

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1846.

Editor's Miscellany.

PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—We have received the two first "Bulletins" of this institution for the present year; and are much gratified in perceiving evidence that it is taking a fresh start, and striking out boldly into a more extended field of usefulness.

In one of the papers before us, is published some interesting memoranda, found among the manuscripts of the late Col. M'Lane of Delaware, father of our present Minister in England. Col. M'Lane was Collector of the District of Delaware, in 1814, and had occasion to visit Washington at the period of the incursion of the British under Gen. Ross. On hearing of the news of the battle at North Point—in the true spirit of a soldier of '76—he offered his services to the Secretary of War, and was appointed aid to Gen. Winder, who was in command of the troops raised to repel the intruder. He has given an interesting detail of the movements of the two armies; and points out the errors and oversights of both commanders—speaking of all parties with great frankness. He defends Gen. Armstrong and his proceedings, through-out—and speaks bluntly in the face of public opinion in that respect.

Another paper of great interest, is entitled "remarks and annotations concerning the Traditions, Customs, Language, &c. of the Indians of North America," from the Memoirs of David Leisberger, and other Missionaries of the United Brethren. We do not learn by whom it is communicated. There is, we are persuaded, no error in this name, as given in the "Bulletin," which, although not repeated throughout, is probably one of the press. Leisberger, is unquestionably the Missionary referred to. He spent much time in teaching Indians;—went with Bishop Spangenberg and Conrad Weiser to meet the great council of the Six Nations at Onondaga, to obtain a renewal of the permission formerly accorded to Count Zinzendorf, to establish missions among the tribes. On the conclusion of the Treaty of 1764, at the particular request of the body of Christian Indians who had congregated at Philadelphia for safety during the war—Leisberger and Schneck, accompanied them to Wyalusing in this county, where they established a peaceful and thriving village. His Indian appellation was "Ananasscheben"—signifying "on the pumpkin." Spangenberg they called "Tigibonion"—a row of trees. Leisberger died at Goshen, on the Mankaming in 1809, at the age of eighty-eight;—containing "his labors of love" amongst the Indians, to the last. We presume an error so calculated to mislead, will be corrected in the next "Bulletin" of the Society.

Amongst the Corresponding Members recently elected, are Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. Jesse Miller, Hon. Charles Miner, Andrew Stewart of Fayette co., Prof. Nathan L. Sauer, Henry D. Maxwell of Easton, C. L. Ward of Bradford, and Daniel Stroud, of Monroe county.

N. YORK & STATE RAIL ROADS.—By a letter from a friend in New York city, we learn there is now almost a certainty that this great work will be completed. Upwards of \$1,800,000 has been subscribed, at the date of our informant's letter. Benjamin Loden the new President of the company, subscribed \$200,000—Jacob Litch of \$100,000—Stephen Whitney \$50,000. When such men take hold—it cannot be difficult to raise the requisite amount.

CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.—The Lancaster Democrat has an account of "some man in New York, who has been running off with his friend's wife; and at the last accounts, the said 'friend' was running after the 'saw' horse knife in hand. If he finds him and does not drop his knife, he will be very apt to cut his acquaintance."

We should think such a fellow—acquaintance ought to be cut.

ALLEGED COMRADES.—The Democratic party of Allegheny have nominated Samuel W. Black, Thomas J. Conroy, Joseph Cooper, and Col. W. L. Miller, for the Assembly; and seem to be animated with a more than usual spirit of unanimity, and earnest devotion to the Democratic cause. They have put forth a very able address, from which we take the following just and appropriate sentiments, which appeal strongly to those members of the party, who have been alienated from our ranks by the five demands and professions of our opponents; or who, from local and personal considerations, temporarily sided with the Federalists.

Speaking of such men it pertinently asked "How can they help being and feeling that the party now called Whigs, Unitarian National Republicans, various as their names, are the same old Federal party, which has always been found arrayed against democratic principles. They have abandoned it in truth, many of their most odious doctrines, but still they stand in clear and decided opposition to democratic principles. How can any one see that the same Federal party which justified England in her atrocious violations of our commerce, in her arrogant claim of the right of search of our vessels at sea, and in her faithless violation of the treaty of 1783, and our aid and opposed all the means adopted by a Democratic Congress, to redress and prevent the wrong, is now found justifying England's claims on our northern boundary, and on the Pacific ocean, justifying England in her interference with American affairs, and justifying Mexico in her threats of war."

How can they help seeing that the party now called Whigs is the same old Federal party that try to boast that it had all the intelligence, wealth and decency on its side. How can they overlook the fact that, though there is a large number of real democratic men in their ranks, being the salt that preserves them from utter dissolution, yet it is there we are to look for every man who has the courage to acknowledge aristocratic tendencies. There are few those who disbelieve in man's capacity for self-government. In their ranks are to be found those who once were federalists, but who have seen the impolicy of federal principles, and have adopted the democratic. In the Whig ranks only are to be found those who still claim to be federalists and who adhere to federal opinions. There we find those who are in favor of conceding the right of voting to landholders. There we find those who would down and disgrace their ancestry by setting a mark of distinction on those of foreign birth. There we find the advocates of monopolies and exclusive privileges, and those who dare to say of the laws, "let them provide for the rich and the rich will provide for the poor." There we find those who say that he who has property has no interest in the government and should have no voice in it. There we find the lovers and admirers of the great whig party of England, which is composed of, and supports "a moneyed aristocracy, more proud and imperious towards the poorer classes than the titled nobility," and which opposes as earnestly as the Tories, the advance of liberal and democratic principles, and advocates and supports exclusive privileges, the rule of the few, and the continuance of the present tyranny in Ireland."

"We do not say that these principles and feelings are common to the whole whig party; but we say that they prevail extensively, and in the whig ranks only are they to be found. We rejoice to believe that they are beginning to feel that they have been acting with the wrong kind associates, and supporting a party, the full success of which would endanger some of the dearest principles of liberty, and produce an abandonment of some of its most important bulwarks."

The Address contains a bitter sarcasm in regard to the election of Gen. Cameron by the Whigs, after having for years libeled and decried him as all that was faithless in profession and corrupt in practice—it inquires—what are the whig libels worth, if they cannot even prevent the whig party from voting for one against whom they have been directed with the most unmitigated severity!

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
Thoughts for Young Men.—No. 1.

HINTS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF MIND.—Two things cause in my own mind, as I become more and more acquainted with human nature in myself and others, perpetual and increasing astonishment. The first is, the almost infinite capacity of the mind; and the second the extreme difficulty of either making known to individuals their own powers, or developing by any process of instruction or discipline, those which intelligent educators know that so many possess. The life of William Emerson, an eminent English mathematician, affords an instructive lesson relative to "the latent possibilities of intellect," as Dr. Johnson would term them, which probably exist in almost every individual of the race. In his early days he appears to have been idle and inattentive to his studies. He used to state that till near the age of twenty, his favorite employment at one season of the year, was hunting bird's nests. It was not until he had reached thirty-two years of age, that any considerable change in his character or habits took place, but he had made some progress in mathematical studies, chiefly it is said, by way of diversion. At this period he married the niece of a Dr. Johnson, rector, of Horworth, in the county of York. Dr. J. had promised five hundred pounds as a marriage portion to his niece, but when reminded of it, chose to forget his word, and moreover, treated Mr. Emerson with contempt as one beneath his notice. The latter, enraged by this treatment, sent back to the Dr. even his wife's apparel, declaring that he would not be indebted to him for a single rag, and adding in a vehement manner that he would prove himself the better man of the two. He resolved to seek distinction in mathematics, and in a few years actually attained a highly respectable standing in that elevated department of human learning; and in addition to other valuable works, transmitted his name to the most distant posterity as a commentator upon Newton's Principia.

Why is such an event a prodigy in the history of our race? There seems not the slightest reason to believe that Mr. Emerson was endowed with natural abilities in any degree superior to those of multitudes, who with every advantage for study, never accomplish any thing that fairly proves them intelligent beings. His mental life was the creature of the single determination to demonstrate himself a man. Cannot every student, especially every christian student, find reason enough for the determination to bring his every capacity to the highest possible state of perfection? This bare purpose to be all within our power, would exercise a magic influence, and as its existence would set each individual above the mass of his fellow men, so its effect would be to elevate him to the ranks of the first of his species.

The case of John Bunyan is fully in point, as showing what may be achieved by men of only common advantages, when stimulated to high effort by motives of rare strength and continued operation. His immortal, and throughout the christian world every where famous work, the Pilgrim's Progress, may indeed be supposed decisive of a mind far above the common range of men; but look at the history of that seemingly inspired production. Bunyan had commenced penning his thoughts upon another topic; it occurred to him to represent the christian life as a journey, and having put down his first thoughts, he found others pressing upon his mind. "Well, then," says he, "if you breed so fast, I will put you by yourselves." He did so, and following his thoughts, where-soever they would lead, he became the author of a volume, where the fire and invention of the poet are only rivaled by the clearness and accuracy of the divine.

Will it be thought inappropriate or impertinent to suggest that among the readers of this paper, those too who have never thought themselves capable of distinguished excellence, may be some whose mental powers would be called into new and astonishing vigor, by the simple process of penning the first thoughts that occur upon any valuable topic? Wait not for brilliant ideas, or for a number sufficient to form an essay, but pen the first that occur, and in any language that can be found. Others, if it is likely, will follow as soon as they can be recorded. You will, perhaps, be surprised at the number which will arise, where you commenced with a single idea. But do not imagine that immediate success will be the certain result of your efforts. Many repetitions may be necessary ere anything of a very encouraging nature will present itself.

The proposed course is here suggested with the serious hope that attention to it may secure to the world the shining forth of some minds that would else pass their earthly existence in the state of lethargy now so general amongst men, as to induce the belief that genius is the peculiar gift of not more than two or three individuals in an age or nation. Could the process by which men of the highest powers have often become such, be fairly described, and the statements intelligently believed, the conviction might be common, that any one, who can command courage and patience sufficient to employ all his powers, in the attempt to break through the wall that separates him from a region of genius and continued light, may soon find himself an entirely new creature, as little like his former self, as the butterfly in all its beauty is like the moth.

some and darkly shrouded grub, that just before lay dormant in its shell. As I may touch this subject again, I shall only add, it matters not, whether madness in this matter be charged upon me, as the result of much or little learning; for, in the truthful language of S. T. Coleridge, "this world counts every one mad, who has not lost his reason." TOWANDA, PA. C. S. A.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
MISSA. ENTICED.—I very much regret that Juvenis does not quietly accept the good advice of a sincere friend. It was not by eloquence that I hoped to move him; but by reason, and truth, by reminding him of immense evil to be avoided by abstinance from intoxicating drinks, and immense good to be attained in the proper use of his faculties.

Nor do I wish "to frighten him" from lawful enjoyments; "only let us know what they are. As it respects the letter of the law, whether human or divine, it does not touch the point in question; but all good laws do, in their spirit at least require some of us to make the best possible use of any abilities, that we may have, for the attainment or accomplishment of good. There was no law in print requiring George Washington, to be so virtuous, and so attentive to his duties, as to fit him for the high post of a Saviour of his country—none I mean, except the principles of the Christian religion; to which if Juvenis will submit, I am content. But there were many and strong reasons why George Washington should employ all his powers according to their natural use; and he would have done very unwisely to plead the lawfulness of any enjoyment that could interfere with his lofty designs. Let Juvenis think of this. He is more than welcome, so far as his own concerns, to every enjoyment, that is upon the whole legitimate—only let him examine the higher state-books, and not rest in lower and insufficient authorities.

This is my answer to one sentence of his specious reply. When he has duly pondered this, as if wise, he certainly will, and as I am confident in fact that he must, I will reply to other parts of his piece.

Very truly yours, and his, BREVOL.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
The Land I am Leaving.

BY MISS SARAH J. GALLAY.

Bright scenes of my childhood forever adieu,
I will bid thee farewell in my moments of sadness;
Thoughts of thee are entwined in the depths of my soul
As I part with thee and my bright hopes of gladness.

N'er again will my light ringing laughter be heard,
Or tones of glad happiness, known but to childhood;
How dear to my heart is the song of each bird,
And its rich plaintive strain sweetly floats through the wild.

At the cool dale of the evening I loved to repair
To the shades of the grove where the streamlet was flowing;
As I gazed on that stream not a sound filled the air,
And the sky with the bright eyes of cherubs seemed glowing.

With soft gentle murmurs the waves of that stream,
Rolled onward in tremulous majesty sleeping;
While Cynthia, o'ercome by the beautiful scene,
On the river's broad breast is in happiness weeping.

Yet I go to a land where the sky is as clear,
And the nightingale warbles his song all the even;
And warm-hearted friends will there greet me as dear,
But a tear drop will fall to the land I am leaving.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
The Puffed Flower.

Lovely flower! thou art indeed an appropriate emblem
Of the instability of earthly happiness, and the uncertainty
Of human anticipations;—but yesterday it was upon
its native stem, rejoicing in all its loveliness, unfolding
its delicate petals to the genial and fertilizing rays
of light, and emitting its odor upon the surrounding atmosphere.
To-day, the rude touch of the admiring child
of nature has cut short its brief existence, removed it from
the place of its nativity, dissipated its fragrance, and made
it an offering to the purest emotions which emanate from
the innocent and youthful heart. Such also is life; and
human happiness! To-day, rejoicing in health and prosperity;
Hope glids the future with bright anticipations
of happiness—the smile of contentment sits playfully upon
the brow, and the mind luxuriates upon the rich and
delicious repast presented by the vividness of our youthful
imagination. To-morrow the magic and transforming
power of Fortune passes before our mental vision,
and the bright star of Hope which shed its halo of glory
upon our pathway, is obscured by sickness and adversity;
and the future, no longer redolent with vivid anticipations
of happiness, is enshrouded by the dark and impenetrable
fall of uncertainty—disappointed hopes and blighted
prospects, all that remains of what the heart so fondly
cherished, is devotedly adored.

Flowers have their time to fade,
And leaves to wither and decay;
Thus bright prospects ever sting,
And fill with deep dismay.

SPRINGFIELD, PA. M. A. G.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
To Our Absent.

Though time and distance may divide,
And cares and ills beset,
Yet Memory brings me to your side,
And bids me all forget.
"The golden hours" my memory brings,
And rapture lends anew;
While Love, in all its whisp'erings,
Still bids me cling to you.

And who shall e'er at sacred Love,
Or scorn the holy tie—
(I was granted mortals from above,
To cheer their destiny.)
Without this Love, our earth would be
A dark and dreary gloom,
And gladly hailed the time when we
Could rest within the tomb.

A Cottage Scene.
BY MRS. HIGGINS.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for feed,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music among the pebbles; and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showing blossoms down,
Surfacing earth with sweetness. Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the tramp
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The beautiful odour of the flowering trees
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showing blossoms down,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renege the soul—I turned me back
In sadness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race, lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tint of heaven
Here on earth, that I might safer walk,
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to heaven.

Grinding and Crushing Grains.

In answer to our correspondent, on the subject of the advantages of grinding grain for feeding animals, and especially in relation to grinding Indian corn with the cob, we will give our opinion deduced from some experience, and such reasoning on the subject as strikes us as applicable.

With respect to the advantages of grinding all grains before feeding, there can hardly be doubt. If for the purpose of fattening, the sooner it can be performed, the sooner the return of the outlay, and saving in the time and labor; and is almost self-evident, that any assistance we can render the digestive process of the stomach, either by rendering the food fine and properly divided, and even cooking it, (for to that point it must come in the stomach before it can digest,) is aiding the animal economy in the process of assimilating it into fat and muscle; and when we take into consideration that no human or animal stomach can crush any one species of the grains until it is crushed and broken, and the imperfect manner in which neat cattle and hogs perform that office, there cannot be indulged a rational doubt but that the grinding of grain for feeding must prove advantageous.

With respect to the virtue of grinding the cob with the grain, its advantages are at present rather a matter of speculation than of well-tested experiment. That the cob possesses some nutritious matter there can be no doubt; but whether in a greater degree than the same number of pounds of hay, is yet problematical. There is no vegetable matter within our knowledge that will produce the same quantity of potato in burning, from the same quantity of material; and it consequently must be something more than "mere pine saw-dust," and contain some of the vegetable products, sugar, gum, &c., which are the constituents of nutriment in the great mass of the vegetable kingdom. Grain and potatoes contain starch and gluten, and "bagas, beets and esculents and grasses, sugar and gum, or mintage, as the principal ingredients of the nutritious principle.

To feed cattle and horses, when ground with the cob, it has its advantages in lightening the food and distending the stomach, on the principle of using chopped hay or straw with meal, to avoid founder, cholera, and hooves, or bloating; and in that view is undoubtedly beneficial, independent of its nutritious qualities.

In fattening hogs, a process that cannot be over expedited, as they are not a dyspeptic creature, and laugh to scorn the idea of founder or the belly-ache, and having a digestive apparatus that cannot be overcharged with richness of food—it is reasonable to conclude, that the entire grain, well ground, cooked and fermented, is the most proper aliment for going the "whole hog" system of fattening that "sweet and interesting animal."

The principle is analogous to the story of the old farmer, who when asked how he made his hogs so fat, replied, that he "used meal and saw-dust;" but added, "the less saw-dust the better."

Cutting hay and straw we consider a very economical process, at least to those who have but small quantities, or who live in reach of a market. Hay cut and wetted, with or without meal or mill stubs, and occasionally salted, combines the advantages of a great saving in quantity when fed in boxes or troughs, assists the ruminating or chewing process, and avoids the necessity of the animals drinking, particularly in winter, the great quantity of cold water necessary to moderate the food when eaten dry and uncut, whereby the whole system is chilled and paralyzed, until the animal heat is again renewed, at a great expense of nutriment and muscular exertion; for remember, that warmth and protection from cold are as important adjuncts to sustenance, as food; for it is a well-settled fact, that animals exposed to severe cold expand their food to keep up animal heat, when, if protected, it would produce fat and flesh.

An animal stabled and littered, with its food cut and moistened, will consume one-third less, and remain in better order, than when exposed in open yards, and drenching themselves with ice-cold water, and exposed to the blasts and storms of winter.

It is said that Prince Albert will die very wealthy, as he lays by a Sovereign every night.

The greatest silk manufacturing town in this country, is Mansfield, Ct. It has eight factories.

[From the Washington Union.]
Fremont's Exploring Expeditions.

The style of Captain Fremont is worthy of imitation by all travelers. Simple, clear, unassuming, beautifully graphic; describing what was seen precisely as seen, with sentiments which would naturally arise on the occasion. We give as a specimen the passage of the "cannon" of the Sweet Water, a tributary of the Platte. It is taken from page 72 of his first expedition:

"August 24.—We started before sunrise, intending to breakfast at Goat Island. I had directed the land party, in charge of Bernier, to proceed to this place, where they were to remain, should they find no note to apprize them of our having passed. In the event of receiving this information, they were to continue their route, passing by certain places which had been designated. Mr. Preuss accompanied me, and with us were five of my best men, viz: C. Lambert, Basil Lajeunesse, Honore Ayoit, Benoit, and Descoeteux. Here appeared no scarcity of water, and we took on board, with various instruments and baggage, provisions for ten or twelve days. We paddled down the river rapidly, for our little craft was light as a duck on the water; and the sun had been seen some time risen, when we heard before us a hollow roar, which we supposed to be that of a fall, of which we had heard a vague rumor, but whose exact locality no one had been able to describe to us. We were approaching a ridge, through which the river passes by a place called "cannon" (pronounced *Kanyon*), a Spanish word, signifying a piece of artillery, the barrel of a gun, or any kind of tube; and which, in this country, has been adopted to describe the passage of a river between perpendicular rocks of great height, which frequently approach each other so closely overhead as to form a kind of tunnel over the stream, which foams along below, halloped up by fallen fragments. Between the mouth of the Sweet Water and Goat Island, there is probably a fall of 300 feet, and that principally made in the canyons before us; and without them, the water was comparatively smooth. As we neared the ridge, the river made a sudden turn, and swept squarely down against one of the walls of the cannon with a great velocity, and so steep a descent, that it had, to the eye, the appearance of an inclined plane. When we launched into this, the men jumped overboard to check the velocity of the boat, but were soon in water up to their necks, and our boat ran on; but we succeeded in bringing her to a small point of rocks on the right, at the mouth of the cannon. Here was a kind of elevated sand-beach, not many yards square, backed by the rocks, and around the point the river swept at a right angle. Trunks of trees deposited on jutting points 20 or 30 feet above, and other marks, showed that the water here frequently rose to a considerable height. The ridge was of the same decomposing granite already mentioned, and the water had worked the surface, in many places, into a wavy surface of ridges and holes. We ascended the rocks to reconnoitre the ground, and from the summit the passage appeared to be a continued cataract foaming over many obstructions, and broken by a number of small falls. We saw nowhere a fall answering to that which had been described to us as having 20 or 25 feet; but still concluded this to be the place in question, as, in the season of floods, the rush of the river against the wall would produce a great rise, and the waters, reflected squarely off, would descend through the passage in a sheet of foam, having every appearance of a large fall. Eighteen years previous to this time, as I have subsequently learned from himself, Mr. Fitzpatrick, some-where above on this river, had embarked with a valuable cargo of beaver. Unacquainted with the stream, which he believed would conduct him safely to the Missouri, he came unexpectedly into this cannon, where he was wrecked, with the total loss of his furs. It would have been a work of great time and labor to pack our baggage across the ridge, and I determined to run the cannon. We all again embarked, and at first attempted to check the way of the boat; but the water swept through with so much violence, that we narrowly escaped being swamped, and were obliged to let her go in the full force of the current, and to trust to the skill of the boatmen. The dangerous places in this cannon were where huge rocks had fallen from above, and hemmed in the already narrow pass of the river to an open space of three or four and five feet. These obstructions raised the water considerably above, which was sometimes precipitated over in a fall; and at other places, where this dam was too high, rushed through the contracted opening with tremendous violence. Had our boat been made of wood, in passing the narrow she would have been stove; but her elasticity preserved her unharmed from every shock, and she seemed fairly to leap over the falls.

"In this way we passed three cataracts in succession, where, perhaps, 100 feet of smooth water intervened; and finally, with a shout of pleasure at our success, issued from our tunnel into the day beyond. We were so delighted with the performance of our boat, and so confident in her powers, that we would not have hesitated to leap a fall of ten feet with her. We put to shore for breakfast at some willows on the right bank, immediately below the mouth of the cannon; for it was now 8 o'clock, and we had been working since daylight, and were all wet, fatigued, and hungry. While the men were preparing breakfast, I went out to reconnoitre. The view was very limited. The course of the river was smooth, so far as I could see; on both sides were broken hills, and but a mile or two below was another high ridge. The rock at the mouth of the cannon was still of the decomposing granite, with great quantities of mica, which made a very glittering sand.

"We re-embarked at 9 o'clock, and in about twenty minutes reached the next cañon.—Landing on a rocky shore at its commencement, we ascended the ridge to reconnoitre.—

Portage was out of the question. So far as we could see, the jagged rocks pointed out the course of the cañon, on a winding line of seven or eight miles. It was simply a narrow, dark chasm in the rock; and here the perpendicular faces were much higher than in the previous pass, being at this end two to three hundred, and further down, as we afterwards ascertained, five hundred feet in vertical height. Our previous success had made us bold, and we determined again to run the cannon. Everything was secured as firmly as possible; and, having divested ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, we pushed into the stream.—To save our chronometer from accident, Mr. Preuss took it, and attempted to proceed along the shore on the masses of rock, which in places were piled up on either side; but, after he had walked about five minutes, everything like shore disappeared, and the vertical wall came squarely down into the water. He therefore waited until we came up. An ugly pass lay before us. We had made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long; and three of the men embarked along the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel; and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these, the boat proved a little too broad, and stuck fast; for an instant, while the water flew over us; fortunately it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddlebags. I caught the sextant as it passed by me; but the saddlebags became the prey of the whirlpool. We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat, put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this pass much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one.—To go back, was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked head foremost into the river from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow. Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid channel—his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far went, I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. "Cre Dieu," said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, "Je crois bien que j'ai nage un demi mille." He had over his head the top of his skull as a swimmer; and I determined to take him and the others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow; and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock, and shot first fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with success and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them, and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw that Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below; and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat bottom up; and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoeteux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim; "Lache pas," said he, as I afterwards learned, "Lache pas, cher frere," "Crains pas," was the reply, "Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lacher." Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment, I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books—almost every record of the journey—our journals and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets; and I immediately set about endeavoring to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs, (for nothing could be heard in the roar of waters,) we commenced our operations. Everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoeteux had caught, and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank. Mr. Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped on the boat alone, and continued down the cañon. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time, he was joined by Lambert; and the search was continued for about a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could proceed in the pass.

"Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rocks from above had choked the river into a hollow pass, but one or two feet above the surface. Through this way, favored beyond our expectations, all of our registers had been recovered, with the exception of one of my journals, [SEE FOLIO PAGE.]

Portage was out of the question. So far as we could see, the jagged rocks pointed out the course of the cañon, on a winding line of seven or eight miles. It was simply a narrow, dark chasm in the rock; and here the perpendicular faces were much higher than in the previous pass, being at this end two to three hundred, and further down, as we afterwards ascertained, five hundred feet in vertical height. Our previous success had made us bold, and we determined again to run the cannon. Everything was secured as firmly as possible; and, having divested ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, we pushed into the stream.—To save our chronometer from accident, Mr. Preuss took it, and attempted to proceed along the shore on the masses of rock, which in places were piled up on either side; but, after he had walked about five minutes, everything like shore disappeared, and the vertical wall came squarely down into the water. He therefore waited until we came up. An ugly pass lay before us. We had made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long; and three of the men embarked along the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel; and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these, the boat proved a little too broad, and stuck fast; for an instant, while the water flew over us; fortunately it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddlebags. I caught the sextant as it passed by me; but the saddlebags became the prey of the whirlpool. We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat, put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this pass much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one.—To go back, was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked head foremost into the river from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow. Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid channel—his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far went, I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. "Cre Dieu," said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, "Je crois bien que j'ai nage un demi mille." He had over his head the top of his skull as a swimmer; and I determined to take him and the others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow; and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock, and shot first fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with success and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them, and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw that Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below; and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat bottom up; and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoeteux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim; "Lache pas," said he, as I afterwards learned, "Lache pas, cher frere," "Crains pas," was the reply, "Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lacher." Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment, I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books—almost every record of the journey—our journals and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets; and I immediately set about endeavoring to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs, (for nothing could be heard in the roar of waters,) we commenced our operations. Everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoeteux had caught, and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank. Mr. Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped on the boat alone, and continued down the cañon. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time, he was joined by Lambert; and the search was continued for about a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could proceed in the pass.

"Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rocks from above had choked the river into a hollow pass, but one or two feet above the surface. Through this way, favored beyond our expectations, all of our registers had been recovered, with the exception of one of my journals, [SEE FOLIO PAGE.]