

ence with these barbarians, was at the bottom of the plot. It is true he had lived for a long time on friendly terms with this village, but it was only to mature his plans of destruction.—An Indian was, is, and ever will be an Indian, and his ferocious heart would never be softened. James Quoddy was a man approaching forty years of age, rather tall and stout withal. He was a discerning man, and his experience of the world led him to judge correctly in most matters, as well with the red as the white man. Brought up to the Presbyterian form of worship, he was no bigot; his object being to do good among his brethren, he would assist at prayers in the various congregations at the different settlements; for however astray these might be from the true path, an humble individual can often do much to enlighten the ignorant mind. In the absence of the appointed dissenting preachers, Quoddy would deliver an impressive sermon, which the inhabitants of the settlements ever considered as surpassing what they had heard before. In the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal congregations, he was also devout, and had the good will of these people—so that James Quoddy was one who lived in peace with all men.—Such a man at this crisis was thought by many at Fontaineville an interposition of providence to assist in averting the storm, and although it had partly arisen from jealousy towards this man, he was looked upon as most capable of devising measures to allay its fury. Reader! many a man with honest and virtuous intentions has been sacrificed by the unthinking. Many a brave and pious mind scalped and bound by reckless savages, intent upon the destruction of the whole race of white men. Behold the tomahawk—the scalping knife—the victims bound to bent saplings over a slow fire, the pine nots inserted in the flesh, and the fire put thereto;—a sad, long, lingering, cruel death! yea, many a one is thus tortured, equally as wise and virtuous as James Quoddy. Four anxious days had at length passed away, and dark clouds appeared at the setting sun, these dimmed the little cheer which the village had exhibited through the day.—Quoddy was amid the group to aid in advice and joining in prayer. The clouds thickened and dread darkness covered the land—this was the time for the onset of the murderous tribe—the lightning flashed—the thunder pealed—the rain poured down in torrents, and immense hailstones pattered on the earth. All was horror and dismay; then at a distance was seen a house enveloped in flames, and each thought

he could discover the savages dancing around with uplifted tomahawks, and hear the shrieks of the dying. The rain continued for some hours, when a calm succeeded. Celestin assured the villagers that the house at the distance must have been struck by lightning, that the Indians could not have ventured out in such a storm without perishing. The party accordingly broke up, each making way to his respective cabin; and Quoddy having some pressing business at his camp, mounted his horse promising to be back again by the next sunrise. Celestin's workshop stood at the west of his dwelling, the door entering at the north opposite the window where he slept.—This shop, made of rough logs raised the one above the other at right angles, with beams of three by four inches in size, passing through, held many little etceteras as well as his tools. One of the beams had been removed from over the work bench to afford more convenience, and the hole in the west wall remained. A small box undesignedly had been placed immediately over this hole to contain small chisels and gimblets, articles highly necessary in all country places.

To look at this shop and the loop hole at the west, a military man would suppose it thus placed and fitted for defence—the hole being at the precise height for firing through. It had, however, never entered Celestin's head to use it to such purpose; and though not lacking in courage, his deep sense of religion would never have suffered him to fire upon a human being. The hole at first was neither beneficial nor otherwise, but ere long it played a most conspicuous part. Minks delight to take up their abode in and about Fontaineville—small fish are in plenty, and birds in abundance, so that they live by less labour than in many other places. Notwithstanding the plenty food for these stealthy animals, Celestin's poultry yard was so encroached upon that it became necessary to remove the feathered tribes at night to the workshop. Here, also, there appeared no safety for a while; night after night fowls were missing. A steel trap of small size was next placed at the hole within, but their sagacity had prompted the intruders to draw it through the night following the first setting. Then a trap of larger size was procured, and many of the sly ones caught; afterwards Celestin had several traps at the water's edge, and these would only occasionally succeed—and then every one would be filled. By chance, he had never intimated the place and manner of catching his minks, and early every morning would