

Confidence in an Indian.

THAT part of the country round the thriving town of Utica, in the state of New York, and through which a rail-road now runs, was formerly called Whitesborough, and there is now a small town joining Utica so called. The first settler in that part of the country was a Mr. White, after whom the place was named. At the time we speak of, there were numerous Indians living in the neighbourhood; with them he had several interviews, and mutual promises of friendship were exchanged. He also smoked the pipe of peace with them, to confirm the contract more solemnly.

Still the Indians were suspicious. "The white men," said they, "are deceitful, and we must have some proof of his sincerity."

Accordingly, one evening, during Mr. White's absence from home, three Indians went to his house. At first, Mrs. White and her children were much alarmed, but on perceiving one of the Indians to be Shen-an-do-ah, whom they knew to be a mild, humane man, their fear was in some degree quieted. On entering the house, they addressed Mrs. White, saying, "We are come to ask you for your little daughter Jane, that we may take her home with us to-night."

Such a request might well startle the good woman; she knew not what answer to give. To refuse might, she feared, excite their anger; to grant their request might hazard the liberty or even the life of her child.

Luckily at this moment, whilst the Indians were waiting for a reply, Mr. White, the father of the child, came in. The request was repeated to him, and he had sufficient presence of mind to grant it, instantly and cheerfully.