

as they had never before experienced, taught them to feel that they were hoping against hope, when, but for the fortitude and wisdom of a few, who toiled and planned for the subsistence and safety of the whole, they would all have miserably perished, through fear and utter despondency. To Mrs. Dare, indeed, the mysterious circumstance of her father's continued absence, proved a fatal stroke. The terrors and hardships of the wilderness, had already rudely shaken a naturally delicate constitution, and when her heart became sick with hope deferred, and was alternately racked with fears and agonizing doubts for her father's safety and affection, her health yielded to the overwhelming strength of her emotions, and after lingering for several months, an example of patient and gentle sweetness, she sank peacefully to an early grave, grieving only for her husband and child, and imploring him with her latest breath, to return with their little one, by the first opportunity, to the home and altars of their country. Mr. Dare promised to fulfil her wish; but he was not permitted to do so, for very shortly he was destined to share the silent forest grave of his early and only beloved.

For some months previous to this event, the natives had betrayed symptoms of a wish to re-possess themselves of the island, and in several instances had shewn a degree of malignity, that menaced the little colony with danger. Several individuals, who had ventured to the main land in search of game, had been slightly wounded by the arrows of the ambushed foe, and though this warning should have taught caution to others, Mr. Dare had the temerity when paddling his canoe along the shore, accompanied by Manteo, to land, attracted by a fine stag, which he saw browsing, through a glade of the forest. But his life paid the forfeit of his imprudence, for scarcely had he leaped upon the bank, when an arrow from some unseen hand pierced his side, and hastily retreating to his boat, Manteo bore him, with Indian celerity, back to the settlement. But before he reached it, the agony of withdrawing the barbed weapon from the wound, caused him to faint, and even had not the wound itself proved fatal, it was but too evident that the poison with which the arrow's point was tipped had already diffused itself through his frame, and done the work of death. He survived but a short time—just long enough to bless his innocent child, who smiled in his arms, unconscious of her orphan state, or of the fearful perils that environed her. He entreated Manteo, to save her from the malice of his countrymen, and enjoined upon him, and upon Rachel, her nurse, to guard her with their lives, and never to feel that their duty was fulfilled, till they had found an opportunity of bearing her in safety to England, to the arms of those near relatives who would with joy receive and cherish her, as the precious legacy of her lost, unfortunate parents.

Manteo, in return for his faithful services to the English, had received from those empowered to bestow it, the title of Lord of Roanoke—an empty honour, and one which it is difficult to believe a savage could appreciate, sufficiently to deem it a reward—however, history relates the fact, and therefore we may suppose it was not valueless, even in the eyes of the untaught child of nature. He had also embraced the Christian religion, and been baptized in the name of his blessed Saviour, and in all honour and faith he promised to the dying father to protect his infant daughter, even with his own life, nor rest in peace beneath the shelter of his wigwam, till he had found means to convey her across the great waters, to the land of her people. Thus was the little Virginia left, a fair and lovely blossom, in the midst of a frightful wilderness—with none save an untutored Indian, and a humble dependent of her family, to care for her welfare, and watch the gradual unfolding of her dawning intellect. Rachel, her nurse, had been also the nurse of her mother's infancy—had nurtured her at her own bosom, borne her in her arms in childhood, and almost with the doating affection of a mother, had marked her, as years rolled on, burst into ripe and lovely womanhood. She had stood beside her, when she plighted her maiden vows to the husband of her choice; and when with a resolute heart, she prepared to accompany him to his home in the wilderness, the faithful Rachel shrunk not from following the fortunes of her youthful mistress—and never, amid the darkest hour of trial, did one regret assail her for her constancy. She felt that she had cheered and brightened many a dreary hour, and infused comfort into many a bitter draught for those she loved. Her hand had smoothed the pillow for her dying child, and closed in their last sleep the soft eyes which she had so often lulled to pleasant slumber—and from her arms, as a last legacy, she had received the precious infant, for whose sweet sake she still cherished life, even with an almost hopeless future stretching drearily before her. And well was it for her, that Providence had so fitted her for the situation, in which He had now placed her. She was a woman of strong intellect, high in purpose, resolute in heart, cheerful even in extremity, firm, active, shrewd, and above all, deeply imbued with the pure and elevating spirit of Christianity; which ever led her with childlike confidence, to place her trust and reliance, on that wise and beneficent Being, "who guides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

After the death of Mr. Dare, the Indians sought not to conceal their hostility, but were incessantly seeking opportunities to annoy the Colonists, who, in order to repel them, and as a means of self defence, enclosed their little settlement with a pallisade of trees, which gave it the appearance of a fort. Manteo, familiar with the vindictive spirit of