

away toward the "rising sun." Orianna's heart was full of kindly sympathy, and from the time when she first saw Charlie weeping in the forest, she made a vow to the Great Spirit that she would love and protect the child of the "pale-face." The vow thus made by the simple Indian maiden was never broken, but through weal and woe it was faithfully kept.

It was a long time ere Orianna ventured to introduce herself to her new friend; but when she did so, she was delighted to find that he neither expressed fear of her, nor surprise at her personal appearance. From that time they were inseparable, although Orianna exacted from Charlie a promise not to mention her at home, and also resisted his entreaties that she would accompany him thither. In reply to all his arguments, she would say, mournfully, "No, Charlie, no; the pale-face is the enemy of my people, although Orianna never can think they are enemies to her; and sometimes I have wished—it was wicked, I know, and the Great Spirit was angry—but I have wished that I, too, was of the fair-haired and white-browed ones."

In Charlie's home there was much wonder as to what took him so regularly to the woods, but he withstood their questioning and kept his secret safely. In the wigwam, too, where Orianna dwelt, there was some grumbling at her frequent absences, but the old chieftain Owanno and his wife Narretta loved their child too well to prohibit her rambling when and where she pleased. This old couple were far on the journey of life, when Orianna came as a sunbeam of gladness to their lone cabin, and thenceforth they doted upon her as the miser dotes upon his shining gold.

She was a tall, graceful creature of nineteen or twenty summers, and her life would have been one of unbounded happiness had it not been for one circumstance. Near her father's wigwam lived the young chief Wah-laga, who to a most ferocious nature added a face horribly disfigured by the many fights in which he had been foremost. A part of his nose was gone, and one eye entirely so; yet to this man had Owanno determined to wed his beautiful daughter, who looked upon Wah-laga with perfect disgust, and resolved that, sooner than marry him, she would perish in the deep waters of the Kentucky, which lay not many miles away.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIAN.

The deacon and his family had now been residents at Glen's Creek nearly three months. Already was the leafy month of

June verging into sultry July, when George Wilder at length found time to carry out a plan long before formed. It was to visit Marian, and if he found her all which as a child she had promised to be, he would win her for himself.

Soon after the early sun had touched the hill tops as with a blaze of fire, George mounted his favourite steed, and taking Jake with him for a companion, turned into the woods and took the lonely road to Lexington. Leaving them for a moment, we will press on and see Marian's home.

It was a large, double log building, over which the flowering honeysuckle and dark green hop-vine had been trained until they formed an effectual screen. The yard in front was large, and much taste had been displayed in the arrangement of the flowers and shrubs which were scattered through it. Several large forests had been left standing, and at one end of the yard, under a clump of honey-locusts, a limpid stream of water, now nearly dry, went dancing over the large flat limestones which lay at the bottom. In the rear of the house was the garden, which was very large, and contained several bordered walks, grassy plats, and handsome flower-beds, besides vegetables of all descriptions. At the end of the garden, and under the shadows of the woods, was a little summer-house, over which a wild grape-vine had been taught to twine its tendrils.

In this summer-house, on the morning of which we are speaking, was a beautiful young girl, Marian Gorton. We have not described her, neither do we intend to, for she was not as beautiful as heroines of stories usually are; but, reader, we will venture that she was as handsome as any person you have ever seen, for people were handsomer in those days than they are now—at least our grand-parents tell us so. Neither have we told her age, although we are sure that we have somewhere said enough on that point to have you know, by a little calculation, that Marian was now eighteen.

This morning, as she sits in the summer-house, her brow is resting on her hand, and a shadow is resting on her brow. Had Marian cause for sorrow? None except that her cousin Robert, who had recently returned from England, had that morning offered her his hand and been partially refused. Yet why should Marian refuse him whom many a proud lady in the courtly halls of England would not refuse? Did she remember one who, years ago, in the green old woods of Virginia, awakened within her childish heart a feeling which, though it might have slumbered since, was still there in all its freshness? Yes, she did remember him, although