

old, took her one day into the woods near her father's, in search of wild flowers; and, leaving her under a tree to amuse herself with those already gathered, penetrated further, hoping to find some still brighter and more beautiful. In her absence a drunken Indian found the child, and for mere mischief, as is supposed, gave one of those shrill yells, said to be among the most appalling of all earthly sounds. The girl, brought back by the whoop, found Margaret in strong convulsions, and for some weeks she hovered between life and death, and afterward suffered many years from the enfeebled condition of her nerves. Ever since that time she had dreaded the sight of one of the dark race, and I now understood why she had always declined my invitations to go with me to the forest. She refrained from mentioning her secret fears, for she shrunk from avowing what she considered a silly weakness. With her a weakness was not a thing to be boasted of, but to be struggled against and overcome.

But now that I had discovered this tender point, I made it my study to guard my beloved from every chance that could excite such painful feelings. I took measures to put an end to Indian John's visits—declining his services, and forbidding my men to employ him.—Still he had requests to prefer, occasionally; and finding he continued to show himself at my door, I represented to him my wife's fears, and foolishly bribed him to absent himself. After this I found he would take advantage of my absence to apply for food or money, as if determined to enjoy the pleasure of tormenting one who dared to cast dishonor on his haughty race. At length, distracted by his pertinency, I threatened and then struck him. He neither returned the blow nor offered resistance, when I put him forth forcibly, forbidding him ever to approach my doors again.

But Margaret never was at rest after that unhappy day. An Indian, she said, never forgave; and she was convinced, by the diabolical glance which

John cast upon me as I spurned him from my door, that he would, only wait some safe opportunity to take his revenge. She thought not of herself—her fears were for me alone; and I readily promised not to wander forth alone, as had been my wont, but for her sake to be very wary of my exasperated enemy. Yet I often reminded her of the subdued condition of the Indian race. "The white man," I said "has a bridle on the neck and a bit in the mouth of the savage; he has broken his spirit and bent him to his will. The red man is no longer the untamed and untamable. The deadly hatred, unappeasable but by the blood of the offender, is no longer part of his nature.—His vices as well as his virtues have lost their savage strength. The whiskey of the white man has obliterated all that is fearful, as well as all that is grand, from his character. There is nothing to be feared from so contemptible a being as the wretched Indian."

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Tribune.

THE TAILOR AND THE SPONGE; OR, HOW A QUAKER COLLECTED A DEBT.

NEAR the close of the last century, a Quaker, knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself. "I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."