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For the National Era.

HERMAN;

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Prémices."

CHAPTER VIII—Concluded.

"I take no white man's hand!" said Umpqua, speaking in English, and rapidly and distinctly, though with a marked Indian accent. "I hate the white man! Why? I had wide plains and rivers of beasts and birds, fishes and roots. I said not to the white man, Come; but when he came, I did not say, Go. When he was hungry and cold, I gave him skins and food. When he was strong, he took them away from me. When he was weak, I let him hunt on my prairies. When he was strong, he said, 'Go away; you shall not come here!'

"I hate the white man! Why? I had many wives, but one I loved best. I found a white squaw lost in the woods. She sat not down, like the red squaw, cheerful to die, but held out her hands to Umpqua, and wept. I despised her; but I mercied her, too, and gave her sweet berries to eat, and led her to my lodge, and said to my best wife, 'Get up from my best skin, for the white squaw is a guest, and is weary.' We fed her many days. When her people came, asking her, I gave her up safe. While I hunted, the white man stole my best wife. She cried to my son as he passed. The boy ran to his mother. The white man shot him dead.

"I hate the white man! Why? Two more sons I had. The diggers (miners) come and say, 'They have killed a white man; we will have them to kill.' I say, 'No, they have not killed.' Your blue-coat chief at the strong house, he say, 'No, you shall not have them to kill.' They say to him, 'Then we kill you!' Then he say, 'Kill away, if you can kill—me first, and them after!' At last, all the white men, they say together, 'Let us have them, to try whether they have killed; and, if they have not, let them come back all safe.' So I say, 'All right,' for I know they have not killed; so the boys go with soldiers. They are tried; they have not killed. 'Take them back safe,' say the law chief. As they come, they are killed. Then I say, 'I hate the white man! I will live beside him no more. I will go to the wild bears and eagles. They are kinder and truer.' Then the white man say, 'It is war!' Umpqua is bad. He will kill us. Hunt him out.'

"I hate the white man! Why? I build my lodge alone far up on the high, cold mountain. I say to my sick and my old, my women, my babies, 'Here you shall rest, safe and warm; for who wants the bare bleak mountain, but bears and eagles and Umpqua? This we will have to ourselves, better than plains with bad neighbors.' By night, the bad Bostons awake us, with pistols and rifles. I fight them. They run, and come back with a thunder-gun and lightning balls from the strong house. They hunt my sick and old, my squaws and my babies, in the cold and dark, from steep slippery mountain to mountain. They shiver, they stumble, they sicken, they starve, they die, too fast. So I say, 'Let us now have peace!' But the Bostons say, 'You are bad. You love us not. You have killed us too many; we must chastise you. We will frighten you first.' They cannot make Umpqua afraid! But I go to the blue-coat chief and say, 'Only let them not hurt the women and babies; we hurt not your women and babies.' The bad Bostons catch on a high rock one of my sick squaws, with two papooses. Some say, 'Hurt them not.' Some shoot. She fall. My babies' brains are spilt on the stones.

"I hate the white man! Why? I have left yet one daughter. When I am great, she is beautiful in her skins, and beads, and feathers; and every young chief come from far, and say, 'Give her to me.' But I say 'No; I love her too well; she may not leave my country.' And every young chief come from near, and say, 'Give her to me;' but I say 'No; I love her too well; she may not leave my lodge.' Her beautiful robes gone; her beautiful face going. She is tired, and cannot rest; she is hungry and faint, and I have often nothing to give her. Then I say, 'Go; sleep safe in the white squaw's house, and eat her bread. Old Umpqua can wander; but for girls it is bad. I am sad, but she is safe. The white squaw sick. She moan, 'I want water.' The girl say, 'I go to the spring.' She say, 'Go not; the Bostons will catch you.' My girl say, 'No, I can run too fast.' They see her. They call her. She stop not. They shoot. She drop dead!"

"*Can* all this that he says be true?" cried Herman, turning to Mr. Grubbe, who had entered with the crowd which at the outcries of Weahwashtay had instantly filled the lodge.

"I'd like to know what can't be true that's too bad, in voo of the depravity of our fallen natur, sir," replied the old man, wiping his nose a great deal between pity and indignation.

Another cry from Weahwashtay recalled their attention to the poor outcast. His tall frame reeled. His eyes were glazed. His hands were groping in the air, as if seeking some friendly ones to grasp them, again, at last, to lead him on his last, long journey. With wail upon wail, Weahwashtay clasped them in her own; and then, as if seized with his death pangs, but determined, a chief to the last gasp, to yield to them only at his own time and pleasure, he, swaying to and fro, went down and down, kneeling first on one knee, and then on both, then sitting, and then slowly falling backwards, like a man literally sinking by inches into his grave. After a few moments, he recovered himself enough to speak again, though in an altered tone:

"All gone. Breath gone. Heart gone. Umpqua gone. Weahwashtay, I am not fit to die."

This appeal was answered by Weahwashtay's instantly, in the midst of her tears and sobs, heaping together the finest clothes in the lodge, and even snatching from her own dress, and that of her unresisting husband, their most precious ornaments, to clothe and deck the lean, scarry, half naked form before her. Umpqua received her cares with evident satisfaction; and even assisted her in them, feebly, from time to time, so far as his weakness and the stupor which was stealing upon him would permit.

His appeal was answered also by Mr. Grubbe, who, kneeling beside him, eagerly put to him the ordinary technical theological questions of his school. At first, between the deafness and dullness of approaching death, and the indistinctness of the good greying man's articulation, Umpqua did not seem to hear or understand. When he did, he neither received satisfaction nor gave it. Mr. Grubbe, greatly shocked and distressed, assured him, in his most earnest and compassionate manner, that if he died in his present state of feeling, an eternity of hell-fire must be his portion. Umpqua, reclosing his weary eyes, merely replied, phlegmatically, "They may get a little sleep now, first." Mr. Grubbe persisted, and roused him to anger. Drawing in his short breath, to hiss out his whispers more distinctly, he turned his head with an effort, and opening his eyes, rolled them round upon his ghostly adviser, saying as an after-thought, "I hate the white man! Why? He say, 'Spell my books, and pray my God. He make us good.' He make you wise, happy.' I spell your white books. I pray your white god. He make me not happy. He make you not good. He make you too strong, and crafty, and bad, and lying, for Umpqua. You make me die, with my young dead before—in the lodge, in the skins of another. Go. I *will* die; but you shall not see. Too many white face I saw in my life. I will see none while I die. Go!"

He was seized with another spasm; and Herman saw that it was too late to hope to change a state of mind, which, his circumstances so natural, if not pardonable, that their presence and the associations and emotions which it awakened, could only increase his sufferings, and hasten his end, and that Mr. Grubbe was in danger of stirring up, in the already too much offended friends of the sufferer, a very serious exasperation, not only against himself, but his religion, if he persisted longer in preaching it with a pertinacity untimely. He therefore left the lodge at once, and took the old man with him, "with gentle yet determined force." Mr. Grubbe found it hard to forgive him; for when they arose in the morning, Umpqua was dead. He had smiled away his poor, worn, harassed, hunted life, very peacefully at last, in full dress, with his sister's hand clasped close in one of his, and her husband's best spear in the other.

"That precious soul, I trust its everlasting destruction lies more on your conscience than mine, but I shall never forgive myself."

"My dear old friend! How can you suppose that our merciful Father in heaven has anything but the tenderest pity in store for that poor ignorant child of nature, who had been, if we can trust his own account at all, so much more sinned against than sinning?"

"He denied his Lord, sir!"

"What did he know about his Lord? Nothing, most likely, except a few bald, confused, contradictory statements, which he could not understand, from a class of men whom he had found for the most part, in matters which he could understand, to be utterly untrustworthy. He spoke disrespectfully of our white god, just as he might have done of the *totem* of any Indian of whom he had reason to think very ill. He spoke very disrespectfully to you, too, not knowing you. Cannot you forgive him?"

"Do you take me for a Turk, sir?"

"No, for a most forgiving and compassionate Christian, but yet for a far less forgiving, considerate, and compassionate person than Christ. The guilt of this poor savage's abjuration seems to lie, chiefly or solely, with those who drove him to it, by disgracing and practically denying their faith; and very heavy guilt theirs is; and we might have come in for a share of it, if, when he brought he had at length fairly got away from all of us, to die in peace among his kindred, we had remained to bear his very death-bed, while the very sight and sound of us, if half he said was true, might well have been enough to unsettle his reason. Do you think we could have made him love our God, and all in a minute, too, by making him angry with us?"

"I believe in instantaneous conversion, sir."

"I scarcely believe in any great change of it in that case. Besides, it might have taken but very little more—after what his friends had just heard—of what they must have considered persecution of him, to induce them to murder you; and then what, so you think, would have become of their souls?"

"We had ought to do our dooty, and take the consequences, sir."

"No doubt; but ought we to do it in an injudicious way, and thereby bring bad consequences unnecessarily upon others?"

"I am content to be a fool for the gospel sir."

"So was St. Paul; but he was also contented to be all things to all men, and to give none unnecessary offence. Besides, I do not think we were beginning with Umpqua, in a Christian I mean a Christ-like way. He was worn out and broken-hearted. Christ said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden; and I will give you rest;' not 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, or I will give you hell-fire.' Indeed, you must forgive me. I do not mean to forget for a moment that I am a much younger and less experienced man than you; but I should be exceedingly sorry, for the Indian's sake, to have them further irritated now. We must remember what an unfortunate impression Umpqua's story must have made upon such impetuous, undisciplined creatures."

Herman sent a resplendent brooch of ruby glass and gilding to Weahwashtay, as an additional decoration for the corpse, which sat in state in a lodge near her own. He also requested permission to come to the funeral, and sat among the silent mourners patiently through that day and the following night, as sincere a mourner as any there; while, within him, his heart preached to him an awful sermon, upon the text, "Woe unto the world, because of offences! For it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" He mourned not only as a man, for the poor fellow-man so wantonly done to death, but as a Christian, for his Master crucified afresh, even in these days, and put to an open shame, by the barbarities practiced by those baptized in his name upon their weaker brethren; and, as a patriot, for the disgrace of his country—so cruel a step-mother to her fellow-swarthier sons. His unaffected sympathy and sorrow were not lost upon his hosts. They, at the time they went out about their usual business again, invited him to join them at his and feast as freely as before. He hoped the storm had blown over, and, no longer fearing for Mr. Grubbe, went out as usual, leaving him to take care of himself. The opportunity was not lost upon that worthy man. On returning from a solitary ride one day, Herman met several very sinister looks from an equal number of pairs of dark eyes, and found Weahwashtay, with her baby in her arms, sitting at the door—a most gory and unpleasing spectacle cut herself into the very image with a knife. On his kindly asking her, she, altogether contrary to her wont, had away her head moodily, and silently. Herman easily coaxed the secret of Whattarasklie. Mr. Grubbe had eased his conscience by assuring the boy to the boy, that they were all accurst up, as soon as they died, for a good, because a white man ate a for a long time ago, if they didn't know—a hard word—Whattarasklie guessed, and didn't know what it meant, but it was some kind of new totem; the white god was burning Umpqua and never would stop, because he was white god, and did not love the Indians. Herman was unreasonable in the Indian be grateful to him, no doubt; was be a little ungrateful to a man, who, after we had had a relation, cried out of his life by the inquisition with the best intentions, endeavor to convince us, for the good of our dear departed was partaking of brimstone in consequence of his ignorance, in uncomplimentary expressions respecting the triple tiara, of fervent charity with the inquisitors, in such circumstances, even might be somewhat unreasonable. Not; but who can tell?) Whattarasklie deposed that Weahwashtay did not Menesakas there, bringing their round the lodges, because the pale-face, and she was afraid he would burn and then get it to burn, too. Moreover, Whattarasklie thought that the white god was as well as cross, because the old said that if they minded him, and did fire-water, nor smoke tobacco, he would be by making them rest always a life—so much longer than this, it leave off—and do nothing but sit in the clouds, and never jump down. But they never wanted to run little while, and then rest a great They ran and rode a great while, little while, and jumped up again. of the case, Herman could very well and sympathize with, with his young dancing in his veins, like that of the from the hunts of the preceding how much more even this rugged trials and triumphs, was to him, of highest and purest emotion, eternity of mere clouds and could be. He did not believe fountain-head of life, genius, and ever-working, ever-creative Mind could have so wondrously and vaved the human soul, with no other that of smiting all its powers but almost as soon as it began to put with an everlasting catalepsy. He the least believe that the Bible, stood, confirmed any such ideas. to interfere between Mr. Grubbe ers; but, for their sake and his, feared to be one which left him no once sought out Taiquinsuwatish kind-hearted, and, for a wholly-unremarkably-intelligent man, took tent, propitiated him with tobacco dainties, and then told him, in confidence, he was sorry to hear that some of men, who could scarcely be expected ible as himself, had been displeased gs which had been said by Mr. Mr. Grubbe loved them, and meant nothing but the truth. It was a pity with him, for he was a good man; quinsuwatish might have observed, very simple man; and there were in the Great Spirit's message very white men themselves—quite too Mr. Grubbe to understand, he was quinsuwatish would give him leave, old tell him and his young men new about it. Flattered and curious, watish readily gave his consent.

led them to a little distance from , that Weahwashtay might not frightened. Then, while a burning before him, now yelling its fate s, and now glaring with flame, remin solemnly of Moses and Sinai, he as simply as he could, that his God d of all good men, black, white, and tied them so much, that many years his only Son into the world, to show way to heaven. Some of the men alive then, were so cruel and unhat they tortured and killed him. gave them, and when he was dying, Father to forgive them, too, because ey did not know how wicked it was He came out of his grave in three soon went up to live with God. This ay for us to do, if we wanted him to , too, after we died; to love him, to od to make us good, like him—to as much as we possibly could, and our as well as we did ourselves. God's man who talked with him about that, would do so, he should live. Herexplained to them the mutual justice rosity, in various circumstances of le lives, which the observance of this red of them. He then told them that l little children dearly, and that His them up in his arms, and blessed at good people were sometimes unde the Son of God, in this life, and bad ppy for a time; but that God set all in the end, punished all bad men, later, and loved all the good, Indians whites, and would wipe away all their the other life, which was so much an this, that it would more than pay all that they suffered here. He could em exactly what they would have to hey died, any more than their babies what they would, after they were women; but he had no doubt that d have plenty to do, if they were good, better things than they did in this

ery pause in his discourse, there had m the attentive listeners a punctual of "Hoogh!" At the close, Taiatish came up to Herman, and took the hand, saying in his broken English, e was proud of speaking, "I been like ld, uneasy, feeling round in the dark thing—I not know what. Now I hope mething strong, for help me to learn le do right."

an determined that this appeal should disregarded, and that, as soon as possihis return home, he would endeavor out a missionary, better instructed than to this interesting and inquiring people. In the mean time he taught them what he knew, and was always listened to with good will, even by Weahwashtay, after her child had recovered. Mr. Grabbe, by means of his powerful mediation, was again taken into favor, but not as a theologian. "Kanaskapse-is—bad"—was the merciful verdict pronounced upon him by the copper-faced public. Taiquinsuwatish declared that he must either "shut up his tongue, or leave; for if he made mad the young men, they would do him something, and he (Taiquinsuwatish) could not help, and then the Bostons would come." Mr. Grubbe thought Herman extremely intitudinarian, and altogether reprehensible; but Herman was very glad, notwithstanding, that he was alive to tell him so, and contented himself with saying to himself, "Great God! how is this poor evil world ever to be hallowed, if wickedness is so wide, and goodness is so narrow?"

Far away there we must now leave him yet a little longer, seeing fox dances, buffalo dances, and all sorts of wild-beast dances, war parties, hunting parties, gambling parties, and all sorts of savage parties; seeing mothers give away their best horses or clothes for grief at the loss of their friends or lovers, just as he had given away himself for grief at the loss of his Constance; thinking how like an elvish parody upon our life all their life was, with its worthless finery, so highly prized, its silly, fantastic, imperative point of honor, its wars and single combats, about nothing and bringing about nothing, and its endless toil to no end but the grave; wondering whether, in the sight of God and the holy angels, our civilized pomp, worldly strifes and achievements, were worth any more than their uncivilized, or would seem so in ours, a few years after, when we should look back upon them with the eyes of departing spirits; and sometimes wishing, with the waywardness of youth and sorrow, that there henceforth he might spend all his days, seeing the crowded haunts of white skins and men no more, till in old age it should seem to him a half-forgotten dream, that they had ever been his own, and, clad in skins, eating strange food, and speaking a strange language, could wear his life away, retired in these wild solitudes, with their uncouth but not ungraceful children, sporting with them, teaching them, and protecting them, revered by them in his life, and seeing their dark weeping faces around him in his death.

* "The long poles used in erecting the lodges are carried by the horses, being fastened by the heavier end, two or three on each side, to a rude sort of pack-saddle, while the other end drags on the ground. About a foot behind the horse, a kind of large basket or pannier is suspended between the poles, and firmly lashed in its place."—*Parkman's Oregon Trail.* The basket, I believe, is called a *travail.*

† "They [the Indians] have been left, heretofore, comparatively unprotected from violence and wrong, inflicted by unprincipled white men. * * * By such men unworthy of the name, they are often cruelly beaten when unprotected, and not unfrequently shot down in mere wantonness. The bloody revenge that almost certainly follows, becomes the general theme, unaccompanied by the circumstances of cruel provocation which gave it birth. A border warfare springs up between the resident tribes and the pioneer settlers, who are really trespassers on their lands; and the strong arm of the Government being invoked for the protection, years at the cost of many valuable lives, retarding the progress of our people, by rendering the condition of the settler insecure, and closing, perhaps, with the annihilation of almost entire tribes. This process, the destruction of a people of whom Providence has given us the guardianship, originating in such causes, is unworthy of the civilization of the age in which we live, and revolting to every sentiment of humanity."—*Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior for the year* [illegible].

The incidents recounted in Umpqua's speech are chiefly taken, with slight variations, from John Beeson's "Plea for the Indians."

For the National Era.

THE DOUBT.

BY WILHELM CONSTANT.

She sits beside the low window,
In the pleasant evening time,
With her face turned to the sunset,
Reading a book of rhyme.

And the wine-light of the sunset,
Stol'n into the dainty book,
Where she sits in her sacred beauty,
Lies crimson on the book.

O beautiful eyes so tender,
Brown eyes so tender and dear,
Did you leave your reading a moment,
Just now as I passed near?

Maybe, 'tis the sunset flushes
Her features so lily-pale—
Maybe, 'tis the lover's passion
She reads of in the tale.

O darling, and darling, and darling,
If I dared to trust my thought;
If I dared to believe what I must not,
Believe what no one thought—

We would read together the poem
Of the Love that never died,
The passionate world-old story
Came true and glorified.

For the National Era.

GUILFORD COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

This old county, celebrated in Revolutionary history as the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts during the struggle for Independence, is destined, at no very distant day, to become conspicuous in the struggle for Freedom. This conflict, however, will not be one of blood and carnage, but the powerful influence of the ballot-box will be brought to bear in the contest.

Some ten or twelve years ago, a difficulty arose in the M. E. Church in this county, on account of the existence of Slavery in the church; and many members withdrew from the society, and joined the Wesleyan Methodists. Preachers were sent here from the Wesleyan Conference in Ohio, who engaged actively in preaching and establishing churches in this and other counties. But in the spring of 1851, the Pro Slavery party became alarmed. Anti-Slavery opinions were gaining ground; something must be done to put a stop to such sentiments. As no *law* could be found sufficient, mobbery was resorted to, in order to "drive out" the preachers, and to "crush out" the growth of such opinions. Mobs composed of lawyers, physicians, magistrates, class-leaders, negro-traders, school-teachers, gamblers, and loafers, led by prominent politicians, and backed by Pro-Slavery preachers, became the order of the day. The preachers were driven out of the State, and many members of that society sold their property and moved west.

Let us examine some of the results of these things.

In the fall of 1852, a Free-Soil ticket was formed, and, in "Old Guilford," Hale and Julian received 44 votes—a small number to be sure, in a county giving near 2,500 votes; but the fact showed that there was a new party springing up. Men began to think, and Free-Soil papers to circulate.

In 1856, owing to the apathy and neglect of the party, no ticket was formed—consequently, Fremont received no votes. But, during the county canvass last summer, one of the candidates declared himself, in the only speech he made, in favor of taxing slaves according to their value, and, at the election, he received 91 votes. Had he canvassed the county, he would have got many more. There are scores of men who will not vote at all, from the fact that the Pro-Slavery principles of the candidates do not suit them.

At this time, the Rev. Daniel Worth, a Wesleyan minister, and a native of Guilford, is travelling his circuit, and preaching unmolested. He is a bold, fearless, uncompromising Anti-Slavery man, and one who does not hesitate to declare the "whole counsel" in his preaching.

Perhaps it may be said that the Anti-Slavery spirit in North Carolina is confined to a few Quakers and Wesleyans within her borders. Such is not the fact. The *people* are beginning to arouse, and all they need is light on the workings of the "institution." A few dozen copies of the "Impending Crisis," extensively circulated and read, would avail much in ridding North Carolina of her "cloak of darkness."

H.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

Form the London Family Herald.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy chair, and gracefully removed his fragrant Havana from his lips, for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of perfumed smoke; "no, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to woman-kind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you, would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry! I'll show how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence."

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware, at the time, that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of variety.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgnings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened, that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *tete-a-tete*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied, with equal enthusiasm, "She has, indeed, and she danced admirably." Or, if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation; but careful observation soon convinced her, that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and, as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered, reading his newspaper after breakfast, till nearly nine o'clock, and then, dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it, to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty feet, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror, to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling, after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was intrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river.

Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer, with its holyday company, was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the forepart of the vessel, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is indeed a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company. After you left home, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable, wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume; introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is——? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane, complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you, but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But, bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm? so it was. Mamma will take off its hat, so she will. There, does it see its papa? there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See, Miss Wentworth—see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked, enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his pa?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thought quite well, and on it went, making about half a mile an hour, and growing very savage—whether the result of the wetting, or of indigestion, I really cannot say. My brandy flask had long been emptied; there was no chance of filling it, and I was wearied—so wearied that I could have lain down to sleep in a dry ditch, had there been one handy; but against that the elements had carefully guarded. There was no hope for it; I must trudge onward.

Suddenly, through the rain, I fancied I could see a light glimmering a short distance from the road. I stopped, and looked steadily; it was no Will-o'-the-wisp, and by a sudden impulse I bounded over the low hedge, and went stumbling over a ploughed field toward the house, as I now felt certain it was. Up to the present, I had regarded the peasant's cabins with considerable aversion, and *pour cause*: there were the dirtiest places imaginable, and I had no desire to sleep in them so long as an *auberge* could be found. But now I would have gladly paid a handsome sum for the use of a dog kennel, so long as it sheltered me from the pitiless rain, and held out the prospect of a glass of brandy to warm my inner man, which stood so much in need of that refreshment.

I soon approached the cabin, which stood beneath the shade of some gloomy trees, and the light, which probably came from the fire, burned so dimly, that I hesitated for a moment; all appeared so unutterably wretched about the house, that I had a nervous timidity about approaching it. I am not constitutionally fearful; on the contrary, I am usually too prone to run into foolhardiness; but now, whether it was the soaking or the veal, I felt horribly nervous. A moment, however, sufficed to recover me, and I walked across the yard, and knocked boldly at the door. All remained perfectly quiet in the house, except that I fancied I could hear the growling of a huge dog, like distant thunder; then I knocked again somewhat more loudly, and a dog began barking violently. At the same time, however, I had the satisfaction of hearing footsteps approach the door.

"Who is without?" a voice was heard saying, in execrable Jewish-German; "is it you, Benjamin?"

"This a stranger," I shouted, fearing lest any hesitation might render my friend inside suspicious; "I want shelter for the night, and will pay you handsomely for it."

"Are you alone?" the voice asked again.

"Quiet, Nero! down dog! what do you mean by growling when I did not order you to watch him?"

"All alone, but as wet as if I had been dipped in the river."

"You'd be clever to keep yourself dry this day," he said, as he pulled back the bolts, and opened the door slowly and cautiously. "Come in—the dog won't hurt you when I'm with you. What weather! Come to the fire, and dry yourself."

He walked in front of me to the fire, stirred up the smouldering wood, and threw a few sticks upon it. All this while I could notice he was taking quick, sharp glances at me; then he went up to my knapsack, which I had laid on a chair, appeared to feel its weight for a moment, and brought it up to the fire to dry as well as myself.

"And you're hungry, too, I suppose! out for pleasure, eh? Young blood! young blood!" and he grinned in a manner to me quite diabolical. He then went to the table, spread a very dirty tablecloth, on which he placed a loaf of black bread, stuck a knife into it, and then produced a large green glass jar, containing the much desired fluid. After filling an iron saucepan with hot water, and putting it on the wood, he quitted the room for a while. During his absence, I surveyed the room in which I was seated, and the very sight of it made me uncomfortable. It was quite destitute of furniture, contrary to the usual fashion of the peasantry, and I shuddered involuntarily. But, nonsense, it could only be the cold and the moisture the fire was drawing out of my clothes, and yet, for all that, I began to wish I had trudged on through the rain. And then, that immense dog that lay close to the fireplace, and kept its small, suspicious eyes fixed upon me. And the walls were shining with grease and soot, and the small cupboard fixed against them, and shelves. But, Heavens! I could hardly suppress a cry of surprise when my eye fell on an old mummy-like woman, who rose from the dark corner where she had probably been sleeping, and walked toward me and the fire. She was a model of uglineas and disgust, this old woman, with her tangled mass of gray hair hanging over her forehead and temples, her sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and wrinkled neck, as she stood there shivering with cold, and stretched out her thin bony hands to the fire. I fell back a step to give the old creature room, but on my first attempt to quit the chimney-place, the dog growled, and, as I turned toward him, his eyes sparkled so vividly that I thought it advisable to stay where I was, and not anger him unnecessarily. The woman now turned her face to me, and after gazing fixedly at me for a moment, whispered a few hurried words in a language of which I did not understand a syllable.

"What a pity," I thought to myself, "I did not understand a little Hebrew." I then looked carefully at the old woman, trying to find out from her gestures what she really meant. Again she began her whispering, turning her head timidly toward the door, and pointing at the same time to the table.

"I can't understand you!" I said, in the usual patois, hoping she would understand me at any rate.

"Hush!" the crone said, quickly and fearfully, holding up her finger in warning; at this moment the door opened, and the Jew, on seeing the old woman by my side, went up angrily to her, and spoke harshly in the same unknown tongue. The woman crept timidly away, wrapped herself more closely in her old cloak, and lay down again in her corner. The Jew then said, pleasantly enough, to me—

"Don't bother about the old girl; she is quiet and harmless; but not quite right here," he said, pointing to his forehead. "When we are alone, I let her do much as she likes; but when strangers visit me, which is seldom enough, she must keep in her corner. But here," he added, in a louder voice, "is something for you to eat—bread and Munster cheese, I lately brought from Strasbourg, and a famous glass of brandy, which will do you more good, I fancy, than all the rest; the water will be hot by this time. Ah, I see it's boiling, and I'll mix you a glass of punch in the meanwhile. So, now, go to the table, and begin."

I was really almost starving, and yet I could not swallow anything. That confounded dog had his eyes still fixed so dangerously upon me.

"The dog won't hurt you," said the Jew, calmly, "he is only not accustomed to strangers."

"But if I had stirred while you were out of the room, he would have sprung at me," I said, rather angrily.

"It's an old dog," the man continued, with a smile, "and hasn't a tooth left in his head; but he often pretends to be savage. The time is long past since he bit any one, and you can go up and pat him, and he won't say a word."

However, I did not feel the slightest inclination to try the experiment; I therefore proceeded to the table, and cut a hunch of bread and cheese, while the old Jew stooped down to the fire, and, after shaking something out of a paper into the glass, poured the water upon it.

"There!" he said, as he came to the table, "now, put in as much brandy as you like, but the stiffer the better, for it will keep you from catching cold."

"What have you put in the glass, my friend?" I asked, as I held the glass to the fire.

"Sugar and water; the sugar is good, and takes off the strength of the brandy."

"I'm not so fond of sugar," I replied, suspiciously; "and, if you've no objection, I'll mix for myself."

"Not like sugar! why it's the best part of it," said the Jew, "only taste it, and you'll soon away, and, after carefully washing the glass out, I filled it afresh with water, and poured in some brandy.

"More, my friend—more," the Jew advised me; "that's not half enough, and won't draw the cold out of your limbs. Why, my old woman will drink stronger punch, if I give it to her."

"Thanks, thanks!" I said, as I turned away the bottle, from which the Jew persisted in pouring more into my glass. "I'm not accustomed to strong drinks, and shall have a headache to-morrow morning."

"Oh! to-morr