

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" His laugh still rings in my ears; so wild, wierd, shrill, and unearthly was it, in the dead of night, beneath the pale cold moon.

At length as we reached a spot where a spring of pure fresh water was welling from the earth, the Goblin took his stand beneath it, his little feet plashing in the one small spot of living verdure, where the trickling, sparkling drops went rolling through the grass, shining like pearls beneath a flood of silvery light.

Then, and not till then, he rested from his labor. "You will catch cold," I said mechanically. He laughed and pointed backwards with his finger. And as I looked back across the Island, I saw as plain as if it were noon day, the whole surface covered with small dusky warriors. The air seemed thick with flying arrows, and savage yells, that made the blood run cold, perforated my ears—

"Battle's magnificently stern array,"

was there, but not in modern guise. The warfare was that of demons. With a yell of triumph the scalping tuft was seized, and quick as thought the keen blade glittered in the air—a moment more, and the bleeding trophy, held aloft, bore savage testimony to savage skill. In bark canoes that covered the face of the water, the angry warriors swept towards the Island, from either shore, and came to mingle in the fray. There were no prisoners taken on either side. It was one scene of furious extermination. Long time I gazed upon this scene of carnage. At length I grew faint at the sight of blood, and sickened as I looked on heaps of dead and dying.

But the little chieftain near me waved his hand, and naught remained save the clear moonlight, the desolate Isle, the rippling waters, and the cool night breeze.

"Such," said my companion, was the scene which long, long years ago, was acted on this very spot by mortals like yourself. You came to see—you shall stay to listen to my tale :—

Three centuries ago, a famous hunting ground existed hereabouts, on the northern shore, where now the dwellings of the pale faces rise on every side. Then the stately forests covered hill and vale—now the sunny cornfields, and the verdant meadows wave where *they* were wont to be. Then the wild deer roamed in every woodland glade, or came for water to these majestic streams, or glassy lakes. Then, warlike tribes dwelt here amid the eternal solitude of nature, wild and tameless as nature's self. Now the red man and the deer, alike, are driven from, and save in spirit, never revisit their ancient haunts. Enough. When these broad lands, now laid bare to the sun, still lay beneath the shadow of the old primæval forest—when in every deer-walk, the timid fawns and royal antlered stags were congregated—the warriors of the Ojibeway's planted their wigwams on these shores, and hunted at their will.