

have sustained its pressure, as terrible in the extreme; resembling at each successive movement the turn of a vice—the flexor muscles being very strong and capable of action for an almost unlimited time. He accomplishes his desires among the flock and herd, not so much from his swiftness of foot, as his fixing terror. He is an expert climber and burrower. The torpor we hear frequently expressed cannot apply fully to the bear of this country—for in winter he is found not altogether inactive, and feeding upon leaves, bark, moss, mice, and other small animals; and comes out from his den in the spring, not emaciated, but in good flesh, except when some ill luck has forced him from his chosen quarters. His flesh is seldom eaten by any who had ever beheld him alive, though necessity or a morbid appetite may render it food. His fat or 'grease' is well known as a remedial agent in cuts, bruises, and corns, among the country people; and forms the basis of innumerable Quack medicines—such as ointments, panaceas, &c. With this slight description, the writer would gladly leave this uncouth destroying animal; but he is still to be disposed of.

Kete-poo had for the four former years trapped several, but at the opening of this season not one was observed, and the villagers began to think themselves free from these enemies, until they noticed the decrease of Celestin's flock. Shortly there were said to be many on the banks of the upper streams within a few days, and James Quoddy (as we shall call Celestin's new acquaintance,) had seen two crossing the road on his last visit; and as he had trapped several about the lines in former years, considered himself well skilled in the business of trapping, and readily persuaded Celestin to join him. Quoddy wanted several skins, and offered Celestin a good price for his part of all which they might secure. In the solicitude for his flock, Celestin had forgot that Kete-poo was to be at Fontaineville from a hunting expedition in three days, nor did he consider at this juncture that Quoddy was intruding upon the premises of Kete-poo. Little did he even dream of this new connection causing him so much sorrow and pain! The material was in being collected, and one trap nearly finished by noon of the same day; and as Celestin was returning with some tools from his house, met Kete-poo and a strange wild looking Indian at the turn of the path.—Celestin made the usual salutation, but Kete-poo with reddened eye and hurried step merely replied, "Quoddy man make you trap, he

catchum bear, he hab long leg." Scarce twenty minutes had elapsed, when Kete-poo with his squaw and papposes were seen darting their light canoe down the stream with almost the quickness of lightning; in a moment after, the wigwam was in flames and consumed.—Celestin moved to and fro, with heavy step; his countenance paled and he was sad of heart; he reflected on the years of good will between himself and Kete-poo, the many good turns made each other—he saw now his error, and the flames arising from the wigwam seemed to denote "this shall be thy portion." He felt that he would have given his last sou to appease the offended one. That he had offended he was convinced, and had transgressed too far to ever regain the friendship of Kete-poo.

The evening brought more than the usual number of the villagers at prayer, and Celestin poured forth the sorrowings of his heart fervently. A little group lingered until late, wondering who the strange Indian could be, and what his business—they dreaded the tomahawk and firing of the village. The morning found no balm applied to the wounds of this suffering people: those who slept were troubled with dreams of the village being destroyed, the aged slain, and the youths carried into the interior, bound with withs—some roasted alive suspended from trees, whilst others were put to more ignominious tortures. That day a messenger in haste arrived to inform Celestin that Aaron Daily's child had been carried away by the Indians from Buctouche; five days passed, and that Daily knowing him, Celestin, to be on good terms with every man, and especially with Kete-poo, desired Celestin's good offices to recover through Kete-poo, his lost child. All his worldly goods were at the disposal of Kete-poo; but seek and restore his only—his darling child. Ah! thought Celestin, what would not Kete-poo have done to serve me two months since. How he would have scorned the offer of pay for executing a kind office. But now alas! I have probably changed him to a monster, and may be—but he would not allow his thoughts to roam further, and smothered them.

Quoddy arrived in the afternoon in Celestin's canoe with salt from the lower settlement on his way to the camp, and told of a great collection of Indians at Memramcook, about forty miles distant—that something extraordinary had brought them together, there could not remain a doubt, and the firing of the villages and taking off the children, was most likely the object—that Kete-poo having much influ-