



Frederick Dellenbaugh, who had worked for John Wesley Powell in exploring the Colorado River and its tributaries, painted several scenes of Zion Canyon for display at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. He also wrote an article for Scribner's Magazine, introducing the country to "A New Valley of Wonders".



St. Louis World's Fair, celebrating the Louisiana Purchase centennial.

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## A NEW VALLEY OF WONDERS

By F. S. Dellenbaugh

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MANY years ago, while engaged with Major Powell and Professor Thompson in their notable explorations of the Southwest, I had occasion to pass near to a locality dominated by a butte so gigantic that all its neighbors were dwarfed. Neither at that time nor when again at the threshold some years later, was I able personally to explore this splendid region; but a constant desire remained with me, and in 1903, twenty-seven years after my last glimpse of the vicinity, I found myself once more in "Dixie," as Southern Utah along the banks of the Virgin River is designated, with this Titanic mountain of bare rock, the Great Temple of the Virgin, lifting its opalescent shoulders alluringly against the eastern sky. Immediately behind the aggregation of enormous cliffs composing it was our ultimate destination, a marvellous valley, early named "Little Zion" by the Mormons who had settled near its lower end, and spoken of by the natives as Mukoontuweep, a valley practically unknown to the outer world, yet rivaling in beauty and grandeur even the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and perhaps the Grand Canyon. So this monster butte became our beacon as our "prairie schooner," well laden with paint-boxes, photographic materials, and provender, held steadily on its course under fair May skies, steered skilfully by Brother Brigham, our Mormon pilot, its white sheeted top gleaming in the dazzling sunshine like the bold banner of a Crusader.

Brother Haproy, fresh from the shambles of Wall Street, a mere Lamb in this

strange environment, alternated with me the privilege of conversing with Brig, in the pilot-house of the schooner, or of guiding the wayward nose of a youthful mare scarcely yet endowed with a sufficient abundance of horse sense to make riding an absolute delight. Thus we three went forth to our promised land. Close on our left lay the long blue line of the Pine Valley Mountains lifting their snow-streaked summits far above the wonderful labyrinth of many-colored cliffs and buttes and lava-beds threaded by our road; which, now rocky and dry, now sandy and dry, but ever dry, led continually up the deep basin of the river, a region scarcely less extraordinary than the valley of our destination. Except where water can be spread over the ground, the surface all through this country is so devoid of moisture that nothing but plants requiring a minimum is able to exist. Vegetation, therefore, is scattering, aggressive, threatening. At the same time one is surprised by its abundance, as well as by the richness of color and the profusion of exquisite blossoms in spring, the varieties of cacti especially being laden with flowers whose tender petals and soft beauty are a marvel in contrast to the parent stem as well as to the chaotic aridity of the environment. It seems as if a lion and a lamb were verily slumbering at our feet. And not only the cacti, but the "live oak" with its thorn-set leaf, the rabbit brush, the sage, the greasewood, and all the others have their blossoms, while in between, scattered thickly over the unfriendly earth, are mul-

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titudes of smaller flowering plants strange to all but the botanical traveller, and some of them, I fancy, still strange to him, yet as fascinating as the pampered products of a hot-house. But where water can be fed to the soil it becomes instantly prolific.

The Mormons being past-masters in irrigation, the rugged land contains a number of districts that, by contrast with the surroundings, rival the Garden of Eden. Here

the surroundings of comfortable country life. Again a turn, and the mellow beauty vanishes—not a drop of water then anywhere in sight.

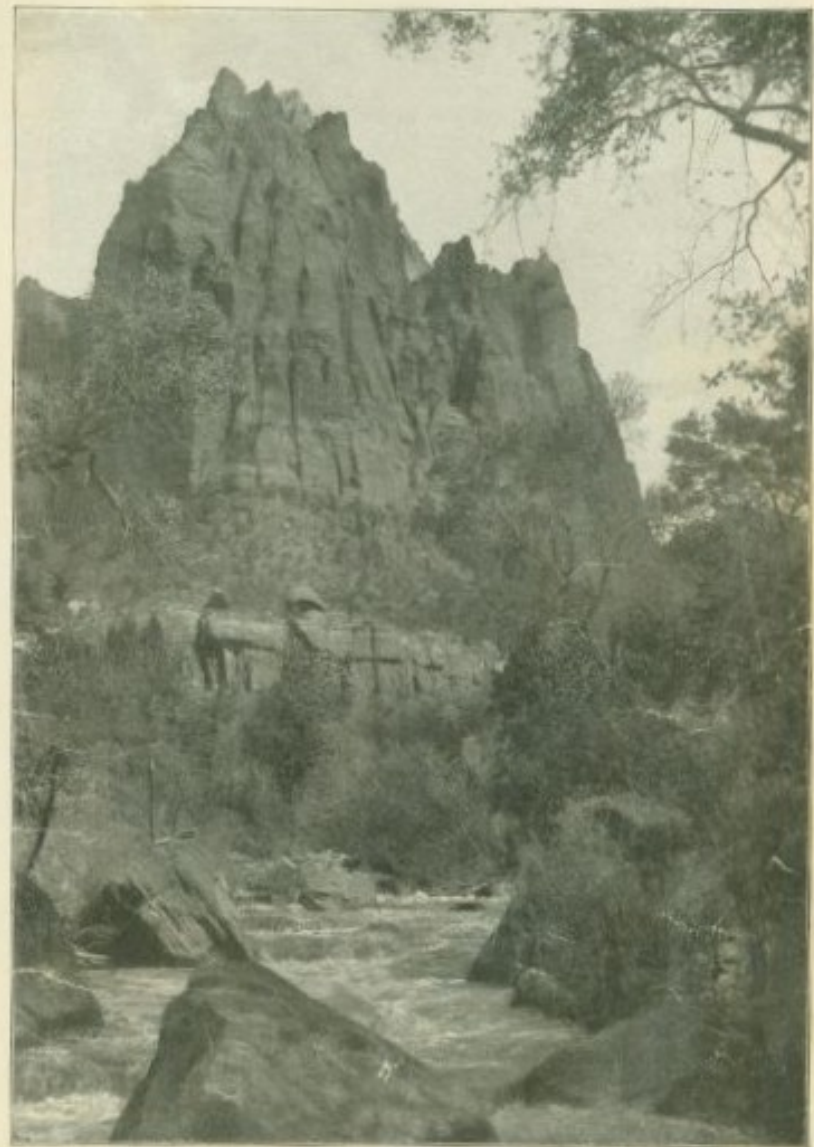
Through such interesting, shifting scenery our schooner sailed on for several days, when Virgin City came in sight. As we approached this oasis we beheld the Great Temple, in full view from barren uplands, looming nearer and ever nearer. At



The Great Temple from Grafton.—Page 6.

grapes, peaches, almonds, figs, pomegranates, melons, etc., of choicest flavor are yielded in abundance. Every few miles the eye is surprised and gratified by the green fields and foliage of one of these bright oases, flowing, also, with milk and wine and honey. Nothing could be more refreshing than a sudden encounter with a broad green stretch of this kind after miles across arid wastes where one begins to imagine meadows, farms, and shady brooks to be mere phantasmagoria—when, lo! a magic turn of the road reveals a sweep of emerald with ditches of dashing water, plume-like poplars of Lombardy, fan-spreading cotton-woods, vineyards, roses, peach and apple orchards, fig-trees, and all

noon we heaved to our craft near the brink of a sharp canyon some five hundred feet deep, a mere gully amidst this extravagant topography, through which the waters escaping from the far up-country fume and fret, though without averting the harness; for the ever industrious Mormons have pushed into the depths and guided the stream by strategy to fields miles below. Around us in every direction tower incredible cliffs, buttes, pinnacles, gloriously painted, astonishingly sculptured, yet rendered insignificant by that masterpiece of Time, the Great Temple. Under the noonday sun it glows with an iridescence that intensifies its magnitude. The delicacy of the merging tints of red and white



A huge vesuvian pyramid whose precipitous cleave the sky.—Page 15.



Entering the valley from the Parsonswagon.—Page 11.

and creamy yellow, with tones of soft vermilion spread here and there athwart the white, like Alpenglow transfixed, is discouraging enough to the brush of the painter crouching in the shadow of the schooner. The foreground is gravelly desert sprinkled with the exquisite green of the sage-brush, inhabited, apparently, only by lizards, one large, active specimen resenting our intrusion by a series of angry hisses. Away below, sage-covered slopes extend to the distant green of

Virgin City, overshadowed by the towering magnificence of the Great Temple, standing unique, sublime, adamant. One hardly knows just how to think of it. Never before has such a naked mountain of rock entered into our minds! Without a shred of disguise its transcendent form rises preëminent. There is almost nothing to compare to it. Niagara has the beauty of energy; the Grand Canyon, of immensity; the Yellowstone, of singularity; the Yosemite, of altitude; the ocean, of power; this Great Temple, of eternity—

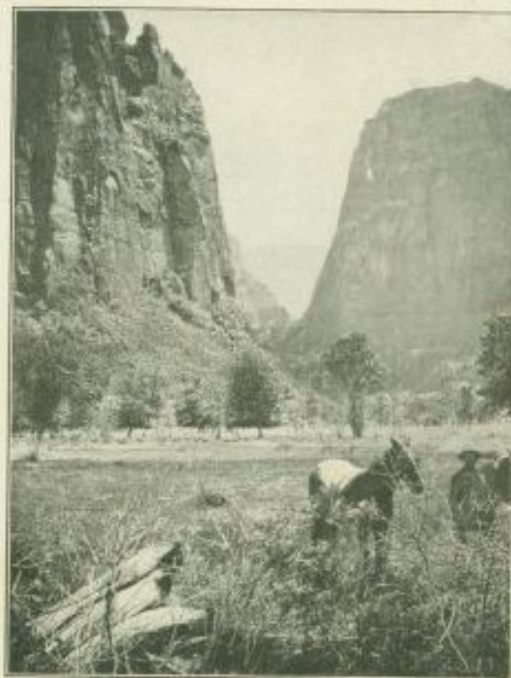
"The Titan-fronted, blowy steeps  
That cradled Time."

One feels here in sympathy with Childe Roland halting before the Dark Tower, yet is uncertain whether, like him, to blow a blast of defiance or, like a Moslem, at Mecca, to fall in prayerful homage.

Indeed, we are at last face to face with the Unattainable; no foot of man has ever touched the summit of this silent shrine, 7500 feet above

the level of the sea, 4000 above the valley

mounting, darts shafts of light across the summit, the outlying pinnacles are set aflame; gradually the whole array of colors burns out again with all the intensity of yesternoon. To the left the white and red rock-domes of Colob Plateau stand luminous also, the color everywhere in-



Above the Wier it is properly a canyon.—Page 17.

feeling that it ought to speak, to roar, to belch forth fire and brimstone, to give some sign of the throes of world-birth it has witnessed since these rocks were dyed in the antediluvian seas. But only the silence of the outer spheres encircles it; in all that wondrous expanse of magnificent precipices we hear no sound save our own voices and the whisper of the wind that comes and goes, breathing with the round of centuries.

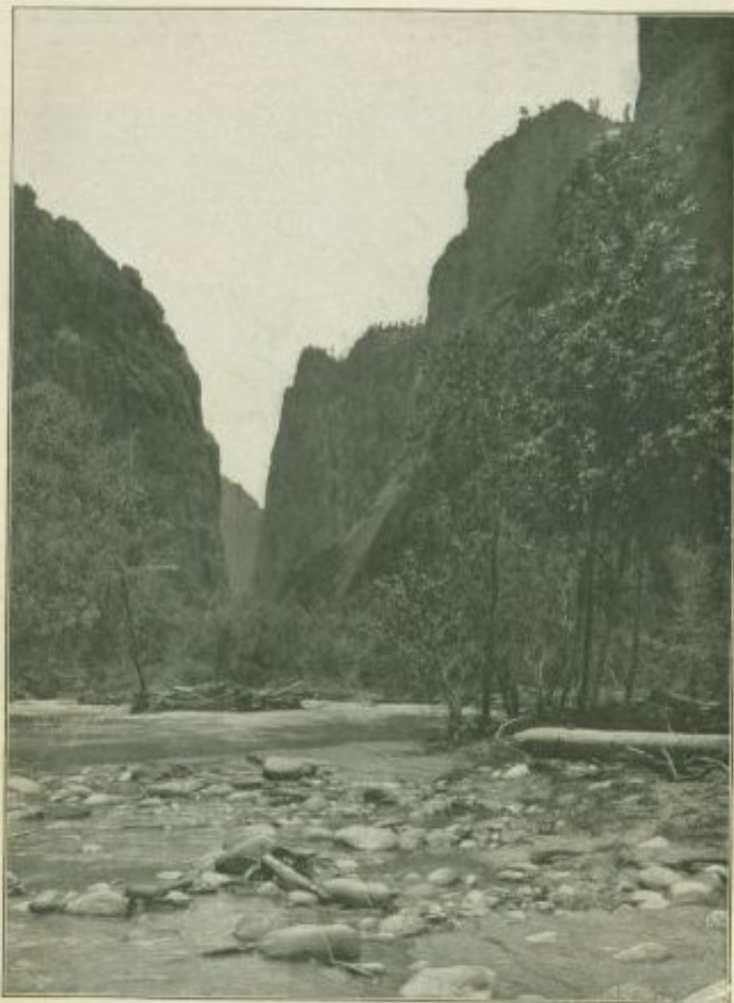
In the morning we discover that the great butte, like a chameleon, has changed color. The rare opalescence has vanished; instead, the rock-mountain palpitates with a heavenly blue, as if metamorphosed to sapphire in a night. But the sun,

creasing in brilliancy as the sun falls, till the entire landscape appears kaleidoscopic, yet never harsh or crude. To eyes prejudiced by the soft blues and grays of a familiar Eastern United States or European district, this immense prodigality of color is startling, perhaps painful; it seems to the inflexible mind unwarranted, immodest, as if Nature had stripped and posed nude, unblushing, before humanity.

And the lavish display of color multiplies as we advance along the river, fording the stream occasionally, for in this whole region there are no bridges. At Grafton the poplar-studded fields present their welcome green, intensifying the radi-



A typical frontier home, Southern Utah.

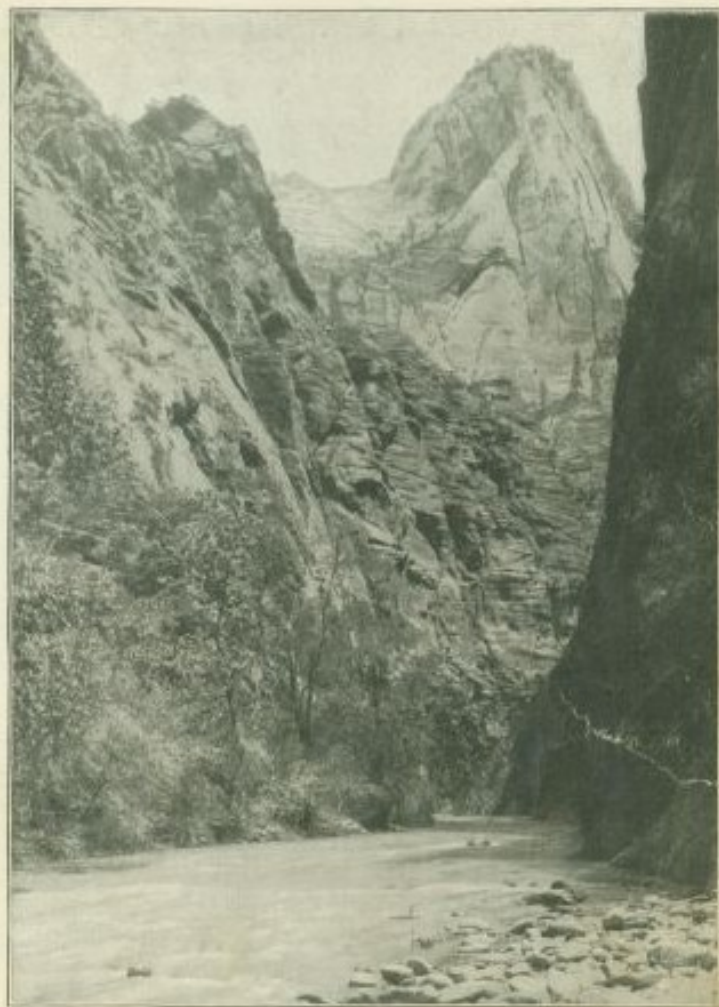


Ever narrower grow the canyon.—Page 17.

ance of the bounding rocks, the Great Temple ever rising supreme. The seven miles from Virgin City to Grafton have brought us more within its spell, yet, though no less overpowering, it now appears less mysterious, less Sphinx-like, less forbidding; the arrangement of the mighty precipices and resplendent colors is better seen, better understood.

The south flank immediately adjoining Grafton is more than a thousand feet

lower than the main butte, yet its summit, which has been scaled from the opposite side, is some three thousand feet above the river, at least half this height being perpendicular and seamed by vertical lines of columnar projections from top to bottom. The face of this cliff, being slightly curved toward the south, forms an enormous sun-dial for the people of Grafton, the shadow marking the hour of high noon with considerable exactness. Once



Straight into the jaws of the narrowing chasm.—Page 17.

in a while, as if to strike the flight of the ages, a mass of rock breaks away and crashes in dust and thunder to the bottom.

Grafton has a situation that must some day make it famous, yet one dreads to think of this land being overrun by the ennuied tourist. But with an altitude of only 3000 feet, a superb, dry climate, mild winters, magnificent environment, and a supply of delicious fruits, it cannot long remain unvisited if a railway ever is built

within easy reach. The Mormons came here as early as 1861, but in 1867 the entire region had to be vacated on account of Indian troubles, and it was not till several years later that the settlers could return. Now there are twenty-three families, forming a total population of 115. Cliffs and buttes of all sizes, shapes, and colors enclose the valley. Up the cliff-wall to the south a road has been built. There is no way of getting out of the Virgin Valley



Lower end of the valley.—Page 12.

without a climb of at least a thousand feet, and this is about the height the road at Grafton reaches. From the brink above, a startling vista opens up and down the valley, now seen to be in reality a wide, deep canyon, similar to the Grand Canyon, though on a smaller scale. It is perhaps four miles wide at top, with the bounding rocks broken into a multitude of fantastic buttes, crags, cliffs, towers, temples, pinnacles; and it is this extraordinary variety of form which makes the locality so attractive. Continuous straight, high canyon walls, while impressive, are apt to grow monotonous because of their regularity. Here every possible form of erosion seems to be represented.

The immediate flood-plain of the river is only about one-half mile wide, and green, cultivated fields gleam like gems wherever opportunity offers, the stream meandering through them in a mud ravine 900 feet wide, with vertical sides some ten feet high. At flood times the booming

waters slash into the sides and sweep away acres of arable land, so that the fields are being constantly diminished in area. Wing dams would afford protection, but the inhabitants are too few to undertake extensive works. This stream appears to me to be only the remnant of a once perennial torrent, the original sculptor of this valley in some past age when ice and snow on the high plateaus to the north afforded a bountiful reservoir. The whole country rises toward the north in a series of Cyclopean steps, and it is through these at right angles that the Mukoontuweep is cut, the Great Temple being but a remnant of the million billion tons of rock-strata which have been carried away by the rains and rivers through eons of time. In this long process of denudation there have doubtless been periods when corrosion was far more rapid than it is now, hence the deep canyons of this locality appear to be sawed down through a landscape which had already been brought to something



Seductive as the result of some Sleeping Beauty.—Page 12.



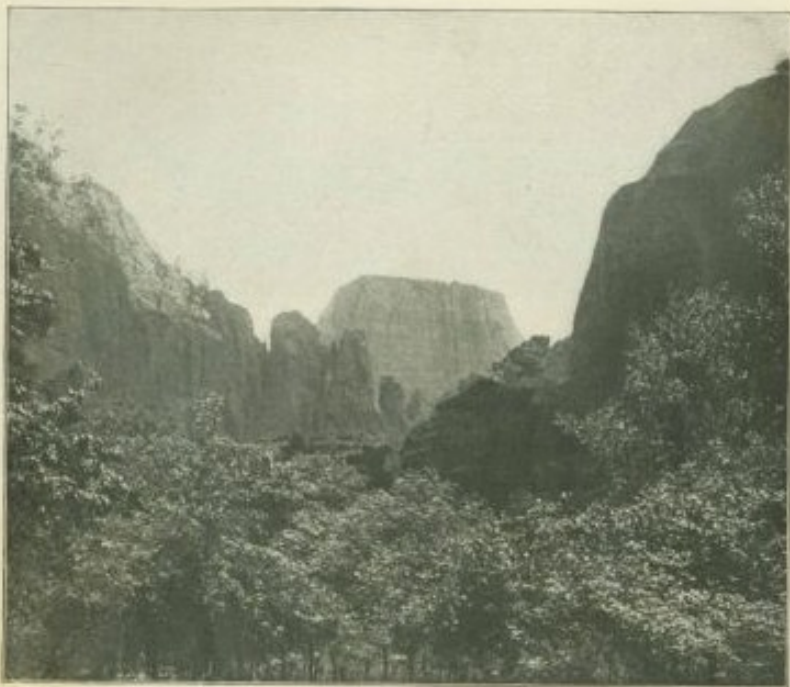
A double line of majestic sculpturings.—Page 12.

of its present configuration before they reached their depth. The Virgin River is one of the conduits by which the floods from the High Plateaus of Southern Utah reach the sea, and in their flight they have carried along the incredible amount of denuded material which has been removed in the elaboration of these magnificent cliffs, and temples, and canyons. It has two main branches leading up into the heights of Colob and the Markagunt—the Mukoontuweep and the Paroontuweep, the former the more direct and monopolizing a greater area than the latter, which is compelled to share its waters with the Kanab Canyon, leading more speedily to the Colorado. Consequently the Mukoontuweep, or "Little Zion," is deeper and finer than its companion gorge. These two are, probably, the most extraordinary canyons, so far as width in relation to depth is concerned, in all the West. For a number of miles in each the walls, unbroken and vertical for 2000 feet or more, approach to

within twelve or fifteen feet of each other at bottom, and are very close at top, so that they are really merely deep, narrow gashes in the rocks, over-leaning at times to shut out the sky. Major Powell was probably the first white man to traverse these canyons, having gone through the Paroontuweep, at least, in 1872, on foot, of course. The enormous chasms are mainly cut through Triassic sandstone with a capping of the Jurassic, the latter extremely homogeneous. Some of this upper stratum, which apparently has no defined separation from the underlying Triassic, is so soft on the surface that fragments of it crumble at a touch. It is the homogeneity of these rocks which has brought about the extraordinarily massive character of the unparallelled forms designated by the term "temple," a word that seems applicable, for they are not domes or pyramids alone, but often complex aggregations of giant precipices for which it is difficult to find a descriptive name.



Last view of the Great Temple.—Page 13.



One of the high cliffs, through a break in the red wall.—Page 17.

Fording the river once more at Grafton, we pushed on up the valley, passing in about two miles the village of Rockville, just above which is the mouth of the valley we were particularly to examine; but instead of turning into it we went on up the Paroonuweep branch to a spot called Shoonesburg, once a village of perhaps fifteen families, but now, owing to the encroachments of the river on the fields, reduced to one, occupying a stone house on a naked hill above the group of deserted dwellings. Around, on every side, towered high broken cliffs, forbidding and desolate, making this as weird a location for a solitary family as could well be imagined. Desiring to pitch our camp where we would not be intruding, I mounted the barren, stony hill to make inquiries at the house, which finally stood before me bleak and mysterious like the abodes of the ogres in fairy-stories. The dreary appearance prepared me for a rather unpleasant recep-

tion. Hearing strains of music issuing from one portion, I went up to the door and knocked. I opened, expecting to be rather curtly met; but a handsome young fellow, playing a mandolin, most cheerfully said we were welcome to camp wherever we liked. A yard of one of the deserted cabins was selected for anchorage, and beside the tumble-down, half-log, half-adobe affair, long swept by the elements through every door and window, we halted the schooner. Near by, two large rose-bushes in full bloom were reminders of the home life that once went on here. Some declare that there is no home life among the Mormons, but this does not agree with my own observations. Presently an old, old man, neatly dressed as if for church, the day being Sunday, came to see us. He was the master of the bleak house on the bluff, and for forty years had watched the sun ride athwart these toppling rocks. I wondered if it now seemed



The splendor was veiled by low-drifting clouds.—Page 16.

to him as much like home as the fair New England meadows of his boyhood. The world here seems still in the making, and humanity scarcely sheltered from the blows of Nature's sledge.

Leaving the schooner anchored by the roses, we explored on horseback up the Paroonuweep Canyon as far as we could conveniently go, splashing back and forth across the stream and breaking through underbrush which at length, after about four miles, became so dense that the swift flowing water full of bowlders was the only path open to us. We therefore turned about and reached our camp again just before dark. It is a beautiful gorge, but above Shoonesburg is less broken than below, and consequently not so interesting pictorially. Five or six miles above the point we reached is the mouth of the narrowest part, the deep gash in the strata before referred to. Sailing down from Shoonesburg we came about noon to the

forks, and, fording both branches, stood at last ready to enter the Mukoontuweep, the Little Zion. At a solitary house I secured a specimen of the ancient pottery of the locality, dug from a grave. Pottery-making was extensively practised by the Indians who occupied all these valleys and canyons long ago. Those Indians who were living here when the whites first came belonged to the Pai Ute branch of the Shoshone stock. Just what their relationship to the pottery-makers was has not been determined. The Pai Utes have all been gathered into the neighborhood of Santa Clara, near St. George, so an Indian is a rarity on the upper Virgin.

No sooner had we fairly swung into the entrance of the west branch valley than we perceived its immense superiority in point of grandeur and coloring to all else save the Great Temple. The latter, however, is itself a part of the rare valley, for it forms the western gate-post, and is the forerunner



The Amphitheatre—the very heart

of numerous other temples, some of them reaching up close to the altitude of its own mighty head. With the Great Temple on the one hand looming 4000 feet, and on the other one of more than 2000, the spectator is instantly enveloped in the maze of cliffs and color, a double line of majestic sculptures—domes, pyramids, pinnacles, temples, sweeping away to the north, dazzling with vermilion, orange, pink, and white—all scintillating in the burning sunlight with an intensity not comprehensible to those who have never had the good fortune to breathe this lambent air amidst the overwhelming profusion of color. And the splendor of all this exquisite Nature-painting is enhanced by the soft green of the cultivated fields and foliage of Springdale, the last settlement in this direction. The white summits of carved stone shine and shimmer like snow mantles against the sky, whose enchanting blue, flecked here and there by a drifting cloud, repeats on high the azure of the shadows, and gives the finishing touch to the panorama—to the opalescence of the valley. Yet with all this wonderful play of colors there is nothing garish or bizarre about this Opalescent Valley; sky and cliff and bottom-land are blended harmoniously into one picture.

The Great Temple, as it is approached from the west, at first appears ominous, forbidding, and we might expect the valley which it guards to offer a similar impression; but now the Temple from this point seems quite indifferent, in its attitude, while the Opalescent Valley itself opens wide and smiling, seductive as the realm of some Sleeping Beauty. But fairy-like though it is, we are sharply reminded by certain inward pangs that man cannot live by sight alone, and as we rumble along the single street of Springdale we look about eagerly for some propitious spot where to set a mid-day blaze in honor of Epicurus. Bishop Gifford Lindly placed his yard at our disposal, and into its capacious harbor our schooner sailed to a comfortable anchorage. A wide-spreading mulberry-tree threw its thick boughs above us, and from there we could peer out at the amazing back of the Great Temple, a hopeless wall of adamant. The highest point yet reached by the boldest mountaineer is easily distinguished from this spot. Some think there is a chance that one day the apex will be attained. If some reader wishes to vanquish this rock monster, the way for trial is plain. Springdale is the best starting-point, and the Mormons will treat him



of the Opalescent Valley.—Page 12.

well. They are always agreeable and accommodating, and our stay in this beautiful valley was rendered more delightful by this fact. In an experience extending over a period of some thirty odd years, off and on, I have always found the Mormons kindly and helpful. The Indians being harmless anyhow, and gathered together at Santa Clara; there being no desperadoes in the country; and the Mormons themselves being always orderly, travel is perfectly safe and firearms are a useless burden. The laws prohibit the killing of game out of season, and, as the season for most animals is very short, a gun is useless also for hunting. Springdale vies with Grafton in the romantic quality of its location, and it is difficult to decide between them, though the views at the former place are even more unique. Climbing, as a sport, can be carried on here with an unlimited field. Hundreds of summits have never been surmounted; scores of minor canyons have never felt the touch of a white man's foot. As for water, the visitor must not be fastidious. That of the river is wholesome enough, albeit rather gritty. Residents fill barrels in the early morning from the ditches which traverse every village, and allow the compound to

settle. After a few hours it becomes palatable—at least so it seemed to me, though Brother Haproy thought otherwise. A few wells have been dug, but they have not always been superior in their product to the muddy fluid of the river. Swiftly it carries the mud along between the mighty rock-forms, its tide a mixture in color of topaz and amethyst. It was well up now, and rolled down its gravelly bed with a vigor that betokened some trouble for our schooner, the way being no longer altogether dry, but, in view of the necessity of crossing some ten times between Springdale and the "Wire," and no bridges, quite the reverse. The Paroonweap road had also been of this order, but we perceived from the greater volume here that our schooner might possibly ship a sea or two. However, some one had been as far as the Wire, only a day or two before, and the tide was reported at a possible stage, so we set sail with full confidence of reaching our destined port without serious difficulty. The frequent mention of this Wire in conversation made us curious to know about it. A wire was a strange thing to receive so much attention. Inquiry revealed that it was about seven miles further up the valley, the result of the cogitations of a Springdale

genius, and quite an engineering feat in its way. A trail had been built at the point mentioned, up the cliff to the Colob Plateau, for the purpose of enabling the Springdale people to drive cattle for the summer to the heights, where there is good grazing. Immediately to the right of this trail is a well-nigh vertical cliff, about 3000 feet up from its base. On top of this cliff, on the very brink, young Flanagan constructed a windlass. Down below he built two others a distance apart. Around the three



Amphitheatre camp.—Page 14.

he succeeded in passing a series of wires forming a continuous cable. By revolving one of the drums the wire travels up or down, as the case may be, and any object attached ascends or descends at will. By this means supplies are sent up to men staying on the plateau, and various objects are passed both ways. On one occasion a wagon was taken up in parts; on another, a dog was treated to the aerial flight, tied in a basket. It was a week before the dog recovered fully, and since that time the vicinity of the Wire is a place he never visits.

The trail just to the left of the Wire is built along the lines of an old Indian path, formerly a precarious means of getting in or out of the upper end of the valley on foot; how precarious, may be judged by the fact that one of the last Indians

attempting to traverse it slipped and was dashed to death down the precipices. Though now transformed into a horse-trail, it is still a *mauvais pas* enough, and when cattle crowd each other a carcass or two is the result at the foot of some wall. The drive for the season was to be made the day after our arrival at Springdale, and we were invited to accompany the expedition, but other affairs prevented our accepting. As one first approaches the Cliff of the Wire and searches for the trail one

knows to be somewhere there, it seems impossible for man or beast to find an exit.

Two miles above the village we passed several houses, the final ones in this direction; henceforth we had the entire valley to ourselves; henceforth these mighty towers and temples reared their stupendous fronts for us alone; for us the river sent up its angry growl as if resenting our intrusion within this realm fit only for the Titan gods. Nearer came the domes and precipices, perpendicular for twice a thousand feet. ~~closer~~ came the great boulders and bluffs by the river, till we were creeping along a roadway hewn out of the low hills by the Springdale people, who utilize some of the lands above. Without this no wagon could go further. For a couple of miles the bottom is forbidding, the river roaring at our feet, the precipices leaping to the sky. Ahead are vistas



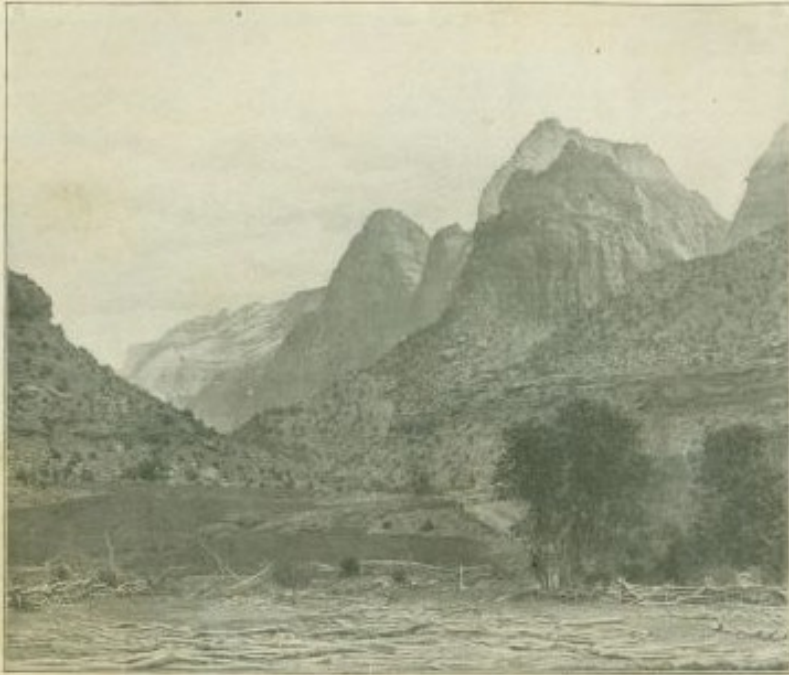
The semblance of some Cyclopean organ.—Page 16.

of even greater pyramids with foreground of beating waters. These seem, indeed, to be balanced in the zenith. They are extraordinary, and though they have not the base-bulk of the Great Temple, they astound us by their beetling, towering character as much as did that giant butte. Words fail to express the sensations inspired by these excessive heights of naked rock. The river constantly forms an appropriate foreground, and at length as we near the upper end of this particular division, one of the most complete pictures of the whole valley unfolds before us. In the foreground are the chaotic masses of red rock through which the river tears its way; green cotton-woods and bushes then inject their note, leading on to a huge vermilion pyramid whose precipices cleave the sky in the May-day sun like a battle-axe, behind and above it rising the still, white rocks of the yet greater pyramids. A little farther on, the road leads out into bottom-lands

again, where another phase of the valley begins. I mark four phases in all between the entrance and the upper chasm: the open phase as far as the beginning of the ravine, then the ravine, then the amphitheatre phase extending to the Cliff of the Wire, and finally the last narrowing phase from the Wire to the chasm.

Coming out of the head of the great ravine as upon the floor of another story, the magnificent series of pyramids on the left disclose their full majesty; the little river no longer frets amidst boulders, but glides with a concentrated intensity. To the west opens a deep alcove, aiding to form here a huge amphitheatre. There are thick groves of cotton-woods in the wide, level bottoms; on the slopes of talus, cacti bloom gorgeously; there also are manzanita with its rich red stem and waxen leaf, sage-brush, and many other plants, cedars, piñons. The blue sky above again touches the right chord in the symphony. Up and





The precipices leaping to the sky.—Page 14.

down, east and west, extends the labyrinthian array of giant rock-forms so magnificently sculptured, so ravishingly tinted. Again we are impressed with the marvelous beauty of outline, as well as the infinite complication, of these Titanic buttes. It is doubtful if in this respect the valley has anywhere its equal. Not even the best part of the Grand Canyon offers a more varied spectacle. There is an isolation of each temple here that is rare, yet all are welded together in a superb ensemble.

A little farther on a particularly separated, enormous composition of naked rock—naked like all the others, except for a scattering of pine-trees on the extreme summits or along some precarious ledge—shot up on the left in the semblance of some Cyclopean organ, its flutings brought out by the waning sun—the Temple of Æolus. The muddy river was much in our way, as we were forced to cross it often, and though it was not too stormy for

our schooner, it yet flowed with determination and there was chance of soaking our cargo. Brig's masterful hand, however, carried it through every obstacle—waters, underbrush, driftwood—till at last we paused opposite the Cliff of the Wire, having crossed the stream only ten times. Being in advance, I hunted out the trail with my glass and pointed its position to the others when they came up. For a moment they ridiculed the statement, but a glance through the lenses proved my assertion. Night was drawing on. We found this point to be the head of easy navigation for schooners of our class, so we camped, pitched the tent, tied the horses to trees to prevent their departing from so unpropitious a spot, gave them a portion of the grain and lucern we had brought to keep them a day or two from starvation, and prepared generally for a bad night. The sky looked ugly. There was no use turning the horses out to graze, for the winter

had been so severe the cattle usually herded here had consumed every blade of grass; even cotton-woods had been felled that the nutritious bark might prevent starvation. Judging from the appearance of the cattle we saw, the margin was very narrow. All about, and everywhere up and down the valley, the fallen trunks lay thick, often threatening to bar the schooner's progress altogether. They will furnish firewood for Springdale later. Cotton-woods are rapid growers, and all along the Virgin are cultivated in the villages for firewood; so the places of these that have been cut will soon be filled again.

Night and the rain fall down upon us together. The clouds sweep and whirl across the brows of the great cliffs, and the Cliff of the Wire multiplies its 3000-foot verticality till it seems to be almost any height one chooses to imagine. The wind, the growling of the stream, the pattering of the rain on the roof of the tent, all combine in a drowsy lullaby, and under our canvas we sleep undisturbed. When dawn crept shyly in, the opalescence was veiled by low-drifting clouds. The vast surfaces of bare rock had been soaked through the night, and now we saw shining cascades, quivering and feathery, dropping down from that upper world. These rain-cascades may be seen throughout the wondrous cliff-land of the Southwest, but those of the Mukoontuweep, and some I saw in the canyons of the Colorado, are the highest and most graceful that I remember. About noon, voices rang out from the upper air. But after all, the voices were not exactly angelic, and we knew it was some one descending the trail. A glass trained along the precipice discovered through the mist several small, moving, dark objects, distinguished as men and horses. They were of the party that had driven the Springdale cattle to the plateau. All day long, with one or two brief intermissions, the rain came down, and the clouds rolled among the summits of the cliffs. The air grew colder. Next morning found a thin layer of snow spread over the valley bottom, clinging to every available projection, and whitening the tops of the rock peaks. The horses, half starved and shivering, presented a sorry picture. For them the Opalescent Valley bore no charms. As the day grew older the storm broke, the

heights came out in sun again, the snow at our level melted, and we saddled up and went on toward the head of the gorge, leaving the schooner and the tent to take care of each other. The valley so rapidly narrows above the Wire that it is properly a canyon. The walls shoot up sheer, after a talus of about 100 feet, and are from 2000 to 2500 feet in height, with occasional towers of the white sandstone still higher, seen through breaks in the red-wall bends. The color is deep red at bottom, with black streaks, merging into grayish white or whitish gray at the top. Every few hundred yards we forded the swift little river, the current sometimes making the horses feel rather wobbly under one as they slid across the stony bottom. Around one bend we saw, through a break in the cliff, into an alcove formed by the bend above, where a splendid fall five or six feet wide fell at least 800 feet, swaying in the wind. Ever narrower grew the canyon as we advanced, the vertical cliffs constantly approaching, till one felt like the prisoner of Tolfi, "in that rock-encircled dungeon which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive." The bottom was comparatively level, and at the Wire about 800 feet wide. This width fell to about forty at the point we finally reached, where farther advance was next to impossible at the stage of water prevailing. Finally, by plunging once more across the stream, now more concentrated, and back again to the east bank, I succeeded in dragging my horse along talus and through underbrush till I looked straight into the jaws of the narrowing chasm through which the river enters the valley. When Haproy and Brig came up, we concluded that the discomforts of progress onward at this stage of water outweighed advantages, and we decided to return. On the way back, as in going up, we forded the stream ten or twelve times. Adding to this the ten crossings between the Wire and Springdale, it made a total of about forty fordings before we should again reach the settlement. Most of these fords could be avoided by a comparatively small amount of work necessary for a wagon to pass along the foot of an occasional talus, or through thickets of underbrush and cotton-woods. In the event of a saw-mill being built on the high plateau,

the people of the valley will construct the road. It is proposed to send the sawed lumber down on the Wire and haul it by wagon to Springdale.

Our horses now began to look gaunt and haggard from lack of feed. It was plain we could not linger at the Wire. Climbing the trail to view the wonders of the upper country, with its forests, wild-cats, cougars, mountain sheep, deer, and bear, was out of the question. We therefore reluctantly loaded the schooner again, put the helm hard aport, and went down with the current in the late afternoon. Never could the valley appear more resplendent than on that beautiful day as the sun streamed out of the West, sweeping the flanks of the precipices with a ruddy brilliance that intensified the gorgeous hues tenfold, while the shadow portions grew more sombre, fading at a distance into a rich cerulean bloom, broken by the dark green of cotton-wood groves. Surely it was a setting for a fairy-tale!

Just before the river, on the way down, breaks into the ravine, we made our camp on a piece of level bottom facing the grandeur of the mighty rock peaks of the Amphitheatre, and for a couple of days our eyes revelled once more in the play of color and grace of form abounding in this heart of the valley. Our enjoyment was enhanced by an opportunity we had through a passing rider of sending our famished horses down to Gifford's to be fed and sheltered. At night the solemn pyramids standing stark against the sky pointed vividly the terrific speed of the earth on its axis. We seemed to be watching the stars from a meteor express. Everything appeared to be shooting along at breakneck rate, till the mind felt dazed at the thought of such reckless whirling through space with these great sentinels of eternity.

It rends the heart to turn from the Amphitheatre, as any reader who may go there will testify; but nevertheless, with a firm resolution against these allurements, the

schooner once more was directed toward Springdale, the restored horses pulling with a will, well spurred, no doubt, by recollections of the upper valley in the rear, as well as of oats a-plenty, ahead, down below. A charming day or two at the settlement, and we sadly turned our course toward the entrance to the valley. All too soon we passed beyond its giant gates, swung around the southern foot of the Great Temple, and arrived at Rockville, where for the last time we forded the river. With the help of an extra team, our schooner was towed up the long "dugway" surmounting the thousand feet of precipice that bind the valley immediately on the south, and on top of which our path lay off into Arizona, across broad plains. Mounting, ever mounting, the valley, the fields, diminish below; cliffs that seemed great melt away; others keep us company in their stead; while still others tower to touch the sky, with everywhere and always the Great Temple the chief note in the scale. At last we were on top, amidst a bewilderingly magnificent scene. The whole marvellous landscape circled around us now in one immense sweep, weird and wild to the last degree, with apparently no human life but ours within the vast radius of our vision. Mountain, canyon, cliff, pinnacle, valley, and temple stood forth, naked as in those first hours when lifted out of the enveloping seas; a wonderful, an appalling wilderness, of which Little Zion, the Opalescent Valley, is the heart and culmination. For hours, as we travelled, this all-pervading panorama, so varied and stupendous in outline and in color, threw its enchantment around us. Then nearer high cliffs veiled the Great Temple, its sky-swept crown of vermillion vanished, and with it all the kaleidoscopic region of Little Zion. Yet though the extraordinary cliff-land was gone, our schooner still coasted other cliffs of mighty outline and brilliant hue; still were we sailing through that wondrous "land of soace and dreams."

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