

Heaven, and departed. But, arrived in England, unavoidable circumstances detained him there beyond his wishes or expectations, till his anxiety respecting the isolated colony became intensely painful. In vain he importuned for liberty to return to their relief,—he was a member of Queen Elizabeth's council, and inaccessible to the tender emotions of nature, she peremptorily forbade his departure. England was still involved in a war with Spain, and the queen, apprehending an invasion from the invincible Armada, refused to weaken the united wisdom and experience of her councillors, by the loss of one individual.

Finding his sovereign deaf to his entreaties, the governor at length appealed to Sir Walter Raleigh, who immediately furnished him with two pinnaces, which he freighted with stores, and sent out to the relief of the exiled company. But the crews, intent only upon gain, were unmindful of their destination, and going in search of prizes, fell in with some French vessels, who rifled, and so disabled them, that they were under the necessity of putting back to England, and thus the unfortunate colonists were still left without succour or tidings from their native land.

The feelings of Governor White, as a man and a father, on finding his dearest hopes thus cruelly baffled, it were impossible to describe. Another weary year he was doomed to linger on with a crushed spirit, and the worm of regret and anxiety gnawing at his heart, and sapping the very springs of life, when his imperial mistress yielded to his ceaseless prayer, and granted him permission, and a sufficient equipment, to set sail for the distant shores of America, in an almost hopeless search for the little band who had so long been left unheeded amid the horrors of the trackless wilderness. And hopeless indeed it proved, for when after a tedious voyage, the vessel of the governor anchored off the island of Roanoke, and he, with a bounding heart sprang upon the shore, and hastened to the spot where he had left the infant settlement, he found, to his unspeakable dismay, that it was entirely deserted. Some traces of its English occupants might be seen, in here and there a small patch of ground that exhibited the marks of former cultivation, but every dwelling was razed to the earth, and a palisade of high trees enclosed the site on which they once stood. On the trunk of one of these, from which the bark had been stripped, the word *Croatoan*, was carved in capital letters, and as it met the gaze of the almost distracted father, blessed tears came to his relief, and the bitter agony of his heart was changed into words of rapturous joy and gratitude, for the colonists had agreed with him in case of their removal from Roanoke before his return, which circumstances might render expedient, to leave inscribed upon the trunk of a tree, the place of their new location.

The governor knew *Croatoan* to be the name of an Indian town on the north side of Cape Look-out;

he was also aware, that its inhabitants were friendly to the English, and that it was likewise the birth place of Manteo, a christianized Indian, who had visited England with some former colonists, and who had dwelt at Roanoke, on the most amicable terms with the Europeans. Satisfied that they were safe, whose welfare had cost him so much anxiety, the governor re-embarked with his men, resolving to sail for Croatoan in the morning, to learn the present condition, and future prospects of the exiles, and if possible, prevail on Mr. Dare to return, with his wife and child to England. But again was the unhappy father destined to cruel disappointment. That very evening, he was attacked by a painful disorder, the effect of anxiety and exposure, which rendered him unable to quit his berth; and to add to his distress, during the night a violent storm arose, in which the ship parted her cables and was driven out to sea. The weather continued tempestuous so long, that the vessel received serious damage,—the crew, too, became dissatisfied and mutinous, and positively refused to aid in again approaching the American coast, clamorously demanding of the helmsman to steer direct for England. Illness had prostrated the energies of the Governor, and his second in command, feeling that it would be vain for him to contend against the united fury of the elements, and of human passion, yielded to the violence of the sailors, and ordered the vessel to be put upon her homeward course.

Who may speak of the wounded and bleeding heart of that despairing father, as stretched powerless upon his bed of pain, he felt himself borne resistlessly from the beloved child, whom, in the speechless extacy of love, he had so often cradled in his arms, and whom he was now compelled to leave, perishing, it might be of want, or by the tortures of the savages, amidst the horrors of the dark and howling wilderness. Many were the plans, which during that long and tedious voyage home, he formed for a speedy return, to rescue those so dear to him from their dreary exile, and banish from their hearts the corroding thought, which doubtless now possessed them, that he had voluntarily abandoned and deserted them. At the risk of life, of fortune, and of his sovereign's favour, of all that he most valued upon earth, he resolved to brook no delay in the execution of his purpose. But scarcely had his foot pressed the soil of his native shore, when it pleased Providence, to summon him from the scene of trial and sorrow that had darkened his closing years, and spare him the still keener anguish, which must have been his, had he been permitted to prosecute his fruitless search, after the small surviving remnant, of the lost ill fated colony of Roanoke.

Sad indeed had been the destiny of that forsaken band. After the departure of the Governor for England, the colonists had continued to look for his return till the approaching rigours of such a winter