

6.21.1869

day twenty-nine

Off at seven o'clock and row down for one mile and a half along the base of Echo Wall, a nearly south course; passed the point of it, turned and ran due north for about five miles; back into the hard, red sandstone again, through a narrow, dangerous canyon full of whirlpools, through which it is very hard to keep a boat from being driven on the rock; if a boat should be wrecked in it her crew would have a rather slim chance to get out, as the walls are perpendicular on both sides and from 50 to 500 feet high. Made a portage at the lower end of it; had dinner and pulled out again, and went five miles further, making one short portage on the way; camped for the night on the west side, at the mouth of a clear, beautiful trout stream. Mr. Howland dropped his maps and pencils, rigged a line, and soon had a score of large trout, the first we have been able to catch so far. Made fifteen miles to-day; continuous canyon, named "White Pool Canyon"; trout stream named Brush Creek.