

It was an impressive scene, when in the twilight of a calm summer's evening, all the ship's crew were piped on deck, to perform the last rites of humanity to the poor Indian woman. The females had apparelled her in holiday garments, according to the custom of their tribes, and hung about her the beads and gew-gaws so pleasing to the savage eye. They also placed beside her the measure of corn, which was to serve for her future food, and the silver voice of Fayawana, the singing bird, chanted the last farewell to the departed. The ship was brought to, with reefed sails, and Jacques Cartier himself, with a broken voice and a troubled spirit, read the funeral service for the dead, according to the ritual of the Romish church. The body, fastened to a plank, and made heavy by weights, lay in the gang-way, and at the conclusion of the service, was pushed slowly from the ship's side, and instantly disappeared in the yawning abyss. One heavy plunge, amidst that death-like silence, and then the parted waves rolled back, the sails were set, the ship steered on her course, and the last record of the poor savage was forever obliterated.

The Indians witnessed the scene with superstitious dread, and sad forebodings; Maraquita wept and would not be comforted, and Fayawana's heart was troubled, and many thoughts disquieted her. Long she remained that night, with Donnacona by her side, and Maraquita sobbing at her feet, watching the stars as they came forth, and the moon casting her pearly light upon the heaving waves, and the long phosphoric track of brightness, following the ship's course like a stream of clustering gems.

"Father!" she said at length, "Orabooa, the daughter of a chief, lies deep in the dark green sea, and far from the graves of her fathers,—can the Great Spirit find her there, and lead her to the hunting grounds of her tribe, that she may prepare venison for the happy? Speak, father, for the spirit of thy daughter is troubled!"

"Daughter!" said the old chief tenderly, "the Great Spirit watches over all, and Orabooa is not forgotten."

"Father, I am content," said Fayawana.

She took Maraquita in her arms, and thenceforth all that she had was shared with her.

The death of Orabooa, soon followed by two others, excited great alarm; but fortunately a favorable wind sprang up to avert the dreaded evils of disease and famine, and borne rapidly on in a few days, with inexpressible pleasure, Cartier cast anchor in the first French harbour which he could gain.

The sun shone brightly, on a clear autumnal

morning, when Jacques Cartier, with his exhausted crew, and the remnant of the captive Indians, cast anchor before the walls of St. Malo. The royal banner streamed gaily from the citadel, and under its protecting shadow, the old maritime town, shared largely in that prosperity which Francis, by his able policy, had revived throughout the kingdom, and which, more than the splendor of his arms, has given lasting glory to his reign.

It was soon rumoured, that Cartier, whose name was already renowned, had returned, safe from the *terra incognita*, which his adventurous genius added to his Sovereign's realm, and crowds were hastily gathered, to gaze at the weather-beaten vessel, and to catch a glimpse of the intrepid navigator. He stood on the prow of his ship, and beside him stood two tawny chiefs, in the full costume of their warlike tribe; and his heart swelled with honest pride, as he courteously bared his head in acknowledgment of the hearty cheers which rung from his admiring countrymen.

Great must have been the wonder and astonishment of those untutored Indians, when they first beheld the abodes of civilized man. The old fortified town, with its vast walls of solid masonry, rising suddenly before them,—the looped towers, guarded by mail-clad sentinels,—the Gothic church, gray with age,—streets of merchandize, and commodious houses,—citizens in rich dresses,—artizans in homely garb, and peasants bringing their rural wealth, in picturesque attire,—all formed a panorama, beautiful to the practised eye, but to a savage mind, confused and incomprehensible. Yet, with habitual caution and self-control, they repressed every emotion, and all outward demonstration; only, the scarce audible "ugh" involuntarily uttered, gave evidence of their observation and surprise. Probably a vague feeling of superstitious dread mingled with their other sensations; transported, as they were, from the depths of a wilderness, across the mysterious ocean, which their frail barks had never traversed, and which to them seemed boundless, as it spread in vast extent, bearing the waters of their mighty streams,—they stood at once in the heart of civilized life, and felt themselves surrounded by a spirit of intelligence and power, which they could not comprehend or resist, and which bound them,—hitherto free and independent children of the forest,—passively to the will of others.

Sickness, as we have said, had laid a heavy hand on the poor savages, and death had already taken several from their number. But abundance of fresh provisions, and other needed comforts, which were now liberally supplied, soon restored their native vigor, and Donnacona, whose iron