he saw that it was grown over with short soft hair, and it was on this account that the fairy was so reluctant to disclose her countenance. After keeping her a prisoner for a short time, and receiving a promise that good luck should attend him in hunting, he released her, and she soon vanished out of sight, According to agreement, success attended him.

The Indians say that fairies are very fond of shooting, and that they frequently hear the report of their guns. How they obtain them is a mystery, unless they steal them from the hunters, or take them from the graves of the dead.

Several places have been pointed out to me as their residence before the white people became numerous. One is a large pond near Burlington Bay, where the old Indians say they frequently saw them in a stone canoe. When pursued they would paddle to a high bank; and the moment the canoe struck the bank all would disappear, and nothing be heard but a distant rumbling noise. The Indians supposed they had their abode inside the bank. Another tribe of fairies were said to have formerly resided on the east bank of the River Credit, about a mile from the lake, where they often showed themselves.

They are reported to be extravagantly fond of pieces of scarlet cloth and smart prints; and whenever they appear to an Indian, if he can only bestow some such gaudy present upon them, however small, the giver is sure to be rewarded either with long life or success in hunting. In all my travels through the wilderness I have never been favoured with a visit from these invisible beings.

The following story is related of fairies on the River St. Clair :—In the year 1824, a Scotch family, residing on the banks of the River St. Clair, were visited by some strange invisible agencies. The first attack was made on their

poultry, which were taken as if with fits, and soon died; then the cattle, pigs, and horses were seized in the same manner, and died. After this the house was attacked, and stones and pieces of lead were thrown against the windows, breaking them and entering the house. The pots and kettles were then moved from their places without any one being near them. An attempt was next made to burn the house. Live coals of fire were found tied up in tow and rags in different parts of the chambers, which were extinguished as soon as discovered; but eventually the house was burned down. While these occurrences were taking place, a vigilant watch was kept up by the family and neighbours, who flocked in to witness these strange scenes; but no clue could be discovered as to the cause. It was finally declared to be the work of *witchcraft*. Accordingly, a celebrated witch doctor, by the name of Troyer, residing near Niagara Falls, was sent for, to expel all the witches and wizards from the premises. Being on a missionary tour to the Walpool Island Indians at the time these incidents were going on, I went to the enchanted house, and preached the ever-blessed Gospel; but the mischievous spirits were all very quiet, so that I saw nothing out of the common order of things. But the Rev. R. Phelps was more fortunate, for he told me that when he visited the family, and attempted to preach, they kept throwing in small stones and bits of lead, one of which struck his body. This he picked up, and showed to me. On my return from the St. Clair, I met an old man who, from his appearance, wearing a long flowing beard, I judged must be the witch doctor. I therefore asked him if he were Mr. Troyer. He replied, "I am." He then positively stated that he knew the whole affair was witchcraft, and that he would soon make a finish of the witches. I was after-

wards informed that he began to expel them by firing off guns loaded with silver bullets, which he stated were the only kind of weapons which could take effect upon a witch. Whilst he was in the midst of his manœuvring, the neighbouring magistrate, hearing of what was going on, issued a warrant to take him into custody. The great doctor, being apprised, quickly made his escape to his own quiet home. Thus ended the whole affair of the supposed witches and fairies.

In conversation with a noted pow-wow chief, *Pashegeeghegwaskum* of Walpool Island, I asked him what he thought of these strange occurrences among the white people. He replied, "O, I know all about it. The place on which the white man's house now stands was the former residence of the *Mamagwasewug*, or fairies. Our forefathers used to see them on the bank of the river. When the white man came and pitched his wigwam on the spot where they lived, they removed back to the poplar grove, where they have been living for several years. Last spring this white man went and cleared and burnt this grove, and the fairies have again been obliged to remove; their patience and forbearance were now exhausted; they felt indignant at such treatment, and were venting their vengeance at the white man by destroying his property." The old chief uttered these words as if he fully believed in the existence of these imaginary beings, and in their power to harm those who dared to disturb their habitations.

GIANTS, OR WAINDEGOOS.

In my early days I have often listened with wonder and deep attention to the stories related of the *waindegoos*, or giants. They are represented as beings tall as pine trees, and powerful as the munedoos. In their travels they pull