

until her reason was in some degree recovered. This advice they heeded not, but took their own way.

After some three or four attempts, she succeeded in catching the rope, but refused to fasten it at all. She then cast the boat's rope loose, and instantly was swung round beyond the end of the finished part of the bridge. The young men called aloud "hold fast," the spectators echoed the cry, but, regardless of them, the wretch shouted "who's afraid?" and dropping the rope, was hurled down the stream. Instantly the crowd was wildly in motion. The great falls were little more than a mile below; the banks, ragged and tusky with fallen trees, were in few places accessible; but, insensible to her danger, she stood erect in the boat, hallooing and rejoicing, while every witness was overwhelmed with horror.

The young men who were on the opposite side of the river, as well as those who were in the crowd on ours, kept pace with the boat, and by a bold effort, one of them flung an end of their rope on board, and it was seized, but only