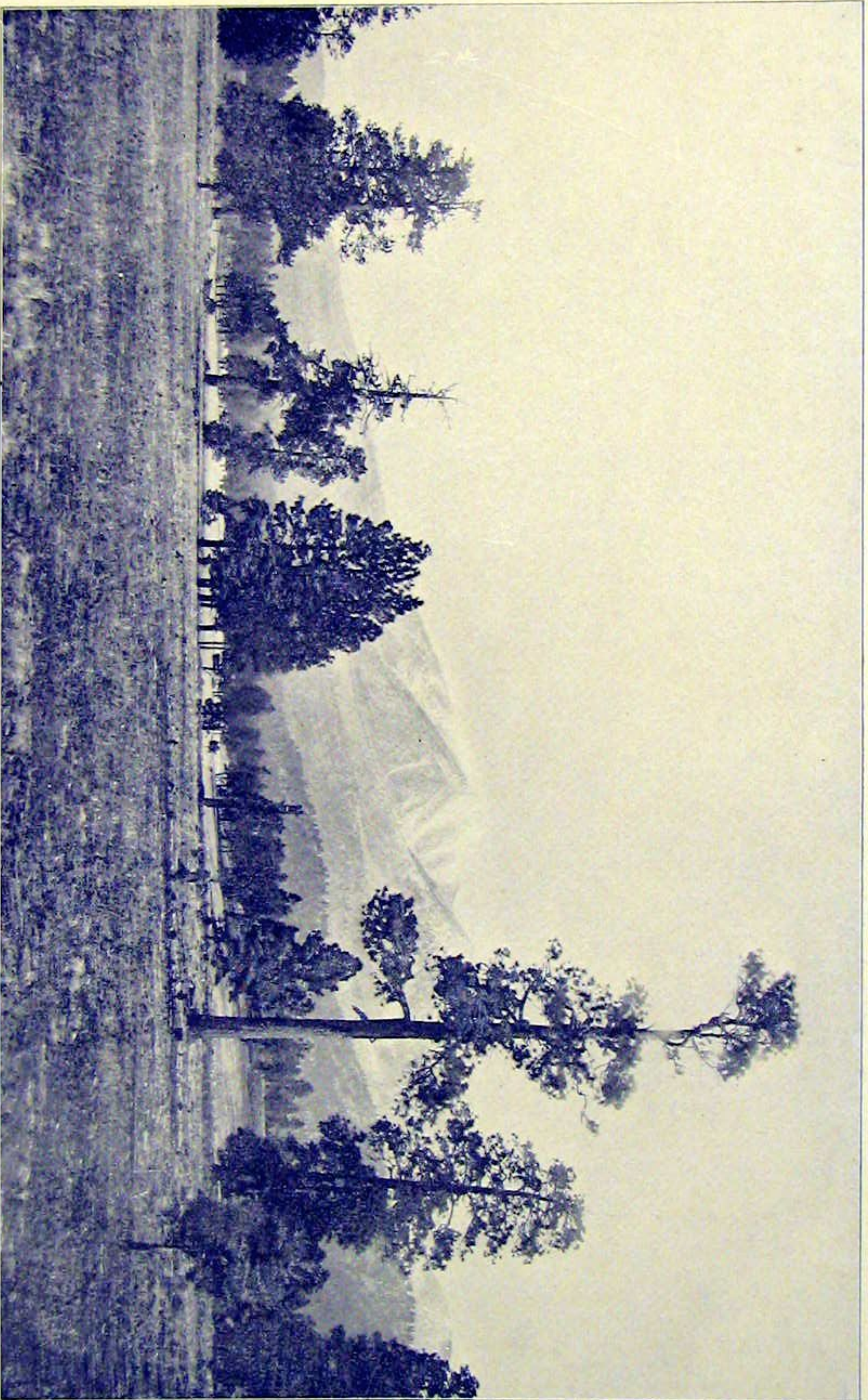


Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

HALF-WAY HOUSE AT THE CEDARS

year, for no fires are now there to melt their icy caps. And near at hand are uncounted volcanic cinder cones, rising like gigantic ant-hills from the level floor of the plateau. We see them sharply defined against the sky as we scan this, the only blank page of our journey—a dull brown page that lies between the verdant leaves on which the pictures of the Arizona forest are printed in deep green.

Far to the right we may discern the pale pink tones of the far-off "Painted Desert," beyond which lies the country of



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

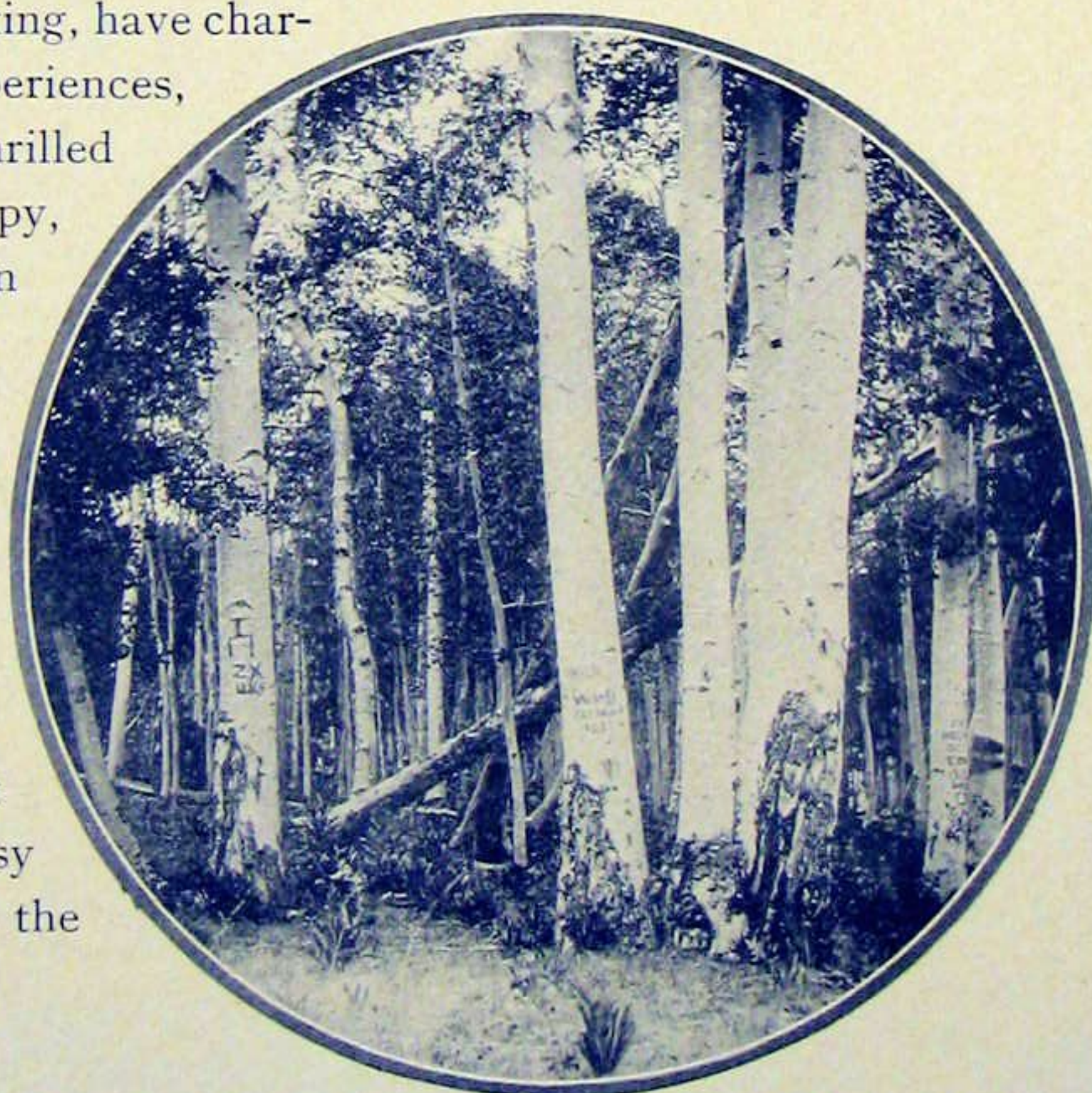
THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS



VOLCANIC CINDER CONES

the Mokis,—a country to which we are soon to make our way, for there is in the west no region richer in color and barbaric strangeness than that desert home of the little Moki nation.

Erelong these barren miles are covered, and once more the forest closes in around us; the ghostly aspens, with their quaking leaves and gleaming bodies, adding an uncanny note to the rich gloom of the forest depths. But all this time there is no hint of cañons, no thought of heights or depths, not a suggestion of sublimity. Beauty and exhilaration, the curious and the interesting, have characterized the day's experiences, but nothing has yet thrilled us. We have been happy, but we have not been impressed, until—late in the afternoon—we glance toward the northeast and see revealed, but oh, so faintly, in far-off regions, whether of sky or earth we cannot yet be sure, a vision of rosy glory, a suggestion of the



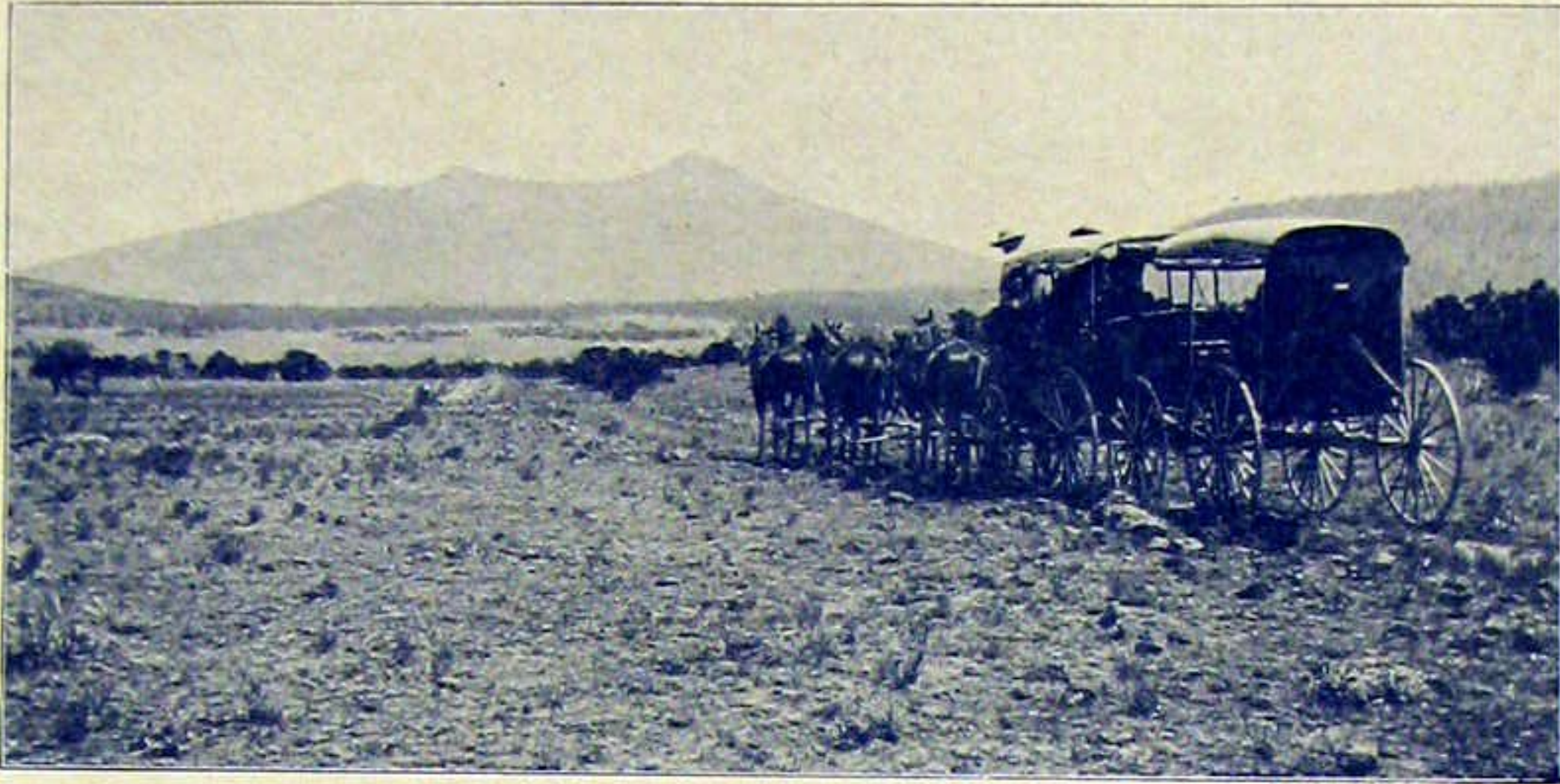
ASPENS

infinite, a something that takes hold on the attention and will not let it go; a something that in spite of all its vagueness, remoteness, and unearthliness, causes our pulses to beat faster, for we know that yonder pinkish line is an emanation of the glory of the cañon, brooding on the distant farther shore of the great gulf that we have come so



PARK-LIKE VISTAS

far to see. It is soon lost to view; our weary horses now attack the last ascending mile of the long trail and seem to travel with exasperating slowness, since our thoughts outspeed them in our haste to be upon the cañon brink and to know at last the true meaning of those words so often misapplied, "sublime" and "beautiful."



"THE CAÑON EXPRESS"

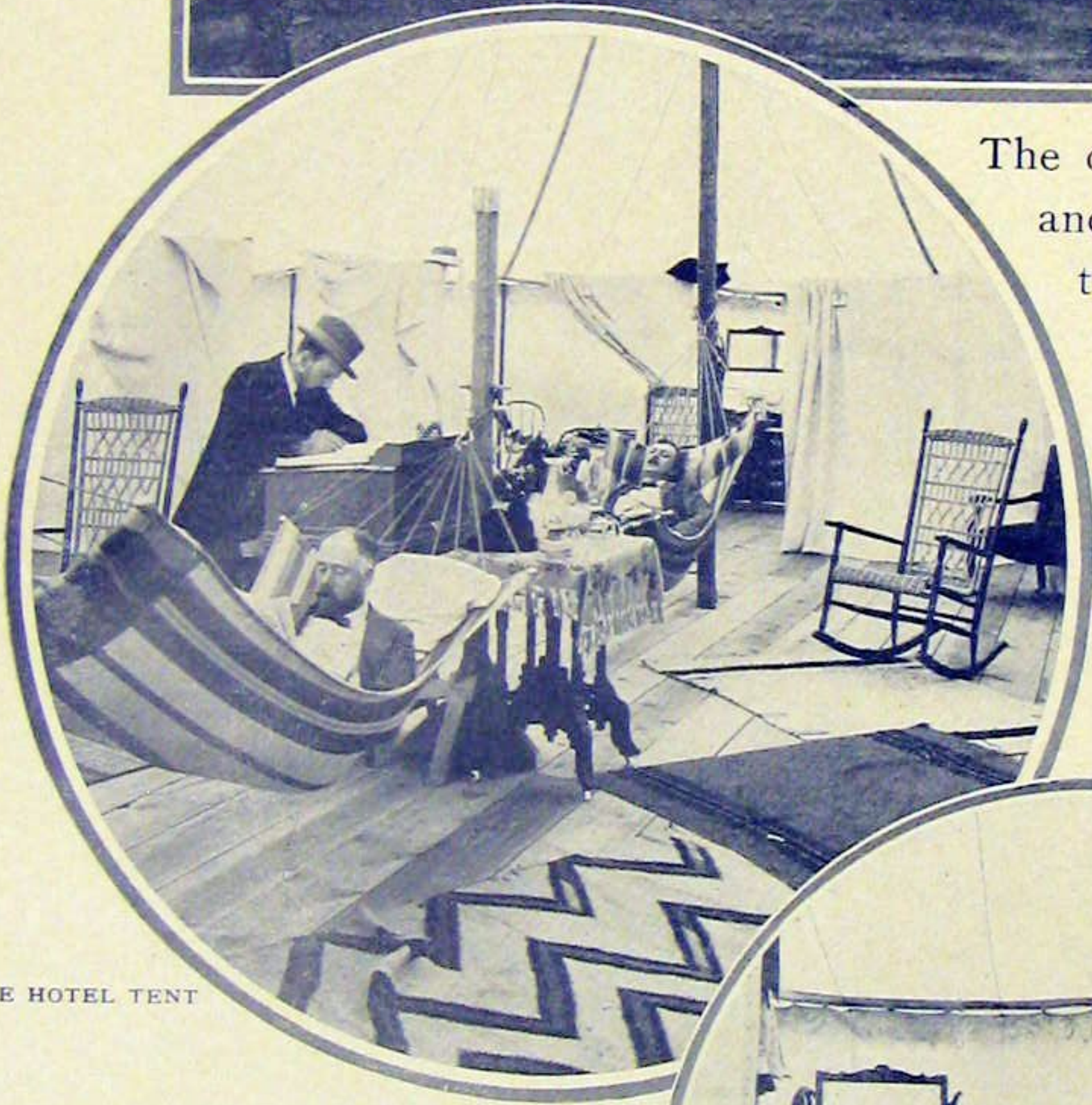
Another mile and we are near our destination, although no further sign of anything aside from sylvan scenery is manifest. And even when at last the tents of the Grand Cañon Camp loom snow-white amid the trees, we feel that there is some mistake; the cañon cannot be so near, and its grand presence so utterly dissembled.



NEARING THE CAÑON



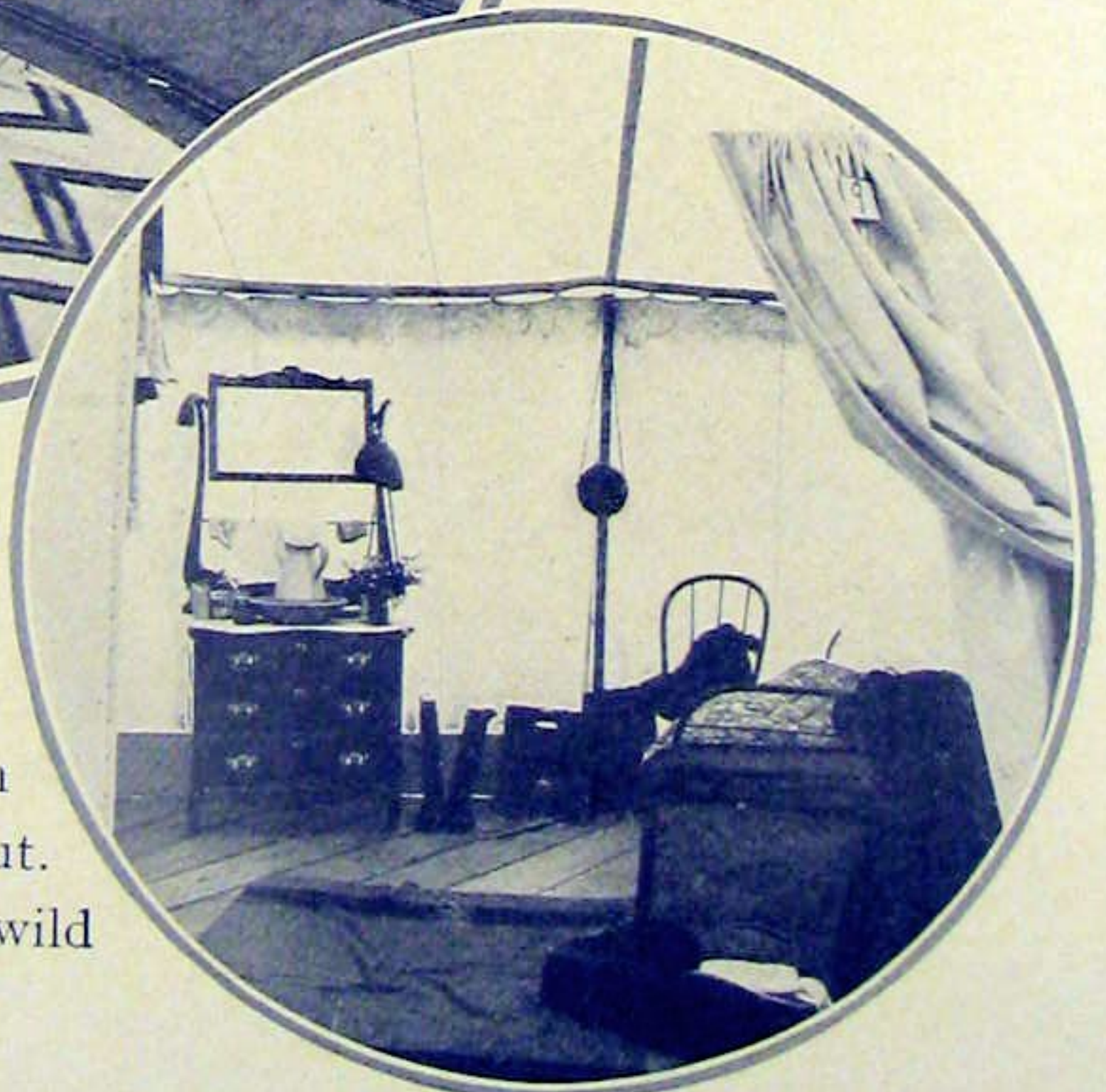
HANCE'S
CAMP
IN
1898



The details of arrival and installation in the tents now for a period monopolize our time, and then the call of Arizona appetites must needs be heeded. for

THE HOTEL TENT

every man in Arizona finds himself the slave of an excellent appetite. The ladies are assigned to single tents, of which a score are scattered about. The men, all hungry as wild



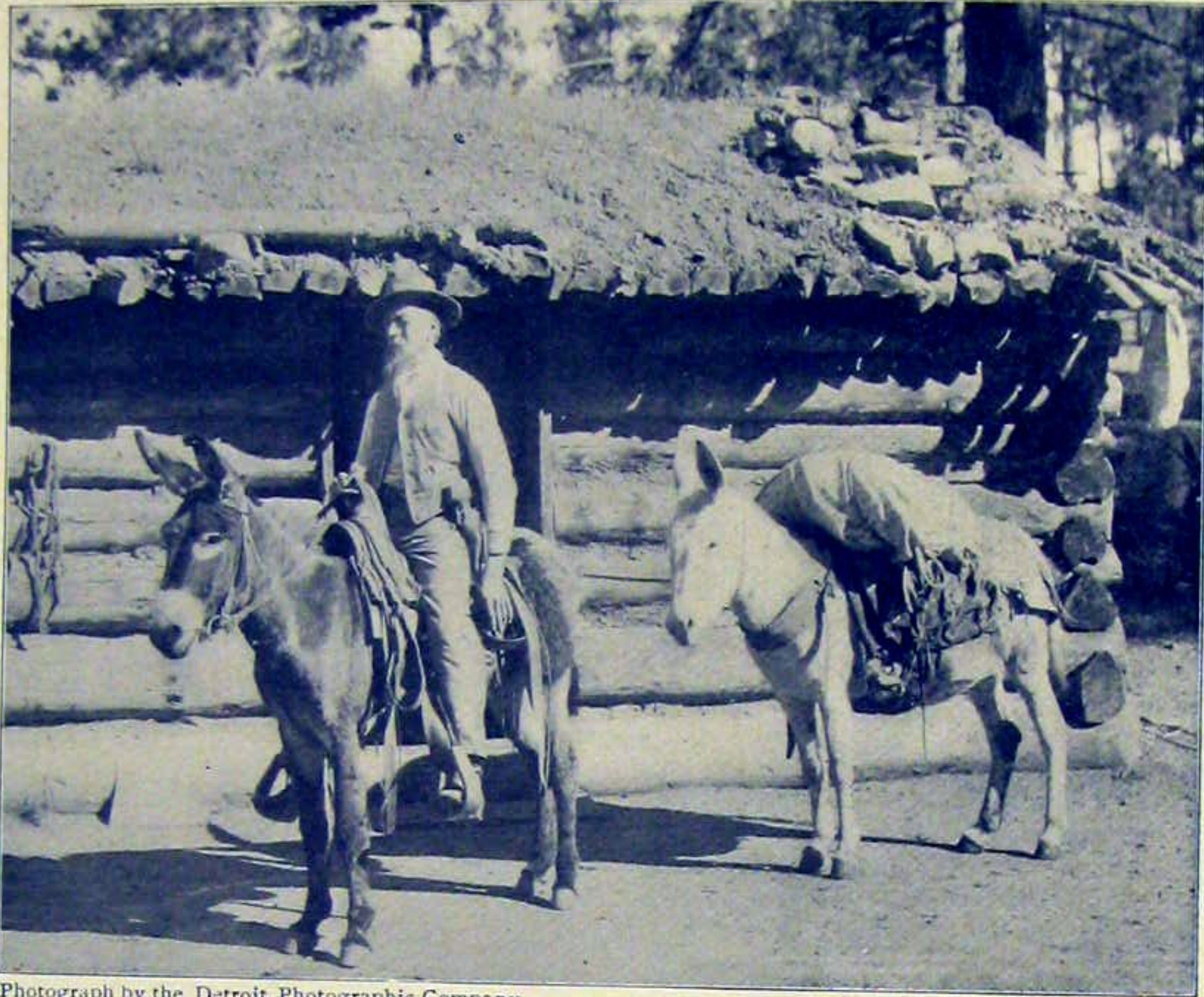
ROOM NUMBER NINE

beasts, are led into a canvas caravansary big as a circus tent, where canvas cages for each one of us have been provided. We write our names in the register of this unique hotel, and then pick up and curiously peruse another volume of handwriting, marked, "John Hance's Visitors' Book." In it we find set down impressions of the cañon writ by men and women of all nationalities, all ages, and all grades of culture; and from that library of eloquence let me quote.

To begin with, our attention is focused on the, as yet unknown, personality of Captain John Hance, the owner of the book, by this entry: "John Hance is one half—the Cañon is the other half." This instantly inspires a desire to meet the cañon's other half and when a moment later that desire is fulfilled, we gaze with awe on Captain Hance and call to mind a second statement found in the Cañon Bible: "God made the Cañon. John Hance made the trails. Without



AT HANCE'S



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

CAPTAIN JOHN HANCE

the other, neither would be complete." I leave it to theologians to tell just what the author meant—whether the incompleteness was an attribute of Hance or of the Deity. The author of this line was, by the way, a man well known in Arizona as the best sheriff that ever captured outlaws in the territory; Bucky O'Neill, who died, as he had lived, like a hero, among the Roosevelt Rough Riders on the hill of San Juan at Santiago.

But as we sit on the veranda of the Log House, which is the nucleus of the camp, let us cull a few more gems of eloquence from Hance's book of gold, and thereby fit our minds for the enjoyment of the cañon. A would-be poet writes:—

“Almighty Jove, thy wondrous hand
Hath carved with skill this Cañon Grand.”

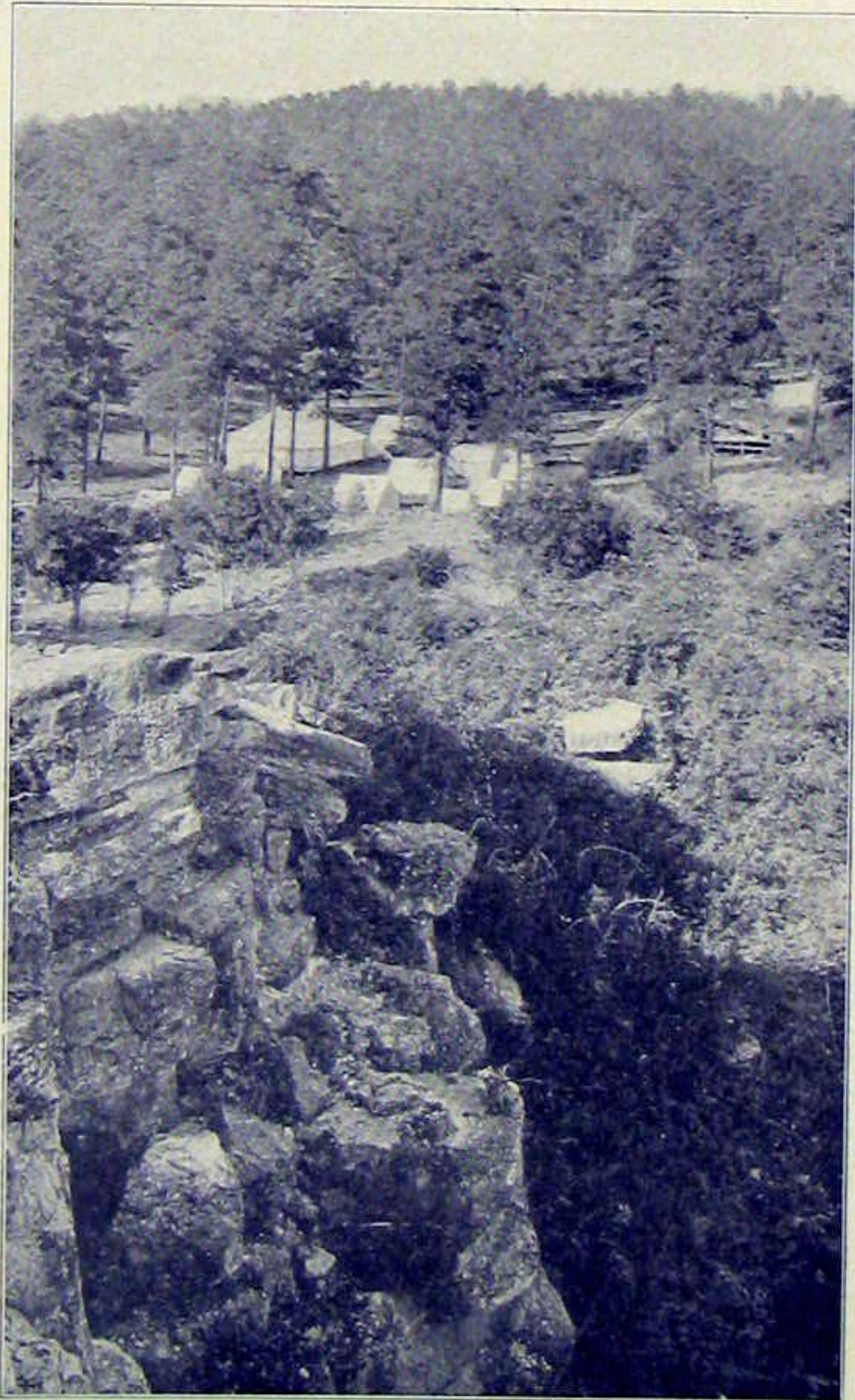
The next man writes: “The Cañon is the boss ditch of the world.” And farther on, appended to a detailed description

of a ride along the rim, some gushing girl has added this post scriptum : —

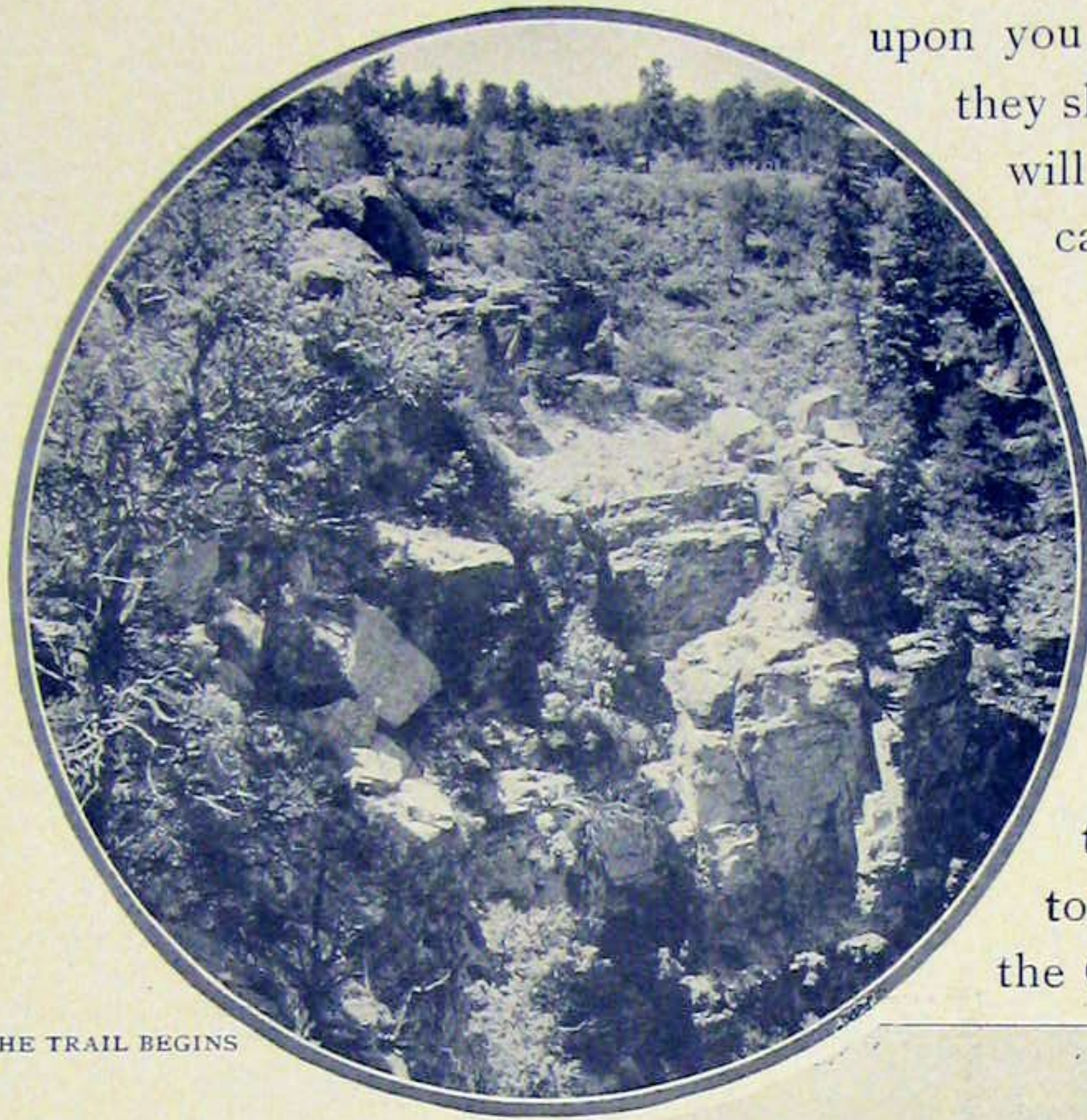
“P. S.—I think that it is very deep and grand and that it must have taken a very long time to make it. I would like to stay here forever, it is so beautiful.”

Then comes the bold hand of a man, but not a very old one, for he writes: “I fully agree with the above, and desire to record the statement that a pleasant lady adds much to the enjoyment of the trip.”

But why do you not lead us to the brink and show us that which we have come half-way across the continent to see? Why linger in this little camp concealed amid the trees when there awaits us so superb a spectacle? Why do you hesitate? Because I fear to disappoint you. I fear that I shall not be happy in the choice of the words with which to usher you into the presence of that scene. I am afraid that the only pictures that I can show you will not produce



THE CAMP FROM THE RIM

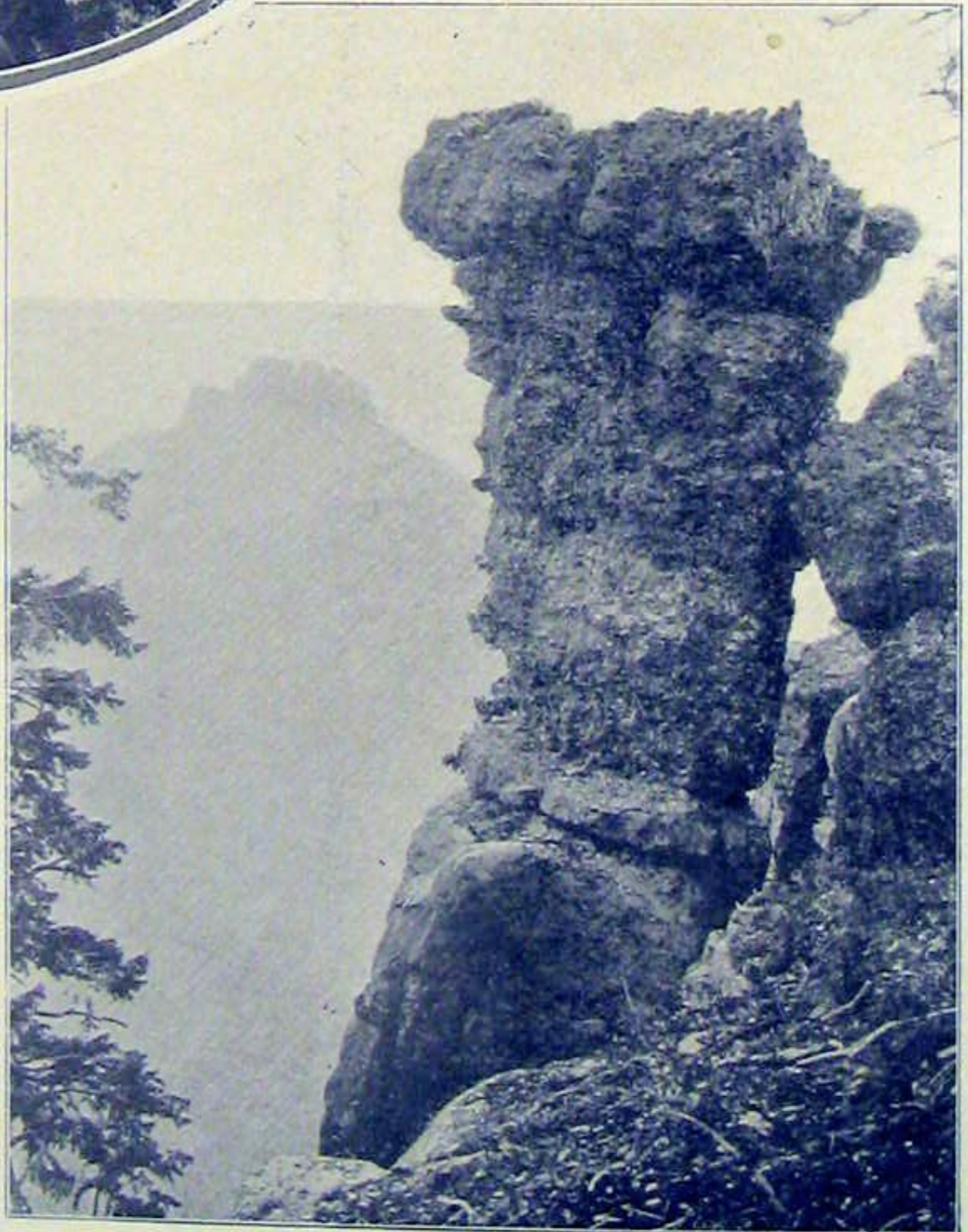


WHERE THE TRAIL BEGINS

upon you the impressions that they should. I fear that you will misjudge both the cañon and also him who seeks to show it you, because of the imperfect media of revelation. A soul returned from Paradise would scarcely be at a greater loss for words or similes than one who strives to give the message of the Colorado Cañon to an

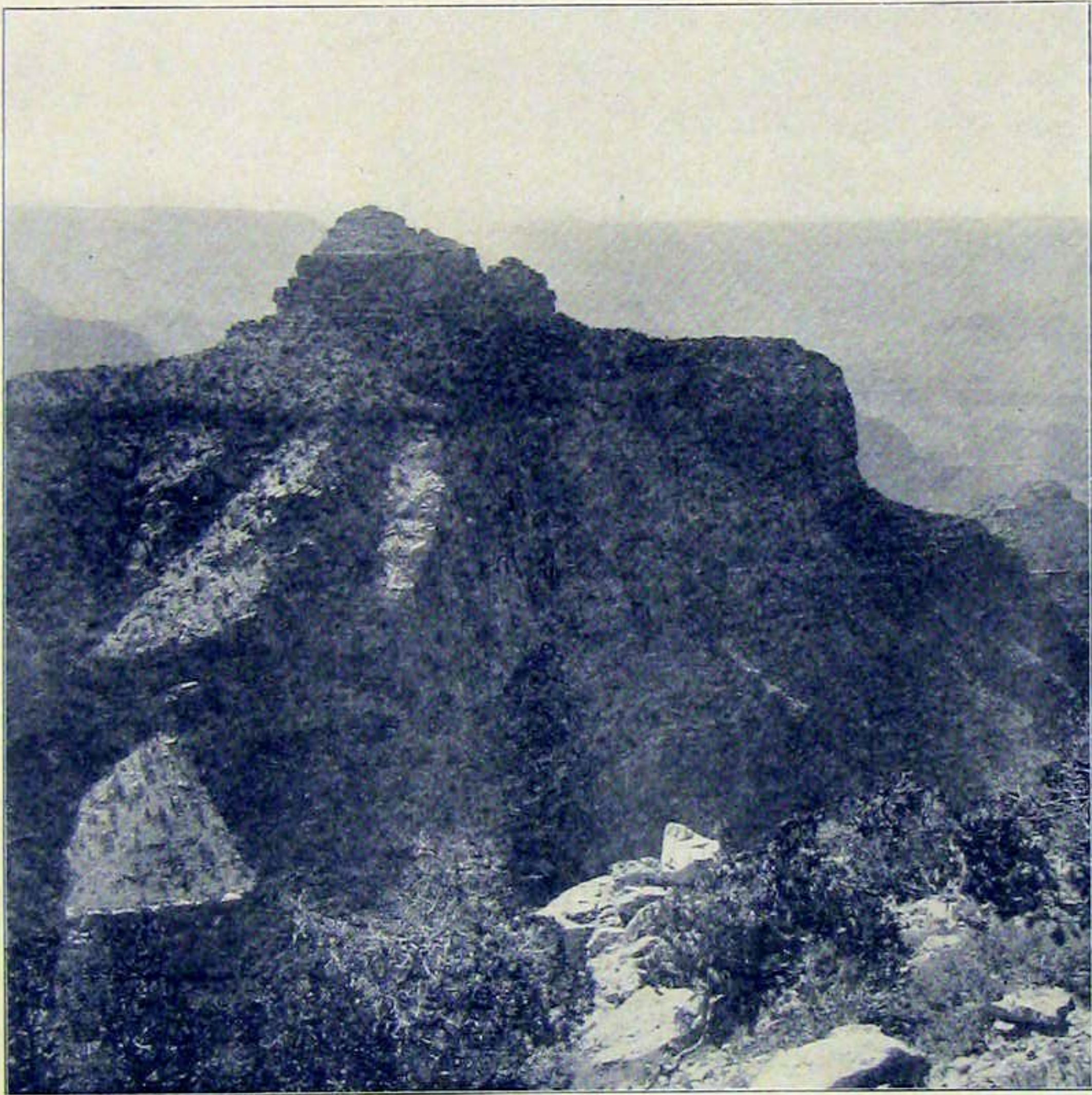
expectant audience. And yet it must be done, no matter how ill.

Let me then beg your sympathy and pray your pardon while I slowly draw the veil, and with reverential gesture reveal at first a mere glimpse, and then another until at last the mind and eye be prepared to take



ON THE RIM

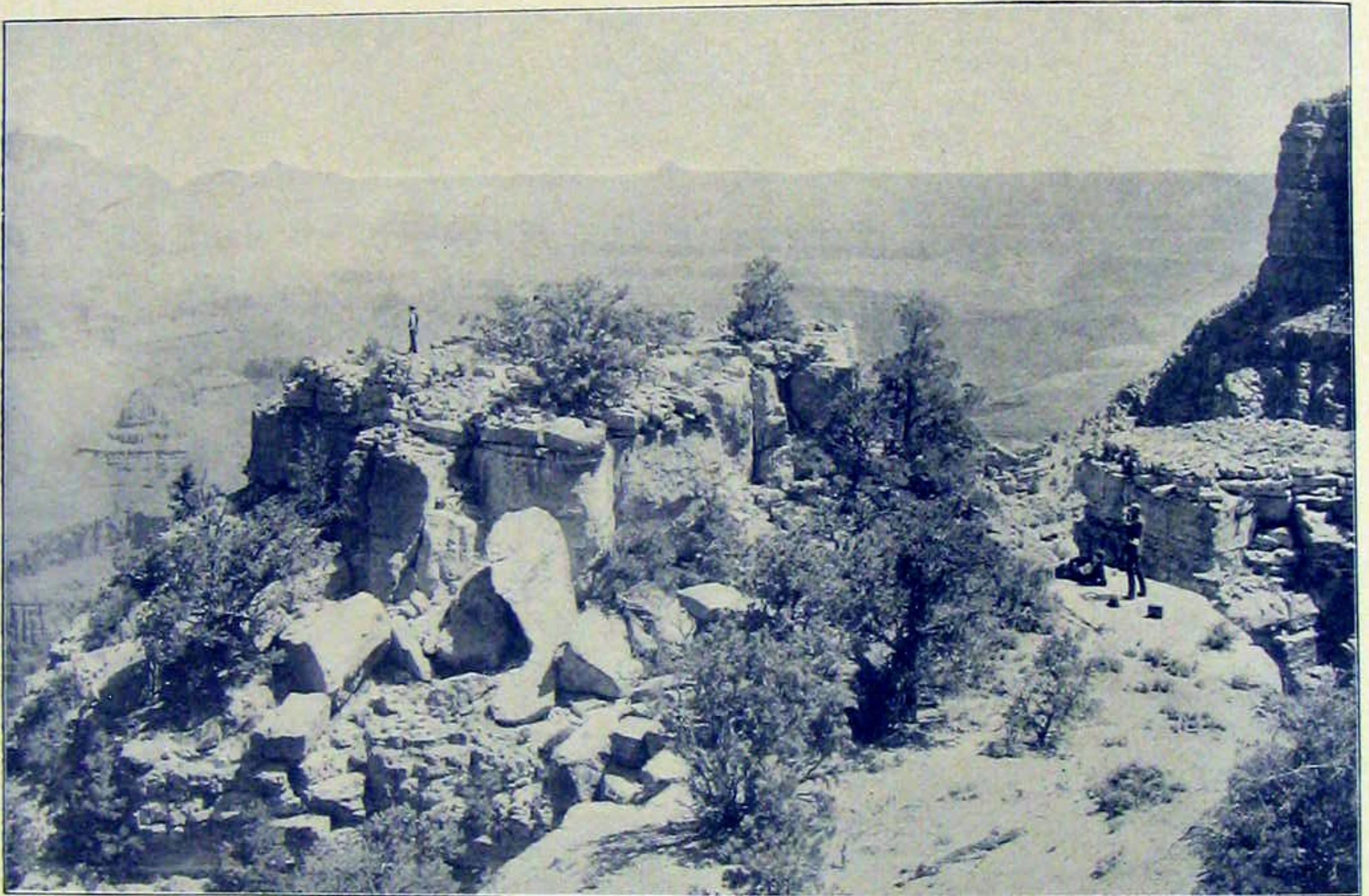
and hold impressions born of wider vistas, which in themselves are but puny fractions of a mighty entirety that cannot be revealed. Within half a hundred yards of our forest-hidden tents yawns this unworldly chasm; great rocks stand about trembling on the brink, old pine-trees shed



AYER'S PEAK

their cones into these hazy depths that are not fathomable to the eye. And we, unless we are of sterner stuff than the insensate rocks, must tremble too as we stand here listening to the most appalling silence that ever smote the ear of man, an awful silence that seems to tell the endless story of eternity and death. The sensation of him who for the first time looks and listens is one of expectant suspense.

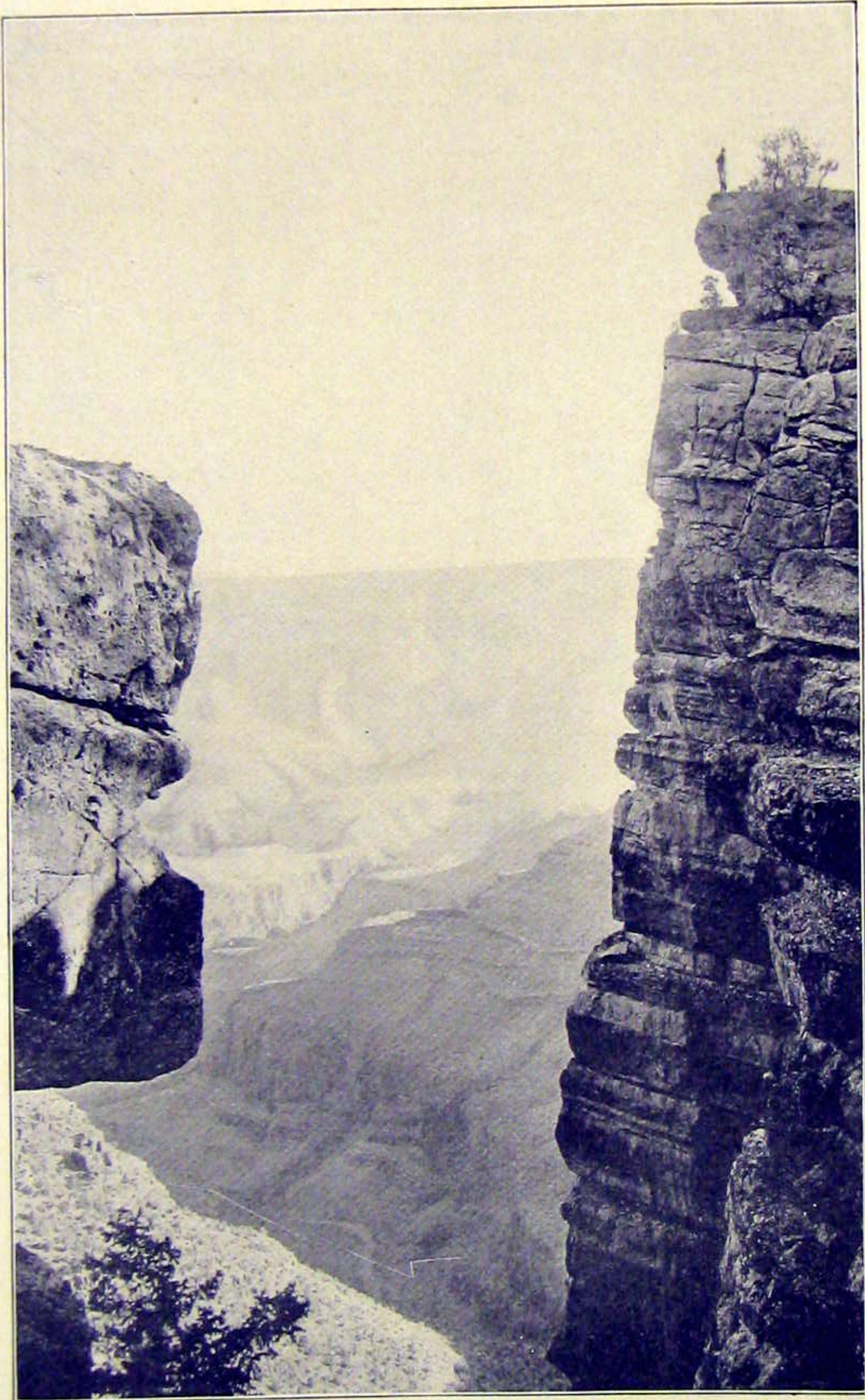
We gaze and wait and wait ; for surely something is about to happen. This cannot last ; it is not possible that a scene like this can remain unchanged ; it cannot be that it is immobile ; surely it must soon move or change. This rock must fall, these walls be shaken by an earthquake, or yonder cliff that soars above us must surely become animate and bow its proud head in reverence to the glory that is in the earth beneath and in the sky above. And yet the seconds



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

A POINT OF VANTAGE

and the minutes pass, and in all the earth there is no sound, no movement, and no change, unless we count the involuntary gasp with which we greet each wider vista, the pounding of our hearts, and the epoch-making change that is occurring in our minds—the shattering of old ideals of beauty and of grandeur, the forming of a new standard by which in the future we shall measure all that is beautiful or grand. And still, what we have yet seen is as nothing—mere



A CAÑON CLIFF

glimpses of infinity, mere peeps at things which in the great ensemble of the cañon will never more be recognized or noted.

The towering cliff on which we take our stand a moment later appears like the supremest point, the summit of this Cañon World; and yet it is a tiny nothing, a mere crinkle in the wall, completely lost to view, like a thousand of its equals, when from a point below we strive next day to locate and to recognize it. For want of a more striking and a newer simile, we must liken the man who, balanced there aloft, looks down upon us, to an insect; but though a man perched on these pinnacles looks small and puny, he cannot feel his littleness. At least, no man of soul can here feel insignificant; the fact that his mentality is big enough to see and feel that which is here revealed makes every thinking man appear respectable in his own eyes, and makes the poet or the dreamer feel himself akin to the immortals.

I hold that no well-balanced mind finds itself petty



A RIVER-CHANNEL ONE MILE DEEP

in the presence of the cañon. It is proud to possess' perceptions of grandeur equal to the task imposed upon them. There is an exaltation in the thought that the human consciousness is able to conceive a sense of such grandeur, and to find enjoyment in a spectacle so overwhelmingly magnificent.

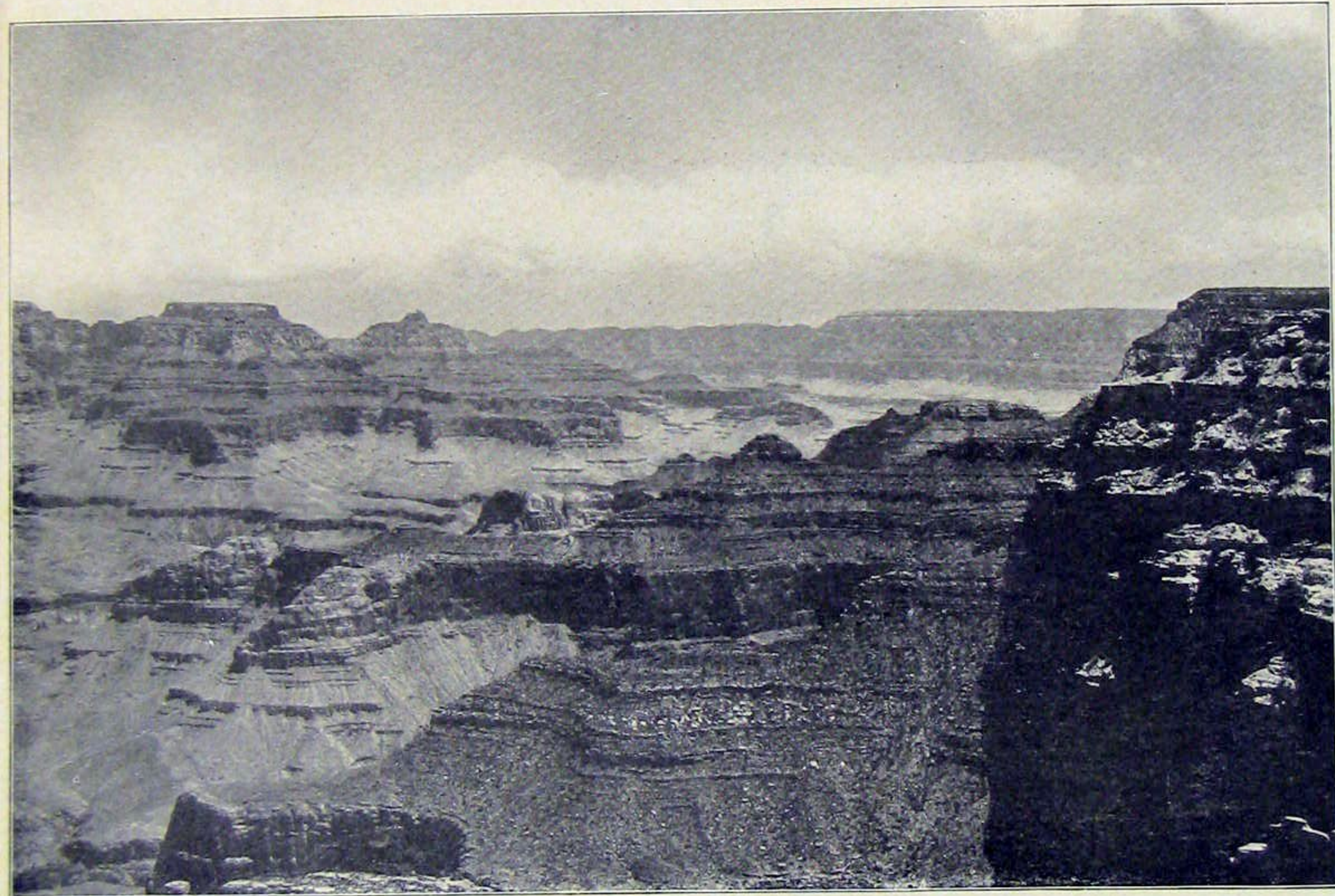


Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

A PANORAMA

And as in imagination we stand upon another pinnacle and let our gaze sweep far and wide across the world of wonder, let me borrow the words of Captain Dutton, the geologist, whose marvelous descriptions are unfortunately buried in bulky tomes of Government Reports. He says that "the lover of nature, whose perceptions have been trained in the Alps or in any other mountain region, enters this strange

region with a shock and dwells here for a time with a sense of oppression and perhaps with horror. Whatsoever things he had learned to regard as beautiful and noble, he would seldom or never see, and whatsoever he might see would appeal to him as anything but beautiful and noble. Whatso-



LOOKING UP THE CAÑON

ever might be bold and striking would at first seem only grotesque. But time brings a gradual change. He suddenly becomes conscious that the outlines which at first seemed harsh and trivial have grace and meaning; that forms which seemed grotesque are full of dignity; that magnitudes which had added enormity to coarseness have become replete with strength and even majesty; that colors which had been

esteemed unrefined, immodest, and glaring, are as expressive, tender, changeful, and capacious of effects as any other."

And as we change our point of view let me continue in Captain Dutton's words, for he has said these things so well that no one need attempt to say them better: "The Grand Cañon is a great innovation in modern ideas of scenery, and in our conceptions of the grandeur, beauty, and power of nature. As with all great innovations, it is not to be comprehended in a day or a week nor even in a month.

"Great innovations, whether in art or literature, in science or in nature, seldom take the world by storm; they must be understood before they can be estimated, and must be cultivated before they can be understood.



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

THE CAÑON NEAR PEACH SPRINGS

“It is so with the great cañon. . . . Subjects which disclose their full power, meaning, and beauty as soon as they are presented to the mind, have very little of those qualities to disclose. Moreover, a visitor to the chasm comes with a picture of it created by his own imagination. He reaches the spot, the conjured picture vanishes in an instant, and the place of it must be filled anew. Surely no imagination can construct out of its own material any picture having the remotest resemblance to the Grand Cañon. In all the vast space beneath and around us there is very little upon which the mind can linger restfully.

“It is useless to select special points of contemplation. The instant the attention lays hold of them it is drawn to



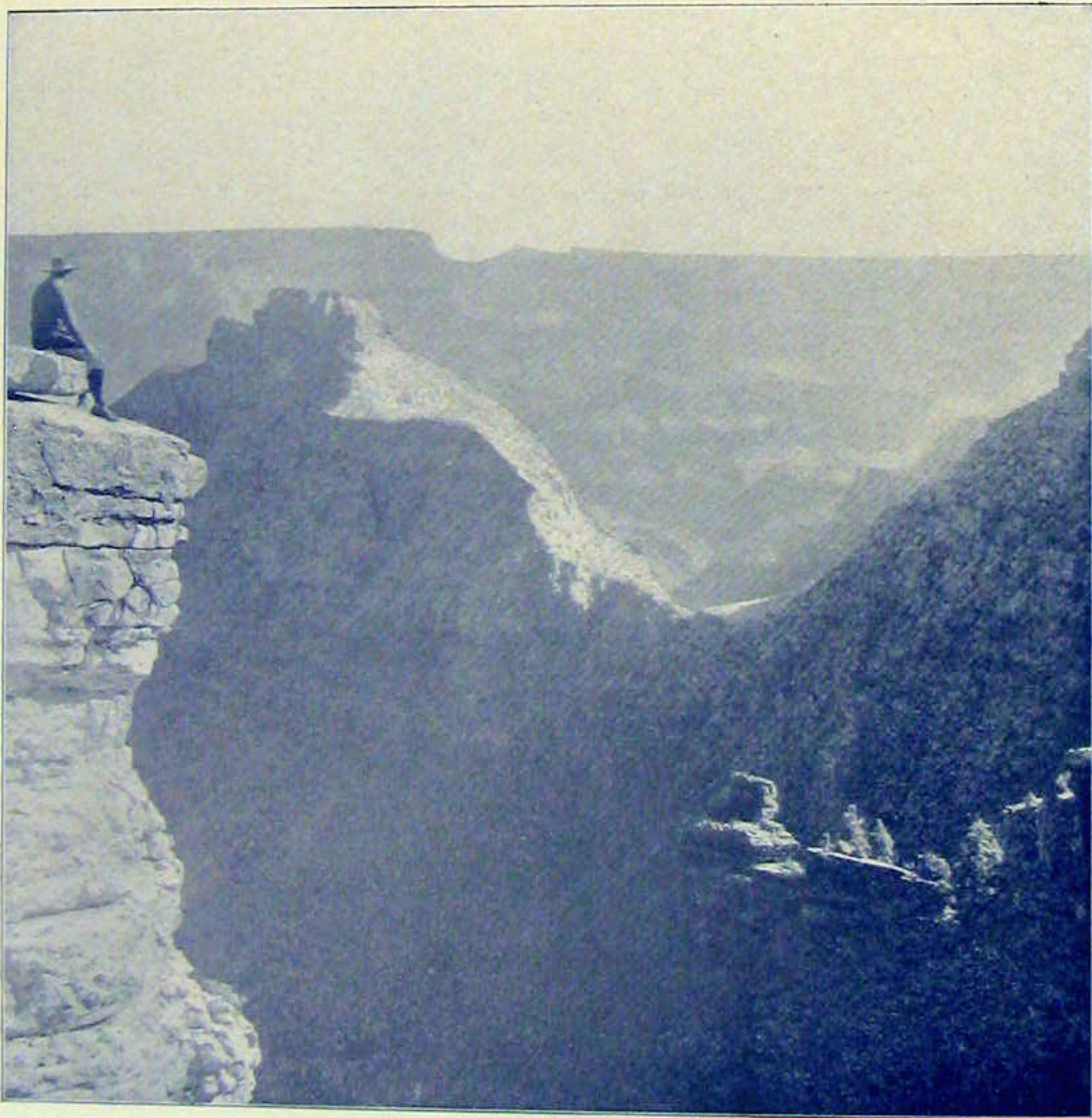
Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company

THE INNER GORGE NEAR PEACH SPRINGS

something else, and if it seeks to recur to them, it cannot find them. Everything is superlative, transcending the power of intelligence to comprehend it.

“There is no central point or object around which the other elements are grouped and to which they are tributary. The grandest objects are merged in a congregation of others equally grand. If any one of these stupendous creations had been planted upon the plains of central Europe, it would have influenced modern art as profoundly as Fujiyama has influenced the decorative art of Japan. Yet here are hundreds of them swallowed up in the confusion of multitude.”

Must we not envy the unknown beings who in ages past dwelt in the presence of this scene — in stone houses reared



IMMENSITY!

Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Co.

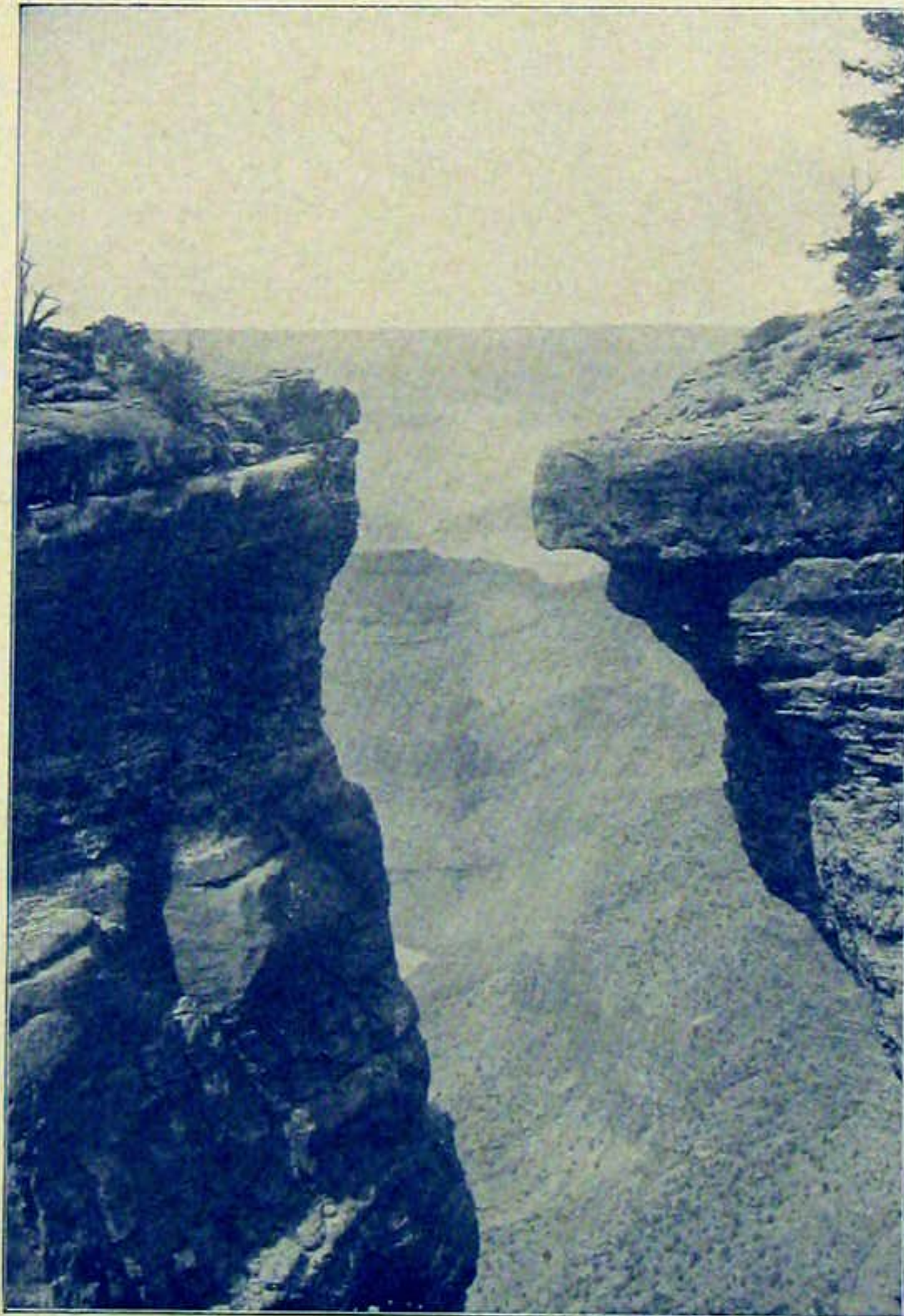


THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO RIVER

upon the summits of these gray columnar towers that rise within a few yards from the rim? Vestiges of dwelling-houses are still visible upon one of the nearest summits, and at many other points within a few miles of our camp. Our first day on the cañon's rim is full of wonder and surprise, a day forever memorable, but not more memorable than the days that are to follow.

It is one form of intense pleasure to view the cañon from above; it is a totally different experience to go down to its very depths and dip our fingers in the murky waters of the Colorado River, that in places glides with oily smoothness, in others foams and fights in its black granite gorge six thousand feet below, so far away that no sound of its struggling reaches us, buried so deep that it scarce seems to bear relationship to the living rivers of the upper world.

To ramble on the brink calls for no effort greater than that attending a stroll along a forest path, for a smooth, safe, and almost level trail has been constructed, winding away and following the shore line of the bays and gulfs, to the tip



ROCK-FRAMED DEPTHS

ends of promontories jutting into space ten miles distant. Each step in advance reveals a new and ever-varying vista, and the return along the same easy trail holds in reserve surprises, new compositions of old views, strange new effects of light and shade, of brilliant sunshine, and of gloomy violet shadow.

One day spent on the rim satisfies some minds. We are inclined to tell ourselves that we have seen all that it is possible to see ; and



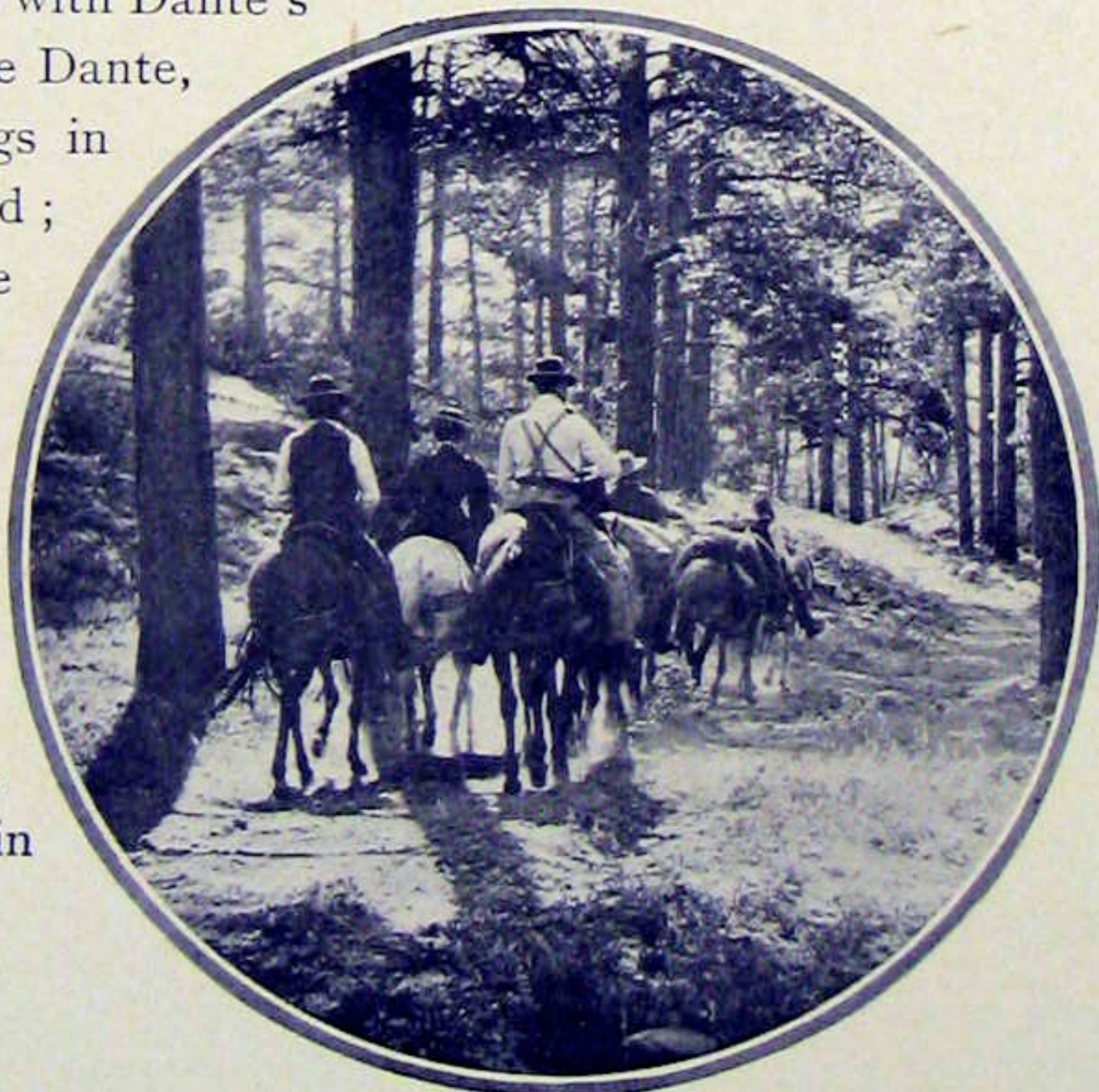
Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company
ALONE WITH NATURE

many, feeling thus, depart the next morning after their arrival. But those who stay are rewarded as no travelers have ever been rewarded elsewhere, and the longer they remain the larger their reward ; for every day brings to the eye new powers, opens to the mind new vistas ; the joy of being here increases day by day, until we verge upon the state of perfect happiness. And oh, the infinite variety of our experiences ! We



DEPARTURE FOR THE DEPTHS

have already strolled with ease and safety along the brow of countless precipices and looked down into a world that seems inviolable,—a world to which apparently man must remain a stranger for all time, and yet we, even we, the city-dwellers, the inhabitants of regions that are commonplace, may drop into the depths of this unearthly chasm, and, like Dante, see strange things, yet live to tell of that which we have seen ; but alas ! not with Dante's words of power. Like Dante, we begin our wanderings in an obscure savage wood ; but unlike Dante we are mounted — not on the winged horses of the Muses, but — on the mules and the burros of good old Captain Hance, who in our case replaces Virgil as guide. In early morning Captain



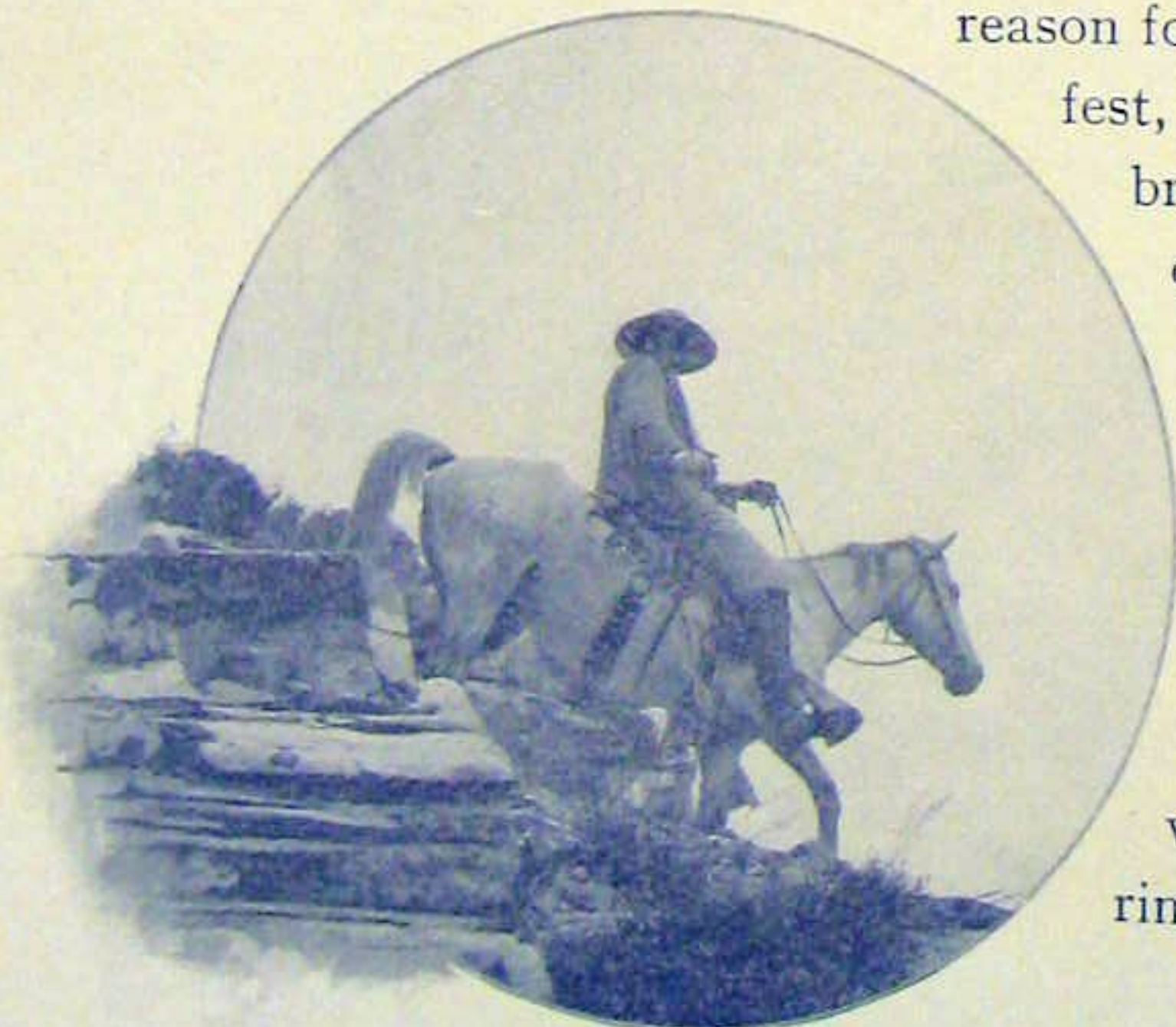
STARTING FOR THE TRAIL

Hance rounds up his stock and brings them saddled to the camp. Our wraps, camera, and blankets are tied on the packs, the men select the beasts to whom their lives are now to be entrusted, and climb into the comfortable western saddles. The only lady in our little band of bold adventurers must bow to the strict rules of Captain Hance and don divided skirts, for the old guide will have no ladies in his train who will not ride astride. He keeps a special skirt on hand for those who do not come provided with the proper costume. The

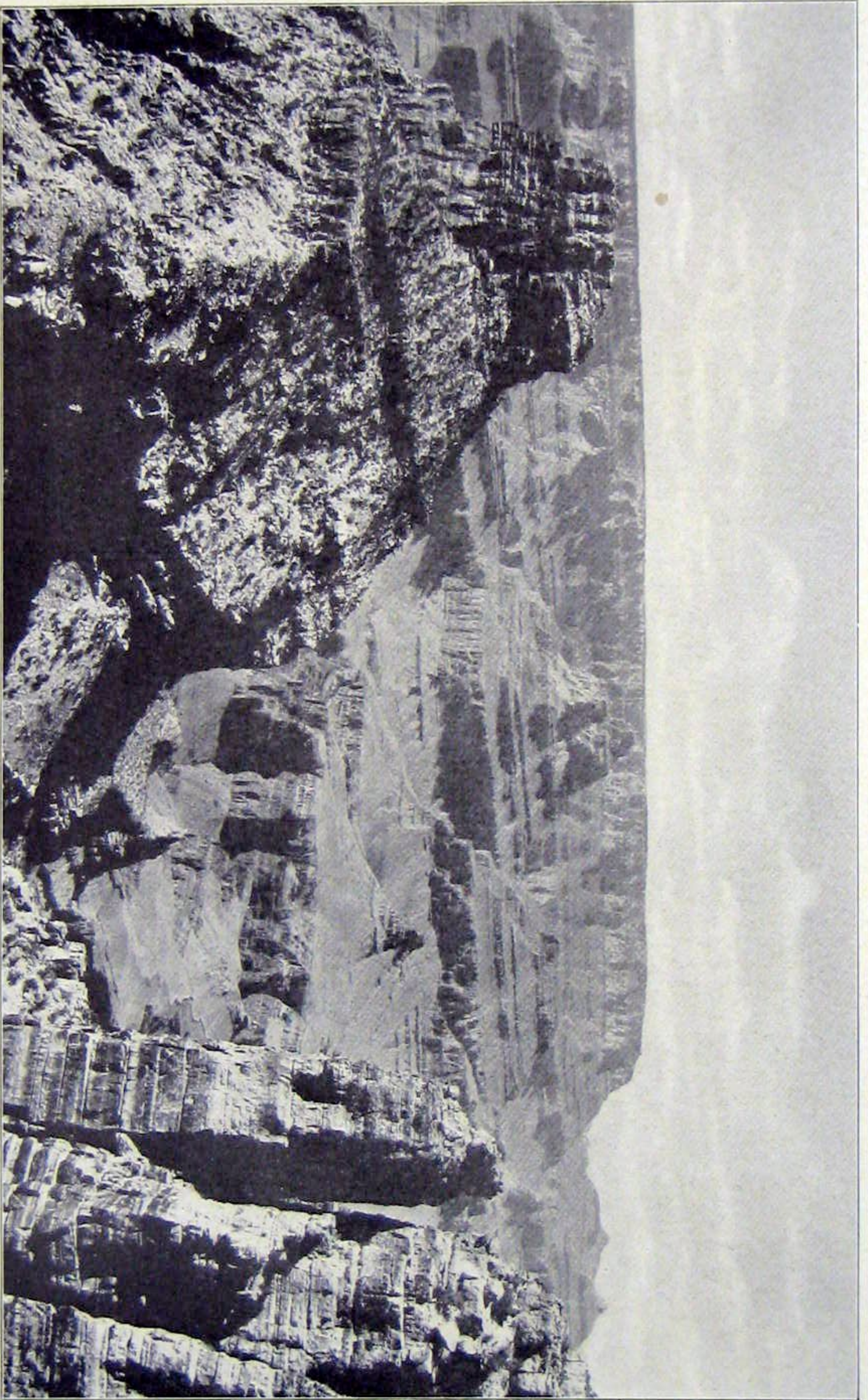


FOLLOWING THE LEADER

reason for this rule will soon be manifest, for when we reach the cañon brink, we, with a tremor born of surprise and of dizziness, launch our animals into the abyss. Now the path down which we have turned appears impossible. When yesterday we passed the place where it forks downward from the trail along the rim, we scarcely noted it, so



A TICKLISH TRAIL



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

PREHISTORIC PYRAMIDS

faint and narrow did it look, so steep that we could not suppose that it was the beginning of the famous highway down which we were to ride upon the morrow. The pitch for the first mile is frightful ; in places it almost surpasses the angle of repose ; and to our dismayed, unaccustomed minds the inclination apparently increases, as if the cañon wall were slowly toppling inwards, and we anticipate the horror of the moment when the animals will not be able to retain a footing. And

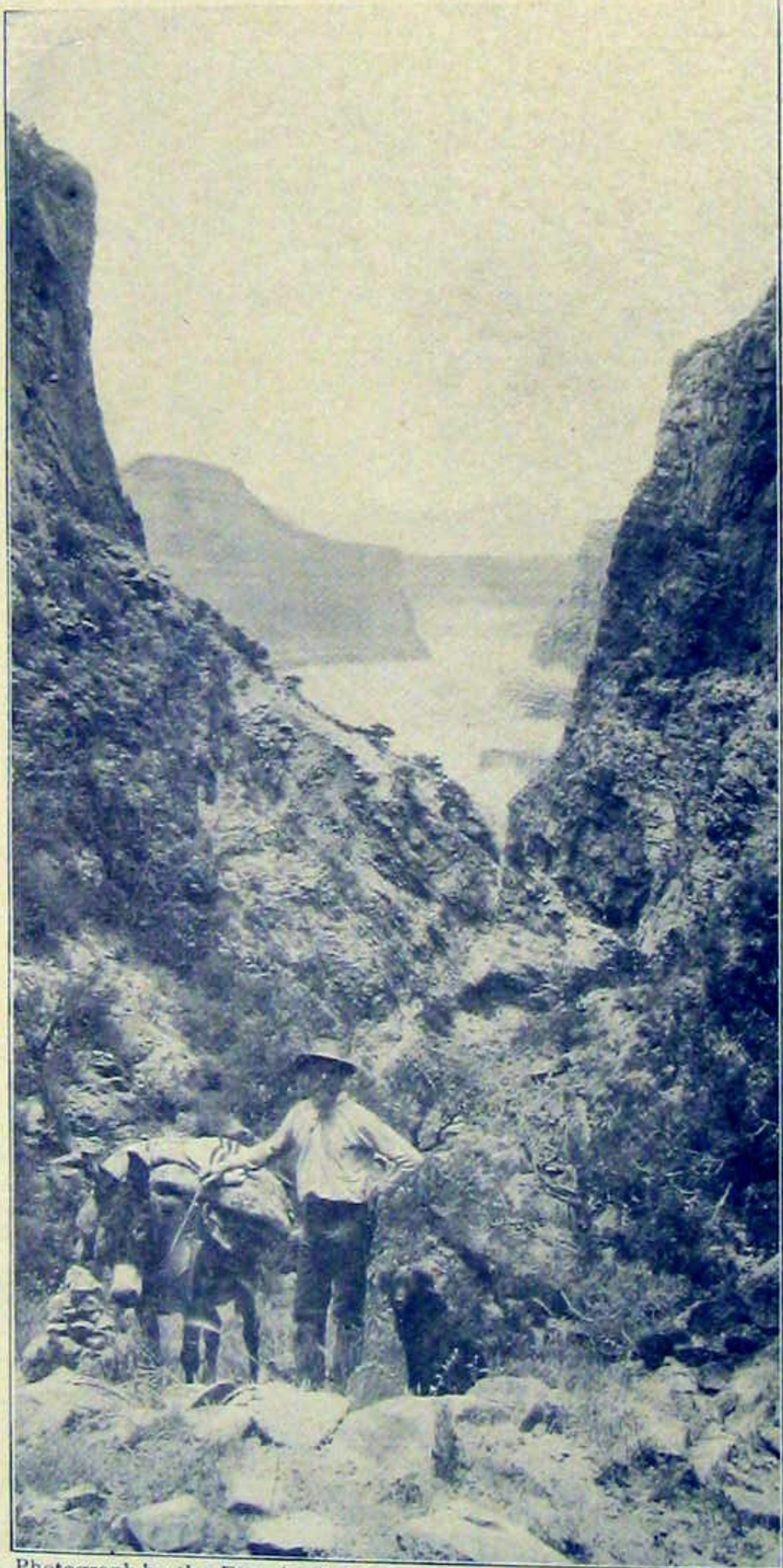


FROM SUNSHINE TO SHADOW

this impression that the wall is toppling is strengthened into conviction by an upward glance, for the dizzy rim, from which we drop away so suddenly, appears to sway ; its sky-line, by that curious optical illusion peculiar to things that loom above us, seems to be continually advancing into space, as if in time the whole gigantic mass would overwhelm us. Were it not for the occasional stretches of comparatively level trail the suspense would soon become unbearable. The continued strain upon the consciousness is increased by the strange, almost human actions of the animals ; by their slow, careful placing of the feet, by the jolt that follows every downward

step, by the instant of recovery, at some unprotected "elbow" of the trail where one stirrup dangles in the void, the eye plunges down a thousand feet, and the mind goes running back along life's pathway in a hasty search for those matters that are most insistently calling for repentance.

There may be men who can ride unconcernedly down Hance's trail, but I confess that I am not one of them. My object in descending made it essential that I should live to tell the tale, and therefore, emboldened by the thought of a duty that I owed to prospective auditors, I mustered up sufficient moral courage to dismount and scramble down the steepest and most awful sections of the path on foot; and it takes more courage to get off and walk, while the only woman in the party remains in the saddle, than it does to face the horror of a fall. I say that I descended sections of the trail on foot. "On foot," however, does not express it, but on heels and toes, on hands



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company
HANCE ON HIS TRAIL

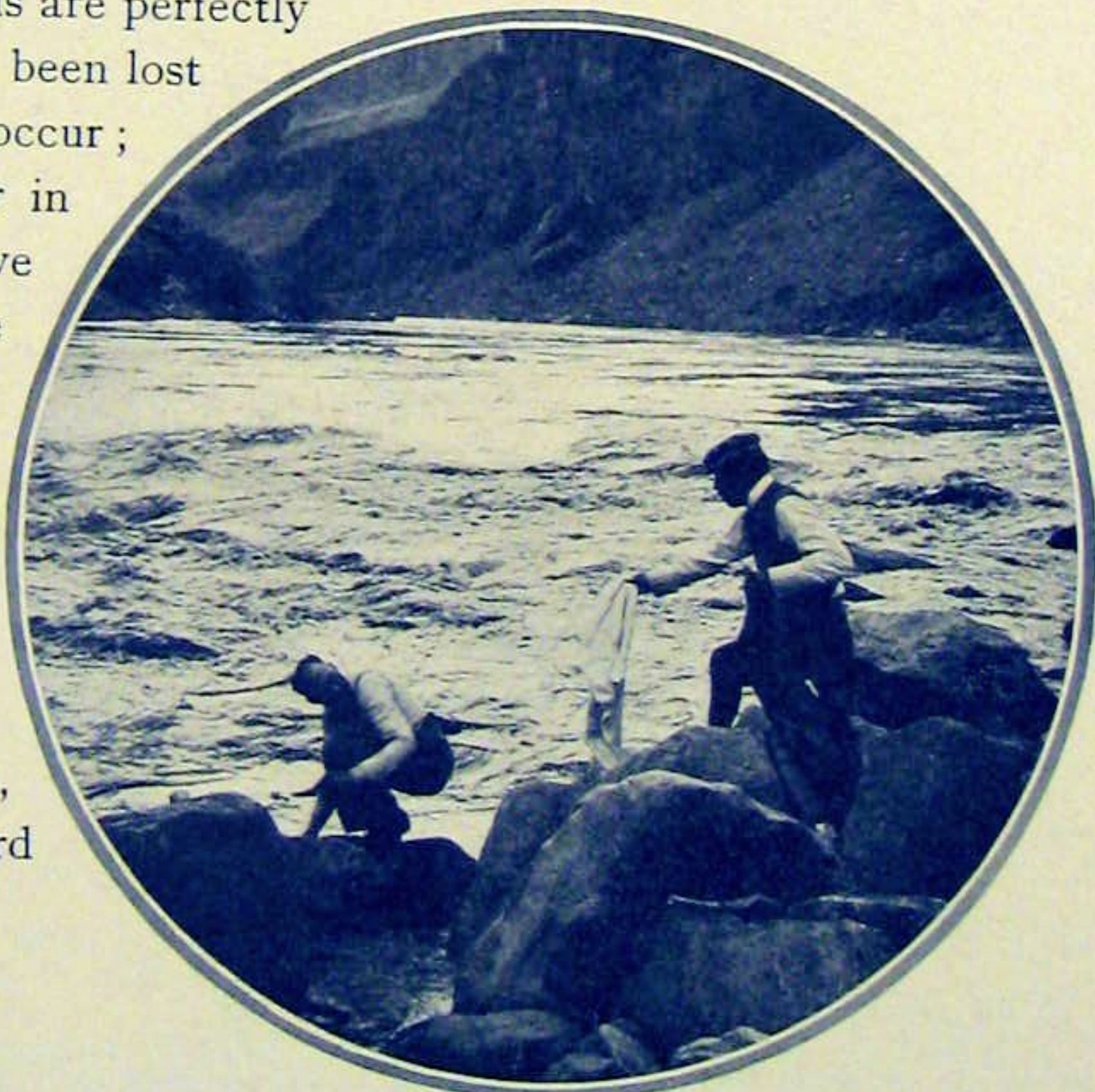


FOR ART'S SAKE

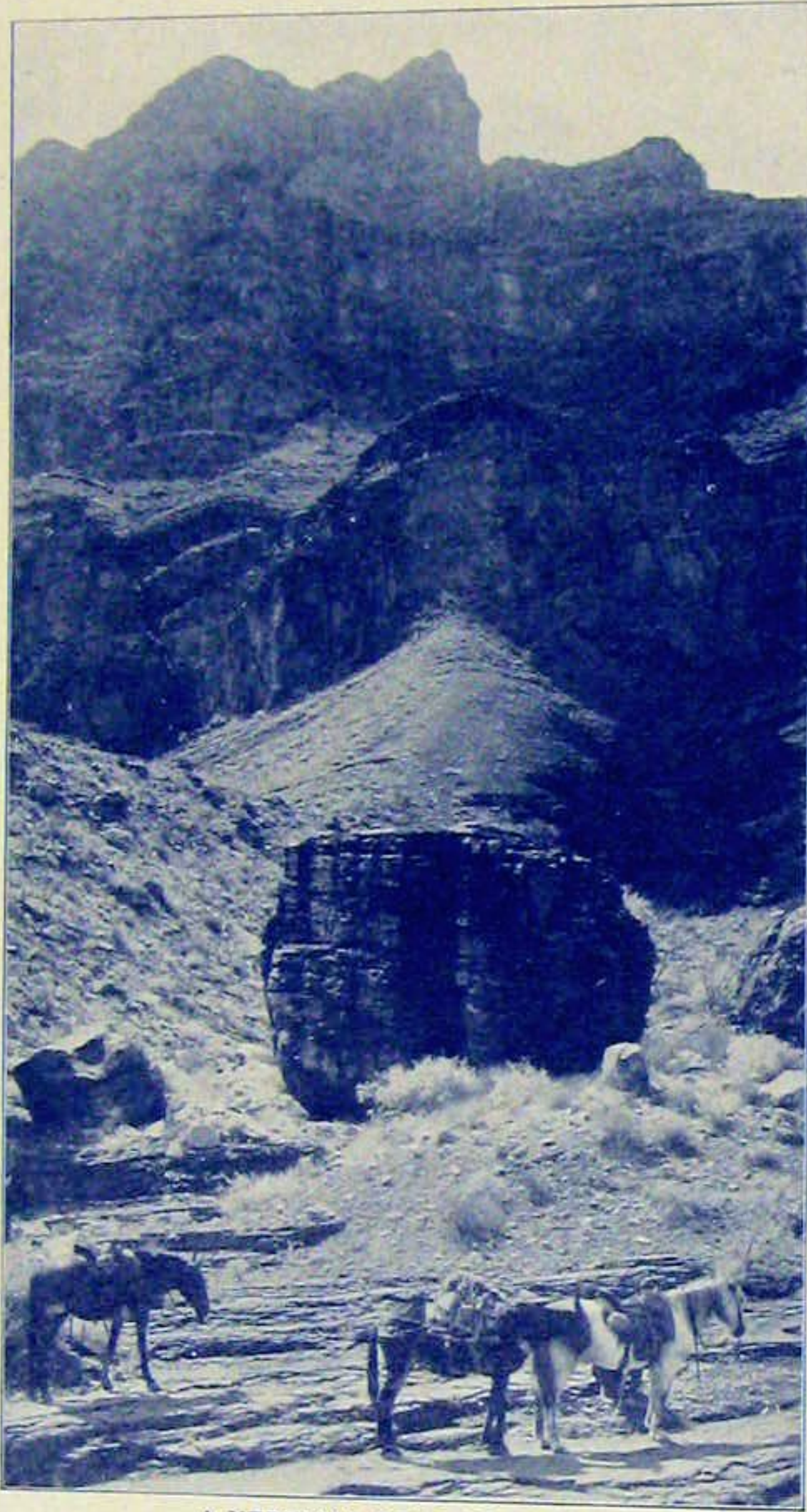
and knees, and sometimes in the posture assumed by children when they come bumping down the stairs; thus did I glissade around "Cape Horn," and past a dozen other places, where neither the mocking laughter of the men nor the more bitter words of sympathy from the brave Amazon could tempt me to forget that my supremest duty was to live to give a lecture on the cañon. Captain Hance expressed it best when he referred to the "lecturer who came down part way like a crab." It is unnecessary to explain why I can show no photographs of the dizzy places I describe. I really had not time to press the button; but later,

when with a confidence born of experience we descend another trail, I promise you glimpses of some places where mental hairs invariably stand on end.

And yet the trails are perfectly secure, no lives have been lost here, few accidents occur; the traveler is safer in the saddle, and as we soon discovered, the mules knew more of the proper way to scramble down this zigzag chute of shattered rock than we. This conviction once rooted in our minds, fear, like the coward



ARRIVAL AT THE RIVER



A VERTICAL MILE OF ROCK

thing it is, will vanish, and we begin to wonder how we could have been concerned about so small a matter as our miserable bodies, while scenes of glory are revealed to us at every turn. When we drink in scenes such as these, the senses are intoxicated; but our sure-footed mules are perfectly sober, and with reassuring deliberation they slip and glide, stumble and jolt, deeper and ever deeper into the chasm of the Colorado. If measured by a tape that follows all its curves and angles, its zigzags and its windings, our path is between eight and nine miles long. The distance from the launching-place for mules, upon the brink, to the launching-place for boats, upon the brink of the raging Colorado, is in a direct line about four miles. The difference in altitude between the river level and the summit of the wall is something greater than a mile, about six thousand feet; in other words, the cañon is fully as deep as Mount Washington is high. The walls appear almost to touch the skies, yet the foreshortening is such that their full majesty is not appreciated from

thing it is, will vanish, and we begin to wonder how we could have been concerned about so small a matter as our miserable bodies, while scenes of glory are revealed to us at every turn. When we drink in scenes such as these, the senses are intoxicated; but our sure-footed mules are perfectly sober, and with reassuring deliberation they slip and glide, stumble and jolt, deeper and ever deeper into the chasm of the Colorado. If measured by a tape that follows all its curves and angles, its

below. From below the nearer cliff looks half as high as the real sky-line above it, but in reality this little palisade from which gigantic boulders have been hurled down, is but a mere detail, an insignificant half-step in the grand stairway of the cañon. That which is near to us, although immense, becomes as nothing when we reach a point whence it can be viewed in its relations to the stupendous whole.

But we cannot realize these magnitudes. As Captain Dutton says: "Not only are we deceived, but we are conscious that we are deceived, and yet we cannot conquer the

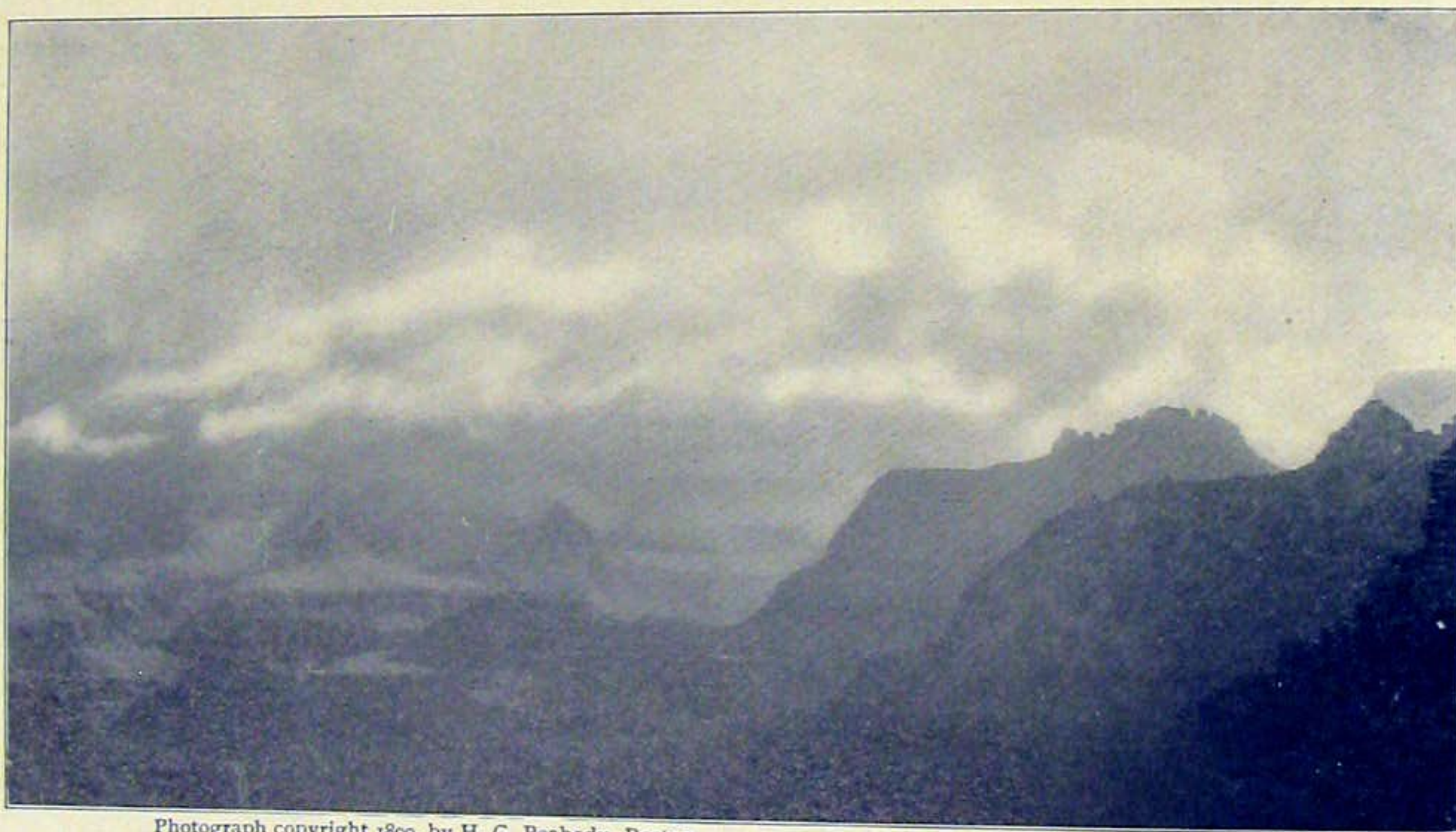


Photograph by H. C. Vroman; Pasadena

ON THE BANKS OF THE COLORADO

deception. Dimensions mean nothing to the senses, and all that we are conscious of in this respect is a troubled sense of immensity."

At last the roar of waters tells us that our ride is nearly ended, that in four hours we have made our way down to a level to attain which the Colorado has been laboring for ages upon ages. A few rods more and we behold the surging struggles of the great angry prisoner of the cañon; and as we dip our fingers in the murky, coffee-colored tide, we feel



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

A STORM IN THE CAÑON

the same thrill that comes to him who for the first time stands upon a long-desired mountain-top and holds his hands aloft as if to touch the skies. Strange mountaineering this, where men go down to reach their goal and scale steep cliffs to reach the world of men once more!

But as we look around us, we can scarcely realize that we are six thousand feet below the level of the surrounding land. We are disappointed to find no striking acme here, as the reward for our fatigue and labor. The descent and

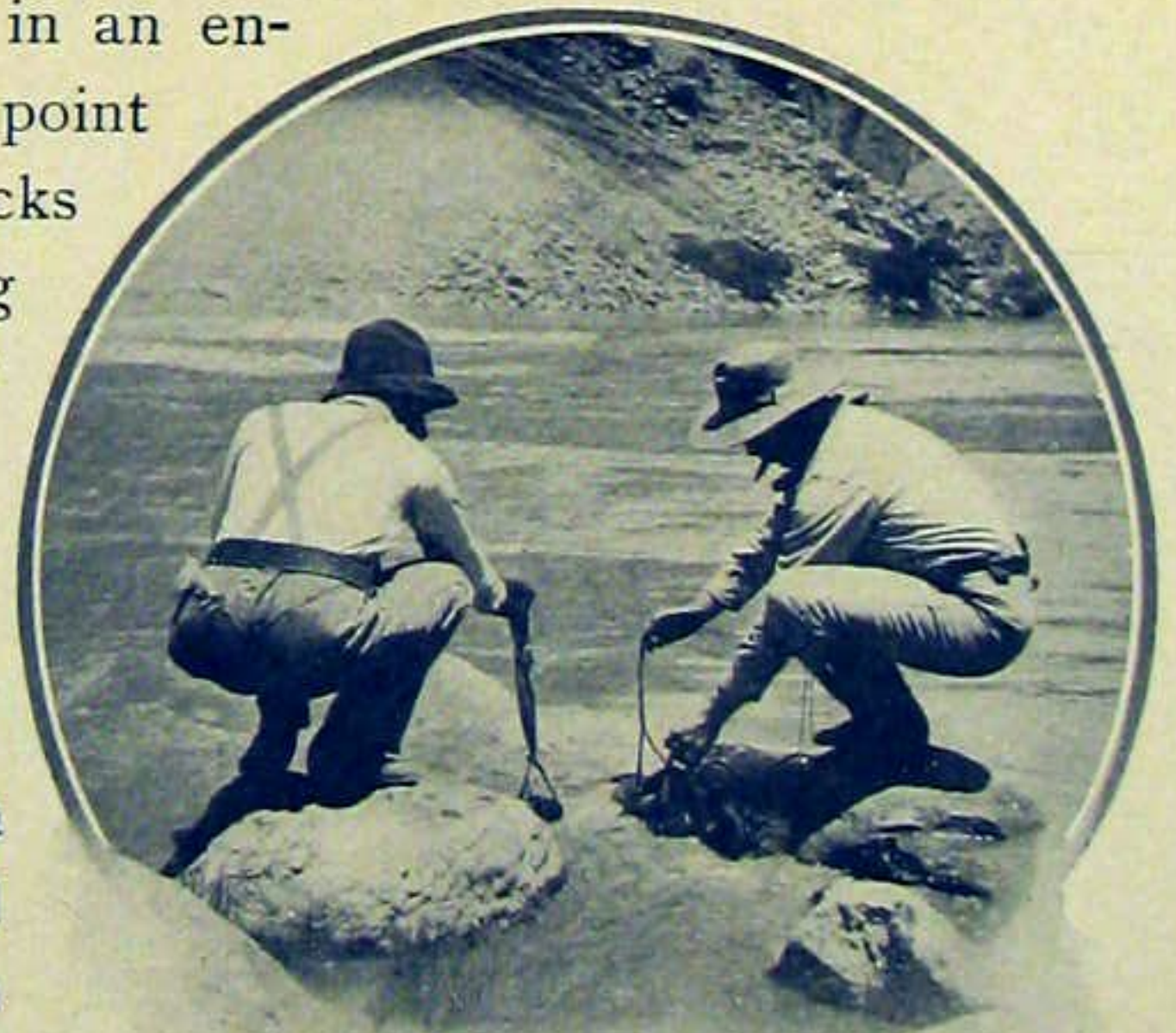


DINNER IN THE DEPTHS

ascent are in themselves such magnificent experiences that there is no possibility of a satisfying culmination at the journey's end. It is as if we found ourselves in a region of broken, rocky mountains, carved into strange weird shapes, but not of overpowering size. The effect of being in a cañon is here completely lost. The Titanic walls

have shrunk backward and also downward behind the minor buttes and palisades, and we look in vain for the outer limits of the gulf. The true skyline of the cañon is not visible, though here and there some isolated promontory-tip projects into the ether, like a dot left to mark the place where once the huge escarpment stood.

Our thirst assuaged by draughts of water that is almost mud, filtered between the teeth, we first unpack the animals, indulge in a rude picnic beneath a meager cottonwood, and then, during a long, hot afternoon, we wander round about the camp, scaling low cliffs, in an endeavor to reach some stirring point of view. We clamber over rocks along the river brink, watching the river as it glides heavily around the long, sweeping curves, attacks with a fierce ardor the besetting rocks, and then rushes on from rapids into whirlpools, and out again into a broad smooth channel where for a space, its wrath



COOLING THE CANTEENS

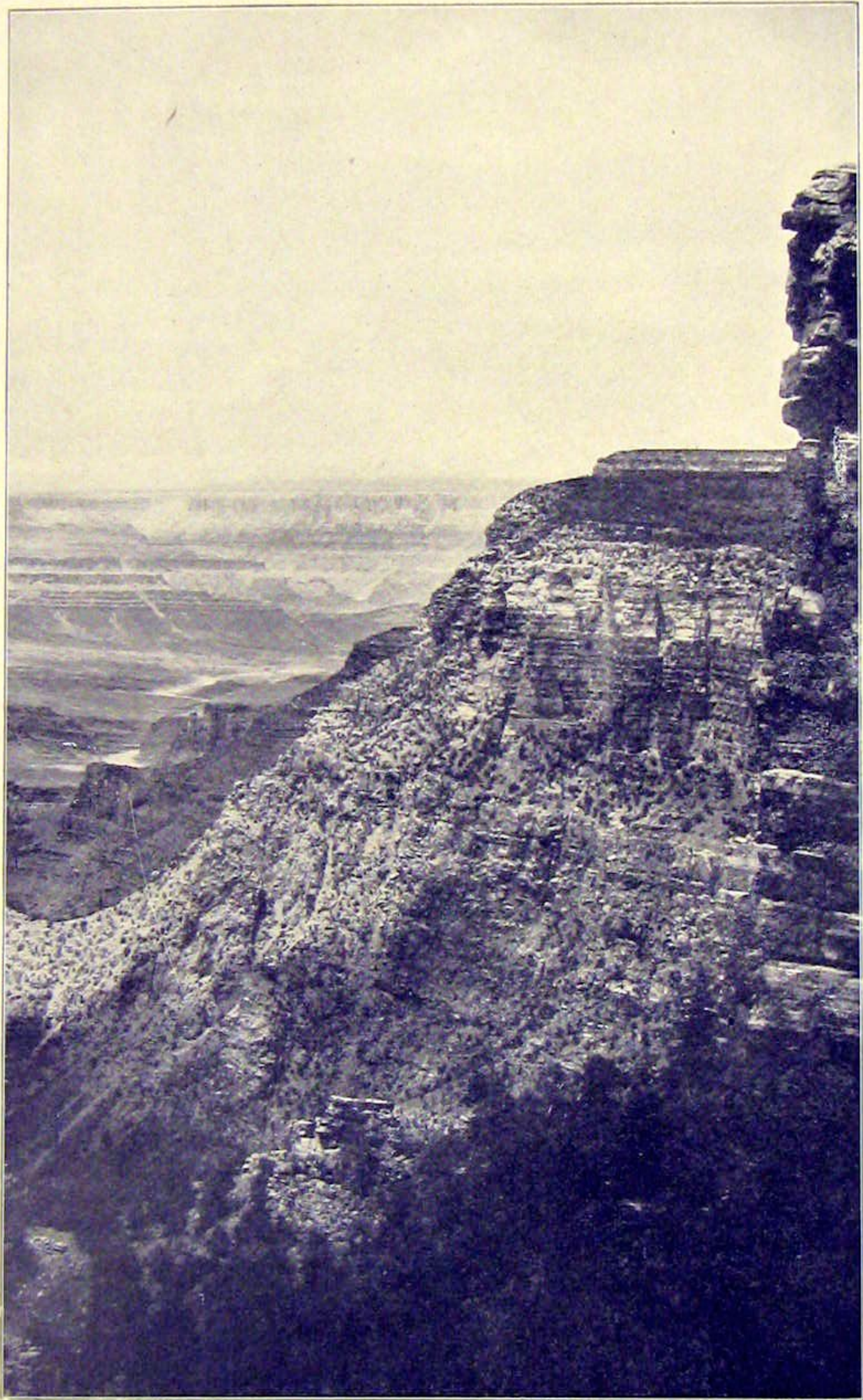
appeased, it slips on silently, preparing for fresh struggles, gathering new strength with which to vanquish other greater obstacles below. At length, weary with the day's excitement, we sup in camp at twilight, and spreading down our sleeping-bags or blankets we are soon ushered into dreamland,—a land far less strange, far less unreal than the mysterious night-enveloped chasm that yawns above us, during our disturbed slumbers, like a moonlit gulf of space.



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

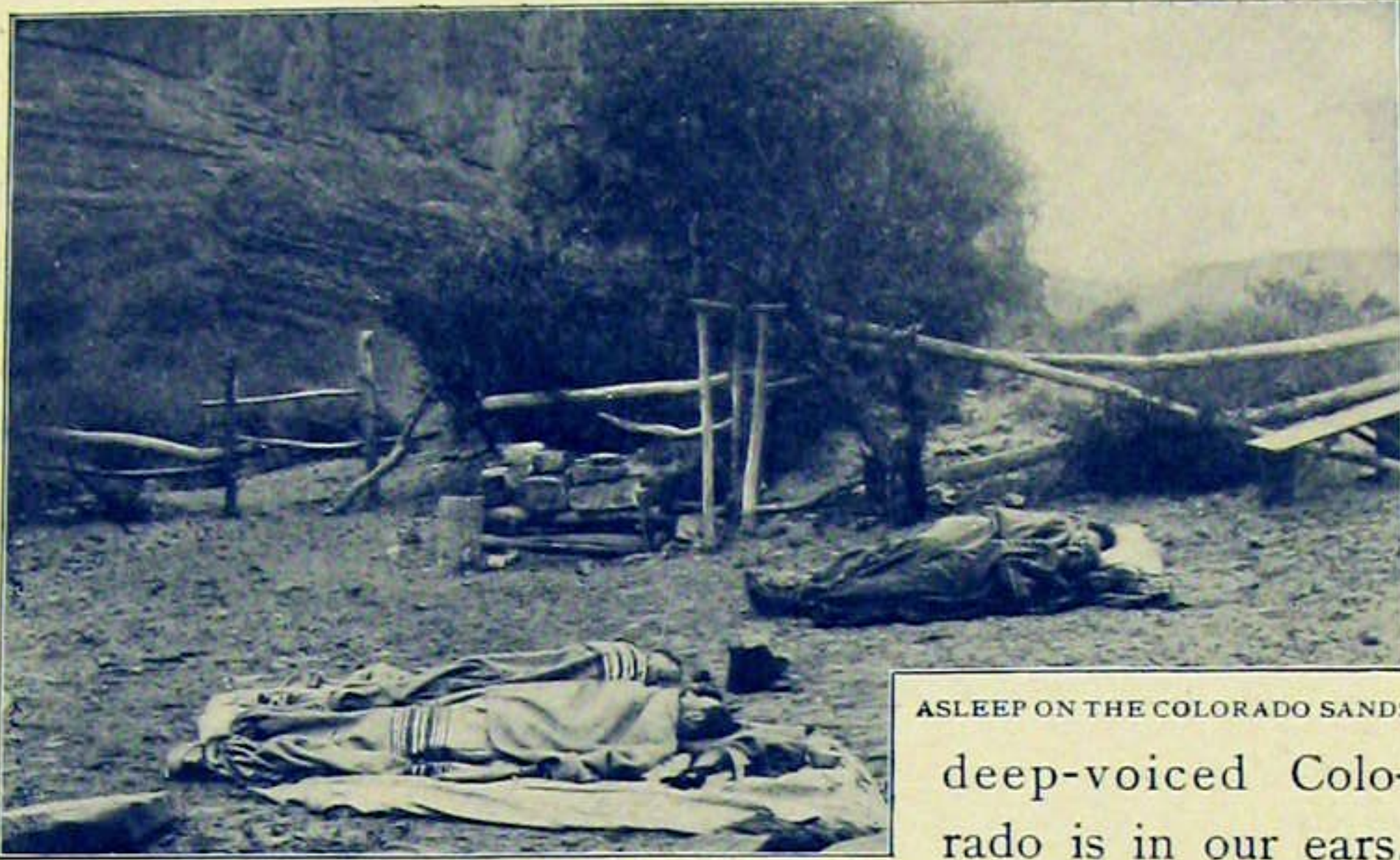
AFTER THE STORM

It is not granted to every man to sleep six thousand feet underground, yet this place where we make our bed is one mile farther from the soaring moon than the camp in which we slept the night before. Here in the bottom of the cañon perpetual summer reigns, while on the brink above the seasons come and go, winter whitening the brows of all the palisades, and summer wreathing round the head of every cliff a diadem of leaves and flowers. We do not sleep as soundly as we might; the consciousness of the strange, mighty chamber where we lie disturbs our dreams and the muttering of the



Photograph by the Detroit Photographic Co.

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

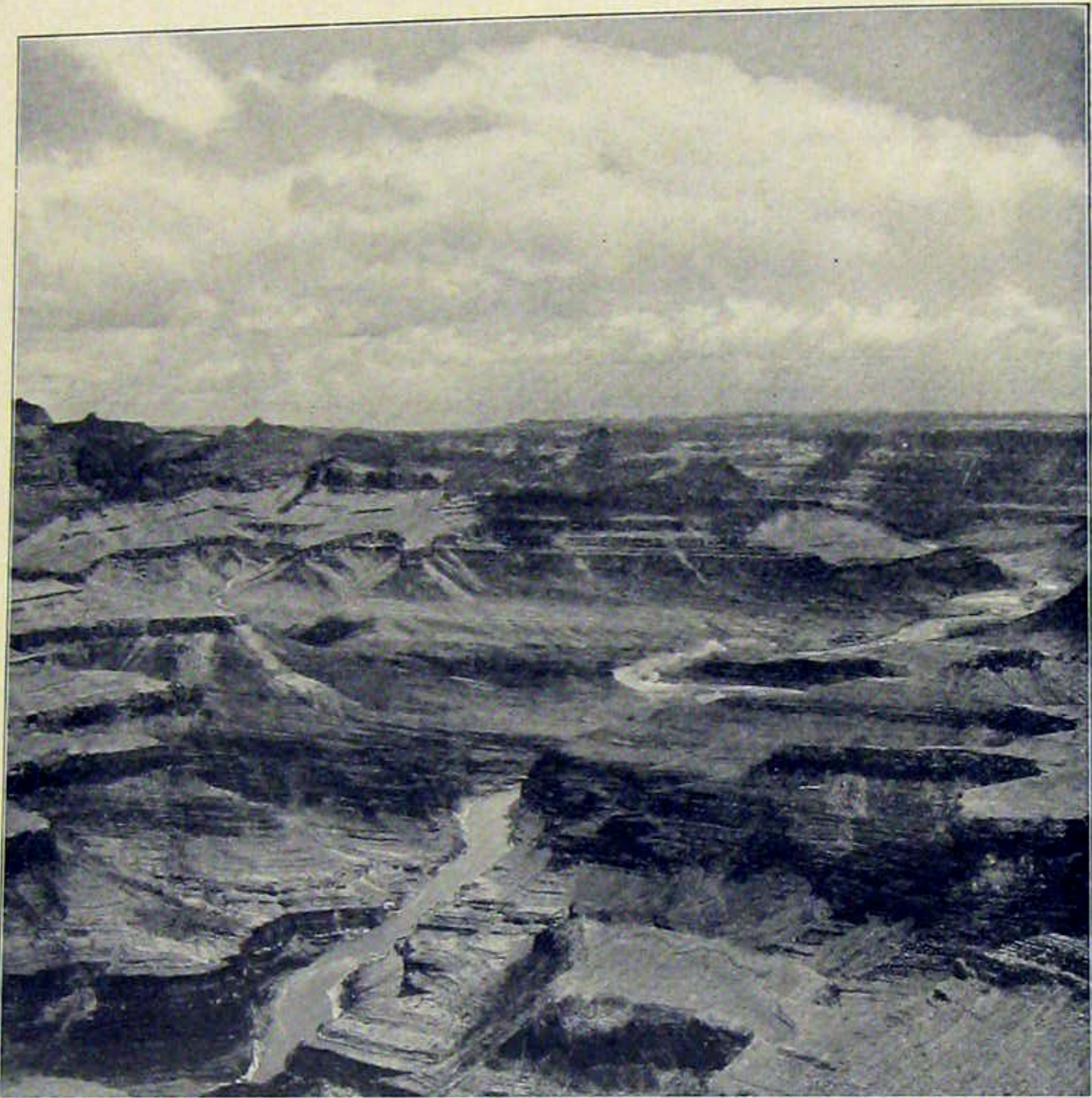


ASLEEP ON THE COLORADO SANDS

deep-voiced Colorado is in our ears.

At last the dawn comes peeping into our apartment through a world-wide opening in the roof, and it looks down upon a group of slumberers smug and ridiculous enough to make Morning laugh. And laugh she does, with sunny laughter, and we on waking laugh at one another, and running to the river make a hasty toilet with cold mud for water and the Arizona sun for towels. Then at breakfast we indulge in ham and bread and beans that grow in cans, and sardines that never saw the sea, and tinned salmon that never learned to swim; anything is good enough for breakfast in this glorious Arizona land. Even the fact that the paper bags containing salt and sugar had exploded in the packs, and had mingled their gastronomically uncongenial contents, could not rob the coffee of its savor nor cause us to reject the tea. For loss of appetite I can conceive no surer cure than an excursion to the cañon. That which people elsewhere cannot eat they can and send to Arizona.

Then Captain Hance rounds up the animals, saddles the horses, packs the mules, and we begin our skyward journey. The weary way is shortened by the tales of Captain Hance, who is, as all men know, a vivacious chronicler of the most



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

THE CURVING COLORADO

unbelievable events that ever happened. He is the hero of more strange adventures than any man alive. Once he was hanged for horse-stealing — “stringed up for mor’n three hours, and when they ket me down I kem to in ha’f an hour. An’, moreover, I didn’t steal no horses; they jest come up and puts their necks into the noose of the halter I was a-carryin’, and foller’d me.”

As a rough rider Captain Hance has made a record, but he admits that his attempt to leap a horse across the cañon was a failure. “He giv a fine big jump — but when we was ’bout ha’f-way over, I seed we couldn’t make it, so I turned him back.”

As our sturdy energetic horses attack with a surprising vigor the steep, rough trail that lifts its windings toward the world above, the journey is beguiled by recollections of these wonderful adventures of bold Captain Hance. His marvelous encounter with a gigantic bear is now a cañon classic. Chased by the hungry beast, Hance drops his gun and rushes up a tree; the bear at first throws stones, then picks up Hance's rifle and looks it over knowingly; and finally with almost human dexterity shoulders the Winchester and bangs away three times at his intended victim. "I do believe," says Captain Hance, "that if they'd 'a' been another ket-ridge in that gun he'd 'a' shot me, sure." "What followed?" we inquire breathlessly. "Oh, bimeby he got tired and ambled off." And to our query, "Did he take the gun?" the Captain, with a forgiving smile, replies: "Well, no, he did n't; you see there was some honor in him."

We made a motion picture of the Captain telling of his famous experience with a big silver salmon in the river.



PACKING



CAPTAIN JOHN HANCE'S FISH-STORY

The Captain loves to fish; he also loves to doze, and so one day he tied his line to his left leg and settled down upon the river brink to snooze; a big fish took the bait, jerked slumbering Hance into the flood, and towed him rapidly down stream. "I didn't mind the rapids or the rocks," the Captain tells us; "but I was afeared that when that darn old fish came to a deep whirlpool, he'd sink down to rest in quiet waters at the bottom, and I knew the line wa'n't long enough to let me stay on top. And that's just what he done, pulling me down after him. Of course I didn't want to lose my line, so, seeing there was no other way, I clim down that line hand-over-hand till I reached Mr. Salmon. I whips out my knife, cuts off the line right by his mouth, and giving him a big kick square in the face, I swum ashore, and I never see that fish again."

In early afternoon we reach the forest and pass the morrow restfully in wandering through it, following the old Moki Indian trail, or making excursions

to new points of vantage on the rim or to the far extremities of capes and promontories whence other splendid vistas are revealed. The sublime points of view are almost numberless, and the wandering stranger will every now and then stumble into the presence of the cañon, and with every new glimpse of the chasm there is born a new suggestion of grandeur, impossible to translate verbally.

Our journey to the depths has given us a new conception

of the cañon. Now that we know its magnitude, we look upon it with new interest and find that we continually ask ourselves, How was it made, and when?

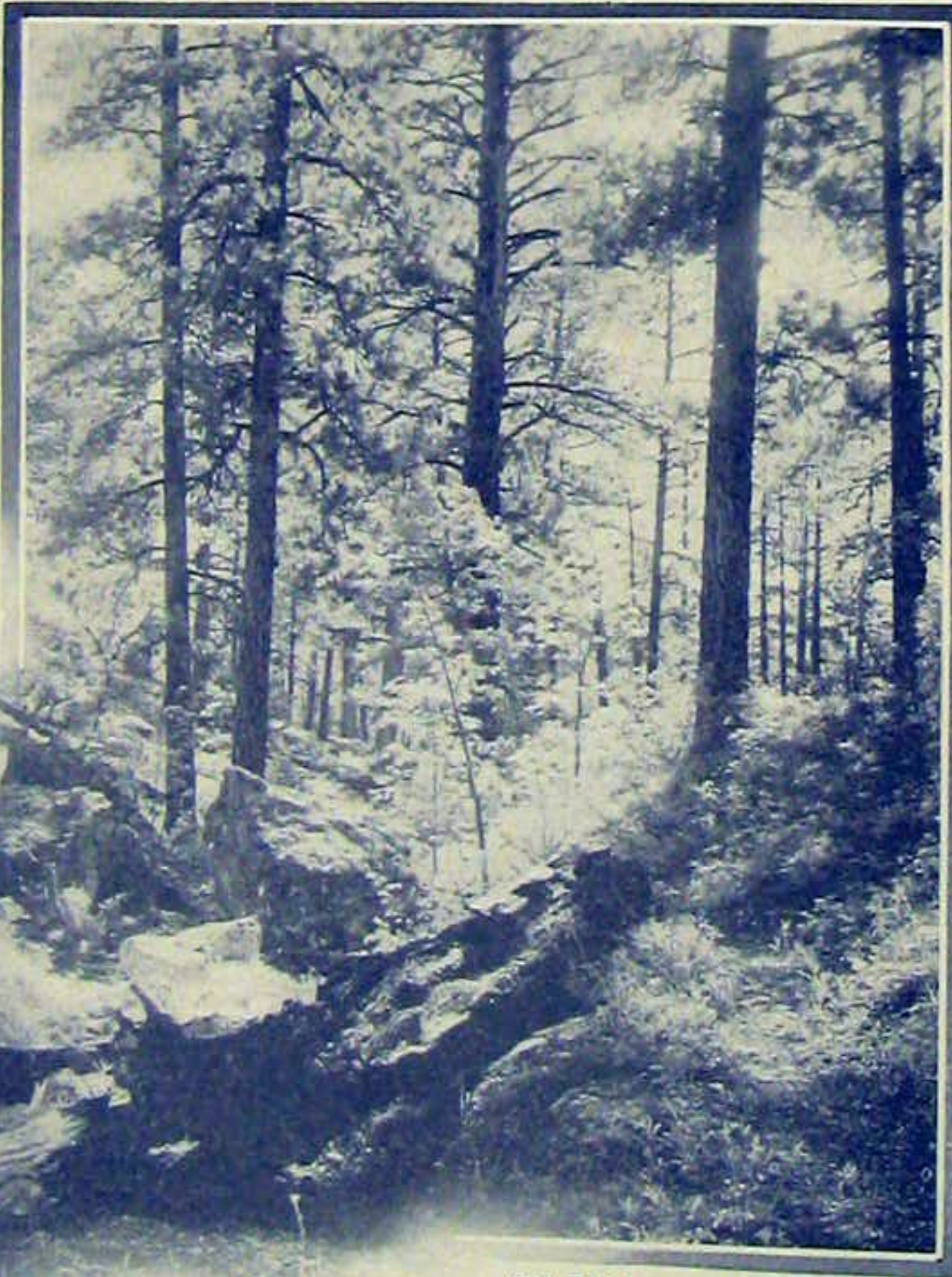
The story of the making of the cañon covers a period not measurable in centuries. Before man was, the cañon had been; after man shall cease to be, the cañon probably will continue to exist, and yet the existence of the cañon is but transitory; its creation, duration, and disappearance are but incidents in the history of our globe. The surface of the earth is undergoing constant changes, although one change may take more centuries than are counted in the life of the human race. Where land once was, there is now water,



STEEP AS A STAIRWAY

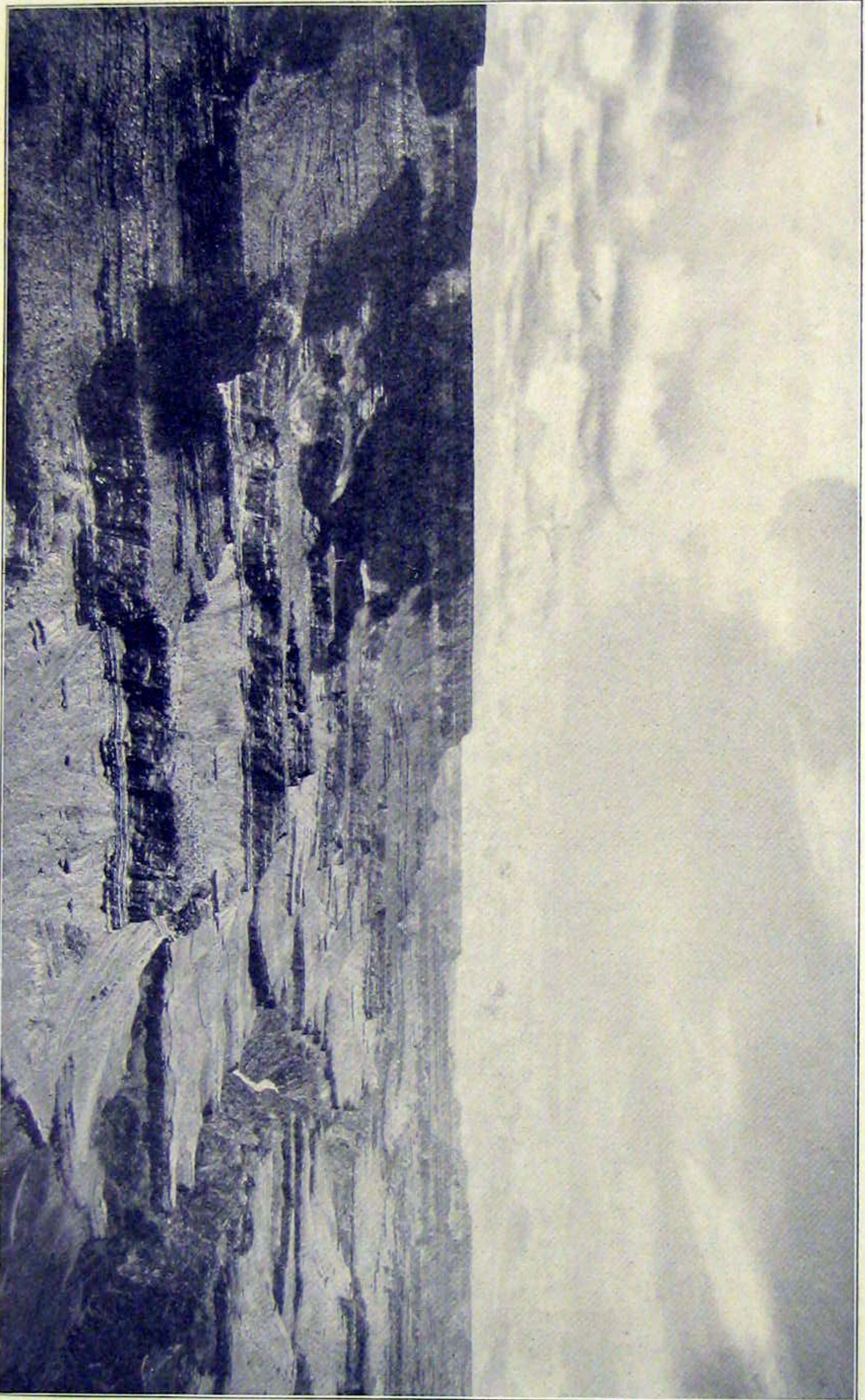
where water is, there will in time be land. So it has been and will be with this Grand Cañon region.

But let us turn our gaze away from the abyss and look out upon the forest-covered land that stretches away in simple, dignified immensity toward east and south. This, probably, was the aspect of the region before the Colorado carved its trench and laid bare those layers of colored rock, which had been deposited here in the long ages during which this district was submerged. Geologists tell us that it once formed the bed of a great arm of the ocean, later that of a brackish estuary, and later still the bed of a fresh-water lake; for as the ages passed, the entire region slowly rose, pressed upward by some mysterious internal force. It was raised no less than eighteen thousand feet. It is now only eight thousand feet above the sea, for as it rose, the upper strata, to a



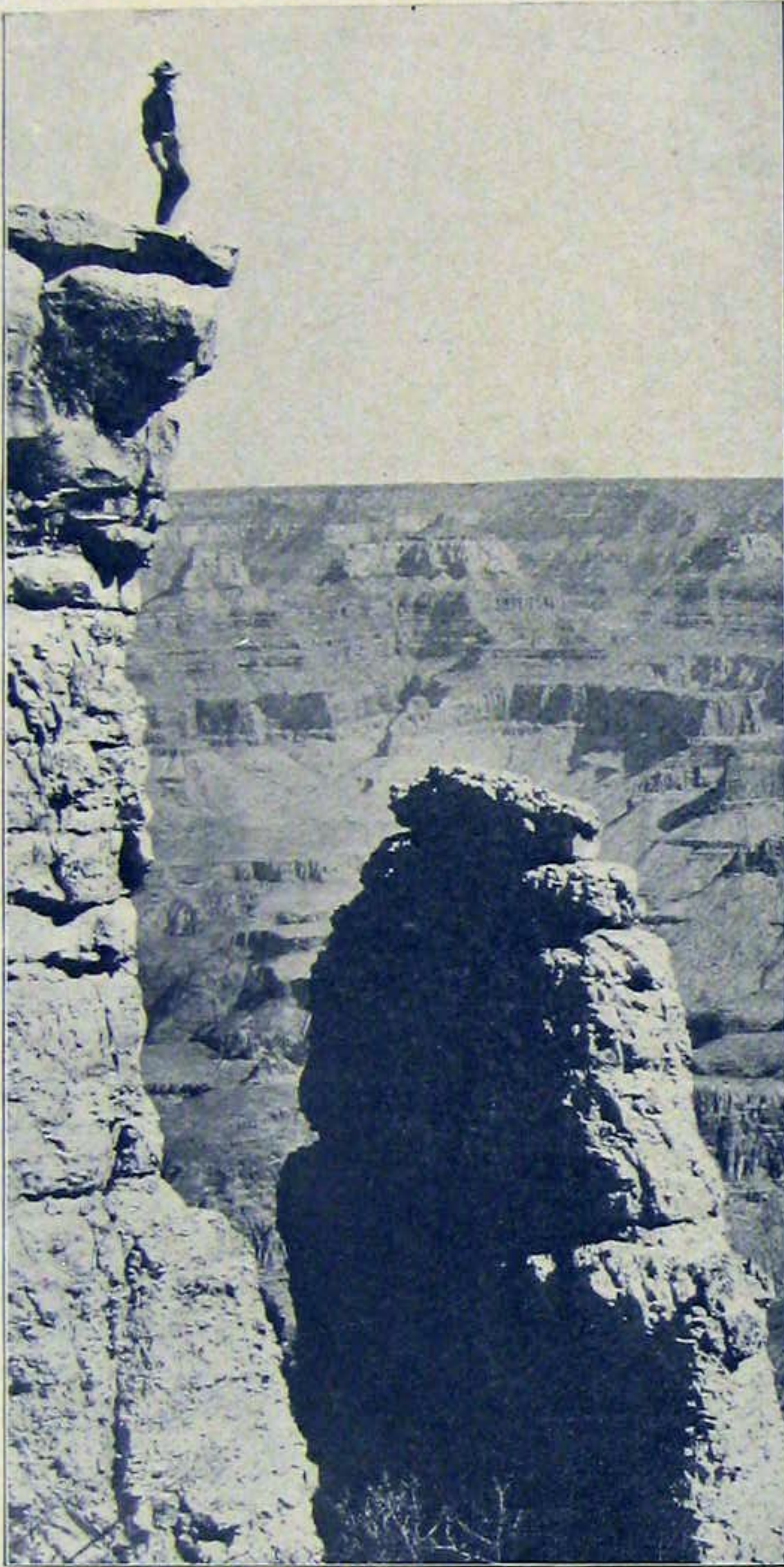
ON THE OLD MOKI TRAIL

thickness of ten thousand feet, were planed down evenly and swept away, carried off to another part of the world by the all-transporting waters. Then as the land, composed of many colored strata, continued to be thrust up, the climate which had been damp grew arid, the waters decreased in volume, and became



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

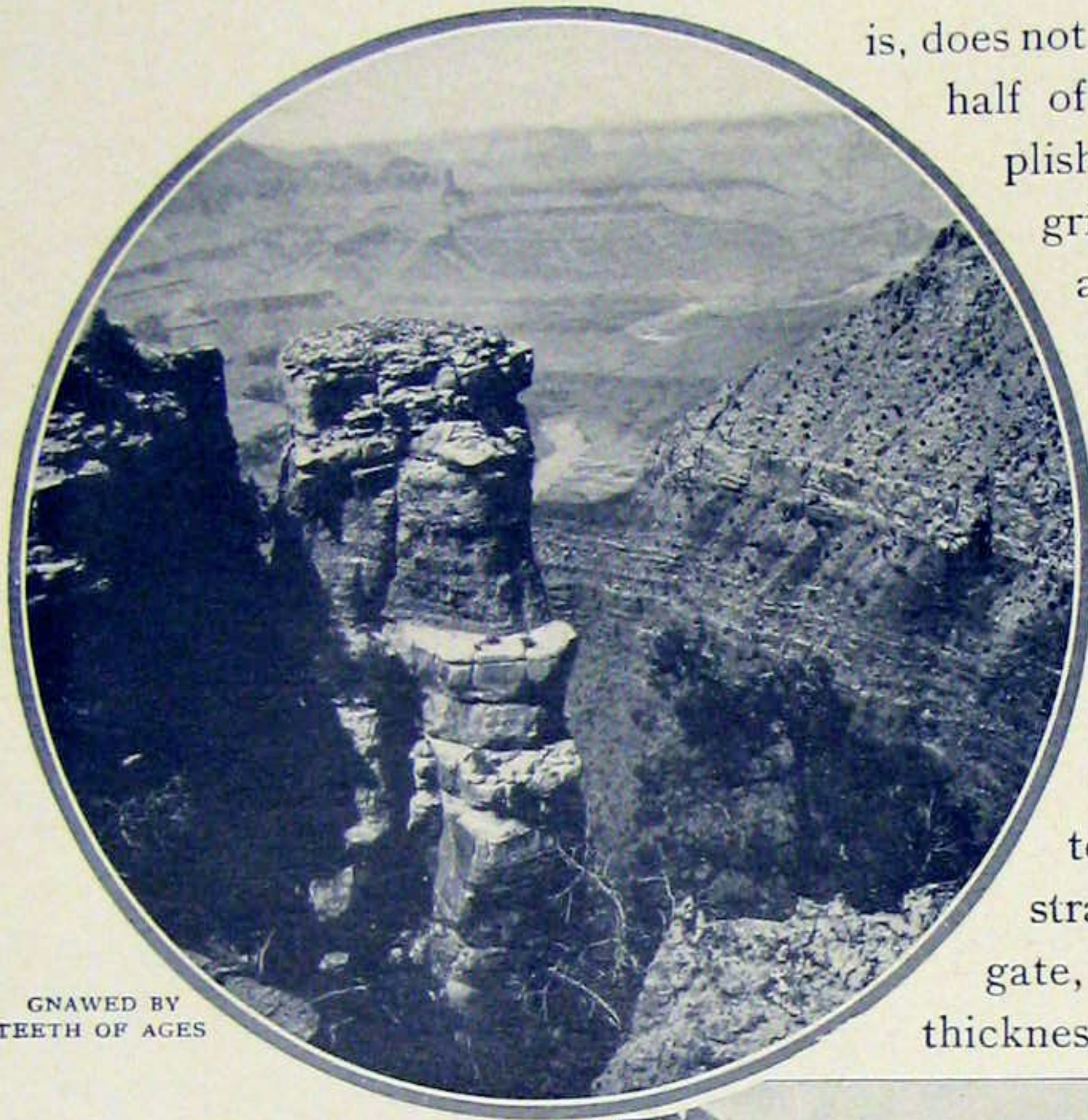
A GLIMPSE OF THE INNER GORGE FROM THE RIM



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston
ON GRAND VIEW POINT

unequal to the task of planing down all of the vast area. But the lake remained, fed by the streams that rolled down from the high mountain-regions in the distant north. And its waters began to carve a channel of escape from their arid prison; thus the cañon of the Colorado had its birth. The waters, armed with such tools as sediment and sand and grit, began to file a groove in the slowly uplifting mass of the plateau, and keeping at their work for centuries of centuries, they applied their instruments firmly against the upward moving

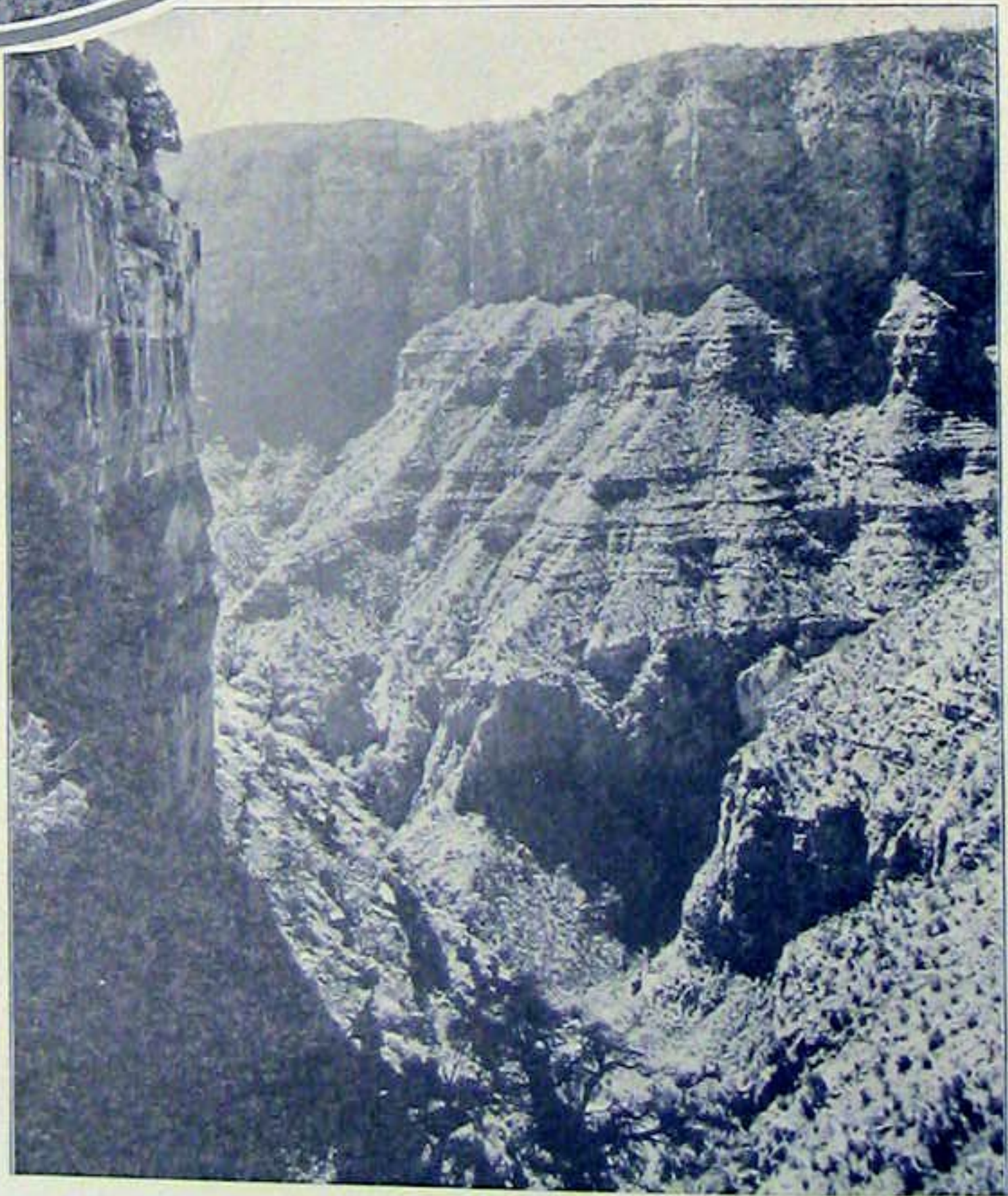
rocks, and cut and cut, holding their right of way at its old level, while on either side, in the succeeding millenniums, the great walls were rising slowly, imperceptibly. Thus the Colorado did not begin at the top and carve its channel downward for six thousand feet; the land itself has risen, the river has but maintained its former level, filing away for countless ages at its ever-rising bed. And yet the present cañon, deep as it



GNAWED BY
THE TEETH OF AGES

is, does not represent even one half of the work accomplished by the gritty, grinding flood. To appreciate fully the mighty labors of the river, we must in imagination restore the missing upper strata that once were piled above this present surface of the plateau. These missing strata, in the aggregate, were of an average thickness of ten thousand

feet; and could we once more spread them out over this denuded table-land upon each side of the Colorado Cañon, the chasm would then appear as an abyss of vastly magnified dimensions, for its vertical depth from the topmost of those vanished layers down to the



NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE

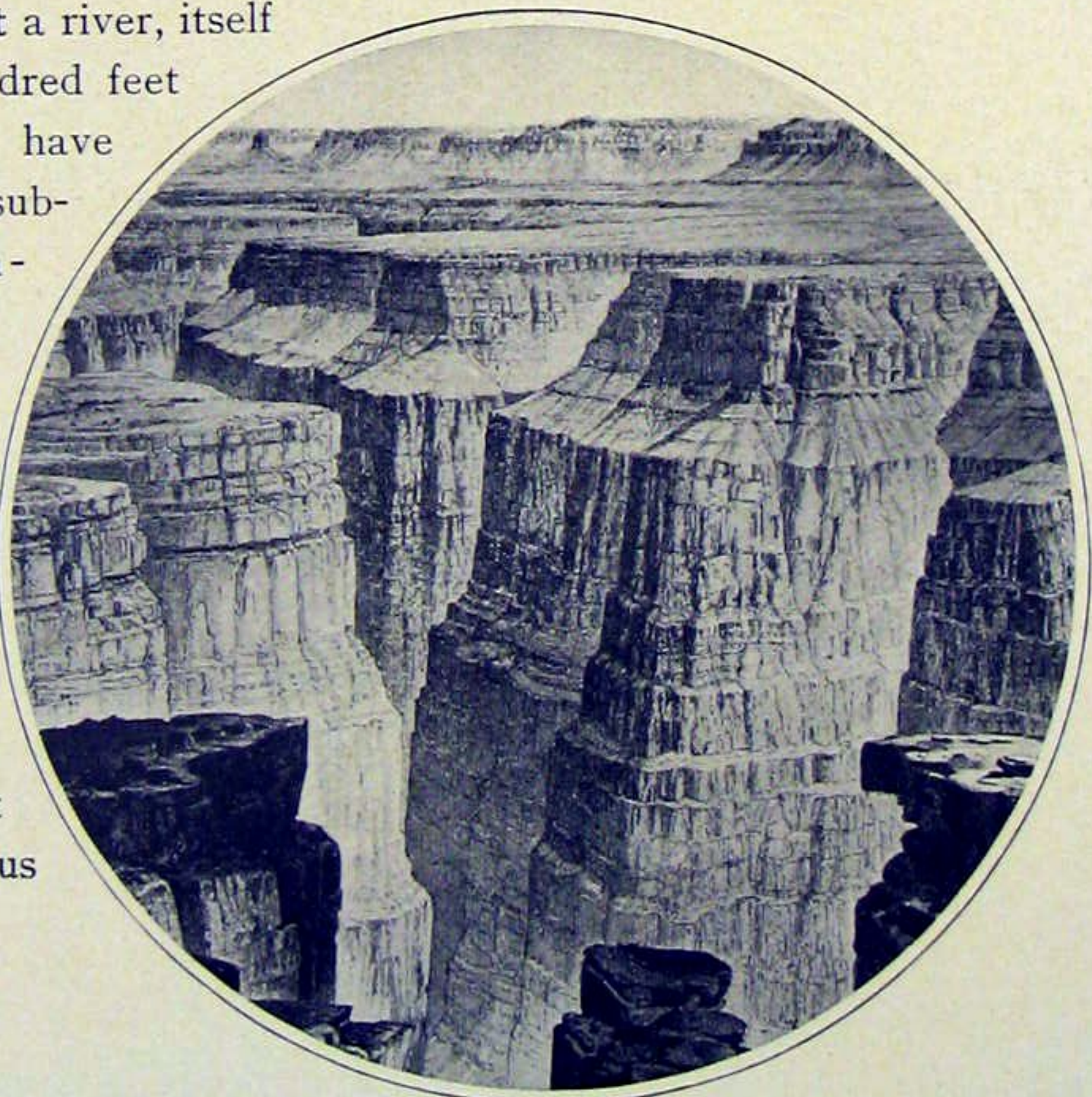


FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR W. H. HOLMES

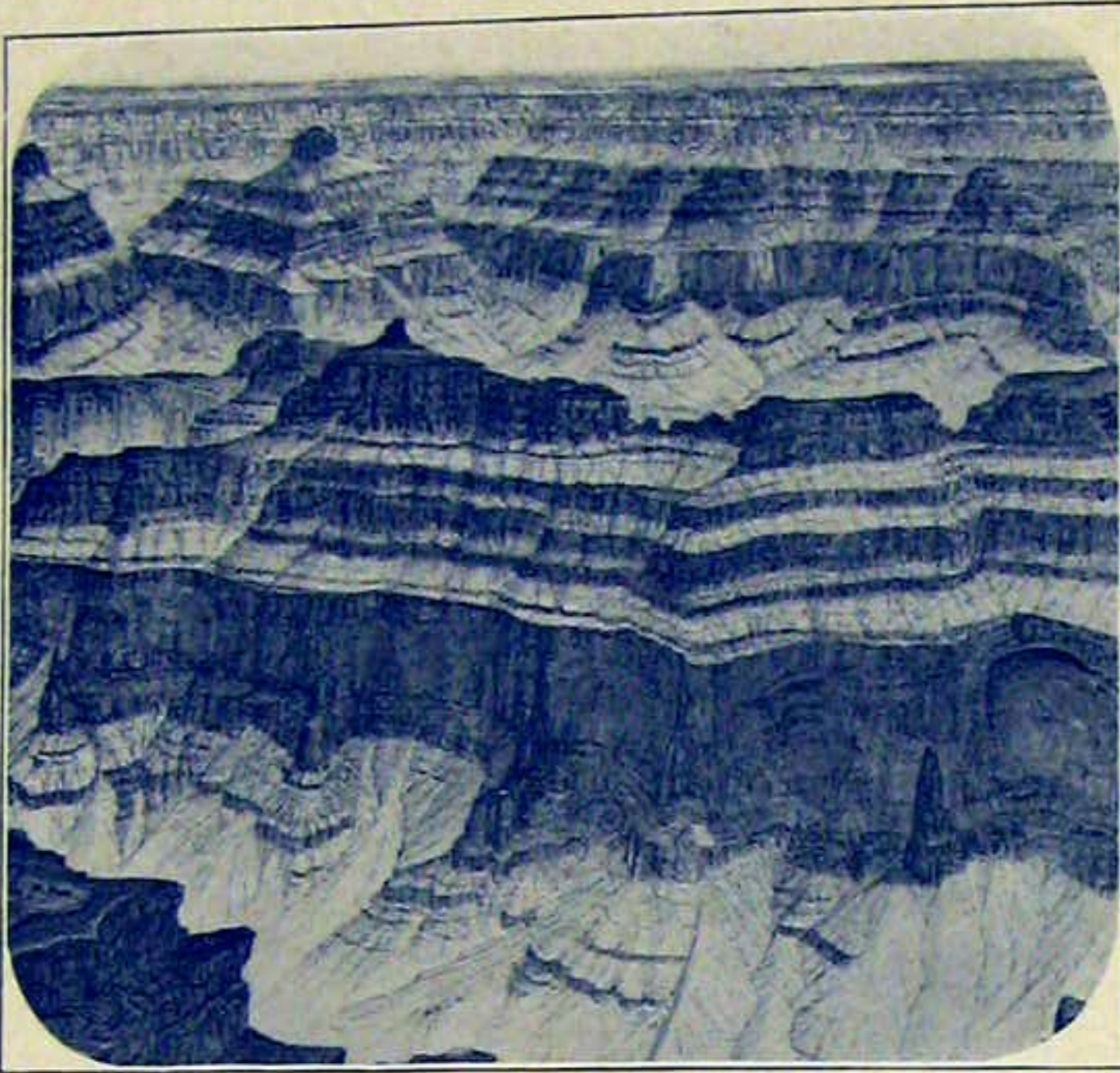
river-bed would be not less than sixteen thousand feet. Had it not been for that even denudation, or planing down, of the entire region during long periods of copious moisture, had the climate become arid a few ages

earlier, we should now have an even more stupendous Colorado Cañon, one more than three miles deep.

But the river was not twelve miles wide; how could it carve so broad a chasm? We can conceive of this filing process creating a deep narrow cañon two hundred and more miles in length, but that a river, itself less than five hundred feet in width, could have created this vast subterranean mountain region that is from five to twelve miles in width is even incredible. Incredible indeed if we regard the waters as the only agents; but there are numerous

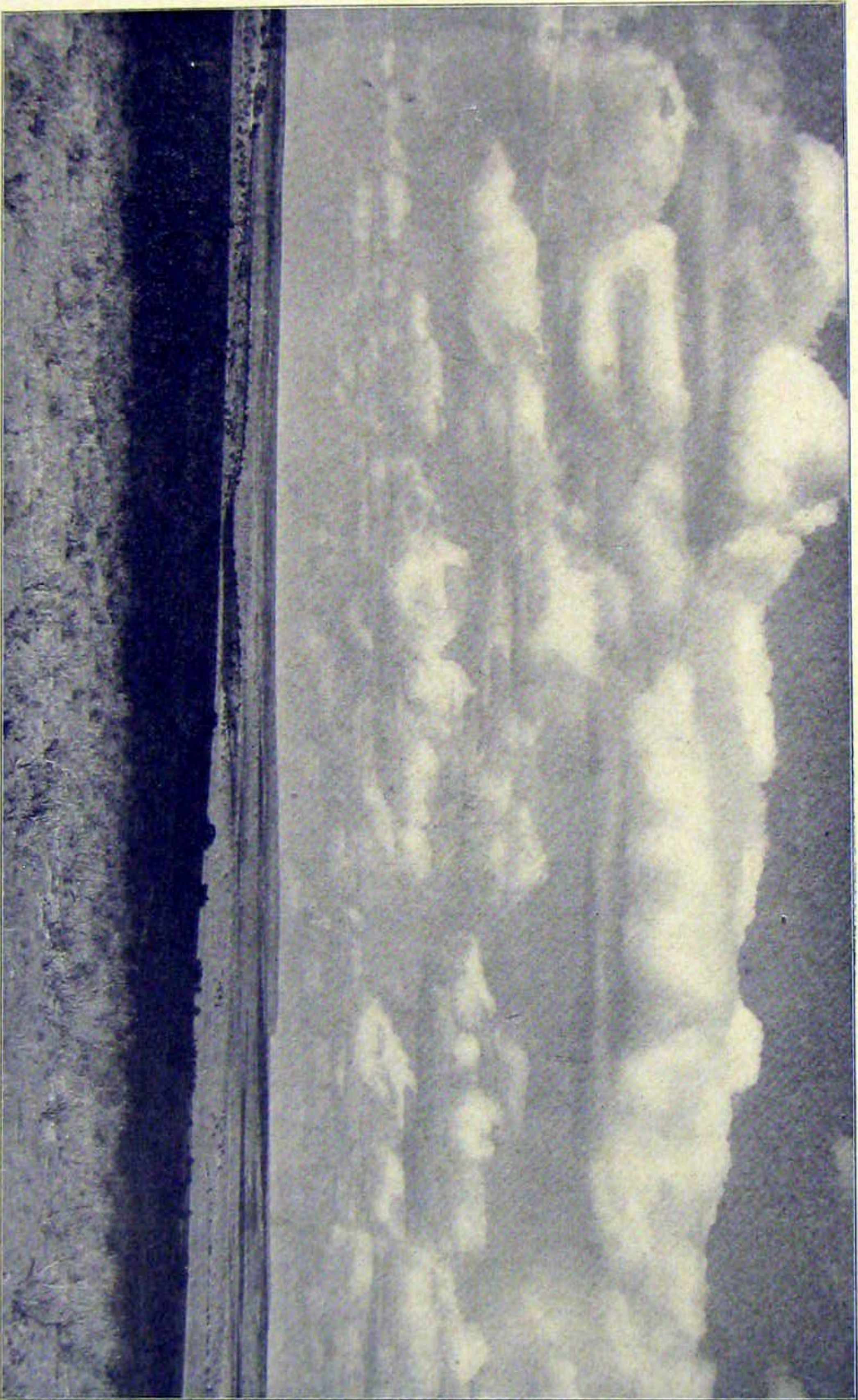


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FROM A DRAWING BY PROFESSOR W. H. HOLMES

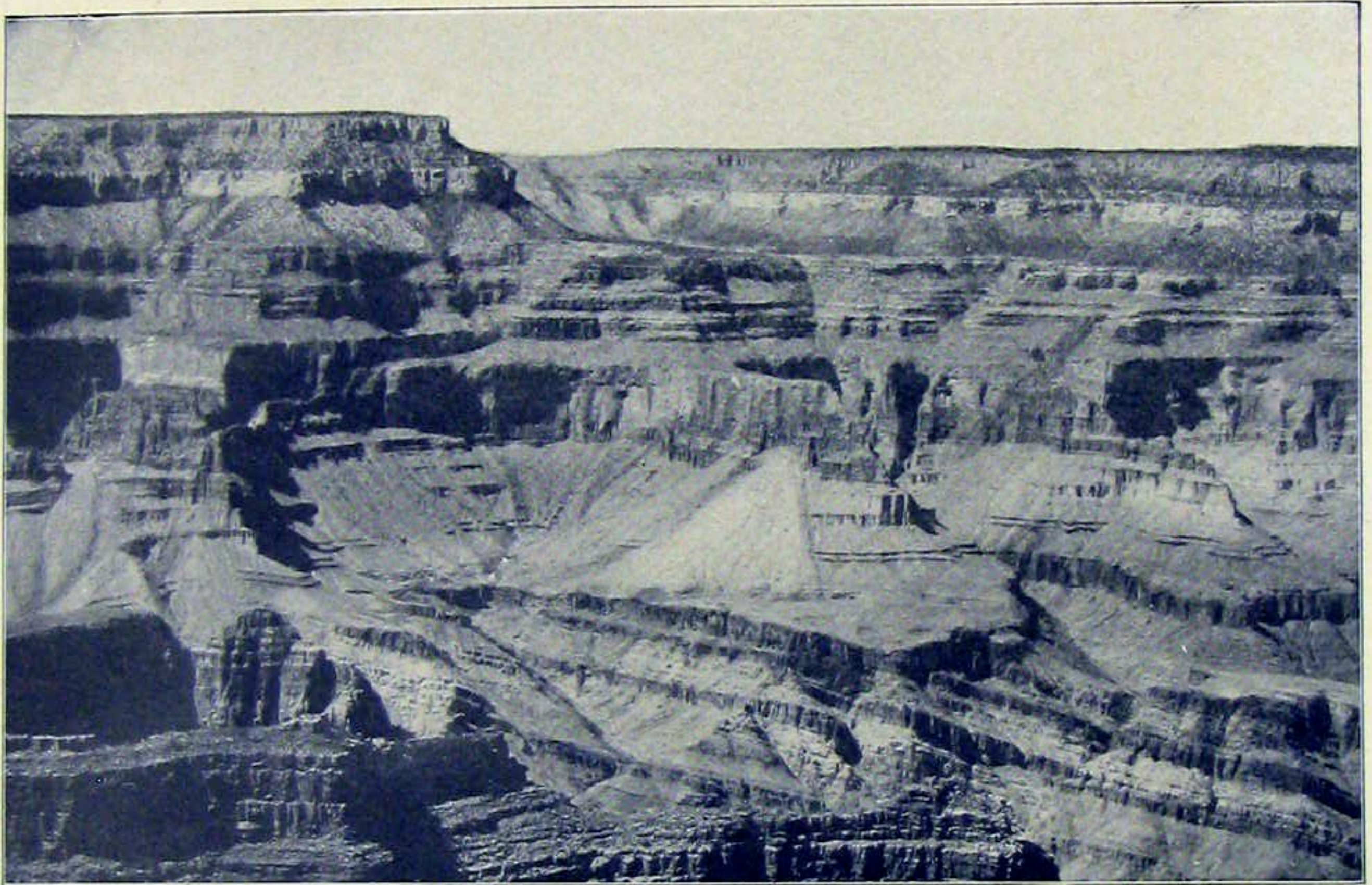
other forces that have been ceaselessly at work. The river cuts a trench only as wide as its own water-surface, and no wider. But the cutting of this trench exposes long vertical walls to the action of the elements, which vigorously attack them. The rains fall, the winds blow, frost freezes and sunshine thaws; the rain-born rills begin to eat into the walls; they gather sand and sediment and thus as they descend, their force is multiplied, and they erode more and more vigorously. Small fragments of rock are broken from the calm faces of the cliffs by alternating blows of heat and cold, and falling, strike and shatter other fragments from the lower wall. Thus gradually the cliffs are weathered away and slowly recede in opposite directions. In some places the destroying agents work more rapidly and carve out bays and gulfs or narrow gorges and side cañons, thus multiplying the surfaces exposed to attack and denudation. The material torn from the walls by storm-born cataracts, or hurled into the depths by the action of other elements is eventually disintegrated and reaches the river-bank in the form of sand or grit or pebbles. Then the busy river seizes upon it and presses it into service for the prosecution of the endless task of filing down the granite channel, and, thus borne seaward by the hideous earth-laden river, each grain of sand washed down from the proud cliffs, each atom



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

LOOKING TOWARD THE CAÑON ACROSS THE PLATEAU

broken by storm from the aspiring pinnacles aloft, each pebble rolled from the high world above by force of avalanche, is compelled to do its share toward the completion of this never-to-be-completed enterprise of nature, the making of the Colorado Cañon. And all the rock and earth that once filled this abyss, after accomplishing its appointed task

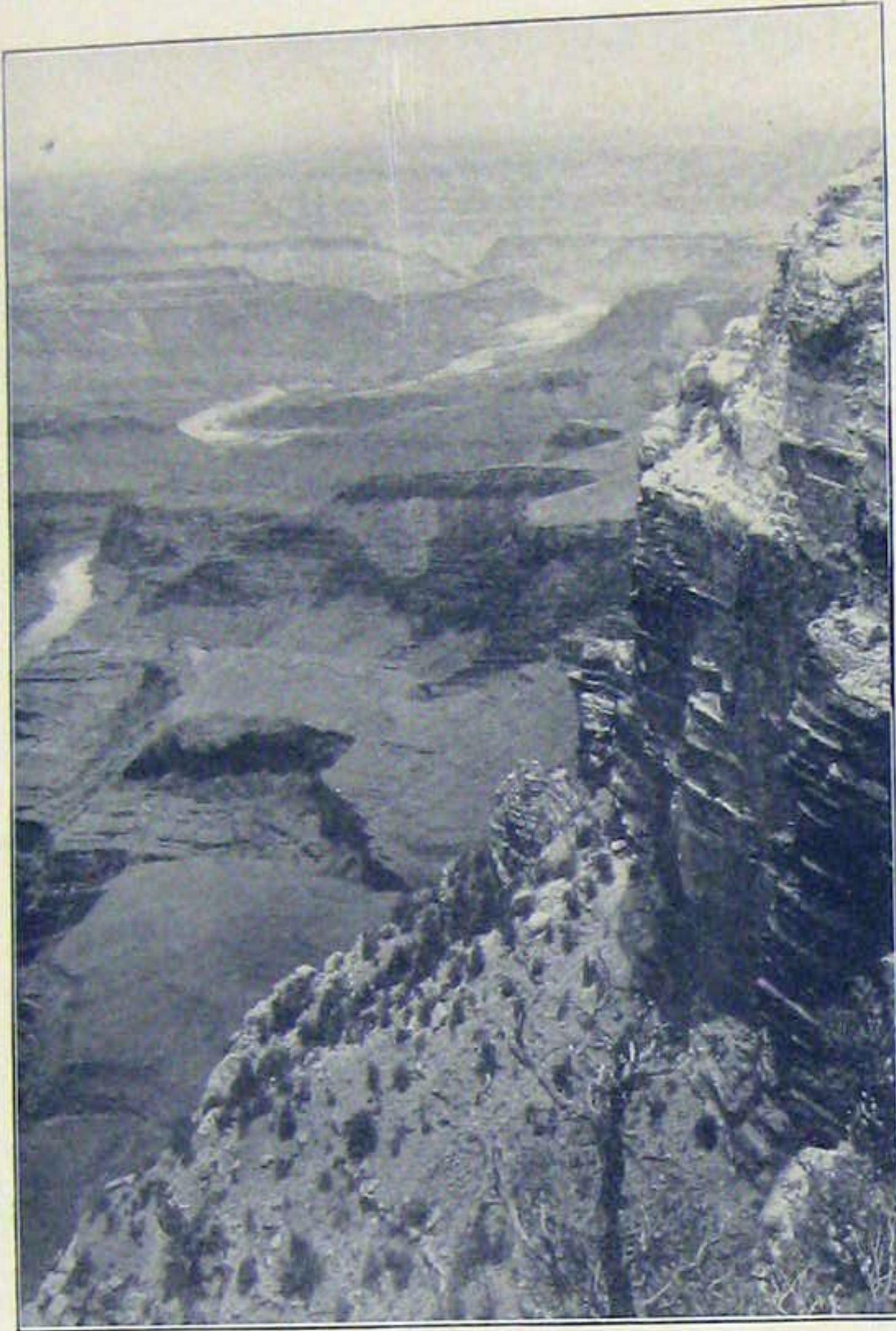


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COLOSSAL DETAILS

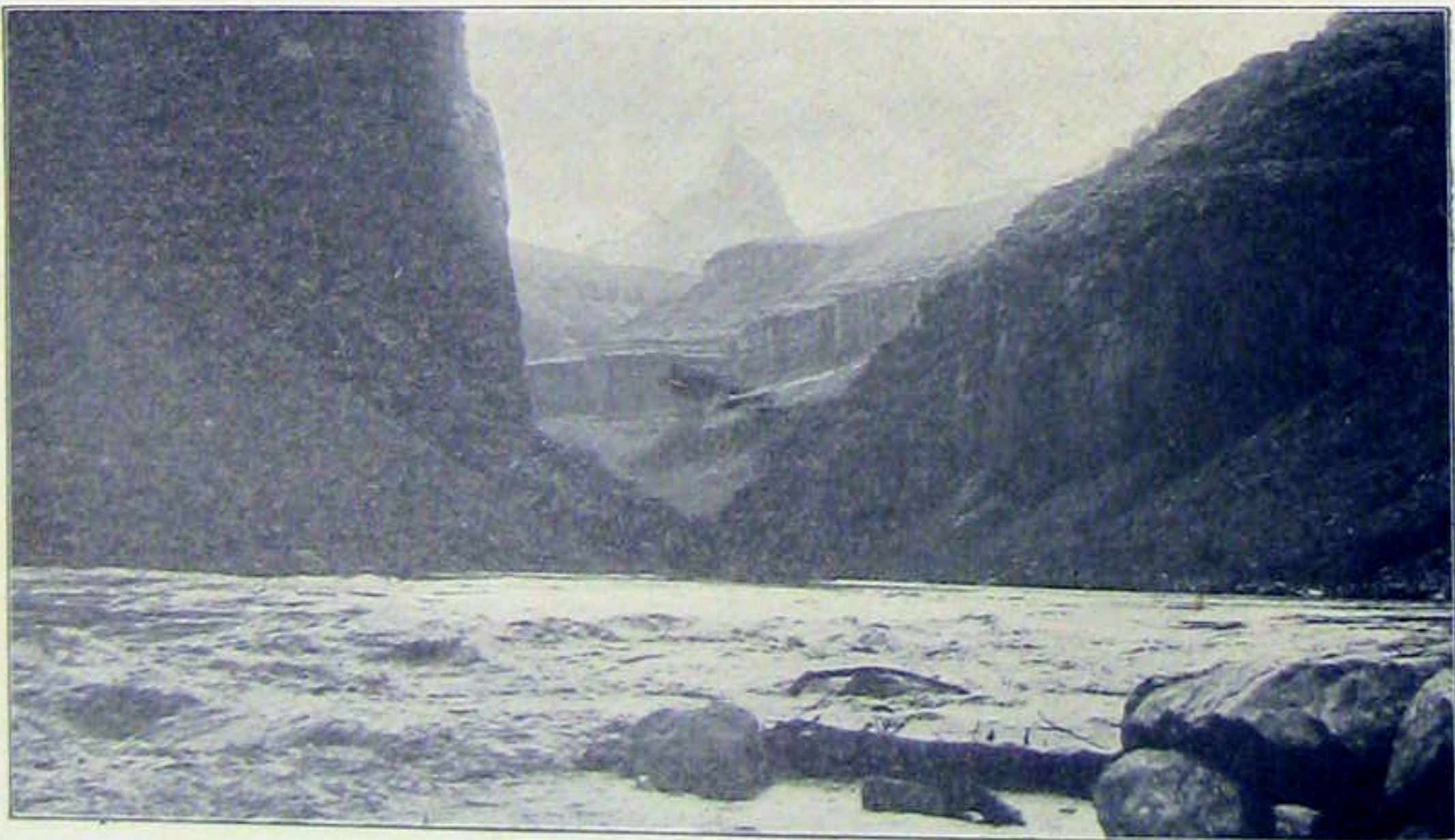
of cutting, carving, and sculpturing under the direction of the Master River, has been transported to the Gulf of California.

Thus in the course of ages the cliffs, like parting monarchs, have slowly backed away from one another, until a zone of glory five to twelve miles in width now separates them; and this unearthly zone is peopled by strange, gorgeous forms, the offerings left by the retiring monarchs, as tokens of their former close relationship,—weird, beautiful, inimitable objects, the like of which no man has ever seen before, rock carvings as huge as temples, fantastic buttes as



ALL THIS THE WORK OF THE WATERS

big as mountains, and in the very midst of this titanic Field of the Cloth of Gold there lies in sinuous curves a long chain that once was silvery as the virgin waters of a glacier,—a chain that now is brown and rusty with the wear and toil of ages; for the only thing that is not beautiful in this gay Wonder World is the unhappy Colorado River, its architect and builder.



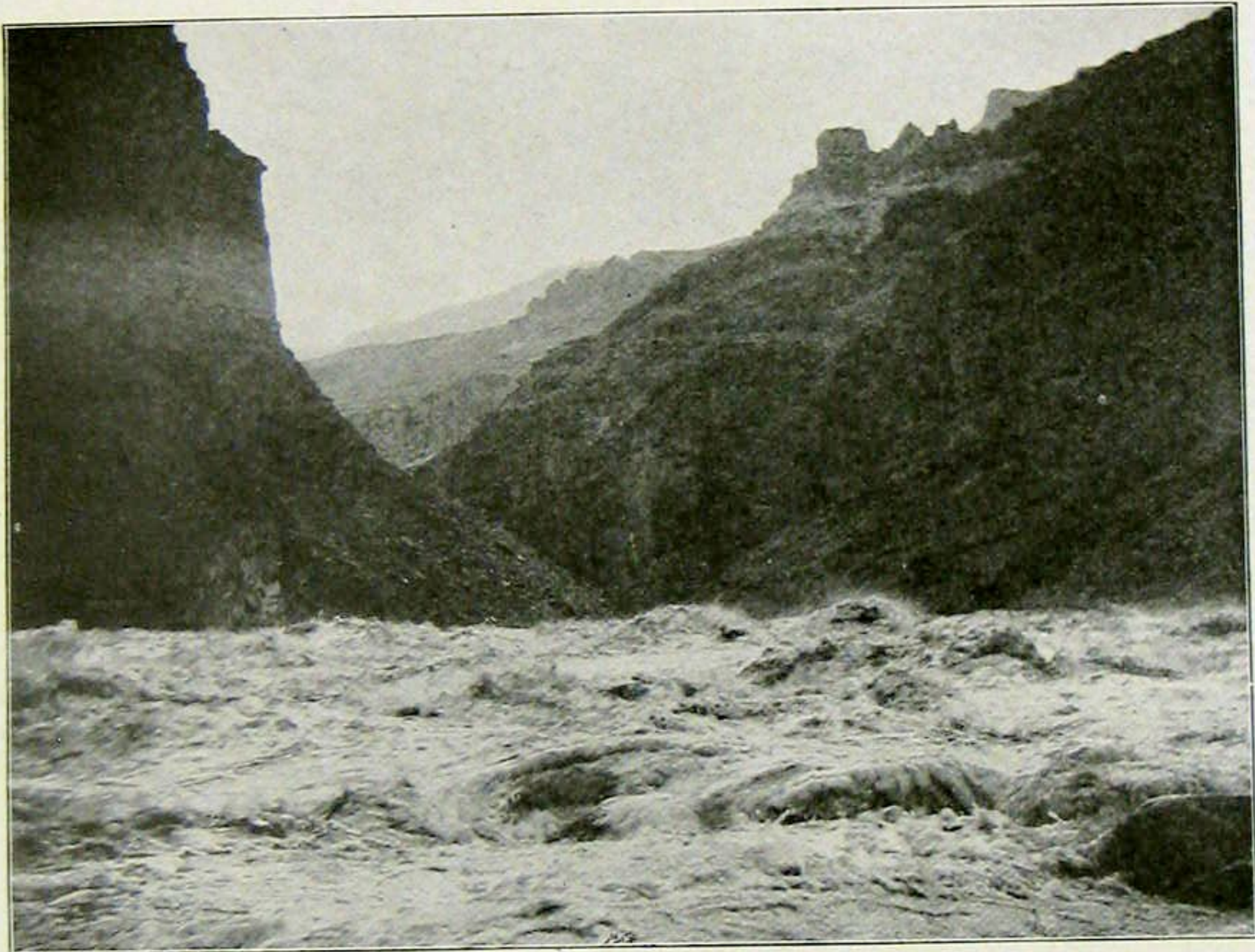
THE COLORADO RIVER



Photograph by W. H. Jackson

WONDERLAND!

Remembering these facts, we can with a more intelligent appreciation of its meaning again descend into the cañon. We chose this time a different starting-point, a different trail. Two or three miles from the little camp of tents where we made our headquarters during our visit in early June, 1898, we find a cosy comfortable hotel, a big log-house, erected and presided over by Mr. Peter Berry. For a hotel proprietor Mr. Berry was altogether too retiring. We were



EARTH-LADEN WATERS

on the point of leaving the cañon in ignorance of the existence of this place, when, quite by accident, we stumbled upon it during an aimless ramble ; but, once discovered, the attractions of this Grand View Hotel, and the Grand View Trail, at the head of which this hotel stands, proved so convincing that in August, after our return from the Hawaiian Islands, we came a second time to the Grand Cañon, purposely to explore that section of the cañon reached by the Grand View Trail, under the guidance of Mr. Peter Berry.

I cannot say enough in praise of our kind host and of the comforts offered by his log hotel. Here, even in the colder seasons, a long sojourn would be a not uncomfortable experience. There is a cheeriness about the interior, an aspect of solidity and warmth in the stout log walls, and a white-aproned, white-capped European personage, quite worthy of the title, "chef," presiding over the cuisine. For one of those wandering Continental culinary artists had drifted to



BERRY'S GRAND VIEW HOTEL

this distant end of earth in the course of his restless world pilgrimage, and while he lingered near the cañon, all visitors to the Grand View Hotel enjoyed the luxury of Continental cooking,—a luxury that here appears to be ridiculously out of place. Our host is a collector of cañon curiosities; the office is an incipient museum. His greatest treasure is a jar or *olla*, discovered in a cave in the cañon wall,—a cave so inaccessible that it proved almost impossible to bring forth the *olla* in safety. Unlike Mr. Hance, Berry is a man of few

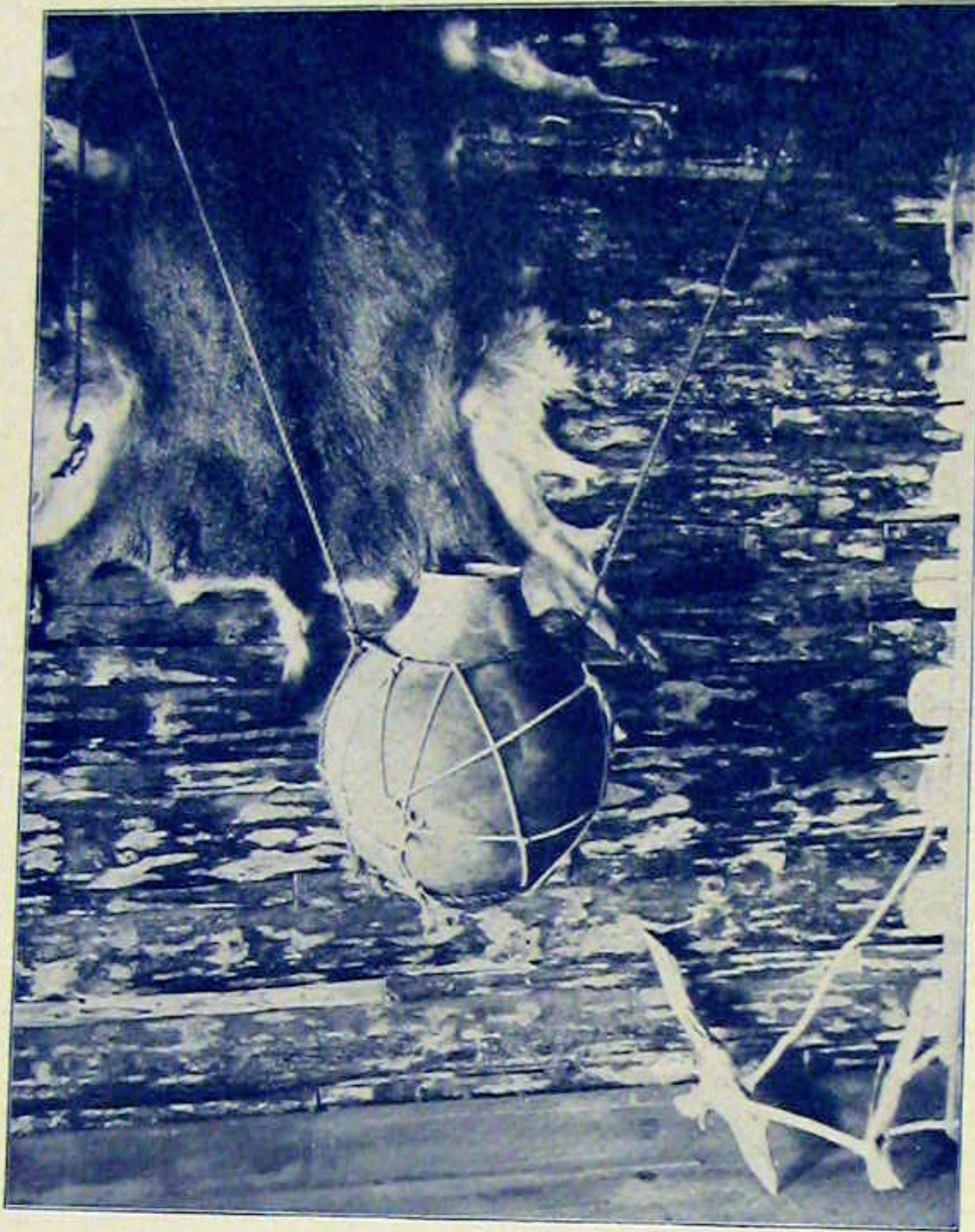
words, but those few words are always to the point. There is nothing of romance in the soul of Peter Berry; when he meets a bear, it is not the bear that does the shooting; and when he catches a salmon, Peter Berry eats the fish; and as for leaping horses across the mighty cañon, he has not wasted his time in that perilous attempt, but has sawed wood and hewed rocks and built the Grand View



AT BERRY'S



A CONTINENTAL CHEF



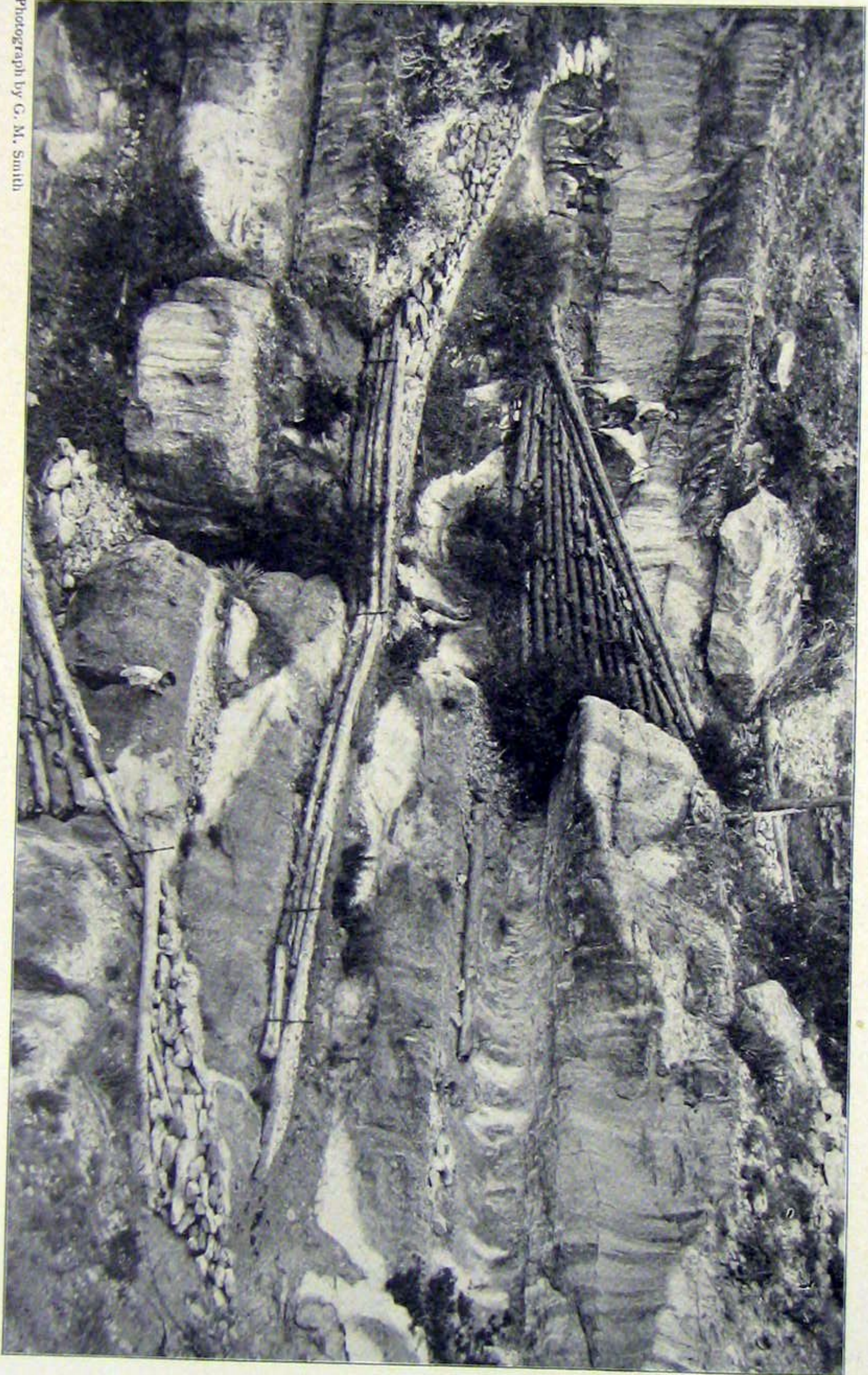
AN OLLA FOUND IN A CAVE

Trail and made it possible for travelers to reach the river at a point where there is no chance of anticlimax, for this trail winds down into the depths of the black archean innercañon where we may see the river slowly carving out its pathway in the resisting but ever vanquished granite.

Dreaming of the adventures of the morrow, we sleep that solid, health-giving Arizona sleep; and when we wake and look out from our windows, there, swathed in the pink and violet vapors of the morning, is the thing that has been with us in our dreams. The Grand View Hotel is one of the few hotels in the world that bear the title "Grand View" worthily.

But again I must deplore the pitiful inadequacy of the picture-making art. It had been wiser, perhaps, for me to nurse with selfish pleasure my memory of the Grand Cañon rather than to try to make you see in mere pictures the biggest beautiful thing in all the world, the most entrancing scene that ever dawned upon the eye of man. For such it is, and such it will in future be proclaimed by all who look upon it. If I excite your curiosity to see and know, I shall have done enough.

Photograph by G. M. Smith



ON THE GRAND VIEW TRAIL

This time there is no horror in the thought of plunging into that great sea of beauty, and it is with an eagerness and an enthusiasm that is unmixed with any fear or hesitancy that we again push the noses of our horses into space and begin the all-day journey toward the center of the earth. From the very first we perceive that the trail makes no reassuring pretense of gentle inclination ; at once in business-like fashion it swings downward at most startling angles.



VISTA FROM THE GRAND VIEW HOTEL

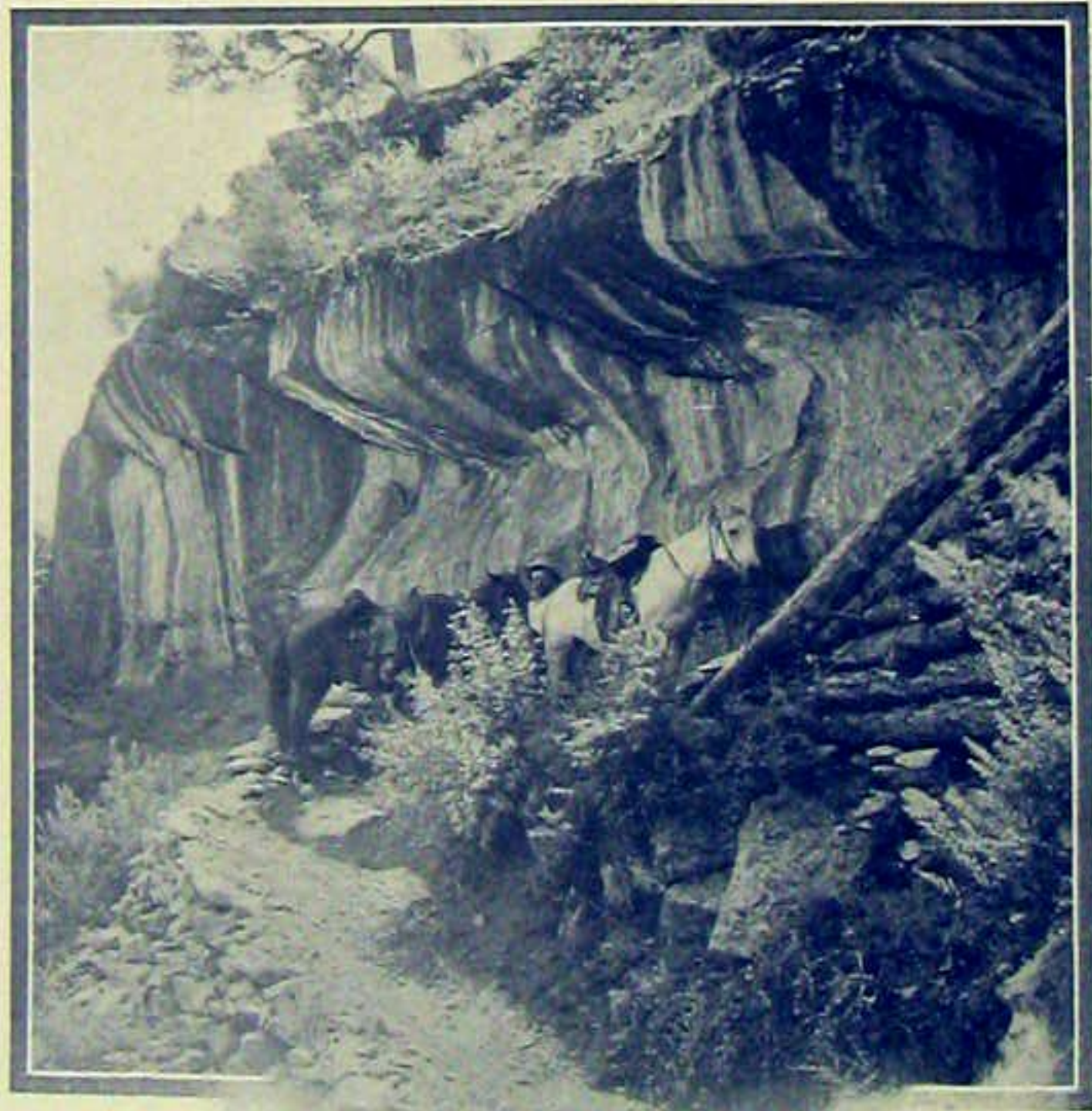
The trail, although well constructed and perfectly safe, is steep enough to be thrilling, nor does it lack short, slippery turns with precipices underfoot and overhanging cliffs above. There are enough of these to keep the senses tingling, and to make the traveler feel as if the horse's reins were connected with electric batteries, or as if his stomach were asleep.

Knowing the depths to which it must descend within so limited a time, it wastes no precious minutes in seeking soft declivities ; instead, it boldly bridges gaps and ravines, or



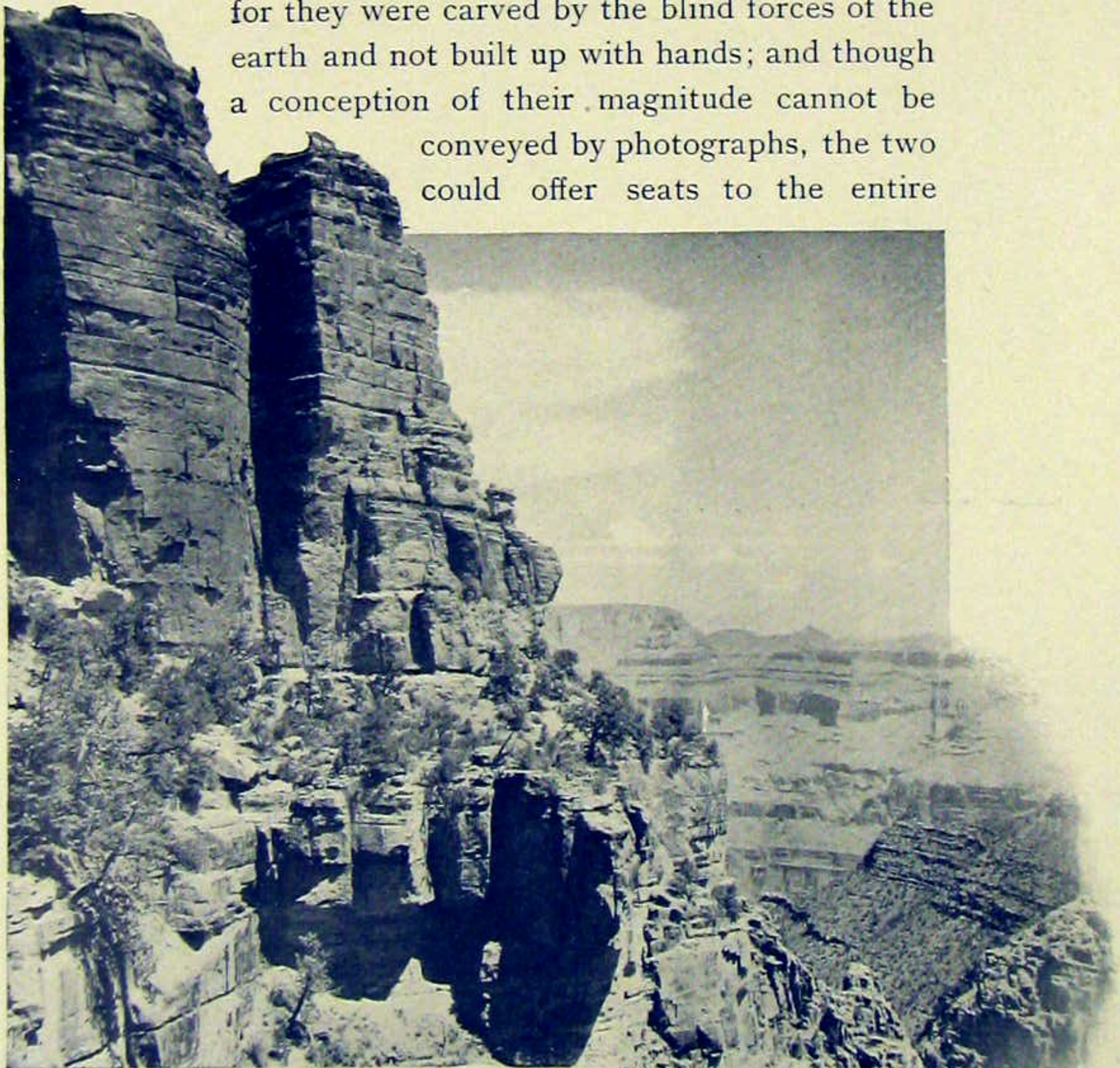
A RESTING-PLACE

jumps from ledge to ledge, using long slender logs as alpenstocks. The animals at every step start little avalanches down the path, and to the music of the clattering stones we slide and glide with many a sudden stop at corners and many a pirouette at the extremities of every elbow of this zigzag chute. But now and then the trail reposes for a moment on a level ledge, and there the traveler may rest, all save his eyes, for not a moment's respite is granted to the nerves that carry new and grand impressions from the optics to the brain. We see in the course of our descent a replica of almost every scenic marvel of the old world and the new. The gorges through which we rode in Corsica, Algeria, or Southern France are reproduced by hundreds, in heroic mold, yet they appear like tiny grooves, scarce worthy our consideration. You have read of the Wonder City of Algeria, Constantine, throned on its mighty citadel of rock, a thousand feet above the Algerian plateau. Here in the cañon there are five hundred imitations of the rocky pedestal of Constantine, and beside any one of them the African original would at



AN EASY TURN

once seem a puny boulder. I could recite a catalogue of other scenes that would here find their reproductions done on a scale ten times more grand and more imposing. But let us turn to architectural marvels. We have seen in Greece and Italy and Sicily the splendid outdoor theaters of the ancient Greeks and Romans,—theaters with marble seats for forty thousand people. Ride with me around yonder point and let me show you two natural theaters, twin theaters, a thousand times more ancient than those of Greece and Rome, ten thousand times more wonderful, for they were carved by the blind forces of the earth and not built up with hands; and though a conception of their magnitude cannot be conveyed by photographs, the two could offer seats to the entire



TOWERS AND PYRAMIDS

population of Chicago, and then there would be sufficient room for half a million more of fashionable late-comers. And as for the surroundings of America's antique temples



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

FROM THE GRAND SCENIC DIVIDE

of the drama, what can Greece, or Italy, or Sicily offer that is grander and more beautiful than the world of wonder that here spreads around? Even the far-famed Taormina, reputed the most lovely place in all the world, can offer to the spectator in the ruined theater no more lovely vista than that which greets us as we dizzily swing around yonder cliff and pause again, not knowing whether to look up or down, to right or left, for everywhere in earth and sky there is a something that insistently demands our admiration.

Then, farther down, the trail itself again claims our attention; blasé indeed the rider who can come coasting on a

slipping, struggling horse down the long unprotected chute, without reviewing his past life and making New Year's resolutions. Again the lens fails to convey an accurate impression; the section of the trail is steeper than it looks. A man on foot cannot walk down without digging his heels deep into the loose earth and steadying himself by clinging to the rocky walls; and to that wall all timid ones are glued by the horror that rises from the fathomless depths into which a false step, or the slipping of a bit of rock might drop the trembling traveler. But we made no pictures here until we reached this place next day during the slow ascent. While coming down, the traveler is too busy making mental snapshots—he has no time to use the camera. Perhaps you



WALLS AND AMPHITHEATERS

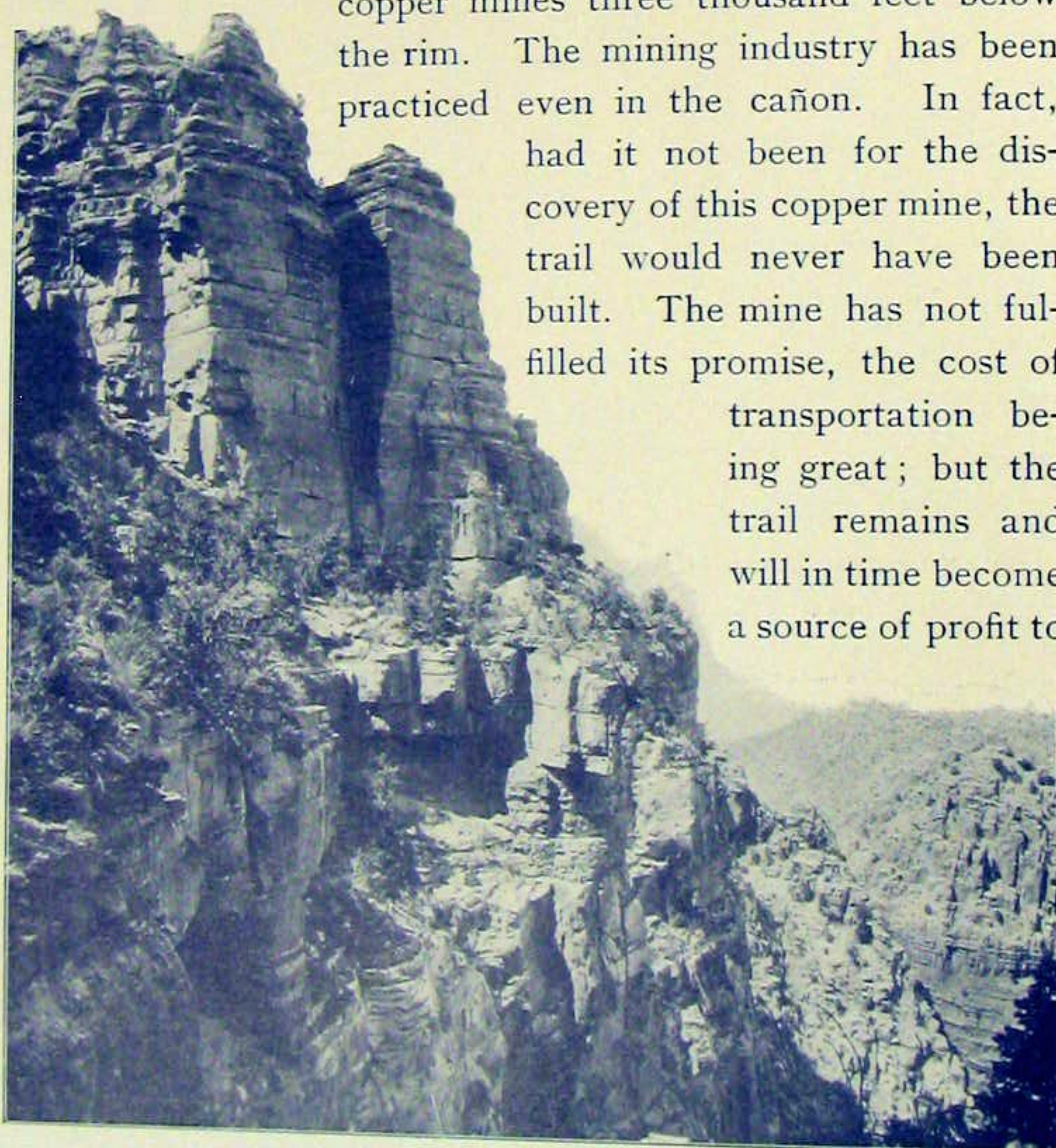
think that I exaggerate the pitch of the path, the sheerness of the precipice. If so, glance upward at the ladder down which we and our struggling beasts have come. A diagonal line marks the true pitch—45 degrees; there is no need to tilt the camera to one side to make the picture more effective. Yet truth, both verbal and photographic, falls so far short of giving to one who has not looked upon these scenes a convincing image of the cañon, that he who is to tell the story can easily persuade himself that honesty is not the best policy, that lies are not only pardonable but almost imperative.

By noon our caravan arrives at a crude stone house, erected to shelter the men who formerly labored in Berry's

copper mines three thousand feet below the rim. The mining industry has been practiced even in the cañon. In fact,

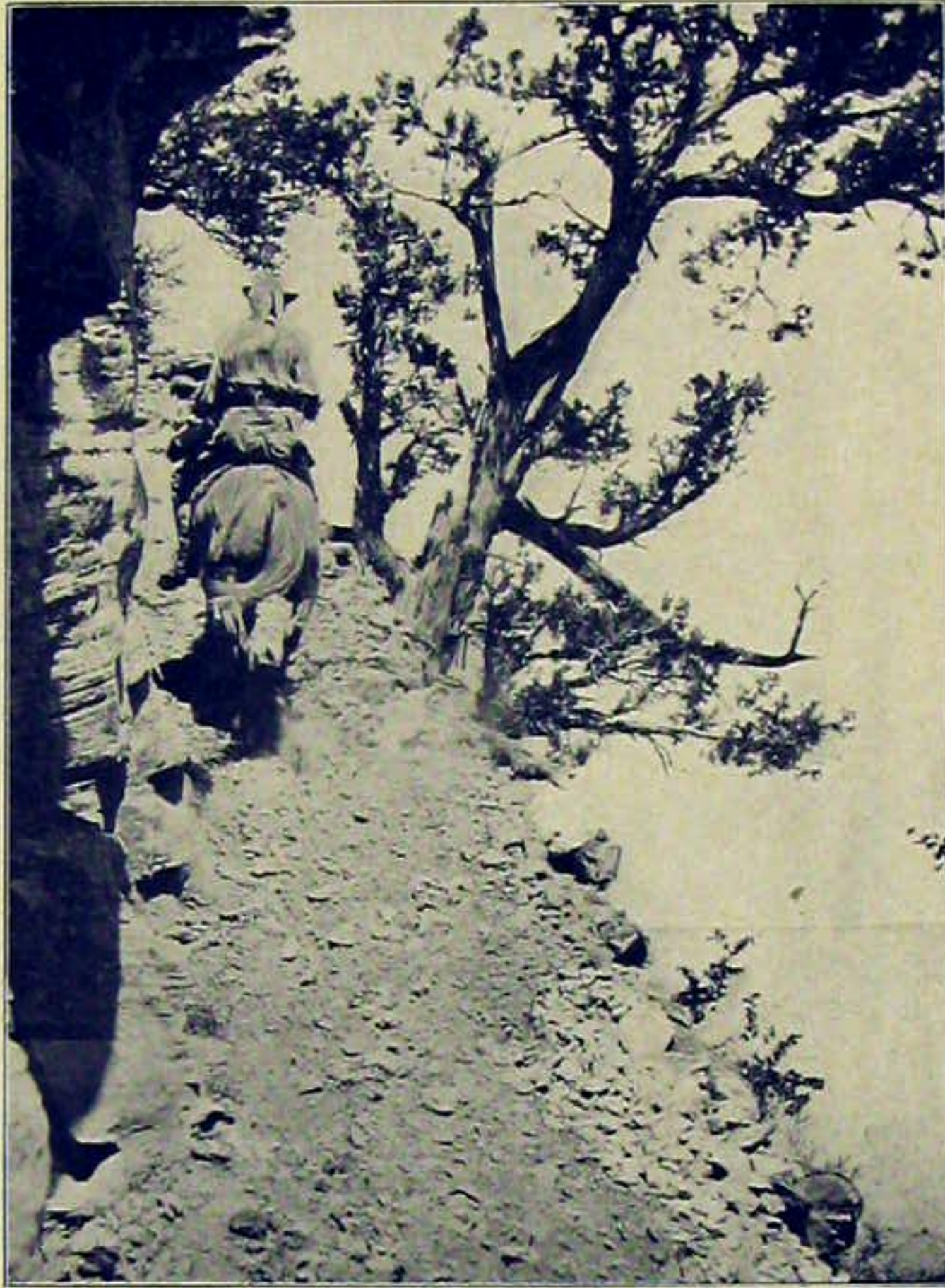
had it not been for the discovery of this copper mine, the trail would never have been built. The mine has not fulfilled its promise, the cost of

transportation being great; but the trail remains and will in time become a source of profit to



FROM THE GRAND VIEW TRAIL

its builders, when the great tourist army shall learn of the new world to conquer that awaits them here. At present, the accommodation in these depths is not luxurious; yet never did a palace banquet, served on golden plate, taste half so good as did the patent soups and canned meats that were served in battered tins on a pine table, under ragged



THE STEEPEST STRETCH

awnings. We all agreed that among the few brief periods of perfect happiness and contentment that come to a man in life, we shall be compelled to number the minutes spent here in satisfying the demands of our vigorous Arizona appetites.

The sleeping accommodations at the mine are not such as appeal to those who are encumbered with fastidious ideas concerning snowy linen. The one virtue of these beds, six of which graced one room of the shanty, was that they were well-aired; for they had been airing for at least three months, ever since the passing of the last caravan of tourists. These sleeping-machines were far less comfortable than the bare ground on which we slept while at the foot of Hance's trail, but having killed a rattlesnake not half-a-dozen rods away, we found the exaggerated altitude of our hard couches reassuring.

During the afternoon we made a short excursion to the caves, reached by descending a narrow trail cut in the rock-face of the mesa, and entered by a flat low portal through which our adventurous leader squeezed his way. Within, guided by Peter Berry, we file along low narrow corridors, creep on our hands and knees between half-opened jaws of rock that threaten instantly to close upon us, and then suddenly we stumble into high-arched chambers almost ecclesiastical in architecture. Then, following another corridor,



THE TRAIL AT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES

we discover that it ends abruptly at a vertical wall; but the faint light of the candles reveals a dangling rope, and seizing this we walk with our bodies almost horizontal up the wall, cross to its farther side, and there descend by means of the same rope. We reach at last a point at least one thousand feet from the entrance, and we there turn back, having explored but a fraction of this natural labyrinth; finally we come in safety to



Photograph copyright, 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

LOOKING UP A SIDE CAÑON

the outer world again. We cannot be resigned to wandering in darkness, while above our heads there floats a world of glory, and while below us yawn almost untraveled depths, more somber, more inaccessible than those into which we have already ventured. We are now about two thousand feet below the miner's hut, about fifteen hundred feet



WRINKLED FACES IN THE ROCK

above the river level. The lower trail, by which we came, is ruder, rougher, less secure than the upper, but equally dramatic, and it offers even more thrills of horror to the mile. The horses were abandoned at a point a few hundred feet above this spot, for we are informed that the trail thence to the river is possible only for men on foot.

Higher and higher the walls and buttes and pinnacles have risen above us, until the walls of the great black gash that marks the pathway of the river spread downward like two world-wide shadows at our feet. Now, one by one the



A COPPER CAMP IN THE CAÑON

pinkish pinnacles, the rosy towers, and the dull red bastions of the middle cañon, seem to sink behind the darker lower masses, leaving but one or two buttes standing like sentinels to note our downward progress.

Let us creep out around the ledge of rock and peer into that world of somber blackness. At last we see a cañon that agrees with our conception of the word. For until now we have been haunted by the thought that this great outer chasm is not a cañon, that it should have had another and a grander name. The most sublime of cañons that we hitherto have

seen is the many-hued, surpassingly brilliant Cañon of the Yellowstone, and it is one of the few things in nature that do not suffer and shrink into utter commonplaceness when measured by the Arizona scenic standard. In size the Cañon of the Yellowstone is relatively petty. This repellent black trench is deeper by several hundred feet, and it is many times as long as its northern rival, yet it is only a mere incident in the greater gulf around it; it is but a comparatively unimportant bit of detail still unfinished. It has a dignity and an impressiveness, and when we come to know it, a certain grim and savage beauty, but it lacks the transcendent loveliness of the delicately tinted Cañon of the Yellowstone.

The Cañon of the Yellowstone is to the Inner Gorge of the Colorado what St. Mark's Basilica at Venice, with its varied and gorgeous coloring, is to the great rock-temples of the Nile, with their somber age-worn tones.

And, moreover, the Yellowstone is alive; its waters, instinct with life, leap mighty cataracts or gambol playfully in rapids that are symphonies in

green and white; while the Colorado gorge seems to be dead—its walls are hung with black, and its waters creep in torpor, almost silently save where they surge and rattle amid the murderous rocks as if in the agony of death.

The waters of the Colorado, when they give voice, sing

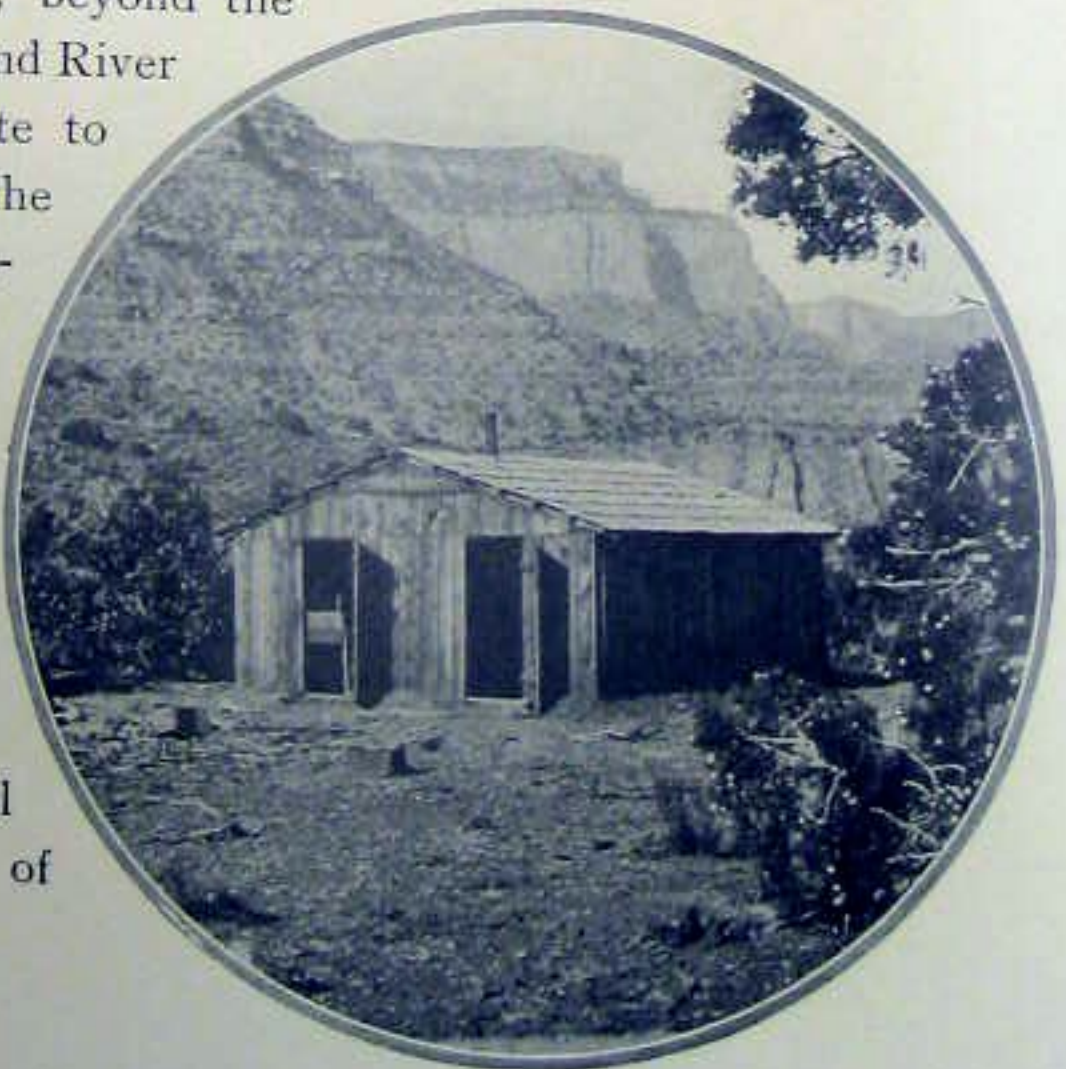




A CAÑON COT

dirges; the waters of the Yellowstone are chanting a perpetual joyous Hallelujah. And as we allow our glance to roam hesitatingly down this dreary channel, there creeps into our minds a picture of four little boats manned by heroic men, being swept onward by the turgid tide

from horror to horror, from the unknown into the unknown. Their wonderful voyage was made in 1869. The boats have been for three months in that underworld—they have come from the far north, beyond the place where the Grand River and the Green unite to form the Colorado; the men are the first human beings who have ever dared to venture into what was then a world as full of terror to the moderns as the antipodes were to the men of medieval times. The story of



THE SLEEPING-SHANTY

their voyage is certainly one of the most thrilling and heroic chapters in the annals of American achievement.

The river channel had never been explored. The Indians held that no boat could live in the mad grasp of the river,

that rapids everywhere beset the path ; that cataracts high as

Niagara hurled the brown

flood from one depth to another ; that even if

the men should survive the sure annihi-

lation of the boats, there was no path-

way to the world that is above ; that should

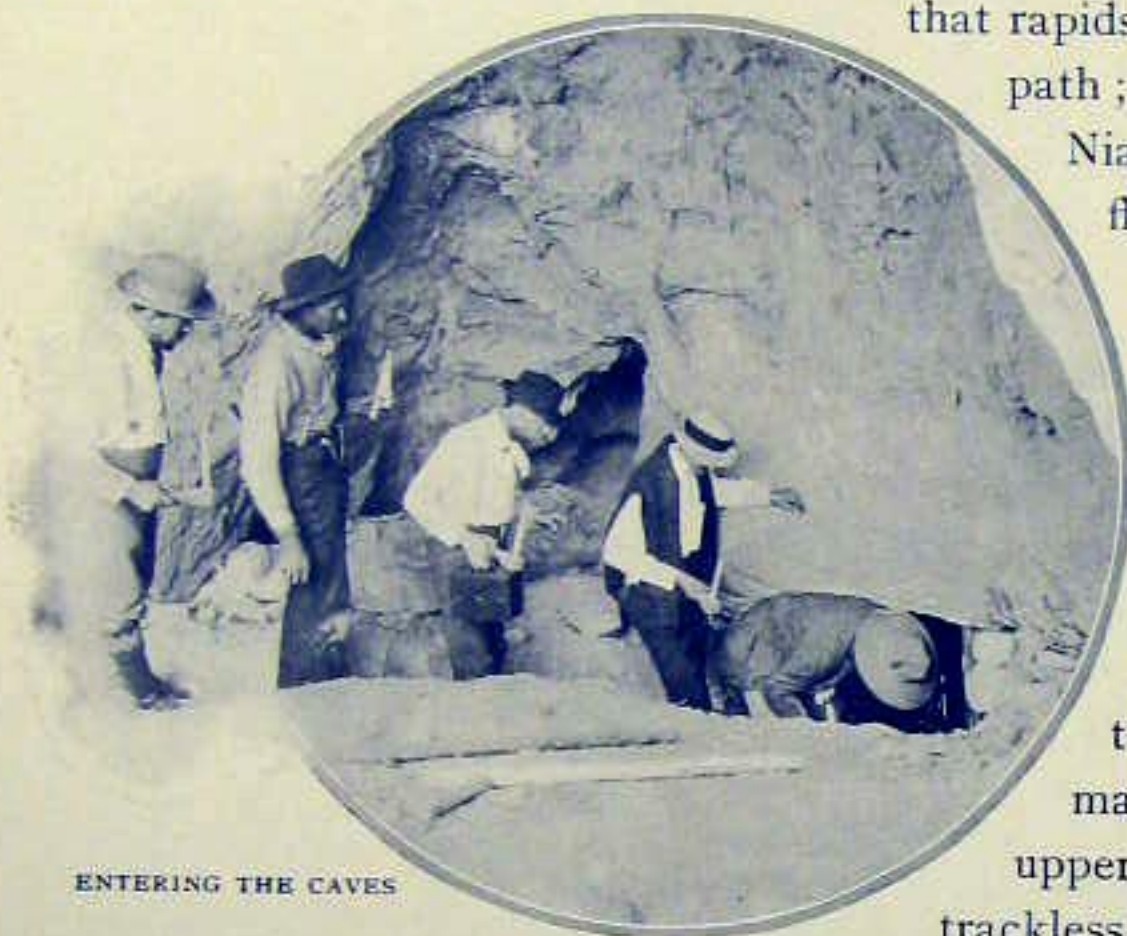
they by long, superhu-

man effort climb to the upper world, a boundless,

trackless, waterless expanse of desert would greet them there. To drift for three long months toward these unknown, but suspected dangers, called for the same grim courage that inspired Christopher Columbus to sail forth into the unknown. Yet for Columbus and his crew retreat was always possible ; for these men there could be no turning back. Uncertainty was on every hand, danger ahead, starvation ever swimming close behind their boats.

Yet brave men were induced to embark upon this seemingly hopeless enterprise by the braver man who led them. That man, who dared this mad ride, who steered his fragile fleet to victory through the dark cañons of the Colorado for more than a thousand miles, was Major John Wesley Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, the hero of our Scientific Army.

The river in places is as calm and tranquil as a well-fed lion, but farther on, where rocks rise to impede its progress,



ENTERING THE CAVES

it roars with anger, lashes itself into a fury, and woe betide the helpless craft which then falls into its clutches and becomes the victim of its rage! Another danger threatens the adventurous craft that trusts itself to the treacherous Colorado. At any moment storms may burst upon the world above—a vast quantity of water be flung into the cañon by a million rills, each adding to the flood its sudden offering, receiving which the Colorado rises fifty feet in about as many minutes. Yet Powell and his men faced all these dangers. They boldly shot the lesser rapids, cautiously crept around the greater, lowering their boats by means of ropes. One boat was lost, with part of the provisions, the others were frequently capsized, frequently threatened with destruction,



IN THE CAVES



UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS

and we must not forget that Powell, the leader of this band of heroes had but one arm with which to fight his battle with the waters.

As we stand on the shore of the great river that was conquered by Powell and his little crew, let us record his words written in the depths:

“Our boats go leaping and jumping over waves like herds of deer bounding through

forests beset with fallen timber. We recall the warning of an Indian chief, who said in striving to dissuade us— ‘Rocks, heap high. Water-pony, heap jump. Water catch



'em sure. No see 'em Injin any more. No see 'em squaw any more. No see 'em papoose any more.' Ever before us is an unknown danger heavier than the immediate peril. We camp by night on rocks where there is scarcely room for all to lie, and the discomfort of the night is worse than the toil of the day. Ever watching for rocks, ever listening for obstacles, we are swept on, past cliffs where the soaring eagle is lost to view ere he reaches the summit." Then, when one boat containing part of the provisions breaks away while being lowered by ropes over a roaring cataract, he writes, "It now becomes a race for dinner."

We cannot blame the three men of that little band, who faltered, finally forsook the expedition, and with their share



AT THE EDGE OF THE GRANITE

Photograph copyrighted 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

A TOUCH OF WINTER





Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

PALISADES

of the provisions started to climb out of the depths which had inspired them with a fear that could not be suppressed. We should not call them cowards — perhaps more courage was required to scale the then-trailless cliffs and to face the waterless and boundless horror of the desert upon the northern brink than to remain with their companions in the boats to meet the more familiar horrors of cataracts and rapids.



HOT WORK

The river had been merciful to Powell's band ; several times it refused to take advantage of their helplessness, as they drifted on with broken oars or capsized boats. The men who trusted to the sullen torrent to deliver them were saved, and lived to give to a wondering, admiring world the first authentic knowledge of the cañon ; the three who sought their safety in a perilous ascent of their prison walls and aimless wanderings on the plateau, met with a tragic death, for they were killed by the doubting Indians to whom they told the incredible story of their epic Odyssey.

Remembering this achievement of Major Powell, which in dramatic interest is unsurpassed in the history of American exploration, we marvel at the mis-

conceptions that prevail concerning the Grand Cañon.

Well-informed people tell me they have ridden through the Colorado Cañon *while on a railway train*, confusing this chasm with a comparatively petty gorge which lies in the State of Colorado ; others are not even aware of the existence of this proudest of all our natural possessions. Children are taught the story of the cañon in the schools of Germany and England, while American men who



MAJOR POWELL'S PATHWAY



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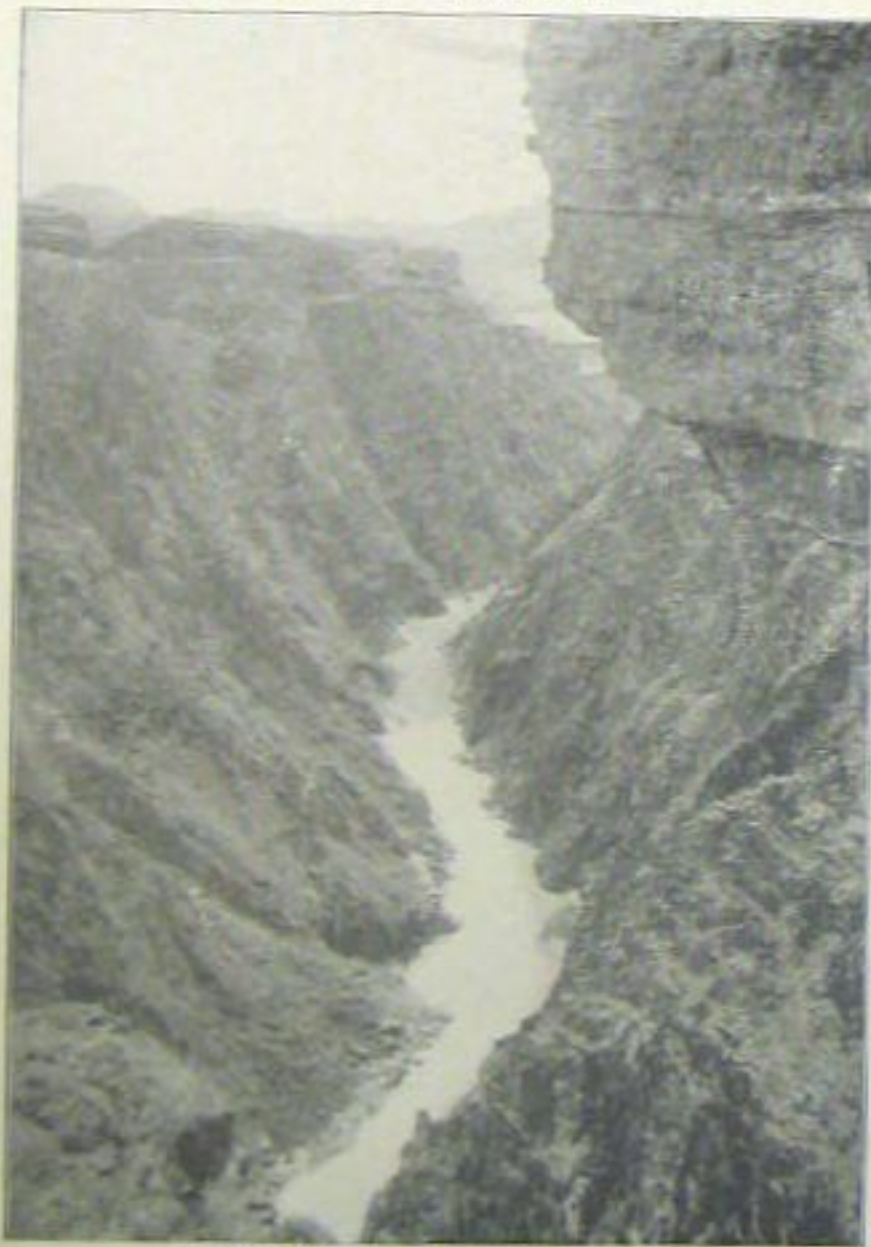
A GRAND CAÑON THOROUGHFARE



Photograph copyright 1899, by H. G. Peabody, Boston

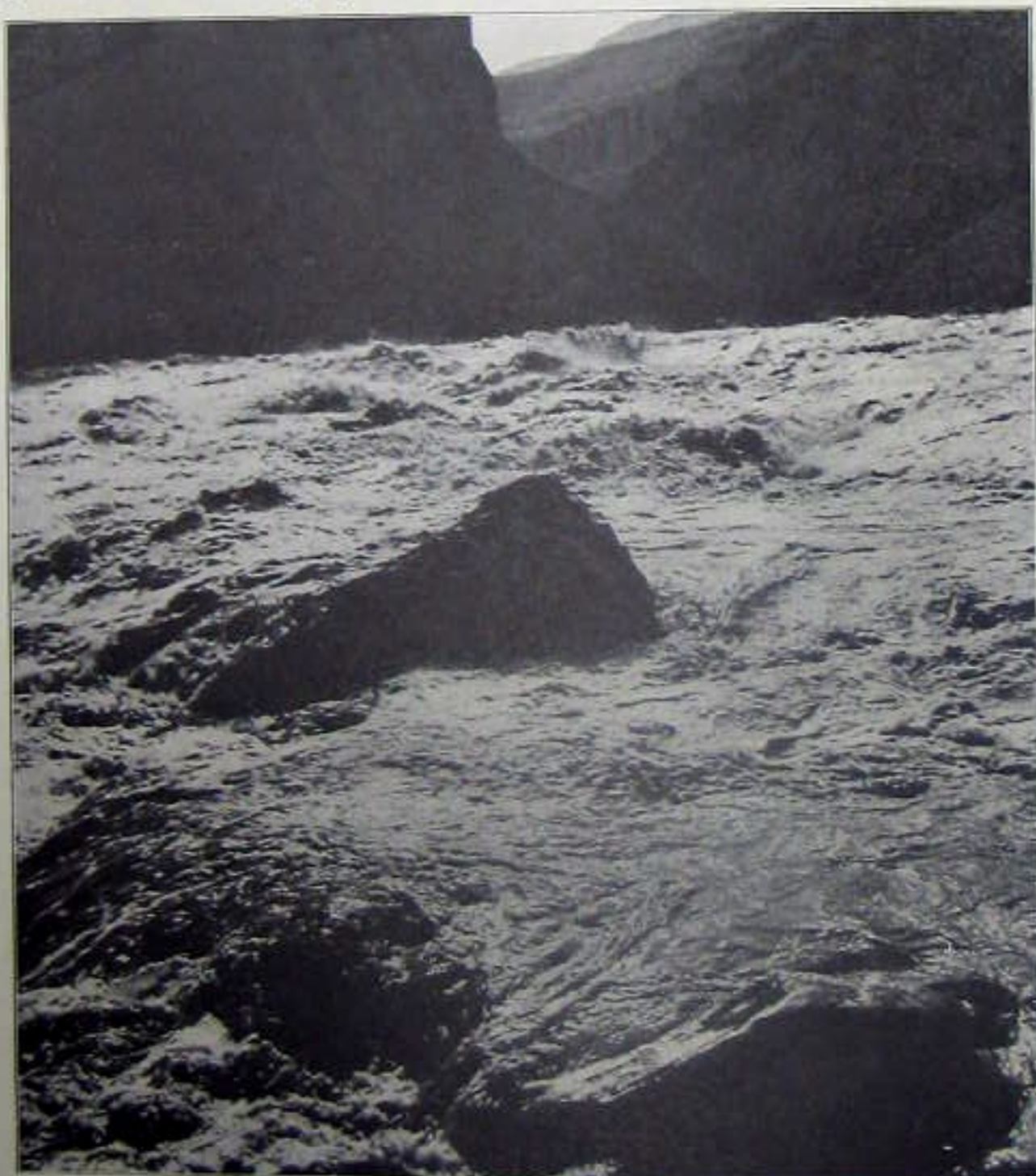
A SIDE CAÑON

edit journals, and women who read papers in their clubs, ask where the Colorado Cañon is, and are surprised to learn that it is not in Colorado but in Arizona. Even the old Spaniards knew nearly as much about it three hundred and fifty years ago, as do Americans to-day. A company of the conquistadors, seeking the fabled



THE INNER GORGE OF THE COLORADO

Seven Cities of Cibola, was eventually led to the brink by Moki guides and gazed upon this scene as long ago as 1540. This far-away region, whose existence is but now beginning to be realized by us, was among the earliest portions of America to be explored, and Spaniards sent to Spain decriptions of this cañon, comparing its pinnacles to the Giralda Tower of Seville, eighty long years before the Pilgrims landed. Two hundred years elapsed, and then a Spanish priest journeying from the Great Salt Lake reached the cañon in the very year that witnessed the declaration of



BLACK ROCKS AND YELLOW RAPIDS

American Independence. Nearly another hundred years rolled by before our government attempted to probe into the mystery of the cañon country. In 1858 Lieutenant Ives ascended the river from the Gulf of California in a flat-bottomed steamer, but he did not pass the gateway that guards the lower end of the Grand Cañon proper. Twelve years later, Powell, starting from the north, achieved his memorable dash, and put to flight uncertainties and mysteries. Ten years later, Captain Dutton, a geologist who should have been a man of letters, explored the great plateau and the side gorges, and described his visions of the cañon in the language of a poet, delightfully refreshing in a Government Report. To-day the ablest men of science are solving



THE ARCHEAN CHANNEL

one by one the mighty geologic problems here presented. And meantime we Americans who pride ourselves upon our knowledge of the Congo and the upper Nile, who read with interest descriptions of Siberian deserts and New Zealand fiords, are asking with languid curiosity: "Where is this Cañon of the Colorado? What is it like?"

And yet we who have visited it must perforce ask the same question: What is it like? That is the great question to which no man can give the answer. It is like no other thing in heaven or earth; and yet within it are the likenesses of many notable and famous things. Familiar mountains, cliffs, and valleys are outlined here by hundreds. An army of El Capitans, each one as stately as the rock of the Yosemite,



BLACK PALISADES AND PINKISH PINNACLES



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

AN ARIZONA CHARON

stand sentry-like on either side. A thousand miles of palisades, surpassing those that look upon the lordly Hudson, here serve to form a modest frieze along the rim. All the chasms of the world are here in counterfeit, but they appear like the merest corrugations, grooves, and crinkles. Niagara could roar almost unheard in depths that are unseen. The



AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAND VIEW TRAIL

rivers of our continent could find an ample channel here, yet leave above their united waters enough to make the cañon still the wonder of the earth. Within this gulf the ruins of all man's masonry since Babel could be hurled, and yet these Cañon Pyramids whence forty centuries of centuries look down would rise above the wreck of all the cities of all time!

But after all that can be said is said, one simple fact stands forth, significant because of its simplicity. This realm of wonder and of beauty, vast and intricate though it be, is the result of simple causes. It is the natural slow creation of the flowing waters which drop by drop have traversed it, reduced its rocks to sand, and borne the sand grain by grain to the distant all-embracing ocean, where even now the continents of some far future age are building.



OUT FROM THE CAÑON DEPTHS

