

with abundance of soft skins, and mats made of fibrous threads, or the coarse grass of the prairie, and rendered the whole, as far as was in his power, comfortable and commodious. They were to occupy this dwelling by themselves; for long as she had been in the country, Rachel did not love too close an association with the natives. Manteo's wigwam adjoined it, and under his vigilant and faithful guardianship, Rachel experienced a feeling of security, that would otherwise have been unknown to her. A rude paling surrounded her little demesne, and she brought the wild and beautiful vines, which she found in the forest, and trained them to climb over her humble roof. She also transplanted many flowers and shrubs to the garden, which Manteo formed for her, similar to those laid out by the colonists, and every year it became prettier, with its gay parterres, and its rustic arbour, overgrown with the native grape, laden with its purple clusters of beautiful and tempting fruit.

Rachel forced herself to take an interest in the arrangements which Manteo was so anxiously making for her comfort,—and persuaded, that for the present, at least, the wilderness was destined to be her home; she resumed that cheerfulness, which is the offspring of faith and hope, and adapting herself with facility to her situation, entered into the joys and griefs of the untutored beings by whom she was surrounded, learning of them many curious arts, and in return, imparting a knowledge of those comforts, and ingenious contrivances, which belong to a civilized state of society. She had been so fortunate as to find in the chests conveyed by Manteo from Roanoke, many articles of little intrinsic worth, but of priceless value to her in her exile. Besides wearing apparel, sufficient to supply her own and Virginia's wardrobe for years, they contained books, writing materials, and the implements for female industry, also several articles of plate engraved with the family arms of Mr. Dare, and a few odd pieces of china. There was found too, a small parcel of flower seeds, which Virginia's mother had brought with her over the ocean, intending to propagate the flowers of her country in the virgin soil of the new world; but the birth of her child, almost immediately after her arrival, and her subsequent illness and death, had prevented her design. Tears blinded Rachel's eyes as she examined the little parcel, which she remembered to have seen her young mistress prepare and label, with many fond and bright anticipations. It would break her heart, she thought, to see flowers springing from those seeds, only for savages to gaze upon, and with a sigh she laid them by, till Virginia should grow old enough, to find pleasure in their culture. And for her fairy fingers it was reserved, to sow in the soil of the wilderness, the seeds of those favourite flowers, which her ill-fated mother had loved to nurture in the garden bowers of her early home.

And so they lived, and so passed on years, without

bringing to the exiles any tidings from the far-off shores of England; yet still, in the secret recesses of her heart, Rachel cherished the fond hope of returning to it, and still Manteo kept a vigilant, but a vain lookout, for the sail of some new adventurer to the western world. Home, the home of her earlier years, with all its sweet associations, was ever present to the mind of Rachel, and the last injunction of Virginia's parents, that she should bear their child to her paternal land, sounded forever in her ears, and weighed like a command from the grave, upon her soul. It was her constant and fervent prayer, that she might live to fulfil this duty, and the desire became stronger, and more ardent, as she saw Virginia growing up beside her, perfect in beauty, graceful as a fawn, and lovely in every attribute of mind and heart. She had sought to instruct her in the elements of such simple lore, as she herself possessed, but the quick intellect of the pupil soon grasped all that her teacher could impart, and far outstripped her in the paths of knowledge—luxuriating in the books, the maps, the pictures which had been saved from the devastation at Roanoke, and which in her state of almost utter desolation, opened to her wondering search, a mine of intellectual wealth, that seemed to her exhaustless.

Nature had given to Virginia a gay and joyous temperament, but her peculiar situation, the little sympathy which, as the powers of her mind unfolded and matured, she found in her untutored companions; above all, the sad tale of her parent's sufferings and death, which had been early and often told her by her nurse, combined to produce a somewhat saddening effect upon her character. She loved to be alone, to look within herself, for sources of intellectual enjoyment, which none about her could furnish, and thus she seemed to be invested with a halo of brightness and purity, which lent a touching charm to her beauty, and rendered her in the estimation of the simple people among whom she dwelt, a being, of a nature far purer, and holier than their own. Their choicest offerings were made to her,—fantastic wreaths of wild flowers interwoven with sea shells, were laid before the door of her dwelling,—ripe fruits in gaily woven baskets, were presented to her, and girdles and moccasins, wrought with moose hair and porcupine quills, were brought from a far by young men of the tribe, and laid in homage at her feet. Virginia received their gifts, with grace and sweetness, proffering in return, such little ornaments as her ingenuity could manufacture from the materials within her reach.

Nor did she disdain to mingle freely in their sports, and she was fleet of foot as the swiftest of their race. Her arrow pierced the mark with as true an aim as any that cut the air, and the favourite dance of the tribe, she executed with an exquisite grace, that would have caused it to be considered a beautiful performance, even beside the much admired waltz of modern days. But still her young