

**A**fter an early breakfast, all hands went to work letting the boats down with ropes, made the passage in three hours, when we jumped aboard again, and off we go like a shot; ran through about a dozen rapids in the course of ten miles, when we came to some signs of the country opening out. The walls were getting lower, and not so rough, and the current gradually slackens till it almost ceases. As the roaring of the rapids dies away above us, a new cause of alarm breaks in upon us from below. We ran along on the still water, with a vague feeling of trouble ahead, for about two miles, when, turning an abrupt corner, we came in sight of the first fall, about three hundred yards below us. Signaled the freight boats to land, when the Emma was run down within a rod of the fall, and landed on the east side. Her crew then got out to reconnoitre; found a fall of about ten feet in twenty-five. There is a nearly square rock in the middle of the stream about twenty-five by thirty feet, the top fifteen above the water. There are many smaller ones all the way across, placed in such a manner that the fall is broken into steps, two on the east side, three on the west. We all saw that a portage would have to be made here. Without any loss of time the Emma Dean was unloaded and pushed into the stream, four men holding the line, the remainder of the party stationed on the rocks, each with oar, to keep her from being driven on some sharp corners and smashed to pieces. Got her under the fall in fifteen minutes, when we returned, unloaded Kitty's Sister, had supper and went to sleep on the sand. There is not much of a canyon at the falls. Three hundred yards from the east side there is a cliff about 450 feet high, from whence the rocks have fallen to make the dam.