

his arrows powerless, unless they are tipped with gold;—hearts have grown callous, and young men and maidens prudent!

Happily ignorant of court gossip, and unconscious of the marvel which their appearance created, the Indians, in the true dignity of unsophisticated nature, and self-relying, as in their native woods, stood in the presence of royalty, and before the gaze of the most refined and brilliant court of Europe. Nor was there a courtier present who bowed before the king with prouder grace than Donnacona, nor a beauty of the proudest lineage, whose graceful symmetry of form and feature could outshine the untutored loveliness of Fayawana, the singing bird of the Hurons.

Donnacona was attired in the rich costume of a Huron warrior; a tunic of sable furs, falling to his knees, was girded by a belt of wampum, richly wrought, in various devices, moccasins of deer skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and colored beads, and leggings of fine cloth, similarly ornamented, composed his attire. His naked breast was tattooed, with various figures, and on his head waved the tuft of eagles' feathers worn only by warriors of high renown. He carried a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows, bound together by a glittering serpent's skin, hung at his side. Though past the prime of life, his figure was still erect, and his limbs supple as the fleetest youth; the fire of his eye was undimmed, his step elastic, and his bearing, that of one who is accustomed to command.

The younger chiefs, habited in similar attire, attended him, bearing on their countenances the calm gravity of their race, and totally unmoved by the surprise, curiosity and admiration, which was murmured from every lip.

Fayawana was also there, in the picturesque attire usually worn by young females of her tribe; but the short tunic or upper garment, commonly made of deer skin, was of fine scarlet cloth, of European fabric, given her by Cartier, and fancifully adorned with tufts of various colored feathers, from the wild birds of her native clime. Her moccasins, also richly embroidered, closely fitted her slender feet, and her beautifully formed arms, bare to the shoulders, were decked with bracelets of coral beads. Her long soft hair, black as the raven's wing, fell nearly to her feet, and among its glossy braids were mingled the scarlet blossoms of the promegranate.

Fayawana was still in the bud of early girlhood, but her figure, tall, and finely rounded, showed the premature development of savage life, and the perfect repose of her countenance, the thoughtful intelligence of her large dark eyes,

gave an expression of maturity far beyond her years. She looked round the courtly circle, with the self-possession of one who was familiar with pomp and splendour, for, in the rude, though stately ceremonials of her own country, she had held the place of a chief's daughter; and among the Princes of the white people she felt no inferiority.

Francis received his tawny guests with great distinction; and his bearing to the gentle Fayawana was marked by that gallant courtesy which he ever displayed towards the softer sex, and which, of course, becoming the fashion of his court, had elevated it to a degree of chivalrous refinement, hitherto unknown, and far exceeding that of any other court in Europe.

"Young stranger," he said to her, through Cartier, who acted as interpreter, "we boast of many fair dames, and beauteous demoiselles, in this wide realm of ours, but, by Our Lady! a fairer than thyself has never yet graced our presence."

Fayawana acknowledged the compliment, by a graceful smile, which lit up her whole countenance with feeling and intelligence.

"Am I not right, *Sieur de Roberval*?" continued the king, to that nobleman; "I should crave thy pardon, but methinks even the Countess Natalie would not scorn a comparison with one so lovely as this dark eyed child of our new found empire."

"The beauty that can please your Majesty's fastidious taste must indeed be faultless," said De Roberval, "and, by my faith! if the new world beyond the seas is peopled with such fair inhabitants, there will be no lack of cavaliers to do your Majesty's service there—nay, even to carry a crusade into the heathen land, if need be."

"Ah! it is a heathen land, truly," returned the king gravely; "but with the Saints' help, and our good bishop's," and he devoutly crossed himself, "we will bring them to the faith of our holy church, 'ere long. Explain to the young girl, *M. Cartier*," he continued, "and as pledge of our royal word, and token of our royal favor, we pray her to grace this holy symbol, by receiving it in our remembrance, and he took from his neck a chain of gold, to which was appended a small cross of brilliants.

He placed it in the hand of De Roberval, who, obeying a gesture from the king, threw it gracefully around the neck of the young Indian girl. Fayawana understood the scene, intuitively, and she received the gift, as a princess might have received a royal favor, with calm and graceful dignity; as the Count met her eye, the gallant compliment which he was about to utter, died on