

night before I could get the sight out of my head at night of that poor fellow as I saw him last standing up against the waters there, and shrieking out for mercy, which was not for him in this world. Och, it was terrible!" This remark was made by our driver just as we entered our carriage, and with the sensations excited by this horrible story still vibrating on my nerves we drove away from the scene of its occurrence. I could never again look at the sketch I made of the spot without thinking of the tragedy.

Accidents are constantly occurring at the Falls, and when we consider the great number of people who visit them annually, this is not surprising. One of a very sad description took place three years ago. A party of Americans were spending the evening on Goat Island, when one of the gentlemen took up a little girl, the daughter of a lady present, and in a playful manner was swinging her over the rapids, when he lost his balance and fell in. The spot was some twenty feet from the American Fall, where, though the water is shallow, yet the current is so strong, and the stones so slippery, that he could not regain his feet. He struggled bravely for some moments, still grasping the little girl, when the fierce tide overpowering him, carried them both together over the Falls.

Not a year passes, indeed, but two or more persons lose their lives in the Falls, or in the rapids above, giving a sanction to the belief of the Indians that the Spirit of the Cataract demands annually two human victims to appease his anger. The legend would form a good subject for a tale; and I intended, while on the spot, to have written one for this work, but Canada is full of so much interesting reality that fiction, I feel,