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Chapin reaches an island.

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and about thirty feet long, and is eight or ten rods above the sheet of falling water: a small but deep channel runs between it and the next island; the foot of man had never before pressed upon its turf, or trod upon its rocks. Tho' many had dared to venture in the most dangerous places among the rapids, yet this island had remained unvisited, and was considered inaccessible. There, on that lonely spot, cut off from his fellow men; what could be done for his relief?

An hour or more intervened; a small boat was got from Canada; but who was to attempt that dangerous navigation. Joel R. Robinson, spoken of in another part of this work as a most skilful waterman, and which had been written of him six months before this occurrence, had lately met with an accident. His thumb, and a part of his hand, had been taken off by a circular saw, and the wound was yet in an unsound state. He was found, the disaster hastily related to him; and he proved true the words which had been spoken of him in relation to his going over the Whirlpool in a life boat: "He will not hesitate to attempt it."

He enters the boat at the lower end of Bath island; examines with a careful eye the oars and the condition of the row-locks, and seating himself in the usual position, with his back to the prow of the boat, he shoves off into the white and foaming waters. He bends his way against the strong current around the island to the northwest corner, leading to the Falls: it descends stern foremost; the eyes of Robinson are upon the raging stream, on the Falls, the island, and on him to whose relief he is going. From the time Chapin was precipitated in the water to