

Charles the Ninth, he took no measures to avenge the injuries wrought by the Spaniards on his subjects, but, absorbed by his own politics and pleasures, suffered the affair to pass without notice. But the Huguenots throughout France were at once roused by the extermination of that infant colony, which they had regarded as the germ of a great nation, that should cherish and propagate their tenets on the soil of the new world; and, after many efforts they succeeded, without royal aid, in fitting out three vessels, to revenge upon the Spaniards at Florida, the wrongs they had heaped upon the French.

The Chevalier de Gourges, that brave soldier of Gascony, whose deeds have so often been the theme of our intercourse, commanded the expedition, and I, then a stripling of eighteen, together with many brave and bold hearts, accompanied him. The little armament, full of high hope and courage, reached its destination after a prosperous voyage, and succeeded in storming, one after another, the forts that the Spaniards had built and invested on the river May. It was a war of extermination that we waged, and when the walls of the last fortress lay level with the ground, and all but a handful of prisoners had fallen beneath the avenging sword, De Gourges, with a vindictive spirit that belonged not to the religion he professed, prepared to hang his helpless captives, as Melendez had done the French, suspending over them in like manner, a tablet bearing the words: "I do not this as to Spaniards, nor as to mariners, but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers." We were all witnesses, and many of us reluctant witnesses, of this scene of cruelty. For myself, I recoiled with horror from the exhibition, and turning away, I walked within the edge of the forest that swept around the point on which we stood, when a rustling among the trees caught my attention. Full of youthful daring, I advanced boldly forward, when what was my consternation to find myself surrounded by hundreds of savages, allies of the Spaniards, who were coming stealthily upon us, to revenge their destruction. How my ears tingled with horror as they uttered their wild war-cry; and when through the openings of the trees I saw De Gourges, with his followers, flying for safety to the ships, and felt that I alone was doomed to remain in the grasp of those demons, for they had seized and held me as with bonds of iron, I thought my reason would have deserted me. In vain I struggled to escape—they mocked me with fearful laughter, and when, maddened to desperation, I burst from them with more than human strength, a blow upon my temple arrested my flight, and laid me senseless on the earth.

I know not, I have never known how long I remained unconscious. When I awoke, I was lying on a couch of the softest and most fragrant moss, beneath the drooping branches of umbrageous trees, that formed a verdant canopy to shelter me. The

summer breeze made pleasant music with their leaves, blending in sweet harmony with the gushing sound of waters that murmured near. Birds of radiant plumage sang among the foliage, and butterflies, like winged flowers, poised themselves upon the fragrant blossoms that enamelled the turf, and made the air redolent with their odour. I saw no one near me, but a low, sweet, yet monotonous song, came soothingly upon my ear. I raised myself and looked abroad—dense forests, like a living wall, environed the green spot where I lay, and a rude habitation, such as I had never before seen, peeped forth from sheltering trees, above which its blue smoke curled up towards the bright clear sky. Vainly I strove to recall the past—I remembered only that I had been one among the soldiers of De Gourges, and I thought myself transported to another world. At that instant two figures issued from the door of the wigwam, as I afterwards learned to call that singular dwelling, and the sight of them awoke my dormant recollection—I had before seen those savage forms, or others that resembled them, and the fearful moment of my capture was again present to me, and all the horrors of my situation forced themselves with terrible certainty upon my mind. They passed on, those savage warriors, glancing upon me with cold stern eyes, as they glided by, and plunged into the forest depths; and sick with terror and despair, I sank back with a groan, upon my sylvan couch. Directly the murmured song was hushed—I heard a light footstep approach me, and a low quick breathing like the panting of a frightened bird—I raised my eyes, and never while consciousness survives, can the vision which then dawned upon me, fade from my remembrance.

No, my friend, I have wooed and won, and wedded since that hour, and have known happiness in my choice—but yet the fair daughter of the Gascon noble, and fair in truth she was, would have seemed beside that radiant creature of the forest, a dull and unattractive form, a piece of common clay, compared to the brilliant, ever sparkling diamond of the mine. Silently she stood beside me—the young Ascaora—a savage indeed, and arrayed in the rude habiliments of her race—yet have I dwelt in courts and princely halls, among the fairest forms of beauty, beauty enhanced by gorgeousness of dress and brilliancy of ornament; but the grace, the symmetry, the almost unearthly loveliness of that untutored maiden, were such as I had never seen before—such indeed as I have never since beheld. There she stood, her feathery tunic, dazzling with its varied and vivid hues, woven from the spoils of the bright birds that inhabited her forests, reaching to her delicate ankle, where it met the embroidered moccasin that shielded her small and beautiful foot. Her exquisite arms were wreathed with bracelets of pearly shells, and her long black hair garlanded with