

sheet iron) with which to convey ammunition to and fro between the island, the fort and the gun-boats, as occasion required. Strictest orders were maintained forbidding any unauthorised person from approaching the island or the Magazine. On one occasion a civilian, we cannot now recall his name, was taking a batteau load of brick up to the garrison from town. When nearing the island, the batteau sprang a leak and was in danger of sinking. To save himself, the voyager steered for the nearest shore, which happened to be the island. The sentinel presented arms and threatening to fire warned the intruder off. Seeing his craft about to sink, brick and all, the voyager was compelled to leap overboard and swim for the mainland. This was a true incident; such is extreme military discipline. The old Block-house was originally surrounded by a cordon of cedar pallisades, at the distance of about ten or twelve feet, with a strong gateway in front, but all have fallen outward, except the two heavy gate-posts, and are lying prone in decay, their forms still discernible in the tall grass. When the garrison was withdrawn and the fort dismantled, a number of kegs of powder and valuable ammunition were, for unknown reasons, left in the block-house and remained intact and undisturbed for upwards of two years; such were the influences of the invisible spirits of the dead whose bodies reposed there, which were popularly supposed to preside, at former times, over the island and exercise their guardian care. But the mysterious charm gradually wore away and the remaining ammunition vanished by degrees till all was gone. Townspeople still living testify to this amusing fact.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]