

—MARANO named him: her voice was soft and plaintive her visions were of ONEYO. “O come,” she said, “hasten to thy love: Tarry not my ONEYO! How I long to behold thee!” “For this,” said he, “I’ll embrace thee.” He embraced her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. “Away,” he cried, “go cherish thy stranger. Away perfidious!” She followed him trembling and aghast. “He is my brother.” “Thy brother—Stranger,” said he to the Briton who now approached him, “you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life.”

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. ONONTHIO received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.