

looking youth in his semi-Indian dress, with his brown beard and copious *chevelure* of light, curling hair; and as he stood there, the representative of an unknown race, his remarkable beauty and fairness of hue created a powerful impression in the dark-skinned circle.

The King, too, gazed long and silently upon him; marking, with an emotion he could not conceal, the rich blood that mantled under the translucent skin, the broad and erect brow, the azure orbs, the flowing locks—each lineament, in short, that denoted his Teutonic origin; and with an earnest scrutiny that evinced a stronger interest than mere curiosity in his foreign guest.

"The virgin of the sunrise is here;" he replied, in a low, serious voice. "In a little and thou shalt see her once again. Ye are of one lineage, in very truth; the light of morning beams from thy countenance as from hers."

So saying, Unicum arose, and taking Conrad by the hand, presented him to his court, in the following mysterious terms:

"Priests, Caciques, and Nobles of the ancient tribes; that which our fathers looked for during many cycles, in vain, has come to pass in these days. Behold, the brother of the white-skinned