

wife, why may not the "red spirits," known and recognised by Shakespeare's immortal genius, haunt the grounds that once were trodden by a red-race, now numbered amongst the things that were?

Is there not enough for them to do? Are there not *red* legends—red with blood and slaughter—peopleing every wood, re-awakening their silent echoes that have slept for ages, with the war-dance and the wild war-whoop? Are there not tales of savage honor, virtue, fortitude, endurance, loyalty and love? Are there not tears to weep over a fallen and degraded and expatriated race—are there not favorite hunting grounds to revisit in the quiet moonlight, when the pale faces are asleep, and no intruding step may come to interrupt their bitter reflections on the glories that have vanished from the earth?

Pondering thus—and thus interrogating myself, I answered—

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well."

The grey spirits on the misty mountain tops—the white spirits "down in the deep"—the black spirits, such as the Banshee and the Phooka, have all found their chroniclers.

Though his pen be feeble, and his hand tremulous, the "red spirits" also, shall have a historian—a child of their own soil. I will begin with the legend of

BATTLE ISLAND.

In mid-stream of the Bay of Quinte, half-way between the Rivers Moira and the Trent, or thereabouts, there stands a lonely Island. Not a vestige of a forest tree upon its surface, nor shrub, nor living thing, except the short stunted grass, which even in spring-time, wears a sickly verdure, and at mid-summer is yellow as the autumnal leaf.

It looks like a huge mound or tumulus, which might have once been the burial place of a nation.

I had heard strange stories of this desolate Island. It was said that some Indian legend unusually horrible, was connected with it. No tree would grow there, 'twas said, since the terrible event which had marked the spot with blood. I had often longed to hear the particulars of this story. But as it was a mere tradition among the old settlers, I could ascertain nothing but that there was some story handed down to them by the Indians, the details of which in the lapse of time had been forgotten, and nothing but the shadow of a shade remained.—Still there was an evident awe among the old people when they passed the spot, or spoke of it; and there was in its blasted appearance, something so remarkable, that my curiosity was only whetted by the impossibility of obtaining exact information.

One day, seduced by the glorious sunshine of a departing summer, I took my skiff, and with rod and line, reel and fly, commenced trolling for bass round the Bay.