

"Bride of Lammermoor," "it was, perhaps, difficult to conceive, where the sombre and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach, at a profound distance beneath, was, to the ear, what the landscape was to the eye," but of which of Wolf's crag is worthy of a large pedwelling, notwithstanding, the faithful rural."

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KETTLE FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA.

THESE falls, called "Chaudière" by the early Canadian voyagers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and "Sometkun" by the Indians of the Upper Columbia, are situated on the Columbia river, about forty-one miles south of the British line, and four miles above the mouth of the Colville river. The pool formed at one point, by the falling waters, has the appearance of a boiling cauldron. Hence, the Chaudière falls have been changed into their English synonym, Kettle falls. They form a very serious obstruction—or rather, one of the many—to the navigation of the Upper Columbia, by reason of the contracted channel at this point, which, in places, is not much more than two hundred feet wide. The first fall does not exceed twenty feet in drop at low water, and the second, which is a few hundred feet distant from the first, is still lower. An island and rugged peninsula, both of rock, the former lying in the channel, and the latter projecting half way across the river, form a stubborn barrier; and a railroad portage at this point will become necessary whenever a serious start is made in navigating the waters of the Upper Columbia. The writer made the accompanying sketch (page 574) on an August day, opposite the falls, from the west bank. It was an interesting sight to see the wily salmon leaping the falls, in their ascent of the river. Upon the shores of the river, for a mile or two below the falls, had assembled a large number of Indians, who, having secured their winter's supply of salmon, mostly by spearing them from the rocks, were now busily drying them in the sun, to be cached and hoarded for winter consumption. There were probably not less than thirty tepees scattered along the stream, on the west bank, and they appeared to be more numerous on the opposite shore. I was told by our guide, a half-breed, that these falls are the rendezvous, during the fishing season, of Indians from all parts of the surrounding country. Here were to be found the Colvilles, San Puelles, Okanagans, and Indians from the Spokane and Moses tribes, all meeting at one happy hunting ground, in pursuit of the sportive salmon. They were a motley crew to behold. The squaws were all more or less busy in the operation of drying the fish, and preparing them by removing in the head and entrails, opening them