

themselves at the Falls, the crew of the steamer enjoyed themselves in Chippewa, by drinking something stronger than water, and so had neglected to get up sufficient steam, and by some strange fatality the Engineer did not notice the deficiency. However "all hands" being on board the Captain issued the necessary orders, the boat steamed out of the Creek into the Niagara River, and was steered up stream. But judge the horror of the passengers when they observed that instead of ascending they were being borne slowly backwards towards the rapids by the current. Pale and speechless they gazed on the shore, and then down stream to the Falls, the fearful roar of which now seemed to be the death knell of all on board. The Captain rushed below and the terrified Engineer then discovered "the mistake" he had made, stating his present inability to generate sufficient steam. He advised the Captain to try to run the boat ashore if possible; but that officer in reply swore he would have the whole crew hanged the Engineer with the rest. So saying he ordered the men to put some pork (which was close by) into the furnace, he then snatched a can of oil from the Steward and committed it to the flames, after which he resumed his place on the "Bridge," and awaited events. The fires blazed up furiously under the influence of the oil and pork, steam was rapidly generated, the screw worked with increasing velocity and force, the downward course of the vessel was checked, though now not more than a quarter of a mile from the rapids. For a few moments she seemed to stand still on the waters as if "halting between two opinions" or uncertain which way to go, and then commenced slowly to ascend the current. An oppressive silence prevailed amongst the passengers, but they soon discovered that steam had triumphed over water, that their boat was moving up stream and that they were saved, snatched as it were from the very jaws of death. Then a murmur was heard above the noise of the engine—a long heavy sigh or spontaneous exclamation.

All on board had uncovered their heads and were thanking their Creator for so great a deliverance. An old man, the

late Rev. George Stokes, whose head was white with the snows of age, holding his hat in his left hand, waved his right towards the people intimating his desire to speak. When silence had been restored (for the passengers by this time were embracing each other with wild delight) the venerable patriarch said—"My friends, I once was young, but now am old, the snows of eighty winters have settled on my head, but never have I seen so manifest an interposition of Divine favour as you have just witnessed. The danger is over, the Lord hath delivered us. Great is his name and worthy to be praised—surely God has been with us to-day—My children bless the name of the Lord." Whilst the old man spoke tears rolled down many a cheek and as he ceased a shout arose from the ship—every one on board as with one voice exclaimed 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Among the many stories associated with the Falls there is none so interesting as that related, by the Tuscaroras, of a young maiden called (Minoma of Niagara.) We have heard many versions of the story; but give the following as related to us not long ago by a young Indian of the village of Tuscarora (an Indian settlement near the Falls.) A tradition was prevalent amongst the tribes who in early times dwelt on the shores of the Niagara, that the Great Spirit of the Falls would destroy the world with a flood of waters were he not appeased from time to time by human sacrifices; and that if not pleased with his children he would withdraw the deer from the forest. They also offered "victims" with the view of securing success in war or any great undertaking. The unfortunate folks accidentally carried over the Falls were (they believed) selected as "peace-offerings" by the greatest warriors in the happy hunting grounds (Heaven) and being sealed by him were carried down to the Cataract by the spirit of the first father (the Indian Adam?) who was supposed to reside "on a happy island in the Great Lakes." It would be well if the "pious Indians" had always left the selection of the victim to "the bravest of the brave in the happy hunting grounds", or even to "the spirit of the first father".