

Accidents at the Falls.

fruits had attained their mellowest tint and taste, ere Time could bring his sickle round them, the watchful sachem gave the word, and the full fruits and flowers were stowed in a white canoe, to be paddled by the fairest maiden that had just then arrived at woman-hood.

Honored was that tribe, whose turn it was to float their blooming offering to the shrine of the Great Spirit ; and still more honored was the maid who was a fitting sacrifice.

LENA was the only child and darling of ORONTA, the proudest Chief of the Senecas. Full many a bloody fight had seen his single feather pass in triumph, like the pestilential blast, scathing where he came, and leaving, when he left the red track of his hatchet and tomahawk.

Spring followed Spring, Summer breathed on Summer, and Autumn ripened into Autumn, as Time crowned each year with glories which he but prepared for withering Winter's cold embrace. And every annual round had sent an offering to the thunder-god of the secluded Niagara.

ORONTA danced in pride and triumph at many a holy feast, which followed the sacrificial gift, which his rejoicing tribe had in their turn given. But ORONTA felt not for the fathers, whose precious