

openly slighting these savage potentates, or suffering their intention of escape to be suspected.

While she was yet speaking, the door of the wigwam burst suddenly open, and Virginia darting forward, threw herself into the arms of her faithful nurse. Ferdinand Velasquez stood transfixed, as the lovely vision passed him—so pure, so innocent, so heavenly a face, he thought his eyes had never before rested upon. As she buried it in the bosom of Rachel, the wreath of wild rosebuds that confined her clustering hair, burst asunder, and the rich ringlets fell down over her neck and shoulders, in beautiful and unchecked luxuriance. Her hands and arms, were such as a sculptor might have loved to copy, so exquisite was their symmetry, at least so thought Velasquez, as he saw them twined fondly around the neck of her aged nurse.

"Mother, why do you leave me thus long," she passionately exclaimed, in her emotion, unheeding of the presence of a stranger, "Orinka is beside me, and Ensenore is absent,—come to our home,—the evening is closing in, and I cannot abide there without you."

"Compose yourself, my child," said Rachel soothingly, "and remember that you are in the presence of a stranger,—of a European, my Virginia,—one of a kindred race, none of whom within your recollection, you have ever seen before."

"Virginia raised her head, and turned a wondering gaze upon the Spaniard, who certainly looked no carpet knight in his present disarray, for the rude handling he had sustained from the savages, had divested him of all extraneous ornament and attire. But as her eye glanced towards him, it encountered a noble and graceful figure, and a face beaming with manly beauty and intelligence; a face, how different from any she had ever before seen. Strange and undefined emotions swelled her bosom, the colour deepened on her cheek, and tears suffused her eyes, as again falling upon the shoulder of Rachel, she exclaimed in low and trembling accents:

"A European, mother!"

"Yes, lady," said Velasquez, touched by her simple and ingenuous manner, even more than by her surpassing loveliness, and bending his knee before her, with the gallantry of his age and nation, "a European, and one who will bless the Providence which has brought him to these forests, if it shall prove his happy destiny to transplant from their solitudes, a flower so pure and bright."

The tone of gallantry and sentiment which gave unction to this speech, was new to the untutored girl, but it touched a sympathetic chord in her bosom, and harmonized with the romance that imbued her character. But at this moment a slight noise at the door of the wigwam attracted attention, and turning towards it, Rachel beheld the figure of Orinka darkening the entrance. As Velasquez, also gazed in that direction, and was struck with the beauty of

the savage form, that met his view. The young chief was of majestic height and proportions, and modelled with the symmetry and grace of an Apollo. He wore a tunic of panther skins, and a mantle formed of the beautifully spotted fur of the same animal. His arms were wreathed with bracelets of polished shells, his moccasins were gaily wrought, and on his head he wore a tiara of brilliant feathers, surmounted by an eagle's plume. His quiver of arrows hung at his back, and as he stood at the entrance of the wigwam, he leaned in stern gravity upon his bow. When he saw that he was observed, he advanced into the centre of the dwelling, and looking with an eye of proud disdain upon Velasquez, said in a tone which, though unknown to him, was rendered sufficiently intelligible by the look that accompanied it.

"Pale face, beware! the tortures of the Manna-hoacs are but as children's sport, compared to the wrath of Orinka, when he is roused!"

Then the expression of his countenance and voice became softened, yet still grave, as he turned and addressed the trembling Virginia.

"The Snow-flake has found shade and rest, beneath the boughs of her own forest tree; why then seeks she the shelter of a foreign sapling, that dare not brave for her the winter's blast, and will shrink and shrivel, beneath the fervid suns of summer. Beware! beware! Orinka will not be scorned, and his vengeance is swift and terrible, as the fire which the Great Spirit kindles in the Heavens!" so saying, he departed with hasty strides, and disappeared among the shadows of the forest.

The young Spaniard could scarcely curb his rising indignation, as he marked the bold and haughty bearing of the savage, still less could he brook to see that fair and beautiful girl, the object of such love. Such a passion seemed to him like profanation of a pure and holy object, a sacrilegious daring worthy of immediate chastisement. His eye flashed, as it followed the retreating figure of the chief, and he advanced a few hasty steps towards the door, while his hand sought vainly upon his side, the weapon it had been accustomed to find there. Rachel saw the inward workings of his mind, and addressed him in a tone of remonstrance.

"Forbear," she said, "or we are lost,—betray one glow of passion, commit one open act of violence, and your life is forfeited. Trust me, for I know these people well, and if we value our own safety, we shall not wantonly oppose them. Above all, rouse not Orinka's jealous fears, even Virginia must do her part in lulling these to rest, or we may be watched with a vigilance, that will defeat our hopes and plans."

A frown passed over the brow of Velasquez at this suggestion; but before he could reply, several chiefs entered Manteo's wigwam, to welcome the stranger