

# BARKER'S

## CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER, 1846.

No. 8.

### RED SPIRITS!

“ Call them, and let me see them ”—*Macbeth*.

THE glades of the old English woodland—the German hill and forest land, are rife with legendary interest ; every ruined castle, and every fairy lake in Ireland has its goblin tenantry,—and why should not the wild woods and the mighty waters of Canada have their “ legendary lore.”

Shakespeare—unimpeachable authority in all that relates to elfin land—has—

“ Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey.”—

And if there are “ red spirits,” (and who can doubt it now,) what land is there more fitting for their dwelling place than this? Here have been the hunting and fishing grounds of the *red men* for unknown centuries. Here, in ancient tumuli, in grass-grown and neglected mounds, lie entombed the bodies of mighty chieftains—where, by their sides, their bows, and quivers full of arrows, and their faithful dogs have crumbled into dust. Here the rusty tomahawk, buried in the cloven skull, is found in field or garden. Here the calumet lies side by side with the ponderous war-club—and many a field of waving corn and garden flowers, that glitter in the sun, spring from the ashes of the mighty dead that centuries ago were called by the voice of Manitou, to the hunting grounds of another world.

A Spirit land is round us, and above in the air we breathe—beneath us in the soil we tread. Shall we not believe it?

If the O'Donoghue—beneath the shade of Mangerton, that falls far out upon the placid lake—still holds his fairy court beneath the limpid waters, now and again within the reach of human ken: If demons of shadowy form and gigantic stature, haunt the Hartz mountains—and if from every drooping lily, and from the graceful blue-bells, wicked, joyous, laughing faces, peer upon the passer by, and shake their tiny fists at him who treads not lightly on the flowers, their dwelling place—if in the dismal swamps the Will-o-the-wisp leads astray the benighted traveller, and the devil “ clapperclaws ” with Tom Walker's