

**A Canyon Voyage.** By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. With 50 Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Amid the multitude of volumes annually wasting superlatives on voyages, travels, and petty, prosaic explorations of country brooks, it is refreshing to come upon one in which the superlatives are not wasted. Such a book is Dellenbaugh's *Canyon Voyage*. The trip made in 1871-2, and described in this hand-

somely illustrated volume, was the second part of the famous Powell Expedition down the Green-Colorado River in the heart of the Rockies—the first, or preliminary, trip having afforded a less extended range of investigation and fewer data for a scientific report. The second voyage, never before fully written up, certainly furnished all that was necessary in the way of thrilling incident—incident due to a protracted fight with a most strenuous river on its own unequaled vantage ground of rift and cleft, scarp and battlement. The author, as artist and assistant topographer for the one-armed Major, was a youth of nineteen, ready to take any risk with cooking utensils, rocks, and river rapids for the sake of his art, and particularly for his joy in a mountain life, of which he was to have something like ten years. The first “camp kettle” of the explorers was set up at the Green River, in Wyoming, at the point where the Union Pacific had then but recently made its raw cutting through the Rockies. Six months after the start—that is, November 3rd—they heard of the great Chicago fire—a bit of news a month old to the rest of the world. They were then at the mouth of the River Paria, having repeated and bettered what was justly considered “one of the greatest feats of exploration ever executed on this continent.” Accompanying the Colorado at the bottom of its mile-deep rift, they had pierced the mountains for a distance of six hundred and fifty miles, tumbling down the stream by its most prodigious plunges to a level nearly 3,000 feet lower than that of their starting place. Often their rate of travel in that “hell of foam” exceeded the speed allowed by law to the red-devil autos of today, in rapids that had never before been taken by white man, alive. For the better part of this six months this busy exploring party had triangulated the stream, measured and named the heights, held the camera to the roaring floods, almost catching the thunder of them, and still every man was alive, and, three times a day, hungry. Their twenty-two quarter-barrel sacks of flour were exhausted; the one gill of whisky, which the author acknowledges as a part of his outfit, had lasted through

the first five months, and then was used, perhaps, in one wild medical debauch. Even the tobacco, prudently withdrawn from its first destination—the peace pipes of the Navajos—had, we infer, gone up in smoke. Once or twice, in the more open valleys, the empty larder had been replenished with venison, but usually when the deer was accessible the rifle was not.