

his countryman, foresaw the approach of some terrible catastrophe, and ceased not to urge the English to flee from the island, and seek shelter at Croatoan, where he assured them they would find safety, and a friendly welcome. Alarmed by the many savage acts of their predatory neighbours, they at length resolved to follow his advice, and hastened as privately as possible, to make the necessary preparations for their departure, when in the dead hour of the very night preceding that designed for the execution of their purpose, the horrible war-whoop of the Indians, fearfully breaking the midnight silence, roused them from their slumbers. Each man flew to arms—but the ammunition of the forsaken colonists had long been exhausted, and such weapons as they could seize, were wielded in vain, against the overpowering numbers of the foe. Whither should they flee? a thought of the boats in which they had intended to depart from Roanoke, occurred to them, and in the hope of thus securing their safety, they retired, fighting, to the water's edge. But the wily savages had prevented even this chance of their escape—every boat was removed, excepting one which had brought their cruel assailants to the island, and into that, all who could escape the clubs and arrows of the Indians, precipitately sprang. Of these, the greater proportion were women and children, who at the first terrific sound of the onset, had fled with piercing cries to the water. But alas, for them—they fled from one death only to rush upon another, for the night, as if the elements would act in concert with the horrible scene, had become tempestuous, the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves, crested with foam, came tumbling fast upon each other, and breaking in fury upon the beach.

But there was naught even in the ocean's vexed and angry voice, so appalling to the terror-stricken fugitives, as the dark, ferocious visages of the naked savages, who pursued them with their hideous war-cry, and with the strength of desperation, those, who had gained the boat, pushed from the shore, gladly committing themselves to, the mercy of the more merciful deep. But in their eagerness to escape, they had so thronged, and deeply laden the frail vessel, that the first wave which rolled heavily towards it, engulfed it in its watery folds, and as its hapless occupants disappeared within the dark abyss, a shout of triumph burst from the fiendish crew upon the shore, and swept far over the face of the stormy waters, mingling its demoniac peal with the discord of the elements, and with the wilder sound of that thrilling death-cry, which the heaving waves sent up from the poor victims who had found a rest within their depths.

So perished the ill-fated colony of Roanoke—and the only individuals saved from the general destruction, were the infant Virginia, and her nurse. Rachel was sleeping, with the child fast locked in her arms, when she was suddenly awakened by the

faithful Manteo, who stood at her bed side, calling upon her to rise and follow him, for the Indians were stealthily advancing to attack them. She instantly obeyed, sounding the alarm, while she hastily threw her clothes about her, but they had scarcely time to escape through a narrow opening in the palissade, when the dreadful onset of the savages rung in their ears. Manteo snatched the child from her arms, and wrapping his mantle of skins around its face to stifle its terrified cries, he plunged into the forest, in a direction opposite to the scene of strife, followed closely by the self-possessed, but silent Rachel. It was dark and cloudy—not a star was visible in the heavens, and the storm was gathering in its fury—but with the celerity and instinct of his race, he threaded the intricate mazes of the forest, dragging Rachel on, when her step faltered, and whispering softly to the frightened infant, to allay its fears. At length he paused before a low browed cavern near the shore, which was overgrown with creeping plants, and hidden beneath the matted boughs of ancient forest trees. Lifting the wild vines, that hung like a curtain before its entrance, and giving Rachel the child, he bade her remain there in perfect quiet, till his return. He waited not for question nor reply, but darted away, leaving her alone in gloom and silence, broken only by the sounds of the gathering tempest, and of the ocean waves, dashing with hollow murmurs on the shore.

Thus passed on an hour, a long and anxious one to Rachel, who sat upon the ground holding the sleeping child upon her lap, and fearing to move, lest she should awaken her. At the expiration of that time Manteo returned. He informed her, that he had gone forth in the hope of aiding the Colonists against their assailants, or at least of rescuing some of the women and children from their power. But he found that his single arm could avail them nought in the unequal contest, and the promise he had made to the father of Virginia, restrained him from throwing his life lightly away, although his blood boiled at the outrages he had that night seen committed against his white brothers. But he was powerless to aid or avenge them, and he had looked on at a distance, and seen them all perish, all, every one—yet felt that vengeance was in the hand of the Great Spirit, who would not permit their murderers to go long unpunished.

Rachel listened to him in silence, for her heart was full, and as she clasped the still sleeping infant to her bosom, tears of bitter anguish bathed its innocent face. She felt that they were both outcasts from civilized life, and her heart sunk as the dark future, with all its undefined and shadowy horrors arose before her. The remainder of that fearful night passed away in silence, the silence of stern thought on the part of Manteo, and with the desolate Rachel it was spent in tears, and earnest prayer for fortitude, and resignation to her dreary lot.