

ed, and gallant monarch of the age, he could well appreciate the true nobility of the brave old chief; nor was the wily, but simple hearted savage, insensible to the honor, or indifferent to the kindness thus conferred on him. With the discernment of a sound judgment, he perceived the advantages of a more civilised state, fondly as his heart still turned to the wild-wood freedom of his race; and he listened daily, with more and more attention, to the arguments of Francis, who sought to persuade him, that frequent intercourse, and friendly relations with them, might lead the way to gradual improvement among his own people.

Alas! how often has the good faith, and honest confidence of that devoted race, been repaid by the basest treachery! In all the dealings between the white men and the Indians, from their earliest history, how invariably has the intellectual superiority of the former enabled them to practice the grossest injustice and dishonesty! The cruelty and treachery of the Indians can never justify it; nor were those dark traits in their character brought into action, till Christians, by their violence and oppression, awakened the fell spirit of vengeance in their savage hearts!

A few weeks after their arrival, it was announced that a Court entertainment would be given, at which the red children of the forest were expected to be present, and, as may be supposed, it produced a prodigious excitement amongst the fashionable circles of Paris. Many were the *jeu d'esprits* elicited by the occasion, and endless the conjectures, as to the appearance, apparel and behaviour of the tawny strangers.

"Now, by my faith!" said the young Count de Roberval, "but I think our good king is distraight; what can tempt his gracious majesty to inflict these savages on us, his civilized subjects? On the word of a true knight, I could scarcely bring myself to endure their presence, only that thou, *ma belle*, wilt be there, to dispel their darkness, by the light of thy fair countenance."

"And, on the word of a fair demoiselle," said the sparkling beauty whom he addressed, "thy flattery, my lord count, has lost all its raciness; one grows weary of the conceits and common-places one hears from day to day—always the same! Methinks these savages might be taught more esprit; and by the way, Count René says this Indian Chief is magnificent,—a model for the chisel of a Phidias; and the young Indian girl will put the fairest beauties of our unfortunate land to the blush, by her surpassing loveliness!"

"What!" said De Roberval, laughing. "A young girl, indeed! A new Dido, or Cleopatra, I suppose, ready to set the world on fire again! But now the riddle is unravelled, for our loving king is ever gallant to the sex, and, like a *preux chevalier*, does homage to the charms of all, be they fair or brown."

"M. Cartier extols her beauty to the skies," observed the lively Marquise Perrot, who was related to the navigator; "so beware, Sir Knight, lest your heart be taken by surprise. Our young friend here, Countess Natalie, would scarce brook a rival among her own copeers, much less in this simple child of nature, as they are pleased to call her."

"A child of nature would be a rare sight indeed, within our courtly circles," returned the Count, sarcastically; "and would need a champion to defend her! but, as the Marquise knows, my motto is 'Constancy!' and he who wears the Countess Natalie's colors, needs no other protection to his heart."

He bowed low to the young lady, as he spoke, and was answered by the usual smile of gratified vanity; for the countess received the homage of admiration as a right, which her beauty privileged her to claim, from all who approached her. She had also especial claims on the homage of the Sieur de Roberval, for they had been betrothed from childhood, and the nuptials were delayed only till she became of age, a period which both awaited with perfect tranquillity, quite undisturbed by those hopes and fears which usually agitate the hearts of ordinary lovers. Natalie was an orphan, of high birth and ample fortune, and, as a ward of the king, he had been pleased to bestow her hand on his young favorite, De Roberval, whose birth and fortune rendered the alliance equal, and gave entire satisfaction to all connected with them. They had never asked themselves if they loved; the king's pleasure, and mutual convenience were enough; neither had any other preference, and, for the rest, the Count admired the brilliant and high spirited beauty, whom fortune had selected for him, and *she* was satisfied that her future husband was rich and handsome, and that her life would be passed amid the gaiety and splendor of a court.

Behold the charm—wealth and convenience! more potent than any yet woven in the web of Cupid—which creates so many matrimonial alliances, not only in courts, as in olden times, but at this day, through all the orders of society! Cupid and Plutus! alas! in the long strife between them, the little blind God too often finds