

as nineteen feet; on one occasion it exceeded even that height by several feet, and it then left a memento of the extraordinary circumstance which remained for more than twenty years. In the midst of a violent rapid, some sixty miles higher up the river, there stands a small pillar-shaped rock, twenty-two feet high above the "low-water mark." On its top, which is not more than ten or twelve feet square, is, or rather was, a small birch-tree. Against this tree, upon the top of this isolated rock, a mast, a large pine-log, about four feet in diameter at the butt-end and about eighteen feet long, was left by that stupendous flood. I saw it myself in one of my excursions to some far off settlement in the neighbourhood. There were no other means by which the log could possibly have been deposited there.

In the summer and autumn the communication was convenient enough by means of a ferry.

A young man and his sister have kept this ferry several years, during which they have performed many acts of heroic benevolence, and have rescued numbers of their fellow-creatures from a watery grave. One of these had so much of perilous adventure in it, that I shall make no apology for giving some account of it, the more especially as I was myself one of the trembling and anxious spectators of the whole scene.

A raft of timber on its way down the river to the nearest port was dashed to pieces by the violence of the rapids. There was the usual number of men upon it, all of whom, except two, were fortunate enough to get upon a few logs, which kept together, and were comparatively safe, whilst their two poor comrades were helplessly contending with the tumbling waves, almost within reach of them, but without their being able to afford them the slightest assistance. After a minute or two, and when one more would have been their last, a long oar, or sweep, belonging to the wrecked raft, came floating by. They instantly seized it, and held on till they were carried down more than a mile, loudly calling for help as they went along; but what aid could we render them? No craft, none at least which were on the banks of the river, could live in such a boiling torrent as that; for it was during one of the high spring freshets. But the ferryman was of a different opinion, and could not brook the