

"Your two bottles of rum," exclaimed the Colonel, pretending not to know anything of the matter,—“pray do I owe you two bottles of rum?”

“You do,” replied the Indian.

“How so?” inquired the Colonel.

“Me bring you rain—me save your crop,” said the Indian.

“You bring rain,” said the Colonel, “no such thing.”

“Me did,” persisted the Indian—“me loved you—me tell overseer, give two bottles rum, and then me bring rain. Overseer say he would—me bring cloud, then rain—now me want rum.”

“You saw the cloud,” said Colonel Bird—“you are a sad cheat.”

“Me no cheat,” said the Indian, “me *saw* no cloud, me *bring* cloud.”

“Well, well,” said the Colonel, “you are an old friend, and you shall have the rum, since you beg so hard for it. But mind you, it is not for the *rain*. The Great Spirit sent the rain, not you.”

“Well,” said the Indian, “*your* tobacco had rain upon it—why others have *none*?” answer *that*, Colonel, if you can.”

Although the North American Indians have never been found idolaters, yet like all ignorant people, they are exceedingly superstitious. Some of their superstitions connected with religious beliefs are very curious; as they bear so much resemblance to the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge, as to leave hardly a doubt of their having some tradition of those events; but from the art of writing being totally unknown amongst them, the wonder is that any similarity in the account should have been preserved through so many ages.

As might be expected, different tribes have their own peculiar superstitions; but all agree in the belief in one All-wise, supreme Being, whom they call the Great Spirit, or Master of Life; that he created the world and all good things, and that he rewards good actions, both in this world and in a future life.