

remove the trap from the hole until near his retiring to bed. Kete-poo was not a stranger to the habits of minks, nor to the methods of entrapping them; and well he knew that Celestin did not get so many as he had at times from his traps at the shore. Yet I have already said that the savage mind is difficult to trace;—we do not know all that he fingers, nor all that he sees—and the cause of the failure of the traps at the shore will be shewn ere long. The villagers being gone, Celestin entered the workshop to examine the trap, and took therefrom a fine mink. Setting the trap again he retired with his prize. Still something whispered this was to be the last: he turned the little animal over and over, examining it attentively, and unconsciously exclaimed—“the last! the last! this night may end our sufferings!”

Nights had passed without Celestin indulging in sleep, and he set himself in a large chair to court repose: but, alas! scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed before the house at the “Lion’s Den,” on the opposite side of the river, appeared in flames—then the barn—and almost simultaneously, the whole village!—Screams of the dying and tortured fell upon his ear soon after! To attempt to escape were fruitless, for in a moment his own house was surrounded by the hideous yells of the savages, and the torch applied in all quarters. He sued for mercy but no mercy was in their steeled breasts. The tomahawk had sunk deep in the brains of his wife, and his children were in being scalped or hurried away for more dreadful tortures. In his agony he cried aloud—the knife of Kete-poo entered his breast and he sunk lifeless on the floor! When he recovered from this state of syncope, his wife was at his side unharmed, bathing his temples with *l’eau du vin sauvage*.—This was a dream.

The dawn of Saturday, long to be remembered Saturday, came, and Celestin somewhat bewildered from the effect of his dream, walked over the floor several minutes leaning on his wife’s arm. Recovering a little from the shock, he crossed the path in quest of his two remaining sheep and the unproductive bear traps—but not a solitary bleat greeted his ear; he searched the field but not a living creature could be seen. Arriving at the north-west angle of the fence, he discovered traces of blood—and then the intestines of both sheep lay before him;—following the marks of blood to a trail at a few rods distant, a horse, yea, a horse tied to a small tree with evident marks on the ground that he had been standing a few hours. On

his back was placed a large flushing jacket folded, and over that, suspended two long sacks, one on either side—the mouth secured by a bunch of woollen yarn; and near by lay five minks tied together, and a chopping axe. Celestin recognized the horse, the contents of the sacks, the jacket, the yarn which his wife had spun, and the axe from his door; and exclaimed—“what is man? But here is the horse, where is the owner? what delays him?”

He turned himself towards his house, and when near by the north end, met Kete-poo in full face. A long knife was suspended in a leather sheath from the side of this, you may say, horrid monster; his clothes rent in shreds, and the blood pouring down his face and limbs. What a sight, you will say—a daring savage seeking revenge, armed with a scalping knife, meeting the man whom he sought unarmed, defenceless. Celestin’s thoughts, at that moment were not as your thoughts, reposing on a sofa at ease and in quiet;—and gentle reader, pause, I say pause, ere you draw your conclusions—there are more dreadful deaths, lingering, torturing deaths than even the knife of a savage can cause. This Indian, now the terror of this devoted village, had a package bound on his back covered with birch bark running up the back and turning over at the top forming a complete roof or shield against the rain, and a blanket thrown loosely over covering the sides. This package so carefully put up did not contain powder and other combustible matter, as we might suppose from its appearance; no, it was a stolen child! Do you realize the boldness of this Indian, now in open day light with a stolen child bound on his back facing a white man in the village, as a defiance to the power of the settlement. The inmates of the house discovered Kete-poo, his knife and his package, and doubted not that his boldness was prompted by dozens lying concealed in the woods. Wife and children felt their lives to be at stake; and earnestly wished that that man of courage, Quoddy, was there to shoot Kete-poo, the leader of the demons, and destroyer of their peace. Here was no time to loose, and Celestin’s wife caught a scythe and would have severed the head from the body of the Indian, had not Modeste her daughter held her back by the arm, reminding the mother that the council of her father was always to await the orders of a superior, and she had ever instilled the same in the breasts of herself and the other children. But a frenzy had overcame Madeline, and in throwing herself from the hold of her daughter, stumbled forward upon the wear-