

reaching a little below the knee, and ending in a blue fringe. Some lighter fabric was worn under it and encased the arms. The shapely neck and throat were bare, though almost hidden by a wealth of wavy, golden tresses that flowed down her shoulders. Her hat appeared to have been constructed out of the skin of the snowy heron, with its beak and plumage preserved intact, and dressed into the jauntiest style. Leggings of strong buckskin, that formed a protection against the briars and roughness of the forest, were clasped around a slender ankle, and embroidered moccasins completed an attire that was not in the style of the girl of the period even a century ago. She might have passed for an Indian maiden, were it not for the snowy whiteness of her neck, where the sun had not browned it, and for her good pronunciation of English. In her little brown hand she held a fishing-rod, but she had ceased to watch her floral float, which was the bud of a water-lily tied to the line. Indeed, the end of her pole dipped idly in the water, while she, forgetful of the sport or toil, whichever it might be, sang her passing feelings and fancies as unaffectedly as the birds on the hills around, that now were growing tuneful after the heat of the day.

Thus far, our hero, whom we may as well introduce at once as Theron Saville, had been able to distinguish only disjointed words, that had no seeming connection; mere musical sparkles, rising from the depths of a glad, innocent heart. But imagine his surprise when she commenced singing to an air that he had often heard in England: