

son of the stranger, the flame of the sacrifice that shall consume thee, will ere long be kindled, and our warriors shall dance to the music of thy death groans, while thou dost expire in torments. Thou hast thought to deceive the red men of the forest, but thou shalt find that the fox is more wary than the jackall, and when the scorching fire has seared the flesh from thy bones, thy naked skull shall be the drinking cup of Takaltha's race forever."

The instructions I had received from Ascaora enabled me to understand his words, and he turned away with a mocking laugh, for he saw they were not lost upon me. But a sharper pang of agony, than even that awakened by the certainty of my fearful fate, shot through my heart, when I saw that gentle maiden borne from me, and felt that through my unhappy means she was doomed in the early bud of her beautiful and tender youth, to a cruel and untimely death. Two savages immediately approached me, and pinioned my hands and feet with green withes, that, tightly drawn as they were, produced a sensation of the most agonizing pain. In that state, I was laid in the bottom of one of the canoes, while the barbarians kept watch over me, rendering the still and balmy air with their fiendish yells and outcries. But great as was the physical suffering I endured while in that situation, it was scarcely heeded amid the intenser mental pangs that drove me almost to insanity. How the bright skies in their calm and starry beauty, the soft moon with her pure and passionless face, as they looked quietly down upon me, seemed to mock the tumultuous warring of my mind! In what strange contrast came the sighing of the gentle breeze through the broad and leafy forests, to the wild tempest of thought and feeling, that swayed as with a whirlwind's might the chafed and heaving billows of my soul! All the fond and tender memories of the past crowded into that brief point of my existence—my father's smile, my mother's kiss, the playful caresses of my young sisters, the thousand associations of home, of childhood's and youth's cherished and remembered pleasures! And I was to know them no more—to perish by the hands of savages—to have even my ashes lie unburied, and my bones left to bleach in the trackless forests of a distant and almost unknown world. Then past in review, the few strange weeks of my captivity, and I wept—yes, when the images of home and parents left my eyes tearless—yet, I wept as I thought of the young Indian girl, and her sad and early doom. It was not till then, that I felt how potent was the spell she had cast around me—how pure and deep the homage that my heart had offered to her innocence and beauty, or that I was conscious how fondly, and how constantly I had permitted myself to blend her bright and gentle image with every plan and hope for the future—and now this fairy fabric of bliss was suddenly, and oh! how fearfully dissolved, and

death, in his most horrid form, stood like a grim spectre on its ruins.

The first rays of the sun were just glancing over the forests, when the Indians moored their canoes beneath a high bank, on the summit of which a cluster of dwellings indicated the location of a village—it was indeed the same from which we had made our escape, but a more central and populous portion of it. I was immediately raised upon the shoulders of the savages and bore up the ascent, and in defiance of pain and exhaustion, my eyes roved restlessly round in search of Ascaora. There I beheld her, not bound like myself, but led forward by her relentless father, like a guileless lamb to the sacrifice, and as her tearful glance met mine, a faint, but sweet and patient smile struggled on her full ripe lip. On they bore me, and my heart sank at the thought that I should see her no more. No more! what pathos in those words! what a touching knell to sound forth the brief and perishable nature of earth's fondest and most cherished joys. My conductors carried me on to a deep glen, and there, in a small area enclosed by high pointed rocks, which well served for the walls of a natural prison, they cast me rudely down upon the stony earth, and fastened me by strong cords, woven from the fibres of plants, to a stake driven into the ground. Vigilantly they guarded me—but they knew naught of that spell, which had I been left fetterless and free as air, would have chained me to their forest, so long as the fate of that gentle maiden, whom I had involved in my unhappy doom, remained unfixed.

During the day they brought me food of a quality unknown to me, but I rejected it with loathing, and asked for water, which my feverish palate craved. At first it was unfeelingly denied, but I ceased not to entreat them, for I was burning with thirst, and it was at length granted to my pressing importunities. They told me by signs, that on the coming morning I was to die, and strange were my sensations, as I looked upon the grey rocks and the feathery foliage of the trees that overtopped them, and watched the rays of the setting sun tingling the tender green of their leaves with burnished gold, and thought that I beheld these natural objects, which I had ever loved so well, for the last time—that when another sun should have set upon earth, my spirit would have passed beyond the boundaries of time, and entered that unseen world, whose mysteries flesh may never know, and whose joys so far surpass the dim and imperfect conceptions of the human heart. The day was one of feverish restlessness—the fears and hopes of earth still held sway over me, keeping me in bondage—but as the shadows of evening fell gently around me, calmer and more hallowed thoughts descended like the soft dews of night upon my soul. The Indians kindled huge watch fires, to fright the beasts of prey, and till morning dawned kept up their wild orgies with