

a fur trader; I never bought a peltry in my life."

"Is it possible that you own a farm there? Married an Indian, perhaps, and emigrated with the nation? Many did the same. You have a family among the Indians, hey? It's too cold for cotton, I take it, up where you are; and then, again, where do you find a market?"

"I have neither wife, farm, nor Indian children," said the old man. "I have but one relative that I know of in the wide world—one connected to me by ties of blood, I mean. That is a daughter. The Indians call her 'The White Rose of the Cherokees.'"

The little man was evidently nonplussed. He did not like to pursue his queries further; and yet it was easy to see that he was half dying with curiosity. The peddler, too, changed the position of the hat upon his temples, and looked up from the almanac wonderingly. The whist-players had been attentively listening to the conversation; and the landlord, who had happened in, as his custom was, to look after the fire, stopped upon the hearth, with one hand resting upon the mantle-piece, and gazed into the strange old gentleman's eyes with an expression upon his rubicund face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Who in the deuce are you then?"

The whist-players, who about this time had finished their game, now came in a row about the fire.

"Come, old man," said one of them, "you have excited the curiosity of all these good people—that is very evident; now tell us what you do among the Indians, and how did your daughter win that very pretty *soubriquet* of hers, 'The White Rose of the Cherokees?'"

The old gentleman hesitated.

"There is little of interest, I fear," he said, "in my history; and yet, if you have a mind to hear it, gentlemen, upon this rainy day, I will relate it to you. My name, as I before said, is Comstock. The first that I can

recollect of myself, I was, together with two hundred children, an inmate of an orphan asylum, or perhaps it might have been more properly called a Foundling Hospital. It was, at any rate, a charitable concern; the children were all picked up from the dregs of society, and scores of them were ignorant of their parentage. I made many inquiries of the beadle and the matron in regard to my father and mother, but from neither could I obtain any satisfaction. The matron said I was picked out of a ditch, she believed, somewhere—among so many brats she could not be expected to know the history of all. The beadle, who was a profane fellow, cursed my inquisitiveness, and declared that I need not be over anxious to know who my relations were; none of them were any too respectable.

"Among all the miserable little wretches with whom I daily came in contact, there was only one fact that interested me in the least—only one child for whom I entertained a particle of affection. This exception was a little gentle girl, named Susan Cameron. I often shared with her my scanty and burnt porridge—I loaned her the only marble of which I was the fortunate possessor—I helped her about her studies—I shielded her from punishment, sometimes voluntarily suffering in her stead. She early learned to look to me for protection, and to threaten those who disturbed her with my displeasure.

"When I was twelve years old I was bound out to a hotel-keeper. I hated to leave Susy, and we shed not a few natural tears over the separation. I had not been long in my situation before I learned that a table waiter was needed in the establishment. I made bold to mention my friend, and found that she could fill the place. She also was bound out to my master, and we went on together with lighter hearts than we had ever carried before. When Susy was eighteen, and I was twenty-one—to