

Lee was holding in her arms, in playful action seized upon the chain suspended from Oriena's neck, and drew from beneath the coverlet of her bosom, the medal that was attached to it. One glance from the eye of Mrs. Lee was sufficient to recognise the stamp, and the familiar name engraven thereon, and a sad remembrance of the past flashed across her mind.

"It is mine," she exclaimed, "it is mine, the very one that was upon my child when she was lost!"

Mr. Lee confirmed the chain and medal to be the identical ones. Oriena as much astonished as the others endeavoured to explain the matter, by telling them that she had received it from an old squaw, with whom she had lived since her childhood.

"And pray what is her name," hastily inquired Mrs. Lee.

"Oneidia," replied Oriena, "but she is dead now."

"What relation then were you to her," interrupted the woman.

"Not any; I believe," answered the girl. Here she endeavored to relate all that she knew of the apparently mysterious events of her early life—the dim, undefinable dream of her remembrance, and concluded by asserting that she believed from what she had gleaned from the secret whisperings of the squaws, that she was stolen from a white family, but from whom or where, she knew not.

"Oh, merciful heavens! then you must be my daughter," exclaimed the agitated mother.

"It cannot possibly be so," said the Captain, raising himself upon his couch.

"Allow me for a moment to examine you left arm,"