THE TRAVELS

—OF—

EGO AND ALTER,

AN EPISTOLARY NARRATIVE OF A

TRAMP THROUGH THE OLD DOMINION.

—BY—

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PREFACE.

THE gratifying interest which the public has shown in these letters, as they appeared in the columns of the *Dispatch*, has induced us to publish them in this more permanent form. Many friends have requested copies of the letters which they had missed seeing, and this demand we were wholly unable to supply. To the novelty of the tour, the intrinsic interest of the subjects themselves, the praiseworthy desire of Virginians to know more of Virginia—to these and other like causes we attribute this interest, and not to any merit in the style or composition. Written, as they have been, in the hurry of a departure or the fatigue of an arrival, sometimes robbing nature of the slumber she demanded for the recuperation from the past day's tramp and preparation for the next, any attempt at literary elegance was out of the question. We need hardly add that neither on the part of the publishers or ourselves is any pecuniary profit aimed at. With these remarks we start our little book upon its travels.

PEYTON H. HOGE, ("EGO.")
HOWARD R. BAYNE, ("ALTER.")

RICHMOND,
September, 1879.

LETTER I.

The Departure—Prophecies—Patriotism—General Hospitality and Pleasant Acquaintances.

At 8:45 P. M. on July 4th two young men of Richmond set out on a tramp. The general opinion of their friends was that they were lunatics. In fact, one young lady ran across the street to the house of a friend, and called out, "Oh, C——, your friend Mr. B—— has gone crazy; he's going to walk to Staunton, and I think he'd better stay there." In spite of these forebodings, we set out, as I have stated, intending to spend the night about five miles from Richmond. It was on our way out that we really learned that it was the glorious Fourth. Two negroes, whose patriotism was very ardent, were having a fight, and we heard one call out, "Yes, you may choke me all night, but you shan't impose on *me*." I will leave the readers of the *Dispatch* to reconcile that statement.

After being hospitably entertained at Dr. Norwood's, we woke up to find it was raining. But between showers we managed to get over to Brookhill. Here we spent a delightful hour, and then the rain having ceased, we started out in earnest, loaded with apricots, which made a delicious dessert to our lunch. When we reached the Chickahominy we stopped to take a bath in its sluggish, sombre, but historic stream Very much refreshed, we again set out, and by taking it easily—resting and bathing our feet occasionally—we reached General Wickham's a little before seven. We spent Sunday here, attending church in Ashland. How much we enjoyed it I need not say, for many are the people of Richmond who have experienced that open-handed hospitality which is dispensed nowhere more liberally than at Hickory Hill. Here we cut stout hickory sticks, and on Monday morning we were landed across the Pamunkey by General Wickham to save us a long detour. Pursuing our usual plan of bathing (this time in the Mattaponi) and resting, we reached the elegant and hospitable abode of Hon. Daniel Dejarnette. We had intended to go further that day, but his cordial invitation to remain with him was too strong to be resisted. His conversation on the events of the day was a rare treat to us both, for though he has not been recently in public life, he keeps fully abreast with the times.

But I must not omit to mention something we saw shortly before we got to his house. Turning a little off the road, we came to a tall brick dwelling, built in the form of a cross, with high gables and lattice windows, which had evidently been a place of note. But the porch was sinking and falling away, the shutters

were hanging loose, the beautiful box shrubbery was completely overgrown with rose-bushes and weeds, calling to mind the line,

"Change and decay in all around I see."

We learned that it had been built by Robert Dejarnette, Esq., but had been bought during the war by Stuart, of the salt-works, and that he had let it out to tenants without ever coming to see it or take care of it.

Resisting a cordial invitation from Mr. Dejarnette to spend the day with him, and let him send us to Fredericksburg, we again took up the march, and reached Bowling Green about 10 o'clock. It is much neater and prettier than most court-house towns in Virginia that it has been our lot to see. We stopped in the post-office to send off some postal cards, and it happened to be the time of the arrival of the mail. Scene: On one side of the store two solitary individuals in gray blouses trimmed with blue, long sticks, wide hats, and well-filled satchels; on the other, a whole row of villagers, with eyes fixed intently on the above-mentioned pair, and ears attentive to the conversation they were carrying on with one or two gentlemen whose acquaintance they had made. We felt like Caleb and Joshua ranged against the whole congregation of Israel. We did not stop long here, but pressed on. After taking a bath in Mill run, we were caught in a slight rain. As it was very light we did not stop until we came to a sheltered spring, where we stopped and ate our lunch. Leaving here, it soon began to rain hard, and we sought shelter under the shed of a negro cabin. Here we took out a volume of Lucian and read a dialogue, being, I suppose, the first time that Greek ever was or will be read under that roof. The occupants seemed to think we were "conjuring" them, for they got out a little Sunday-school book and began to look at it very diligently to keep off the evil spell.

Fearing lest my letter has been already too long, I must pass on, barely mentioning Old Grace Church, the headquarters of General D. H. Hill, and the beautiful view of the Rappahanock Valley, with the spires of Fredericksburg to the right, and a glimpse of the distant Blue Ridge to the left. We stopped at the beautiful home of Dr. Bruce Morton, who, with his lovely wife, made our stay very delightful. His farm is one of the very finest we have seen, and he keeps it in the most perfect order. In the morning we went a short distance down the river to Belvidere, the former home of Mrs. General Wickham, now occupied by Mr. Boulware, the father of the rising lawyer of that name in Richmond. Here we had a beautiful view of the Rappahanock. Retracing our steps, and stopping to bid our kind hosts good-bye, we walked on through the once battle scarred but now smiling fields, teeming with rich crops, until we came safely into this famous old town. I will not say anything about the town, because

that being on the *railroad*, you know all about it; but if a person wishes to study a country, and see really what it is, he must take it afoot—not even horseback does as well. So far all the woful predictions of our friends have failed. We stepped into Fredericksburg, after our walk of eighty miles, counting detours, feeling better than when we left Richmond. We venture to say that "the languid swell" feels much better to-day than the witty young lady who dubbed him so feels tossing on the ocean. There are many other items of interest that I could mention, but my letter has much exceeded my original intention. My companion, "Alter," will write from Alexandria.

Fredericksburg, July 9, 1879. EGO.

LETTER II.

Two tramps that came out of the wilderness—The high rhetoric of an autocrat—A leaf for the future historian.

My companion, "Ego," promised that we would not trespass upon the patience of the *Dispatch* until we reached Alexandria. But we could not leave Fredericksburg without a few farewell lines. We do not intend to say anything of this historic place, and we hope your readers will deem an occassional reference to it as an incidental and unstudied tribute to this ancient seat of good morals and gentility.

Under the guidance of the good Presbyterian pastor of Fredericksburg, we visited the famous Chatham, a remnant of "ye olden time," situate upon a commanding hill opposite the town, and built of brick brought from "merrie England" nigh two hundred years ago. Here the Father of his Country paid his addresses to his future wife, and here General R. E. Lee wooed and won Miss Custis. The names of men made happy by the coy assent of silence at this old county-seat have for the most part long since passed into "oblivion's uncatalogued library," but it is beyond question established that Virginia's two great captains—Washington and Lee—appeared as suitors at Chatham. During the battle around this town General Lee occupied a prominent point, now bearing his name, where he anxiously observed the advancing columns of the enemy, and, with glass in hand, sought to divine their every movement. He said himself, confidentially, to a lady of Fredericksburg after the war, that repeatedly during the awful conflict of arms he turned his field glass toward Chatham to descry, if possible, a certain old walnut tree near the house, in a quiet and retired nook, which recalled

some of the tenderest recollections of his life. "I looked in vain for the old tree," said he, "though I knew exactly where it stood. I wished earnestly to see it, for beneath its shade I wooed and won Mrs. Lee." He was told that the tree had long since been cut down, and now only the stump marks the trysting-place of the departed hero. Our guide, whose happiness was likewise consummated at Chatham, pointed out to us from its elevated position the place where tradition says the youthful George so rashly flung the hatchet, and hard by the ferry, now much narrower than of yore, where he tossed the stone across the Rappahannock. The old people about here tell some curious things of the mother of Washington. They say she was a strong-minded woman, that pursued without fear the suggestions of wish and resentment. She was wont, they say, to take her mug of beer direct from the retail vender when she drove to town. On one occasion, under considerable provocation, she was seen to take her whip and, on the public streets of this town, flog her coachman well. She is said to have been an ardent tory, and spoke of her son George as a rebel who ought to be—well, she would not say hanged, though she berated him soundly for daring to throw off so unjustly and disloyally his allegiance to the King. When the noontide of glory and success fell upon her son, and declining years upon herself, she is said to have abated much of her indignation; but to the last she retained a decent respect and affection for his Majesty of England.

After leaving Chatham we visited "Braehead," the home of R. R. Howison, Esq., who is known and loved by so many in Richmond. Here, on a commanding eminence, we fought over again the battles around Fredericksburg, and had pointed out to us localities which were named with anxious interest during our infantile years, but as to which we were far better acquainted with Salamis, Marathon, and Platea. Under the kindly interest of Mr. Howison, however, we soon learned the places of attack and defence, followed them through to consummation, and ended with pride and pleasure the eventful campaign of which so much has been said and written. To the accomplished owner of Brae-head we are indebted for a day in which pleasure and instruction were delightfully reconciled and mingled. With the shades of night we returned to Fredericksburg to visit certain friends, and, I may add, we were received with that cordial hospitality and native grace which seems indigenous to this dear old place.

On Friday the 11th instant we started on a detour into the "Wilderness," making Ellwood, the home of Horace Lacy, Esq., our objective point. We had met the autocrat of Ellwood in town, and we could not refuse his pressing invitation to increase his audience in the Wilderness. Ellwood being only fifteen miles distant, we could easily return by Saturday afternoon. So,

with our feet in the best order and our appetites undiminished, we struck out for the ridges above Fredericksburg and "the dark, lugubrious, sombre, impenetrable jungles of the Wilderness." We marched our fifteen miles, but, to our disappointment, we saw nothing particularly "wild," "weird," or "howling," about the Wilderness. It was not the most interesting country, to be sure. But the blackberries were the finest we had eaten, the green apples the sourest; the houses were whitewashed and neatly kept; flowers were tenderly reared by even the poorest and plainest of the people; the crops were diligently and successfully cultivated; the countrymen polite and well-dressed, ready to supply all information and not over inquisitive; the roads good; and all things wearing a thrifty, peaceful, and happy aspect.

> "Behold! yon bord'ring fence of sallow trees
> Is fraught with flow'rs; the flowers are fraught with bees!
> The busy bees, with a soft, murmuring strain,
> Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain,
> While from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs,
> The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
> Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
> And, from the lofty elms, of love complain."

At Chancellorsville we found nothing but a house. Without knowing, I had rather expected to see a neat little village with a hundred villagers to tell the dreadful tale of war. But there was nothing of this. The remains of a large and pretentiously built tavern comprise the far-famed Chancellorsville. As we walked upon the porch we spied what was once the reception room piled high with shelled corn, and at our modest knock a female peeped through the side-lights, and with tones more short than sweet directed us to the pump, not asking us in or offering a drinking vessel. But we took our lunch at Chancellorsville notwithstanding, and under the grateful shade of a spreading oak, by the light of subsequent events, corrected Joe Hooker's egregious mistakes. As evening passed we wended our way to Ellwood, and after a satisfactory bath in the Wilderness run, where we also washed our socks (as is our wont once a day), we stepped up gaily and jauntily to our friend, Major Lacy's. After presentation to his attractive family, we had the pleasure of listening to the orator of the convention that nominated our present Governor. There, on the green sward, under the crepuscular adumbrations of the Wilderness—to quote from the Major—our host gave us the unwritten records of the war. We called to mind the sad, sweet story of the pious Æneas before the Tyrian Dido, but the high rhetoric of the autocrat of Ellwood surpassed anything we have ever heard in a conversational way. Time would fail me to tell of his vivid description of the battles of Chancellorsville and of the Wilderness, to disclose the unwritten records of the late war and of the Revolution, or to reproduce the sto-

ries of Meekin or of Aunt Jinnie. The Major referred only by the way to the State debt and the funding bill, and for the most part selected such topics as afforded the fairest scope for instruction and mellifluous rhetoric. Here in the autonomy of Ellwood, situated in a beautiful valley and extending in some directions as far as the eye could reach, our genial host entertained us in a way that the unenlightened dweller on the plain would never associate with the "weird shadows and the awful gloom of the Wilderness."

On our return to Fredericksburg we were careful to note the place where Lee and Jackson spent the last night together, and the route the latter took to attack Hooker in the rear. To our unmilitary minds it seemed difficult to understand how such a feat could have been accomplished with the expedition, the secrecy, and the success that have now passed into history. And the difficulties seemed all the more difficult to us when we inspected the very ground that Hooker held and the paths or blind roads that Jackson lead his tired army through.

The "crepuscular adumbrations" found us descending the hills around Fredericksburg. On the way down the polite editor of the *Recorder* pointed out to us some points where we could get extensive views. He gave us also sundry recipes, which we hope to make use of on our tramp. We then joined our friends in the town, who received your Richmond boys with solicitous salutations and the ever-cordial, ever-refined hospitality of inimitable Fredericksburg.

Really, we cannot help concluding that we are the nicest fellows or Fredericksburg is the kindest and best place in the world. Law-abiding, kindly, hospitable, refined old Fredericksburg has ever the best wishes and affectionate esteem of Ego and

Fredericksburg, Va., July 14, 1879. ALTER.

LETTER III.

On to Washington—The Girls we Left Behind Us—A Staunch Debt-Payer—A Night Among the Tombs—Attacked by an Unseen Foe—Refuge in the Sanctuary—Deserted Villages—The American Mecca—The Champion Walk.

It was with heavy hearts that on Wednesday last your tramps left the old town of Fredericksburg. With heavy hearts, did I say? Rather with no hearts at all—we had left them there. We have *never* had more kindness and hospitality shown us in the

same space of time; we have never been more feasted and toasted; and, above all, we have never seen so many lovely and interesting girls in the course--not of this tramp only, but of all our earthly pilgrimage. It was harder to leave when the time came than if we had kept straight on through without ever tasting the joys that were so soon snatched from our lips. But go we did. Passing up the Rappahannock and noting, as in the James at Richmond, the sudden change of the stream from a deep, quiet artery of commerce below to a rapid, noisy water-power above, we came to the extensive Ficklen mills and crossed the bridge to Falmouth. Barely pausing here, we climbed up the steep hill, took one farewell look at Fredericksburg, and then pursued our journey. We only went a few miles that day, stopping at the house of a gentleman who gave us some information rather damaging to the readjusters. He himself was as completely ruined by the war as any one I ever heard of. Returning to his home after the war, that he had left beautiful and luxurious, he found part of the house thrown down and the rest nothing but bare bricks and bare fields. Starting in a log cabin, and *keeping out of debt*, he has gradually worked up, till he lives now in a comfortable and pretty cottage. Having always met his own obligations, he believes in the State doing the same. He says that there never would have been any readjusters in Stafford if it had not been for a few demagogues. The head and front of them pays $2.55 taxes! The party is composed almost entirely of men who have forcibly readjusted their own debts, and of ignorant men who have been misled. They have actually been persuaded that by the McCulloch bill the State is paying the former six per cent. and three per cent. besides, making a total of nine per cent. on the entire debt!

Thursday morning we left here and continued our course through Stafford. We passed through the site of the old town of Aquia. Nothing is left now to mark the spot except four old stone chimneys, one of them completely covered with beautiful vines—a beautiful allegory of Paul's sublime sentiment, "This mortal shall put on immortality."

We stopped for an hour or so at the house of Hon. George Moncure, whom we were fortunate enough to find at home on a visit. When we got to the Chopawansic we found not even a log to cross on. Taking off our shoes we forded the creek, and after a short and pleasant voyage we landed on the inhospitable shores of Prince William. I call them inhospitable because there was no suitable place on the bank to sit down and put on our shoes.

We got them on, though, and proceeded along a very desolate road through the woods to Dumfries. It was so little travelled that we would have thought we were in the wrong road but for our faithful guide, the telegraph. We did not see a human being

from the time we entered the county till we got to the old town. "The shades of night were falling fast" when we entered the old cemetery at Dumfries—for here we had concluded to spend the night. We had lunch with us, and so we ate our supper on a granite-topped table a hundred and forty years old. We sat awhile among the old tombs, and one began to repeat Gray's Elegy. As we went on our surroundings seemed to give it a new and deeper meaning than it had ever had to us before. We then sought a suitable place to spend the night. Selecting the best place we could find, we stuffed our satchels with leaves and composed ourselves for the night. My companion soon fell asleep, but I was not so fortunate. The ground was very hard, and we had drunk a great deal of cold tea during the day. And so I lay there with one hand on my companion in the healthy sleep of vigorous manhood, and the other on the tomb of one who had slept the sleep of death for the better part of two centuries. Not a trace of name or date remained to rescue him from oblivion. Never were surroundings more peaceful. The stars shone with unusual lustre. Right overhead was Vega, the Sirius of the North; Altair and Arcturus vied with each other in brightness; Cygnus, Scorpio, Ursus Major, and Cassiopeia bespangled the blue canopy with diamonds brighter than those of earth, while over all and through all the Galaxy stretched its broad, white arms. With these surroundings my thoughts reverted to the old colonial days, when those around me gazed at these same stars, and worked and wept, and loved and prayed. I thought of one on whose tomb the single word "voyage" could be deciphered, and I hoped it had landed him in the haven of rest. With these and other thoughts I was occupied; but was I to be left to these peaceful meditations? No. I shiver when I think of that experience. Weird, uncanny music filled the air. Dim, shadowy figures, with long skeleton limbs, flitted through the air, and my soul sunk within me, for I knew they had us. "They? What, you don't mean gho—?" Oh, no! Mosquitoes. I drew on my gloves, wrapped my head and wrists in handkerchiefs, till I looked like a ghost myself. But it was no go. It had been too long since they had had a chance at a good *live corpse*, and they were not to be baffled. Presently Alter, thoroughly aroused, proposed that we should go into the church, which is in process of erection on the site of the old historic one. The sanctity of the place protected us for the rest of the night, but the floor was hard, and we didn't sleep very comfortably. Alter says he heard me say, "Well, it's all very well for *one* night, but, as a rule, give me a house." At four, being cold, I got up and went out to walk around to get warm. I tried to get up some gymnastics in the trees, but they were a failure. Before sunrise Alter came out and found me taking notes among the tombs. Thus ended our first

night in a graveyard, and it will be the last one, *with our consent.* Eating the rest of our lunch, we started out at a quarter to 5 o'clock, and walked four miles (to the house of Zebulon A. Kankey), where we took breakfast. From this old gentleman, whose four grandparents were Polish, French, English and Irish, respectively, we got a great deal of information. He remembers when Aquia and Dumfries were seaports—the latter place having 1,500 inhabitants, sending out cargoes of flour, tobacco, and lumber. In his boyhood there was a shipyard on the Neabsco, a mile below his house, from which a schooner carrying 2,500 barrels of flour was launched. But now the inlets have all filled up and these places are four and five miles from the river. Mr. Kankey showed us one of John Brown's tomahawks, a most barbarous weapon, and three cavalry pistols of the Revolutionary, 1812, and late wars, respectively. When we asked the old gentleman for his reckoning, he told us an anecdote of an Indian, who, having recovered a lost child for a white man, was asked what he charged. Said he: "Stranger, give me thy hand, and remember me when I am gone. Naught but the friendship of the heart can repay deeds of kindness and love."

From here we came to the thriving little town of Occoquan, at the head of navigation of the river of the same name. It has nice stores, a large mill, and does a large business in exporting firewood. We crossed on the pretty iron bridge, which brought us into Fairfax county. Here there are a great many settlers from New Jersey, who seem to be doing well. There is an air of thrift about their places which, I grieve to say, is lacking in those of the natives. At Pohick church, where Washington worshipped, we diverged from the direct line to go to Mount Vernon. It was with an air of superiority that we inquired the way to Mount Vernon, for we felt that we were now raised from tramps into the dignity of pilgrims. We got there about five o'clock, and were politely shown over the place by Mr. Peters. We had no tears to shed over the tomb, but we laid an extra five miles on the altar of our country. There is a great deal more of interest there than we had any idea of, but we will not dwell on that. We set out for our nine miles' walk at ten minutes before six. This was our champion walk. Having walked twenty three miles already, we made that last nine miles in two hours and ten minutes. None but those who had worked for it as we had can understand the beauty of the view that met us as we came in sight of Washington. The broad river with steamers gliding up and down, the circle of wooded hills, the spires of the three cities, and the great white dome—all were hallowed by the soft, purple light of the sinking sun. That sun on rising found us among the tombs at Dumfries, and setting left us nearing the town of Alexandria.

Alexandria, Va., July 19, 1879. EGO.

LETTER IV.

From Alexandria to Harper's Ferry—Two Tramps that Went All the Way by Pike—Up and Upper—Beautiful Villages and a Highly-Cultivated Country—The Old and the New Virginia.

My fellow-tramp, Ego, has told you, dear *Dispatch*, of our safe arrival in Alexandria. But he said nothing either to you or to me of his long-dreamed-of intention of stealing over to Baltimore by rail to see a pretty cousin. I am proud to say that *I* did not find it necessary to go to Maryland for such a sight. But Ego went, and I had to wait nearly a week for his return. And when he did return his countenance was greatly altered, and the next day, when we should have set out for the hills, he fell sick, and lay in bed a whole day, moaning and lamenting. By many encouraging speeches, however, I managed to get him up and dressed next morning, and continuing these hortatory addresses, he was soon induced to sieze his Alpine stock and take the road again.

Before I go further I must tell you of the pleasure I felt in meeting an old Richmond friend in Washington, not that I went there to see any pretty cousins. On Pennsylvania avenue I felt my hand most cordially grasped, and a strong manly voice fell upon my ear: "Why, old fellow, how *do* you do, and where *did* you come from?" Looking up from a somewhat abstracted gaze I recognized one by one the features of your friend and mine, Charlie Read, son of our Reverend Doctor. Nothing would do but I should see his office, and then his architectural drawings, and make the acquaintance of his two assistants. Though not even an amateur in such matters, I saw that our Richmond architect in Washington is beginning to drive a thrifty trade. The Hon. S. L. Phelps, Commissioner of the District, has secured his services in the erection of a spacious and elegant residence, and from this and other signs I can't help thinking that the junior C. H. Read is on the fair way to fortune and to fame. Under his guidance I saw the sights, which need no description here.

Friday morning, the 25th instant found us slowly climbing up the hills overlooking Alexandria. Here we paused to view Schuter's Hill, the *ante-bellum* home of the late Colonel Robert S. Ashby, and the scene of some of the most delightful hours of my childhood. Colonel Ashby's family were driven from their beautiful home by the Federal troops early in the war, the rare old trees and shrubbery were ruthlessly destroyed, and the place converted into a fortress. I had no desire to mark the ravages of time and vandalism, and was almost sorry for even the hasty glance that showed how greatly everything had altered. I was

told that this residence, which was once the synonym of a healthy locality, has now become, in its barren and scarped existence, a very hot-bed of disease.

Bearing off toward the north, we took the old Leesburg turnpike, and for miles and miles we kept the straightest road we ever followed before. We were ever going up from one plateau to another, and as soon as we mounted the highest point we had yet seen, another higher still, far off in the distance, shooting off abruptly into the dull, heavy clouds, seemed to mock the hope that we would ever reach the height of heights. The day was dark and gloomy, and the country neither attractive nor thickly settled, but we tugged on and comforted each other by reference to pretty cousins both in Virginia and Maryland. At Bailey's cross-roads, five miles from Alexandria, we began to strike a rolling and highly-cultivated country, smooth meadows banked with new-mown hay, fields of tall and graceful corn, and every hillock topped by a decent and well-kept house. It was unnecessary to inquire, for we saw at once we were getting into the New Virginia—Virginia settled by Northern people. So unmistakable are the signs of these new settlers, that in passing along the road, if the Old Virginia farmer were to be seen at all, we could say with singular accuracy where his land began and ended. Old Virginia never had his house whitewashed or painted, the rotten timbers of his ancestral porch were propped up by unplaned posts from the nearest grove, the worm-eaten roof afforded a fair scope of the heavenly bodies, the rich garden spots were overgrown with weeds, the crops badly tended and generally a failure, and the uncultivated fields flooded with an ugly, stubby undergrowth. With him decorative art finds no place or encouragement. The refinements of life, the cosy, comfortable, homelike adornments and conveniences are—well simply

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

With New Virginia, however, things are essentially different. From house to barn everything is in perfect order. The people do not seem to exist merely to eat and drink and sleep. The culture of flowers, the presence of paint and bright colors everywhere, the regularity with which the crops are laid out, the certainty of success, the neat, clean appearance of the field and meadow—all show that good taste may be combined with thrift, and that the careful cultivation of the soil does not necessarily preclude attention to those matters that relieve and delight the eye, mitigate the burning rays of the sun, and afford pleasant recreation when the severe work of the day is done. This contrast is certainly not in favor of the old resident of Virginia, But let it be noticed that description here is made of outward appearances. The Old Virginian can't adapt himself to the new order of things, but he retains the same cordial hospitality, the same kindly regard for

strangers, the same *tout ensemble*, that characterize Virginians wherever they go. Our Northern settler will tell you all you want to know, but he'll not ask you to linger and tell the news; or, if you drop in, he'll not ask you to dinner, even though he has just risen from his table and sees you are tired and hungry. Of course there are exceptions, but in general these things are true of both classes in those walks of life where neither wealth nor advanced education abound.

Falls Church is one of the most beautiful villages we have ever seen. It occupies about two thousand acres of land, and is composed of tastefully built cottages, each having quite an extensive lot for yard and garden. Flowers, birds, shade-trees are associated in our memories with this pleasant little village, with its two or three hundred houses, newly painted and whitewashed, basking in the gay sunshine. Here is the Northern settler; and the office-holder from Washington finds, after his short ride of nine or ten miles, in the evening, his home, peaceful and happy, amid the honeysuckle and wistaria.

For several miles beyond Falls Church the same beautiful scenery extends. After that, as the Northern settlers become fewer and fewer, the country gets rougher and wilder, and before long we realize we have taken our farewell of Virginia's improvers. At nightfall, after a good day's walk, we found ourselves opposite an unattractive inn, where we were compelled to spend the night. The landlord received us graciously, and, having given us a simple meal, escorted us to a room, or a loft, which contained a bed with one sheet, but no chairs, no pitcher or basin, no looking-glass, no—nothing. But we had long since learned not to be over-nice, and, hastily blowing out the light, we took to bed, and calmly composed ourselves to sleep. We were very tired, to be sure, but we got no rest that night until we left the bed and took to the floor. A word to the experienced is sufficient. Next morning mine host, with execrable calmness and satisfaction, inquired how we had spent the night. We *felt* as if we could have choked him, but we *looked* as if no one had spoken recently. Then began the tug of war. We were poorly prepared for a walk, and the road was bad. Occasionally we got some pretty views, but for the most part the way appeared provokingly straight, and the only tune we could think of was—

"Over the hills and far away."

But it's a long lane that has no turning, and if the way was unusually tedious, certainly the terminus was exceedingly glorious. No man can approach the old town of Leesburg without feeling all his æsthetic nature thoroughly aroused. The scenery is not sublime. It does not excite emotions of awe or wonder. But the element of the beautiful enters into everything. The fields waving with corn and grass, the rolling hills, the deep,

quiet, pasture lands, the numberless cattle in long, green meadows, beautifully situated cottages shaded by the oak and aspen, the zigzag fence covered with Virginia-creeper, pursuing its maudlin course, the quiet dell and sequestered glen, and

"The decent church that topped the neighboring hill——"

these all, if they be not apparent at one sweeping glance, present themselves in rapid succession, and in the most unexpected way. Leesburg is the newest town we have ever seen considering its age. It was in existence when the unfortunate Braddock passed through that section of Virginia, and the house where the brave English General stayed is still pointed out. The fact is the people take a just and proper pride in making themselves and places attractive. The contrast made above of another portion of our route does not hold true of Leesburg and the surrounding country. Here everything seemed thriving and everybody well to do. It is the boast of the Loudoun farmer in this section that every field has a stream, and the country therefore presents a smiling and fruit-laden aspect. Indeed, one can't help wondering why people will farm elsewhere when farming can be done in Loudoun and near Leesburg. Nor is the county an unfit abode for the people. Those that we had the pleasure to meet in and around Leesburg were gracious, hospitable people, who, in extending kindness to you, made you feel you were doing them a real favor to accept. We found ourselves quite well known by the newspaper men, to whom we were formally introduced by our friend Charles P. Janney, Esq. The *Washingtonian* has a smiling and jovial front, while the *Mirror*, who sat with his back to the street, reflecting public sentiment, as we entered, recalled to our mind Cato Censorius. We spent Sunday here, and Monday morning had the pleasure of a drive with two fair cicerones, who made one of us really sick by telling a young lady he was a married man.

Monday afternoon we left for Hamilton, a beautiful little village six miles distant, where we had friends whom we wished to see. Next morning we started for Harper's Ferry, passing through Hillsborough, a little village perched high among the hills, in a gap between the Short Hills. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Taylor and his attractive family, with whom we spent several hours. I have no time now to speak of the blackberries, the cherries, and the green apples, but I shall ever retain the tenderest recollections of Loudoun's fruitful soil. With the Blue Ridge on our left and the Short Hills on the right, we pursued a northward course, and after a short respite now and then we descended, amid the "crepuscular adumbration," the Loudoun Heights, which overlook in eternal menace the "embrace of the lordly Potomac and the lovely Shenandoah."

At sunset we entered Harper's Ferry, which has been the Italy of these two modern Hannibals, Ego and

Harper's Ferry, July 30, 1879. ALTER.

LETTER V.

Harper's Ferry—What it Was and What it Is—A Night on the Heights—Two Rivers and Three States—Retrospective and Prospective—The Great Thoroughfare—An Old Place with a New Face.

Although Alter has written so recently, I must write again while what I have to say is fresh, and if we seem to be crowding you, remember you have had a long rest.

My companion-in-arms, or rather legs, as some one has suggested, was pleased to indulge in some personal observations, but I will spare the public the infliction of a rejoinder. And especially "the atrocious crime" of having a pretty cousin, "I will neither attempt to palliate nor deny."

Alter has conducted us in his last letter to Harper's Ferry. Here we pause awhile.

Nature, the Federal Government, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have done a great deal to make Harper's Ferry beautiful and prosperous. War, flood, and fire have done a great deal to injure and destroy it. The result is a remarkable combination of sublimity and dirt, magnificence and ruin. If there were nothing else to interest a tourist, the historic associations would attract him. Here, on the rock which bears his name, Thomas Jefferson sat when he wrote that part of his "Notes on Virginia" which relates to the surrounding country. Here, as every one knows, was the scene of John Brown's raid—that spark which set a nation afire. Here, too, on Maryland Heights, Jackson made one of his brilliant exploits, capturing eighteen thousand men. Here are the extensive ruins of the old United States Armory, property on which over a million was spent, and which furnished employment to hundreds of hands. No sound of busy wheels is heard now among those ruined arches, for the giant water-power that turned them now runs idly through its stone channel.

Here, too, is one of the most remarkable railroad bridges in the country—remarkable for the fact that it has a fork, the Valley Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio actually beginning in the middle of the Potomac. The place would be interesting, though, if man had never been there. For here two great rivers, draining a

country which acknowledges no superior in beauty and fertility, unite their forces, pierce the solid mountain, and then wend their way to meet the tides of ocean.

Before the war Harper's Ferry was a thriving, busy place of three thousand inhabitants, and while the armory furnished employment to the people, the officers and their families furnished delightful society. But now all is changed. No manufacture is carried on except by one large flouring mill. A few of the old inhabitants remain, but they live mostly on the heights above the town, towards the village of Bolivar. Formerly many people had sweet homes on Virginia Island, in the Shenandoah; but the majority of them were swept away in the great flood of 1870, and, very wisely, they have never been rebuilt. In short, events have worked about the result that nearly all the town seen by those passing by rail is miserable, dirty, and ruinous. Many of the houses, too, are perched on such precipices, that it has been truly remarked that one has to climb a ladder to get into the cellar. We viewed all these scenes in the pleasant company of Rev. Wm. C. Campbell, a classmate of mine at college, who is now the pastor of the Presbyterian church there.

Wednesday afternoon we walked half a mile up the Potomac to Byrne's island, a beautiful spot, which the enterprise of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, exercised in small things as well as great, has fitted up with dancing pavilions, music stands, swings, and everything to make it attractive as a pic-nic ground.

About sunset the same evening, provided with blankets, we ascended Maryland Heights, determined on spending the night there. It was pretty steep climbing, but we knew we would be compensated by the beautiful view from the summit. At length we reach the ridge and the foundation of an old building, which we took to be a part of the old fort. But bitter was our disappointment to find that the trees surrounded the spot so that the view was only open on one side, that looking down the Potomac. We thought there must be some mistake, but determined to spend the night there and make the best of the view we had. And it alone was worth the trip. It was beautiful as we first saw it under the waning light of day, beautiful under the soft light of the moon, beautiful as the gray dawn crept over it until the golden sunlight lit mountain, vale, and river. When we started to prepare our bed for the night we soon found that our old enemies, the mosquitoes, were there before us. We fixed a sort of canopy over the upper parts of our bodies with branches of dogwood, but in spite of that the mosquitoes annoyed us considerably. Waking up early in the morning we went to our point of observation to see the sun rise. There were a few streaks of gold, a few rosy clouds, but it was rather a failure on account of a heavy bank of clouds just over the eastern horizon. After this we each

climbed a tree, and from our respective perches gained very wide and beautiful views. Alter is not musical, but it moved him to sing. His *repertoire* not being very extensive, the most appropriate thing he could think of was the "Last Rose of Summer," with which he made the mountains vocal. But from our trees we saw something better than uncomfortable snatches of a fine view; we saw that, though on the ridge, we were not on the highest point. We gathered up our traps and walked half a mile along the ridge, which brought us to the real fort. In a wide, open field were the extensive ruins of stone fortifications. We climbed to the highest part of the wall, and then the real view that we had heard of met our gaze. There are few finer in the Blue Ridge. Those from the Peaks of Otter and Humpback are more extensive, but the rivers add a charm to this landscape that the others do not possess. The circle of the horizon was complete. Three sovereign States spread their beauties before us. Let us start with our faces turned up the ridge. Here we see right along the broad back of the range. Turning slowly to the right, the fair and fertile fields of Maryland lie before us, the rich cultivation, carried to the very summit of many hills, speaking of wealth and prosperity. As we continue to turn we see the Potomac winding through the hills, with the canal and railroad clinging close to its banks. Having pierced the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, it cuts through the Short hills below, and further on the Kittoctin (or Catocton) hills; while away on towards Baltimore we could see the Sugar-Loaf rear its lofty head. Turning beyond the river, our eyes rest lovingly on the soil of old Virginia; and, seen from here, her country does not suffer by comparison with her sister States. Here we look back for many miles over the road that we had travelled, and the retrospect is very satisfying. As our eyes cross the Blue Ridge, looking down, we note that without a turn of head or eye we can see into all three States. Turning on, we see the Shenandoah hugging the mountains for many miles, till it disappears in the distant valley. But our circle is not complete until the eye sweeps over the counties of Jefferson and Berkeley, up the Potomac, and again along the ridge. As we look at these beautiful counties we sigh that they should ever have been torn from Virginia. We look at them closely, too, for through them lies the road that we were to travel that day, and the prospect is very pleasant. We could have seen further into the Valley had the day been clearer, but while the haze made our view less clear and extensive, it lent an air of dreamy unreality to the scene that was very charming. While we lingered we were suddenly enveloped in clouds, and thus warned we began to descend.

Stopping in Harper's Ferry merely long enough to get our breakfast and express our baggage, we set out on our walk to

Martinsburg. As our road lay near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad we were continually amazed at the great amount of freight that the road is transporting. We were told by a reliable person, connected with the road, that as many as a thousand car-loads of freight came east in a day, and that they could not obtain enough cars to transport all the grain and cattle that was waiting. There was little striking to relate on the way that day; for although waving corn and fruitful fields, and neat substantial farm houses are very pleasant to see, they do not make very thrilling reading. We stopped and asked for dinner at one of these plain, but well-to do, farm houses, and were very kindly received and ate a very substantial meal. On taking out my purse and asking the charge, (I being treasurer that week,) I was told that I didn't owe him anything, as he never made money that way. This sort of hospitality among plain people is not found in many parts of the world. I remember when on a walking tour in Kentucky that we considered the plain people very hospitable, but they always charged for meals. As we neared the vicinity of Martinsburg the familiar outline of the North mountain was the first object that reminded me that I was approaching the home of many years of my childhood. After we had crossed the Opequon, bathing in it as I had so often done, every spot, every turn of the road was familiar. Passing between two gently-sloping hills—one of them crowned with the county fair-grounds, the other with a beautiful cemetery—we began to enter the town itself. It was strangely familiar and yet strangely altered. What were these gas and water works doing here? What is the meaning of these two handsome hotels that adorn the public square? In fact, since the Cumberland Valley railroad has been built, connecting the town with the great railroad system of Pennsylvania, a great stimulus has been given to the growth of the town. The great shops of the Baltimore and Ohio give employment to a great many people; the fine water-power of the Tuscarora is put to hard work; the surrounding country is rich and well cultivated, and, with its fine railroad connections, Martinsburg has every prospect of prosperity and importance. It now numbers about 7,000 inhabitants. We called on my old friend of the *Statesman*, who received me with kindly recognition and my companion with cordiality. He had been reading our letters, and had copied those portions of Alter's letter from Fredericksburg which relate to Madam Washington. Washington passed through here in one of his Indian campaigns, and in my boyish days many relics of Indian warfare could be found in the fields. The people here still speak of their enjoyment at seeing Banks' rapid transit through the town, it being the first time that they had seen soldiers actually running before their enemies. I am not very ancient, but I feel so when I sit here and talk to grown young ladies whom I had

known when scarcely out of their cradles. But such is life. I have not said much about the *people* of Martinsburg, for I feel so nearly connected with them all that it would ill-become me to pay them those compliments which they so richly deserve. One thing I will say, however, because it is a fact that is often overlooked: During the war there were no people in the whole Confederacy who gave their all more cheerfully to the cause they loved than some of the brave sons and noble daughters of this border-land, and if they could, they would be in Old Virginia to-day.

Martinsburg, W. Va., August 2, 1879. EGO.

LETTER VI.

The Tramps meet an old resident of Richmond—A few natural Tears—On the Macadamized—A Big Spring—Winchester and Industries—Model Water Works and a Bottomless Spring—The Necropolis of the Valley—Reminiscences of General Dan. Morgan.

We felt very sorry at having to tear ourselves away from our friends in Martinsburg; but it was a sweet sorrow, and the memory of it is pleasant, though mournful, to the soul. Before leaving I met an old resident of Richmond, who left there fifty-three years ago. She was the widow of Rev. John Blair Hoge, a contemporary of Parson Buchanan and Judge John Marshall. She inquired for many of her old friends, but the most of them were dead and gone long years ago, and I could tell her of only a few. Mrs. Hoge had often seen the old Chief Justice returning from market with his little bundle of meat in his basket, or rambling about in garments that bespoke no slight indifference to the formalities of judicial dress. In that day Richmond presented the appearance of an extensive village. Neither Franklin nor Grace street was known to Mrs. Hoge. Main and Broad were the two principal streets where business flourished, fashion reigned, and the salutations of open air were made in the drive and promenade. A few of our oldest citizens may remember Mrs. Hoge, but for the most part she referred to people who adorned Richmond, gave a tone to its society, and died full of good works many years ago—perhaps even before you, gray old *Dispatch*, were born.

Ego has in his last letter shed "a few natural tears" over by-gone days in Martinsburg, and I have naught to add to these simple votive offerings. But his vacant gaze at many a cool, sequestered

spot suggested, to my mind at least, a lad and lassie who would a-wooing go—

> "How mournfully sweet are the echoes that start,
> When memory plays an old tune in the heart."

The macadamized road to Winchester leads through a gentle rolling country, abounding in large, cool springs and beautiful natural groves. The primeval forests have long since been cut down, and but woods enough are left, it seemed to a tramp, to vary the monotony of the landscape and supply the inhabitants with fuel. There is no high cultivation of the soil. In fact, I thought the good people of this part of the Valley were not improving their abundant natural resources in proportion to their opportunities. But they do very well, and whether they did or not, the country could not fail to impress a passer through with its fertility, its easy-lying fields, clear, cooling streams, and salubrious climate.

A few miles from Martinsburg is the Big Spring, which sends forth a stream of crystal water strong enough to run a mill, and flooding nearly half an acre of ground. On our arrival we found a swain standing on a plank over the spring and filling a barrel which rested in a cart. Horse and cart were standing in the spring, but the water came bursting forth with such strength and volume that every bucketful came from the bowels of the earth direct, and was caught up before it sparkled and dashed along in the sunshine three yards.

There is something very antique about Winchester. Residences and storehouses bore the impress of an architecture that prevailed in those days when spacious rooms and halls were deemed necessary for health and comfort and when structures were erected with a view to weather the rude blasts without shock or fall. Outside adornments were ignored, the appearances of things were neglected, and the Virginians who built one hundred years ago despised everything that smacked of show and glitter. It is interesting to observe how changes have been made from time to time to suit the prevailing taste. Such alterations have not been so radical as to wipe out the old characteristics, and often an ancient column—to idealize a little—may be seen supporting a modern architrave, or a new-fangled silver-mounted bell-handle reflecting a staid old knocker. But Winchester, though it has its Fort Loudoun and many classic associations, does not rely upon its glorious past for notice. From its beautiful valley it has looked out upon the world of progress and sought to gather the best of what was going on. It has made no fuss about it, but an observant stranger would be surprised to note the number of factories, of all sorts, that meet the eye in every direction. Leather, shoes, gloves, paper, and flour are all manufactured here, and those engaged in these industries remind one

of old Virginia waking up to the good time a-coming, when thrift and prosperity will be added to the glorious catalogue of Virginia virtues. I had the pleasure of examining, with some particularity, the large and flourishing shoe factory, where numbers of men and women were employed. The workmen seemed to be proud of their establishment, and relished with gusto the astonished comments of the inquisitive tramp upon the quick-dealing, sharp clattering machinery which turned out hundreds of shoes a day.

As to public improvements, I dare say Winchester is not behind any town of its size. I was particularly impressed by the fact which seemed to me almost incredible, that the whole town of five or six thousand inhabitants was supplied with water by one spring. They have the most improved and best-ordered water-works, I make bold to say, in the United States; that is, they have all water and no works at all; no, absolutely none. On the hillside inclining towards the town, covered by a neatly-built stone-and-brick structure, lies the reservoir, a tireless spring, which belches forth a semi-torrent of limpid cold water.

This is conveyed to the town by two large pipes, and from a common hydrant in the street the tired countryman or the village sweep drinks the liquid ice-cold. Is not this a blessing which one may go far without seeing? But the wonder of wonders about this wonderful spring is that it has no bottom. Deep down its iron-colored throat you may look until the darkening shadows shut out everything but the yawning chasm. You may gaze on, expecting to peer through those Plutonian shadows, and that huge mouth seems to yawn wider and wider and then contract. You strain your eyes when the chasm seems to open again, and you "fancy but thinly the veil intervenes between that fair" bottom and you, but the stream gurgles up, flashes in the daylight, and in a mocking murmur glides far away. And so the bottom never, never appears.

I believe it is generally admitted that Winchester has the fairest and loveliest cemetery in the Valley. It can be seen from any point outside the town, suggesting at a distance the thought of a beautifully-kept grove which hides a happy home. Within the gates you seem to approach the very throne of peace and quiet, and but for the piercing shriek of the locomotive the man of meditation would hear nothing louder than the dove's plaintive moan, or

"Drowsy tinklings that lull the distant folds."

The soldiers' section is, of course, interesting. It was neatly kept, and divided according to the States whose sons lie buried there. The design is that each State shall erect an appropriate monument over its own dead. This Virginia has done. Maryland follows next, but the other States have been slow to take

hold of the matter, and as yet merely the *situs rei* is described. You have already had described in your columns the handsome monument unveiled last June. It is not only a tribute to the "unknown and unrecorded dead," but is also a lasting memorial of the indefatigable zeal of a sex that has never been reconstructed.

On our way out we paused at the grave of old General Dan. Morgan, who died in 1802. We were in the county where this old soldier performed some of his earliest and bravest deeds, and we felt not a little interested in the various accounts we heard of him. He was a man of very humble origin, it seems, and of little or no education when he began his career; but he was blessed with good sense and a mighty spirit that vented itself sometimes in perseverance under great difficulties, and at others in an unconquerable resolution in encounters, public and private. He is said once to have been placed in a room, to spend the night, which had but one bed, already occupied by a traveller. Morgan began disrobing, when the stranger called to him from the bed: "Look here, my friend, I want to save you some trouble. You needn't undress any more. You're not going to sleep in this bed to-night!" Morgan completed his preparations for retiring regardless of the threats of his gruff acquaintance, and when he was ready to retire he walked to the bedside and thus delivered himself: "Stranger, I'm going to sleep in this bed to-night, and in no other. I've thrashed five men to-day, and I have no objection to making a round half dozen. And now you've got to stay in that bed very quietly with me or fight!" and drawing back, he struck the pugilistic attitude and invited a mill. The stranger thought it safer to accept a bedfellow than such an antagonist, and signified the same to Morgan, who put out the light, sprang into bed, and went peacefully to sleep. There is in the possession of Judge Sherrard, of Winchester, General Morgan's camp-chest, a rare old curiosity, of rude but substantial finish. The Judge gave us the history of the box, and ended the account by saying he had no use for it, and would be very glad to donate it to the Virginia Historical Society if they would receive it. I am sure it would be a strong and valuable repository for the Society's papers.

We saw a great deal of the *Times* in Winchester. In fact, we made his cosy sanctum our sure and safe retreat from sight-seeing and all the lesser evils that tramps are heir to. The *Times* is one of the best fellows in the world. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and is the pleasantest of companions. Having passed through all the vicissitudes of war and the aftermath—destruction and reconstruction, as our Cousin Taylor calls it—the *Times* knows everything about everybody, and is especially interesting when he is induced to give you a glimpse of the true inwardness of the councils of the late war, of which coun-

cils the world now knows but little besides the opinion which was actually followed. The *Times*, you know, carried the flag of truce at Appomattox, but he always refers to that, when he speaks of it at all, with a tone different from the usual animated tenor of his narrative, and you can't help from surmising that event must have been a very sad and trying one to his soul.

But life is a succession of farewells, and Winchester's turn came next. So shaking hands with our kind friends there, we took up our line of march again, and looked not behind till we paused a few moments on the top of a neighboring hill that was soon to shut out that happy little town from our view. Here we called to mind our pleasant visit, gave a farewell to old Winchester, and hurried away toward Millwood, where we spent the night.

I have written these closing lines with music in the air. Ego has persisted in playing "Peace, Troubled Soul," upon a metallic piano about three inches high, which he manipulates by resting on all *threes*—his hand and knees—while with his right hand he wakes to ecstacy the living lyre. With this disturbing element sounding in my ear, I draw this letter to a close, and promise the next from us more worthy of perusal. ALTER.

Fauquier County, Va., August 18, 1879.

LETTER VII.

We part to meet again—Greenway Court—Saratoga—Excelsior!—"We wander down the Mountain side"—We stumble into a Literary Paradise—A venerable Newspaper.

After our night spent in Millwood, the morning of the 12th of August witnessed a sad event—the parting of the modern Damon and Pythias. Alter had proposed an alteration in our plans, and I was to be left to my egotism. While he made a diversion into Warren county to see some of *his* pretty cousins, I remained in Clarke circulating around among mine. While there I visited several places of general interest. Although the house of Lord Fairfax no longer stands at Greenway Court, I determined to go there for the sake of the historic associations that cluster around the spot. I passed through the village of Whitepost, and saw the lineal descendant of that post which had directed the youthful surveyor (afterwards somewhat known to fame as the paternal ancestor of these United States) to the same place which I was now seeking. It was then only used as a hunting lodge under the care of an overseer, but Lord Fairfax afterwards retired here, and here spent the latter years of his life. There still stands a stone out-house

which was built during his life, but the exact site of the old house is marked only by a depression in the ground.

Another place of interest which I visited was Saratoga. Old General Morgan having charge of a number of Hessian prisoners taken in the battle of Saratoga, determined to make them useful. So he set to work and made them build this house, bringing the stone two miles in hand-barrows. A finer piece of stone work I never wish to see; the house is as good now as ever, and has undergone very few alterations. It is now the home of Powell Page, Esq.

Carter Hall stands without a superior among the country mansions of Old Virginia, and I was very sorry that lack of time forced me to content myself with passing through the grounds and taking a hasty view of its imposing exterior. The air of Clarke is invigorating and exhilarating to the last degree, and if the soil were not the most fruitful and the people the most hospitable, it never could have stood the tremendous appetite of a tramp like myself. I would confess that it is still increasing, but fearing lest this letter fall into the hands of some whom we will visit hereafter, I will suppress that fact for fear they should be too alarmed to take us in. It was agreed between Alter and myself that we should meet at Berry's ferry at one o'clock on the 15th. At three minutes of one a turn in the road brought me to the bank of the Shenandoah, and there, on the other side of the river, sat Alter. A shout and a wave of the hand was our salutation, and but for the trifling interference of the river we would have rushed into each others arms. [N. B.—The reason of Alter's being ahead of time was that his watch was fifteen minutes too fast. Without this explanation his friends would be mystified.] After crossing the river and taking a bath we set out together towards Ashby's Gap, by which we intended to cross into Fauquier. Old soldiers will note that we were taking the same route as our army on its way to Manassas. Pausing when about half-way up the mountain, we sat down under a tree to eat our lunch. While engaged in this interesting occupation we were caught in a rain. We stood it for some time, until it got so hard that we went under a shed and finished our repast. As it continued to rain, we accepted an invitation to go into an adjacent house. Here we spent an hour or so; after which, against the advice of our host, we set out during a lull in the storm.

"Oh, don't go up, said an old man; stop,
It's blowing gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on t'other side,
But the hurrying strangers still replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, don't go up such a shocking bad night;
Come, rest awhile, said a maiden bright.
A tear on our Roman nose did come;
But still we remarked, as upward we clumb,
Excelsior!"

When we reached the top of the Gap we paused to note what a fine view we would have had if the country had not been enveloped in clouds. But we paused not long. It suddenly began to rain furiously. We tried a tree, but it was no protection. We ran down the mountain at a double quick, tumbled over the stone fence into the back yard of the first house we came to, and asked permission to go to the kitchen fire to dry off. Oh, no! the kitchen was no place for us; we must come in. In vain did we remonstrate that we were dripping and muddy. Oh, no! we couldn't hurt anything. And so, yielding to the kindly housekeeper, we were ushered into the dining-room, where a fire was soon made and warm coats provided while our blouses were drying. The family were out spending the day, and as they did not return at tea-time a nice, hot supper was served for us. Shortly after supper they came in—Mr. James W. Marshall, formerly a professor in Dickinson College, and more recently First Assistant Postmaster-General, with his wife and one of his sons. They gave us a hearty welcome, even before they knew who we were, and it was still more so when they learned that Alter was a nephew of Mr. Marshall's former teacher. We have rarely met any one so thoroughly acquainted with classic and modern literature as our host. His rare and valuable library was a great treat to us, and we spent many pleasant hours that evening and the next morning looking at curious old books and choice souvenirs of foreign travel, listening all the while to his interesting commentaries upon them. Can any one imagine a greater contrast than is afforded by comparing our condition as we ran down the mountain, wet and getting wetter, running into the first house we came to, with our situation as we sat in interested conversation in the library of a scholar? It is such variety as this that is the spice of a tramp's life.

Mr. Marshall's house was built by a Mr. Glascock, and was the only one near the Gap when Lafayette passed along that road. He stopped with Mr. Glascock, and in his honor the village of Paris, built soon after, was named.

About the middle of the day we tore ourselves away, but only with a promise to visit them again during our stay in this county.

A walk of seven miles brought us to Delaplane Station, which has the largest country store we have seen in our travels. We make our headquarters with one of Mosby's men, and have been enjoying ourselves greatly, visiting around in this delightful country. At one place we were shown a copy of the Winchester *Gazette* of January 28, 1815. I think some account of its contents will be interesting. There was a long account of a scene in the New Jersey Legislature relative to the remarks of the Governor in his message about the Hartford Convention. The Democrats, finding that the Federalists *present* outnumbered

them, although they had really a majority, jumped up and ran out of the house, thus leaving it without a quorum, to keep from passing a vote of censure on the Democratic Governor. There was a report of a speech delivered in Congress by King, of Massachusetts, which is interesting in the light of subsequent history. He spoke of the distance of his section from the seat of Government., "It is so distant that the genial rays of that Government, if it emit any, have never reached us, though its taxes, insults and oppression have." Apostrophising the Government, he said, "As soon as you declare in words, as you already have in acts, your inability to protect us, we ourselves will drive off the foreign invaders and also throw off your oppressive yoke, and thus rid ourselves of two deadly enemies at once." It seems to me that our Northern friends call that treason nowadays. His speech concluded by characterizing Virginians as "a set of dissipated bashaws, who exercise a petty tyranny over a parcel of negro slaves, and meet together and put on airs about liberty." But what brought to me most vividly the difference in times was the fact that the paper was filled with accounts of the threatening of New Orleans by the British, and of the confidence of Mr. Madison's friends that General Jackson would hold it, *when the battle of New Orleans had been fought twenty days before the paper was published.* What would you think, Mr. *Dispatch*, if an important event took place anywhere in the world that you didn't hear of in twenty *hours?* Well, "let the dead past bury its dead." Those issues which agitated the public mind then are gone now, and living questions have taken their place. But don't you think that if a man were to pick up a copy of the *Dispatch* sixty-four years hence he would find it a very nice question in etymology to determine how the name of one of the world's greatest masters of music came to be applied to a party of confusion and discord? Let us hope that this issue, too, will soon be buried in the complete triumph of honor and right.

Fauquier County, Va., August 21, 1879. EGO.

LETTER VIII.

The Tramps go to the Loudoun Camp-Meeting—Things Wise and Otherwise—Old Friends from Leesburg—Ego Eats a Chicken—Consequences—The Tramps at an Elegant Entertainment—A Jaunt to the Signal-Pole, whence they See the Country—Bee Lines.

We have something more to say of Fauquier, if we pretend at all to give you a running commentary of what occurs to us as we journey on. We have seen many things in Fauquier that in-

terested us, many that gave us real pleasure, and some that we were sorry to see. But each in its turn.

One morning last week a two-horse carriage was seen going slowly up the hill near Delaplane station. Within sat, or rather lolled, four gentlemen engaged in a conversation that could not be called animated. The posture, tone, look, of at least two in that party, bespoke an ill-acquaintance with early rising, and though the sun was sometime up, the hour and, above all, the melancholy expression of the two just referred to were such as to lead to the surmise that an early start had been made by somebody somewhere. And so it was. Ego and Alter had been invited to attend the famous Loudoun camp-meeting, the only condition exacted of them being that they should rise early and be ready when called for. Now, getting up early in the country—which means getting up earlier than anywhere else in the world—is no easy thing, and those who know us will not have to be told that we were *not* ready. When we actually did get up we cannot say with exactness; though we know, or at least we shall always believe, it was night time, in spite of its being hallooed in our ears that the sun was up long ago—which, by the way, is a detestable and exasperating communication some people are in the habit of making when they are up and you are not. Sun-up, forsooth! But we can never think of getting up early—that is, country early—without losing our temper, just as we never can get up early without an indescribable regret and melancholy, which follows us all through the day.

Swallowing melancholy as well as we could, when we found we had company—though to be sure these country people take a malicious pleasure in appearing happy and contented under such circumstances—we determined to be easy and say nothing. Hence, as I said, conversation in that carriage was not animated. But that did not stop the horses, and ere many minutes passed we found ourselves wide-awake and gloating over the fairest landscape one ever sees in Virginia. From the hill that overtops the picturesque little village of Upperville we saw the most highly cultivated, the most beautiful, and the most variegated country of this Old Dominion. There may be other scenery elsewhere surpassing this in extent or loveliness, but it seemed impossible to us that any should combine so much that is attractive with so little or nothing that repels. We do not expect to see any country prettier than this part of Fauquier and Loudoun, and we verily believe if our State had nothing else to show than this lovely section, it were well worth an ocean trip to behold such a glorious panorama.

The road from Upperville towards the camp-meeting divides Fauquier from Loudoun. On either side are seen gracefully-sloping fields, divided by the solid and durable stone fence so characteristic

of this country. Cattle of splendid size and condition feed leisurely upon the blue grass in the pastures next to the road, in the meadow beyond, on the slope above, against the horizon in front, away up on the mountain side in the rear, giving variety, life, and color to everything and in every direction. The well-built houses, painted or whitewashed so brightly that they flash in the far sunshine; the stately groves of oak and ash and elm; the beautiful grounds surrounding the homesteads, in many cases beautifully laid out and adorned with rare plants and flowers, give such a happy effect to a surface already diversified that the eye rests with delight wherever you turn it. So great is the recuperative power of the country that one passing through sees no trace of war save now and then a dismantled manor overgrown with the shielding ivy by which nature seems to beautify and adorn decay itself.

The Loudoun camp-meeting is a famous institution in this country, and has been famous for a long while. Every year about the latter part of August the good Methodist disposes his affairs to spend a week or more from home in social and religious converse with his brother and neighbors. When the time comes he transports his family and much of his furniture to the accustomed spot, and their erects his tent or builds his hut.

A large awning covers possibly a third of an acre of ground, and underneath rows of rude benches, and an elevated rostrum indicate the place of public worship. With this as a centre, tents or huts, as the proprietor may prefer, are arranged in a quadrangle so as to present the face of the tent or the entrance of the hut to the public awning. A thoroughfare of three or four yards' width intervenes between the line of tents and the place of worship. The locality selected is always a wood with the trees just thick enough to admit and shade tents, vehicles, and horses. Such a place as this met my curious gaze after a drive of fifteen miles. There had already gathered upon the ground a large number of people from all directions in the surrounding country, and not a few from the large cities. Nor was the crowd entirely methodistic. There seemed to be present every complexion of religious belief, every variety of persuasion, and of no belief at all. Here, with his hands crossed behind him, the good old Methodist walks with downcast eye and meditative look; his thoughts the while dwelling upon some precious promise of Holy Writ, and preparing him for the service shortly to begin. There stands a group of well-to-do farmers, large-jointed, red-faced, rough-handed, well-kept, decked out in plain, home-made garments, and discussing the crops, the last sermon, or the various news of the day. Here comes, with whip in hand and trowsers in his boots, a young man whose swarthy face speaks months of honest, manly toil. There, with hat awry, in gaudy colors, struts

the city rough. Next comes daintily stepping by a fair and gentle maiden, symmetrical from head to foot, and graceful withal, now and then tossing her head, or throwing a disdainful glance at some village belle, or the finery-loving milkmaid, in her Sunday best. And next, a corporal's guard of young men, whose winks and leers at the good old Methodist tell very plainly they have come to laugh and scoff. And next, a couple, whose vacant eye and unsteady gait tell just as plainly the tale of many a temptation, weak resistance, and hopeless fall. And following close in their wake, with a smile of low cunning, and soft, cat-like, deprecating motions, comes the gamester, who plies his nefarious trade within the very sound of prayer and praise. What a relief to notice the next passer-by, who proves to be a zealous Baptist, a devout Presbyterian, or a pious Episcopalian. Prayer-meetings and the three services at large are the order of each day with those who go to the camp-meeting for spiritual improvement and communion. But each person has his own programme, and he varies or follows it as he will, if he does not molest others in theirs.

I spent most of the day at the meeting, and heard parts of two sermons. It was quite impossible for any one sitting, as I did, outside the inner aisle, to hear much of sermon or prayer. The people are all invited to the service and requested to keep still; but probably not more than half attended, while large numbers sit around in the tents chatting among themselves or looking at the promenaders, who go round and round the meeting all during the services, having a good time themselves, but sadly interrupting the devotions of those who come for worship and their spiritual welfare. Altogether I cannot say I was favorably impressed with the religious advantages of the camp-meeting. I know that those who got it up were actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. They seek continually the good of the world, and all honor to them for their zeal and success. In a wild, half-civilized, or thinly-peopled country, camp-meetings can doubtless be made instruments of great good, but in a region like Fauquier and Loudoun it seemed to a tramp they did more harm than good. Indeed, I am not alone in this conviction. Numbers of sensible and mature men expressed the same sentiment, and I heard a prominent Methodist himself confess that the accidents of the meeting were so unfortunate and so unavoidable in a country like this, that camps were generally more productive of evil than good. Nay, this opinion seems to be gaining ground so rapidly that it is commonly doubted whether there will ever be another Loudoun camp-meeting.

The social advantages of such an association are good. The people meet together in a friendly way; talk over their common interests; see more of each other and the world; broaden their

views of men and manners, and go back to their homes stirred up and improved by contact with the world. But all this, I think, is at the expense of religion. The reputation of a noble church suffers by it, and such worldly advantages are too dearly bought. It is to be hoped that the time is soon coming when camp-meetings, which, for this country, certainly have had their day and done their work, will be discontinued, and that that branch of the Christian Church which has hitherto patronized them will devote that patronage to those other efforts in which they have ever had the warm approval of sister denominations. And this is the only sermon they are ever likely to have from a tramp.

At the meeting we met our old friends—Rev. Henry Branch, of Hamilton, and Major John Orr, of Leesburg. The Major took us off to his carriage and gave us an excellent basket dinner. I never saw Ego reflect such credit upon his appetite. I do not exaggerate when I say he ate a whole chicken, except a small unfinished piece which he dropped accidentally upon the ground. He told me this himself, and he will make an affidavit if you or any of your readers doubt it. He smiled sweetly and contentedly when he communed with me on this subject, and I know it is one of those little achievements that he will ever recur to with the tenderest recollections.

The next evening after our return home from the camp-meeting we adorned ourselves as much as our limited wardrobe permitted and set out to attend a reception given by Mrs. J**** to her son, who had recently been married to Miss McG****, of the neighborhood. We trust we are not vain, but we really do think we created a stir among the beauty and aristocracy of Fauquier when it was known two tramps were present. But we got along very well notwithstanding. We paid our respects to the hostess and offered our congratulations to the bride and groom very much, we thought, as other people did. We tried to think of something bright and smart to say, but, like a friend of ours in Richmond, we couldn't think of it. We promenaded, had *tete-a-tetes*, and went to two suppers just as others did, and staid till near five o'clock, when we went "home with the girls in the morning." We were certainly treated most hospitably, and we shall long be grateful to our hostess and her sweet, lady-like daughters for their kindness.

When we returned to Delaplane we took a nap of three or four hours, and, after a good breakfast, set out on a walk to Paris, where we proposed to join our friend, Mr. James W. Marshall, on a jaunt to the Signal-Pole, the highest point in the neighborhood. A severe storm prevailed that afternoon, but next morning we set out for the top of the mountain; and after a pleasant walk of five miles, in which we got many pretty views, we reached the top of the mountain. We were delighted with the extensive views we

had in every direction. The whole valley lay open to us, and the sight of the Piedmont region was limited only by the natural inability of the eye to pierce the haze which gathers around the horizon when a great distance off. Heavy clouds and low mutterings of thunder warned us to descend. Our kind friend returned home, and we determined to try a bee-line for the Delaplane road. We do not care to try any more bee lines after accomplishing this. From the signal pole we marked out the course, and though we were nearly used up with fatigue, we did not deviate a quarter of a mile from the line. Bee-lines will do for bees; they are not good for tramps.

Fauquier County, Va., August 29, 1879. ALTER.

LETTER IX.

Departure from Fauquier—Front Royal—Up the South Fork—The Luray Cave—A Fairy Land in Stone—We Meet Old Friends Underground.

We lingered in Fauquier somewhat longer than we had anticipated on account of continued rains; and, although it is not pleasant to have one's plans interrupted, no pleasanter place to be detained than Fauquier could well be found. We worked our way between showers to the Markham neighborhood, spending a night very delightfully at "The Crag," the former home of General Turner Ashby, and the present home of Dr. Jacquelin Marshall. Immediatly opposite is Rose Bank, where General Ashby was born and spent his early life. Though the place has gone down very much, it is still "beautiful for situation." On Wednesday, the 27th, we left Markham for Front Royal *via* Manassas Gap. The Gap is almost a defile, as one would scarcely be conscious that he was crossing the mountain. Linden is just on the summit of the road, and here the waters flowing into the Shenandoah are divided from those emptying into the Potomac. I got off this impromptu for Alter's benefit:

> On Linden, when the sun was high,
> All cloudless stretched the azure sky;
> And bright as summer was the eye,
> Of each tramp walking rapidly.

I must leave the reader to imagine how we walked along, following Happy Creek, though part of the road lay through Dismal Hollow (an allegory in that), until we came to Front Royal. Here we spent the night, noting the sudden growth that the town

has taken, as shown by the great number of new buildings going up. We had a few moments' chat with friend Lovell, of the *Sentinel*, to whom we are indebted for courtesies. The next day we set out for Luray, following the South Fork of the Shenandoah. On our left was the Blue Ridge, with its swelling slopes and sweeping curves, exciting the same emotions that would be produced by one of Hayden's grand organ symphonies, while the Massanutten on the right, with its ragged, jagged, cragged outline, and the suggestion of the yawning chasms within, stirred the soul like the rugged majesty of one of Bach's concertos. And anon the view of a lovely valley, with a limpid stream meandering through it, would soothe the spirit like the gently-flowing melody of Mendelssohn's Spring Song. With these accompaniments we trudged over the twenty-five miles between Front Royal and Luray, arriving by moonlight just as Jupiter rose above the Blue Ridge and Venus set behind the Massanutten. We put up at the Rust House, and after a delightful supper we lay down to sleep the sleep of the tramp, and dream of the wonderful cave. Mr. Rust is one of the most attentive proprietors we ever met, and we would recommend him to all visiting the cave.

And the cave itself—what shall I say of it? No pen can describe it; no pencil depict it. But this I will say, by way of prelude: I have been in the Mammoth Cave, and do not hesitate to assert, without qualification, the immeasurable superiority of this. There you walk over a much greater space under ground, but it is nearly all bare rock, while here no rock is seen. For each a form of beauty takes, which at once delights and bewilders the eye, and spreads before the gazer a fairy land in stone. I heartily endorse the statement of a Northern professor, that all the stalactic formations in the Mammoth Cave were surpassed in quantity and beauty in the Grand Entrance alone of the Luray cavern.

We made good use of our opportunities, going in twice in the morning (once with two very green young countrymen and their sweethearts), and once at night, when the cave was illuminated in honor of General Beauregard and a large party that came over with him from Rawley Springs. In this party we were glad to meet some pleasant acquaintances from Richmond. The entrance to the cave is down a long flight of steps into a large chamber, called the Grand Entrance, in the centre of which is Washington's Column. This column reaches within a few feet of the ceiling, and is thirty feet thick in one direction and fifteen in the other. It is draped, like the walls of the room, with long pendants resembling icicles. From a long stalactite, near the centre of the room, hung a chandelier, which was brilliantly lighted at night, making the first impressions of the cave very favorable.

Passing by a formation which strongly resembles the pre-

Adamite Glyptodon, we come to the Flower-Garden. No one who has not seen it can imagine the graceful stems and delicate blossoms, with which you would fain adorn your button-hole. Just beyond this the cave widens into a beautiful amphitheatre, where one can amuse himself by fancying all manner of shapes in the fantastic ornamentation of the walls. But that is true of the whole cave. Passing over Muddy Lake by a bridge, we enter a narrow passage which leads under a beautiful natural bridge to the Fish Market.

Nothing more natural than these fish can be imagined. Several different varieties can be recognized. Some are cleaned and laid open; some have their bodies curved, as if not quite dead; some are catfish and some are shad, but all, as some one remarked, are *rock* fish. Our "long-eared Lawrence," of the morning's party, remarked: "Them fish is as noice as ever I see." From here we go through Elfin Ramble to the edge of Pluto's Chasm—a mighty, yawning abyss, five hundred feet long and seventy-five feet deep, with the Spectre Column rising pure and white in the distance. Retracing our steps somewhat, we come to the Crystal Spring. Picture to yourself a basin two or three feet in diameter, with a scolloped border, of the most delicate pattern, curving in over the water, inlaid with tiny white crystals. That is the Crystal Spring. After taking a drink of the pure water, we pass along a passage which gives us a view of Pluto's Chasm from one extremity, and right by us we have Proserpine's Column, pure and white as the Spectre Column, which we again see in the distance. Passing on by Oberon's Grotto we see Titania's Veil, falling snow white over the yellow formations. And now words fail. I have a confused idea of stalactites forty and fifty feet long, pendant from the ceiling all around me, of curtains hanging in rich and graceful folds, tapering down to the thinness of a knife-blade; of frozen cascades and fountains, white and clear as spermaceti, and in the midst of all this lies the Fallen Column, shaken from the wall in an earthquake that must have occurred several thousand years ago, for the stalactites have formed upon it in its present position several feet thick. The column lies like a fallen monarch; for it is of immense length and twelve feet in diameter.

After turning aside to see the curious and beautiful Bath-Room, we passed under the Fallen Column into the great Gothic Cathedral. Just over the entrance a lovely angel's wing pours its blessing on all who enter this holy place. No such cathedral as this was ever fashioned by man; such a wealth of sculpture no human architect ever lavished on one building. Worked out in Nature's laboratory, whose minutes are ages, it mocks all the efforts of man. Nor is this cathedral without its organ—an organ not only in appearance but sound. For by striking on the different stone pipes different sounds are produced, and a little

experience will enable one to play a simple tune on it. In another part of the Cathedral is a beautifully-canopied throne, with fringed cushions in the seat and on the foot-stool. We then passed under festoons of rich curtains, through a circular room, the most striking feature of which was a double column with an old Turk sitting cross-legged on the shorter one, and so on amongst everything "rich and strange" into the ball-room. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than the scene presented there to-night. Brilliantly lighted chandeliers hung from stalactites on the ceiling, rows of lights around the walls glittered among the stony drapery, vistas into other parts of the cave stretched out in all directions, through one of which we could see the snowy train of Cinderella, as if hastily leaving the ball. And then the scene borrowed from the world of life adornments foreign to the stony stillness of the world of death. The bright and happy faces of lovely girls, calling back merry answers to gallant escorts; the comely matron, with her lord; the erect and stately form of him who, though age has shivered his locks, is still the same paragon of chivalry and knightly grace as of yore; the swelling music, now of the band, now of a single female voice, and now of a mighty chorus—all combined to make it a scene never to be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

Just outside the ball-room is the Casket Spring. It is formed just like the Crystal Spring, with an additional element of beauty. Around the central spring is a cluster of others on the same pattern, but on a lower level, to catch the overflow, and around and below these another set, and so on for six or seven tiers. The Imperial Spring is the largest in the cave, and has what looks like a bank of snow on one side. Shortly after this we see the exquisite Empress Column, of the most graceful shape and most spotless whiteness, until the magnesium light is thrown on it, when the crevices all take a delicate salmon tint. On our return we go into Skeleton Gulch, where lie the bones of an Indian boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, embedded in the rock. The rock is still forming around them, but it probably took several hundred years to bury them as much as they are. Not a great distance off is the perfect print of an Indian moccasin, the mud pushed up around it in the most natural manner. The fact that there are no more is no argument against genuineness, for it would require peculiar conditions, both to make and preserve the track. The mud had to be soft at the time, and then a thin stalactic formation had to encrust it. The size of the print and of the skeleton correspond. What food for the imagination is furnished by this foot-print and skeleton. We can picture to ourselves the young Indian, fond of danger and adventure, finding the mouth of the cave, keeping it a secret that he alone might explore its recesses, stealing off with his pine torch, entering cautiously at first, till,

drawn on step by step as new beauties meet his eye, he becomes bewildered, loses his way, wanders around aimlessly, becomes more hopelessly lost every step, until his torch expires, and then the blackness of darkness settles down over his soul. He sits down in dumb despair, until, thinking anything better than that, he starts up once more, gropes his way wildly around, his foot slips, and, with one wild cry of despair, he falls over the precipice, at the foot of which he lies. The mother never knows the fate of her son; she only knows that her spirited, dark-eyed boy comes no more to her wigwam, and still she watches and hopes till hope grows cold. And all the while the relentless stone is forming, drop, drop, drop, around the bones of her son; perhaps her only one.

One large and beautiful pillar I knew to be unnamed, and so I whispered to the guide, and he announced its name to be Beauregard's Column. And now, as I draw my letter to a close, I begin to think of numberless things that I have said nothing about. I have not mentioned Chapman's Lake, Goliah's Staff, Sultana Column, the Indian Squaw, or numberless other things which would themselves have been great attractions, if there had not been greater. These things I must leave the reader to see for himself, which I trust every one will endeavor to do. Persons returning east from the Virginia springs will find it very convenient to leave the Chesapeake and Ohio at Staunton, taking the Valley railroad to New Market. From that point a daily line of stages runs to Luray.

The Luray cave is a new world of beauty. Everything is as different from what we habitually see around us, as St. Peter's at Rome would be to a rude barbarian who suddenly found himself there.

Now the eye is bewildered by some mazy labyrinth, now delighted by a delicate piece of tracery; now we wander over smooth floors, beneath graceful arches draped with curtains hanging in rich damask-like folds; now we shrink back from some yawning abyss that opens it greedy mouth to devour the unwary; now it is grand, now picturesque, now gloomy, now gay, now awful, now beautiful; but always new, always weird, always wonderful. Stopping only a few moments outside the cave to bid our friends good-bye and have a few pleasant words with General Beauregard, we sallied out of the entrance-building for a moonlight walk to Luray. And soon the rumbling of wheels and the music of the band told us the others were following. And so we all retired—every one else to sleep, I to write this letter.

Luray, August 29, 1879. EGO.

LETTER X.

Departure from Luray—A bit of Cave History—A brave Pioneer of Luray Valley—The Knights of the Horseshoe—Across Three Valleys—Fort Valley—Forty Miles a Day—The Old Stone Church—Staunton—Humpback—At Albemarle.

Ego gave you an account of our travels up to the eve of our departure from Luray. He had of course a great deal to say of the cave. That wonderful curiosity of nature was so absorbing to us and everybody there that it engrossed conversation, and put out of mind many things that we had intended to notice.

But for the cave Luray would have probably continued its quiet existence, far removed from the noise and bustle of the world, an ancient German settlement, neither the worse nor the better for the lapse of time. The explorations of the cave, however, have brought about a great change in the life of this sequestered little village. Now there is a continuous stream of visitors from all parts of the country, and every available space is most of the time in demand for the accommodation of those who come from far and near to see the wonders of the subterranean world.

I was curious to know where Luray got its name. I did not recollect ever meeting with it in my reading or travels elsewhere. A cultivated gentleman of the village told me it was a corruption of "Lorraine," from which province many of the old settlers had emigrated.

There are some interesting and suggestive facts connected with the history of the great cavern which have come to my notice, and which, in the light of subsequent events, afford a striking illustration of the old apothegm that "there is nothing new under the sun." The hill which caps the cave has been known for nearly a century as Cave Hill. People about Luray tell you the cave was discovered a year ago last August; but that means the present entrance to the cave was discovered at that time. More than fifty-four years ago a lengthy and beautiful description of the cave was published in the *Shenandoah Sentinel.* Even before that early period the presence of a large subterranean cavity was acknowledged beneath the hill one mile west of Luray, and, memorial of this fact, the locality for years past had gone under the name of *Cave Hill*—an appellation it still enjoys. The party who undertook the exploration of the cavern at the period referred to numbered fifteen gentlemen; and though they were not the first, they were the most determined and the best prepared for a good investigation of those extensive underground chambers that had been spoken of vaguely for years in Luray.

The entrance to the cave at that time was at the summit of the hill, while now it is towards the foot, lying in the direction of the village. Congress Hall, which was declared by the explorers to occupy a floor of nearly quarter of an acre, and which recent visitors will recognize by a different name now, was first discovered, and after that, in rapid succession, the Music-Room, the Gallery, the Glazed Chamber, and Masonic Hall—names quite different from those the same chambers have at present. The account referred to winds up thus:

"This cave is situated on the lands of Mr. David McKay, and is said to have been first partially explored in the following singular manner: A Mr. Ruffner, who was nearly as much celebrated for deeds of sylvan prowess as the renowned Putnam, in passing this cave some thirty years ago—[that is to say in 1795]—conceived the bold and hazardous design of entering it alone. He accordingly prepared himself a flambeau of pine and placed his rifle across the mouth to indicate, in case of accident, to his friends, if they should happen to see it, that he was in the cave. He descended, but soon fell and put out his light, and as might have been expected, was soon bewildered and lost in its labyrinth of passages. It happened that some of his friends in passing the cave discovered his gun, and rightly concluding that he had gone into it, they procured lights and entered in search of him, and found and brought him out again, after his having been in forty-eight hours. This brave fellow was among the pioneers who were foremost in exploring and settling our Western frontier; and was at last killed by the Indians, after having performed deeds of valor and daring prowess which would have done honor to the character of a hero."

If I mistake not, this Ruffner was a native of Germany, a man of varied accomplishments, as highly educated as he was bold and adventurous in spirit. The legend goes that he left his native home for the wilds of America without the consent of his father, and that, selecting the beautiful Valley of Luray, he made common cause with the then recent settlers of that place against the Indians, who were fierce and warlike. Here he met Miss Marye, the daughter of a large Huguenot family recently settled there, and persuading her to share his fortunes through life, they were happily married. Later on Ruffner met the fate of many a brave pioneer, and was slain by the Indians, as mentioned by the writer of an article in the *Shenandoah Sentinel.* The article from which I have quoted may be found in full in *Martin's Gazetteer of Virginia,* an old book now rarely met with, and bears the date of May 14, 1825. Does it not seem strange that this wonderful cave, which is now attracting so much attention from all parts of the country, should have been so long unnoticed that in 1878 it seemed a new discovery. Here is a

princely possession which has changed hands repeatedly for a mere song—a mine of wealth known positively to exist eighty-odd years ago, and extensively explored so long since that the very profusion of its wonders had been forgotten.

The day we left Luray was clear and beautiful. To the east lay the Blue Ridge, with its outlines distinctly visible. The inhabitants of this valley have a legend that the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe passed through the depression in the ridge near Luray called Thornton's Gap, just beneath Mary's Rock—the two places named after Mary Thornton, the only female bold enough to accompany that transmontane expedition under Governor Spotswood. To the south of Mary's Rock, which has attached to it a touching legend, the Stoney Man rears his lofty head—the next highest peak, it is said, to the Peaks of Otter.

Pursuing a course somewhat northwest of Luray, we came to the South Fork of the Shenandoah, which we forded. Within a mile after leaving the river we began the toilsome ascent of the Southern Ridge of the Massanutten—an undertaking of the most arduous nature, but rendered tolerable—nay, enjoyable—by the magnificent and ever-changing views of the lovely Luray Valley. The descent on the other side brought us into Fort Valley, one of the most secluded places we have yet encountered. From the top of the Southern Ridge we paused awhile to look over this great natural fort. The valley is environed on all sides by lofty, precipitous, and rugged mountains. At the southern end, near which we were, we could distinctly see the broad swoops the Massanutten made to hedge in and cut off from the rest of the world this beautiful vale. But to the north we looked in vain for a similar closing. The naked eye refused to descry what lay so far off. The valley appeared to us lonely. No sounds disturbed the stillness, almost arctic, and during our walk across it we met but three human beings—an old man and his two daughters, in their primitive mountain home. We passed some deserted houses, and those that we could see in the distance appeared to be for the most part tenantless, so quiet and solitary did everything seem about them. We were so glad to meet one of our kind in that far-away place that we stopped awhile with the old man and had a pleasant conversation. He told us he was a descendant of the old settlers; that he had rarely or never left his native valley; that he knew of little that was going on in the outside world; and that his wants being few and simple there was little or no occasion for him ever to leave his home. We got from him several legends of the Indians which he had received from the old men of the Fort, who were dead and gone fifty years ago. He told us that Powell, who was an early English settler in these parts, and who had left his name attached to the valley and several of her peaks, had mined silver ore a mile or two south from

where we were then lying on the grass, and that he was supposed to have made much money; but he finally disappeared, and no one knew what ever became of him. Our informant, who had passed three-score-and-ten, said that in former times the people of his valley spoke German, and that he and his wife kept up between them the old custom, though his children had never learned their ancestral tongue. Though born and reared in Old Virginia, this old gentleman had a broken and foreign accent. From this it may be judged how secluded is life in Fort Valley.

Before we bid our pleasant acquaintance good-bye, he gave us the route to General Gilbert Meem's, whom we had been invited to drop by and see on our way to Staunton. And then we set out again, thinking the while that even if the flight of years should soon bring us through this secluded vale again we should yet probably never more look upon the face of the kindly old man.

We left the valley by a defile shaded with a dense forest, through the northern ridge of the Massanutten. We travelled six or seven miles with hardly a break in the woods. Nothing human appeared. We were left to our own reflections; and as night was rapidly approaching we sped along over a rough road, only now and then disturbing that dark forest by an exclamation at its endlessness. Nightfall brought us to Smith's creek, which, finding no footbridge, we had to ford; and in half an hour we knocked for admittance at the beautiful and well-appointed residence of General Meem. It is needless to add we were well received, warmed up and cheered by a good supper, and after a short though pleasant chat were sent to bed where we slept long and well.

One cannot speak too flatteringly of Strathmoor. It seemed to us the handsomest estate we had yet seen; certainly surpassing everything in the Valley. The land lies beautifully for cultivation and stock raising. The house—a large brick structure, of a lead color, tastefully and conveniently built—occupies the first eminence west of the North Fork of the Shenandoah, which is spanned by a substantial and sightly bridge a hundred yards from the house itself. A lane of half a mile runs from the bridge, through beautiful meadows, to the great macadamized road that stretches through the heart of the Valley from Staunton to Winchester. The corn standing in the field on either side and in front of the house was higher than we could reach with our Alpine stocks, while the wheat crop, which did not satisfy the proprietor, averaged twenty-five bushels to the acre. The cattle browsing on the fine stand of blue-grass were elephantic in size, and fat and sleek like seals. The Cotswold and Southdowns were splendidly cared for, and presented in consequence a fine appearance. We were shown a tuft of wool that had been sheared on the place,

strands of which were a foot and a half long. The ram that had grown it left on the shearing-bench eighteen pounds of wool at the same time. These statements seem almost incredible, but let the lowlander remember the Valley is the garden of Virginia, and Strathmoor is the pride of the Valley.

We took our departure early one morning, and were accompanied a mile or so by two fair companions, who had exhibited us to the good people of Mount Jackson as two first-class gentleman tramps. We were out for a forty-mile walk that day, and as our gentle friends could neither go far nor fast, we selected the famous Rude's Hill as the parting ground. Then came the walk of walks. We were in a good condition, physically. It was a pleasant day. There was nothing to prevent the mile-posts flying by rapidly, and we made them fly. Rude's Hill, New Market, Cross Keys, Harrisonburg, Port Republic—all famous names now—but we had no time to pause, we were walking our forty miles. Nothing could delay us. We had to make Fort Defiance that day. And we made it. Forty and a half miles it is from Strathmore to the Old Stone church. The best walking we did was after our twenty-fourth mile. We went the twenty-fifth mile in thirteen and a half minutes. There were few miles that took us over fifteen minutes, the most of them ranging between fourteen and fifteen. We spent the night at the parsonage of the Old Stone church, a famous landmark in the ecclesiastical history of the State. This time-honored edifice was erected more than one hundred years ago by the combined labor of the men and women—the Scotch-Irish—who first settled in the Valley. Around the church are the remains of an old fort (Fort Defiance) which protected the builders from the attacks of the Indians. The building is large and commodious, and in excellent preservation; indeed, at this day it takes rank among the finest of country churches in Virginia. Rev. Alex. Sprunt, a talented and energetic young preacher, is now the shepherd of the descendants of the old Presbyterian flock that reverently worshipped God in the ancient stone church nearly a century and a half ago. About two hundred yards from the church is the Willow spring, which presents the novel and mysterious appearance of a stream of water rushing out the trunk of a willow trough—a spout inserted in the tree about five feet from the ground. The explanation of this singular appearance is found in the fact that many years ago a gentleman conveyed the water from a spring, a hundred yards off, to a trough by the roadside through an underground pipe. At the trough he bent the pipe, and running it up through a willow-post about five feet, madea hole for the water to run out by a spout. In the course of time the willow-post took root, and is now a good-sized tree, with several large branches covered with leaves. And the water flows on in a cool limestone current, exciting wonder and comment in every stranger that passes that way.

We spent but one night in Staunton. We found the time had unconsciously flown by, and we were already due elsewhere. We found ourselves famous men in Staunton, but we tarried not. We set out for the Humpback, where we wanted to see the sun rise, and that exensive view of the Valley and all the piedmont of Albemarle and Nelson. *En route* we passed through the little village of Sherandoah, which is nestled far away by itself among the low hills at the foot of the Blue Ridge. The night caught us climbing the mountain towards the Humpback, whose frowning, black face had been in view all day along. But we never seemed to go directly towards our destination. We were travelling first to the north of him, then to the south of him, always marshalling up and down before him, as if he were some oriental despot who could not be approached as other men; and all the while his great iron face and discolored breast looked like the Egyptian Sphinx struggling to rid himself from the weight of earth. And when at last we did point our faces towards him he was covered by darkness, and Jupiter had come out with unusual brilliancy to show us the way. We spent the night a mile away from the Humpback Rock, and we were sitting astraddle his great scrawny back as the sun slowly and majestically swung up above the horizon and began his rapid ascent to the zenith.

In the afternoon we were eating heartily at a delightful homestead in Albemarle.

Albemarle County, Va., September 8, 1879. ALTER.

LETTER XI.

Farewell to the Mountains—Toeing the Tow-path—Richmond Ahoy! —The Tramps Triumphant—Resume—Alter "Points a Moral, wi' Admonition Due"—The Curtain Falls.

Having separated for a few days, the tramps again united their forces at Mechum's river, on Wednesday last, and went on to the University. Here we enjoyed a sumptuous dinner with our friends, and were pleased to have the society of two of our acquaintances from Richmond. Under the guidance of one of the University's fair daughters, I had the pleasure of going around and seeing the sights. It is hard to see how any one can neglect the golden opportunities for improvement that are furnished here.

The classic beauty and repose in all the surroundings, the sacred memories of the good and great which cluster around every spot, one would suppose to be a sufficient inspiration to

"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long."

Leaving the University, we set out for Edge Hill, where we expected to spend the night with friends and relatives. As we passed through Charlottesville we recognized in a passing carriage a bevy of beauties who had previously known us in broadcloth and cassimere. We bowed profoundly, and were greeted with a burst of merriment which lasted until the sound of wheels died away in the distance. When we reached the summit, we turned back to "cast one longing, lingering look behind" at the beautiful view about to be shut out from our sight. We have had a few glimpses of the mountains since, but never as then, when they formed a deep-blue frame to the lovely green hills and meadows which surround the beautiful home and the noblest work of Thomas Jefferson. We regretted very much not having time to visit Monticello—I particularly, as Alter had been there, and as the bones of my ancestors lie in its sacred burying-ground. Our stay at Edge Hill was brief but delightful, and the following morning we had to tear ourselves away. Our route that day was not interesting in itself, though a part of it had historic interest. We passed the place where the committee from Albemarle received Lafayette from the Fluvanna committee and escorted him with great pomp to Monticello. All of that brilliant cavalcade are gone. The last link that connected those scenes with the present time was cut by the death of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

Our road through Fluvanna was mostly good, though it is not kept up as it doubtless was when John Randolph remarked that "Fluvanna ought to be cut into strips and sold to make roads for the rest of the State." We saw plenty of chinquapins and persimmons, for which the county is noted. We stopped at a farm-house for the night, and when the farmer went in to consult his wife about giving us lodgings, his little girl said: "Mamma, don't be afraid; they don't look like tramps." Discerning little girl! The next day, when we came to the cross-roads, we were a little taken aback to see "60 miles to Richmond." We walked two miles, and saw "To Richmond, 48 miles." The other signs agreed with this. Has no one in the neighborhood public spirit enough to change that 6 to a 5? After a pretty long walk—now through woods, now through the courthouse, with its beautiful green and splendid old oak, now on the lonely banks of the dear old James—we came to Eastwood, where we spent a restful and refreshing night. In the morning we lingered awhile, going over our friend's farm, and then took the tow-path for Richmond. The

old canal was quite brisk to-day, a large number of boats passing us on their way up—*though none overtook us.* We could not but admire the massive masonry of its locks and aqueducts, and it seemed a pity that all that money had not been invested in a railroad at first. But a canal is much more peaceful than a railroad, and suited the old times. It is certainly much pleasanter walking. About four miles from Richmond we stopped and took one more bath, killed one more snake, and then joyfully wended our way to Richmond. When we reached the bend that presented the familiar view of Richmond to our sight, we could appreciate Dr. Bagby's beautiful description of it in "Canal Reminiscences." And so we walked on, amid familiar sights and sounds, reaching Richmond at half-past six.

"So now 'tis ended, like an old wife's tale," and a brief *resume* is not inappropriate. If any one will take the map of Virginia and glance up the western shore of the Chesapeake bay he will see four great rivers—the James, the York, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac. In the country drained by these rivers our route has lain, though far the greater part was in the Valley of the Potomac and its great tributary, the Shenandoah. The country traversed is almost a square, with Richmond, Alexandria, Martinsburg, and Staunton at the four corners. We have by no means confined ourselves to the boundaries of the square, as we have been in every county in it, except five of the interior ones. The counties, twenty-four in number, are as follows: Henrico, Hanover, Caroline, Spotsylvania, Stafford, Prince William, Fairfax, Alexandria, Loudoun, Washington, Md., Jefferson and Berkley, W. Va., Frederick, Clarke, Fauquier, Warren, Page, Shenandoah, Rockingham, Augusta, Nelson, Albemarle, Fluvanna, Goochland, and then Henrico again. Of these, it will be seen, twenty-one were in Virginia, two in West Virginia, and one in Maryland. The distance walked was six hundred and twelve miles. This is not guess work. We set down the distance from day to day, always taking an under-estimate where there was any uncertainty.

We set out, eating blackberries and whortleberries along the road; we return, eating chinquapins and wild grapes. We have seen every variety of land. Some produced corn whose tops we could not reach with our Alpenstocks; in other places we could bestride it without its reaching us, though it had attained its growth. One man complained of a poor crop of wheat when he had made twenty-five bushels to the acre; another, when he threshed as much as he had sowed, joyously exclaimed, "Well, I've got her back agin, but I don't think I'll trust her in the ground no more." We have been from civilization to barbarism, sometimes a day's walk bringing us from the refinement of an elegant home to a log house, where we slept in the room with the

greater part of the family. And now we feel very much like the man who went to a hotel for the first time. Having eaten all that was brought him on the little dishes, he said, "Waiter, I like them samples very well, now I'll take some of each." We have, in a rapid way, sampled a good part of Virginia, and would now be very glad at our leisure to take some of each. But stop —we will take no Drainsville in ours.

Nor has our tramp been devoid of moral discipline. When we were on the Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, we noticed that a very small twig at one point excluded from our view the fairest and most extensive landscape our eyes had yet beheld. We got higher up, and a scene of surpassing loveliness lay before us. This little incident is illustrative of our experience in life. Often a very small thing, a light affliction of the moment, a little awkwardness of time, we suffer to intervene between us and the great cheerful and hopeful future. If we would but get a little higher, or look over the slight obstruction, we could not fail to see and be rejoiced at the green pastures and the still waters beyond.

In going through the sands of Caroline and Spotsylvania it seemed as if we never would be done with them. But our faces were set toward Fredericksburg, and we pictured to ourselves the happy re-union there with our dear friends. And so the sand seemed not so deep, the day less warm, and the darkness not so gloomy. Keeping one's eye on the great goal of life, we thus learnt, renders one less attentive to inconveniences by the way.

Once or twice in the midst of intensely hot weather it occurred to us that we had yet to walk hundreds of miles before we concluded our trip. The bare idea at that unnerving season made our hearts sink within us. We felt unequal to the task, and we began to think when and where we could best leave it undone. But a more manly resolution bade us remember we had only to do so much a day, and by shutting our eyes to the almost interminable distances ahead we got through each day's journey with a pleasurable success. And so we learnt another great lesson in life—that by attending to the matter in hand and excluding remote probabilities we shall accomplish wisely and well what, if we ever do at all, is to be done at once.

Our tramp has necessarily thrown us with all conditions and classes of men. From the thatched cottage we have gone to the palace of the wealthy; we have descended from the mountain fastnesses, where dwelt primitive simplicity in manners and dress, to the fertility and civilization and luxury of the plain. From the board of the large landed proprietor we have come to partake of the humble fare of the tenant. From the pale-faced, dyspeptic man of books we have made our way to the hard featured, weather-beaten son of toil. From the citizen of the metropolis

we have gone to meet and know the countryman in his own home. Is the result one of surmise? Need we say we have rubbed away not a few of the cobwebs of prejudice and ignorance? We have learnt in the most practical and impressive way that there is something worth knowing and honoring in every condition of life. No man, or set of men, is totally good or totally bad. This we never realized before, mayhap because we happened to be born in a country where, and in an age when, party spirit runs high. Neither party ever sees or acknowledges any good in the other.

And we have seen many other things, which will, we trust, make us wiser and better men. We cannot speak of them here. Time would fail us. But one more thing we must say. We take a pride in our own people. Our travels have been State-wide, and we know of what we speak. We have seen an independence and public spirit and patriotism amongst the poorest and humblest classes of our dear old Commonwealth that would do honor to Aristides or a Decius. We have travelled far and wide, but we have yet to hear of anybody or anything that was communistic. Aye, socialism is unknown.

In concluding this series of letters, we jointly extend our most cordial thanks to the members of the press who have shown us many courtesies, and to all those whose kindness and hospitality we have enjoyed. That in their journey through life they may always receive as kind treatment as we have in this summer's tour is the sincere wish and heartfelt prayer of

Richmond, September 13, 1879. EGO AND ALTER.

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The Year 1619

in the

Colony of Virginia

By
HOWARD R.
BAYNE

THE YEAR 1619 IN THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of communities as well as in those of individuals.

It came to the Colony of Virginia in the year 1619 in such a flood that thoughtful men have not ceased to wonder at it from that day to this.

Because it was a great and memorable era in the Colony, I take it for my subject to-night.

You will remember that the colonization of Virginia was undertaken by a commercial company as a commercial enterprise. Under a charter granted in 1606, the London Company sent forth on the 19th of December of that year their first convoys of men and provisions, and a settlement was effected on a bend of that noble river (then named the James, in honor of the reigning monarch of England) on the 13th day of May, 1607. We need not pause to wonder at the ill-assorted company, and the improvidence of the managers of the venture in sending out upon such a mission men so poorly qualified by nature, education, and inclination to lay the foundations of a new State. We are bound to believe the London Company did the best they could under the circumstances. It was not an easy matter to be choice in the selection of men. An expedition across the Atlantic in those days doubtless offered more chances of a safe landing than not, but the great majority of worthy substantial people of the time did not think so. And thus those that were willing to go were not generally fit, and those that were fit were not as a rule willing to go.

We may surmise that very few of those that landed at Jamestown on that beautiful May day ever dreamed for a mo-

A paper read before the Society of Colonial Wars, New York, December 20, 1897.

ment of spending their lives in a wild Indian land, or of building up a new country in the only way the wisdom of the world has ever discovered: by hard labor, resolution, constancy, common sense, common virtue, and common courage.

The dare-devils, the ne'er-do-wells, the broken-down gentlemen, the soldiers of fortune, the adventurers without ties, without hope and quite as well without fear, served their day and generation very well indeed by risking their lives and losing them for the sake of the expedition. They set the fashion, and made the way to Virginia familiar and commonplace after a while.

The charters of 1606 and 1609 gave way to yet another in 1612, which transferred the government of the Colony from the Council to the Company through the Courts.

These Courts were quarterly meetings of the London Company, styled the four Great and General Courts of the Treasurer, Council, and Company of Adventurers of Virginia.

These meetings in London were educating a great many people in the art of governing a State. James I. would have been astounded if he could have seen how clear and keen and just were growing the conceptions of popular rights.

And so it was by 1619 some progress had been made through a great deal of suffering in the Colony, some of which was really unnecessary, undeserved and not to be expected, but very little. Things were managed in such a way that for twelve years from 1607 the only path to progress was over the miseries of the living and the bodies of the dead. The spent lives of roving, the venturous, the unscrupulous, the drones, the devil-me-cares, were not altogether wasted even in these later days, cut short indeed as they were and none too soon. But then, the Indians sometimes had to be met in hostile array, and since the poor fellows had to go why should not they, instead of better men, fall beneath the tomahawk in the treacherous massacre.

We owe some victories to the legions of the lost.

At any rate progress had been made by 1619. Let us survey briefly the general situation.

The main body of the planters, according to a contemporary

writer, was divided into officers, who had the charge and care over the laborers and farmers; laborers, some of whom did the general work and were fed out of the public stores, and others, such as artificers, wrought for the colonists individually; farmers, who lived at most ease, bound by covenant for themselves and servants to maintain the King's right and title in that kingdom against all foreign and domestic enemies, "to watch and ward" in the towns where they were resident; to do thirty-one days' service for the Colony in a year, when called upon and when their business could best spare them, to maintain themselves and families with food and raiment, and to pay yearly into the public magazine each for himself and every man servant twelve and one-half bushels of "the best Indian Wheate."

Of the Virginia commodities that began to be much sought after in England, there were corn, wine, silk, "silka grasse," hemp, flax, pitch, tar, potash, "sopeashes," iron, clap-board, and, most of all, tobacco. As one of the old chroniclers puts it, tobacco was "verie vendible." The soil produced it generously and it became so profitable a crop that corn and other necessaries were neglected to the peril of the Colony, so that the managers of the Company required the planters to covenant to employ their people in raising the staples necessary to life "and not wholly or chiefly about tobacco and sassafras." Indeed each planter was specially prohibited from planting tobacco till he had "yearly manured, set and maintained two acres of corn" for himself and every man servant.

The use of the weed became so much of a fad about this time that the matter got into Parliament. Middleton, a member, complained especially of the custom of paying for goods sent from London in tobacco, and attacked the then patent of the Company on that ground. Said he: "Many of the divines now smell of tobacco and poor men spend 4d. of their day's wages at night in smoke and wish that the patent may be damned."

In 1616 there were six distinct settlements, or, as they were then known, towns, plantations, or hundreds curiously organized and partaking of the nature of a military, political, re-

ligious, and social establishment. The total population at this time was 357. Mr. John Rolfe, in his "Relation," quaintly informs us that there were then in the Colony, "83 cowes, heifers and calfes, 41 steeres, 20 bulles." "Memorand: 20 of the cowes were great with calfe," 3 horses, 3 mares, Goats and Kidds, male and female in all 216, Hoggs wild and tame not to be numbered, Poultry great plenty.

In "A Declaration of the State of the Colony and Affairs in Virginia," issued by the "Counseil" in 1620, the following description is given:

"The Countrey is rich, spacious and well watered; temporate as for the climate; very healthful after men a little accustomed to it; abounding with all God's naturall blessings. The Land replenished with the goodliest woods in the world, and those full of Deere, and other Beasts for sustenance: The Seas and Rivers (where of many are exceeding faire and navigable) full of excellent fish, and of all sorts desirable; both Water and Land yeelding Fowle in very great store and variety: In Summe, a Countrey too good for ill people; and wee hope reserved by the providence of God, for such as shall apply themselves faithfully to his service, and be a strength and honour to our King and Nation."

There had been almost from the beginning two parties in the Company in London—the Court Party, backed by His Majesty's influence and contending to extend his power and prerogatives; and the Country or Virginia Party, striving for the best interests of the Colony and the gradual development and the prevalence of popular rights.

The issue doubtless began from that old sin in the world, the desire on the King's part to appropriate the goods of his subjects without paying for them, but it became clearer, nobler, and larger as time went on. Up to 1619 the Court Party were in the ascendancy, but in that year the control of the Company, upon the defeat of Sir Thomas Smith for the treasurership, passed to the Virginia Party. Sir Edwin Sandys was elected treasurer and a new order of things began. The result of the election caused great excitement in England, we are told, and the discussions in the Company and its policies attracted more and more the popular attention.

The strength of the Virginia Party had previously been developed in the appointment but a short time before of George Yeardley as Governor of Virginia. He was a man of humble birth, the son of a merchant tailor and the brother of an apothecary. But he had made a good record in Virginia, whither he had gone in 1610, and when, in 1618, he "was," according to John Pory, "at his late being in London, together with his lady, out of his mere gettings here (Va.), able to disburse very near three thousand pounds to furnish him with the voyage;" he, "who at the first coming, besides a great deal of worth in his person, brought only his sword with him;" his success and services drew such attention to him that he was elected Governor, and James, to make him worthy of the honor, thereupon slapped him on the back and he became a knight.

So in January, 1619, the new Governor sailed for Virginia, where he landed at Jamestown on April 19th, just nine days before the election of Sandys, the greatest statesman of the Company and one of the ablest and best friends the Colony ever had.

At this time there were about 1,000 persons in the Colony, but such was the quickening effect of the new order of things, in the course of the next year there were sent and sending about 1,200, or more than the whole population after twelve years of the former rule. And in the next fifteen years, in spite of the massacre of 1622, the figures reached 4,914.

The new Governor found on his arrival at Jamestown "only those houses that Sir Thomas Gates built in the tyme of his government, with one wherein the Governor always dwelt, and a church built wholly at the charge of the inhabitants of that Citye, of timber being fifty foote in length and twenty foote in breadth."

At "Henrico three old houses, a poor ruinated church, with some few poore buildings in the Islande. For ministers to instruct the people, he founde only three authorized, two others who never received orders."

While the Colonists were generally able to earn little more than a livelihood at this period, yet John Pory, Secretary under Yeardley, wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton: "Your Lordship may

know that we are not the veriest beggars in the world. One cow-keeper here in James City, on Sunday goes accourtred in fresh, flaming silk and a wife of one, that in England had professed the black art, not of a scholar, but a Collier of Croyden, wears her rough beaver hat with a fair pearl hat band, and a silken suit thereto correspondent."

Yeardley's earliest and constant efforts were to reform the abuses of his predecessors.

He was specially authorized and directed to develop and improve the land system.

It was from the first the practice to allot fifty acres of land to every one who should come into the country and fifty acres for every one whom he should bring or send, and also one hundred acres to every one who should contribute £12 10s. to the stock of the Company. On March 6, 1616, a Bill of Adventure of £12 10s. was granted to Mr. Simon Codrington, being one share of land in Virginia.

"This is the first entry of the kind which I have found. In 1617 and after, these shares began to acquire a value and were frequently bought and sold."*

But even where the certificates of title were made the land was not definitely located, and there was general complaint that after long years of service the ancient planters were without title or ownership of the land, few knowing their own boundaries and none sure of their possessions.

The new management of the Company, through Governor Yeardley, aimed to carry out honestly the promises made to the adventurers, and it was in this year that the lands due them began to be definitely located and titles evidenced by indented deed with covenants on both sides.

"Free libertie was given to all men to make choice of their dividents of lande, and as their abilities and means would permit to possesse and plant uppon them."

I know of few facts coming so quietly and unimpressively that gave more confidence to the Colonists than this right of security in their individual possessions. The clear and undoubted right of private property in land was thus first settled

* Brown's Genesis of the United States, p. 774.

in the Colony of Virginia, and that so unobtrusively that few or no historians have chronicled or emphasized the fact. The effect in the Colony, however, is thus described by the planters themselves in 1624, five years afterwards: "The effects of which proceedinge gave such encouragement to every person here, that all of them followed their particular labours with singular alacrity and industry, soe that through the blessings of God uppon our willinge labours, within the space of three yeares our countrye flourished with many new erected Plantations from the head of the River to Kicoughton, beautifull and pleasant to the spectators, and comfortable for the reliefe and succor of all such as by occasion did travaile by land or water; every man givinge free entertainment, both to frendes or others. The plenty of these times likewise was such that all men generally were sufficiently furnished with corne, and many alsoe had plenty of cattle, swine, poultry and other good provisions to nourish them. Monethly Courtes were held in every precinct to doe justice in redressinge of all small and petty matters, others of more consequence beinge referred to the Governor, Counsell and Generall Assemblie."

But of all the occurrences of this remarkable year, none was pregnant with greater results than the calling of the first legislative body that ever met on the Continent of North America.

Shortly after his arrival, Yeardley sent his summons to each of the boroughs, towns, or plantations to elect two burgesses to attend a general assembly to consist of the Governor, the Council and the burgesses, each free man being entitled to a vote, to be held at Jamestown on July 30, 1619.

The details of the election are wanting but, if the time-honored practice within the memory of those yet living is any guide, the vote was taken by each elector coming up to the polling place and there in the presence of his countrymen proclaiming aloud, so that all might hear, the candidates of his choice.

However this may be the burgesses were elected. There were at the time eleven boroughs or plantations; each was represented, so there were twenty-two burgesses in all, and these with the Governor and Council constituted the Assembly.

They met at Jamestown on July 30, 1619, in the "Quire of

the Churche." John Pory, the Secretary of the Colony, was appointed Speaker, who reported the proceedings. This was the opening, in his own words:

"The most convenient place we could finde to sitt in was the Quire of the Churche. Where Sir George Yeardley, the Governor, being sett down in his accustomed place, those of the Counsell of Estate Sate nexte him on both handes, except onely the Secretary, then appointed the speaker and Thomas Pierse, the sergeant standing at the barre, to be ready for any service the Assembly should command him. But, for as muche as men's affairs doe little prosper, where God's service is neglected all the burgesses tooke their places in the Quire, till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory, and the good of the plantation. Prayer being ended, to the intente that as we had began at God Almighty, so we might proceed with awfull and due respecte towards his lieutenant our most gratious and dread soveraigne; all the Burgesses were entreated to retyre themselves into the body of the Churche, which being done, before they were fully admitted they were called in order and by name, and so every man (none staggering at it) tooke the oathe of Supremacy, and then entered the Assembly—at Captain Ward the Speaker took exception, as at one that without any commission or authority had seated himselfe either upon the Companies and then his plantation could not be lawful or on Captain Marten's lande and so he was but a limbe or member of him and so there could be but two Burgesses for all. So Captain Ward was commanded to absente himselfe till such time as the Assembly had agreed was fitt for him to doe."

"After much debate," it was resolved to admit Captain Warde to a seat because of his personal services to the Colony provided he should thereafter and before the next general Assembly procure a commission lawfully to establish and plant himselfe as the Chiefs of the other plantations had done.

The Burgesses of Captain Martin were then challenged by the Governor on the ground that he had in his patent a clause which exempted him from the general laws of the Colony but

especially those of the General Assembly. Martin declined to waive this clause in his patent and his Burgesses were accordingly excluded. Upon a "complainte" being made against Captain Martin because Ensigne Harrison, in command of one of his shallops, had with force of arms taken corn from the Indians, this was adjudged in violation of the laws of nations, and it was ordered that in case Martin could not thoroughly answer the charge "he should from henceforth" take leave of the Governor as other men and should putt in security that his people shall comitte no suche outrage anymore." Martin was then summoned to attend before them being addressed as "our very loving friend."

"These obstacles being removed" the speaker made a short address on the occasion of their meeting—which done he read the commission for establishing the Counsell of Estate and the Generall Assembly "wherein their duties were described to the life."

The speaker then read to the Assembly the great Charter or commission of privileges, orders and laws sent through Yeardley from England. These were divided into four parts and the first two were referred to one committee and the other two to a separate committee. The report of proceedings explains this action as follows: "But some man may here objecte; to what ende we should presume to referre that to the examination of comitties which the Counsell and Company in England had already resolved to be perfect and did expecte nothinge but our assente thereunto. To this we answere that we did not to the ende to correcte or control anything therein contained; but onely in case we should finde ought not perfectly squaring with the State of this Colony or any law which did presse or pointe too harde that we might by way of humble petition seeke to have it redressed; especially because this great Charter is to bind us and our heyers for ever."

This concluded the morning session.

"After dinner," proceeds the chronicler, "the Governour and those that were not of the comitties sate a second time; while the said comitties were employed in the perusall of those two bookes."

The speaker then propounded the following subjects for consideration:

1. The great Charter or Commission of laws, orders and privileges.

2. Which of the instructions given by the Counsell in England to my Lo. La Warre, Capt. Argall or Sir George Yeardley might "conveniently putte on the habit of lawes."

3. What laws might issue out of the private conceit of any of the burgesses or any other of the Colony.

4. What petitions were fit to be sent home for England.

The Governor reserved the second subject for his own examination. About three hours were spent in conference over the other subjects and the report of the committees having been then brought in, the Assembly adjourned till next morning, Saturday, July 31. On the adjourned day the Assembly agreed that a petition should be sent to the council of the Company that the lands which had been previously granted by patent to the ancient planters by former Governors, might not now after so much labor and cost and so many years' habitation be taken from them upon the pretext of laying out portions of land for public use.

A second petition was agreed upon to the effect that the Company would send out additional men to occupy and cultivate public lands and for other public purposes so that the planters might not be too much drawn from their private business. A third petition prayed that it might be plainly expressed in the great Commission, as indeed it is not, that the ancient planters of both sorts, that is, those who came upon their own charges and those who came upon the Company's cost, might have their second, third and more divisions successively in as large and free manner as any other planters, and also that there should be allowed to the male children of them and all others begotten in Virginia, being the one hope of posterity, a single share apiece and shares for their wives, "because that in a newe plantation it is not knowen whether man or woman be the most necessary."

The fourth petition was "to beseech the Treasurer, Counsell and Company that they would be pleased to appoint a Sub

Treasurer here, to collect their rents, to the ende the inhabitants of this Colony be not tyed to an impossibility of paying the same yearly to the Treasurer in England; and that they would enjoin the said Sub Treasurer not precisely according to the letter of the Charter to exacte mony of us (whereof we have none at all as we have no minte) but the true value of rent in comodity."

The fifth petition prayed that workmen of all sorts might be sent out for the erection of the University and College.

The sixth and last was that "they wil be pleased to change the savage name of Kiccowtan, and to give that incorporation a new name."

After disposing of some other matters they adjourned to Monday, August 2d. On the day before Mr. Shelly, one of the burgesses, died. Two having been excluded, this left the number of burgesses at 19.

On Monday Capt. Martin appeared at the bar and reiterated his refusal to infringe any part of his patent. He pleaded guilty to the charge against his subordinate Ensign Harrison and stated his willingness to give security for the good behavior of his people towards the Indians.

The Assembly then resolved to ask an explanation of the company of the clause in Capt. Martin's patent on the ground that it was obscure and tended to contradict or destroy the uniformity and equality of Laws in the Colony. They also desired that it should be explained why it was that Capt. Martin claimed 500 acres a share for those ten shares allowed him for his personal adventures and what kind of shares the company meant he should have when they gave him his patent.

And so Capt. Martin was disposed of for the present.

The first general law ever passed in this country (August 2, 1619,), was in the following languáge:

"By this present general Assembly be it enacted, that no injury or oppression be wrought by the English against the Indians whereby the present peace may be disturbed and ancient quarrels might be revived. And farther be it ordained that the Chicahominie are not be excepted out of this law; until either that suche order come out of Englande or that they doe provoke us by some newe Injury."

Then followed enactments against idleness, providing that the plantation to which the idler belonged should appoint the idler a master to serve for wages until he show apparent signs of amendment.

Against gaming at dice and cards, providing that the winners should lose their winnings and both winners and losers should forfeit ten shillings a man, one forfeit going to the discoverer and the balance to charitable and pious uses in the plantation where the fault is committed.

Against drunkenness of private persons, providing that for the first offense they be reproved privately by the minister, the second time publicly, the third time to lie "in boltes" twelve hours in the house of the Provost Marshall, paying his fee; and if still obdurate, to undergo such severe punishment as the Governor and Counsell shall inflict. In case the offender was an officer, he was first to receive a reproof from the Governor, the second time an open reproof in the church by the minister and the third time he was first to be committed and then degraded, with the power of pardon in the Governor.

Against excess in apparel "that every man be cessed in the Church for all publique contributions, if he be unmarried according to his owne apparell; if he be married, according to his owne and his wives or either of their apparell."

Then followed provisions enjoining the people from too much intimacy with the Indians, but providing for their religious and civil education. Certain agricultural enactments were then passed looking toward the cultivation of enough corn to provide for the inhabitants and the development of other agricultural industries, such as silk, hemp, flax, anise seed, grapevines, the working of tradesmen for whomever might employ them to be paid according to the quality of their trade and work and the just performance of all contracts made in England between the owners of land and their tenants and servants; against the enticing away of tenants or servants from one plantation to another.

The proceedings of the day wound up with a regulation with reference to the public magazine.

On Tuesday, August 3rd, "a third sorte of lawes (such as

might proceed out of every man's private conceipt) were read and referred by halves to the same committees which were from the beginning."

Capt. William Powell then brought to the notice of the Assembly, the case of a "lewde and trecherous" servant of his, who had not only accused the Capt. of drunkenness, but had also incited fights and insubordination amongst his fellow servants. The Assembly thereupon sentenced this servant, Thomas Garnett, to stand four days with his ears nailed to the pillary and to be publicly whipped each one of those four days.

"Now as touching the neglecte of his works, what satisfaction ought to be made to his master for that is referred to the Governor and Counsell of State."

It is to be hoped that this severe treatment had a good effect upon Thomas for certainly the name of Garnett was an honored one afterwards in the history of Virginia.

The afternoon was spent in discussing the report of the committee concerning the third sorte of lawes. "Except onely the consideration of the petition of Mr. John Rolfes against Capt. John Martine for writing a letter to him wherein (as Mr. Rolfe alledgeth) he taxeth him both unseemingly and amiss of certaine things wherein he was never faulty, and besides casteth some aspersion upon the present government, which is the most temporate and juste that ever was in this country, too milde indeed for many in this Colony whom unwoonted liberty hath made insolente and not to know themselves. This petition of Mr. Rolfe was thought fit to be referred to the Counsell of State."

Wednesday, August 4th, was set as the last day of the Assembly ("by reason of extreme heat both paste and likely to ensue and by that means of the alteration of the healthes of diverse of the General Assembly").

They then passed "A third sorte of Lawes, such as maye issue within every man's privat conceipt."

These gave every man the right to trade with the Indians except servants; provided against giving to the Indians English dogs, shot, powder or other arms; against any man going about twenty miles from dwelling places or upon any voyage

requiring absence for seven days without notice to the Governor or Commander of the plantation; against going purposely to Indian towns, &c., without leave; requiring every man between August 4th and January 1st next to register the name of himself and those of his servants with their terms and conditions of service, including new arrivals; requiring all ministers of the Colony to report christenings, burials and marriages and also to read divine service and otherwise act according to the laws of the Church of England and every Sunday afternoon catechize such as are not yet ripe to come to the communion, also to seek to prevent all ungodly disorders with sundry provisions for the prevention and punishment of the sins of incontinency and the "reformation of swearing;" prohibiting the killing of neat cattle without leave of the Governor; providing against the taking of boats or oars without leave; providing against any one passing up or down the river without touching first at James City to know whether the Governor will command him any service, against trading in the bay without license and without giving security; against any wrong to the Indians; requiring all persons to attend divine service both forenoon and afternoon on Sunday; "and all such as beare armes shall bring their pieces, swordes, poulder and shotte;" against maids or women servants contracting marriage without the consent of their parents or of their masters or mistresses or of the magistrate and minister of the place, both together and prohibiting any servant from foregoing his contract made in England for service in the Colony.

Capt. Henry Spelman was then called to the bar and found guilty of the charge of having said to Opochancano, the Indian king, that within a year there would come a Governor greater than this that now is in place, was condemned to be degraded of his title of Captain and to perform seven years' service to the Colony in the nature of Interpreter to the Governor.

"This sentence being read to Spelman (he is one that had in him more of the Savage then of the Christian) muttered certaine wordes to himselfe, neither shewing any remorse for his offenses nor yet any thankfulness to the Assembly for theire so favourable censure, which he at one time or another (God's

grace not wholly abandoning him) might with some one service have been able to have redeemed."

After disposing of several other matters including a gratuity to the officers of the Assembly for their service, the Assembly presented their humble excuse to the Company in England "for being constrained by the intemperature of the weather and the falling sick of diverse of the Burgesses, to break up so abruptly," and "that in so short a space they could bring their matter to no more perfection" and while they conceited that it belonged to the Company to allow or to advocate any laws which they should make, and that it was their right so to do, they humbly beseeched the Company not to take it in ill part if the laws just passed be of force until the pleasure of the Company was ascertained; "for otherwise this people (who nowe at length have got the raines of former servitude into their owne swindge) would in shorte time growe so insolent as they would shake off all government and there would be no living among them."

"Their last humble suite is that the said Counsell and Company would be pleased so soon as they shall finde it convenient to make good their promise, sett downe at the conclusion of their Commission for establishing the Counsel of Estate and the General Assembly, namely that they will give us power to allowe or disallowe of their orders of Courte, as his Maty hath given them power to allowe or reject our lawes."

The Governor then prorogued the Assembly until the first of March, 1620.

Thus ended the prototype of every other parliamentary body that ever sat in Virginia and in this country. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock the following year, a second Assembly had met and the way had been clearly blazed in the Colonies to the assertion and maintenance of popular rights through deliberative bodies, selected by the people themselves.

The type was thus set for the form and substance of our present National and State governments. The Governor corresponding to the State and National Executive, the Council to the Senates, and the Burgesses to the lower houses.

It is indeed true that the planting of the Colonies was simply sowing the seed of the Revolution.

We could wish that this remarkable year had borne nought but good to the Colonists and their posterity, but it was not so. Within less than one month after the adjournment of the General Assembly a Holland vessel under Captain Kerby with a letter of Marque from the Prince or Orange, sailed up from the South where it had been ravaging the Spanish West Indies, and dropped anchor at Jamestown. It was freighted with negroes, who were sold as slaves to the Colonists. John Rolfe records this momentous and fatal fact with laconic brevity: "About the last of August came in a Dutch Man of War that sold us twenty negars." No special notice was taken of it either by the Quarter Courts or the local officials. It was mentioned indeed, but merely as a piece of news, of no moment, however, one way or the other. For six years there was no increase, but after that the evil gained rapidly until it became an institution characterizing the whole social and economic fabric of Virginia, as well as the other Colonies, but Virginia most of all.

We will draw the curtain here, however, and in bidding farewell to the year 1619, I dare say you will agree with me in thinking it has about it after all, "that older fashion yet of immortality."

HOWARD R. BAYNE.

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A Rebellion

in the

Colony of Virginia

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A REBELLION IN THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

A REBELLION in the colony of Virginia was a rare occurrence. By that people, such proceedings were not regarded with favor as a means of redressing public or private wrongs. Keenly alive as they were to their civil and personal rights, they sought to secure and maintain them by methods consonant with the established order of government, such as petition against grievances, public meetings and resolutions, and what those people always prized highly—the sacred, sovereign remedy of votes, thus returning to the House of Burgesses members pledged to secure needed reforms.

Virginians were, of all people, very conservative. Next to the Church, they were loyal to the king. But they were Englishmen, thoroughly imbued with a sense of civil rights, venerating that unwritten constitution which they had inherited from their Anglo-Saxon forefathers and those redoubtable Englishmen who had borne the Magna Charta triumphantly from the field of Runnymede.

It is the fashion of our day to attribute to our colonial ancestors aspirations of a high-flung, transcendent sort which they did not have—at least in Virginia. They were not dreamers or doctrinaires in Virginia. They had little sympathy—indeed, my study of them convinces me they had no sympathy whatever—with those reformers who would overturn the monarchical, established government and substitute something else more republican. Opportunity came to do this in great Cromwell's time, but Virginians thought so little of the change that when the head of Charles I. fell from the executioner's block they immediately proclaimed his fugitive, crownless son King in his place and invited the second Charles Stuart to set up his

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standard upon the soil of Virginia. And for two years after this they acknowledged no other authority, despite the reputation of the Lord Protector as a conqueror and the stoutness of his veterans in "the press and push of pike."

There was a joyous open-air life in Virginia that conduced to normal good health of body and mind. The occupation of the people was quite exclusively agricultural. Winter there was shorn of much of its rigors, while the summer solstice came and departed without interrupting the gainful avocations and the simple pleasures of the people. The climate was mild and tempted to the outdoor life, rather than to the closet or the library. The soil, yet virgin and unhurt by bad husbandry, yielded so generously to the plow, the hoe and the rake that the planter had no inducement to forsake his broad and profitable acres for the uncertain returns of the factory and the counting room.

We should expect, therefore, to find the Virginians as we do find them—a kindly, simple-hearted people, cordial, social, hospitable, loyal, manly, sensitive upon all matters of good faith and honor, quick to resent injury, but magnanimous and brave, devoted to rural pleasures and all the field sports, expert with rifle and horse, and upon their civic side fond of the old order, tenacious of ancient rights, stern and unyielding, aggressive at times in maintaining them, but, above all, as I have said, conservative—too comfortably so, perhaps, in the stirring times of 1676.

But Virginians were sadly out of temper in that year of grace 1676. That gay, pleasure-loving Lothario, Charles II., had but poorly rewarded their loyalty to him in those years of unfailing bad luck, when Cromwell held the sword and the mace. Virginia was left to shift for herself, while the royal orgy continued, undisturbed by complaints which grew into murmurs, and then into mutterings, and then into turbulence, and at last into that avalanche of popular indignation which in 1688 swept James II. from the throne of England forever.

At this time there was a population of about 40,000, slaves about 2,000; "servants," an expression peculiar to the times, not signifying necessarily menial place or low

birth, about 6,000, and the rest landless freemen and the planters themselves, all freeholders.

It is ever interesting to the antiquary, if not to the student of colonial history, to connect civic and economic development with the trend of advance from one locality to another, and so to give that geographical progress a habitation and a name from period to period. Where were the Virginians about this time in their bodily presence? Where lay their plantations? How far had they occupied that vast domain which His Majesty of England had assumed to bestow upon them from the Atlantic Ocean in particular to everywhere in general?

From 1607 to 1676, nearly seventy years, the colonists had been clinging to the shores of the bay and the rivers, and if one were to draw a line, roughly, north and south, through the present City of Richmond, from the Carolina line on the south to the Potomac River on the north, he would include on the east of that line, I dare say, not only the entire settlement of the whites in Virginia at this time, but also many encampments and hunting grounds of the Indians. The whites took up their abodes first along the sides of those noble streams, the James, the York, the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and then gradually settled the country between the rivers, so displacing the Indians, who went further west, slowly, reluctantly, resentfully, but hovering on the frontiers and biding their time. These "barbarous heathen," as the old annalists loved to call them, had not been outwardly unfriendly for many years; on the contrary, there was a good deal of intercourse between them and the Virginians of a commercial sort, beneficial to both sides, and the suspicions of the colonists took on a fatal sleep which was now to be rudely awakened by the startling shriek of the massacre and the stern, unrelenting call to arms.

I said the Virginians were thoroughly out of temper about the time of this year 1676, and that you may somewhat understand and sympathize with their feelings, let me give you some of the reasons why they proceeded in a way so unusual with them to remove the causes of their irrita-

tion and distress. And first among these I may mention as one of their greatest grievances a series of parliamentary laws and a course of conduct on the part of the monarchs of England which were as unwise and oppressive from a political standpoint as hurtful and ruinous from an economic one. There was, for example, the law of Parliament prohibiting Virginians from trading in any but English ships, manned by English sailors, chartered under English laws, and sailing only to the ports of England; nay, so run mad did the English become on this subject that they even prohibited dealings between Virginia and other colonies. These prohibitions were particularly distressing during the times of the Lord Protector, when the mother country itself was so distracted that it could neither take the products of the colony nor supply its wants. Thus the principal crop, tobacco, kept accumulating from year to year, and, of course, the price gradually fell until that staple hardly brought the cost of production. This entailed a great deal of suffering among the people. Those who had a surplus above their daily needs gradually consumed it, and those who had none were forced to look for other and untried means of livelihood or go idle.

Then there was an ever present grievance of high taxation, which, strange to say, was not based upon wealth, but was, for the most part, levied by the poll, so that taxation fell with equal burden upon the rich and the poor. During the long career of Sir William Berkeley as Governor his administration, which formerly had been highly beneficial and satisfactory to the people, became in time, step by step, less patriotic and more and more selfish, until about the period which we are studying there were evidences of gross corruption. He and his friends, it now seems clear, were the beneficiaries of special privileges quite foreign to the nature of the government he was administering. Thus he himself had, perhaps with one or two others, the monopoly of the beaver trade with the Indians. This not only created a great scandal, but doubtless explained his extreme reluctance to authorize adequate steps to terminate Indian outrages on the frontier—a fatal dalliance, which was the immediate cause of the rebellion of 1676.

Then there was the persecution of non-conformists. Many persons coming into the colony were driven out simply on account of their religion. But they stayed there long enough to make converts, who in their turn suffered punishment from their own government and had to fly the country, leaving behind their friends and kinsmen, whose smoldering resentment, in the fulness of time, helped along the conflagration of insurrection.

One of the most inconvenient and annoying grievances was what one of the old historians called "the splitting of the country into proprieties."

Charles II. granted the entire territory of Virginia to two noble chums of his, the Earl of Arlington and my Lord of Culpepper, to be held by them for the period of thirty-one years, at a yearly rate of forty shillings, to be paid "on the feast day of St. Michael the Archangel."

These grants included all the quit-rents for lands escheated to the crown, and not only uncultivated wild land, but also plantations, which one of the elder historians tells us "for many years had been seated and improved, under the encouragement of several charters granted by his royal ancestors to that colony."

They were known as the Northern and Southern Grants of Virginia. After being concealed for some years, they began to be enforced about 1674.

The country was inflamed, and protested against this insolent and irresponsible proceeding, but apparently without avail. Some years ago, in looking over the records of Westmoreland County, which was included in the northern grant to Lord Culpepper, I came across a number of releases, there of record, executed by that gentleman and his noble widow after his death. I should judge that these documents, all executed for consideration of more or less value, were simply paid for by the people who already owned the land, merely to rid themselves of the clouds upon their titles, created, probably, in a moment of debauch by the merry monarch with his boon companions.

Without going further into details, we are prepared now, perhaps, to understand the feeling among the people, that

lacked only the occasion and the leader to start in Virginia such a movement as had never occurred before and never occurred again until the sombre days of 1776.

About the close of 1675 and the forepart of 1676 the Indians on the western and northern frontiers of the colony had been committing many depredations, robberies and murders, having apparently a friend at court in the person of the Governor, who found the beaver trade passing profitable. These incursions do not appear to have been opposed or punished by the authorities. The settlers on the frontiers were left to shift for themselves, their families and homes as best they could. The forts had fallen into disuse. There seemed to be a general uprising of the Indians all along the frontier. Their attacks became more frequent and disastrous. Many of the planters abandoned their homes and sought refuge with their friends and neighbors farther east and along the rivers, appealing to them for aid against their common enemies.

Petitions without number were made to the Governor, but no adequate steps were taken to suppress the disorder or to punish the evil-doers. A vacillating and guilty administration was incapable of meeting the exigencies of the times, and the cries of the sufferers became the clamors of the people at large. All who had a grievance—and they included the great body of the people—made common cause against the administration and demanded that a sufficient military force be sent against the Indians to destroy them forever. But still the Executive hesitated and halted. The people needed a leader.

They found one in Nathaniel Bacon, the younger. This gentleman had come to the colony but a few years before. Not only was he a man of excellent social connection and position, but he appears to have been comfortable in his worldly estate. It so happened that his plantation was rather close to the frontier, near the falls of James River, in the neighborhood of the present City of Richmond, through which flows a stream named in his honor "Bacon Quarter Branch," around which still cluster traditions of this remarkable man.

He was yet young, in the neighborhood of thirty, and well educated. He had been bred to the law, and had gone through the Inns of the Court, in the old country, according to the fashion of the gentlemen of his day who sought professional honors. He had an uncle in the colony of the same name, Nathaniel Bacon, the elder, a member of the Council and a man of wealth and importance. As he was childless, his nephew was considered his heir. The younger Bacon had been in the colony but a short time when he became so well and favorably known that he received the distinction—unusual for one so young and so strange to the country—of an election to the Council.

He possessed those attractive accomplishments which cultured associations add to a man of intellectual training, and make him, when endowed with a magnetic, sympathetic courtesy and a polished, respectful intrepidity of manner, a natural leader of men. His countenance and figure, we are told, were engaging and prepossessing.

He appears to have been at times so gentle, deferential and persuasive in his manner that it was impossible, or at least difficult, to refuse any request that he might make. In illustration of this, pardon me for quoting a participant in the following incident which happened just after the proroguing of the Assembly in these exciting times:

"Many members being met one evening nigh sunset to take our leaves each of other, in order next day to return homewards, came General Bacon with his hand full of unfolded papers, and overlooking us round, walking in the room, said, 'Which of these gentlemen shall I entreat to write a few words for me?' Whereupon, everyone looking aside as not willing to meddle, Mr. Lawrence, pointing at me, said, 'That gentleman writes very well.' Which I, endeavoring to excuse, Mr. Bacon came, stooping to the ground, and said, 'Pray, sir, do me the honor to write a line for me.'"

The ancient annalist states that "this surprising request shocked him into a melancholy consternation," as he was a peaceful planter, having no wish to offend either General Bacon on the one side or Governor Berkeley on the other;

yet such was the influence of Bacon upon him that he sat "the whole night by him filling up those papers, which I then saw were blank commissions signed by the Governor, inserting such names and writing other matters as he dictated. And in the morning he left me with an hour's work or more to finish."

And yet, such are the contradictions of strong characters, this gentle man, stooping in courtesy to the very ground itself in preferring a request, was capable, when aroused by a sense of wrong, as we shall see, of a fierce, ungovernable passion, perilous to himself as well as to the cause he had so much at heart.

The first outrage by the Indians appears to have been committed in the summer of 1675. One Robert Hen, of Stafford County, on the northwestern frontier, was found barely alive, lying across his threshold, and a dead Indian outside. Both had all the marks of a bloody encounter. When Hen was asked for an explanation he faintly murmured: "Doegs, Doegs," and soon expired. A lad, emerging from his hiding place in the house, confirmed the inference that the Indians were the murderers.

The county leaders of foot and horse thereupon organized bands in pursuit. They came up with the Doegs and executed a summary vengeance upon them, killing their king, with ten of their men, and carrying away captive the king's son, a lad of eight years. And without discrimination they, on the same expedition, killed, also, fourteen of the Susquehanoughs, a friendly tribe.

Perhaps you will be interested in a quaint little incident, illustrative of the simplicity of the times, in connection with the young royal captive. Colonel Mason, of the victorious infantry, took the lad home with him, "where he lay ten days in bed as one dead, with eyes and mouth shut, no breath discerned," though warm in body and evidently alive. A member of the Roman Catholic Church on a visit to the Colonel, observing this curious condition, suggested that he was "pawewawed," or, as we say, bewitched, and he recommended baptism as an effectual remedy. Mason said there was no minister in miles, to which his friend re-

plied, "Your clerk, Mr. Dobson, may do that office," and it was accordingly done with the ritual of the English Church. After this arduous ceremony the four men present, and acting their respective parts as god-fathers and otherwise, "returned to drinking punch," so says the ancient chronicler. "But Mrs. Mason staying and looking on the child, it opened its eyes and breathed, whereat she ran for a cordial, which he took from a spoon, gaping for more, and so by degrees recovered, though before his baptism they had often tried the same means, but could not by any endeavors wrench open his teeth. This was taken," quietly adds my informant, "for a convincing proof against infidelity!"

Among those who early felt the stress of the border warfare thus begun was Nathaniel Bacon himself. His overseer and another employe were slain and his place overrun. Calling together his immediate neighbors, with, apparently, no other thought than to afford himself and them that protection which the government could not or would not give, he with a small company pursued and punished the authors of the outrage with so much resolution and good effect that the eyes of all were turned upon him as a man of decision, courage and leadership.

Meanwhile these murderous incursions continuing to come upon the people, when and where none could foretell, and constant complaints being made to the Governor as well as petitions to organize the military force of the colony to protect life and property, but all in vain, a number of the sufferers got together and, conferring with Bacon, elected him their leader for the purpose solely of self-defense. But not wishing in any wise to proceed against the peace and dignity of the colony, they respectfully besought the Governor to issue a commission to their commander and so warrant in due form of law the proceedings they proposed to take to defend themselves and countrymen from the "barbarous heathen."

But these petitions were no more regarded than others, less forceful, preceding them. The people shrewdly suspected the cause, and embodied their belief in terse, homely

sayings which passed from lip to lip at the time: "No bullets pierce beaver skins"; "rebel forfeitures would be loyal inheritances."

Bacon, both disgusted and inflamed by these evasions and dangerous delays, organized a force of three hundred men dwelling along the frontier, and after waiting in vain for a commission, with the common consent of his associates, determined to wait no longer, and forthwith "marched into the wilderness in quest of the Indians." The Governor, apparently expecting, and perhaps desiring, this bold and irrevocable proceeding, immediately issued his proclamation that all those who did not return within a day set should be regarded and treated as rebels. And so law-abiding and conservative were these people that all but fifty-seven men thereupon returned to their homes. But not so Bacon. He continued his quest with those remaining and before his return had slain 150 Indians.

An election to the Assembly then coming on, the newly elected House, of which Bacon himself was unanimously chosen a member, was largely in sympathy with him. He came down to Jamestown by sloop with a number of personal followers. While approaching the capital he was covered with the guns of a ship and commanded to come aboard. This doing, he was seized by Major Hone, high sheriff of Jamestown, and taken before Sir William Berkeley.

Said the Governor, with surprising civility: "Mr. Bacon, have you forgot to be a gentleman?" "No, may it please your honor," replied Bacon. Thereupon the Governor said, "I'll take your parole," and set him at liberty.

The Governor was now an old man, testy, choleric and tyrannical. He expressed his feelings quite openly to the Assembly, and perhaps I could not give you a better photograph of the occasion than by adopting, if your forbearance will permit, the language of an eye-witness:

"The Governor stood up again and said: 'If there be joy in the presence of angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us; call Mr. Bacon.' Then did Mr. Bacon, upon one knee

at the bar, deliver a sheet of paper confessing his crimes and begging pardon of God, the King and the Governor, whereto (after a short pause) the latter answered, 'God forgive you, I forgive you,' thrice repeating the same words, when Colonel Cole, one of the Council, said, 'And all that were with him.' 'Yea,' said the Governor, 'and all that were with him,' twenty or more persons being then in irons who were taken coming down in the same and other vessels with Mr. Bacon.

"About a minute after this the Governor, starting up from his chair, a third time said: 'Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but till quarter court (doubling the words)—but till next quarter court, I'll promise to restore you again to your place there,' pointing with his hand to Mr. Bacon's seat, he having been of the Council before these troubles, though he had been a very short time in Virginia, but was deposed by the aforesaid proclamation. And in the afternoon, passing by the court door in my way up to our chamber, I saw Mr. Bacon in his quondam seat with the Governor and Council, which seemed a marvelous indulgence to one whom he had so lately proscribed as a rebel."

The humble apology referred to in this account was doubtless obtained from Bacon by the prayers of his rich and politic uncle, as well as advised by rich and influential friends of the cause for which Bacon stood. Having reason, however, a few days later to distrust the good faith of the Governor, and probably urged to do so by his advisers, Drummond and the so-called "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence," two astute, strong and resourceful friends of their country, Bacon secretly fled the capital. In a few days he had gathered about four hundred men thirty miles up the river. The Governor called upon the militia to come and defend the capital, which Bacon was now approaching. He invested the place, and, as the defenders gave him no opposition, formed his troops upon the green near the State House, and, advancing between a file of his men, came up to the point where the Governor and Council were sitting. The Governor and Council arose and walked to the private apartments of Berkeley, at the other end of the State House.

Bacon followed with his fusilliers. Both leaders were intensely inflamed—Berkeley at the affront to his person and office, Bacon at the double-dealing of the Governor, his contumelious treatment and his haughty disregard of the rights of the people. The troops pointed their fusils, with cocks bent, at the Assembly chamber, shouting, "We will have it! We will have it!" meaning, as Berkeley well knew, the commission to their leader to suppress the Indians. The angry Governor turned and, baring his breast, exclaimed: "Here, shoot me! 'Fore God, fair mark; shoot!" But Bacon said: "No, may it please your honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head, nor of any other man's; we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

By this time Bacon had become quite beside himself with rage. He is described as making "outrageous gestures of his head, arms, body and legs, often tossing his hand from his sword to his hat with impetuous—like delirious—actions." And with a "paroxysm of frantic fury" he exclaimed: "Damn my blood! I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly and all, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood!" But at this moment a friend in the Assembly waved a handkerchief from one of the chamber windows, which so mollified the chieftain that he forebore to carry out his passionate threat. In a short while he appeared before that body, of which he was himself a member, duly elected, and argued for a commission; but with rare courage in presence of so much personal danger they pointed out to him that it was not their prerogative to issue commissions, but that of the Governor only. He spoke earnestly and forcefully on this topic, and also urged upon them the duty of inspecting the public revenues, of reducing the exorbitant taxes and of relieving the distresses of the people.

His arguments appear to have been so effective that in a short while the Governor not only issued the commission to him, but gave him, as we have seen, power to appoint his inferior officers. The Assembly authorized the bill for expenses and many officers of the militia took new commissions from him.

The new general started out with a thousand men against the enemy, but he had hardly gotten well under way before the Governor summoned 1,200 militia of Gloucester and Middlesex for the purpose of following and suppressing him. But when these troops learned the occasion of the call they murmured, "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," before the face of the Governor and abandoned the ranks to a man, calling out, "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon." Thus disappointed in his treacherous scheme, the Governor and a few faithful followers fled across the Chesapeake Bay to Accomac, where the Indians had given no trouble, but where other grievances flourished quite as vigorously.

These transactions in his rear brought Bacon to face about and organize his adherents to support his cause more effectually. The Governor sailed from Accomac to Jamestown, whither Bacon also repaired. Here a bloody conflict seemed imminent, but the Governor's troops, having no heart in the business, upon the first advance threw down their arms and fled. Berkeley took to his boats, leaving Bacon in possession of the capital. Hereupon a fine act of patriotism occurred. Lawrence and Drummond, believing that the cause of the people required the destruction of Jamestown, themselves set the example by applying torches to their own homes, which were the finest residences in the place. And so the whole town was laid in ashes by the soldiers. A second conflagration twenty-three years later ended the days of the ancient settlement as the home of the government, which was then transferred to the Middle Plantation, now known as Williamsburg.

Jamestown thus destroyed and the Governor a fugitive, Bacon appears to have realized now for the first time that the complete extinction of Berkeley's administration was essential to the success of his cause. He set about to accomplish this result. He called a meeting at the Middle Plantation in August, 1676, when it was determined to issue a proclamation and writs in Bacon's name summoning an Assembly.

We have three proclamations of Bacon's issued at different times, and all preserved in their original form in the

British State Paper office, though only in recent years published. The first begins: "If vertue be a sin, if Piety be giult, all the Principles of morality, goodness and Justice be perverted, Wee must confesse that those who are now called Rebels may be in danger of those high imputations"; and later on: "Wee cannot in our hearts find one single spott of Rebellion or Treason or that wee have in any manner aimed at the subverting ye settled government"; and then come these words, now for the first time uttered upon American soil, a writ and warrant of transcendent value to Americans everywhere, the promise and potency of all our hopes—these immortal words:

"We appeale to the Country itself!"

He concludes this proclamation as follows:

"But to manifest Sincerity and loyalty to the world, and how much wee abhorre those bitter names [traitor and rebel], may all the world know that we doe unanimously desire to represent o'r sad and heavy grievances to his most sacred Ma'tie, o'r Refuge and Sanctuary, where wee doe well know that all o'r causes will be impartially heard and equal Justice administered to all men."

The proclamation at the Middle Plantation reviewed these grievances very clearly, and especially the treachery of the Governor against "the Army of the English," which he himself had commissioned and the Assembly provisioned to be sent upon the track of the Indians. Of these high crimes and misdemeanors Sir William Berkeley and his Councillors were strongly arraigned "against the Commonalty in these our cruell Commotions," and demand was made for the "delivery upp" of him and them within four days, or their protectors would be "declared traitors to the People." "This wee, the Commons of Virginia, doe declare, desiring a prime Union among ourselves, that wee may Jointly and with one Accord defend ourselves against the Common Enemye."

The proclamation closes with these remarkable words:

"These are therefore in His Ma'ts name, to Command you forthwith to seize the Persons above mentioned as Traytors to ye King and Countrey, and them to bring to Middle Plantation and there to secure them till further Order, and

in Case of opposition, if you want any other Assistance, you are forthwith to demand it in the Name of the People of all the Counties of Virginia.

(Signed) "NATH. BACON, Gen'l,
"By the Consent of ye People."

The last proclamation is an "appeale to the People of Accomack," where Berkeley had taken refuge again and was now lodged. It is somewhat local in its nature, and we need not pause to study it.

Bacon's health had been for some time suffering from his privations, exposures and tireless activities.

He was importuned to rest, but his unflagging, dauntless spirit despised the demands of the body, and the more his physical strength failed the more he sought to ensure by restless labors the success of the cause. The capture of his lieutenant, Bland, who had been sent with ships to attack Berkeley in Accomack, greatly added to the difficulties of his permanently organizing his followers, and it is quite probable that his failing health shook the confidence of the cautious and prudent about him in the stability of the order he was seeking to establish. Dismay succeeding doubt as his weakness progressed, many thought it prudent to withdraw before the end came, that they might come to terms, if possible, with the Governor. This defection took alarming shape when Bacon's mighty spirit had to succumb at last to his bodily weakness. While his disease seems to have been depressing and exhausting in the extreme, his last moments were consoled by the ministrations of those who revered him and their country as well. The details of his passing were so carefully concealed that we know nothing of them.

His body was with equal secrecy and considerateness carried away, no one knew whither, and consigned, like that of Moses, to a grave that no man knows to this day.

Upon the death of Bacon none of his numerous followers were found equal to the task that he had undertaken. His lieutenants felt not the wrongs of the times as he did, nor had they his fine strain of leadership, nor his magnetic, popular and inspiring zeal. In a little while those of them who were not overthrown in battle made terms with Berkeley. And so collapsed the undertaking that Nathaniel Bacon had

so much at heart, and he himself passed into the obloquy that history ever sets upon the unsuccessful in revolt.

Berkeley and his associates immediately entered upon a course of the most vindictive and brutal revenge. The summary execution of his late opponents by the score and the appropriation of their estates marked the limits of his lawless and fiendish retaliation. But he did not long enjoy his unnatural satiety. Going to England to justify his proceedings, he was met with the disgust and horror which his conduct had generally excited. Neglected and shunned at Court, despised and avoided everywhere else, his proud spirit broke under the load of hatred he had to bear, and ere long he sank, a miserable old man, into a dishonored grave.

For long years the memory of Nathaniel Bacon has borne the fame of the infamous. His name for two centuries has been execrated as that of one who disturbed his country's peace. He has passed down the corridors of time with imprecations impious to repeat and loathsome to hear. No epithet has been too vile to hurl at him, no degradation too deep to ascribe to his aspirations, no motive too revolting to match his ambition.

But the estimate of him will change—indeed, has changed. No memorial of imperishable bronze is needed to do him justice. All that posterity can do for him, or indeed for any man that ever died for his country, is to rescue and preserve the truth about him. When we come to realize that this young man proclaimed with unflinching intrepidity and ringing eloquence, a hundred years too soon, the then unthinkable truths that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that all power emanates from the people, that to them all appeals must be made, we shall rightly conclude that Nathaniel Bacon was not the ineffectual victim of the Rebellion, but rather the honored prophet and the first martyr of the Revolution. And that this shall be his deathless glory, his pathetic career and patriotic spirit "appeal forever to the country."

And so may we not say, in reverent approval, with those troopers of Gloucester and Middlesex, in old Virginia, as they departed to their homes:

"BACON, BACON, BACON!"

HOWARD R. BAYNE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE

The Society of Colonial Wars

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN

BY

Howard R. Bayne, Esq.

ON MARCH 18th, 1907

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN—1607.

A paper read before the Society by Howard R. Bayne, Esq., on March 18th, 1907.

On the 19th of December last (1906), while the members of this body were gathered together in memory of the Great Swamp Fight, the Society of "The Virginians" in New York were celebrating, in the same building on the same evening, the 300th anniversary of the departure from a landing on the Thames of three small vessels that contained the founders of the first permanent English settlement on this continent.

It is most appropriate that our Society, composed of the descendants of such men and their fellows and followers, and devoted to the elucidation of colonial history, and the honoring of colonial events, should meet to study the sources and issue of this colonizing movement, which made that little island in the James renowned for all time, and May 13th, 1607, a date never to be forgotten in the history of the world.

"The spacious times of Great Elizabeth" had drawn to a close. John Hawkins, the son of a merchant of Plymouth, himself a voyager of some daring, had in successive voyages, carried the English flag to the coast of Guiana, to Florida, to the West Indies, and had rendered perhaps his greatest service by introducing to his country that great sea captain, Francis Drake. Drake, in his time, had taught Frenchmen and Spaniards alike to fear an English greeting upon the high seas. He had penetrated the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan, and, in spite of the loss of all his consorts, had proceeded with his small ship and his eighty men to harry the Spanish settlements on the Pacific coast, and then, turning homeward through the chartless Pacific and around the Cape of Good Hope, had encircled the globe, to the astonishment and admiration of his countrymen. Martin Frobisher had passed away after a brilliant and dashing career as a militant sailor in the service of his beloved England.

The heroic Gilbert had made his last effort to spread the principles of English liberty in the world, perishing at sea

with those faithful words upon his lips: "The way to heaven is as near by sea as by land."

No single achievement prepared the way so directly and clearly to the English settlement in the new world as the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

It is difficult for one in this age, to imagine the time, when England was not a great maritime power. But the fact is, nevertheless, that when Philip of Spain sailed his Invincible Armada into the English channel the fleet opposed to him was in no proper sense a navy, but rather a miscellaneous, indiscriminate and inadequate collection of merchant ships, caravels and pinnaces, quickly gotten together and manned with a force generally raw, inexperienced and poorly trained for concerted effective action. But what they lacked in technical naval preparation and precision, in numbers and size of vessels, they made up in eager united patriotism and public spirit, directed by captains of unequaled valor and skill. As she had no navy, England had, of course, practically no commerce. Indeed, as late as the reign of Henry VIII, the laws of the nation were so framed as to prevent development in a commercial way. Thus, a statute passed in that monarch's time prohibited the giving or receiving of interest for the use of money, and dealing in negotiable instruments was forbidden as immoral and irreligious.

When the supremacy of Spain on the high seas went down with the Invincible Armada, and her prestige as the greatest military power of the world bowed to the legions of William the Silent in the Netherlands, the opportunity of the English came and they were not slow to sieze it.

The rise of England's modern navy began at this time. Her merchants with great assurance began to seek commerce in every port far and near. Her trade grew rapidly, and commercial enterprise and adventure characterized the period. Improvements in the art of printing had greatly facilitated the spread of information, and news of successful voyages into foreign lands gave a zest for similar undertakings on a

larger scale. These involved more extensive schemes and heavier expenditures than individuals were able to undertake, and so joint stock companies were formed to which various corporate privileges of an exclusive kind, including the right to trade with foreign people, to discover and settle new territories and to govern or help to govern colonies so formed. Such were the Muscovy Company, the English East India Company, the Dutch East India Company, the "Fellowship of English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades" and, later on, the London and Plymouth Companies, with which we are more especially concerned.

It was this fine flow of enterprise and adventure that Elizabeth's reign had encouraged, but that her successor contemplated with doubt, if not with dismay.

"No sovereign," says a historian of the times, "could have jarred against the conception of an English ruler which had grown up under Plantagenet or Tudor, more than James the First. His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth, as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his buffoonery, his coarseness of speech, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice."

But far more objectionable to his English subjects than any crudeness of manner or grotesqueness of personal appearance was James' estimate of his princely prerogative and his opinion of his royal birthright.

His conviction was absolute that the king could do no wrong, and that by a wise interposition of Providence his majesty was above, and far above, the laws enacted by his subjects. His efforts to enforce these opinions account for the efforts of his subjects to oppose them, and, incidentally, for that long line of ills that befell both his own children and the people of England as well.

Time is not at my disposal to trace the many expeditions that had for their object the founding of English settlements

in the new world. The latter part of the sixteenth century was made honorable by the progressive spirit and patriotism of these undertakings, all doomed to failure, but all serving a useful purpose in preparing the way for the greatest and best success at a later day. Conspicuous among the leaders in these movements were Walter Raleigh, Humphrey Gilbert, Francis Drake, Richard Hakluyt, John White, all names to be ever held in honor by the American people.

Few, perhaps none, of those taking part in these voyages expected to settle down permanently in the new country. The most common intention seems to have been to stay awhile, a year at most, and return with such gold and silver and precious stones as they might be able to accumulate. A purpose could hardly have been expected on the part of individuals to stay longer when one considers the vast distance from home and friends, the perils of ocean travel in those days, the unused climate, and the exposure of life and liberty to the merciless practices of the aborigines or the more savage Spaniard. These temporary and shifting arrangements were no doubt much to the distaste of the great patriotic promoters of the enterprises, but they had to make the best arrangements they could; it was these or none at all. They might have done better, if the men that were induced to go were of a sort adapted to the mission upon which they were sent. Unfortunately this was quite uniformly not the case. The men that build up or keep up institutions are those who stick to the task, those whose best interests are bound up in the community of which they are a part, who have accumulated honor and emoluments by their steadfastness and who have learned incidentally to let well enough alone.

But the movement toward the west, which we are specially studying now, differed in one important respect from those that preceded it. It determined with unflinching earnestness to establish a permanent colony in "Wyngandacoia," as the new English territory was called by Amadas and Barlow, the captains of Raleigh's expedition of 1584, an outlandish name,

ill-liked by Elizabeth, who fortunately changed it to "Virginia" in her own honor.

According to a letter in cipher from the Spanish Ambassador Zuñiga in London, to the King of Spain, under date of March, 1606, Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of England, was the leader of a project of sending private individuals to people Virginia.

The watchful Spaniard, reporting these occurrences to his royal master, said that Sir John was a very great Puritan, and exceedingly desirous, when his attention was called to violation of treaties, "to say that he did it in order to drive out from here thieves and traitors, to be drowned in the sea!" But Sir John said something quite different in the petition which he and his associates were instrumental in presenting to the king for a charter for this new venture. The purpose was, not to "drown thieves and traitors in the sea," but in the devout, loyal and ample phrases of the time: "to make habitation, plantation, and to deduce a colony of sundry his (majesty's) people into that part of America commonly called Virginia;" "whereas God might be aboundantly made knowen; His name enlarged and honoured; a notable nation made fortunate; and ourselves famous;" "that a plantation should be settled in Virginia for the glorie of God in the propagation of the Gospell of Christ, the conversion of the savages, to the honour of his majesty, by the enlargeinge of his territories and future enrichinge of his kingdome, for which respects many noble and well minded persons were induced to adventure great sums of money to the advancement of soe pious and noble a work."

Sir Fernando Gorges, a member of the first council for Virginia in his "Briefe Narration of the Originall Undertakings of the Advancement of Plantations into the parts of America," states that when peace was concluded between England and Spain, a great number of English soldiers and seamen were discharged from service, and these being destitute of employment, rather than hire themselves as mercen-

aries to foreign princes, chose, in the language of the author, "to put in practice the reviving resolution of those free spirits, that rather chose to spend themselves in seeking a new world, than servilely to be hired but as slaughterers in the quarrels of strangers."

Besides this, many agricultural laborers had been gradually thrown out of employment by the change from the general tillage of the soil to the specialty of raising sheep on account of the growing demand for wool and the greater profit in producing it.

We clearly distinguish in studying these times two classes of men participating in the "Western Planting," as it was quaintly called. And these classes may be considered to have been animated by motives quite distinct, quite different, and on our part, at least, not always quite appreciated.

First, there were statesmen and patriots like Popham, the great Bacon, the Earl of Southampton, Sir Thomas Smith, George Abbot, one of the translators of the Bible, Archbishop of Canterbury, Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, and Sir Edwin Sandys. None of these, I think, ever set foot in Virginia, but they had more to do with the plantation, in the highest and best sense, than those who under their inspiration and direction actually sailed the seas and landed in person here. These men and their associates were the guiding minds, often concealed and out of sight amid occurrences of vast movement set in motion by themselves, ever with the best and most unselfish designs.

The other class constituted the hardy sailors who loved the romance of adventure and the dangers of the sea, those daring and desperate men whose occupations were gone when came "the piping times of peace," the younger sons of the gentry who had quickly spent their small portion on coming of age, unfit for serious life, but ever ready to draw a sword whether cause be good or bad, the keen and thrifty merchants who saw good bartering ahead; others, nondescript, having no reason to stay at home, and some excellent ones for departing,

and, finally and best of all, those who were prompted by a steady purpose to do honor to God and country, and to help themselves and their countrymen to a larger sphere of civil and religious liberty.

The petition for a charter seems to have been so adroitly drawn and tactfully furthered that on April 10, 1606, James I issued the letters patent under which we must date the faint beginnings of free government in the New World.

It was in some respects a singular document, perhaps most singular in this, that it was ever issued at all. Had James realized to what it was going to lead, he would have preferred, doubtless, the loss of the erring hand that affixed the royal signature to this historic paper. But the weakness of tyranny is the opportunity of liberty.

The charter was notable in that by one document it incorporated two distinct companies to colonize separate territories, though all under the dominion of one governing board, his majesty's council for Virginia appointed by himself and resident in England. Each company, however, had its own separate local council, elected by the colonists, except the first council appointed by James. The first company named to establish the first colony was known as the London Company, because composed for the most part of the residents of London and vicinity. Its charter members were Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hackluyt and Edward Maria Wingfield, all notable men in actually establishing and confirming the settlement. The body named to found the second colony, was known as the Plymouth Company, as its constituents were in that locality, whose corporators were Thomas Hanham, grandson of Sir John Popham, Raleigh Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey, William Parker, son of Lord Morley, and George Popham, nephew of the Chief Justice.

The territory authorized to be colonized by these companies, and known as Virginia, extended from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth parallels of latitude and constituted a strip of sea coast one hundred miles wide. The southern limit was,

according to the nomenclature of modern geography, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, while the northern limit reached the Bay of Fundy, thus covering parts of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, all of Rhode Island, Connecticut, part of New York, all of New Jersey, part of Pennsylvania, all of Delaware, parts of Maryland, Virginia, and of North and South Carolina.

The first colony was confined to the territory between the thirty-fourth and forty-first parallel, from Cape Fear River to the Hudson, and the second colony to that between the thirty-eighth and forty-fifth parallel, from the Potomac to the Bay of Fundy, thus leaving a strip open to that colony which should first occupy it, provided, however, neither should settle nearer than 100 miles of a previous settlement. This strip common to both companies included parts of New York, all of New Jersey, part of Pennsylvania, all of Delaware, and part of Maryland.

The preamble of the charter recited the desires of the adventurers, as they were called, "for the furtherance of so noble a work, which may by the Providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glory of his Divine Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge of being the infidels and savages, living in those parts, to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government."

But the Spanish Ambassador, who kept a very close espial upon all these doings, ascribed in a report to Philip a much more sinister purpose to the project. Writing to his master a particular account of all he saw and heard, he stated that "all this is seeking a way to encourage against your majesty, the rebels, for whom they feel the very greatest compassion, as every where on land as well as at sea the rebels are losing so much." Stigmatizing the expedition as a villiany, he further declared its purpose to be for privateering and making attacks upon the merchant fleets of his Spanish majesty.

Philip commanded him to continue to report what was being done that he might prepare to prevent it.

But notwithstanding this jealous watchfulness of the Hidalgo, the charter once issued, preparations were rapidly made to send out the colonizers.

The country looked on with interest, but desirable volunteers in sufficient number were slow to join the expedition, and men to make good colonists were difficult to get. But they did the best they could. By December three vessels, obtained from the Muscovy Company, the Susan Constant, of 100 tons burthen, the Goodspeed, of 40 tons, and the Discovery, of 20 tons, were manned and weighted with adventurers and supplies, all placed under the control of Captain Christopher Newport, an experienced and faithful mariner.

The poet laureate wafted them a farewell ode. The court, full of business, at last gave the final word to go, and after the last good-bye was said, the three little ships weighed anchor and set sail from Blackwall on the Thames.

Perhaps I can give you no better description of the voyage than by adopting the quaint account of it by one of the party, published a few years afterwards.

"On the 19th of December, 1606, we set saile, but by unprosperous winds, were kept six weekes in the sight of England; all which time Maister Hunt, our preacher, was so weake and sicke, that few expected his recoverie. Yet although we were but ten or twelve miles from his habitation (the time we were in the Downes), and notwithstanding the stormie weather nor the scandalous imputations (of some few, little better than atheists, of the greatest ranke amongst us), suggested against him; all this could never force from him so much as a seeming desire to leave the business; but preferred the service of God in so good a voyage, before any affection to contest with his godlesse foes, whose disasterous designes (could they have prevailed) had even then overthrowne the businesse; so many discontents did then arise; had he not, with the water of patience, and his godly exhortations (but

chiefly by his true devoted examples) quenched those flames of envie and dissention.

"Wee watred at the Canaries; wee traded with the salvages at Dominica; three weekes we spent in refreshing ourselves amongst these West India Isles; in Gwardalupa we found a bath so hot, as in it we boiled porck, as well as over the fire. And at the little ile called Monica, we tooke from the bushes with our hands, neare two hogsheads full of birds in three or four houres. In Mevis, Mona, and the Virgin Iles, we spent some time, where with a lothsome beast like a crocadil, called a gwayn, tortoses, pellicans, parrots and fishes we daily feasted.

"Gone from thence in search of Virginia, the company was not a little discomforted, seeing the mariners had three daies passed their reckoning, and found no land; so that Captaine Ratcliffe (captaine of the Pinnace) rather desired to beare up the helme to returne for England, then make further search. But God, the guider of all good actions, forcing them by an extream storme to hul all night, did drive them by His providence to their desired port, beyond all their expectations; for never any of them had seene that coast."

The "extream storme" had brought them north of the locality at which they had expected to land, about Roanoke Island, on the coast of Carolina, into a large open bay, the "Chesepiack," as they got to know it, with the two capes which they named Charles and Henry, after the king's sons.

The first land they made was Cape Henry, where on April 26, 1607, Newport, Gosnold and Wingfield with thirty others going ashore to refresh themselves, had a reminder of the danger of innocent recreation in such parts, for they were "assalted by five salvages; who hurt two of the English very dangerously."

James I had withheld the names of the men he had appointed as members of the governing council of the colony, as well as their instructions, placing the same in a sealed box, not to be opened till a landing should be had. When the picnic

on Cape Henry, which ended so unpleasantly, was over, they opened the box that evening, and ascertained that the council consisted of Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall, with power to choose their own president. Gosnold is stated by one of the old writers to have been one of the "first movers of the plantation," having for many years against great discouragements solicited friends and others to join in the project. He had served Raleigh in several expeditions, and had, in 1602, made for the first time a voyage to the New England coast by the direct and unused northern course, touching first at Nahant, Mass. Wingfield was a man of good family in Huntingdonshire, was a soldier like his forefathers and had served in the Low Counties among the English allies of William the Silent. He was the only corporator mentioned in the first charter that came with the first planters to Virginia. Newport was, by order of the Council of Virginia, to have sole command until the company should land in Virginia. He had made an honorable record for himself in the long troubles with Spain, and was a faithful friend to Virginia, whither he made many voyages. Ratcliffe had also served in the Low Counties, was doubtless a soldier of fortune, and a brave one, exposing his life on more than one occasion in Virginia, and finally losing it at the hands of the Indian Chief Powhatan. A fierce controversy arose between him and John Smith, the merits of which historians are not yet agreed on. John Martin was the son of Sir Richard Martin, and was intended for the bar. But his taste for martial life turned him first, probably, to join so many patriotic Englishmen of that period in supporting the Prince of Orange, and then to colonizing Virginia, to which he was ever steadfast, giving his only son to the cause and living and dying there himself after many years of public service. Kendall appears to have been a kinsman of Sir Edwin Sandys, and like his fellows lacked not courage as soldier or civilian. After the landing, he became involved, however, in a charge of

treason—a crime that seemed to comprehend in those days any misconduct from murder to witchcraft—and upon a trial of his peers of the colony was found guilty and executed in the fall of 1607, thus receiving the invidious distinction of being the first man to perish on this continent by process of the English law, or in violation of it. Of Captain Smith we need not pause at this point to make further mention.

True to the strong religious sense that dominated these stalwart men, they erected a "crosse" at Cape Henry. Proceeding on their way, after some reconnoitring in the neighborhood, their next stop was at a point where they were comforted to find a channel of good depth, which has been accordingly known as Point Comfort ever since. Here they met a number of savages who entertained them very kindly. "When we came first a land," says an ancient chronicler, "they made a dolefull noise, laying their faces to the ground, scratching the earth with their nailes. We did thinke that they had beene at their idolatry. * * * After they had feasted us, they showed us, in welcome, their manner of dancing, which was in this fashion. One of the savages standing in the midst singing, beating one hand against another; all the rest dancing about him, shouting, howling and stamping against the ground, with many anticke tricks and faces, making noise like so many wolves or devils."

And so entertained by other tribes, our adventurers proceeded up that noble river which emptied into the bay opposite the entrance.

"The eight day of May," says our author, "We discovered up the river. We landed in the countrey of Apamatica. At our landing, there came many stout and able savages to resist us, with their bowes and arrowes, in a most warlike manner; with the swords at their backes beset with sharpe stones and pieces of yron able to cleave a man in sunder. Amongst the rest one of the chiefest, standing before them crosselegged, with his arrowe readie in his bow in one hand, and taking a pipe of tobacco in the other, with a bold uttering of

his speech, demanded of us our being there, willing us to bee gone. Wee made signs of peace; which they perceived in the end, and let us land in quietnesse."

They stopped about eight miles below James Town Island, at a point of land called Archer's Hope, which they liked so well they would have settled there if the ships could have ridden near the shore. But this not being feasible, they went further up, casting anchor in the country of the Paspaheghs, at a point "where our shippes doe lie so neere the shorre that they are moored to the trees in six fathom water. The fourteenth (May) we landed all our men, which were set to worke the fortifications and others to watch and ward as it was convenient."

This landing place was on the north western end of an island which lies on the north side of James river about thirty-two miles from the mouth. It is about two and one-half miles in length and three-quarters in breadth. It contains about 1,700 acres of land. The soil is rich and fruitful, with a good deal of marsh.

The members of the council were sworn in and Wingfield was elected president. On account of charges of insubordination or of ambitious purposes, Captain Smith was not admitted at first as a member of the council. There was some speech making, and then the work of starting the colony was begun in this fashion, acording to another eye witness:

"Now falleth every man to worke, the Councell contrive the fort, the rest cut downe trees to make place to pitch their tents; some provide clapboard to relade the ships; some make gardens, some nets, etc. The salvages often visited us kindly. The precidents overweening jealousie would admit no exercise at armes or fortification, but the boughs of trees cast together in the forme of a halfe moone by the extraordinary paines and diligence of Captaine Kendall."

The Indians, of course, were alive with interest in the new arrivals and gratified their curiosity by frequent friendly

visits. But an unfortunate occurrence stirred up bad blood. Another eye witness describes the incident in this way:

"As the savages were in a throng in the fort, one of them stole a hatchet from one of our company, which spied him doing the deed; whereupon he tooke it from him by force, and also strooke him over the arme. Presently another savage, seeing that, came fiercely at our man with a wooden sword, thinking to beat out his braines. The Werowance of Paspiha saw us take to our armes, went suddenly away with all his company in great anger."

By June 15, the fort was finished. It was described as "triangle wise, having three bulwarkes at every corner like a halfe moone, and foure or five pieces of artillerie mounted in them."

On June 22, Captain Newport returned to England, leaving 104 persons in the colony.

Of those whose position or occupation was specified by the ancient annalist, besides the six members of the Council, and the preacher, 29 are called gentlemen, 4 carpenters, one blacksmith, one barber, two bricklayers, one mason, one tailor, one drummer, twelve laborers, one surgeon, and four boys.

There was a great deal of dissension among the ill-assorted company, which added to the impracticable scheme of holding everything jointly and nothing in severalty, soon began to bring want and disease. The steady moist heat of a Jamestown summer is trying even to those accustomed to provide against its debilitating effects by proper attention to food and exposure. The adventurers were unused to the hot climate. They paid no heed to danger of overwork or exposure. They suffered greatly from want of proper nourishing food. One of the party describes the situation thus: "There remained neither taverne, beere-house, nor place of reliefe, but the common kettel;" * * * "That indeede, he [the president of the Council] allowed to be distributed, and that was halfe a pint of wheat and as much barley, boiled with water, for a man a day; and this, having fryed some 26 weeks in the ship's

hold, contained as many worms as graines. * * * Our drinke was water." * * * "Had we been as free from all sinnes as gluttony and drunkeness, we might have bin canonized for saints."

In a short while, and particularly in August and September, the consequences became fearfully apparent. Nearly every day witnessed a death of one or more from disease or collision with the Indians. Before October, 50 had died.

Another writer, seeing what he describes, says of this period:

"There were never Englishmen left in a forreigne countrey in such miserie as wee were in this new discovered Virginia. Wee watched every three nights, lying on the bare cold ground, what weather soever came; warded all the next day; which brought our men to bee most feeble wretches. Our food was but a small can of barlie sod in water, to five men a day. Our drinke, cold water taken out of the river; which was, at a floud, verie salt; at a low tide, full of slime and filth; which was the destruction of many of our men.

"Thus we lived for the space of five months in this miserable distresse, not having five able men to man our bulwarkes upon any occasion. If it had not pleased God to have put a terrour in the savage hearts, we had all perished by those vild and cruell pagans, being in that weake estate as we were; our men night and day groaning in every corner of the fort most pittifull to heare. If there were any conscience in men, it would make their harts to bleed to heare the pittifull murmurings and out-cries of our sick men without reliefe, every night and day, for the space of sixe weeks; some departing out of the world, many times three or foure in a night; in the morning, their bodies trailed out of their cabines like dogges, to be buried. In this sort, did I see the mortalitie of divers of our people."

In August the colony had suffered a great loss in the death of President Gosnold. Wingfield was elected to succeed him,

but dissensions continued to increase; in September he was deposed and Ratcliffe was elected in his stead.

On January 8th, 1608, Newport returned to the colony, bringing 120 new settlers. By this time the original 104 had been reduced to 38. So that the first supply, as it was called, brought the number up to 158.

Ratcliffe was unable to deal adequately with the increasing quarrels, discontent and demoralization, and he in his turn was deposed. In September, 1608, Smith was elected president, an act of tardy justice to the colony as well as to the greatest friend it ever had.

I cannot go into the origin or details of those disagreements between Smith and others in authority, which, beginning on the voyage over, continued and culminated in the settlement. At first placed under arrest, he was for months debarred from his seat in the Council. Laying aside the natural resentment at such unhandsome treatment, he wrought with rare devotion and great ability in every way, for the welfare of the miserable colonists, protecting them against savage onslaught, counselling against practices and omissions bound to result in trouble, and procuring with rare address and astuteness from the uncertain and wily Indian, supplies from time to time that saved the company from starvation. By repeated expeditions he familiarized himself with the adjoining country, and the number and resources of its inhabitants. He recorded for the information of the colony and the company the results of these investigations. The map that he drew of this territory is wonderfully accurate, and contains practically all the information that we have to-day of the location of the several Indian tribes with which the early and late settlers came in contact.

To Smith, more than to anyone else, and next to him, perhaps, to the little Indian princess Pocahontas, the colony of Jamestown owed its preservation. Time fails me to review his services and her acts of mercy and friendship to the suffering planters.

With Captain John Smith we have all been acquainted from our early childhood. We have all loved and lingered over the story of Pocahontas, and of the daring deeds, the singular perils, the misfortunes and successes of the hero indissolubly associated with her. We need not here rehearse the one nor recount the other.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Pocahontas was first married to a Captain Kocoum, John Rolfe being her second husband. Her name was really Matoaka, though she was also called Amonate. "Pocahontas" was a nickname, meaning "Little Wanton," given for her lively and frolicsome disposition.

An old writer gives the following quaint little glimpse of her merry and fun-loving nature:

"And therefore would the before remembered Pocahontas, a well featured but wanton young girle, Powhattan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, get the boyes forth with her into the market place and make them wheele, falling on their heads, turning their heeles upwards, whome she would followe and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over."

So it was not always gloomy and distressful at Jamestown. There was a little brightness and light and fun when Pocahontas joined the boys in the market place and wheeled all over the fort.

In passing on we doff our bonnets to Captain John Smith and the Little Wanton Pocahontas, and wish that we may often live over again with our children and our children's children the distant incidents in which they played such romantic parts.

Under Smith's management an appreciable improvement of conditions took place. Confidence began to return to the discouraged settlers; order was restored, and the rules of common sense enforced. In the year 1608 only 28 men had died. Newport, coming with his second supply in September of that year, landed 70 persons, among them two English women, the

first to set foot on the soil of Virginia, one Mistress Forrest and her maid Anne Burras. Who Mrs. Forrest was and why she came I know not. Anne was shortly (December, 1608) married to John Laydon, one of the first settlers, and mentioned as one of the laborers. This was the first English marriage celebrated on American soil. Their child, Virginia, born in 1609, was the first English child born in Virginia.

By the second supply the number of planters was increased to 200. When Smith returned to England, in October, 1609, times sadly changed. The strong hand of control was removed, and disorder, neglect and misrule returned. The "Starving Time" followed, with all its ghastly sufferings, too horrible to describe here. When Sir Thomas Gates arrived, in May, 1610, the colonists had been reduced from nearly 500 in September to about 60 "most miserable, poor creatures." The case was so hopeless that Gates determined to take them all back to England and abandon the colony. On June 7, 1610, they all got aboard and were dropping slowly down the river, when they met Lord Delaware, the Governor General of Virginia, appointed under the new charter of May 23, 1609, with a fresh convoy of men and supplies. On June 10, Delaware had them all back at Jamestown again, and after the new governor, immediately on landing had had divine services, once more all hands took hold again, never to let go. And so Jamestown was settled at last, and Virginia was established forever.

Is it any wonder that a Virginia lad, learning from his mother's lips these stories of Newport and Gosnold, and Smith and Powhatan and Pocahontas, should revere them all his life, should link them with touching memories of his native soil, and should fondly and reverently sing this little song:

"The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;

The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet,
Down in Virginia.

"There nowhere is a land so fair
As in Virginia;
So full of joy and free from care
As in Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

"The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie,
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia."

THE ORIGIN AND APPLICATION

OF THE

Monroe Doctrine

BY

HOWARD R. BAYNE

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THE ORIGIN AND APPLICATION

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Monroe Doctrine

Of nothing do we hear so much in the world of diplomacy, as the Monroe Doctrine. It has been criticised and ridiculed, but not despised; denounced, but never defied; bombarded with the artillery of adverse argument, but, in the practical administration of public affairs, universally respected and allowed. Behind it, stand the power and majesty of the American People, ready to enforce it by war with any nation manifesting a purpose to violate it.

James Monroe, whose name is imperishably connected with this great principle, was born in the County of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 28th day of April, 1758. In the same County were born George Washington, James Madison, and those brilliant statesmen and soldiers of the Lee family, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, of the elder generation, and Robert E. Lee of our times.

Upon this kindly soil James Monroe, the son of a planter of good estate, grew to manhood, in an atmosphere of patriotism and public spirit. His boyhood was passed amid the heated controversies over the Colony's relations to the Mother Country, and the indignant protests against her unjust and irritating policies. Great issues, involving fundamental principles of social order, arose in those times. They gave a tone and strength to men's minds.

When, in 1774, at the age of 16, young Monroe entered the ancient College of William and Mary, we may suppose that the earnest spirit of the time, and the just opinions of the people among whom he was reared, had educated him in the school of patriotism, far beyond the learning of an uneventful and quiet boyhood. John Marshall was one of his classmates, and, in 1776, these two were the first from the College to join the Army under Washington in New York. Wounded in the Battle of Trenton, serving through two campaigns, as an aide to Lord Stirling, he "maintained in every instance," said Washington, "the reputation of a brave, active and sensible officer." The displacement of his regiment, in the difficulties of recruiting, brought about his

retirement from active service in the Continental Line. Thereafter, during the remainder of the War of the Revolution, his services were confined to the defense of his native State. Studying law under Jefferson and inspired by the example of that notable man, Monroe fitted himself for public station. He first became a member of the Virginia Assembly, then a member of the Executive Council, delegate to the Congress of the Confederation, member of the State Convention that adopted the Constitution of the United States, and, under it, a member of the Senate. In 1784, Monroe was one of the Commissioners to deliver to Congress Virginia's royal gift, a deed to the Northwest Territory, now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. He introduced, as a member of the Virginia Assembly, a bill by which that State confirmed the ordinance of 1787 prohibiting slavery within the limits of this vast domain. While in the Senate of the United States, he was appointed Minister to the recently established Republic of France. There was, at that time, no representative of any other nation recognized by France. Monroe was the first to be received. Upon his recall from France, he was elected Governor of Virginia. He was next sent by Jefferson to France on a special mission to negotiate, along with Robert R. Livingston, who for two years had been the resident minister, for the purchase of Louisiana, and, within a month after his arrival, he and his colleague reported the success of their negotiations. By this stroke of diplomacy the United States acquired, for the sum of $15,000,000 that vast territory from the Mississippi west to the Pacific Ocean, now including the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, one-third of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and the Indian Territory.

Then followed his mission to England to secure a treaty disposing of the irritating questions between the two countries relating to the impressment of seamen, blockade and search of American vessels. A convention was agreed to, but it did not receive the approval of Jefferson, who directed Monroe and Pinkney to re-open negotiations. But the time was not ripe and Monroe was compelled to return home without accomplishing the purpose of his mission. His disappointment was alleviated by his election a second time to the highest office in the gift of his fellow citizens in Virginia.

In 1811, he became a member of Madison's Cabinet, as Secretary of State. This was a most trying period. The Wars of Napoleon Bonaparte had involved all Europe in a series of acrimonious disputes and continuous collisions, rendering neutrality on the part of our Government exceedingly difficult to maintain. Bonaparte sedulously sought to involve us in a war with England. Great Britain, with equal persistence, fomented open rupture with France. Madison, the most pacific of Presidents, bore with great patience the insults and injustice

inflicted by both these powers. Forced on by public opinion, he advised Congress to declare war on England, which was speedily done June 18, 1812.

In this conflict there is little in which Americans can take satisfaction beyond the operations of our Navy. But Monroe's part in the War was most energetic, courageous and helpful. In addition to his duties in the Department of State, he assumed those of Secretary of War, and from that time a new spirit was infused into the prosecution of hostilities from North to far South.

The War of 1812 had the most remarkable concomitants of any in history: First, the cause of war—the orders in council establishing embargoes, etc.—was removed the day before war was actually declared; then, while overwhelmingly in favor of war, Congress refused to vote the means to carry it on; next, its greatest battle, that of New Orleans, was fought after the Treaty of Peace had been signed; finally, that treaty made no mention of the cause of the war.

On March 4th, 1817, at the age of 59, Monroe succeeded Madison in the Presidency. Daniel D. Tompkins, a resident of Staten Island, was Vice-President during both terms of Monroe. Among the men of the times were Jefferson and Madison, ever friends and advisers of Monroe; John Adams, whose son, John Quincy Adams, entered Monroe's Cabinet; Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, fast looming up into a "presidential possibility"; Henry Clay, a leader for several years past in the House of Representatives; Daniel Webster, for two terms a member of Congress, but thinking now of retiring to the emoluments of professional life; Thomas Benton, emerging into prominence; Richard Rush, erelong to be Minister to England, and to take honored part in the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine; John C. Calhoun, now become Secretary of State; and William Wirt, the prosecutor of Aaron Burr, Attorney-General.

Monroe's Administration marked the change between the old and the new order of things: the passing away of the elder statesmen, and the coming on of the new, full of confidence, capacity, vigor, and enthusiasm. Old questions had been settled, or ceased to interest. New issues were coming to the front and engaging men's minds. The cessation of hostilities between Napoleon and the Allied Powers of Europe, following the end of war between Great Britain and our Government, furnished the opportunity and stimulated the pursuit of commercial relations with all parts of the civilized world. Ships laden with foreign goods sailed into every American harbor and took back the products of our farms and forests. The formation of new States greatly enlarged commercial intercourse, domestic and foreign; and our merchant marine, expanding with opportunity bestowed by the least shackles upon trade, brought wealth to American merchants and introduced the advent of the

"era of good feeling," as Monroe's presidential terms were called. So that when, after his first term, the question of his successor arose, the country was so heartily in favor of his re-nomination that he received all the votes of the Electoral College save one, cast for John Quincy Adams.

The chief subjects engrossing Monroe's attention while President were the defense of the Atlantic Seaboard, Internal Improvements, the Seminole War, the acquistion of Florida, the Missouri Compromise, and resistance to the interference of European Powers in American affairs, with which we are now more directly concerned.

His second term began in 1821. His constitutional advisers were John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; Calhoun, Secretary of War; Wm. H. Crawford of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; Clay was speaker of the House.

From 1817 to 1825, Richard Rush was Minister to Great Britain. He was the son of the distinguished Philadelphian, Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a patriot of rare public spirit during the Revolutionary War, and one of the principal supporters of the new Federal Constitution. His son, Richard, born in 1780, was graduated at Princeton. After holding the offices of Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, Comptroller of the Treasury, Attorney-General under Madison, temporary Secretary of State under Monroe, he rendered his most conspicuous service as Minister to the Court of St. James.

During the period in which we are specially interested, George Canning was in charge of the Foreign Office under Lord Liverpool, nominal head of the English Government. Canning was born in London in 1770. His father had been bred as a lawyer, but, abandoning that profession for literature, was hardly able to make a decent livelihood for his wife and only child. Disappointed in his hopes, he died a year after the birth of his son.

Educated by a wealthy uncle, at Eton and Oxford, young Canning came back to London and, under the patronage of Pitt, entered Parliament at the age of 23 years. He began life a Liberal, in sympathy with Fox and Sheridan. The excesses of the French Revolution, as shown in the Reign of Terror, seem to have turned him, in the outset of his public career, from the Whigs to the conservatism of the Tories.

In a gathering of the greatest orators and statesmen of his time, he took front rank. To the natural advantages of a commanding figure and a musical voice he added great fluency and skill in language, quickness of perception and keenness of wit. Many of the reverses suffered by Bonaparte were due to Canning, who never ceased to withstand the principles and policies of Napoleon. Perhaps to no one man was the downfall of that great military

genius of France more due than to Canning, who, courageous and fearless, competent and unconquerable, ever sought to encourage opposition and effect combination against the merciless conqueror of Europe.

Much study has been given to the career of the marvelous Corsican, and while it is probably true that the full mission of Bonaparte, in all its proportions, yet remains undiscovered, the career of this remarkable man certainly quickened the sense of liberty in the world and disseminated a clearer conception of popular rights and governmental obligations.

The growth of liberal ideas on these subjects among all classes of Continental Europe was so apparent, after the fall of Napoleon, that the monarchs of Russia, Prussia and Austria felt the need of co-operation in stemming the tide, and restoring the old idea of the Divine Right to rule without reference to the will of the people. And so, not long after the Battle of Waterloo, Alexander, Czar of Russia, induced Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Francis, Emperor of Austria, to form a League which Alexander called the "Holy Alliance," for the purpose, ostensibly, of "manifesting to the world their unchangeable determination to adopt no other rule of conduct either in the government of their respective countries, or in their political relations with other governments, than the precepts of that holy religion, the precepts of justice, charity and peace." Nevertheless these monarchs did not hesitate to announce themselves as "delegates of Providence to govern so many branches of the same family and establish human institutions and remedy their imperfections."

All the other Christian Powers of Europe were invited to join the Alliance. England held aloof. The Kings of France, Spain, Naples and Sardinia accepted the invitation, and so, in the language of a recent historian, "the era of Christian politics was supposed to have opened."

The sinister purpose of this combination is denied by some historians and asserted by others. But all agree that whatever was its original design, the most effective and frequent use to which it was put was to suppress, by united effort, popular uprisings and constitutional governments within the jurisdiction of each signatory monarch.

In Monroe's second term, the Holy Alliance was exercising its benevolent intervention in the affairs of Spain.

That people had driven their monarch from the throne and had established a constitutional government. Of this the Holy Alliance did not approve as according with the will of God, and so, entering Spain, they succeeded by force of arms in restoring the banished ruler and abolishing the new order of things.

For many years the Spanish colonies in South America had been in revolt,

but had not been able to make good their independence by the acquiescence of the Mother Country. A long warfare, desultory and desolating, had been in progress. The trade of England had been much impaired by it, and, aside from the interruption of their commercial relations, the sympathies of the people of the United States had for many years been aroused in favor of the revolted colonies. Our Government had gone as far as safe diplomacy allowed of, in acknowledging a state of war and maintaining a strict neutrality between the combatants. Public opinion throughout the country demanded an acknowledgment of independence and the establishment of diplomatic relations with the struggling Americans. At the instance of Monroe, this occurred in the spring of 1822.

Events seemed so shaping themselves as to indicate that the Holy Alliance would not content itself with establishing order in Spain, but that, deeming this finally impossible without subduing her South American subjects, would ultimately direct its energies to that end, and by the shot and shell of the allied armies, sent over the ocean, insure peace under the beneficent doctrine of Divine Right, and, incidentally, the overthrow of independence and liberty in Spanish America.

The legions of the Alliance, once firmly planted on South American soil, might content themselves with the professed purpose of intervention and simply restore the colonies, with their spirits crushed, to their cruel Mother; or they might, under the alleged inspiration of Divine Providence, divide up those fair provinces among the members of the Holy Alliance themselves. It had happened before, in the history of the world, that under the direction of manifest destiny and a species of benevolent assimilation, the wolf at a convenient opportunity had eaten up the lamb. And the devotion of the Holy Alliance to the will of God, was so single and so sheer that Canning in London, and Monroe in Washington, had no great difficulty in seeing the Powers of Continental Europe erelong in full possession of the Southern half of the American Hemisphere.

The contemplation of this result was as displeasing to Great Britain as to the United States. From the English standpoint, it meant the weakening of British influence by increasing her commercial, military and naval isolation, and the magnifying many times the power of the Allies, and their opportunities for commercial and colonial supremacy in the New World. To the North American statesmen, the introduction and prevalence of the principles and practices of Continental Europe, enforced by her innumerable phalanxes, threatened the peace, prosperity and safety of the United States.

With this interesting situation of the several pieces on the chessboard, Fate, the Master-player, began to move on the game.

In August, 1823, Canning had an eventful interview with Rush, the American Minister. He stated to Rush that Spain's recovery of her revolted colonies in South America was hopeless, that recognition of their independence was inevitable, that while England was committed to the policy of non-interference, she could not see, with indifference, the transfer of any of the Spanish colonies to any other Power.

Under the circumstances, Canning suggested that England and the United States should unite in making a declaration to the Holy Alliance of the disapprobation with which they would view any project looking to the transfer of any of the Spanish colonies to a European Power. Rush, in reply, expressed his deep regret that he had no authority to commit his Government to such a declaration, but he believed the United States shared the feelings of Canning on the subject, and that his Government would regard as highly unjust and fruitful of disastrous consequences any attempt by any European Power to take possession of the colonies by cession or otherwise. Rush urged Canning to acknowledge the independence of the colonies, but the latter replied he was not in position to do so.

Rush transmitted to John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State, what had occurred between himself and Canning, and asked for instructions.

Later in the same month Canning called the attention of Rush to the meeting of the Powers on Spanish affairs shortly to occur, and stated that it was expedient on this account that Great Britain and the United States should promptly come to an understanding. Rush replied that though he was still without instructions on the subject, yet he was so well apprized of the general views of his government, that if England would acknowledge the independence of the colonies, he would assume the authority of uniting with her in the declaration suggested by Canning. But the Foreign Secretary wisely thought that if Rush had not the authority, his action would be unavailing, and their co-operation embarrassing, and perhaps ridiculous.

In the discussion Rush referred to the traditional policy of the United States in abstaining from meddling with European affairs. But Canning argued that it was not a European, but an American question.

Stating that the United States wished to see the independence of the Spanish provinces permanently maintained, and would view as unjust and improper any attempt on the part of the Powers to encroach on that independence as well as any interference unsolicited by the provinces themselves, and that any action by the Powers contrary to these views would endanger the tranquility of the world, Rush added, with remarkable forecast of Monroe's famous declaration: "The United States could never look with insensibility upon such an exercise of European jurisdiction over communities now of right

exempt from it and entitled to regulate their own concerns unmolested fro abroad."

By the time Rush heard from his Government occurrences on the Conti nent had relieved the apprehension of Canning and reversed his attitude. Bu his fateful suggestion went marching on.

When the interesting dispatches of the American Minister reached Mo roe, that wise and prudent President forthwith laid them before his old friend Jefferson and Madison, and sought their counsel as to his proceedings. Thes great statesmen, called up from the quiet pursuits of extreme old age, con curred in advising that the time was propitious for the promulgation of a polic upon which the foreign relations of our country should forever rest.

To Jefferson, Monroe transmitted dispatches received from Rush con taining two letters from Canning, "suggesting," wrote Monroe, "designs o the Holy Alliance against the independence of South America and proposin a co-operation between Great Britain and the United States, in support o it against the members of that Alliance. The project aims, in the first in stance, at a mere expression of opinion, somewhat in the abstract, but whic it is expected by Mr. Canning will have a great political effect by defeatin combination. First, shall we entangle ourselves at all in European politic and wars on the side of any power against others, presuming that a concer by agreement of the kind proposed may lead to that result. Second, if th case can exist in which a sound maxim may and ought to be departed fron is not the present instance precisely that case? Third, has not the epoc arrived when Great Britain must take her stand, either on the side of th monarchs of Europe or of the United States, and in consequence, either i favor of Despotism or of Liberty; and may it not be presumed that, aware o that necessity, her Government has seized on the present occurrence as th which it deems the most suitable to announce and mark the commenceme of that career?

"My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the Britis Government and to make it known that we would view an interference o the part of European Powers, and especially an attack on the Colonies, b them, as an attack on ourselves, presuming that if they succeeded with the they would extend it to us. I am sensible, however, of the extent an difficulty of the question and shall be happy to have yours and Mr. Madison' opinion on it. I do not wish to trouble either of you with small objects but the present one is vital, involving high interests, for which we have s long and so faithfully and harmoniously contended together. Be so kind a to inclose to him the despatches, with an intimation of the motive."

From his beautiful home at Monticello the aged Jefferson on Octobe 24th, 1823, wrote Monroe:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. That made us a nation, this sets the compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be, to make our Hemisphere that of freedom; I could honestly, therefore, join in the declaration proposed, that we aim not at the acqusition of any of those possessions, that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the Mother Country; but that we will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially, their transfer to any power by conquest, cession or acquisition in any other way."

Thus fortified by the cordial endorsement of both Jefferson and Madison, Monroe sent to Congress his celebrated message of December 2nd, 1823.

After referring to the important subjects claiming the attention of the new Congress, the need of devotion to duty and patriotism, and the value of candid information in dealing with the people, Monroe in this message proceeds to relate the negotiations with the British Government, respecting the boundary line between the territories of the United States and Great Britain on the north. He then refers to similar negotiations with Russia as to the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of the continent.

In this connection occurs the following announcement:

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for further colonization by any European powers."

After noting the progress of the Commissioners of Arbitration on claims of our citizens against Russia, the meeting of the Commissioners under the Treaty with Spain, the proceedings to suppress the slave trade and to abolish privateering in time of war, the inauguration of diplomatic relations with the South American Colonies, the refusal of the Commander of

the French Squadron to allow our Minister to Spain to land at Cadiz, then in blockade, the favorable condition of the public finances which showed a prospect of a surplus of nearly $9,000,000 on January 1st, 1824, the improvement in the military and naval establishments and the advancement of fortifications, hostile demonstrations by the Indians, the fever epidemic at Thompson Island, the suppression of piracies in the seas about Cuba and Porto Rico, the condition and progress of the post office department, the foreign trade and the need of additional protection by increasing the tariff, the value of a canal between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Ohio and other internal improvements, the President then proceeded to take up the subject which, more than any other, engrossed his attention.

Introducing a reference to "The heroic struggle of the Greeks" for independence, for whose success he expressed the most ardent wishes, and to affairs in Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain, Monroe proceeded:

"The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this Hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments, and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new Governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this have adhered, and

shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course."

This momentous message closes with a brief survey of the actual stat of the Union, which the President found most encouraging.

"At the first epoch," said he, "our population did not exceed 3,000,000. By the last census it amounted to about 10,000,000, and, what is more extraordinary, it is almost altogether native, for the immigration from other countries has been inconsiderable. At the first epoch half the territory within our acknowledged limits was uninhabited and a wilderness. Since then new territory has been acquired of vast extent, comprising within it many rivers, particularly the Mississippi, the navigation of which to the ocean was of the highest importance to the original States. Over this territory our population has expanded in every direction, and new States have been established almost equal in number to those which formed the first bond of our Union. This

expansion of our population and accession of new States to our Union have had the happiest effect on all its highest interests."

An analysis of Monroe's declaration demonstrates that he intended to bar forever three policies from American soil.

FIRST: Further colonization by any European Power.

SECOND: The extension of the European system of Government on the American continent.

THIRD: The interposition of any European Power in the affairs of any American Government for the purpose of oppressing it, or controlling in any other manner its destiny.

Our policy in regard to Europe was declared by Monroe to have been long since adopted, "not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers."

The message brought instant acquiescence and universal satisfaction to every American citizen. It was received with acclamations of delight in Spanish America whose cause it ensured. It created great excitement in London. It met the disapproval of Canning, who, like the fearful Pandora, looked with consternation upon the evil genius he had himself called up and set loose in the world of diplomacy. In Continental Europe the message was read with emotions of dismay mingled with resentment. But nevertheless the Holy Alliance quietly dropped the matter of putting down the insurrections in the Spanish colonies and freedom breathed freer and happier in the world.

Such was the Monroe Doctrine in its entirety and in its purity.

Such were the actors upon the stage in the great play that produced it. Such were the historic events that foreran it. And such was the fateful occasion that called it forth and made it a pillar of American diplomacy.

A few words more upon the application of the Doctrine since Monroe's time.

It was first afterwards recognized as a fixed principle by John Quincy Adams in his special Message of December 26, 1825, to the Senate, nominating Richard C. Anderson, of Kentucky, and John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, to be envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary to the Assembly of American nations called to meet at Panama and "deliberate upon objects important to the welfare of all." In recommending the project, Adams said: "An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting that each will guard by its own means against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders may be found advisable." But Congress failed to grant the appropriation necessary to make the nominations effective, and the

gathering at Panama, not receiving the support and guidance of our Government, came to nothing.

In 1842 President Tyler applied the same principle to the Sandwich Islands. Emphasizing the remoteness of them from European jurisdictions and the special interest of the United States in these Islands in the pathway of Pacific trade, Tyler declared that their proximity to us and our intercourse with them could not but create dissatisfaction and decided remonstrance on our part at any attempt by another power to take possession of these Islands, colonize them and subvert the native government.

James K. Polk, in his first annual message, December 2, 1845, communicated to Congress at considerable length the history and failure of the negotiations with Great Britain to settle the northwest boundary. Ardent Americans had claimed parallel of latitude 54° 40′, as the dividing line, while the British insisted upon the parallel of 49°.

The campaign slogan of Polk's supporters, "Fifty-four forty or fight," had swept the country. But the failure of negotiations pointed more to "fight" than "Fifty-four forty." Lately some of the European Powers had broached the subject of a "Balance of power" in this continent. In reference to this and in the face of the difficulty over the boundary of the Oregon territory Polk said: "The United States, sincerely desirous of preserving relations of good understanding with all nations, cannot in silence permit any European interference on the North American continent, and should any such interference be attempted, will be ready to resist it at any and all hazards." Referring specifically to the Monroe Doctrine, he said: "This principle will apply with greatly increased force should any European power attempt to establish any new colony in North America. In the existing circumstances of the world the present is deemed a proper occasion to reiterate and reaffirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy."

In a few months the Oregon boundary was fixed to the satisfaction of Mr. Polk.

That pertinacious President applied the Doctrine in his message of Dec. 7, 1847, to the territory of California, then nominally vested in Mexico, and in the fullness of time that incomparable region passed under the Ægis of the Eagle.

In his message of April 29, 1848, Mr. Polk recommended the application of the doctrine to the Peninsula of Yucatan, on the ground that if we did not annex it, some power in Europe would, but Congress esteemed the proposition too bold. And so Yucatan is not yet one of our possessions.

Mr. Buchanan in 1860, referring to the failure of Congress to adopt

his recommendation as to Mexico, said: "European Governments would have been deprived of all pretext to interfere in the territorial and domestic concerns of Mexico. We should thus have been relieved from the obligation of resisting, even by force should this become necessary, any attempt by these Governments to deprive our neighboring Republic of portions of her territory, a duty from which we could not shrink without abandoning the traditional and established policy of the American people."

When the Civil War was taxing the utmost strength of the Government of the United States no attention could be given to the occupation of Mexico during that period by France, but when once that great conflict was over and Andrew Johnson required the withdrawal of the French troops under a threat of serious consequences, Louis Napoleon withdrew his legions and left the unfortunate Maximilian to meet his sentence of death, and his lovely Carlotta to close her unhappy life in the gloom of a disordered mind.

In his message of May 31, 1870, President Grant said: "The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject of transfer to an European power." On this account he advised the annexation of San Domingo. But, as in the case of Yucatan, Congress would not go to that length.

The most recent declaration of the doctrine was made by Mr. Cleveland in his message of Dec. 17, 1895, on the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela as to the boundary line of British Guiana. He had requested the British Government to submit the question to arbitration, but the arguments of Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State, and the persuasive powers of Mr. Bayard, our Ambassador, had no effect on Lord Salisbury, who resolved to establish by force the English view of the line. Thereupon Mr. Cleveland, with unmistakable earnestness of purpose, asked Congress for an appropriation for the expenses of a commission to report upon the true boundary. "When such report is made and accepted," said the President, "it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in our power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela."

In justification of his position, and replying to the declaration of Salisbury that the Monroe Doctrine was not applicable to the state of things in which we live at the present day, or at least it had not been accepted as part of the International Law, Mr. Cleveland said: "The doctrine upon which we

stand is strong and sound, because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the entirety of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures. It may not have been admitted in so many words to the code of International Law, but since in international councils every nation is entitled to the rights belonging to it, if the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine is something we may justly claim, it has its place in the Code of International Law as certainly and as securely as if it were specifically mentioned, and when the United States is a suitor before the high tribunal that administers international law, the question to be determined is whether or not we present claims which the justice of that code of law can find to be right and valid."

This trenchant message was received with the greatest enthusiasm by all parties in Congress and $100,000 was instantly appropriated for the expenses of the commission recommended. That commission was immediately appointed and proceeded speedily to discharge its duties. But the people and the press of Great Britain overwhelmingly favored a peaceful settlement of the controversy. Salisbury bowed to the popular will, and consented to an arbitration. The commission stopped its investigations; the American people were mollified and appeased; and the war cloud, breaking away, vanished in a rainbow of peace and goodwill.