

known, in communicating all the information he wished. He was listened to with interest and surprise—and received in return, the assurance of the commander, that, as it was not thought advisable for his vessel to approach Croatoan, he would remain on the coast for a week longer, when he would anchor off Cape Hateras, and there wait to receive on board the exiles, who wished to flee from the wilderness to the shores of a Christian land.

With what feelings of unutterable joy, Ferdinand listened to these details; it is impossible to describe. Silent, yet fervent was the prayer of gratitude, which rose from his inmost soul, to that God, who had watched over his safety amid the perils of the wilderness, and who was now opening a way for his return to freedom and happiness. And as he looked towards the boundless ocean, and thought how soon he should be borne over its waves to the friends of his love, the sweet remembrance, of who was to be his companion in that homeward voyage, made him feel that all the terrors and sufferings he had of late endured, were more than compensated, by the priceless treasure they had secured for him. Momentarily absorbed by these emotions, he heeded not the absence of Manteo, who had no sooner finished the relation of his adventures, than he plunged into the thicket, and hastened by a shorter path to the dwelling of Rachel, anxious to inform her also of his success. Ferdinand walked thoughtfully onward, passing through the Indian village, where the children were sporting around their mothers, who sat in groups beneath the trees, while the young men, who were not absent at the chase, amused themselves with the athletic games of their nation. They came forward with kindly greetings to the stranger, and as he courteously acknowledged their salutations, his heart almost smote him for the ungrateful return he was about to render for their hospitality, in assisting to bear away, those whom they so loved and honoured, and to whose presence, they believed themselves indebted, for a large portion of their prosperity and happiness.

The sun was declining in the west, when Ferdinand reached the rude paling that enclosed the habitation of Rachel, and he paused before passing it, for the soft voice of Virginia was heard from within the rustic arbor, singing a wild and touching air, that thrilled him with its melody. Its burden was of home, that home which she had never seen, and the words were the effusion of her own untaught genius. It ceased, and Ferdinand leaping the slight barrier, advanced gently towards the lovely songstress, who reclined upon a mossy seat beneath the leafy shelter of the grape. Beside her, stood a beautiful Indian boy, of some eight or ten years of age, the only son of Manteo. Virginia called him her little page, and meet was he to tend a lady's bower, for never noble dame could boast a follower of rarer beauty, or one attired in more fanciful array. He had been left motherless in infancy, and

the tender nurture lavished on him by the gentle English girl, had rendered her the object of his most absorbing love. He hovered incessantly about her, he seemed indeed, to enjoy existence only in her presence, and it was the joy and delight of his young heart, to minister to her comfort and happiness. She had instructed him in her language, and in the precepts of that holy religion, with which her own heart had been early imbued, by her faithful nurse, and young as he was, such faith had they both in his affection and truth, that he was admitted equally with Manteo, to their trust and confidence.

As Ferdinand, unperceived, drew near the place they occupied, the words of the boy struck his ear, as in a somewhat saddened tone he asked:

"And that song is of the home to which the Snow-flake is going? and is it as fair a home as this? Do the beaver and the panther dwell there, and have they birds like those that build in our forests, and whose plumage glitters with the dazzling colours of the rainbow," and he raised the corner of his feathery tunic as he spoke, where with exquisite taste and skill, an infinite variety of hues were blended into harmony and beauty.

"It is a fair land, Ensenore," said the sweet accents of Virginia in reply; "at least they say so, who have seen it. Pleasant voices, and kind faces are there—the incense of Christian worship arises from every dwelling, and Christian faith, hallows the hopes and affections of every heart."

"But there are no hunting grounds in that far-off land," said the boy thoughtfully; "and yet Ensenore cares not, if the Snow-flake is there, and ceases not to love him. Say, will it be so? or will the dark eyed stranger, who bears her away from the still shelter of her forest home, teach her to forget the Indian boy, whom she cherished in the wigwam of his own country?"

The deep blush which crimsoned the fair cheek of Virginia at these words, mounted to her temples, when a slight change in her position, revealed Ferdinand to her view. He marked her emotion, he read its cause, and the joyous bounding of his heart, told him how inexpressibly dear, was this slight token of the interest he had awakened in her.

"Ensenore," he said, "the Snow-flake will love and cherish you in her father-land, as it has been her joy to do in these forests, where your people have given her a peaceful home. Hers is not a heart to change like the changing waves of the ocean, and happy will he be, who is first destined to unveil the pure fountain of its young and rich affections."

His voice faltered as he spoke, and his eye timidly sought that of Virginia—it was bent upon the ground, but the tell-tale blood, spoke eloquently in her cheek. He drew courage from the omen, and gently approaching her, said in a subdued and tender tone: