

language with their race, has gone towards the setting sun.—But you, Faringhee, why come you hither? Know you not that you are on my ground. I am Wapkee (the shield) chief of the Red spirits.”

Red spirits thought I, and I began involuntarily to chaunt—

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey!”

“Hem! Shakespeare!” said the little figure, with a nod, “*he* knew us, but it was in the ideal.”

“And I am more highly favored, having you visibly before me.”

“You have spoken like a wise chieftain in the council,” said Wapkee—“I know the object of your visit here—and had I not approved of it, could have summoned a host whilst you slept, to send a-drift your canoe, and throw you in the stream. They would have found you next morning, and said you had upset your boat. Poor human fools, that know not there are agencies for good or evil near them.”

I like the spirit that soars into the air, or delves into the ground like this, in search of knowledge. As he spoke he drew from his belt a diminutive tomahawk, and began hacking and hewing at the ground with incredible vigour. It seemed as if this miniature weapon had some magic power of turning up the ground. The first thing he brought up was a human skull, all black and rotten; just above the temple, a weapon like his own, but larger, had entered, well nigh cleaving it in twain, and there it lay imbedded still—that fearful minister of death—buried with its victim. The handle had rotted long ago. But two broad flat silver rings lay near it, shewing that it had been bound with this precious metal, and that it had been once carried by a chieftain of note.

The Goblin warrior raised this trophy in his hand—I wondered how he bore its weight—and with an unearthly laugh, he held it up to me.

I shuddered at the sight of horror, and turned away with loathing. But he laughed louder still, crying “come on, come on!” He hacked and hewed away with redoubled energy. It was a thrilling thing to behold the horrors that he brought to light—wonderful to see how his tiny weapon ploughed up the earth, and left exposed a myriad of human skulls and bones, and flinty heads of arrows, tomahawks, silver rings and bracelets, and other remnants of a well fought field—

“The earth *was* covered thick with other clays,
Which her own clay *had* covered.”

————— “Friend, foe, in one red burial blent.”

On we went, the Goblin Indian chuckling at every fresh vestige of the slain.