

flowers, flowed like a shining veil over her shoulders, shading the resplendent beauties of a throat and bust, that I have never seen equalled in perfection. The soft olive of her young and rounded cheek, was relieved by a tint delicate in its colour, as the lining of an Indian shell, and the bright crimson of the blossoms she held in her hand, were rivalled by the brilliant hue of her full lips, which parting with a timid smile, disclosed teeth dazzling as orient pearls. I had no wish, no power to move, but lay gazing in silent wonder on the beautiful being before me, while, with her large lustrous eyes fixed earnestly on mine, she murmured a few low words, in a language unknown to me, and plucking from her hair a cluster of dewy buds, she dropped them with a smile upon my breast. I received gratefully the fragrant offering, and then in the rapid utterance of earnest entreaty, implored her to tell me into whose hands I had fallen, and whether I was hopelessly separated from my countrymen. She wore a look of alarm while I was speaking, shook her head to intimate that she did not comprehend me, and then casting a furtive look around, addressed me in a cautious tone, and in broken, almost unintelligible Spanish.

Hurried and imperfect as was her language and her detail, I gathered from it the following particulars, that tended little towards promoting the composure of my mind, or the convalescence of my body. She bade me still to feign illness, even if I felt it no longer, as for the present my life depended on my seeming helplessness—that I was in the power of a warlike tribe of Indians, of whom her father was the chief—that they were sworn friends to the Spanish, with whom they had long been in habits of traffic, and were consequently so much enraged at their destruction, that they resolved to wreak their vengeance upon any of my countrymen whom they should capture, and were looking forward impatiently for my recovery, when it was their design to put me to death with the most horrible and torturing of their ceremonies. As I listened to this recital, my harassed and agonized feelings burst forth in bitter exclamations; and, frenzied at the knowledge of my almost hopeless condition, I started from my resting place, and would have rushed madly forth, had not the Indian girl, with gentle, yet resistless force, detained me.

"Ascaora will save thee," she cried; "trust in her, and the son of the stranger shall not die." I know not what magic dwelt in her voice, her smile, in the soft and timid pressure of her small brown hand, but I yielded with childlike docility to her power, and sank back passively upon my mossy pillow. She then informed me that in a few days the warriors of her tribe were to set off on a hunting excursion, that would detain them for a week or two, and that my sacrifice was to be deferred till their return, unless my speedy recovery enabled

them to immolate me before their departure. That, in order to prevent this, I must, as she had desired, avoid giving any symptom of convalescence, but appear as I had done, helpless and regardless of all around me. I should then be left unguarded and in the charge of women, and when the warriors were gone, she would find some means to liberate me, and conduct me to the country of Olocatara, which bordered on her own, and who was king of a powerful tribe, in amity with my people. I started at that name, for well was that wise and gentle savage known to the company of De Gournes—frequent had been his intercourse with them, and I felt assured, if I could gain his protection, that my safety and restoration to my friends, if they still remained on the continent, was secured. Cheered by these hopes, and trusting, as I ever strove to do, in the care of an overruling Providence, I became calm and even resigned. But I was under no necessity of feigning illness, for fever was revelling in my veins, and with the slightest effort, my brain reeled, and wild and strange images floated before my sight. In truth, I felt that I was on the very verge of delirium, the effect, in part, of the violent blow I had received, combined with my excited state of feeling, and I shuddered to think of the fate that might befall me, should I become the victim of hopeless insanity.

There were moments when I forgot my own identity—when my disordered imagination converted the lofty trunks of the forest trees into the pillars of some majestic temple, of which the blue vault, seen through the green tracery of the overarching boughs, seemed to me the bright and gorgeous dome. Ascaora was to me the divinity of this resplendent abode, and myself a potent prince, who held broad sway over the things of earth. Then would throng darker thoughts, and images replete with horror—every tree was an animated form, that stretching forth its armed hands, menaced me with death. The winds, as they moaned through the forest, mocked me like the voices of fiends, and even the sweet and birdlike song of the gentle Indian maiden, I listened to as the spell of a wily syren luring me to destruction. Then with what witchery she soothed me—a witchery known but to woman—yes, even to savage woman, enlightened only by the instincts of nature, no less than to her whom education has refined, and Christianity with its hallowing influences purified and exalted. Day after day passed on, and still that shape of beauty hovered near me—that kind hand ministered to my wants, and with simple and untaught wiles, she strove to amuse and divert my restless and impatient mood—she sung to me the thrilling strains of her country, while her slender fingers wove with inimitable skill the embroidered belts and moccasins which were to adorn the chiefs and warriors of her tribe—or she brought the beautiful birds and animals, that, at-