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From the Literary Garland.

VIRGINIA DARE: OR, THE LOST COLONY.
BY E. L. C.

Come on poor babe!
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears they say,
Casting their savagery aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

[CONTINUED.]

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 palisade of trees, which gave it the appearance of a fort. Manteo, familiar with the vindictive spirit of his countrymen, foresaw the approach of some terrible catastrophe, and ceased not to urge the English to flee from the island, and seek shelter at Croatan, 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 perils.

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 palisade, 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 ally 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 questions 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 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. Ever and anon, came borne on the tempestuous gale, the wild yells of the savages, as they pursued their work of devastation among the deserted homes of their murdered victims, but as the morning dawned, all sounds were hushed—the storm too, seemed lulled to rest, and once more Manteo stole from the cavern, to reconnoitre the movements of the Indians.

He advanced with cautious steps towards the English settlement, gaining confidence as he approached it, from the unbroken silence that prevailed, and which was soon explained by finding it entirely deserted, and seeing at a distance the canoes of the Indians fast receding from the island. He then went boldly forward, and stepping within the palisades, gazed with sorrow on the scene of desolation there presented to his view. Every dwelling was razed to the ground, and amidst their ruins, lay scattered remnants of the spoil, which the savages had been unable to carry away with them. Manteo looked around, hoping to find some articles of food, which should furnish Rachel and her charge with such a repast as they had been accustomed to, and he was so fortunate as to discover a box containing a few biscuits, which had been long carefully hoarded, as one of the few remaining luxuries, brought by their possessor from England. He was also pleased to see a great browsing on the green herbage, which was one of a number brought out by the colonists, and had been a great pet with the children. She ran towards him, when he called her, and her full udders furnished him with a rich draught for the little Virginia.

Thus bountifully supplied, the faithful Manteo returned to the cavern, which was now brightened by the beams of the morning sun, streaming through every narrow crevice, and enlivened by the gay laugh, and exquisite beauty of the happy and unconscious child. Their simple meal was soon ended when Manteo proceeded to inform Rachel, that they must depart for Croatan that very night, where, protected by his powerful tribe, they might dwell unmolested, even should their escape be hereafter discovered. He further told her, that long since, foreseeing from the menaces of the Indians, the catastrophe which had now exterminated the colony, he had concealed in the end of a trench, and carefully hidden from view, several chests, left by Mr. Dare in his trust for Virginia, and that as the Indians would not probably return till the morrow, for the remainder of their spoil, he would employ this day in removing them, preparatory to their departure from the island. He accordingly did so, succeeding in his purpose without molestation, and that night, beneath the starlit canopy of heaven, the lonely fugitives commenced their brief voyage to Croatan.

The destined post was reached without let or hindrance, and joyously was Manteo welcomed by the chiefs of his tribe. He had been across the world of waters, and sojourned with that mighty people, who like the Great Spirit spoke in a voice of thunder, and came flying towards their shores, with white wings outspread, like vast sea birds skimming the fathomless deep; and as he was supposed to have acquired superior wisdom, by his intercourse with this wonderful nation, consequently his influence over his red brethren, was proportionately great.

Rachel, with her jet black hair, her dark flashing eye, and voice, and look of command, seemed of kin to their own race, and won at once their love and confidence. They believed her to be gifted with supernatural powers, and from her skill in often restoring the sick to health, they imagined her to possess a mysterious influence over life and death. They called her the Raven's Wing, from the dark and glossy hue of her hair, which time had not then streaked with one thread of silver. But for the little Virginia, she became at once their wonder and their idol. The

fair-like proportions of her form, the delicate hue of her skin, the soft ringlets of her hair, and eyes of heavenly blue, were their delight and admiration. They were never weary of gazing upon her, and the women loved to wreath her little arms and neck with strings of scarlet berries, or sometimes gaudier ornaments, among the clustering ringlets of her silken hair. It was indeed a touching sight to behold this delicate and graceful child, sporting, with heart unconscious of her deprivations, among the tawny children of the forest, or laughing in the naked arms of some gigantic savage, hideous in his wild array of skins and feathers, yet handling his fragile burden with a woman's tenderness, and smiling with grim delight, upon the angel face, that looked up with such beaming and confiding love to his. As is their custom, they gave her various playful names of endearment, but from the extraordinary and dazzling fairness of her complexion, they loved best to call her the Snow-flake. The king of the country, Okisko, pronounced her worthy to become the wife of his son—his word was law to his people, and from that time, the lovely Virginia was looked upon as the destined bride of their prince, Orinka.

In the meantime, through the influence and exertions of Manteo, Rachel and her charge were made, as comfortable as circumstances would possibly permit, more so, perhaps, than could have been expected, in a situation so singular and forlorn. But having spent two years in England, and lived altogether with the colonists since his return to his own country, Manteo had derived much knowledge from them, and become familiar with the habits, and requirements of civilized life. He accordingly constructed an abode for his proteges, similar to those built by the colonists at Roanoke, dividing the interior into two apartments, which he furnished 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 as long as she had been in the country, Rachel did not love too close an association with the natives. Manteo's wigwag 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 dwelling, 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 exile. Besides wearing apparel, sufficient to supply her own and Virginia's wardrobe for years, they contained books, writing materials, and the implements for sewing industry, also several articles of plate, engraved with the family arms of Mr. Dare, and a few old 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 fair 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 look out, for the sail of some new adventurer to the western world. Home, the home of her earliest 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 the child to her parental 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 attitude 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.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

THE LAST-FAREWELL.

What word is there that we can find,
Which makes the tide of feeling swell,
And stamps impression on the mind,
So deep as doth the last farewell?

'Tis spoken by the faltering tongue,
'Tis mingled with the last fond kiss,
'Tis whispered though the lip be dull,
And casts a gloom o'er all our bliss.

When dearest friends are called to part,
And every tender tie is riven,
This word still lingers in the heart,
'Tis the last pledge of friendship given.

Ask the fond mother why her grief?
Go ask, for surely she can tell;
Her tale of sorrow will be brief,
Who lately bade her babe farewell.

'When loving friends and kindred die,
This word we hear from tolling bell;
We see it in the weeping eye,
It is the last—the last farewell.

Ah! yes indeed, it is the last,
For in that word where saints shall dwell,
When time and sorrow shall be past,
There ne'er can be a last farewell.

ARMY AND NAVY OF EUROPE.—The following is the strength of the armies of Europe, actually kept up, with the number of vessels of war:—

	Men.	Vessels of War.
England	114,000	600
Russia	660,000	379
France	330,000	800
Austria	297,000	4
Prussia	167,000	6
Holland	73,000	16
Spain	70,000	0
Belgium	59,000	0
Sweden	40,000	7
Denmark	38,000	4
Sardinia	30,000	8
Norway	23,000	0
Naples	30,000	2
Greece	10,000	3
States of the Pope	9,000	1
Portugal not known exactly		
Hanover	15,700	1
Bavaria	40,000	0
Saxony	12,000	0
Wurtemberg	15,900	0

CHINESE WAR JUNKS.—The following are the dimensions of a war junk, measured in 1796:—

Extreme length	150 ft.
Ditto Breadth	38 0
Do. at bow	23 0
Do. at stern	22 0
Height off water forward and aft	38 0
Depth of hold from upper deck	28 0
Draft of water	18 0
Height of mainmast	112 0
Circumference at the upper deck	11 0
Length of main yard	66 6
Size of cable	19
Number of men	120

The mainmast one stick, and tapering away to very small at the upper extremity.

Jamaica.—We have received Kingston papers to the 13th ult. from which we have made such extracts as appear necessary to show the nature of the recent disturbance in Falmouth. It is pleasing to see that no lives were lost, Major Hucy of the 68th Regiment, and three men wounded by stones thrown by the negroes. The story of an hundred persons being killed in the affray, is therefore fabulous. Ward, the Baptist minister, it is clearly ascertained was the real instigator of the riot, and deserves punishment. We have long been of opinion that the Baptists of Jamaica are aiming at a total revolution in the island, which shall overthrow the authority of the whites, and establish that of the blacks as in St. Domingo.—N. Y. Albion.

Genl. Santander, formerly President of the Republic of New Grenada, died lately at Bogota. He was the enemy and successful rival of Bolivar. The name of the latter, however stands recorded, as it always will, as the Liberator of Colombia.

Bay of Islands, New Zealand.—A letter dated Bay of Islands, February 15, received at the Commercial Insurance Office, New Bedford, communicates information that the British authorities have taken formal possession of that port, and declared it a British Colony; at the same time appointing a colonial governor and other magistrates, who had already arrived, issued proclamations to the inhabitants, and assumed their official duties.

Advantages of Agriculture.—Agriculture is the most certain source of domestic riches and true liberty. Where it is neglected, whatever wealth may be imported from abroad, poverty and misery will abound at home. Such is, and ever will be, the fluctuating state of trade and manufacture, that thousands of people may be in full employment to-day and in beggary to-morrow. This can never happen to those who cultivate the ground; they can eat the fruits of their labour, and can always, by industry, obtain at least the necessities of life.

The British Consul at New Orleans.—The difficulty between the Council of the Second Municipality of New Orleans and the British Consul seems likely to be amicably settled. The Consul has informed the Mayor of that city, that henceforth he will give no certificates of freedom to persons of colour, claiming to be British subjects, without first submitting such person's claims to the Mayor, and obtaining his approval.

CANADA.

(From the Toronto Christian Guard, July 1.)
Extract from the Annual Address of the Conference, to the Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada:

"We have great satisfaction in having it in our power to inform you that the U. Canada Academy last year participated more largely in the public patronage than in any previous year; which fact may be accepted as an evidence of its increased efficacy.

"The reports of Wesleyan Sabbath Schools furnished by the Chairmen of Districts, have given us no small pleasure, inasmuch as they evince a growing and praiseworthy zeal in this department of evangelic labour.

"Our Book and Printing Establishment is favoured with prosperity; and we commend it to your judgment and firm support. The variety, excellence and utility of its publications should secure it. Bestow on the organs of our body, the Christian Guardian, your continued approbation.—This establishment promises to be of incalculable advantage to the connexion and the colony in future years.

"Sustain by your free contributions and prayers the various Funds of our Church.—Uphold our Institutions not connexion; the Bible, Tract and Temperance Societies in operation among our population. Let the spirit of a holy philanthropy inspire you: 'Spurn the trammels of bigotry.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' is a Bible precept. Be Wesleyans. Our great Founder has said, the man of a true catholic spirit is one, who, while he is united by the tenderest and closest ties to one particular congregation,—his heart is enlarged toward all mankind, those he does not; he embraces with strong cordial affections, neighbours and strangers, friends and enemies. This is a catholic or universal love. And he that has this is of a catholic spirit. For love alone gives the title to this character: Catholic love is a Catholic spirit."

Since our last, our highly esteemed brethren, the Rev. Joseph Simson, the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, and the Rev. William Ryerson, have taken their departure from this city, for England, to attend the British Conference, to commence the last week in July. Our most fervent prayers, and we believe those of our church, follow them, that He whose servants they are may bless them with guardianship, and crown their important mission to the Parent Conference with his divine benediction.

A Cornwall paper of the 2d instant, mentions that Mr. Kenzie, of Navy Island celebrity, had recently made his appearance at Fort Covington, on the Lower Canada Frontier, electioneering for Van Buren, and was "honoured with a public dinner." We do not know whether he has joined LEXY and the other patriot incendiaries, who it seems are operating against the property of the people of Upper Canada. One thing is certain, that pretended patriots of this character, have done more to disgust the people of the United States, with "the patriot cause" than could have been effected by any other means.—Quebec Gazette.

Montreal, July 2.—His Excellency Sir Richard Jackson, whose return from his Upper Canada tour of military inspection we noticed on Saturday, has since proceeded, with his Staff, to Sorel, where His Excellency proposes to pass the summer months; residing at the neat cottage erected in Lord Dalhousie's time for the use of the Commander of the Forces in this Colony.

Colonel Campbell, Commanding Royal Artillery in the Canadas, left town last evening for Quebec, to proceed in the *Unicorn*, on a visit to his brother, Sir Colin Campbell, at Halifax.

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