

the Ottawa are still and deep; at the left side, through the intervening woods, we can hear the roar of the cataract. The slide-gates are thrown open; the water surges over the smooth, inclined channel; our crib, carefully steered through the gateway, slowly moves its forward end over the entrance; it advances, sways for a moment, then, with a sudden plunge and splash of water, rushes faster and faster between the narrow walls. The reflow of the torrent streams over the crib from the front; jets of water spurt up everywhere between the timbers under our feet; then dipping heavily as it



TIMBER SLIDE AT THE CALUMET FALLS.

leaves the slide, our crib is in the calm water beneath, the glorious scenery of the cataract full in view. Without knowing it, we have got wet through—a trifle not to be thought of, amid the rapture of that rapid motion which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest of life's enjoyments. He spoke of "a fast drive in a post-chaise." What would he have said to a plunge down the slides of the Ottawa!

When there is a formidable rapid on which there is no slide, the crib has to be taken asunder and the separate pieces sent down, to be gathered by a boom below, and put together as before. Over a lake or broad river, the crib advances by means of an anchor carried out some distance, the rope from which is wound up by a capstan on board. When possible, a sail is hoisted; at other times, the crib is propelled by long oars, or sweeps, in the hands of the raftsmen, a tedious and laborious process.