

“I suppose you read the Bible?” The woman assented. “Well,” continued the Indian, “the Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made light, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made dry land, and water, and sun, and moon, and grass, and trees, and took him and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘It’s all very good.’ And last of all he made *woman*, and took him, and looked on him, *and he no dare say one such word.*” The Indian, having told his story, departed.

Some years after, the man who had befriended the Indian had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, which is now a populous city, but then