

This morning Professor, Bradley, and Dunn went up the river two miles to examine some rocks and look for a lost blank book. Howland and Goodman climbed a high mountain on the west side to get a good view of the country at large, and so draw a good map. All ready by ten o'clock when we pull out and are off like the wind; ran about two miles through a rapid and into still water for half an hour, then to a bad rapid through which no boat can run; full of sunken rocks, and having a fall of about ten feet in two hundred yards. We were compelled to let our boats down along the west side with ropes from men holding the line, two men with oars keeping them off the rocks; made the passage in about two hours, and ran a large number of them in ten miles travel.

About 5 o'clock, we came to the worst place we had seen yet; a narrow gorge full of sunken rock, for 300 yards, through which the water run with a speed that threatened to smash everything to pieces that would get into it. All the boats were landed as quick as possible on the east side of the river, when we got out to examine the best point to get through, found ourselves on the wrong side of the river, and how to cross was the next question. We all plainly saw that it would be no child's play. Dunn and the trapper finally decided to take the small boat across or smash her to pieces; made the passage safe, unloaded and returned to relieve the freight boats, they taking out half their loads by making two trips with the freight boats and five with the small; we got everything safely across where we wanted it by sunset. Had supper; turned in, and in two minutes all were in dreamland.