

ness, and suffering of various kinds. As early in the spring as it was possible to quit that frozen region, Cartier prepared for his homeward voyage; and then for the first time, the unsuspecting natives were startled by an act of treachery, which justly destroyed the confidence they had so freely bestowed upon their unknown visitants. Cartier invited the chief, Donnacona, with several of his warriors and people, to a friendly entertainment in his ship; the other vessels were already leaving the port, and while engaging their attention with various objects of curiosity, to them, and pleasing their rude taste, by gifts of gaudy toys, he caused the anchor to be weighed, and a fresh breeze bore them rapidly from the land of their forefathers.

Donnacona and his followers were filled with grief and indignation, when they discovered the perfidy of the white strangers; they would have cast themselves into the sea, and endeavored to reach the shore by swimming, but were forcibly prevented, and for some time strictly watched. But it is a well known trait of Indian character, that they seldom expend their feelings in a show of outward grief, but are taught from childhood to hide the most intense agony under a calm exterior. And thus Donnacona and his companions, after the first outbreak of indignant surprise, yielded passively to their fate, unmoved alike by words of flattering kindness, or by the hope held out of a speedy return to their country.

The most touching expression of grief was remarked on the countenance of a young girl, about twelve years of age, an adopted child of the chief Donnacona, who had accompanied him to the ship, at the special desire of Cartier. The beauty of the Indian child attracted the attention of the navigator, and he gladly included her among the number of those whom he designed to carry with him, as living specimens to gratify the eager curiosity of his countrymen, in regard to the inhabitants of the New World. They would be sure to admire the tawny loveliness of the little Fayawana,—her large dark eyes, so soft and expressive, her clear olive cheek, contrasted with the rosy lips, parted to display teeth of pearly whiteness, and her slight form, free and elastic as the bounding fawn of her native forest.

Jacques Cartier probably did not realize to its full extent the injustice he was committing; he knew not how dearly those poor savages loved their native woods, and the wild, migratory life they followed; and, fond of variety and adventure himself, he might suppose they would soon feel reconciled to the change, and in a few months he would return them to their native shores.

But the dejected countenances of the captives, told a tale of suffering, which their lips were never opened to express, and though treated with unvarying kindness, and supplied with every comfort, they pined like caged animals, within the narrow limits allotted to them. Even the vigorous frame of Donnacona was bowed, and his proud eye became dim, and though his countenance remained impassive, and his bearing haughty, as became the renowned chief of a warlike tribe, he felt humiliated by captivity, and degraded by the subtlety which entrapped him.

Fayawana, his adopted child, watched him with a loving care, which anticipated every want, and with a tender anxiety which sought, by every endearing art, to lighten the burden of his heart. Her father, the brother of Donnacona, had been early slain, in battle with a hostile tribe, and from that hour, his infant children and their mother were sheltered in the cabin of the chief, and became objects of his warmest affection. He loved to train the young boy to feats of dexterity and arms; and under her mother's careful eye, Fayawana learned to prepare his favorite food, to weave the softest mats for his rude couch, and to rear the fragrant plant, which supplied the luxury of his soothing pipe. When troubled, her warbling voice could always cheer him, and when he returned weary from the chase, she ran with fleet foot to bring water from the coolest spring, and to gather ripe fruits from the hidden forest shades to refresh him. Joyous as the wild birds of spring, and graceful as a silver stream, her happy existence was continued sunshine, and, by the children of the forest, she was called the Singing Bird of their tribe.

But now a change had come over the sportive child, and the joyousness of her young spirit, was turned to sadness. When she first beheld the swelling sails, bearing them from the receding shore, and read, in the countenances of those around her, the tale of treachery, she uttered a loud cry, and stretching her arms towards the shore, called wildly on her mother and her brother, as if her feeble voice could reach the desolated home, where they vainly waited her return. The chief raised her tenderly, in his arms, for his own heart was full of sorrow; but when the first burst of grief had subsided, he sternly bade her restrain her tears, and suffer no outward trace to reveal to the pale faces the pangs they had inflicted.

Fayawana was the daughter of a proud race, and had been trained to habits of submission and obedience. The words of Donnacona were a law to her, and her affection made obedience a willing task. From that moment, the playful