

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1846.

No. 5.

THE INDIAN MAID.

A TRADITIONAL TALE.

BY E. L. C.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Say but he lives—and I will track his steps
E'en to earth's verge.

Mrs. HAMANS.

EARLY in the summer of 1695, a vessel approached the northern coast of Virginia, and with all sails set, stood off, as though fearing to cast anchor in the small bay, whose waters laved the green shores of the new and as yet unexplored world, which lay in its virgin freshness cradled near the setting sun.

The barque in question was equipped and commanded by a young man, who came forth on this adventurous voyage, not stimulated as had been many others, by the sordid hope of gain, not caring whether the soil of the *terra incognita* which it was his purpose to explore, was mingled with ingots of gold, or whether the trees of its forests dropped precious gums with which to enrich the daring voyager, who braved the perils of the ocean and the wilderness to obtain them, but burning only to learn some tidings, or discover some trace of an only and idolized brother, who five years previous to this time, had joined a band of fearless adventurers, and with them crossed the broad seas to establish an English colony upon the still unclaimed soil of the vast American continent.

The fate of this unfortunate company was involved in deep obscurity, as no tidings from them after the first few months of their arrival had reached the parent country. Many expeditions had been sent out under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron and projector of the first undertaking, to discover them, or learn somewhat of the destiny which had removed all trace of them from the place of their early location.

But in vain had been the search,—vessel after

vessel returned to bring to the desponding friends of the lost colonists, the sad news of their fruitless efforts, till as time wore on, they who had gone forth gladly and gaily upon their perilous enterprise, began to be numbered among those who were to return no more, and to be remembered by the living with such regret as is only lavished on the dead.

But one there was, who clung tenaciously to the fond hope which had hitherto proved so delusive. Frank Courtney was a youth of eighteen, when his brother Herbert left him to complete his education in the halls of an English University, and himself went forth on his adventurous voyage to assist in laying the foundation of a great empire in the distant regions of the West. Frank from his early boyhood had looked up to this dear elder brother, as to a father, friend, protector. Indulgent, generous, considerate in all things, he won the ardent love, as well as commanded the deep respect of the youth whom a dying father had committed with solemn earnestness to his guidance, and to whom in the faithful discharge of a responsible duty he had zealously devoted himself till the time came when sterner teachers were to receive the boy, and nurture into full maturity the powers of his expanding intellect.

Herbert Courtney was by right of primogeniture, the heir of a fair inheritance, and the representative of an ancient and honorable name—nor were there any circumstances of a pecuniary, political, or religious nature, which prompted him to quit the refinements of his home, and engage in an enterprise so perilous and uncertain, and to him, as it afterwards proved, fraught with such