

The dancing ripples sparkled in the sun. The red rocks loomed up beneath the water—behind their shadowy recesses lay the large black bass. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I had made a pretty good day's sport, having "taken in" about twenty bass, and found myself immediately opposite "Battle Island."

I thought of the legend, and rowed towards the Island, determined to explore it. I was tired of trolling, and felt a keen appetite for certain savoury "veal olives," and a neat little flask of Cognac, which I carried in the stern of my boat. A feeling of depression came over me as I landed. I felt an unaccountable sensation of awe. I fastened my fish with a cord and tied them in the water, in a cool, sequestered nook. But not even their goodly array could win me from the shuddering feeling which crept over me. So I went at the viands, and after a deep draught of the "raw material," succeeded by a half flask of water, I lay down exhausted near my boat, which was hauled up under the shade of a big rock, and fell into a deep sleep. I know not exactly how long I slept, my recollection of this strange, eventful and mysterious occurrence, being confused by the novelty of the sensations I then experienced. When I awoke, the shades of evening had set in. I rubbed my eyes and jumped to my feet. What was my astonishment on beholding a figure, human in form, seated on the thwarts of my boat. But though it resembled the figure of a man, it was so small that I could have held it on my hand. Its costume was that of an Indian Chief of the Ojibeway tribe. Its hair gathered up and pressed back all round the head, was fastened into a scalping tuft near the crown. This tuft was decorated with three or four diminutive Eagle's feathers, dyed red and green and yellow. Round the waist was tied a wampum belt—in front depended a sort of apron in-wrought with Porcupine quills—its feet were clad in tiny moccasins—its face besmeared with patches of some paint or dye—and from its ears and nose depended silver rings.

I knew not what to think, or how to act. I paused irresolute. Was it a phantom of the imagination—was it an undigested "veal olive," or was it some being from another world? Clearly it was *not* human, although it bore similitude to the form of man.

I mustered courage—stepped towards my boat—when a deep guttural voice, speaking some language, outlandish, and to me unknown, broke upon my ear. It came from the diminutive warrior.

"Who, and what are you," I half involuntarily exclaimed, in a voice tremulous, despite all my efforts at self-command.

"Ugh!" said the little figure, with a deep guttural intonation. "I see you do not speak the language of the Ojibeways. Their