

his manner, and Fayawana's smile grew brighter, as she listened to the gay and courteous words which fell so gracefully from his lips. Still a child in age, for she had yet scarcely numbered fifteen summers, in mental and physical development, she seemed, at least, two years older; and De Roberval, whose imagination had been strongly impressed by her beauty, and simple grace, when he first beheld her at the Court of Francis, now watched from day to day, her expanding loveliness, and the gradual unfolding of her mind and character, with a degree of pleasing interest, which he never thought of analysing, or once dreamed that so sweet a study might prove dangerous, to a young and susceptible cavalier. If there was danger, it lurked unsuspected in the recesses of his heart, which he believed sufficiently guarded, by his engagement to the Countess Natalie; the allegiance due to her, he thought not of transferring to another.

Fayawana was not forgetful, in her own enjoyment and improvement, of the claims of duty, or the gentle offices of affection. Donnacona became dearer to her heart, and her obligations to him seemed more sacred, as his failing strength required more constantly her attentive care, and his drooping spirits the sustaining cheerfulness which she never failed to shed around him. Gradually he lost all the energy and spirit of his native character, and sunk into that passive and indolent state to which the savage character almost invariably degenerates, when subjected to the ordeal of civilization. Almost his sole amusement and recreation, consisted in the exercise of his bow and arrow, and he would often spend hours, in practising those feats of skill, for which his race are so remarkable. Francis, who had a passionate love for all athletic games, desired greatly to witness the prowess of the old chief; and he was accordingly prevailed upon to appear, once more, on a festive occasion, and before the assembled court.

It was on a beautiful day, in early summer, and a brilliant party of knights and cavaliers, and high born ladies, were assembled at the new palace of Fontainbleu, even then, in its unfinished state, a noble monument of Francis' magnificent taste, and long afterwards the favorite residence of his royal successors. The arena of an extensive court was prepared for a game of archery, a pastime in which both ladies and cavaliers took great delight. The tessellated pavement, wrought in rich mosaic, shone like polished gems, and on an elevated seat, beneath a canopy of state, curtained with tissue of gold, and Tyrian dye, and looped with precious stones, were seated the royal family; the steps leading to them, saith

an old chronicle, "being covered with cloth of gold, and goodly tapestry." A semi-circle of seats extended round the arena, richly adorned with quaint devices, and covered with crimson velvet, fringed with gold, in which were seen the chivalry of France, her fairest dames, and the flower of her nobility.

Fayawana felt little inclination to mingle in the festivities of a scene so uncongenial to her simple taste; she found no attraction in the artificial excitement, and she had already learned enough of the adventitious distinctions of society to feel her own position, in such an assemblage, solitary and peculiar. But the expressed command of royalty could not be disobeyed, still less the wishes of Donnacona, which were always a law to her.

The games were commenced by the fair competitors for the prize, which was a diamond ring, exquisitely wrought, and of great value. It was placed on the target, and the skilful hand, which pierced the centre of the glittering bauble, would be declared its fortunate possessor.

Great was the excitement of the occasion, and much harmless rivalry was called forth by the graceful exercise. But many a skilful hand lost its firmness, in the eagerness of competition, and others, too self-confident, missed the mark through presumption. Others—it must be confessed, their numbers were small—shrinking from the general gaze, failed from sheer timidity. Not among these was the Countess Natalie; who, with perfect reliance on her well known dexterity, carefully adjusted the arrow, and with a firm, and steady hand, sent it bounding from the bow. It passed straight within the circle of the ring; a jot nearer, proud fair one! and the prize had been thine own, and still more coveted, the triumph of success! But the point is still untouched, and the arrow falls harmless to the ground.

The flush of anticipated victory, which mounted to her brow, passed away, and with a look of assumed gaiety, that ill concealed her vexation, she cast the bow from her, saying, she would never again trust the faithless weapon. The Count de Roberval stooped to raise it, with careless gallantry, and whispered a flattering compliment, which was meant to soothe her wounded pride.

But the true language of heartfelt interest beamed from his eyes, as Fayawana at that moment raised her bow, with graceful ease, and selecting an arrow from the quiver which hung at her side, nicely adjusted it to the string. As she stood a moment, her dark eye fixed on the point, to which the arrow was directed, one fairy