The Grand Canon.

View Opposite Point Sublime.
In Arizona's fair and sunny land
There is a canon—wide, and deep, and grand;
Four hundred miles in length it is, or more,
A marvelous sea of wonders, a never-ending store;
A fathomless abyss of architectural skill
Of Nature's faultless handiwork, your very soul to thrill;
Fantastic sculptured temples, bewildering and sublime,
Harmoniously contrasted: the corrosive work of time;
Incomprehensive beauty, without a parallel,
No human skill can copy, no human tongue can tell;
A kaleidoscopic picture, improving with decay—
The most impressive wonder of this, the present day.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado River, which is situated wholly in the extreme northern portion of Arizona Territory, is the most impressive and awe-inspiring wonder in the world. It comprises an area of more than 13,000 square miles. As a field for interesting and instructive study of physical and historical geology it has no equal. It is here the lovers of the beautiful and wonderful in nature find a realization of their most extravagant imaginative flights. There is nothing like it, or to which it may be compared. To
those tourists whose perceptions have been trained in Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Scotland or any other scenic portion of the world, I would say, before visiting the Grand Canon dismiss from your mind every notion of any other natural scenery you have ever visited, or that your imagination has ever suggested, and enter this strange region fully prepared to slowly study and master influences you are certain to encounter by actual association, of a class with which you are wholly unfamiliar; for, says Capt. Dutton in the United States Geological Report of 1880-81: "Those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Canon of the Colorado do not hesitate, for a moment, to pronounce it the most sublime of all earthly spectacles."

It is a great innovation in modern ideas of scenery, and in our conception of the grandeur, beauty and power of nature. It is not to be comprehended in a day, a week, or even a month. It must be studied and dwelt upon in order that one may become, in any degree, familiar with its marvelous characteristics.

The most conspicuous objects are the lofty and brilliantly colored cliffs. Very wonderful at times is the sculpture of these majestic walls. There is an architectural style that must be seen to be appreciated. It is not fanciful or metaphorical, but strikingly realistic. The unaccustomed visitor inclines to a skeptical feeling—whether these are truly the results of the action of the blind forces of nature, or of some intelligence akin to humane Vario us writers of more or less note have attempted to give their views and impressions, after having visited the chasm of the Colorado, but so meager and indifferent have been their descriptions of it, that the imagination is wholly at fault in framing a mental conception of it.

A canon is commonly known as a deep, narrow gorge in the earth, with nearly vertical walls, and this notion applies to hundreds of chasms found in Arizona, Utah and Colorado. Some of these are exceedingly narrow; others intricately sculptured and brilliantly colored, while a few are strikingly impressive on account of their colossal and majestic walls. But this stupendous avenue of the Colorado river is not identified with any of these. The name canon presents a wide range of signification. The prevailing idea is that the distinctive and overruling feature of the Grand Canon is the narrowness of its defile in proportion to its depth. No greater mistake could be made. The width of space enclosed between the upper walls is one of its most essential elements of grandeur. It varies from twelve to fifteen miles. Between these walls is a broad plain, and in its center the inner chasm is cut from 4,000 to 5,000 feet wide and nearly 4,000 feet deep. It is not the magnitude of this chasm, nor the inaccessible walls of the inner gorge, that constitute the most impressive elements of its character. It is the splendor and grace of nature’s architecture; her lavish Bestowment of wealth and beauty of coloring upon styles and forms entirely new, to the culture of civilized races;
sculptures so curious and grotesque, which surprise and delight us by their unaccustomed character, and bring us to a realization of the inadequacy of our faculties to comprehend her versatility and power.

The Kaibab division is by far the most sublime of all. It is broader and more diversified with striking architectural features, and is 1,000 feet deeper than any other; and to this portion I wish to call the attention of prospective tourists, as this little book is to tell you how to best reach the most desirable and interesting points. Do not be misled by what others may say, but read what the best authorities have written, after actual investigation.

Robert Brewster Stanton, who was in charge of a railway survey through the Grand Canyon in 1889, is beyond question the leading authority. In an article published in Scribner's Magazine, in November, 1890, he says: "The great granite gorge is about forty miles in length. That portion from its head to Bright Angel Creek is narrow, dark and gloomy. It stands at the upper gateway of the Grand Canon, as if by its very power to keep back the intruder and guard from vulgar eyes and sordid greed the grandeur, the beauty and hidden treasure of the lower canon. At Bright Angel Creek everything changes—the granite slopes are flatter; they are of a softer black granite, cut into sharp pinnacles and crags, and seem more as if formed of very coarsely stratified slate. The canon grows more picturesque and beautiful the farther we proceed. The granite has lost its awful and threatening look, and slopes back in beautiful hillsides, of variegated black, gray and green. At the side canons, and from the bends of the river, the upper portions are brought into view, showing the great marble and sandstone cliffs, benched back far away from the river, while mountains jut in close between the side canons and reach nearly a mile and a quarter in height. As we sail along the smooth stretches between the rapids, each turn brings some wonderful picture more beautiful than the last. As we look down the river, or up a low side canon, with the placid water between its polished walls of black, and gray and green for a background, there rise above the dark sandstone tier upon tier, bench upon bench, terrace upon terrace, stepping back farther and farther, higher and higher, and in immensity of height and proportion seeming to tower almost over our heads. First above the dark sandstone come the flattened slopes of the mineralized matter, in horizontal layers of yellow, brown, white, red and green. Then rise sheer walls of stained marble one thousand feet or more, the lower portions yellow, brown and red, the coloring of red growing brighter as it nears the top. Above this, smaller benches of marble, at the top of each a little mesa covered with green bunch grass and bushes, and above these a dozen more terraces of scarlet and flame-colored sandstone, stained on their outer points with black, and the little benches between them relieved by the
bright green of the greasewood and bunch grass, the whole crowned with perhaps a
couple of thousand feet of the lighter gray,
yellow and white sandstone ledges, capped by
pinnacles and spires, turrets and domes in
every imaginable shape, size and proportion,
with all their slopes covered and their tops
fringed with pine, cedar and pinyon trees,
whose dark green stands out in bold relief
against the banks of pure white snow that
cover the top and have run down into the
many gulches along the sides." This part of
the trip was made during February.

Bright Angel Creek is in longitude 112 de-
grees west from Greenwich. Point Sublime
is 112 degrees, 15 minutes west. By the
Cataract route tourists reach the canon
directly opposite Point Sublime, and there-
fore view that portion which Mr. Stanton has
so vividly described.

The Mystic Spring trail is by far the safest
and easiest trail into the canon. A number
of interesting cliff dwellings are to be seen on
the way down. By this trail tourists are en-
abled to ride to the Grand Scenic Divide,
Mount Observation, Mystic Spring, Ruins of
Paradise and the river. There are no rope
ladders or toboggan slides to be encountered
by this route. The intermediate view, which
is obtained from the Sandstone Plateau, 2,000
feet below the rim, is pronounced by all to be
unequaled by any other. One may spend days
upon the upper rim of the inner gorge, gazing
down into the numberless amphitheatres
within the inner gorge, filled with wonder-
fully sculptured profiles of gigantic size and
amazing form, each possessing striking
features entirely different from the other, thus
forming an ever-shifting and dissolving pano-
rama. Beneath your feet is the Colorado
river, apparently no wider than a little brook-
let, and yet we know it to be a mad, seeth-
ing, raging torrent from one to three hundred
yards wide and many feet in depth. Its
ceaseless roar may be heard distinctly,
although it is 3,000 feet below us and over
four miles distant. Above us are the majestic
walls forming the outer rim—cliffs of lime-
stone and red sandstone varying in height
from 1,500 to 2,500 feet, which seem to tower
almost over our heads; and yet, when stand-
ing upon them we could not realize their
dimensions.

Hotel Point is situated directly opposite
Point Sublime, and is the most desirable
point of view to be found on the south wall.
A twenty-five mile view of the chasm is ob-
tained in either direction, and the river may
be seen in five different places. The beautiful
blending of colors at this point is said to
equal that of the Grand Canon of the Yellow-
stone, and upon a scale of magnitude that
defies human comprehension. Roads are now
completed along the rim and visitors reach
these strong scenic points by stage. The
region is one of great interest. Ruins of stone
buildings are seen in many places; pottery,
stone implements, arrow points and other
specimens of interest are often found. The
Indians know nothing of their origin, but say
that the ancient inhabitants were destroyed by earthquakes.

**THE CATARACT CANON.**

The Cataract Canon is one of the tributary canons of the Grand Canon from the south, and receives the drainage and flood waters of the northern slope of the Bill Williams mountains, Coconino Forest and also that of the southern rim of the Grand Canon for a distance of nearly fifty miles. It begins near the town of Williams, at the base of the Bill Williams mountains, and winds and twists in a tortuous manner through a comparatively level country for about 100 miles, but as it nears the Grand Canon it enters the bluffs of the southern slopes of the Kanabs, and becomes a wildly romantic canon. The Yava Supai Indian villages are situated in its depths, about twelve miles above its junction with the Grand Canon. A beautiful stream of water finds its way to the surface and flows through a valley of very fertile soil, and is utilized by the Indians for irrigating their peach orchards, corn fields and melon patches. The Indians say that this stream once flowed on the surface the entire distance from the base of the mountains, but "ground heap shake 'em, water he go down." Hundreds of depressions, caves and crevices are found along this channel, indicating that the earth's crust has been shattered and broken, while the many ruins of stone buildings lining its banks and elevations tell us of races long since dead. A subterranean stream of 2,000 cubic inches of water is here rasping out another great canon, while these rents in the earth's crust are protected from the corrosive force of erosion by the soil and debris that cover them. The flood waters of the winter snow and summer rain have eaten out a channel through this basin of the Cataract, and in many places uncovered the volcanic rents in the earth's crust, opening up channels through which thousands of tons of the surface deposits are annually carried down into this subterranean river to make new land, where the water has no longer the power to hold it. This ceaseless industry will continue until the lateral exposure to heat, frost, wind and rain begins its work of destruction. Disintegration will then be rapid and the walls of this gap in the earth, that now are only a few inches removed from each other, will recede farther and farther apart until they have reached the shore line of this hidden stream, thus forming a narrow defile of perpendicular walls of immense depth. At Cataract Caves, where the stage road crosses, these works of nature's great architects are plainly visible. The stage station covers the opening to one of these caves, which is used as a storeroom for supplies. During the early spring and rainy season, the Cataract at this point is filled with water, much of which is swallowed up by these fissures, to again come to the surface at the Supai villages or in the Grand Canon, thus demonstrating the traditional history obtained from the Indians. That the beautiful fertile valley in which their
homes are found is the result of the ceaseless labors of this hidden stream cannot be questioned. Prodigious is the amount of work it has accomplished, and immense the periods of time required. While scouring, rasping and filing out this secret channel for itself in the carboniferous strata, this sand-charged volume becomes highly impregnated with lime and oxides, which furnish another important element in its work, for what is more marvelous than anything is the fact that these sediments solidify in a most rapid and astonishing manner, clinging to anything that may afford sufficient resistance to overcome the force of the current. It seems that at some remote period the inner chasm below where the Indians now live, became gorged and choked at different points by falling boulders, thus forming a base for the cataracts and waterfalls it now contains. The velocity of the current was checked, its carrying capacity reduced and the work of building up commenced. Destruction at one point, reconstruction at another. Trees, vines, etc., took root in the alluvial deposits. Each succession of vegetation became enwrapped in a solid casement of lime, while the sand and debris was held in check and firmly cemented together in a conglomerate mass. For ages this solidifying process has been going on, building outward and upward. How unlike the Grand Canon, where the force of the river carries everything away.

There are many of these wonderful cataracts, two of which deserve especial men-

tion—Bridal Veil and Mooney Falls. The structure of the former is 175 feet in height, 700 feet in width; the latter 300 feet high and about 300 feet in width. At the Bridal Veil the water covers nearly one-half of the surface and is separated by the trees and bushes into thousands of streams, which give an almost inconceivable variety of strikingly beautiful effects.

In the March number of the Southwestern Empire, Prof. G. Wharton James thus describes the Bridal Veil Falls. "I doubt if there is a more exquisitely beautiful waterfall in the world than this. Sit down in the grass in the magnificent amphitheatre built by Nature immediately before it, and drink of its delicate beauty to the full. Nay! you cannot do that in one hour’s view. You must study it ere you can know all that makes it what it is, “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.” To the left and right are towering cliffs, 2,000 feet high, of red sandstone. At your feet is rich green grass, and a delicate gauzy growth, as fine as asparagus grass, which covers the ground with fairy-like lace and makes a carpet fit for a “Midsummer Night’s Dream” dance: Above, just on the edge of the fall, are several trees, rich in their new dress of spring leaves, with the red mountains and azure sky, as richly blue as that of the Mediterranean, forming a singularly picturesque back-ground for the incomparable fall underneath. The leafy branches overhang the falling water, and drop down so as to mingle their green with the blue and green of the
water and the fluffy white spray of the fall, whilst ivy, peculiar vines, climbing clematis, maiden-hair and other ferns, columbines and rich and rare mosses, in a perfect revelry of green shading, cover the rocky setting of the fall with a grace and elegance that would be at once the envy and the despair of any landscape artist. But even this does not complete the description of the back-ground of the fall. The sediment in the water, before spoken of, combined with the small shrubs, etc., which grow profusely, has made a number of caves—some large, others small, as if a number of umbrella trees, growing upright on the face of the cliff, had been drenched with water, and then, whilst the water was still falling, by some magic art, trees, leaves, branches and water had all become red stone. Now, with such a back-ground, enjoy the fall—Wa-Hath-Peek-Ha-Ha. It is not one sheet of water as the Niagara, or Vernal, or Nevada, or Yosemite, but there are at least five hundred different streams, one large, three or four lesser ones and the remainder mere tiny baby falls, which, flowing over the varied red and green behind, make up this fairy-like scene. Fairy-like? Yes, indeed it is! Shut out the world beyond from your thought, let your imagination have free play, and in five minutes Oberon and Titania and all the hosts of Shakespeare’s fairyland are dancing on the grass, merrily tripping in and out of their own caves behind the falling water, laughing and playing with the dashing spray, while mermaids, tritons and nereids splash and dash in the pools beneath as the water falls upon them. Pan is alive again! His pipes are heard in the singing of melodious waters as they descend, and dash, and babble, and murmur and gurgle on their way to the far-off sea."

Ash Fork, the starting point of the stage line, is situated on the A. & P. railroad (Santa Fe line), 400 miles west of Albuquerque and 490 east of Los Angeles. It is twenty-three miles west of Williams, the former terminus of this route, and is a more favorable starting point, as it is less affected by the winter snows and can be operated throughout the year, and has better hotel accommodations. It intersects the former route at Cataract Caves, the half-way station. A very wonderful geological fault is found only seven miles west of Ash Fork, and may be visited at slight expense. It is in the form of an inverted funnel, 297 feet in depth, 100 feet wide at its mouth and 300 feet wide at its base. A very beautiful moss-covered hill thirty feet in height lies in its center. It is the "bottom-less pit" of Dante’s Inferno. Numerous unexplored caverns are within its depths. The completion of the S. F., P. & P. railway gives rapid communication with Prescott, 60 miles; Congress, 126 miles, and Phoenix, 197 miles from Ash Fork. Its construction and equipment are of the best. It is a marvel of engineering skill and speaks volumes for its projectors. It passes through the famous Salt River Valley, one of the most fertile agricultural regions in the world. The scenery
along the route is wild and romantic.

The new hotel of this company at Ash Fork is now open for the accommodation of this class of travel, and is under the management of the Fred Harvey system of eating houses, and will prove a great convenience to the traveling public. It contains fifteen handsomely furnished sleeping apartments and a spacious dining room fitted up very subsanitarily, and a nice convenient lunch counter. It is supplied with a bath-room. Rates $3 per day. The S. F., P. & P. Railway Co. make liberal rates to parties of ten or more. For rates apply to F. A. Healy, G. P. A., Prescott, Arizona, or any agent of the line.

The distance to the Grand Canon from Ash Fork is sixty-four miles and the time required is twelve hours. The road is smooth and nearly level, passing through a grassy undulating region for the most part covered with pinyon and cedar trees. Cataract Cave, the half-way station, is provided with commodious tents, with floors and sleeping accommodations. Tourists may leave Ash Fork almost any time of day desirable and a five or six hour drive will bring them to this point, where they may rest until the following morning, thus arriving at the Grand Canon at noon. This is the most preferable way, as it brings one to the brink of the chasm under favorable conditions, for to reach it at night, when it is in gloom, is very unsatisfactory indeed; and this is often the case when the journey is made continuously. Trains are oftimes late or other detentions occur, sometimes stopping to investigate interesting points on the stage route, or perhaps to shoot at a deer or other game that may be seen.

Hotels are now in order and will soon follow, but at present house-tents with floors are used, furnished with wire cots, mattresses, etc. Camping outfits, hammocks and bedding are furnished in the canon or for side trips. The food is the best our markets afford. Guide, saddle horses, ladies' or gents' saddles, pack animals, etc., furnished at reasonable rates.

Stages will be run to suit the convenience of patrons.

Stage fare for round trip - - $15.00
Parties of ten or more - - 12.50
Meals and beds, each - - 75c

Tourists desiring to visit Cataract Canon should calculate five days additional time. It is always advisable to arrange for the trip in advance if possible. For further information and advertising matter please address.

W. W. BASS,
Ash Fork, Arizona.