

tracted by her gentle nature, she had won to quit their forest haunts, and dwell in familiar companionship with her, and displayed with fond pleasure their brilliant plumage or richly mottled coats. Sometimes, with a band of sister maidens, she led the wild and fanciful dances of her country—or each one came with a quiver of arrows at her back, and with the grace and skill of the forest huntress, struck in quick succession the distant mark at which she aimed.

But oftener she sat alone beside me, and I grew fond of the employment of watching her. I loved to behold the grace of her airy motions, to gaze upon the ever changing beauty of her face, and to read in her imperfect utterance, the purity and innocence of a mind, that wanted only cultivation to bring forth its intellectual wealth, and render it as brilliant, as it now was tender and beautiful. She instructed me in her language, and the facility with which I learned, astonished and delighted her. In return, I strove to enlighten her on the great truths of Christianity, and the joy, the wonder with which she listened to me, her earnest entreaties to know more, and the deep gratitude with which, in her own simple phrase, she thanked God for his great goodness, and expressed her love for the beneficent Saviour, affected me to tears. Then it was that I cherished a fond chimera, and every hour the purpose and the hope gained strength, to bear this sweet forest flower with me to my European home, to shelter her in my bosom, and procure for her all those aids of civilized life, which might serve to unfold the hidden treasures of her intellect, and ripen them to that excellence and perfection, which would not fail to enhance her happiness, and constitute my own. Incessantly this purpose grew upon me, and it inspired my mind with a degree of energy and elasticity, that seconded the efforts of nature for my recovery. I felt my nerves strung with new vigour, and the glow of returning health mantled on my cheek, though still at times my brain was confused, and darting pains rendered me often incapable of raising my head from its pillow. When night approached, I was always removed to a couch of skins within the wigwam, but with the first breath of early morning, the care of Ascaora, caused me to be placed upon the fragrant bed of moss, where I had found myself when first awaking to consciousness.

Hard was it to remain passive, when my pulses throbbed with renovated life and health, but the remonstrances, and touching entreaties of my gentle attendant, could not be resisted; besides, I was daily reminded of the danger of betraying my recovered strength, for often dark forms stalked sternly past me, or paused to look with fierce joy upon my motionless features. Then, though my blood boiled, and I longed to leap up in mad defiance of my savage foe, how was I constrained to forbearance, as through my half closed eyelids, I

saw the cheek of Ascaora grow pale with emotion, and her soft eyes bent with intense anxiety upon me. Then would they pass on and leave me still in the care of women—eager to glut their hatred, but desirous first, that every faculty of their victim should be alive to the tortures they intended to inflict. Little knew they what master spirits were at that moment struggling in my breast—nor what strength dwelt in that arm, what vigour in that frame, which they deemed helpless and fragile as a woman's.

The morning at length arrived when the band of hunters was to depart—none were to be left but the aged men and females, with some young men to assist in guarding the prisoner. It is impossible to describe the joy with which I saw the dark band of savages gathering for their departure. Their hideous array, their fierce disfigured faces, the rattling of their well filled quivers, the glancing of their murderous tomahawks, presented a scene such as fancy never before portrayed, and which memory never can forget. One by one they walked around me, mocking my pretended imbecility, and as the last dusky form followed his companions, a yell of triumph burst with horrible dissonance upon the air, and was answered with startling distinctness by the thousand echoes of the dense and mighty forest. Then they departed, and my straining eye watched their retiring figures; till they were lost among the green recesses of the wilderness, and my aching ear listened intently, till the distant tramp of their feet sank into silence, and the sound of crashing boughs no longer burst like the report of fire arms upon the still and cloudless atmosphere. My heart swelled with intense emotion, and I turned and looked upon Ascaora, who had glided to my side, and stood alone near me. There was a smile of tender triumph on her lip, a brighter glow on her young cheek, as she bent her loving eyes on mine with a soft and earnest gaze, a thousand times more eloquent than words. I stretched forth my hand and drew her towards me—none were around us, and she resisted not my effort—but I felt her heart beat tumultuously as I whispered words of love, and told her of the joy and affection that awaited her in my far off and happy home.

"Thou wilt be mine, gentle maiden," I murmured; "the companion of my flight from this wilderness, where it is not meet thy peerless beauty should lie hidden."

"Fair stranger," she answered, in a hushed and tremulous voice; "the pathway of Ascaora's life must be dark, if not brightened by the light of thy love. Wherever thou ledest, her step shall follow; even this night we will begone—they dream not that thou hast strength for flight, and we may depart unnoticed. The country of Olocatara is not far distant, and I have sent to him a trusty messenger, to warn him of our coming. He will give us welcome