

(ORIGINAL.)

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 savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Shakspeare.

THE scene of our tale goes far back through the vista of departed centuries,—embracing a period nearly twenty years subsequent to the abortive attempt of Sir Walter Raleigh, to plant an English colony in Virginia,—and when, as is generally believed, upon the assertion of a voracious historian, not a single European was to be found in all the Virginian territory. Yet, drawing our deductions from the records of the times, we trust we shall be found guilty of no unwarrantable licence, in introducing to our readers two personages, who at this very era of which we write, the summer of 1603, were domesticated among the barbarous inhabitants of this western world, but whose language and appearance, declared them decidedly of European parentage.

Who, at all familiar with the earliest annals of America, has not heard of the lost colony of Roanoke ? Who, as he conned over the slight record of its existence and disappearance, has not gone forth into a world of conjecture respecting its probable fate, picturing to himself the stern, and the tender hearts, that composed this gallant little band, and yearning to know the emotions, and the thoughts, and the final destiny of every individual belonging to it. High souls were there—steps that had sounded in lordly halls, and hands that had done noble deeds in the service of their virgin queen. There was the bounding foot, and gay laugh of childhood, and there too was woman in her beauty. She, who had dwelt in the peasant's cot, and she who had been reared amidst the silken luxuries of polished life. They had left all for the untried perils of the wilderness,—the endearments of home, the fond ties of country and of kindred, to follow through danger, and to death, those in whose life they lived, clinging to the last, with such love as woman only knows, to the objects of their hearts first fond and chosen affection.

It may be necessary, for the better elucidation of our story, to state, that in the spring of 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh equipped, and sent a company of adventurers to Virginia, incorporating them by the name of the "Borough of Raleigh in Virginia," and invest-

ing Governor White, and a council of twelve persons, with all power over it. They were directed to plant themselves at the Bay of Chesapeake, but landing on the Island of Roanoke, they there remained, and established their colony. Mr. Dare, a member of the council, and a young man of birth and education, had a few months previous to his quitting England, married Alicia White, the lovely daughter of the governor, and with the constancy and devotion of her sex, she had voluntarily renounced the comforts and refinements of a luxurious home, to share her husband's fortunes amid the unknown scenes and hardships of the western world. And with heroic fortitude, she endured the toils and privations inseparable from her new mode of life,—never repining, but always cheering others with the hope of brighter days to come. And when, within a month after the landing of the colonists, and before any suitable accommodations could be prepared for her, she became the mother of a lovely infant, words only of praise and gratitude, to the author of all good, dwelt upon her lips,—and her husband almost ready to despond for her sake, felt his courage revived by her unflinching cheerfulness, and exclaimed, while he clasped her to his bosom, and gazed with tears of joy upon her fond and smiling eyes, that though an exile from his country, he blessed God, that his home and its endearments were with him, like a star of promise in the wilderness. On their infant, the young parents bestowed the name of Virginia, in honour of the country that gave her birth, and in commemoration, says the historian, of her having been the first English child born on the soil of the new world.

Governor White remained with the colonists till he saw them comfortably established in their new location, and then, at their earnest solicitation, sailed for England to obtain supplies, of which they would shortly stand in need. He left them reluctantly, and with many sad forebodings,—but necessity and duty were the watch-words of the day, and leaving his daughter and her child as guarantees for his speedy return, he commended them all to the protection of