

dagas, the senate of the Nations, which was, that the Erie Confederacy should be wiped out of remembrance, and their name obliterated from the number of the tribes of the Huron-Iroquois race. The memory of such a dynasty as that of Yagowanea, "Mother of Nations" was to be buried fathoms deep in the waters bearing their name, the Sacred Lodge of Gegosasa demolished and the Order of Vestal Virgins dispersed, the towns of Refuge covered up or reduced to ashes. The confederacy of Neutrality, instituted in the days of "Antiquity" by the ceremonial of the Pipe of Peace, was left with no monument to carry their name save the name of the waters of Erie. The embarrassments of the wounded and so many captives had detained the Iroquois nearly two months in the country of the Neutrals. The Niagara Peninsula hereafter was annexed as "Hunting Grounds" to the territory of the Iroquois. The rapids of Niagara which for ages have rushed through forest walls and rocky flats, haunted by the rattle-snake, are still hurrying with impetuous speed over rough and stony bed to yield their quota of "smoke" to the ever rising heavenward incense of Niagara "in memoriam" of the broken covenant of the "peace and good will towards men," which once ruled over the Council fires of Central Canaiderada.

The legend is told among the Chippawa tribe, that before Nature sleeps, she clothes herself in royal robes of purple, scarlet and gold in all the glorious mystery of the Indian summer. At that season (October) the Chippawa came to Niagara to make their annual sacrifice to "The Spirit," which dwelt behind the rocks. They chose a victim from the loveliest of their Vestals—the one chosen by lot was sent forth in a newly made white birch canoe, clothed in a tunic of swans skins, over which fell as a mantle the glory of a woman, her long hair, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, around her neck were hung strings of white Wampum—the sign manual of her people that this particular maiden was the victim chosen by the tribe. From the Chippawa shore she was sped forth on the seething rapids above the Falls, an offering to the Mighty Being, who also would draw to himself over the cataract, twelve for the one withheld, before as many moons should wax and wane. One autumn, the lot of sacrifice fell upon an aged sachem's only child, the sole comfort of his old age. He opened not his mouth, and was dumb under the doom of the choice, but to live without her he could not. When she was far out