

THE YOUTH  
OF  
THE OLD DOMINION.

BY  
SAMUEL HOPKINS.

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MANY narratives of our early history which are particularly designed for novices are read as tasks, laid aside with a sense of weariness, and their statistical details soon forgotten.

I venture an experiment, endeavoring to give to the Past the aspect and hue of Life, to excite a personal interest in events which would secure little or none as unclothed facts. For this purpose, something of fancy has been necessarily admitted, but all idea of fiction is seriously disclaimed. Any one familiar with the annals of youthful Virginia will here recognize, it is believed, a scrupulous regard to historic truth.

A volume designed for popular reading need not be encumbered with references. They might have been given profusely, but will be found only where some statement in the text has seemed particularly to require them.

The authorities upon which I have relied, and to

which I have carefully adhered, are Hillard, Simms, Smith, Stith, Beverly, Burk, Keith, Campbell, Force's collection of historical papers, and two or three tracts, old and rare, which are noted in the course of the volume. For the generous loan of these, I am indebted to the Libraries of Harvard, Yale, and Amherst Colleges, and to that of the Boston Athenæum. More modern writers have also been consulted; and I have only to regret that others have not been at my command.

These statements are due to the form in which the following narrative is cast; a form which I may apply to the early history of our other Colonies, should circumstances permit.

S. H.

APRIL, 1856.

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## THE

## YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"God is great! Extolled be the perfection of Him who changeth others, but is not changed!"

Such were the words of Mustapha Bey, as he wiped his dripping blade upon the mane of his charger.

"Thou sayest well, my lord," replied Belgogi, a Tartar chief, who bore marks of desperate fight. "Praise be to God, who hath enabled us to triumph!"

"There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! But may the victories like this which He grants to the faithful be few!" And there was heavy gloom upon his brow as Mustapha surveyed the battle-field.

Thirty thousand men lay there, weltering in blood; more than twenty thousand followers of El Islam, and nearly ten thousand who had fought under the banner of the cross. The dying shriek of the war-horse, and the dying groan, imprecation, or prayer of the mangled soldier, were making terrific discord there, as

the sun was sinking to his rest. Such was the scene in the valley of Veristhorne, on the 18th of November, in the year of our Lord 1602. At sunrise, forty thousand Turks and Tartars had intercepted the retreat of eleven thousand veteran warriors of the German Emperor Rodolph II., under the Earl of Meldritch, in the narrow and rugged pass where the mountain of Rotterton, in the province of Wallachia, abuts on the river Altus. The gallant band of Christians, cut off from all possibility of retreat, had discovered their condition without dismay, and prepared to die as soldiers should die. At high noon, they had received and repulsed the headlong charge of Mustapha Bey. Belgogi, with his wild squadrons, had come to the rescue. Legion had followed legion, each fresh and each fierce. Until nearly sunset, the Christians had stood firm, dealing dreadful but unavailing havoc upon their fierce assailants. Their general, hopeless of all else, had then concentrated the remnant of his little army, and heroically headed them in the desperate attempt to cut their way through the dense masses before them. With a handful of survivors, he had already reached the banks of the Altus.

"By Allah!" exclaimed Belgogi, "the Nazarenes take to the river! The dogs! they would rather drown than bleed! May Azrael\* gather them under his wing!"

Mustapha and his staff looked on in breathless silence. The fugitives were plunging into the stream, and in a few moments they were beyond the reach of Moslem sword or spear. A brief struggle with the

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\* The angel of death.

waters, and Meldritch, with only thirteen hundred faint and bleeding horsemen, gained the farther shore. Save a few who were floating, helpless and dying, upon the current, all the rest of his eleven thousand braves were strewn on the field of strife. With the plunge of the last Christian into the waters, all sound of conflict ceased. The victors stood gazing with admiration, and even with a chivalric satisfaction, upon this last and successful struggle of their foes. Among the group which we have designated, Mustapha broke the silence.

"God, the all-seeing and all-knowing, who hath appointed a cause for every event, hath decreed their escape. The will of the Compassionate, the Merciful, is good." Then, turning to one of his aids: "Let the signal of recall be given, and the field searched for the living. The sword of the believer is the key of heaven and of hell."

With this significant license for the slaughter of the disabled Christians, the general and his staff departed. The slain and wounded lay literally in heaps; for regiment after regiment had grappled over the bodies of the fallen, and added their own to the ghastly pile. The field was now rapidly searched in every direction by detached parties, who dragged forth the dying from the dead, bearing away their fellows, but for the most part despatching the Christians with the dagger. Those only were spared whose appearance gave promise of a large ransom.

As the two victorious generals, with their attendants, were leisurely pursuing their way, the hoof of Belgogi's steed struck upon a prostrate cavalier, who writhed convulsively under the blow, uttered a mo-

mentary cry of pain, and sank again upon his bloody bed. The Tartar, with a hissing curse, aimed a passing blow at "the Christian dog," and pursued his way.

The movement and the outcry of the wounded man attracted the attention of a rambling party, who instantly advanced, but found him relapsed into insensibility. His war-horse lay lifeless, and in his fall had pinned to the ground his rider, who still, all unconscious as he was, retained a rigid grasp upon his sword.

"It was the dog's last howl. The soul of the Giaour\* has gone to its doom," said one of the party as he spurned the body.

"By Allah!" exclaimed a comrade, "he has left us a goodly spoil. This belt, this cimeter, — three hundred ducats could not buy the like. Jewels too!" said he, removing a diamond locket and brooch, while the other wrenched away the splendid sword of the soldier, and a third raised the body to secure its gorgeous belt. A deep groan arrested the plunderers, one of whom instantly drew his dagger, exclaiming, "To thy place, thou accursed!"

"By the beard of the Prophet, hold! — thou shalt not," shouted he who supported the knight, and parrying the stroke of his companion. "Wouldst spurn Fortune, as thou didst the unbeliever?"

"Fortune!" retorted the other in a mocking tone. "Where?"

"Art blind? Look at the steed. Look at his trappings. Look at the rich appointments of his lord.

\* In Turkey, an unbeliever or infidel.

This is no common soldier, Abdallah! but an officer, a nobleman, perchance a prince. He can pay a princely ransom, and will bring a price on the mart. Put up thy blade."

"Lo, mine eyes open, Selim! Thou speakest wisely. It is the will of Allah that we sell the dog, and who shall resist that which is appointed?"

The men now extricated their captive from his horse, and, having removed his casque and corslet, busily chafed his temples, stanchd his wounds, and administered such simple restoratives as they chanced to have.

"By Allah! what have we here?" said Selim, as the pallid face of the officer was exposed. "Some one strayed from its mother? Yet it *hath* a little beard, Abdallah! as thou mayest see by inspection."

"Youthful and comely," replied the other; "scarcely ripe for battle. No warrior, methinks. He cannot have earned his rank by his arm; it must have come to him by birth."

"Not ripe for battle!" said Ali, the other of the party. "He is a very David."\*

"A David!" exclaimed Abdallah.

"The lion, and the bear, and the Philistine thought David was a man of valor."

"And a stripling," retorted Ali.

\* Mohammedans acknowledge, as "the uncreated word of God, revealed to his prophets," the five books of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospels of Jesus Christ; but these they consider greatly corrupted. The Koran they regard as in an uncorrupted and incorruptible state, as surpassing in excellence all preceding revelations, and as having abrogated them. Lane's Arabian Nights, Note 1 to the Introduction.

"And this lad?"

"Is a stripling and a David."

"Meanest a prince? So *I* judged by his accounting."

"Nay; but a warrior."

"Thou hast a vein for silly riddles, Ali!"

"Abdallah! Selim! Ye are bold and war-worn, with scars which will exalt you. Yet had you met this boy to-day, you would have found him a lion's whelp, and might have been in Paradise to-night."

"Cease prating."

"What dost mean?"

"I know his armor and his war-horse. When the unbelievers were hewing their way through our squadrons, that sword was his plaything. Not a stroke of it but brought a Moslem to the ground. It was a Tartar's spear which felled his horse; and the horse which pinioned him. By Allah! a second David!"

"Didst see it?"

"Wast near?"

"I saw it, content to be no nearer. Do I not speak truth, O son of perdition?" seeing the young man feebly raise his eyelids.

It was but a vacant, bewildered look, and for a moment only. But now the efforts of his captors were becoming so rapidly effectual, that conversation ceased, and the whole attention of the soldiers was given to the sufferer. At length he became able to aid in his own removal, and was taken to a rude shelter hurriedly constructed for the wounded. When found by his captors, the tide of life had almost ebbed from the veins of the fallen youth; for the rush of battle had been terrific over him, and many a blow

had he received from sword and spear, and ironed hoof, as he lay there pinioned, but fighting to the last.

Weeks of skilful and even tender nursing elapsed before he was restored to strength. His keepers exulted over his recovery, as each day developed in him not only a remarkable vigor and symmetry of person, but a countenance which commanded both admiration and respect. The expression of his eye, in particular, was anything but imperious or defiant; yet its most transient glance disclosed an inward nobleness, and power of purpose, which even the haughtiest Turk felt and acknowledged. He was now ready for market, and was transported, with some scores of his fellow-prisoners, to Axiopolis, or Rassovat, in the neighboring province of Bulgaria. Here he was sold, as his captors had anticipated, for a high price, and became the chattel personal of the Bashaw Bogall.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE INDIGNANT MAIDEN.

CHARATZA TRAGABIGZANDA, a budding Turkish maiden, was reclining upon the divan of her apartment in Constantinople. She had just completed her morning toilet, and had abandoned herself to the luxurious repose in which the Muslim-eh of the higher class pass much of their time. She was surrounded by all the elegant appurtenances of Oriental wealth. A beautiful lute lay at her feet; the cushions upon which she reposed were of the most costly stuffs; birds of rare plumage were singing in their gilded cages; the morning air, laden with the fragrance of flowers, was gushing freely through the lattice; while a small fountain threw up its jet of sparkling water from the centre of the "durkâ'ah," or depressed portion of the room. The maiden turned her eyes languidly around, and breathed a light sigh expressive of dissatisfaction. Her rich drapery, her sparkling jewels, and all the adornments of her apartment, had evidently failed to give her pleasure.

This was natural; for there is an instinctive and immortal craving in every human soul which no form of luxury or beauty can satisfy,—never, perhaps, more distinctly felt or emphatically confessed than when the heart has just come to scorn the toys of childhood, and to feel the opening aspirations of its

### THE INDIGNANT MAIDEN.

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immortal nature. Then a chance hour of idleness or lassitude reveals that self is not enough for self, and that "the elements of the world are beggarly" in comparison to the want within.

"A solemn murmur in the soul  
Tells of the world to be;  
As travellers hear the billows roll  
Before they reach the sea."

It was this sensation of unsatisfied immortality which made the maiden sigh.

"Fatima!" she suddenly exclaimed, "thy lute! Strike one of the happy airs of thy country."

A beautiful Abyssinian slave,\* who stood at the opposite end of the "aa'h" or saloon, her arms meekly folded upon her bosom, promptly answered the command of her mistress. But in vain. The fair maiden soon tired, and, with something like petulance, reproached her attendant for want of skill.

"O my mistress!" humbly replied the girl, "would that I *had* skill! Command thy slave to something which shall make thine heart light. Shall I send for a reciter of romances?"

"Nay, girl: neither tales nor music suit me. Am I not peevish, my faithful one?" caressing her. "Me-thinks the fault is here," laying her hand upon her heart. "And yet what sorrow have I? what want? Allah preserve me!"

"May the Compassionate help thee!" devoutly ejaculated the slave.

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\* The slaves usually called Abyssinians, although from the territories of the Gallas, appear to have been a mixed race between negroes and whites. Many of the females among them were very beautiful. Lane's Arabian Nights, Note 13, Chap. I.

For a while the mistress relapsed into silence, gazing at the play of the fountain with a listlessness which pained the devoted and watchful Fatima, who was glad when they were interrupted by the entrance of a eunuch of the household. With the customary Oriental reverence, he solemnly presented, upon a salver of exquisite workmanship, a letter whose perfume filled the apartment, and as solemnly retired. It was certainly with apathy that the fair lady received and held negligently a missive which she well knew abounded with protestations of love and adoration.

"What Allah hath decreed must be fulfilled," she murmured. "Heigho! Girl, this Bashaw talks of love. Think you he knows what it is?"

"How could he fail to know who is espoused to so much loveliness?"

"Loveliness, forsooth! He hath not seen me. For aught he knows, I may be as ugly as Iblees."\*

"The beauty of the Houris is known on earth, yet no man living hath seen them. So are the charms of my mistress known. Birds of the air have reported them. And many are they who sigh to possess them."

"Silly girl! What saith the Prophet of those who flatter with their lips? This Bashaw would be my lord and master, and I suppose is appointed unto me by Heaven. But as for *love*,—fie, girl! Here, cut this silk."

The silken band of the letter was cut, and at length the lady languidly opened its folds. As she read, she broke into a merry laugh.

\* Chief of the evil Jinn. The *evil Jinn* are supposed to be "horribly hideous." Lane's Arabian Nights, note 21 to the Introduction.

"O, thou most valiant Bashaw!" she exclaimed. "Girl! of a surety the lord Bogall *doth* love! Verses do not prove it. Gifts of jewels, and gifts of embroidered apparel, and gifts of Arabian perfumes, do not prove it. But what shall we say now? O daughter of the burning deserts! When one's betrothed fights, and wades in blood, and braves death, to win a gift for his mistress, must we not say, 'Love hath possessed him'? And yet methinks love would not speak such swelling words."

"Thy slave is slow of understanding. Didst thou speak of winning battles?"

"Yes, girl; I suppose so. The Bashaw Bogall hath proved himself a warrior, of which I had not dreamed. He hath sent me a gift won in battle, a useful gift,—a gift that hath life. Now, I suppose, I *must* love and adore."

"That hath life! A bird, my mistress?"

"Silly child! No."

"A gazelle?"

"No."

The girl's countenance fell, and she clasped the hand of her mistress.

"O my mistress! *do* not say that he hath sent another to come between thee and me!"

"Thou art nearer in thy guess, Fatima."

The girl covered her face in silence. Soon the hot tears streaming through her fingers, and then sobs, betrayed her agony.

"Cease, girl, cease!" cried her mistress, startled at this outburst of affectionate passion. "Thou 'rt wrong. 'Between me and thee!' Never. Hush, hush, Fatima! look up."

The girl obeyed, and the roguish, arch look of her mistress dispelled her fear and checked her emotion.

"It would have broken my heart," she murmured.

"Listen, child! The decrees of Heaven are mysterious, and it was certainly a mysterious decree which sent the Bashaw to fight in a real battle. Of a truth he hath done valiantly. He hath captured an enemy, and hath sent him to me as a trophy. A male memlook,\* that is all. Shall a *man* (always saving my hero-lord) come between me and thee! There, wipe thy tears."

"A man-slave for my mistress!"

"He shall be my page, child; and thine too, perhaps, if thou art good. Wilt have him for a lover? I must cherish him as a memorial of — of — of what? O, I have it, — of chivalry, and of generosity, and of love; but, especially, of common sense. Think of it, child, a *useful* gift! I hope it is not old, or ugly, or halt, or blind."

So saying, and fairly roused from her pensive humor, she clapped her hands, and was immediately answered by the appearance of another attendant.

"My lord the Bashaw Bogall hath sent me a captive. Hath the man arrived?"

"O my mistress! he is guarded by two soldiers in the court."

"Give them entertainment and gold, and bid them go in peace. Then conduct the memlook hither."

"As he is, lady?"

"As he is! How is he?"

"Dressed like an infidel and in irons," said the slave, putting her hand to her throat.

\* White slave.

"What! collared? muzzled? Does he bite?"

"Nay, O my mistress, he is gentle."

"Then he is put in irons because he is so strong?"

"I do not know, my mistress, he does not look evil."

"Off with his irons. Give him apparel fit for the eye of a believer, and send him in with two armed eunuchs."

"Ironed!" she continued, turning to Fatima, as the other withdrew. "It is because he is one of those monsters, the Christians. The lord Bogall must be a gallant knight to overcome an adversary so terrible."

Great was her surprise, when, instead of a half-civilized soldier of the ranks, worn and battered by service, and of repulsive person; she found in her presence a man in the flower of youth, of attractive features, of commanding carriage, who, by a dignified, courtly inclination, acknowledged her right to his respect. Such were the manliness and independence of his bearing, that a blush mantled her face, and she instinctively dropped her veil, unable to realize at the moment that he was her slave.\* The captive, however, perceived his advantage; for the instant

\* Notwithstanding the strictness with which the Mohammedan women are guarded from the eyes of all men, except their near relatives, yet "a slave may lawfully see the face of his own mistress; but this privilege is seldom granted in the present day to any slave but a eunuch." — Lane's Arabian Nights, Chap. IV. note 39. "It is related that Mohammed once made a present of a man-slave to his daughter Fatimeh; and when he brought him to her, she had on a garment which was so scanty that she was obliged to leave either her head or her feet uncovered; and that the Prophet, seeing her in great confusion on that account, told her that she need be under no concern, for that there were none present but her father and her slave." — Lane's Modern Egyptians, Part I. Chap. VI.

during which her face was uncovered was sufficient to reveal to his quick perception that it was not only maidenly diffidence, but maidenly admiration, which moved his mistress.

After a brief silence she addressed him. But he could only reply by a courteous bow, and by a sign denoting his ignorance of her language. Perceiving this, she cut short the interview, by bidding the attending eunuchs to remove him, and to find some one in the household or neighborhood who could communicate with him, and who should instruct him in the Turkish tongue.

"And let him be informed immediately," she added, "that it will be his duty to be in waiting in the anteroom of my apartment, to answer my call, and to perform all the services of my page."

Left alone with her confidential attendant, she exclaimed: "By Allah! the lord Bogall does well to be proud. To make prisoner of such a man is an exploit not to be forgotten, or to be thought of lightly. What sayest thou, Fatima?"

"The diamond on thy brow is the more lustrous for its position. A rare slave, my mistress, and fitly bestowed."

The lady Tragabigzanda made no rejoinder; but fell to musing, and soon resumed her ordinary occupations and amusements.

Several days passed with nothing worthy of observation, save that the mistress had so many trivial occasions for the presence and services of her men-look, that it seemed wonderful how she could have been sufficiently served before his arrival. One day she overheard him singing in a low voice. Her atten-

tion was instantly arrested; and, after listening a moment, she suddenly clapped her hands, and the soldier page immediately answered the summons. Looking with ingenuous earnestness in his face, she abruptly addressed him in Italian.

"Was that an Italian song?"

The young man started; and, with gladness in his face and voice, answered in the same language: "It was. Thank God that I can converse with your ladyship, in whose custody the fortune of war has placed me."

With a girlish laugh, — half sincere, half sarcastic, — she replied: "It *will* be convenient. Thy name."

"John Smith."

"Yoo-seef? A good name. Well bestowed, I trust; for the patriarch was princely and honored of God."

The young man bowed in acknowledgment of the rather singular compliment, but simply replied: "John Smith, my lady," endeavoring to correct a careless utterance.

"I understand, — Yoo-seef. The patriarch, too, was in bondage in his youth, though not captured in battle. Hast thou need of anything for thy comfort?"

"Of nothing, lady."

"It is well. Direct the household to fulfil thy wishes. If they obey thee not, they shall be better taught. Enough."

The young man retired to his station without; and an Englishman might have heard him soliloquize gravely: "True, my beautiful lady, the patriarch was not captured in battle. Nor was he by Potiphar's wife. Why, the girl is romantic, and as impressible as wax.



One can see that in her eye; so deep and yet so clear, so eloquent of virgin guilelessness and trust. John Smith! John Smith! have a care! An unguarded, untaught maiden heart should be held sacred. John Smith! she miscalls you Joseph; then *be* a Joseph.\*

Young as he was, he had great knowledge of the world, and rare sagacity in detecting character. Without the vanity to suppose the lady enamored of himself, he perceived that a mere novice might easily excite her to love. He resolved, therefore, to guard his own honor and conscience by a scrupulous deference, which should serve as a safeguard of her peace. Yet bondage was terribly chafing to one who had hitherto been as free as the winds of heaven; and he hoped so far to excite the lady's compassion as to effect his deliverance.

The lady Tragabigzanda, on her part, was only interested in her slave as any maiden, just conscious of needing some unknown good, would have been in a youth of his person and manners. Thus her inward discontent, and her new and fluttering interest, led her, as already remarked, to be constantly demanding his presence and conversation. She also indulged a natural curiosity to know his history.

"Yoo-seef!" said she, as he was one day in attendance in her secluded garden, "thou wast of rank in the army?"

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\* It should be borne in mind that the young Joseph is the traditional Apollo, or model of masculine beauty, with the Moslems. If, therefore, the lady was too ready to misunderstand Smith's English pronunciation, she was only guilty of giving utterance to her own impressions by a delicate and well-marked compliment to his person; but which he could not detect.

"Only a major, my lady."

"*Only* a major!" with a look of surprise. "If I understand the Christian title, thou'rt young to wear it."

"I was born, gracious lady, in the year 1579 of the Christian era, which is the year 957 of the Hegira, from which you date. Thus I am twenty-two years of age."

"Thou must have gained military rank through thy family."

"No, madam!" said Smith with spirit; "by my sword. Family influence I never enjoyed."

"A nobleman, and no family influence!"

"A nobleman!"

"Art not a Bohemian nobleman?" asked the lady tartly, and stopping in her walk.

"A Bohemian! A nobleman! No lady, I am an Englishman, and have no pretensions to noble birth."

"By Allah!" looking earnestly in his face, "thou dost perplex me"; and for the first time the captive officer saw her angry.

"It is my misfortune to have offended your ladyship?"

"Wert not taken prisoner when fighting against the armies of the faithful?"

"No, my lady, I was left for dead upon the field. Never yet have I been taken prisoner 'when fighting.'"

The flush of the lady's indignation now changed to pallor, and her lip quivered as she resumed.

"Yoo-seef! in the name of the Crucified, tell me the truth. Wast thou not taken prisoner in battle by the Bashaw of Bulgaria, who sent thee hither? Didst thou not yield to his sword?"

The Briton met the keen, flashing look of his mistress with the coolest scorn; and answered only by a short, sarcastic laugh. Instead of resenting the seeming insult, she resumed, in a tone of real distress: "Answer me, Yoo-seef! By Jesus, answer me!"

"Gracious lady, I never saw the Bashaw of Bulgaria until he bought me a chained captive in the market of Axiopolis."

"As thou hopest for Paradise, as thou believest in him of Nazareth, this is true?"

"As I so hope, and so believe, it is."

With a look as though she would fathom his very soul, she passionately stamped her foot, bit her lip, bade the Abyssinian follow her, and returned to her apartments with the stately air of an offended queen; leaving the Englishman very unpleasantly bewildered.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE YOUNG ADVENTURER.

It was no childish passion which impelled the lady to her retirement; but a keen sense of indignity to her sex. Her womanly nature had been trifled with, and was roused; and with right womanly spirit did she measure to resent the wrong. All this was betrayed to the watchful scrutiny of her female attendant, by the compressed lip, the dilated eye, the firm and haughty step with which her mistress traversed and retraversed her hall. Fatima, who had heard, but had not understood, the dialogue in the garden, was alarmed by such strange and towering emotion in one hitherto gentle, and even indolent, in all her ways. But she humbly waited in silence for the mystery to be revealed.

"Ha, girl! art here?" said the lady sharply, and stopping in her nervous walk.

"The loving slave is always at the right hand of her mistress."

The lady Charatza resumed her walk until she could refrain no longer.

"Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, with a hysterical laugh; "a hero? a warrior? How cowards do pant for glory, and how they crawl to win it! O thou most infamous!"

An involuntary exclamation escaped the slave, who added, with signs of anger: "Hath the memlook dared to offend? O my mistress! he speaks a tongue unknown to thy slave."

"No, child, no. It is the dog Bogall! the Bashaw of Bulgaria! By Allah! he hath dared to lie, — and to me, — me, the lady Tragabigzanda! Truckles for a slave; buys him; sends him to me as a trophy of his own chivalry; and all the while talks of love, — the reprobate! Pah! win *my* heart and *my* hand by red-hot perjury! Stoop to compound a lie, — sugar the cursed potion with the dialect of love, — and then administer it to me! to me! Ha! only a silly woman am I? a soft, credulous maiden? fit thing for a man to sport with and befool? By Allah, — a foul dishonor! Child! does love make a man deflower his honor; strangle his manliness; degrade his soul; insult his mistress? O the detestable! the accursed! O Allah! I would rather be a withered virgin, than wife to such a thing! Ay; and would rather mate with such a thing — than *be* it!"

Thus did she vent her indignation against the impostor who had practised upon her credulity.

When, at length, her passion had subsided, her curiosity respecting the young officer's history was renewed and strengthened; and she demanded it; having first, in artless confidence, made known how bitterly incensed she was at what she called "the outrage" of her professed lover. Disgusted and wounded by the duplicity of the Turk, how natural that she should turn with more than common interest to the young and attractive Christian, the unconscious tool of a wanton imposition.

"Yoo-seef," said she, with an inflexion which startled the officer, "relate unto me thy history. Thou wast English-born, thou sayest."

"Gracious lady, my story is not worth the hearing. I was a restless boy, and strayed away for adventure. The Moslem war well-nigh ended my rambles, and the avarice of my captors reserved me for your service. That is all."

"Nay; but give me the tale, — for I am weary, sick at heart, and need something, something — Allah! what is it? — to refresh me."

"It will weary thee, lady; but I obey."

"I think I must have been a rover born; for I cannot remember when it was not irksome to stay at home. I was sent to school very young; but longed to see the world, and to encounter any sort of adventures which might require exertion and courage. So, when I was thirteen years of age, I sold my books and satchel to raise money for travel; but was prevented from my purpose by the death of my parents."

"Then thou wast poor?"

"Lads are not intrusted with much money, lady; and my father would not have consented to my going into foreign lands so young. He left me a fair estate, and under the care of guardians who sent me to a great merchant to make money by traffic, — a business which I scorned. I ran away; and my guardians furnished me with ten shillings — about three piastres — to get rid of me."

"To get rid of thee!"

"Yes, lady; they did not like the care of a restless boy; and they hoped that I might break my neck, and they get my fortune. So I crossed the sea, and wandered to Paris the great city of France."

"Thy age, then?"

"Fifteen."

"With friends?"

"Without friend or companion."

"Fifteen years, three piastres, and alone!"

"Yes, lady; save a guardian angel."

"Guardian angels in the Christian religion!"

"Yes, lady; to those who love God."

"Strange! It is like our religion. Every Moslem believer is attended by two guardian and recording angels; one of whom writes his good actions, the other his evil actions. Well, — thou wast in Paris, with three piastres, and the angel."

"The piastres had taken flight, and certain others which I had earned. I had only the angel, lady, who brought me to an acquaintance with a gentleman of Scotland. He was pleased to consider me a youth of some capacity, and befriended me. We soon parted; when I went to the Low Countries to join my countrymen in fighting to free the people from the tyranny of Spain. I served there between three and four years; giving myself not only to practise in the ranks with spear and sword and battle-axe, but to horsemanship and the science of war. I wished to perfect myself in all martial knowledge and exploit which my tender years could attain to."

"A born rover, — saidst thou? A born soldier, rather."

"I then returned to England, where I passed some time in seclusion; studying, and practising with horse and spear. I then determined to seek my fortune in the wars against the Turks. You know, lady, how they hate each other."

"Yes; and why is it? I am sure I hated all Christians, and thought them monsters; with great teeth like a dog's, with jaws smeared with Moslem blood, with great, glaring, bloodshot eyes, and covered with hair like apes, until — until —"

The lady faltered, slightly colored, and signed to the Englishman to proceed. He smiled; and for an instant their eyes met, — an occurrence not without its effect upon the susceptible maiden.

"And thou hadst the courage to set eyes on me!" said Smith; perceiving what she had been about to say.

"It was curiosity. But thou wast under an armed guard; else I had not dared."

"And the lady Tragabigzanda was sadly disappointed."

"Not sadly; but — but — I was mistaken. So thy sword was against the Turks."

"Not immediately. I had no patrons, and was obliged to seek my fortune. Before landing in France, I was plundered by fellow-passengers, who managed to escape; and was forced to sell my cloak to pay for my passage. But a lad nineteen years of age, who carries honesty in his face, does not fail, in distress, to secure the sympathies and kind offices even of strangers. Men and women of rank and wealth befriended me; and with them I might have recreated as long as I would; but I could not bear either indolence or dependence. I betook myself, therefore, to wandering again. My purse was soon empty. In an uninhabited forest I was overcome with hunger and fatigue, lost heart, — the only time, lady, — and threw myself upon the ground to die."

"Poor youth! how he must have suffered!" murmured the lady to herself. She might as well have spoken aloud, for Smith read precisely the same words in her face.

"But a kind-hearted farmer found me; took me to his house; cheered me and nursed me; and sent me on my way with money. May God reward him!"

"Charatza Tragabigzanda would, if she could," exclaimed the lady with energy.

"Not long after, I accidentally met one of the party who robbed me. We drew, and I brought him to the ground. With the sword at his throat, I made him confess his villany in presence of the by-standers; but this was all my satisfaction.

"I then reached Marseilles, in the South of France, — you see it here, lady," — for by this time they were studying geography together, — "whence I took to the sea. The vessel was crowded with pilgrims on their way to Rome, to whom I became an object of hatred and persecution so soon as they knew that I was an Englishman and a Protestant."

"A Protestant, — what is that?"

"Your ladyship surely knows that he who is called the Head of the Christian Church, or God's lieutenant here, is the Pope of Rome."

"Certainly, — by Christians not of the Greek Church."

"But many Christians, and almost all Englishmen, acknowledge no Head of the Church but Christ. That is, they *protest* against the authority of the Pope; and hence are called Protesters, or Protestants. The Papal Christians have always hated and persecuted the Protestants; and my fellow-

passengers followed the example of their ancestors. We were hardly at sea when we were driven into Toulon by a storm, — it lies here, lady, a little farther east. We again had bad weather after putting out from Toulon; which the Papists attributed to the displeasure of God toward a vessel so wicked as to carry a Protestant. They piously concluded, therefore, that they should never have fair weather while I was on board. So, being a hundred to one, they tossed me into the sea."

"Allah! what barbarians! Now I see — now I see why I had such horrid ideas of Christians. They of whom I had heard must have been Papists. But I see thou wast not drowned."

"No, lady; I swam until I reached a little island called St. Mary. It is not laid down on this map, but its place is here, — off the harbor of Nice."

"And there found hospitality?"

"Such as kine and goats could give, and not unacceptable to a hungry lad."

"No people!"

"Not even an herdsman."

"But thou couldst not swim to the main, surely?"

"Possibly. But the next day I was taken off by a French ship on her way to Alexandria."

"But *her* crew, — were not they Papists? and would not they drown a Protestant?"

"They were Papists, lady; but the captain was neighbor and friend of a French Earl who had received me as his guest. For the nobleman's sake, he befriended me. Besides, we had no more storm. For both reasons the Protestant was spared."

"Surely thou must be beloved of Allah, that he

hath saved thee from such perils, and raised to thee friends in such straits."

"God is often kind to those who are not good; or, as our holy book says, he maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust."

"Good; but he does not save and befriend the wicked."

"Lady, I do not profess to be good; nor do I profess to be wicked. But surely God hath befriended me. My being thrown into the sea was the last of my misfortunes, until I fell in the valley of the Altus; if, indeed, I should call that a misfortune which hath made me *thy* servant."

O Smith! Smith! Where was thy prudence? The color tinged the lady's cheek; yet the eye did not droop. This, and her quick reply,—"Thou mayst not find it a misfortune,"—showed that her sensation was anything but unpleasant.

"Now, then, tell me of thy prosperous days."

"On our return from Alexandria we cruised for a while here,—along the eastern and northeastern shores. On our way we hailed a Venetian argosy, who returned our compliment with a broadside. Of course we must fight. We captured her, and she proved a rich prize. My portion of the spoils was sufficient for my purpose of travel; and at my own request I was set on shore in Piedmont. Thence I made the tour of Italy, to satisfy my eye with fair places and the kingdom's nobility. At Venice I resumed my original purpose of joining the armies of Germany in the war against the Turks, and immediately proceeded to Gratz, in Styria, the residence of

the Archduke of Austria. There I met with some of my countrymen, who introduced me to several officers of the Imperial army. I told them my wishes, and was immediately placed upon the staff of one of them,—the Earl of Meldritch,—who was a colonel of cavalry. One of our generals, Lord Ebersbaught, was soon after closely besieged in Olympach, and in imminent danger. A body of soldiery—ten thousand—was sent for his relief; of which I was one. But our numbers were so few, and the besiegers so strong, that we could effect nothing unless by concert with our friends in the city. We could not send a messenger, and how could we effect a communication? In this dilemma, I told our commander that I had previously stated to Lord Ebersbaught a system of telegraphing which would be useful in such an emergency. I was immediately directed to employ it. My signals were seen, understood, and answered; and by this means a sally was made by our friends at midnight, in concert with an attack by us. The Turks were thrown into confusion, and we relieved our friends by adding two thousand picked men to their garrison. This discouraged your countrymen, and they abandoned the siege. As a reward, I took my first step as an officer, with the command of two hundred and fifty cavalry."

"All Constantinople heard of that disgraceful retreat," interrupted the lady with indignation; "and *thou* wast the means of our disgrace?"

"Thou didst ask for the truth, fair lady. Should I lie, like the Bashaw of Bulgaria?"

A bland reproach, the lightest touch upon a rankling wound, and the least savor of flattery,—each the

more pungent for the lady's growing tenderness, — what woman could hold her displeasure?

"Rather slay a thousand Turks than be a dog like him."

"But, lady, we slew four thousand."

"Well; four thousand, then. Proceed."

"Our army then had a season of rest in winter quarters."

"Poor man! idleness thou couldst not bear, thou sayest."

"I was never idle, lady, but upon compulsion."

"What, pray, but idleness in soldiers' barracks? Amusement? Pleasure? The Christian's shame, — strong drink?"

"Rather than take quietly the sneer of a fair lady, I will say that I devoted my respite from active service to amusement and pleasure; but not to strong drink, the damnable invention of an Arabian Moslem."

"But forbidden by the Prophet, whose name be blessed! But pleasure and amusement sit at the gate of idleness."

"My amusement is study, my pleasure the acquisition of knowledge."

"What study? what knowledge?"

"Of my profession, lady; — the manœuvres of armies; the combination of forces; the planning of an action by which ten thousand men may route twenty thousand; the art of skilful retreat, one of the greatest achievements of war; the structure, defence, and storming of fortifications; the study of an enemy's tactics and defences; and any other art, science, strategy, or even handicraft, pertaining to war. War

is a science, lady; not mere butchery. Many a man who can fight well hand to hand is no warrior. Had I not studied, we could not have saved Olympach."

"By Allah! was thy mother of the offspring of the good Jinn? \* or of Suleyman Ibn Dâood, whose power over the Jinn was absolute? † Thou seemest to crave wisdom more than mortal!"

"I confess my ignorance of such beings, lady. My parents were of the English gentry. What thou pleasest to call wisdom is little compared with that of many of my countrymen."

"Then the English must be sages born. By Allah! thou dost puzzle me again. You opened a new campaign?"

"Against the city of Alba Regalis, called impregnable, in Lower Hungary."

"Which was wrested from the faithful after we had held it sixty years, one of the splendid jewels of our crown. Did Allah raise *thee* up to execute his

\* "Jinn" or Genii are an imaginary race of beings created of smokeless fire; of a rank between angels, created of light, and men, created of earth. They are supposed to be aerial, with transparent bodies, which can assume various forms and become invisible at pleasure. They are of two classes, — the good and the evil. If good, they are generally resplendently handsome; if evil, horribly hideous. In the text, therefore, a personal compliment is insinuated. They eat and drink, and propagate their species, sometimes in conjunction with human beings (compare Gen. vi. 6), in which case the offspring partakes of the nature of both parents. See Lane's Arabian Nights, Note 21 to the Introduction.

† "Solomon the son of David." He is said to have obtained absolute power over the Jinn, by virtue of a talisman or seal-ring sent to him from heaven, on which was engraved "the most great name" of God. This was partly of brass and partly of iron. With the brass he stamped his written commands to the good Jinn; with the iron, those to the evil Jinn, or devils. Solomon compelled them to aid in the building of the temple of Jerusalem. Ibid.

judgments upon the Turks, — a knotted scourge for the back of the Ottoman? When the Bashaw of Buda, then a prisoner at Vienna, heard of the loss of Alba Regalis, he prostrated himself a whole day, without food or drink, his face in the dust, praying to the Prophet, who, as he said, had been all the year angry with the Turks. By Allah! that year — that year was the very and only year in which *thou* — *thou* hadst served against us! Yes, and *thou* didst take the city by winged fire! By Allah! *thou art* of the race of Jinn!"

"Beautiful lady, thou dost forget my humble rank. I was but a subaltern there."

"Who," demanded the lady with flushed face, — "who invented those fiery flying balls, which made havoc of lives and dwellings and merchandise? Who hurled them by night over the battlements, like hissing meteors from the sky, into the very squares and public places where the people did congregate the most? Meldritch? the Archduke Matthias? the Archduke Ferdinand? the Duke Mercury? Who?"

Smith was silent, — at a loss how to meet the patriotic wrath of the lady, through whose "compassion" and youthful generosity he hoped to secure his freedom. But, falling back upon his natural integrity and ingenuousness, he met her eye calmly, and answered: "He whom *thou art* pleased to call thy slave."

"I thought so. Fire and speed are vital properties of the Jinn. Yoo-seef! I should fear thee, did I not know that the evil Jinn are of loathsome form and visage, and the good fair and comely. But shall we not all bow to the will of Allah? Enough of Alba Regalis. Thou didst then meet Hassan Bashaw and

his sixty thousand men, and routed him with thy twenty thousand, and thy manœuvres and combinations and other magic which *thou callest science*."

"Not I, my lady: my general and our soldiers."

"And thyself."

"Little did I do but bleed."

"Wast wounded?" exclaimed the maiden, with a start.

"Severely, lady."

"Did not thy veins spout flame?"\*

"Blood, lady; hot and steaming, to be sure, but as pure blood as that of any mortal."

"The *Jinn* are mortal."

"As the blood of any *man*; for I perceive *thou* speakest of what we call *Genii*, of which I have read."

"Jinnée or no Jinnée,† *thou art* more than a common mortal, Yoo-seef! or my heart — my brain, I mean — misleads me. What next, O son of the fire-spirits?"

"I was then sent, with eight thousand men, under Count Meldritch, into Transylvania, to fight against the native Prince Sigismund Bathor, who was assailed at once by Turk and Christian. The Count was a Transylvanian, and all his estates lay there. He owed no allegiance to Germany; and his officers and soldiers were mostly mercenaries, though veterans. He would not fight against his own country, and joined his forces to the fainting bands of Sigismund against the Moslem."

\* "The fire of which the Jinnée is created circulates in his veins, in place of blood. Therefore, when he receives a mortal wound, this fire issuing from his veins generally consumes him to ashes." — Lane.

† The singular of Jinn.



"And *thou* too?"

"I owed no allegiance. I had before repented and lamented to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another; and therefore would only try my fortune against the Turks, who now occupied the very estates of the Count."

"Ay, I know. The city of Regal, in the wild and rocky mountains of Zarham. Gracious Allah! by what spirit, by what fate, have I, a timid girl, ignorant and thoughtless of war, been led this past year to watch and trace the war-path of an unknown man, whom Destiny has now sent to me and to — But what is written is written; and is revealed only as it cometh to pass. Regal, strong by nature, strong by art, would have proved impregnable, had not Yoo-seef, the Whip of Destiny, been there! Tell me the tragedy of the Lord Turbshaw, of Gualgo, of Bonny Mulgro."

"Our forces were increased by nine thousand men, under Prince Moyses, who took the chief command. The city was accessible only on one side, through ravines narrow, steep, and dangerous. Consequently our approaches with artillery were step by step, and every step in blood. After we had gained the tableland of the mountain, our enemies laughed us to scorn for what they called our sluggishness, for even then it was nearly a month before we could complete our trenches and plant our batteries. They told us that we were too lazy; that we were growing fat for want of work, and their ladies weary for lack of some knightly amusement. For their sakes — the Turkish ladies' — the Lord Turbshaw proposed to meet any captain of the Christian army in single combat, the

head of the vanquished and all he might carry to the field to be the victor's. By this time our mettle was well up, and so many claimed the honor that no election could be made but by lot. It fell upon one of some prowess, but no distinction. Great preparations were made, and a truce agreed upon for the occasion. At the time appointed, the Lord Turbshaw entered the lists clad in splendid armor, brilliant with gold and jewels, and attended by three Janizaries. The Christian soon appeared, simply clad, followed by a single page, who bore his lance. The ramparts were thronged with ladies and armed men, and the Christians were drawn out in their most imposing battle-array. The combatants passed each other, midway of the lists, with courteous salute, and assumed their proper stations. There was a moment's breathless silence. The trumpet sounded. The knights met at full speed. The Lord Turbshaw fell from his horse, his brain pierced by the Christian's spear; who, unharmed, and finding his adversary lifeless, appropriated his head and his rich accoutrements, and returned the body to the city."

"And Gualgo?"

"Was a bosom friend of the Lord Turbshaw, and by repute a fierce and powerful warrior. To revenge his death, he challenged the same officer on the next day, proposing to stake his own head, besides his horse and armor, for the chance of redeeming the head of his friend. The challenge could not be refused. The meeting was attended with the same pomp and anxious suspense as the former. At the first onset, their lances were shattered by the shock. The Turk was nearly unhorsed, but the Christian sat firm in the

saddle. They then had recourse to their fire-arms. The Christian was slightly wounded, the Turk not scathed. At the second shot his bridle-arm was shattered, his horse became unmanageable, himself thrown upon the ground, when his forfeited head, his horse and armor, were secured as the trophies; but the body, with its rich apparel, neither of which was forfeited, were sent back to the city."

"A fair combat and a gallant one. The third?"

"The Christian might have been content, lady, had he not been a hot-headed fellow and puffed up by success. But he must tempt fortune needlessly. So, obtaining leave from his general, he sent a message into the city, saying that he feared the ladies had not had amusement enough, and that he should be happy to furnish more, provided any one could be found who dared meet him in the lists. He would stake the heads which he had won, and his own, on the issue. Bonny Mulgro, a stout knight, accepted the challenge, but prudently declined, as he had the right to do, the lance; and selected the pistol, the battle-axe, and the sword. In the use of the formidable battle-axe he was particularly skilled. They met accordingly. The pistols were harmless. Then came the battle-axe, to which the Christian was but little accustomed. A tremendous blow disarmed him of his axe, and nearly felled him from his horse. A shout from the walls roused the half-stunned man, so that he recovered himself in time to evade, by dexterous management of a well-trained steed, the furious blows of his adversary. He now drew his sword, and, by God's assistance, ran it through the body of the Turk. Thus ended the tragedy of which your ladyship inquired. It was enough for all parties."

"A heroic Christian, and a valiant. Methinks the Bashaw of Bulgaria would not have accepted *his* challenge. Ha! what thinkest thou?"

"I know nothing of him, but from thine own lips, lady."

"But this gallant knight must have had a name."

"Your ladyship did not inquire."

"He was rather young, was he not?"

"Not old."

"Had he not some foreign name, hard to a Turkish lady's tongue, — something like Yoo-seef? I have a kind of inner sense which whispers so; and, on my faith, I doubt there was but one Christian there could have done or dared it. Have I not seen him?"

"Most beautiful lady, thou hast drawn this tale from me. I have obeyed to the letter of thy questions, save the last. Its true answer I perceive thou hast divined."

"Thy reward?"

"A pompous parade, a charger, a military belt of value, and money, from our general. The rank of major from the Count. Afterwards, Prince Sigismund, visiting the camp, gave me his picture set in gold, and pledged to me a pension of three hundred ducats, and a patent of nobility."

"And you passed to other conquests after the sack of Regal."

"We did, lady. But Sigismund, seeing his people ruined by this double war, magnanimously preferred for their sakes to yield his principedom to the Emperor, and retired, as a private nobleman, upon a princely pension. His armies, then entered the service of the Emperor. We were sent to Wallachia to aid the inhabitants

against their Turkish ruler. We defeated the Turkish army of forty thousand men, and the province came under the rule of the Emperor. They again made head in Moldavia. Meldritch, misinformed of their numbers, advanced with but thirteen thousand men to fight forty-five thousand. By a new and frightful kind of wild-fire, which—laugh as you will, lady—I invented, we scared the Turks and reduced their numbers by five thousand, without loss to ourselves; retreating, as soon as we discovered the strength of the enemy, to gain the fortified city of Rotterton, within three leagues of which is the field on which I was left for dead.”

“Give me the particulars. I know nothing of them, except that the Lord Bashaw of Bulgaria was a hero there.”

Smith related the details of the slaughter, the issue of which was sketched at the opening of our narrative.

The conversation which we have given above was not continuous, but had been resumed from time to time as opportunity was contrived by the lady, whose romantic interest increased with every day's recital, and with her own observation of her captive's courtly phrase and noble deportment. It is perhaps needless to state, that the grace and manliness of his person, his frankness, modesty, and high-mindedness, had completely taken captive the heart of a secluded, unsophisticated maiden, just waked to a sense of an unknown want, and just stung by the wanton meanness of a soulless wooer. Smith could not shut his eyes to the fact; neither, with all his regard for her happiness, could he shut his eyes to his only hope of freedom.

But these conversations did not end here. The enamored maiden demanded their repetition,—the minute filling up of the outline,—the answering of a thousand questions. In short, she made her captive the theme of all their interviews, the hero of every scene which she led him to describe. Yet she was timid and cautious; at an early stage “feigning sickness when she sought the society of her slave, that she might discard other company.” Alas, poor Fatima!

There was a jealous and watchful mother on the premises, who knew full well the danger of proximity and free conversation between a simple maiden and a fascinating youth, even if he were a slave and an infidel. The lady Tragabigzanda perceived that she was spied, and took the alarm. For a while she would heroically suspend their intimacy; then, restless and suffering, she would again command his presence. At length, the swelling tide of her passion surmounted even the barrier of virgin bashfulness. Her confession was not made in words at first, but in tears. Smith could not but pity her, whom he really esteemed, and might have loved had she been Christian and English-born. He was grateful for her kindness; blamed, and yet justified himself in his heart; and replied to her sobs with words of real respect and tenderness, showing, but with a gentlemanly delicacy, that he understood her emotions. At length she raised her head, and repeated, in a tone of touching simplicity and confidence, an extempore version, in Italian, of an Arabic song.

“I wished for my beloved; but when I beheld him I was confounded, and possessed neither tongue nor

eye. I hung down my head in honor and reverence ; and would have hidden what I felt, but it would not be concealed."

The English soldier was touched to the very soul by an avowal, so delicate yet ingenuous, of a pure and trustful love,—by an apology so true to nature for her want of self-control. He could not conceal his emotion, although he could give no passionate response to hers ; for he knew the insurmountable barriers of religion, country, and education. She gave him, however, no time for words. Nerving herself resolutely to the effort, she said, in a firm and decided voice, "Yoo-seef! thou must fly. My mother will sell thee. I shall arrange it. To-morrow,—to-morrow. Leave me now,—leave me to deplore my weakness."

"But gentle lady —"

"Nay, leave me!" and, clapping her hands, there was no alternative, as Fatima instantly answered the summons.

"Thy slave is at thy feet," said the affectionate girl.

"Fatima! thou lovest thy mistress?" caressing her gently.

The slave raised her lustrous eyes with a wondering, mournful expression.

"I know it, child ; I know it. Praise be to Allah, how good it is to be loved! Women were made for it, girl. But to be mocked by an ape in sword-belt and turban,—pshaw! it passeth woman's meekness."

"Tell him to woo some wandering Ghool,\* my mistress."

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\* Properly speaking, the Ghool is the female demon of a lower order

"Ha, girl! thou art shrewd. But thinkest thou he could win her?"

"By the help of Iblees,\* perhaps."

"Perhaps, were he a man. Ghools do not content themselves with *things*. But let us not disgrace ourselves by talking of him. Give me coffee, child ; and disrobe me. It is early, but I will seek my rest, for I am weary."

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of the evil Jinn ; though the name is vulgarly applied to both sexes, the male of which is called Kutrub. They feed alike upon human bodies, freshly slain by themselves or obtained from the tomb, and assume a human form at pleasure. The Ghool appears to men in the desert, and suffers herself to be solicited by them. Lane.

\* Satan ; the Devil ; the Prince of the evil Jinn.

## CHAPTER IV.

## SELF-EMANCIPATION.

THE simple and melodious chants from the minarets of the city, summoning the faithful to prayer, roused the lady from her uneasy slumbers to the light of a glorious morning, before the sun's rays had kissed the waters of the Bosphorus, or even the tops of the neighboring mountains.\*

The mistress and slave saluted each other with pious benedictions, and bowed side by side in prayer to God.† The lady Charatza arose from her prostration, strengthened in her purpose. In her usual quiet voice she said: "Fatima! bid Ibn Ali saddle two of my fleetest horses, prepared for a long journey, and to be ready with all speed to start at a moment's warning. Then return."

The slave glided from the apartment, and quickly

\* The time for morning prayer with the Mohammedans is "day-break"; or, "generally, on the first faint appearance of light in the east." Lane's Modern Egyptians.

† "The Prophet did not forbid women to attend public prayers in a mosque, but pronounced it better for them to pray in private. Formerly women were permitted (and perhaps are still in some countries), but were obliged to place themselves apart from the men, and behind them; because the Muslims are of opinion that the presence of females inspires a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God."—Lane's Modern Egyptians, Part I. Chap. III.

re-appeared, but not before her mistress had thrice ejaculated, "O Allah, pity me! help me!"

"Now, child, water and my robes. Blessed be He who giveth water in abundance, and raiment that is comely! Should we not rejoice in purity and beauty?"

The cheerful slave adroitly and proudly performed her usual task, and attended her mistress to her common apartment.

"Now send to me Yoo-seef, and wait without."

She met his respectful salutation with an open but dispassionate look, and said, in firm and unembarrassed tones: "Yoo-seef! I have conquered weakness. True love is no sin, and should bring no blush. Nor is it selfish. The suffering of yesterday has opened my eyes to the difficulties which hedge up my — my — passion. I cannot recall, but I can master it. Ay, I would crush it, and with it my life, as I would — as — I — like that," — putting her silken slipper on a stray insect, — "rather than thou shouldst come to harm. Nay, no words; hear me. My resolve is taken, and in the name of Allah Most High. Thou art a slave but in name. I am the real one, and bow to destiny. The slave must suffer for her lord. I accept the decree. Couldst thou return love for love, our lives would hang by a thread. But more: if thy stay here is prolonged, thou wilt surely be torn from me, and sold to a real slavery. I anticipate the rupture, that I may prevent the doom. Horses, and a faithful slave for thy guide, are in readiness. The Bashaw of Nalbritz in Cambia, the nearest province of Tartary, and on the shore of the Sea of Azof, is my brother. In this" — putting in his hand a letter — "I have commended thee to his protection

and kindness in the name of God. I have told him that it is thy wish to acquire the habits and language of the Turks. There remain until I am mistress of my own person, which will be soon. From that time, my destiny and thine are at thy disposal. If you reject my virgin love, I bow. Seek thy country and kinsfolk, and be happy. My love and prayer only will follow thee, like spirits, silent and trackless. They shall not harm nor annoy thee, Yoo-seef. Farewell."

"Gracious lady!" said Smith, in a tumult of visible emotion, "thy decision is noble, kind, and wise. I obey it. Permit me to say that thine avowal I respect, and shall cherish its remembrance with pride. I have not been untouched by the loveliness of person which —"

"Nay, my *lord*, refrain. I have not sought to unlock thine heart. Nor do I: it is thine own sanctuary. I am too young in my new resolve to bear its disclosures, whether of good or ill to me. Yesterday I was a girl; to-day, a woman. I would remain so, and unshaken; but thy words are unsafe for me. Thy moments, too, are more than life both to thee and to me. Thy departure must be a flight. Let Ibn Ali come to me for directions. The moment he returns to you, mount and be off. Trust him, and use thy spurs. Once more, *my lord*, farewell. May Allah preserve thee! May the name of Allah encompass thee! May God let down the curtain of his protection over thee!"

The grateful youth, touched by the serious pathos of her emotion, bent upon his knee, and would have taken her hand. She shrank; but then extended it

with a confiding frankness, saying: "Be it so this once; for the future, let God determine."

Kissing the fair and trembling hand, Smith said, in an agitated voice: "Thanks, lady, thanks! May the captive's prayer bring thee God's blessing!" — and was gone.

The slave Ibn Ali received minute but rapid orders, and the two were soon scouring the country northwards.

The lady had borne with stoic fortitude the severe ordeal of the morning; but when the scene was over, and the necessity for self-control, she sank upon her cushions in a flood of tears. The affectionate Fatima — weeping because her mistress wept — strove with all the arts of tenderness to soothe her. But the lady seemed even unconscious of her presence, and utterly abandoned to suffering. After an hour of convulsive emotion, she sprang suddenly to her feet, fixed her eye wildly upon the frightened slave, and said, with a grave but frenzied utterance: —

"If Beauty should approach to be compared with him, she would hang down her head in shame.

"Or if it were said, 'O Beauty! hast thou seen the like?' she would answer, 'The equal of this have I not seen.'

"Beholding his graceful form and lovely aspect, she would exclaim, 'Extolled be the perfection of Him who created thee, a temptation to all!'

"She would cease not to gaze at him, and say, 'This is not a mortal: this is no other than a noble angel.'"

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\* When Zeleekah, the wife of Potiphar, invited her female friends that they might behold Yoo-seef (Joseph), and excuse her for inclining

Then looking fixedly, as if at some absorbing object, she sank into a long and quiet swoon.

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Timour, the Bashaw of Nalbritz, was enjoying his afternoon repose in his "mandar'ah," or room of reception, when Ibn Ali and Smith presented themselves before him. The latter wore a Turkish costume of respectable materials, and bore no insignia of servitude. His person and address, as already signified, were those of a gentleman deserving of consideration.

"The lady Tragabigzanda, my lord," said the slave, according to his instructions, "hath sent me to conduct to thy presence this honorable traveller. She adds her greetings and love." So saying, he retired.

The Bashaw, a man of prepossessing appearance, received his guest with the indolent but stately courtesy so peculiar to the Turk, and motioned him, with the usual salutation, to a seat upon the divan. Smith returned his salutation as well as he was able, for he had striven diligently during his captivity to acquire the Turkish language.

Water, coffee, and the chibook were introduced, according to Turkish custom. These preliminary rites of hospitality concluded, conversation was tolerably sustained. Smith had already produced the letter of the lady Charatza, which was retained unopened by the ceremonious Turk.

After the expiration of an hour or more, during

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unto him, at the sight of him they cut their hands, and praised God, ejaculating these words: "This is not a mortal," &c. — Koran, ch. xii. v. 31.

which the host had taken an opportunity to read his sister's letter, he proposed, with a shade more than his previous gravity, that his guest should accompany him to his plantation, where business required his presence. Always ready for active motion, Smith gladly acquiesced; and they were soon galloping over the ground, attended by half a score of armed slaves. After riding about a league, they arrived at a farmhouse, at which they alighted. Scarcely had our young officer touched foot upon the ground, when he was suddenly pinioned and disarmed. Turning in amazement to ask explanation, he found the courteous Turk transformed into a Fury; his eyes glared with rage; his whole countenance expressed intense passion; and, with violent gestures, he vociferated alternately to his prisoner and his slaves. Such was his volubility, that Smith could distinguish but few words, — "Christian dog!" "Carrion-vulture mate the dove!" and like phrases. But he plainly heard, for the Bashaw then spoke with ominous deliberation, "By Allah! yes; I'll teach thee the Turkish tongue and Turkish manners, too, son of perdition!"

Smith had no opportunity to remonstrate, nor power to resist. Exhausted by his fury, the tyrant entered the house, when Smith was instantly stripped, and reclad with a shirt of hair-cloth, over which were drawn garments of undressed skins. His head and face were then shaved "so bare as my hand," to quote his own words; an iron collar was riveted upon his neck; and he was sent to the tasks of hard labor in the field. He was a man of nerve and sound sense; he therefore yielded at once, and without despair, to his hard and sudden fate. But his thoughts flew to



Constantinople; to his gentle captivity there; and to his lovely, noble-minded mistress. Not for a moment, however, did he indulge the suspicion that she might be privy to his wrong.

Until the Bashaw had read his sister's letter, he had not dreamed that Smith was her slave. But, in all guileless simplicity and sisterly trust, she had revealed that she was the mistress of his person, and even that he was the master of her heart. These disclosures—respecting a detestable Christian, too—were more than enough to overcome that very pliant and vapory virtue called brotherly sympathy or affection. His rage was terrific; how it was cooled, the sequel will show. He returned to his home without again vexing his soul by a sight of his victim.

It is not necessary to journalize the bitter allotments of our hero; a few facts are sufficient. He was but one among hundreds of slaves, and, being the last-comer, was the slave of his predecessors; yet, to quote him again, "there was no great choice, for the best was so bad that a dog could hardly have lived to endure." But John Smith was not the man to sink amid billows. For a time he anticipated that the lady Charatza might dissolve his bonds. But the conviction was soon forced upon him, that the malice of his tyrant had effectually prevented her interference. Finding that some of his fellow-slaves were Christians, he urged them to concert measures for freedom; but their spirits had been hopelessly broken. In bitterness and abjectness of soul, they only longed for the last, the fatal drop in the cup of their misery.

No taunts, insults, or cruelties could glut the malice of the Bashaw. With his own tongue, and hands,

and feet, with whip and cudgel, he belabored the young officer whenever he found him at his tasks. Smith bore all with magnanimity, and with as much show of heroism as he could; for the tyrant was always well armed and accompanied. But there is a point beyond which the best protected tyrant is unsafe; a last drop which makes the cup of endurance overflow; a last pound which breaks the camel's back.

Smith had not bated a particle of his soldierly daring; it was only held in masterly check by his good sense. He could endure in passive silence, when his judgment told him that resistance or resentment would be unavailing or worse. He now waited his time. It came. Upon a certain day, his tormentor was indulging in his usual cruelties, in a remote threshing-floor where Smith was at work. It was his last hour of grace. The young soldier's blood was up. Like the Hebrew deliverer, "he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man," he felled the brute with his flail, dashed out his brains, and hid him in the straw. Quickly clothing himself in the rich garments of the Turk, and securing in a bag a quantity of grain, he leaped upon the tyrant's horse, and dashed away at random.

But the iron ring upon his neck was a badge fatal to his escape if observed. It was his first necessity, therefore, to shun every one. Three days he straggled without a clew to his proper course,—startled by every sound or sight which to his apprehensive mind betokened the approach of a human being. He had begun to despair, when suddenly he found himself on a way-side before a Christian cross,—the mute



but inspiring emblem of "deliverance to the captives." To him it was doubly an object of joy;—as a religious monument it quickened his drooping confidence in God, and it was a sure guide to a city of refuge. It was a mark, common in that part of the world, to indicate the route to a Christian country. Smith knew this, and of course how to direct his course.

At the end of sixteen days he arrived safely at Ecopolis, a garrison of the Russians on the river Don. Here his badge of slavery was a passport to protection, hospitality, and every lavish charity which Christians on the frontier, and themselves constantly exposed to captivity, could bestow. To use his own words, "he thought himself new risen from death," so kindly was he treated. Under an escort, he took his way to Transylvania, where he "was gluttoned with content and neere drowned with joy," in the welcome and embraces of Meldritch and his surviving companions in arms, by whom more than a year he had been numbered with the dead. This was in December, 1603. Here Prince Sigismund confirmed by a diploma, dated December 9th, the title of nobility which he had previously conferred upon him, and gave him a purse of fifteen hundred ducats to repair his losses.\*

From these kindest of friends he tore himself away, only for his longing "to see and rejoyce himselfe (after all these encounters) in his own sweete countrye."

\* Simms, 86. Hillard, 203; where 15 ducats is doubtless a typographical error for 1500 ducats. Smith's patent of nobility was admitted and recorded in the Heralds' College in England, August 19th, 1625. His coat of arms was a shield bearing "the figure and description of three Turks' heads," with the motto, *Vincere est vivere*.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PIONEERS.

ON the 26th day of April, 1607, three vessels bearing the flag of England—the largest not exceeding one hundred tons burden—were making their way into the capacious mouth of the "Mother of Waters," the Chesapeake. They had just weathered, under bare poles, a violent gale from the south; and though they now carried light sail, they yet labored in a sea fretting in resentment of the storm. At daylight, the southern headland of the bay, Cape Henry, had appeared in sight; so named by those on board, in honor of the Prince of Wales.

A magnificent forest enwrapped the virgin bosom of the country, veiling her charms in a boundless mantle of verdure. With its alternate elevations and depressions, it seemed like a vast sea of foliage, but without wrath and without fluctuation. Everything within the circuit of the landscape was placid and teeming beneath the vernal sun, and seemed waiting to welcome the strangers with anthems of praise to God. Yet there were lurking foes there, in the dark and silent thicket. The seeds of transgression, and the consequent edict of the Almighty, had reached this seeming Paradise long before, and a new generation of woes lay enwombed there, ripe for the birth. The new-comers, reckless as most of them

were of God's glory in the works of his hands, gazed with silent and subdued admiration upon such enchanting beauty and voiceless grandeur. More than twenty years before (1584), this yet undefined Virginia had been discovered and skirted by British ships, and settlements had been attempted; but none now approaching its shores had beheld them before.

Their anchors were soon dropped within the cape, and a boat was sent ashore with thirty men. A handful of skulking natives attacked them, — an omen of the future, — but were easily put to flight by fire-arms. On the other hand, Nature gave them a welcome full of promise. As she had just arrayed herself in her best robes, and put on her floral adornments, she received them with smiles in her groves of goodly cedar and cypress. She wooed them with her fragrant odors and freshest flowers. She guided them to a secluded glade, — a little banquet-room, carpeted with living green, dappled and scented with strawberries four times larger than they had ever seen. And then she led them to her clear, shallow streams, with their bottoms paved with oysters, and showed them the pearls which she had shaped and treasured there.

One of the party was George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who has left us an account of this reception. There was Bartholomew Gosnold, too, the projector of the present enterprise, and who five years before had explored the coast from Massachusetts Bay to Martha's Vineyard. Christopher Newport, to whom had been intrusted the command of the little squadron, was also of the party. They returned on board elated by what they had seen.

In the evening Captain Newport assembled the

principal men of the expedition in the cabin of his vessel. A small sealed casket lay upon the table before him, evidently an object of special interest to all present. He addressed them in substance as follows: —

“Gentlemen, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that we did not yield to the despondency of a few days since, and shape our course back to England. After a voyage of more than eighteen weeks, although we have failed to find the island of Roanoke, we have every prospect of effecting a speedy and prosperous settlement. The time has now come, designated by his Majesty for opening the royal instructions, and ascertaining the names of those in whom our colonial government is vested.”

With much solemnity the seal of the casket was broken, and it was found that the Council to whom the government was intrusted were Edward Maria Wingfield, Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Christopher Newport, John Radcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall.

There was a man on board in confinement and bonds. He had been kept so during thirteen weeks. This was Captain John Smith, who, after parting from his friends in Transylvania, and sharing in a protracted and desperate sea-fight, had arrived in England in 1604, formed an intimacy with Gosnold, a kindred spirit, and embarked with him and one hundred and three others to plant an English settlement in the very uncertain territory then called Virginia.\* On the voyage dissensions and jealousies had

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\* These emigrants went out under “The London Company,” an as-

arisen, — to us involved in some mystery. Most of the adventurers were men of desperate fortunes and petty ambition. The superiority of Smith as a man of energy and daring was not only a matter of fame, but was unequivocally indicated in his person. Probably jealousy of his ability had rendered him obnoxious to the more aspiring and conceited among the colonists; for his high reputation and frank, manly bearing had made him a favorite with the majority. Be this as it may, but about five weeks of their voyage, by the old route of the Canaries and West Indies, had elapsed, when he was put in confinement on the absurd charge of having arranged a

sociation chartered by the king, and having no other aim than mercantile profit.

The charter gave to the Company exclusive right to occupy, plant, and trade between the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth parallels of north latitude.

The general control of their affairs was in the hands of a Superior Council in England, members of the Company, but appointed and removable by the king.

The internal administration of the colony was in a Colonial Council, resident there, but to be elected or removed by the king, and at all times and in all respects to be themselves governed as the royal caprice might dictate. They were to elect from their own number their President or chief magistrate, and might depose him, and also fill their own vacancies. They might make any laws not touching life or limb, and, upon conviction by jury, might punish certain specified crimes by death.

The crown was to receive certain proportions of all gold, silver, and copper which the country might yield.

Thus the emigrants themselves — while in the colony — had no voice or influence in the government. They were merely the machinery of the Company, dependent upon its providence and pleasure, and open to its oppression.

The magnificent whim of concealing in a sealed box the name of the Colonial Council until the expedition should arrive in Virginia left the emigrants, in the interim, without an authorized head. Hence, naturally, their dissensions on the voyage.

conspiracy "to murder the Council, usurp the government, and make himself king of Virginia." In this condition he had continued up to the present time.

Seventeen days were now occupied in exploring the neighborhood, during which time they received welcome and bounteous hospitalities from two small tribes of the natives, and smoked the pipe of peace with their chiefs. At length, having ascended the river Powhattan, — by them named James River, — they selected the site of their residence on its north side, and about fifty miles from its mouth. It was on the 13th of May that they first "lifted up axes upon the thick trees," and called their embryo city Jamestown, in honor of their monarch.

The suffrages of the Council were now given for their President, and Wingfield was elected. Smith was excluded from their body, on the ground of the charges already mentioned. But as every strong arm was needed to prosecute indispensable labor, he was released from his bonds. With true magnanimity, he entered into the spirit of the enterprise, and shared its toils, proudly silent about his wrongs.

The colonists, for the most part, were little adapted to the arduous work of pioneer settlers of a wilderness. Out of one hundred and five — their whole number — there were only twelve laborers and a few mechanics. The rest were styled "gentlemen," i. e. men unaccustomed to labor, "of dissolute habits," adventurers, hoping for some chance to repair wasted fortunes, and "some few of the greatest ranke little better than atheists." Notwithstanding, the beautiful peninsula — an island at high tide — which they

had chosen for their home was for the present a scene of bustling activity. The sound of the axe, the hammer, and the saw, the falling of trees, and the shouts of excited men, broke up the old silence of nature; and the sun looked boldly down upon a soil hitherto veiled in shadows. Tents and cabins were erected; apparatus for snaring fish and game was constructed; spots were laid out for gardens; clapboards were wrought for the lading of the vessels; and a fort was planned. But Wingfield forbade the erection of defensive works, other than a barrier of boughs,—fit fuel for an Indian firebrand. When these preparatory works had tolerably advanced, Captain Newport, Captain Smith, and twenty others, were ordered to explore the river above.\*

About one hundred miles above the seedling city was an elevated opening in the forest, with the river—about half a mile in width—flowing at its base on the south. To this point the tide brought up the waters of the sea. Above, for the distance of six miles, the river was a succession of rapids or cascades; and in front of the unwooded spot which we have designated, it was studded with luxuriant islands. Upon the rear margin of this natural glade, and half shaded by the forest, stood a dozen native huts at irregular intervals. One of these, somewhat distinguished by

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\* The London Company ordered the colonists to seek a passage through the interior to the South Seas, i. e. the East Indies. They were to do this by exploring every considerable stream flowing from the west or northwest. A roguish Indian in 1586 had told the English wondrous tales of gold at the head-waters of the Roanoke River, and that its source was so near the western ocean that the salt water would sometimes dash over into the clear fountains of the stream. These fables still influenced the London Company.

its form and materials, was the dwelling of the Indian chief Powhattan. He was lord of all the country between this river, including its southern branches, and the Potomac, and from the sea to the falls of the principal rivers. Of some of the tribes within this circuit he was chief by birth; of others, by conquest. Over all of them—some thirty in number—he maintained absolute authority. His regality, rough-hewn as it was, was substantial; and his nobility, though not blazoned on parchment, was real, because intellectual. He had achieved dominion over other minds which had been born to rule; and he still held it, a chief of chiefs, by means of his natural greatness.

Powhattan was pacing the turf before the entrance of his lodge, absorbed in thought. Nothing in his personal equipment indicated warlike intentions; yet his noiseless tread, his deliberate movement, and, occasionally, a listening attitude, betrayed that he was on the alert. He seemed to be alone; but there were keen eyes and strong arms at hand, jealous for his safety. He knew that white men had entered his domain and were hewing down his forest. His sagacity and jealousy were roused; and, as he thought of the future, he frowned. While listening to the sound of the Rapids, his eye was occasionally directed, with a look of expectation, along the stream below. Suddenly he stopped, the snapping of a twig in the forest caught his ear, and the next instant a young Indian bounded across the glade and stood, panting and silent, before him. Without changing his posture or aspect, the chief quietly demanded: "Has the Young Deer snuffed the scent of the panther?"

"The canoe of the white man rests upon the bank. He is coming through the forest to do reverence to Powhattan."

A grim, sarcastic movement flitted upon the features of the chief as he replied: "It is well; we will receive him."

He had hardly spoken when there glided from among the trees, and from various directions, one swarthy form after another, until no less than forty armed and stalwart warriors, roused by the footstep of the runner, were ranged beside their prince; while others stood aloof, partly concealed in the edge of the forest. The first were his body-guard, always in attendance; the others his more humble subjects.

In a short time Newport and Smith came in sight, preceded by an Indian guide, and attended by a dozen of their own men well armed. It was the sixth day of their excursion. Powhattan advanced a few steps upon the greensward, and awaited in silent dignity their approach. Whatever may have been his sensations and misgivings as he saw the glittering weapons and strange array of his visitors, it was with no small admiration that they beheld this primitive lord of the soil. Tall, muscular, erect, of a stern countenance, his eye brilliant and piercing, his straight black hair slightly frosted by the winters of sixty years, and his frame of faultless proportions, he stood before them almost in a state of nature, but with a majestic and haughty port which showed them at a glance that he was born to be obeyed.

He received his visitors with dignified courtesy and kindness, conducted them to his dwelling, and performed all the ceremonials of hospitality with princely

grace and cordiality. Signs were necessarily substituted for words; yet that both visit and reception were in token of friendship and respect, was sufficiently understood. The monarch of the woods spread before his guests a bounteous repast of hominy, game, fish, strawberries, mulberries, &c.; and the pipe of peace was smoked. The strangers distributed little bells, beads, pins, and other trinkets, which were valued by the grave warriors above price. Captain Newport presented a hatchet to Powhattan, which he gratefully accepted, instantly comprehending its practical value. The interview was necessarily short, and was terminated with every sign of mutual deference and good-will.

In natural genius, in far-sighted penetration, and in all the characteristics of an untutored warrior, Powhattan strongly resembled the unfortunate Caonabo, the Hispaniolan prince, the captive of Columbus. Like him, he foresaw evil to his people from the coming of the strangers, and knew that it must be crushed in the bud if at all; but, unlike him, he saw that in such an enterprise he could not hope to succeed by bold and open contest, and from the first he adopted the policy of craft and hypocrisy. He therefore disguised his real enmity, and even to his own warriors, who murmured at the intrusion of the strangers, he coolly said, "They want but a little land."

"A very friendly set, after all," said Newport, when they had at length arrived within twenty miles of Jamestown. "Civil, hospitable, kind, from the first day to this; from Jamestown to the falls; from stripping to king. Yet I should not like to ramble among

the infernal-looking fellows without sword and fire-lock."

"Very friendly and very infernal," replied Smith coolly.

"Ha! what do you mean?" for there was more significance in Smith's tone than in his words.

"I did but echo your own words, Captain Newport."

"True; but — but have you seen anything amiss? Captain Smith, you have been among devils before, and know something of their ways. Have you seen anything suspicious?"

"Enough, all along our route, and enough but just now."

"What?"

"Straws."

"Straws!"

"Trifles show the wind, Captain Newport."

The commander manifested some chagrin at Smith's evident reserve, though he forbore further questioning. He had never lost the terrific impression made upon his mind, when, about thirty miles above Jamestown, they had suddenly found "all the woods round about filled with begrimmed savages shouting, yelling, and crying as so many spirits in hell could not have showed more terrible." Though they had offered no harm, and though the conduct of all with whom the travellers had come in contact had exceeded in kindness, yet the remembrance of the first alarm clung to Newport like his shadow.

Smith, perceiving that he was growing uncomfortably nervous, soon said to him aside: "Captain Newport, I have no disposition to conceal from you what

I mean; but it would be unwise to disturb our men. I think we had better hasten to Jamestown. The Indians are not as friendly as they seem."

"But I ask again, what have you seen?"

"Wherever we have landed, through all their feasting and merry-making, they have watched us with less of curiosity than of jealousy and hatred. Tall fellows, with sharp eyes and scowling brows, have held sly conference about us in the bushes, and have sent off runners at various points, while others have been entertaining us. Powhattan's attendants bear us malice; and in the chief himself I could detect signs of a feeling no better. He thinks he has duped us, and means to play his game until we English are all off our guard, and he can strike to purpose. Thus I read him and his people."

"But what did you see at his dwelling?"

"Men's faces, Captain Newport, that is all. But in men's faces are words. They can be seen and read; but he who reads cannot repeat them in any language under heaven."

"I confess I saw none of these things."

"Nothing when we set up the cross?"

"Nothing."

"Captain Newport, I have great reverence for the cross; not because it is a cross, but because it tells me of the One Crucified and his redemption. In the wilderness especially, it is a very dear object to me, for it once raised me from despair and guided me to deliverance in the steppes of Tartary. But I do not like to see it here. It does no good, and excites in the Indians surmises of evil."

"The fellows do not know its meaning."

"And therefore regard it with suspicion, Captain Newport. I saw many evil looks when it was raised, and am much mistaken if the fact was not reported to Powhattan within half an hour, and with very bad comments."

"You spoke of hastening our return. Do you expect an attack?"

"It is not improbable; yet arrows are playthings against corselets and fire-arms. That something is in the wind, I am confident. I fear for our friends at Jamestown."

"But they have armor and arms as well as we."

"Where? In the men's hands? By their sides? No; in the custody of our President, for reasons of his own."

After musing a while, Newport exclaimed: "So be it; for home then, and at once"; and their boat did not touch the shore until at the settlement.

Smith's sagacity was not at fault. On his arrival he found seventeen of the colonists in the hands of the surgeons, and one of the two lads who belonged to the expedition in his grave. They had been attacked by stealth, when dispersed, unsuspecting, and without arms, by apparently four hundred Indians. The issue would doubtless have been the destruction of the whole, had not a shot from one of the vessels crashing through the trees so frightened the savages that they fled.

The President's eyes were opened. The projected fort was now properly constructed, and furnished with cannon, arms were put into the hands of the men, and regular military exercises were established. It was well. The savages, finding that the thunderbolts of

the whites did not follow them, soon resumed their attacks. "Wearisome days and nights were now appointed unto" the colonists. No one dared to stray beyond the protection of the garrison. They wrought at their labor with a guard. They slept uneasily, although surrounded by sentries.

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"I stand upon my rights as an Englishman, and demand a trial."

Such were the words of Smith as he stood before the Council, and was told by the President to return to England with Newport, and receive judgment from the Superior Council, to whom his case would be referred.

Wingfield was disconcerted by the demand, but replied, with tolerable composure: "We would spare you the risk, Captain Smith."

"Spare me! From what risk? I ask no favor, sir."

"From the risk of blasting your reputation and forfeiting your life."

"My reputation is in the keeping of mine integrity, and my life is nothing without both. I demand a public trial, — here, where the witnesses are, and not where they are not."

"We should be sorry to produce proofs which should convict you of treason."

"Let the Council produce them. A traitor should be hung, not shielded. You have excluded me from your body, for which I care not a groat. But I will not be re-consigned to a parcel of merchants, like a bale of bad goods."

Wingfield, himself a wealthy merchant, who had



joined the expedition from the most sordid motives, replied sharply, "We shall act our own pleasure in your case, Captain Smith"; and instantly adjourned the Council. He had been Smith's first and chief accuser, and had reasons of his own for preventing an open trial.

The proposition of the President was soon known to all the colonists, and produced no small commotion. His honest zeal in their enterprise, the proud equanimity with which he had borne confinement, the noble spirit with which he had labored since his release, as well as the knowledge of his previous history, had secured to Smith not only the respect, but the admiration, and even affection, of nearly all the colonists. He now used no arts to excite their sympathy, but contented himself with simply saying, "I have demanded a trial."

"The fellow is insolent and dangerous," said Wingfield at the re-assembling of the Council. "A trial makes it possible that he may remain, in which case he will prove a sorry mischief-maker. In England he would be out of the way."

"Let him have a fair and open trial," said Gosnold. "It is his right. For myself, I differ from our President; my convictions force me to. The man is honorable. Conspiracy is beneath him. If he would do mischief, he would do it openly, boldly; not like a creeping savage, or a snake in the grass. Sift his case by a fair trial. He will stand the test."

The President moved nervously in his chair, and called for Newport's opinion.

"I cannot see sufficient reason for disliking his presence here. He seems single-eyed to the good of

the colony, and is brave enough to be of service. I favor his demand."

"O, send him off, send him off," drawled John Radcliffe. "He makes trouble, and perhaps means to be king after all."

Martin and Kendall alluded to the murmurings of the people, and with much force, urging that to *refuse* a trial, and to a man so popular, might lead to inconceivable embarrassments.

Wingfield was constrained to yield, though with an ill grace. The trial took place. Upon thorough investigation, it appeared that those who had before testified that Smith purposed to usurp kingly power by means of assassination, had been instigated to do so, and that their instigators had been actuated by pure malice. In the end Smith was acquitted; the tables were turned; and Wingfield, as the prime mover of the libel, was adjudged to pay two hundred pounds to the man whom he had wantonly wronged! Smith was now restored to his seat in the Council, and generously threw the effects of Wingfield, which were awarded him, into the common treasury. Thus did the schemes of an "unscrupulous and narrow-minded" man recoil upon himself.\*

On the following day peace was made with the Indians, at their own solicitation; and on the 15th of June, Captain Newport sailed for England, leaving one hundred colonists in possession of stores and a pinnace, and with a prospect of prosperity and tranquillity.

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\* Smith, 43. Stith, 47. Burk, I. 101. Yet Bancroft says: "The attempt at his trial was abandoned."



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BRUISED REED.—THE EXECUTION.

THE scorching rays of a July sun beat with full power upon the little clearing at Jamestown. The noise of labor had ceased, and the hum of voices; in short, every sound of life. The pinnacle lay moored to the trees, and rocking lazily and untended on the water. The tents were rotten and tattered. The cabins were tottering and half unroofed. The gardens were choked with weeds, and the ramparts of the fort were deserted. A row of mounds in a distant corner, freshly turned up and covered with turf, had the appearance of newly made graves.

There were but two signs of life in the open space, — a carrion crow upon a tall pine, and an emaciated man sitting languidly upon the ground. They were eying each other! The pine swayed and creaked; the bird took wing and croaked.

"*Your* throat is an open sepulchre!" exclaimed the man, with some energy. "Curse the bird!" And he clenched his bony hand, and ground his teeth, and cursed Virginia, and cursed the day of his birth, and cursed God. It was dreadful, with death at his elbow, as it were! Suddenly another mood came over him. The lines of passion faded from his face, a thoughtful, pensive shade settled upon his pale

brow, tears stood in his eyes, he reached forward as if he would embrace something which he loved.

"O England! happy England! Great God, if I *could* go home to die! It *is* a wicked son; yet, for *one* more prayer, mother! *one* blessing, *one* kiss, I'd be glad to die. But—dying like a dog—here—here.—O God! O God!" The wretched man gave way to sobs.

It was a little past noon. He had tottered a few steps from his miserable shelter, bending under the weight of a musket and a little, half-filled bag,—a burden which a hale child might have carried,—but had stopped to rest on his journey of twenty yards. His object was to reach a large iron kettle suspended beneath an awning upon a framework of poles, and over some smouldering embers. He now dashed away his tears, as if angry with himself, took up his burden, and nerved himself to his task. Having quickened the fire, he emptied the bag into the caldron, which had been supplied with water, and was soon busily engaged in watching and stirring the mixture.

"Ten men as stout as I, and ten half-pints of barley and ditto of wheat a day!" he muttered. "Large rations! Bah!" seeing the worms floating from the grain upon the surface. "Never mind, Joe Price; call it game."

A half-dozen armed men now came up from the river, also much emaciated, though they seemed stronger than poor Joe Price. Some crabs which they had gathered were cooked, and, with the contents of the kettle, were carried into the hut. Here the men met three others of like appearance; and the whole party

ravenously, and in solemn silence, devoured their wretched meal. It was eked out, however, with a few scraps of bread made of spoiled wheat. They were the only ten men in Jamestown who were able to stand.

They had hardly gleaned the last morsels of their ration, when outcries of distress were heard from the huts near by. The sick were impatient for their nurses, whose names they now called in the most plaintive tones. A shriek, a moan, a sobbing and incoherent prayer, a delirious laugh, a roaring blasphemy, — to all these fearful sounds the men listened; and they shuddered.

"I've been cursing, and praying too, within an hour," exclaimed Price; "but I can't stand this." And he covered his ears with his hands.

"Good God!" cried one, starting to his feet, "*are* thy mercies clean gone? What days! What nights! What howlings! What piteous faces!"

"I thought you was *pious*, Stevens!" said a comrade, with a sneer.

"Pious!" echoed Stevens, in a grave tone. "If you mean — what *do* you mean by *pious*?"

"One of Parson Hunt's babies, a' n't you?"\*

"If you mean, thinking one's self good, or better than his neighbor, I say *No*, William Lee. If you mean, content with God's doings, and glad that he

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\* The Rev. Mr. Hunt was a clergyman of the Church of England who came out with the colonists. He was a man of apostolic spirit, unobtrusive, humble, never interfering with the colonists, except to make peace, — in which he was often successful, — to administer the ordinances of the Gospel, and to commend the life and priesthood of his Divine Master. He never returned; but how long he lived is not known.

manages all things, I say *Yes*. If I spoke peevishly just now, may He forgive me! But these sights and sounds are terrible, here in this wild, wild forest. Come, lads; they cry for us. If we cannot save, we can comfort them. Come!"

Such was the condition of Jamestown about a fortnight after the departure of Newport. Food spoiled in the holds of the vessels, a summer heat unknown in England, miserable shelters, labor and exposure to which they had been unaccustomed, and poisonous vapors from a rank and humid soil, had wrought dreadfully upon the exiles.

Early on the 22d morning of August, two men leaned for a moment upon their spades as they finished their work in the little spot set apart for the dead. Counting from the grave of the boy slain by the Indians to the four just completed but unoccupied, there were now more than forty.

"Four in one night!" exclaimed one of the grave-diggers, in a depressed tone, and they dropped their spades and threw themselves exhausted upon the ground.

"Four out of misery, Price; think of that."

"'Misery,' William Lee! I saw something else last night."

"Did you?" said Lee, with a leer; "some religion, hey?"

"I saw Stevens die."

"Snivelling about his sins."

"Shame on you, Lee! and on me too. For the matter of such mocking I've done my share, God forgive me!"

"Now you're thinking of your mammy, Price. Pity you was ever weaned."

"I say, I saw Stevens die. 'Snivelling,' man! No; nor glorying. There just lay all over his face such a quiet light like, I thought it a kind o' dictionary definition of a verse I've seen in the Bible."

"*In—deed!* What verse, pray?"

"Thou wilt keep in *perfect peace* him whose mind is stayed on 'Thee'; that's it, I believe. And whenever he wanted a drop o' water, he did not scowl and swear, but just give me a smile like. And then he'd look in my face when he'd wet his lips, and say with his eyes,—for he could not speak, poor fellow,—'God bless you, Joe'; just as plain! The last time, though, he whispered."

"What?"

"'Lord Jesus, into thy —' but he did n't finish. He just slipped his head softly like off my arm,—for I was holding him up a bit,—and kind o' dropped asleep just like a little child in its mother's lap. 'Snivelling,' Lee! God grant you may see a Christian die before you do yourself."

Lee rose with "Humph! Come, man; we must bury." But there was a strange "twitching like," as Price would have called it, of his eyelids, and about the muscles of his mouth.

One, two, three, four,—among them the humble soldier Stevens, and the sole preserver of peace, hitherto, in the Council, Gosnold,—were now dragged forth, and over the rough ground, by the shoulders, and laid coffinless in their graves. Price knelt upon the earth which covered Stevens, and wept.

"Let me die the death of the righteous," he murmured, "and let my last end be like his!"

The burial for *that* morning was over.

So went the nights, and so went the mornings, and so went the days, to September. The little row of graves had become longer and longer,—by ones, by twos, by threes, and sometimes by fours,—until fifty men slept there under the sod.

During all this season of distress the President, Wingfield, kept aloof from the sufferers, avoiding also all exertion and all exposure to the sun. This might account for his exemption from sickness; but it seemed strange that he showed no marks of suffering from bad and stinted food. The mystery was soon solved by the discovery that he had thriven in secret upon the choicest portions of the stores which he had villanously embezzled. Next, he was detected in a plan with Kendall to embark secretly in the pinnace; leaving to the Indian, to famine, and to fate, those not necessary to his escape. Both were expelled from the Council.

Radeliffe became nominally President; but the ir-resolute and indolent man imposed the labors and responsibilities of his office upon Smith, who, still tottering under the effects of terrible sickness, heroically undertook the salvation of the colony. The men had abandoned themselves to a sullen despair, and would not move a muscle for their own relief. They only waited for the worst. Yet such were Smith's influence and tact, that he succeeded in rousing them to labor, by fellow-feeling, by cheering words, by gentle persuasion, by a little well-timed raillery, and—more than all—by example. He was the hardest worker on the ground. Under such impulse, the slovenly settlement soon put on the aspect of order and

neatness, and every man's dwelling was made comfortable, with one exception, — Smith's.

At length, even crabs and sturgeon disappeared, which had been their sole resource after the consumption of their worm-eaten grain. Famine seemed inevitable; for they had great reason to expect hostilities, rather than supplies, from the Indians. Yet, in this dark exigency, the savages proffered a temporary supply of corn in the way of traffic. Smith devoutly ascribed this to the special interposition of God. But more must be had; and he girded himself to this task also.

In a boat, he dropped down to a small bay on the river's northern shore and near its mouth, where he discovered and approached a village of the Indians. They met him with insult, returning courtesy with mockery, and making sport of his necessities. All his efforts at conciliation were in vain: they only provoked fresh derision. His patience was at length exhausted.

"This will never do, my lads!" he exclaimed to the half-dozen men who accompanied him. "We must have respect at least; and I mean to have more. Give the rascals a volley, but fire over their heads."

No sooner was it given than the Indians fled to the woods.

"Now, men, reload, and forward to their wigwams."

Here they found corn in profusion; which his famished men would have seized at once, had not their leader interfered.

"Hold!" said he; "no stealing. I mean to have

corn; but I will have it honestly. Stand on your guard: the Philistines will be upon you in a trice."

His conjecture was right. Sixty or seventy warriors soon advanced from their cover in a solid column, armed with clubs, shields, bows and arrows, and hideously bedaubed with paints. Conspicuous in their front was an image of unearthly appearance, borne aloft, and bedizened with ornaments.

"That dumb devil there is their war-god, I suppose," said Smith. "Robinson, I leave him to you. Be sure you bring him down when I give the word. Ready, men,—all. No boy's play this time. We can't help it; they must have the balls."

The Indians rushed on boldly, with the fiercest demonstrations. Smith gave the word "Fire!" and a parcel of dusky bodies lay flouncing upon the ground, while the others scoured again for the woods.

"Right, Robinson!" said Smith; "you've dropped your game. First load, and then pick him up. Load all, my lads! Never stir from your tracks with empty pieces."

Robinson brought the idol, which was placed conspicuous and erect as a trophy.

"Let us wait, now, for their movements, boys! Those other devils are picking themselves up from the ground. How is it, Robinson? Was this stuffed monster the only dead one there?"

"I think so, sir. I saw blood, but no one who was n't kicking."

"So much the better. Whew! what have we now?"

A fantastically dressed Indian was advancing alone from the thicket, unarmed, having none of the ap-

pendages of a warrior, and making signs of abject submission. Smith beckoned him onward until they met. The Indian's distress was evidently for the captive idol; but he was given to understand, partly by a few words which Smith had picked up, and partly by signs, that if six unarmed Indians would come and load the boat with corn, Smith would return the god, pay for the corn, and be their friend. This was the end of all controversy. Corn, venison, turkeys, and other wild-fowl, were brought in abundance. The boat was laden; the idol returned; beads, small mirrors, and hatchets were given in payment for the supplies; the Indians were penitent and happy; and their visitors departed in peace.

As soon as this invaluable freight was landed at Jamestown, the settlers passed at a stride from death's door to riot. The food which God had brought to them in the wilderness was not only devoured with greed and thanklessness, but wasted with profane insanity. Smith, who was determined that the settlement should on no account be abandoned, devoted himself to feed the men whom he could not bring to reason. He therefore repeated his trading excursions with unwearied patience,—excursions which he wisely improved to acquire the language of the natives; to study their character, habits, and superstitions; and to gain their respect by showing them, as he did, that he could move freely among them, by day or by night, without fear. In all these objects he succeeded.

Returning from one of his missions some time in October, he found the colonists in unusual commotion. A gallows explained the mystery. One of the car-

penters had been reprov'd sharply by Radcliffe, the President, for disobedience of orders. He was a passionate man, and Radcliffe's words had been stinging insults. The man had resented them by attacking the President with his tools, and attempting his life. Upon trial, a jury had found him guilty. He was condemned to be hung, and the sentence was now about to be executed. The people were assembled to witness the tragic scene; and the culprit was even now advancing to his fate. The wretched man mounted the scaffold with an anxious look, and cast his eyes keenly over the little crowd. While the usual preliminaries were in progress, his countenance underwent very marked and singular changes; betraying, alternately, boldness, terror, expectation, hope, doubt, and at last despair and rage. The executioner was ready, and there was a brief pause in the proceedings. The doomed man now made a startling revelation, addressed directly to Smith.

"Captain Smith, I thank God that I see *you* here. I die justly, and make no defence. But you ought to know how it happens. You see, Captain, when you are away, things always goes wrong. The folks won't mind the President, because he has not spunk enough nor sense enough to make 'em. Now a few days ago we got into a row.\* Everything was heads and tails,—all higgledy-piggledy. We was just like a mob; and all mad about something, and nobody knowed what,—except that we was all in Virginny. I swore out loud, not meaning just what I said,—but howsomever I swore I'd be damned if I'd stay in such a country. Upon which there comes a man to me, and says he, 'Jenkins,' says he, 'you're just about the

right sort of a chap'; and says I, 'I knows it.' 'Well,' says he, 'are ye a mind to go off?' 'Yes,' says I; for I had n't got over my mad fit. 'Well,' says he, 'will ye keep mum?' 'Mum's the word,' says I. And then he ups and tells me as how some o' the folks had put their heads together and agreed to streak it off with the pinnace; and I agreed to go with them to be ship's carpenter. Well, Captain, I kept my secret; but it made me kind o' uppish like; and when the President—that's Mr. Radcliffe—give me orders, I did n't mind, and answered his sarce by trying to kill him. May God forgive me! So you see, Captain, 't was gettin' in with them fellows what made me do this; and they knows it. Thinks I, they 'll see that I don't come to harm, if I keep close. An' now I've waited up to this minute, hoping that they would n't leave a comrade in the lurch with a rope round his neck. Thinks I, they 'll rescue me somehow. But now you see, Captain, they don't do it. So I 'll just give my soul up to God in Jesus' name; but I 'll be damned if I do,\* without exposin' on 'em. And so now you have it, Captain Smith. That man Wingfield what was President, and what steals the best prog, and that t' other big taffeta† man, Captain Kendall, and about half a dozen others whom I need n't name,—them's the chaps, Captain. You'd best look arter 'em. And may God have mercy on my soul!"

\* The force of habit sometimes makes strange work. "O God! have mercy on me, a God-damned sinner!" said a profane sea-captain, as he threw himself on his knees in his state-room, in an agony of mind about his godless life. It was his first penitential prayer.

† Alluding to the silken jerkins by which the "gentlemen" colonists were distinguished. "Tuftaffeta," as used by Smith, seems to mean taffeta tufted, worn to shreds. See Simms, 129, note.

There was immediately a bustle and a movement. Smith and others disappeared from the scene, leaving the executioner to his duty. He promptly found Radcliffe, who seemed strangely apathetic about the conspiracy; but was willing that Smith should manage the affair as he chose,—for himself he could not be pothered. Word was soon brought that Wingfield, Kendall, and others, were astir, and had seized the pinnace. Smith gathered a few trusty men in the fort, and brought the guns to bear upon the pinnace.

"Go," said he to a soldier, "and give those fellows warning. Tell them I 'll sink every soul of them where they are, if they float a foot from their moorings. They must surrender, or take the consequences. The consequences are in these guns."

The conspirators knew the determined character of Smith, and surrendered. They were immediately tried by a jury; and Kendall, as the ringleader, was condemned to be shot. Thus again did the Projector of empires interfere and save the colony.\*

This affair over, the indefatigable steward for hungry and wasteful men departed once more to gather stores, and extend his acquaintance with the natives. Again he returned, with a full freight of corn, pease, pumpkins, and fowl; and again he was just in season to prevent the abandonment of Jamestown. He had

\* On the death of Captain Kendall, Campbell says (p. 13), "he was tried by a jury, and shot"; and adds the following note:—"Newes from Virginia, p. 7. Hillard says, 'In the action Captain Kendall was slain'; being no doubt misled by the expression in Smith, 'which action cost the life of Captain Kendall.' By the word 'action' here, Smith intended his conduct. Bancroft has fallen into the same mistake with Hillard." For the confession of the culprit, as given in the text, see Simms's Life of Smith, p. 127.

all along been aware that a full stomach and good cheer were essential to an Englishman's content. Upon this conviction he had labored; and to this point he now argued. He pointed to his abundant cargo, to the sudden appearance of myriads of fowl upon the water, of fat deer and other game daily coming nearer and nearer to them in the woods. The Englishmen saw, and were content.

They were soon engrossed with the exciting sport of the forest, their tables were loaded with luxuries, and their faces glowed with good humor. Smith was freed from care and apprehension.

Thus did the first permanent colony of British America totter through five months of its existence; and thus for the present was it preserved.

## CHAPTER VII.

### POCAHONTAS.

THE Chickahominy is a stream which falls into James River on the north, about six miles above Jamestown. About the 1st of November, Captain Smith was exploring the forest at its sources, about seventy miles from its mouth, and attended by an Indian guide. Less than half an hour previously he had landed from a canoe which he left in charge of two Englishmen, Robinson and Emry; the barge in which he had left Jamestown having been stopped by shoals twenty miles below, and moored in a small bay or cove, in keeping of her crew, and at a safe distance from either shore. The weather was very cold; the wind had a sullen sound, the foliage a saddened hue, and the forest a repulsive gloom. But though the adventurous Englishman felt how Nature had changed her aspect since she greeted him with April smiles and beauties, yet he strode on with manly vigor and a soldier's fearlessness.

Suddenly the woods rang with the savage war-whoop. As suddenly the guide was in the strong gripe of the Englishman, and in a few seconds was bound fast to his left arm. Smith wore garters!

"Now, you young rascal," said he, suspecting the savage of treachery, "if your friends shoot me, they shoot you."

A spent arrow struck him on the thigh, and he discovered two Indians adjusting their bows. A shot from his gun put them to flight. He reloaded and stood on the watch; the frightened guide, so adroitly converted into a shield, much questioning with himself whether he were an Indian or a thing.

"This way, my lad," said Smith, jerking his captive to his front; "there come your friends again."

"And now *this* way," he added, stepping backwards in the direction of the canoe. "It's like English marriage, my friend, — until death do separate us."

Now the woods were thronged, except in his rear, with painted and whooping savages. They were sorely puzzled by the odd contrivance of the white man for the protection of his body; they were terribly afraid of coming within range of his musket, and they could not approach him from behind, as will soon appear. But notwithstanding their unwillingness to hurt the guide, they discharged several arrows from a distance; and Smith managed to return musket-ball, steadily retreating the while, and exhorting his trembling prisoner to tread in his steps. At last a voice in ambush called to him.

"Well!" he answered, still stepping backwards.

"Let the white chief come to us, that we may not hurt him."

"The white chief has business. He must hasten. He fears no hurt." Then, twitching *his* Indian, "Speed, friend, speed!"

"The white warrior's brothers on the river are dead," said the voice.

"But the white warrior lives."

He discharged his musket, and its report was answered by a death-shriek.

"The red man's blood for the white man's!" he shouted, and reloaded. "Come, lad, come!"

"*They* were but women," was the answer. "The great warrior we would not harm. Let him give up his thunder-bearer, and come to the red man's lodge."

"The great warrior is strong. He needs no rest"; and, again catching sight of an Indian, he brought him to the ground.

This singular conference was sustained more than half an hour; during which time some twenty or thirty arrows had been discharged, some of which had passed harmless through his clothes. Smith had slain three of his assailants, and wounded several others. It was a tragical farce, a laughable tragedy.

There was a morass — or rather a shallow creek with a soft, muddy bottom — behind, which had prevented the Indians from surrounding him. Into this he suddenly stepped, sinking to his middle, and dragging his guide with him. The bottom, though insufficient for their support, was yet of sufficient firmness to hold them fast and helpless. The poor Indian began to think of hunting-grounds in the skies.

Smith retained his gun; and his assailants, "the better part of valor." They dared not approach him. There were three hundred warriors hunting this one man. Curiosity urged forward the more remote in the throngs. The foremost, thus brought face to face with Smith, "trembled with fear." Finding himself perishing with cold, and held fast by the bog, he threw away his arms, and was drawn to firm ground, half frozen and a prisoner.



He was now carried helpless to the spot where he had left his canoe, and where were the corpses of Robinson and Emry, riddled with arrows. The unhappy men had kindled a fire, beside which they had lain and slept, — never to wake. Before this fire Smith was carefully laid, and his limbs were rubbed vigorously by his captors, until, recovering warmth, he was able to stand and move. He was in the power of those who thought little of blood or death. He knew it; and from the moment of his capture he considered his life lost. But he preserved his presence of mind, and appeared coolly indifferent to his fate.

"Who is your chief?" he inquired.

"Opechancanough."

"The brother of your king, Powhattan?"

"His brother."

"I would see him."

Opechancanough soon appeared. He was a fine specimen of the Indian warrior; of large stature, an imposing countenance, and a form admirably proportioned and developed. He approached his captive with the deference and courtesy due to a distinguished guest, and with the natural dignity of a prince. Smith greeted him with quiet ease and respect, as if at a friendly interview. No allusion was made to the relation which had so suddenly sprung up between them. Seeing that the chief was attracted by a round ivory compass-dial which he carried by his side, Smith took occasion to explain it to him and to his principal warriors, as far as signs and his limited knowledge of their language would allow. They were much amused and puz-

zled by the mysterious and life-like motion of the needle. He then digressed — very naturally — to geography, navigation, astronomy, and the different races of men; giving them, in short, the first discourse on the natural sciences ever uttered by a Saxon on the continent. Little as they comprehended all this, in one important thing the lecturer succeeded, — he impressed them with profound reverence for himself. They had before stood in awe of him, as the great man and master spirit of the strangers; they had admired his courage, his endurance of fatigue, his manly reliance upon himself during his previous excursions; and they had just seen with what heroic daring and resolution he could defend himself against hundreds. But he now seemed to them as a pet child of Nature, to whom her deepest mysteries were free and her grandest works playthings. In other words, they suspected him of possessing supernatural knowledge and powers.

But there was one thing in nature with which this wonderful captive had had no acquaintance, — Death. How would he meet that? Would he make that a plaything? Or would he scorn it? Or would he fear it? Opechancanough would see. So he ordered him to be bound to a tree. Would he ask to be spared? Would he offer ransom? Would he turn pale and tremble? Would he struggle, or even shut his eyes, when twenty braves should draw their bows against him? Would he cry out and writhe, when twenty arrows should have nailed him where he stood? Opechancanough would see.

Smith was led forward, — no hanging back, no

tremor. He was bound, — no resistance. The bowmen were drawn out, — no prayer for life. The arrows were fixed upon the strings, — no trembling, no pallor. The shafts were drawn and aimed, — no word of ransom. The signal was given; the bowstrings twanged. The white man did not blink his eye, or shriek, or leap, or writhe. He stood there, silent and calm. The arrows had dropped at the feet of the archers. Opechancanough had seen!

He was satisfied. He was proud of such a captive. He would show him through the country in triumph; for Powhattan himself had never won so great a trophy. So he was led in grand procession and great pomp to Orapakes, — a favorite hunting-seat of Powhattan, a few miles northeast of the spot where he had first met Smith and Newport; thence, to be exhibited to the various tribes on the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers; thence, to Pamunkey, the residence of Opechancanough, near the fork of York River; and finally, to Werowocomoco, then the favorite residence of Powhattan, about twenty-five miles below Pamunkey. This triumphal march occupied about six weeks, during which time he was most bountifully fed, and with the choicest which the savages could provide. In a letter to the queen of James the First, written in 1616, Smith calls this "six weeks of *fattening* among those grim courtiers"; for he supposed, during the journey, that they were preparing him by good living to serve as a delicate dish for Powhattan's table. "I think," says Smith's narrative, "his [Smith's] stomach at that time was not very good."

While at Orapakes, the Indians made preparations

to take Jamestown by surprise; thinking it might be done now the great man of the strangers was not there to protect them. Opechancanough revealed this scheme to his prisoner, adding: "We would have the white warrior be our brother and fight with us."

"Against his own people!"

"They are dogs, lazy and greedy; women, weak and cowardly. *Such* are not the people of a warrior. Be of our people, who are brave."

"The white man may not kill the white man."

"But I can kill thee!" said the chief, for the moment in a passion at Smith's refusal. But recovering his dignity, he added: "Be our brother and our warrior, and save thy life."

"The dwelling of the English cannot be taken by the warriors of Powhattan."

A scornful incredulity was on the face of the chief as he replied: "Opechancanough offers his captive — life."

"Do I fear to die?"

"Opechancanough will give — freedom."

"The dwelling of the white men is like the nest of the eagle. The thunderbolts of the Great Spirit play around it."

"And as much land as the white warrior wants."

"You cannot take the place of the English."

"And as many wives."

"Go first," said Smith, with emphasis, "and see the white man's fort. It is strong."

"We have many warriors, — great warriors. The white men are weak without their chief. They sleep."

"They have strong walls, and wakeful guards, and great thunder-bearers which will sweep down your

braves as the wind does those snow-flakes from yonder pine."

"Their chief can make the thunder-bearers sleep."

"King of Pamunkey!" said Smith, earnestly, "you have men. Let your messengers go and see. When they come back, if they say that your warriors, and I with them, can destroy the lodges of the English, I will talk again about the matter. Till then, I will neither go nor talk. You have my answer. Send and see."

The chief pondered a few moments, and then said: "Opechancanough will send."

Smith tore a leaf from a note-book in his possession, and wrote upon it, informing the colonists of his condition, and of the plot of the Indians; telling them in some way to give the messengers a terrible idea of their means of defence, and to send him certain toys and trinkets.

"Let your runners take that to the English. The English will send to Opechancanough great presents,"—specifying the particular articles for which he had written.

The runners left "in as severe weather as frost and snow could make," and returned in three days with terrific accounts of the huge instruments of death by which the fort was protected. They brought also the identical "great presents" which Smith had enumerated to the chief. At this he and his warriors were in amazement. It was necromancy. Their prisoner could talk with the English, though ever so far off! It confirmed their previous suspicion of his preternatural powers. With such ideas of the English garrison, and of the wonderful gifts of its protec-

tor-chief, the design against Jamestown was abandoned.

Thus again did Smith prove the saviour of the colony.

So impressed were the Indians with the idea that he was a being of more than human endowments, that they were extremely anxious to ascertain whether he was disposed to use his gifts to their good or their hurt. At Pamunkey, therefore, they took means to solve this question. For three successive days they submitted their captive to a series of incantations too absurd and frivolous for detail. It is enough to say, that his guards were withdrawn from his presence, and he was shut up face to face with half a dozen savages in the guise of fiends, and compelled to endure their wild and frantic distortions, their ludicrous antics and grimaces, their howls and shrieks, their fantastic dances and silly mummeries, without cessation and without food, from morning to night of each day,—a pantomime by which a man of only common self-possession would have been goaded to rage, and one of sensitive nerves to frenzy. To what conclusion the conjurers came, neither history nor tradition affirms.

Before his captivity, the fame of Smith had reached the most remote and humble of Powhattan's subjects. They had conceived of him as the presiding genius of the colony; as the wise, the bold, the energetic, the hero-man of the strangers. But from the day of his capture in the swamps of the Chickahominy, he became a sort of demigod in the eye of the superstitious people. Strange tales of his fearlessness, of his valor, of his terrible might, of his mysterious knowl-

edge, of his superhuman power, had floated far and wide; and in every village and wigwam on his route his coming had been anticipated with awe. The few who had seen him on his errands of traffic of course knew his person truly. But to the many who had only heard, he was simply the champion, the patriarch, the wonderful sage, of the white men. For them, a wild imagination drew and colored his portrait. No wonder, then, that grave warriors and "grim courtiers," and women and youths and maidens, flocked to behold him on his way; and especially, as he waited with fearless composure in the village of Powhattan for his introduction to the presence of the chief. But how great must have been the amazement of the throng, when "the champion" dwindled to the stature of a common man; "the sage" stood before them comely and vigorous; and in "the patriarch" they beheld an attractive yet imposing youth of twenty-seven years! Imagine the sensations of scarred and brawny veterans, as they scanned the form, the features, the quiet attitude of the captive; of the shrinking matron, as she looked from behind her savage lord; of the timid girl, as she peeped through the mat which covered the door of her hut.

So distinguished a prisoner Powhattan would receive in state; and considerable time elapsed before preparations could be made. The great chief, "whose will was supreme and whose nod was law," had at length gathered and arrayed his court. On either side, and all along the spacious apartment or hall, were ranged two rows of women; in front of them, two rows of men; all in their best clothing, their best paints, and their best ornaments. Powhattan occu-

pied an elevated couch covered with choice and beautiful mats, and was clad in an ample robe of furs. From his neck hung a rich chain of great pearls. A pillow of dressed deer-skin, beautifully embroidered with shells and beads, supported his arm; and two young women sat with him on either side, their jet-black hair sprinkled with snow-white down, and their necks encircled by bands of inferior pearls.

A peal of welcome greeted the captive at his entrance. Then a profound silence, and the steadfast gaze of every eye, evinced the respect and admiration of the assembly. Smith, though received with grave and stately dignity by Powhattan, was treated more like a princely guest, than like a prisoner whose life hung upon the decision of the hour. A young beauty of the woods, the Queen of Appamattuck, brought him water to wash his hands; and another presented to him a bunch of feathers for a napkin. Choice food was then set before him, and he was bidden to eat while the council were discussing the question of his life or his death. "I think his stomacke at *that* time was not very good."

Immediately behind the chief, and half hidden by his flowing robe, sat a little girl of "twelve or thirteen years of age." She was a specimen of Indian beauty unrivalled in all Powhattan's dominions; and right proud was he to call her "daughter." There was singular intelligence in her vivid dark eye, while the fringe which overhung and softened its brilliance was a true type of her native modesty. Her faultless form had the peculiar charm which belongs to girlhood just ready to assume the full outline and finished grace to which nature impels it.

At Smith's entrance, her countenance betrayed surprise; and, no longer shrinking as if for protection under the shadow of her royal father, she sat erect, intently observing every movement and feature of the captive. The discussion respecting his fate was long and solemn. As it proceeded, her attitude, her features, changed. She turned her earnest eye from each successive speaker to the prisoner, to her father, to her uncles, who were great in council as in war; showing evidently that she had a speech in *her* heart, and that, if she were not a little girl, she would speak it. She heard the grave counsellors of her father utter words of admiration, of respect, and even of reverence, for their captive; but, to her amazement, she perceived that all their praises were arguments for his death. They would have him killed because he was brave and valiant and wise! because he was the strong arm, the good head, and the big heart of the English! because, if he died, his brothers would perish as the leaves do when the sapling is severed from its root! She glanced at the young and noble man whose virtues were crimes, who was a culprit because a hero. Pity tapped at the door of her young heart, and entered; and then opened the fountain there till its waters welled up and flowed forth in tears. She looked in her father's face; but there were no tears there, no sign of pity; nothing but sternness, — heartless, savage sternness. She gently pulled at the skirt of his robe; but he testily put it in place again, and bent his brow darkly upon his victim. The decision was given. The young warrior must die. Pity now took counsel with Grief, and they made such commotion in the maiden's heart, they woke up such courage and

resolution and "I-will" there, that she climbed upon her father's couch, and laid her hand softly upon her father's arm, — it was so softly, and he was so busy with big and bloody thoughts, that he did not feel it. A great stone was just then brought in and laid before him. She looked up at his face again, through her tears; but it was sterner than before. Then she crept around upon his knee, threw herself upon his neck, and sobbed. He was surprised and angry; but he loved her: she was the pride and darling of his heart. So he removed her gently, with a look and word of reproof. But she would not be reproved. She clung to his arm, laid her head upon his shoulder, and whispered pleading, piteous words in his ear. Passion, for the moment, got the better of the father's heart, and he thrust the child away; frowning because the gravity of a council, and dignity of a king, were encroached upon by a soft-hearted girl. She made one imploring gesture, then sank at his feet, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. All this intercession had been rapid and brief. Powhattan petulantly signed to one of the young women who shared his seat of state to remove the child; but hearing a noise, she looked up and saw the white man stretched on the ground, his head upon a stone, and an Indian standing over him with a war-club, watching for the signal of the chief.

With a faint scream, the maiden sprang from her crouching posture, knelt beside the prostrate man, threw her arms around his person, and laid her head upon his, above the stone of death. She spoke no word, but looked. It was a mild, mournful look, — a mute but thrilling, reproachful farewell to her relent-

less father. She closed her eyes. The grave is not more silent than was the council-room of Powhattan.

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." The boar out of the wood would have wasted, the wild-beast of the field would have devoured, the vine which He was planting. To save it — for the life of Smith was the life of Virginia — He interposed an unbaptized infant. By the dumb eloquence of a tearful girl, He brought to naught the counsels of princes. And now the vine filleth the land. The hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof are like goodly cedars. It has sent out its boughs unto the sea, and its branches beyond the rivers.

Powhattan was in the toils of his "most deare and beloved" Pocahontas. She had taken hold of his strength. He relented; yielded. The decree of death was reversed.

"I will spare him," said the despotic chief, "for a servant. He shall make hatchets for me, and bells and rattles for her."

Yet, for some reason, the chief's heart was further softened towards his captive. Instead of using him as a servant, he instantly received him to the intimacy of a friend; and even promised him his liberty, a large tract of land, and "for ever to esteeme him his sonne," if he would send him from Jamestown two pieces of cannon and a grindstone, which his heart exceedingly longed for. To this Smith promptly agreed. The chief was true to his word; and on the third day after his head lay a mark for the executioner's mace, Smith was on his way to Jamestown. So little, however,

did he confide in Powhattan's good intentions, that he was in constant expectation of being murdered by his escort. But, says his narrative, "Almighty God, by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion."

He was now to fulfil his promise. He therefore presented to his guides a grindstone and two cannon, bidding the Indians take them to Powhattan. "They found them somewhat too heavie."

"Ugh!" exclaimed their chief, who was a faithful captain of Powhattan.

"Rawhunt! I keep my word," said Smith. "I promised. I give. You will not take?"

The Indians looked blank, and Rawhunt gravely shook his head.

"Very well, Rawhunt; but you must tell Powhattan what I have done."

"We will tell."

"And tell him also how the thunderers speak, and how they strike. Look at yonder tree," pointing to a veteran pine loaded with icicles; "I will tell the thunderers to strike it."

The cannon were well charged with stones. The ice flew; the huge branches crashed and fell; the savages turned and fled. So terribly were they frightened, that it was not without some ado that they could be found and brought to conference again. But this done, Smith atoned for their disappointment and fright by presents for themselves, Powhattan, and his family. The party then left, highly delighted with their trinkets, and with clear convictions of the terrible power of cannon and white men.\*

\* The statements in this chapter will be found in Smith, 46-49; Stith, 50-56; Burk, I. 104-116.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE ROYAL SHARPER.—THE CONFLAGRATION.—GOLD.

It was now late in the month of December. The number of the colonists was reduced to forty. They were suffering for want of provisions, which they had heedlessly wasted; and no one among them had skill or enterprise enough to supply their lack. Neither was any one competent to maintain peace and order. To complete their sad condition, they were at strife among themselves; the larger number being resolved to abandon the settlement, and just on the eve of departure.

Under such circumstances, Captain Smith's re-appearance, after his seven weeks' captivity, to those who had thought him dead, was an event of great joy to all save the very few to whom his popularity was offensive, and his soldierly decision irksome. He promptly met the present emergency, and suppressed the attempt at desertion. Once more, with cannon and musketry pointed upon the pinnace, he gave the discontented their choice,—to stay or sink. Of course they stayed.

But when he related the circumstances of his deliverance, made known the change in Powhattan's temper, his present liberal disposition, and the profusion of food at his command, the colonists took heart, and looked upon the future with hope. Hardly were his

cheering words uttered, and comprehended by his desponding companions, before they were verified. Pocahontas herself, bright with smiles and happy in her errand, appeared before the garrison, with a train of attendants laden with baskets of provisions.

A child, bringing its offering with a loving and unselfish heart to minister to the want or pleasure of another; in its simplicity and purity of intent, unconscious that it is doing an angel-errand; and, like an angel, absorbed and blessed in the happiness it imparts;—what a lesson, what a rebuke, to its elders, so thoughtless of a neighbor's want, so callous to a brother's sorrow or a sister's need, so apt, so glib, in *only saying*, "Be warmed, be clothed"!

This was not a passing fancy of Pocahontas. While the want of the English continued, it was her habit. Every few days, she brought her precious gifts; and quietly returned to her lodge, to dream of the happy faces which she had left in the white man's home.

Nor was this all. Other Indians came, bringing presents of food from Pocahontas or Powhattan. Others still, brought from their granaries to exchange. Their reverence for Smith, and their confidence in him, were unbounded. They would stand aloof from the fort, under cover of the woods, and call aloud his name. But they would neither approach nor show themselves until he had made his appearance; nor would they sell either corn, beans, or venison until he had fixed their prices.

Such was the state of things when Newport returned from England, with new emigrants, provisions, and other necessities. This man, among other un-

enviable peculiarities, "was a very great and important person in his own talk and conceit." "He had a mean jealousy of Captain Smith, on account of his brilliant qualities and the estimation in which he was held by the colonists"; and, it may be added, on account of his almost limitless influence with the natives. In this latter sentiment he harmonized with the President and Council, of which body, it will be remembered, he was one. Smith's policy of trade — namely, rating English wares at the value set upon them by the Indians themselves — was at once abandoned. To magnify themselves in the eyes of the natives as men superior to Smith in wealth and in generosity, Newport and his associates adopted a lavish system of traffic, giving four times as much as Smith had done in exchange for Indian commodities. In addition, Newport scattered presents without consideration or stint. Ruinous as this course was to the interests of the colony, it secured, temporarily at least, the selfish end which Newport had in view. It exalted him in the opinion of the natives, and in that of Powhattan himself. The great chief of the Indians longed to see the great chief of the English.

Accordingly, Newport and Smith arranged for a visit to Werowocomoco: Newport, to enjoy the admiration of a savage; Smith, to strengthen the chief's conviction of English power, and to confirm a good understanding by friendly intercourse; — Newport, through vanity; Smith, for the public good. They left Jamestown in the pinnace, with forty armed men, and were accompanied by Mr. Matthew Scrivener, a worthy man, who had just arrived in the colony, and had been elected a member of the Council. They

had hardly reached the mouth of James River, before Captain Newport manifested signs of uneasiness; for "he was a man very fearful in times of danger."

"Will it do to trust these fellows, Captain Smith?"

"The Indians? That depends upon circumstances. I would not absolutely trust them at any time."

"Well, under present circumstances?"

"Perhaps I ought to say, not at all."

"But we are about to!"

"Not literally, Captain Newport. So many muskets look more like trust in ourselves."

"You cannot use a musket, Captain Smith, unless you can see your mark; and these fellows skulk. If there is anything I detest, it is a creeping scoundrel who will not show himself. A man may be walking in those woods, fancying himself alone, until the yells of the devils are in his ears, and their arrows flying, — just as it was with you, sir, in Chickahominy swamp."

"That is very true, Captain Newport."

"Upon my word, Captain, that *was* a ticklish affair."

"But 'all's well that ends well,' as Will Shakespeare has proved."

"O yes, Captain; when a thing ends well, you call it comedy, or romance, or what not; but if that fellow's war-club *had* developed your brains, it would have been simple tragedy. Not very agreeable, that sort of thing. Little girls don't grow on every bush, Captain Smith."

"But I see something in every bush," looking at the neighboring shore.

"Do you? Faith, Captain, I thought I saw one myself! Where, sir?"

"One! one what, sir?"



"An Indian, to be sure."

"You mistook me, sir. I said, 'I see *something* in every bush.' I meant, sir, that I have experienced the protection and deliverance of the Almighty so often, and so wonderfully, that I cannot help recognizing His presence and care everywhere."

"O, that is all well enough. Yet men *do* get their brains knocked out, after all. But tell me plainly, sir, do you think it safe to prosecute our course?"

"Certainly I do, sir."

"Do you, Mr. Scrivener?"

"I confide in Captain Smith's judgment and experience, sir. I see no danger."

"But the devil of it is, Mr. Scrivener, that among these fellows one never sees it. The first he knows of it, it's *on* him. For my part, I think we had better give up this fool's errand, before we get our necks into some noose or other."

Smith saw that he was serious, and protested; and Scrivener, who was a man of good sense and cool judgment, joined him. For half an hour, the matter was debated warmly; and it was not without much argument and reiterated assurances that their guard was sufficient security, that Newport consented to proceed. At last they reached the mouth of York River and the shore of Werowocomoco. The landing was bad, and in Newport's eyes ominous. They soon encountered a creek.

"What now?" exclaimed Newport, as the stream, half water, half ice, met his eye. "Do you take me for a water-rat? In the name of humanity, how am I to get over here?"

"By the bridge, sir."

"Bridge! what bridge?"

"That, sir," replied Smith, suppressing a smile, and pointing to a rude structure of poles and bark.

Newport looked at the affair, and then looked at Captain Smith, with a half-angry, half-doubting expression. At length he asked, in a tone as though he would solemnly appeal to Smith's honor: "*Do* you mean to say to me, Captain Smith, that that thing was ever intended for men to walk on?"

"Certainly, sir: we must cross upon it."

"Do you suppose *I* will?"

"I trust so, sir. It is a very rustic affair, but sufficient."

"Humph!"

"I will cross it, Captain Newport. The rest of us will cross it. That will prove its safety."

This was done; and after much persuasion, Newport ventured. The frail structure shook and swayed under his tread, and he carefully inspected every spot upon which he was to plant his foot, until on solid ground. But when they came to a second creek, with another like crossing, he hung back with decision. He began to surmise Indian craft and treachery.

"These things are man-traps, Captain Smith. That I got safely over one, is no proof that I shall get safely over two."

"Captain Newport, they are the only kind of bridges which these simple people have. They are built for their own use."

"Not so very simple, Captain Smith. Not too simple to be cunning. Suppose, sir, we get stuck fast in one of these affairs, — and they look as though we might, — up come some ten score of savages, with

their infernal whoops, and what are *we* to do? Can't fight, — can't run, — a pretty scrape!"

"Captain Newport, I have had some acquaintance with Indian habits and cunning; but this is the first time I ever heard of man-traps in Virginia. Depend upon it, you are mistaken, sir."

"I am not apt to be mistaken, Captain Smith. Things look very much as though Powhattan had arranged some deviltry. For my part, I go no farther."

"Very well, Captain Newport. I am willing to go. Retain twenty men, if you please, in the pinnace, and I will advance with twenty."

To this Newport consented.

Smith had proceeded but a little way, when he was met by two or three hundred Indians, among whom was Nantaquis, the king's son, — "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a salvage," said Smith, in his letter to Queen Anne. These men were sent by Powhattan as an escort of honor, and welcomed their visitor with loud shouts, which must have been heard by Newport, and probably to his great alarm.

Powhattan received his late captive with great parade, in presence of his wives and chief warriors, and of a guard of four or five hundred men. Proclamation was made, warning all, on pain of death, to refrain from all harm, and even discourtesy, to the strangers. Powhattan gave his guest a cordial welcome, and a seat beside his own royal couch. Smith entered leading a beautiful white greyhound, which, with a suit of clothes of scarlet cloth and an English hat, he immediately offered for the chief's acceptance. Gladly and proudly were they accepted, and with all

that easy but dignified courtesy for which Powhattan was remarkable. In an address uttered with unaffected grace, he said that he received them not so gladly because they were beautiful and good in themselves, as because they were beautiful and good tokens of perpetual good-will between the receiver and the giver. Water to wash and food were next in order.

"Where is your father?" inquired Powhattan, meaning Captain Newport.

"He will visit you to-morrow"; not doubting that Newport's courage would revive when he should find that his forerunner had escaped snares and ambuscade.

"Where are the great guns and the hatchet-sharpener which you promised me?" said the chief, archly.

"Your men were not strong enough to bring them."

"Yes, yes," with a hearty laugh; "Rawhunt told me how it was. But" — with mock gravity — "my white friend should speak the truth."

"Do I not speak the truth?" said Smith, startled, and a little puzzled.

"No," with still more seriousness.

"In what do I speak untrue?"

"My men were strong enough. The fault was in the guns. They were too big."

Smith laughed in his turn; and Powhattan added, with a waggish look: "The thing can easily be done. Try some that are smaller."

"But," said Smith, adopting the royal humor, "where is the land which you promised me?"

"You shall have it, you shall have it," was the quick reply. "But I shall expect these warriors of

yours first to lay their arms at my feet, as all my subjects do."

"Our enemies demand that; not our friends."

Smith then assured him that the English were his friends, and urged him not to doubt it. He also said, that, whenever Powhattan should be ready for it, the English would join him to reduce to his subjection the neighboring tribes his enemies. This address Powhattan received with undisguised satisfaction, and replied to it in a long oration, which he concluded by creating Smith a werowance, or chief, of the nation.

In such pleasant intercourse, with feasting, dancing, singing, and various sports, they passed the day and evening.

The next morning Newport was found by Smith. Convinced that he might venture his precious life, he was introduced to Powhattan and his court, and was received with the same distinction and hospitality which had been shown to Smith. Thus passed the day. At night the English returned to the pinnace. But when they were together again at breakfast, Powhattan expressed displeasure at the presence of the English soldiers.

"Why do you come with armed men to a friendly talk? Do I treat you so? Look at my men; they have no weapons. Am I not your friend? Why doubt me? Why fear? This looks as though you did not trust me."

"We have no doubt and no fear," said Smith; "but it is the custom of our country, that our captains should always be attended by their soldiers."

Newport, ascertaining the subject of conversation,

went at one stride from timidity to rash confidence; and, turning to the soldiers, he ordered them all to the pinnace.

"Then I go too," said Smith. "It is necessary to proper prudence."

He went. But this did not satisfy the chief. He was suspicious enough not to like the idea of Smith out of his sight, and with an armed force. Newport then sent Mr. Scrivener to take charge of the soldiers in Smith's stead. Still Powhattan murmured, until his attention was diverted by the exhibition of trinkets and wares for the purpose of traffic. Three or four days were now occupied with various pastimes and with trade.

At last the chief himself undertook to drive a bargain. Addressing Newport, through Smith as interpreter, he said: "I am a great prince. You are a great prince." He had exalted notions of Newport's civil rank. "It is beneath our princely station to buy and sell and bargain. We leave such things for mean men. Let us act like princes. Lay before me the goods which you think would please a prince like myself. I will choose what suit my mind. Then, in my turn, I will lay before you their value in my goods. Thus we will be satisfied with each other, and without being pedlers."

This majestic proposition Smith faithfully translated, but added: "Beware, sir, what you do. He intends to jew you."

"I know how to manage a savage, Captain Smith, and am not to be jewed by one, if he does call himself a big prince. I have my wits about me."

He immediately ordered all his goods to be spread

out. Powhattan, with the utmost coolness, selected all that he cared for; in return for which he should have given about twenty hogsheads of corn. With an air of stately generosity, he gave — four bushels! Newport was exceedingly nettled; not merely because he had been so brazenly outwitted, but because his merchandise was now exhausted, and the supplies which he intended to provide for the whole colony were, by a sort of sleight of hand, reduced to four bushels of corn. Done by a savage, too! But it *was* done, and the chapfallen white prince had no remedy. He could only vent his irritation upon the very man who had warned him. But Smith, though he resented this with the spirit of a soldier, generously resolved to devise some means to step between Newport and his mortification. Turning the attention of the parties, as if nothing unusual had happened, to some sports which were going on, he suffered to be seen partially, and as if by accident, some beads in his possession unlike any which had been known to the Indians. Powhattan's eye and fancy were caught. He suddenly forgot his dignity in his desire to trade.

"But these are jewels of great value," Smith objected; "too precious for trade."

"Yet what will not friendship do?" replied the chief. "And what will not Powhattan's new werowance, once his captive, do for the father of Pocahontas?"

He knew human nature. But so did Smith; and he stood his ground.

"Powhattan speaks truly. His new werowance cannot forget. If I could part with these to any one in this country, would it not be to the father of the

best and most beautiful princess in the world? They *would* look gloriously upon the neck of Pocahontas!" holding them up. "They are made of a most rare and precious substance; and see! they are of the color of the sky! They are not worn but by the greatest kings."

"Powhattan is a great king, and can give a great price."

"True; but — but —"

"My new werowance was going to say —"

"He was going to say, Would not *my* king be offended? He does not know how great a king Powhattan is."

Thus did Smith excite the cupidity and royal ambition of the chief, and manifest greater reluctance to part with his precious merchandise; while Powhattan, on his part, was the more eager, and rose rapidly in his offers. At last Smith was overcome.

"Powhattan did spare my life. He spared it for the sake of Pocahontas. He shall have his wish," adding, with great seriousness and emphasis, "for Pocahontas' sake."

For a pound or two of these jewels, Smith received about three hundred bushels of corn. But this was not all. A new and valued article of trade was thus introduced. Others of royal blood were ambitious; and sky-blue beads were purchased at enormous rates by the greatest of the chiefs, for themselves, their wives and children, and became privileged ornaments for the nobility.

Through their whole visit, the English received unbounded and even assiduous hospitality from Powhattan. He manifested no uneasiness except on one

point, that Newport and Smith would never pass the day in his presence — their nights were spent on board the pinnacle — without more or less attendants in arms. He tried repeatedly to induce them “not to bring their pieces with them lest his women should be frightened”; and took particular dislike to the sword and pistol which Smith always carried upon his person. Newport — at what risks we cannot know — would have humored the chief, but Smith always contrived to be under proper guard.

After a visit of two days to Opechancanough at Pamunkey, they returned to Werowocomoco; and thence, with a full freight of provisions, to Jamestown.

The weather was intensely cold; but the settlers had comfortable, though rude, dwellings for their protection. They gathered around their ample hearths, enjoying the cheerful light and heat, while the wind whistled and the sleet rattled without. Bread was now plenty; venison and wild-fowl smoked upon their trenchers; they passed their days in moderate labor or in idleness, and their long evenings in songs or social games, in talking of English homes, or building castles in the air. They had no fear of savages, no fear of famine, no fear of sickness, no fear of sheriffs. This last was a special luxury to many of the new-comers. Yet, while thus enjoying the present, and reckless of the future, an enemy was in their midst. In one of the tenements the wood was blazing and crackling upon the hearth, and the fire-light was dancing upon the rough wall, the simple furniture, the humble bed, and the burnished muskets. It was taking an inventory of all these things. Sud-

denly the blaze leaped and climbed up its smoke-dried chimney of sticks and clay, ran along upon the roof of thatch and reeds, dropped down within, and devoured all the goodly things it had looked so pleasantly upon just before. But fire is no more satisfied with fuel, than the grave with its congregation; and from the ruins in which it revelled it flew to another roof, and licked up all beneath it; and then to another, and another. It fed, too, on clothing, and bedding, and furniture, and muskets, and swords. It wound its long red arms around the granaries, and laughed and danced over every kernel which Newport had brought from Werowocomoco. It did not spare even the dwelling of “good Master Hunt,” the devoted preacher and peacemaker of the settlement, but made havoc and ashes of all the worthy man’s books, — his only comforts and true companions in the wilderness, except his God. There were only three things of his which the fire did not touch, — the clothing on his back, the peace of God in his heart, and his house eternal in the heavens. The “gentlemen” swore over their losses, which time might replace; but Master Hunt, though he was poor and could get no more books, had not a heart to murmur, for the voice of Jesus whispered within, and there was a great calm there. They raved over the destruction of their provisions; but Master Hunt had bread to eat which they knew not of. They fretted under bereavement; he quieted and comforted himself as a child that is weaned of his mother.

Such is the difference, on the sea of life, between the filial and the unfilial.

It was truly a melancholy sight, — the little clearing in the wilderness blackened with the smoking

ruins of so many habitations,—of so much which is essential in a biting winter to the comfort and life of men far from their country, and surrounded by interminable forests. It did require some nerve, and strong faith in God, and a chastened spirit, for a man to stand there half clad, shelterless, shivering, grubbing in the ashes for half-burnt corn, yet composed and unrepining and hopeful. And it did require some daring, and some searing of the heart, for a man to stand there upbraiding the only Power who could bring relief. Yet some did it; kicking against the goad, rather than kiss the rod.

The fire had spared much; some of their dwellings, their ammunition, and food enough to sustain them, with economy, for the present.

But now came a worse calamity. The same insanity which makes men forget and distrust the true God, makes them weary themselves, for very vanity, in slaving to the god of this world. Mammon had prompted a large proportion of the last immigrants,—"serving-men, libertines, bankrupts in character, bankrupts in fortune," outcasts from the drawing-room, the tap-room, the brothel,—greedy for gold, and dreaming that it might be had in Virginia for the gathering. To help them to their visionary fortunes, they had brought with them two goldsmiths, two refiners, and one jeweller.

Their god drove them to their tasks. "Lo! here is gold,—here, at your gate,—here, in this little rivulet in the woods. See, how it glitters! Dig,—dig,—dig. Dig, and regain your fortunes. Dig, and renew your riotous living."

It *did* glitter there,—in the bed of the brook, and along its brink, and in the stones and rocks on its

banks,—in small particles, but abundant, yellow as heart could wish, and bright with promise.

"It is gold! it is gold!" said Newport and Martin.

"It is gold," said the goldsmiths.

"It is gold," said the refiners, as they came out from their secret "trials."

"Until you can show me a more substantial trial, I am not enamored of your dirty skill," said Captain Smith; and so said Mr. Scrivener; and so, perhaps, a few others.

But the vote was "Gold." And the order was, "Work, men, work! A fig for house-building! Delve, shovel, wheel, and carry." So the men worked and shovelled and carried, with stinted food and stinted sleep and stinted quarters, through some ten or twelve weeks of winter cold; and the ship was loaded with sparkling treasure, to be discharged and purified and coined in England. Thither it went, and there it was discharged,—a cargo of mud and mica added to the bulk of Britain!

Mammon is a despot; his gifts, the apples of Sodom.

The scanty supplies of grain which the fire had spared were mostly taken for the home-bound sailors; for the bait of Satan had kept them there fourteen weeks instead of fourteen days, and the ship's stores were exhausted. The colonists were left hungry and faint; living on a daily dole of meal and water, "wild fruits of the earth, crabs, muscles, and such like"; worn with toil; suffering from cold and wet, in miserable and crowded shelters. Before spring opened, there were many added to the row of graves which began with the murdered boy, and where Stevens and Gosnold lay.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LITTLE AMBASSADRESS.

RADCLIFFE, the President, was a weak-minded and indolent man, who thought it beneath his official dignity to leave the fort. Martin's ill-health, and his rage for gold, rendered him for all useful purposes a cipher. With them were associated others, forming a strong party, jealous of the enterprise and influence of Captain Smith, disposed to thwart his plans, and more zealous for their own ease and indulgence, than for the protection and thrift of the commonwealth. Thus every task necessary to safety, comfort, and prosperity depended upon the counsels and activity of Smith, Scrivener, and some of the substantial colonists whom good sense and manliness united with them. By their means, when Newport and his cargo were gone, the ground was planted, and new buildings were erected on the ruins of the old. While engaged in this latter task, they were cheered by a new arrival.

The barque Phoenix, Captain Nelson, had left England in company with Newport, but had been dismantled, driven to the West Indies, and detained there through the winter. She now brought the remainder of the colonists sent out under Newport's charge, the number in both ships being a hundred and twenty. She also brought stores for the colonists sufficient for

six months. She was discharged and reloaded with all possible despatch; taking in a cargo of cedar, which the joint and strenuous efforts of Smith, Scrivener, and their associates, aided by Nelson, secured for her, in opposition to the counsels and adherents of Martin, who would have loaded her with yellow mica. She left for her return on the 2d of June. During her stay certain events occurred which deserve notice.

As Captain Smith was one day inspecting the out-door affairs of the colony, at some little distance from the fort, he caught a glimpse of two Indians skulking in the edge of the forest near him.

"Ha! the thieves again!"

He had hardly said the words before the Indians leaped from their cover, painted and armed as if on a war-path. They strode fiercely towards him, and appeared as if intending to make him their prisoner. The demonstration was not to be mistaken. Smith was alone, and without weapons. Throwing himself into an attitude which denoted both his fearlessness and his defiance, "Welcome, braves!" said he with coolness. "I did think you were common thieves, sneaking about like cowardly women and weak boys. I was wrong. You are warriors, — uncommon thieves. You would steal *me*, would you?"

"The white werowance must go with us."

"Then take him"; and Smith bent upon them a look which said more than his words.

The men seemed awed, but advanced. Smith moved leisurely and warily towards the fort, keeping his eye full upon his assailants. They now seemed to take courage. One came upon him on one side, the other upon the other, brandishing their war-clubs,



and then running round and round him as if determined to bring him to the ground; or, as Smith afterwards described it, "circling about mee, as though they would have clubbed mee like a hare." But he steadily and composedly continued his way to the fort, so far overawing them that they dared not strike; while they were so eager in their object, that they danced attendance upon his person, even within the palisades, and were joined by some sixteen others. Smith instantly ordered the gates to be closed. The whole number, surprised at a measure so utterly at variance with the late remissness of the garrison, were seized by the soldiers and imprisoned. Their associates without the fort respectfully opened a negotiation for their release.

Smith replied: "Bring back all the swords, spades, shovels, and other tools which you have stolen from us, and your men shall go free. Otherwise, I will hang them."

"We have just caught two of your men in the woods," was the retort, "and will treat them as you treat ours."

"Will you, indeed! Throw open the gates, men!"

He instantly sallied with his soldiers, whom of late he had kept under regular drill with special reference to Indian warfare; and, though he shed no blood, so frightened the Indians without by his military array, that the two English truants were given up, and peace was implored without conditions.

In this Smith was acting upon his own responsibility, contrary to the indolent temper of the Council, and the directions of the Company to give no offence to the natives. He had been compelled to do so, however,

by the insufferable encroachments of the natives themselves. Suddenly, and without apparent cause, they had commenced a regular system of thieving; at first slyly, but soon with more and more boldness, until they had even ventured upon violent means. This was well known to the President and Council; but they preferred safety and ease in their own houses, and had suffered the evil to grow without resenting it. Smith, though highly indignant at this state of things, had allowed them to take their own course until he was personally interfered with. One fellow whom he had briefly imprisoned for sword-stealing, afterwards attacked him, aided by three others, threatening his life. But he had made them smart for their audacity; and merely this one instance of rigorous treatment had caused a temporary suspension of thievish practice, and even a voluntary restoration of some articles which had been taken. But the depredations had soon been resumed, and with more boldness than before.

The present assault upon his person Smith resolved to turn to account, and to prosecute the affair according to his own notions of wise policy, and after his own fashion. He would throw himself alone and unauthorized into the breach, rather than expose the colony to the loss of tools and arms, and, ultimately, to extinction. He proceeded, therefore, to deal with his prisoners as though supreme power had been vested in himself alone. He transferred the Indians to the Phoenix, and there placed them in ward. Selecting one of them, he removed him from his companions to the hold of the vessel, accompanied by six soldiers with their muskets. In that gloomy place,



lighted only by a solitary lantern, he established his court, assuming to himself the office of Grand Inquisitor. Without a word spoken, and with great solemnity, the culprit was bound securely to the mainmast. At a signal, the soldiers levelled their glittering muskets at his breast, and waited. The poor wretch quivered as he looked at those iron mouths and at the determined countenance of his judge. After an impressive pause, Smith addressed the offender.

"Macanor! you are a counsellor of Paspahagh," — one of Powhattan's tributary chiefs. "You therefore know something which I must know, or you die."

"Macanor does not fear to die."

"Then —" the sentence ended by a look at the muskets.

"But —"

"But what? Speak quickly."

"Macanor would die under the blue sky and in battle."

"No words. Answer me, or die here."

"What would the white chief know?"

"Why do Powhattan's subjects steal my swords and the tools of my men?"

"Because he orders it."

"What has been done with them?"

"All have been given to Powhattan."

"Why does he order them to be stolen, if he is my friend?"

"The English werowance has offended Powhattan."

"How?"

"When your father [Newport] went away to his country, Powhattan sent him a present of twenty

turkeys, for which he received twenty swords. He sent turkeys to you, and you gave him no swords."

"Did I send him nothing?"

"Jewels and other pleasant things, such as *you* chose, but not what *he* chose. Powhattan wanted swords."

"For what?"

After a moment's hesitation, the Indian answered in a stammering way: "To fight his enemies, the Monacans."

Smith saw that this was an invention to mask the truth, and replied sternly: "Macanor! I have not brought you here to tell me lies. I will have the truth, or —" pointing to his soldiers. "I am no woman, Macanor, to be fooled with. Answer me the truth, Why does Powhattan want the swords of the English?"

"Because they are better than war-clubs."

"And because he would kill us with them?"

No answer.

"I see, Macanor, that you choose to die in this dark hole, like a dog, and to be thrown to the fishes."

"Because —"

"Silence, Macanor! I ask you no more questions. Tell me all you know about Powhattan's plots. Tell me straight along, or you die where you stand! Speak or not, as you will."

Macanor chose wisely; although Smith had no intention of taking life. He now stated rapidly, but distinctly, that Powhattan and all his chiefs had long arranged a plan for the destruction of the English; that this had been done before Smith's capture, which was a part of the scheme; that nothing but their

dread of his supernatural powers, and the interference of Pocahontas, had saved his life; that Powhattan, conscious of his inability to cope with English weapons, was anxious to obtain them and use them against their owners; that Powhattan and all his chiefs had agreed to pretend friendship with the English until the return of Newport, who was then to be enticed to a feast and slain, while other parties of the English were to be enticed in other directions to meet the same fate.

"That is all, I suppose, Macanor?"

"It is all."

"You have done well to save your life, and shall soon go free."

Macanor was unbound, and taken to an apartment by himself; and a volley of musketry was fired from the deck, to intimidate the other prisoners, who could hear, but not see. They were then led in their turn, one by one, to the hold, and underwent a like examination. By some of them, the statement of Macanor respecting the conspiracy was confirmed, and all agreed in saying that Powhattan received the tools and swords.

"These fellows have made an important confession, Mr. Scrivener," said Captain Smith, after narrating what had just transpired on shipboard.

"Thanks to your shrewdness and resolution, Captain. But what shall we do with them now?"

"Keep them for a while."

"Radcliffe and his friends are already clamoring at what we have done."

"Mr. Scrivener, so long as the President sees no present danger, or other emergency, he is full of com-

plaints about me. But the moment trouble comes, he cries, 'Where is Captain Smith?' or, 'Captain Smith, *do* see to this business.' So it will be now, when he finds that he would doubtless have had his throat cut, or his brains clubbed, or his scalp taken, but for the course I have pursued. Yet he will make it a matter of complaint against me in England. However, that is neither here nor there. If he will not protect the colony, we must."

"Why would you detain these men?"

"It may excite some salutary fear in Powhattan. At least, it will show him that we are no longer to be wronged with impunity."

The next day Scrivener entered Captain Smith's apartment, saying: "You were right, sir; Powhattan has sent to ask grace."

"So soon! What grace?"

"That his men be set at liberty. He says he is your very good friend, and hopes you will overlook the wrong which some of his rash and disorderly captains have done in instigating their men to theft, and begs your acceptance of a few turkeys, as a token of his love."

"Very affectionate, and very innocent! He did not send to Radcliffe?"

"No, sir; his greetings are expressly and only to his dear friend Captain Smith, and — he honors me by the association — Mr. Scrivener. Who do you think is his messenger?"

"Rawhunt? The fellow is a natural diplomatist, — a heathen Jesuit; ugly as sin in face and form, but oily of speech as the great Tempter."

"You are mistaken, sir. He has sent the English

lad whom Captain Newport gave him, — Thomas Salvage."

"Ha! The cunning old chief either intended a compliment, or thought he had sent a messenger whom we should be sure to return. Would it not be well, Mr. Scrivener, to spurn the compliment and keep the lad? Suppose we lock him up, sir?"

"A significant way of showing defiance."

"Please put him under guard, then; and the turkeys, too, Mr. Scrivener."

Less than twenty-four hours had elapsed, when a private conference of the two gentlemen was interrupted by a soldier, who announced another embassy from Powhattan, and at the same moment introduced the ill-visaged and deformed Rawhunt and the beautiful Pocahontas. The maiden entered in her usual quiet and confiding way, coaxing along a little cosset deer which seemed shy of entering so strange a place.

"I have brought you a friend of mine, Captain Smith," said she, frankly extending one hand while she patted her pet with the other. "See how tame she is. There! she nibbles out of my hand, — see!" looking up in his face. "You may call her Pocahontas."

Captain Smith had a gloomy and care-worn brow before she entered, and so had Scrivener. But every shadow disappeared when they saw this light-hearted and artless child.

"Thank you," said Smith, taking her by the hand. "But there is only *one* Pocahontas."

"Only one *real* one. But you could *call* this one Pocahontas, in play you know; and that would make you think of the real one — away."

"You would like to have me call it so?"

"Yes."

"Then I will, to please you; but I can think of you without."

"O, I know you could; but then not so often. Now, when I go out in the evening, and look up through the trees and see the stars, I think of you, when I should n't perhaps if it were not for the stars."

"But the stars, — how do they make you think of me?"

"Why, when I see them, how can I help thinking of Captain Smith's God, who put them there? And do you suppose I don't think of Captain Smith then? Now, if you say to this little creature, 'Pocahontas!' and she looks up in your face, — there! see her, see her now, Captain Smith! — then do you suppose you won't think of the other Pocahontas? Besides —"

"Captain Smith," interrupted Rawhunt, with an impatient gesture, "that deer is a present to you from Powhattan. I know not why his daughter —"

Smith's ungracious look interrupted and somewhat disconcerted Rawhunt, but not so much as the look of the maiden. The bright light of her countenance and the unstudied ease of her attitude were gone. The child stood up an offended princess; the warrior shrunk to a culprit. She said nothing, but the amazement and rebuke expressed in her large, dark eye and erect form were enough. Rawhunt, by the slightest sign, indicated a sense of his fault, and it received no further notice.

"Besides," resumed Pocahontas, as though she had not been interrupted, "the little creature will remind

you of Powhattan, for he sent it and me to you as signs of his love; and my men here have brought you a store of bread also from him. Accept all in kindness, and believe me," she added, earnestly, "my father is your friend. Those who have stolen your weapons he will punish."

"The little daughter of Powhattan is a peacemaker," said Smith, turning to Scrivener.

"He who made the stars," he replied, addressing the maiden, with a look of intense interest, — "He who made the stars said, 'Happy are the peacemakers!'"

"Happy! yes, Pocahontas *will* be happy if she make peace. Captain Smith's God said true. Powhattan's men have done wrong; but he asks that you would let them go free."

Smith gravely shook his head.

Pocahontas turned to Scrivener, as if asking his intercession; for she knew that he was Smith's friend, and that both were the chief men of the English. But Scrivener held his peace. After a moment's pause, Pocahontas gently laid her hand upon Smith's arm, and looked earnestly in his eye, saying: "Have you not told me that what your God says is good?"

"Yes."

"And that we should mind him?"

"Yes."

"You told me something — what was it? — that He says we must say about wicked folks. It was — it was — I don't think now; but it was in Our Father."

Smith was a little disturbed; but he readily and gravely replied: "It is not because your father's sub-

jects have trespassed against *me* that I do not forgive them, but because they do wrong to my brothers the English."

"Yes, forgive, — that is it. I thought — I thought we ought to forgive those who do wrong. But Pocahontas will learn. Rawhunt! speak your message."

"Powhattan bids me say," said the warrior, "that the wrongs which have been done to your people have not been done at his bidding, but by the orders of some of his captains who are unruly. He asks that you would therefore excuse him for the injuries, and let his subjects go, who did but obey their chiefs. Powhattan would not send to you the child whom he most loves, did he not love you. Let his men go free, and he will always love."

"Yes, he will," interposed Pocahontas. "But you will send him the English boy again, — will you not? Powhattan loves him *very* much," — and her eyes moistened as she looked up.

"Powhattan is a — It is too late for Powhattan to think of —"

Captain Smith spoke in an excited tone; but as he saw those tearful eyes, he checked himself, hesitated, stopped, and then recommenced, saying calmly: "Mr. Scrivener, we can think of this matter; and Powhattan's *daughter* shall be gratified, if it can be."

"The chief Opechancanough!" said a soldier, entering the room.

The stately king of Pamunkey advanced with great respect, and entered his plea; assuring the two gentlemen of his sincere friendship, and utterly disavowing all connivance with the injuries done to the English. He added, that some of the prisoners were

his friends and subjects, and earnestly entreated their liberty.

"The request of Opechancanough is heard," said Smith, coldly; and adding, with marked significance, "it will not be forgotten."

When the chief had gone, Captain Smith took "the king's dearest daughter" by the hand, and signing to Scrivener and "the most trustie messenger Rawhunt," he walked silently into the esplanade of the fort, where he gave orders that the prisoners should be conducted under guard to meet him and his company in the little church. This done, a prayer was offered, — for what particular purpose does not appear. Captain Smith then addressed those who were present, saying: —

"These men, the subjects of Powhattan, are my prisoners. I seized them only because they were trying to seize me, and, probably, to take my life. They deserve punishment, perhaps death. Yet not a hair of their heads have I hurt. They are in my power. I can easily have them killed, that they trouble me no more. But I spare them. I let them go home to their wives and children.

"It is not," turning to the prisoners, "because I fear to take your lives. It is not because you do not deserve flogging, or hanging, or both. It is not because the king of Pamunkey has desired me to let you go, nor because Powhattan has desired it, but because the dear daughter of Powhattan has desired it. I give you to her. I owe Powhattan nothing. I owe Opechancanough nothing. I owe to Pocahontas my life.

"How can I refuse you," dropping his stern tone

for one of manly tenderness as he took the hand of Pocahontas, — "how can I refuse the preserver of my life? Take them, my child. They are yours. You can give them to Powhattan if you choose, but I give them only to you. When your father's subjects cease to molest us, they will find that they have no better friend than Captain Smith."

The little maid looked her gratitude and thanks as he spoke, and followed, with a step expressive of childlike joy, as he led her through the door of the church to the gate of the fort. Here the bows, arrows, and other effects of the prisoners, were restored to them; and they themselves were formally delivered, with other suitable gifts, to "the king's dearest daughter," who led them, with a happy face and a bounding heart, to Werowocomoco.

Scrivener alluded to Smith's unfinished invective against Powhattan, with which he had begun to reply to Rawhunt's address.

"For my life," was his answer, "I would not be the one needlessly to expose a father's dishonor to a trustful and loving child. The man who could wantonly do it would deserve eternal execration. The child does not yet suspect her father's treachery and lies; and when the veil is torn away from the eyes of a creature so pure-minded and noble-hearted as she, God forbid that mine should be the hand to do it."

The internal affairs of the colony demanded vigilance and correction no less than their external. The Indian offenders had no sooner been dismissed, than it became necessary to discipline the faction of Radcliffe and Martin. These unprincipled men, like the former President, Wingfield, had indulged their own palates

at the expense of the workingmen and invalids of the colony. They had put lock and key upon the public stores, serving their own tables bountifully, and dealing out to the sick and hungry their daily sustenance only in return for so much value received. Such was their infamous conduct before the arrival of Nelson, and such it continued to be. The evil had become intolerable. Smith and Scrivener now took vigorous measures against it, and did not rest until they had wrenched the keys of the public stock from these rapacious and shameless men, and forced them to their own proper proportion and quality of food.

Thus there were the planting of corn, the rebuilding of their hamlet, the discipline of the Indians, the enforcement of common decency and common honesty upon Radcliffe, and the reloading of the Phoenix, all upon the hands of Smith and Scrivener at once. These things accomplished, Smith embarked, with fifteen men, in a barge of between two and three tons burden, to explore "the Mother of Waters," the Chesapeake. He dropped down the river in company with the Phoenix, which sailed on the 2d day of June, 1608.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CORONATION.—GENTLEMEN AT WORK.

THERE was always trouble in Jamestown when John Smith was away. He found it so when he returned on the 21st of July. All those who had been left by Nelson were sick; and sick and well were full of wrath against the President, and ready for mutiny. He had again seized upon the public stores, again embezzled and wasted them in riotous indulgence; had been guilty of cruelty in his administration; and had tasked the colonists in building a house for his personal comfort, in the woods, where he might live undisturbed by the sufferings and complaints of others. The hearts of the colonists revived at the appearance of Smith; and the violence of their rage was so far subdued by the supplies which he brought, and by his personal influence, that they were content with having Radcliffe merely deposed from office. But upon this they clamorously insisted; and also that Smith should be instated in his place, for he was the only man among them who could keep the settlement in order. He was bent upon further exploration; and again left for that purpose on the 24th, appointing Mr. Scrivener as his deputy during his absence, which was protracted until the 7th of September.

During these two excursions, the whole of the Chesapeake Bay had been explored, on either shore,

to the mouth of the Susquehannah; the principal rivers, the Poconoke, the Patuxent, the Patapsco, the Rappahannock, the Piankatunk, the Elizabeth, and the Nansemond, had been penetrated as far as circumstances would allow; intercourse had been opened with various tribes; provisions had been purchased, or procured as amends for unprovoked hostilities; dangerous storms on the water, intense heat, and sickness had been encountered; a weary, disheartened, refractory crew had been soothed, encouraged, restrained, and stimulated; many privations and sufferings had been endured; an excellent map—still in existence—of the entire Chesapeake Bay had been constructed; more than three thousand miles had been traversed; and three months of time and toil had been expended. One man had died, and was buried on the shores of the Rappahannock. While at the mouth of this river, Captain Smith was struck on the wrist by the poisonous thorn of a fish called the stingray. Within four hours he was in a condition hopeless of life. He selected the spot for his own burial, and at his order his grave was dug by his men. But the application of an oil, and the probing of the wound, by Dr. Russell, one of the party, effected a sudden recovery. Smith ate of the fish for supper. The place where this occurred is to this day called Stingray Point, in commemoration of the event.

Wherever Captain Smith was in command, God was recognized and acknowledged. By daily religious services, he kept alive in his own mind, and in the minds of his men, a sense of dependence upon Divine protection, and of obligation for Divine mercies. Thus, throughout this whole tour of exploration,

wherever the wanderers sought their natural rest, they joined in the social worship of God. The silence of the wilderness was broken by the voice of their prayer, and the gloom of the forest by their hymn of praise. The wild men gathered around them, and listened with reverence; for, though they did not understand the words, they could comprehend the act, of devotion; and they caught its spirit too, and sometimes responded to the Christian's song by such solemn chants as they had learned in the great temple of Nature.

There were many, just recovering from sickness, who crept feebly from their doors to welcome Smith at his return; many who could only give him a feverish hand and a languid smile as he stood by their bedsides; and many, who had bidden him God-speed when he went away, gave him no greeting now, for they lay unconscious and mute in their graves.

Arrangements had been made at Smith's last departure for none but necessary labor in the colony during the heat of summer; consequently nothing of importance had been effected except the gathering of the crop, under the direction of Mr. Scrivener. Radcliffe, however, had found his private station and his vulgar rations so irksome, that he had endeavored to raise a mutiny; in consequence of which he was now still farther reduced, to the quarters and fare of a prison.

Smith assumed the duties of his office as President on the 10th of the month, the third day after his return. He acted with his habitual vigor, erecting new buildings which were needed, repairing the old, strengthening and altering the fort, and regularly drill-

ing in military exercises all who were not incapacitated by sickness.

Captain Newport now arrived, bringing a recruit to the colony of seventy persons; two of whom were Englishwomen, — Mrs. Forrest, and Anne Burras, her maid. Two others were “ancient souldiers and valiant gentlemen, but yet ignorant of the businis,” — Captain Richard Waldo and Captain Wynne. They were appointed, and duly sworn in, as members of the Council.

But Captain Newport also brought some silly things from the Council in England, who fancied themselves — under the advices of the very man who had loaded their ship with worthless dirt — competent to judge of all the wants, the resources, the capabilities, and the geography of an infant settlement in a boundless wilderness three thousand miles away. First, there were a party of Germans and Poles, sent to manufacture pitch, tar, potash, and glass, in a community where one farmer would have been worth them all, and where every hand and muscle was needed to supply subsistence. Second, there was a barge, constructed in five parts, in which the colonists were ordered to proceed as far as possible up some river flowing into the Atlantic; thence to carry it piecemeal on their shoulders over the mountains, there put it together, get into it, and just float down the westerly flowing streams into the Pacific! Third, there were a basin, a ewer, a bed, a bedstead, a chair of state, a suit of scarlet clothes, a cloak, and a *crown*, for Powhattan! Fourth, there was a special commission in Newport's pocket, authorizing him to act, in certain cases, independently of the Council, and requiring him to bring

back either some certain information of the Pacific Ocean, or a lump of gold, or some one of the lost colony sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, twenty-one years before!\*

Notwithstanding all the common-sense arguments which Smith urged against these preposterous schemes, the Council resolved to prosecute them. Indeed, common sense had had very little to do with the whole colonial enterprise from its beginning. An insane passion for sudden wealth shaped the entire policy of the Company. When, however, the projects which Smith's judgment condemned and his soul loathed, as detrimental to the vital interests of the colony, were once determined upon, he did all in his power to forward their prosecution.

The proud and wary Powhattan would not go to Jamestown to receive a crown, — not he! — the crown might come to him! Being himself a king, he would not fail in kingly courtesy to a peer. He would therefore wait eight days at Werowocomoco to receive that which, as he was told, James of England had sent him. Newport, therefore, went, — Mahomet to the mountain, — and Powhattan was crowned! The ceremony, too silly to be even laughable, does not deserve recital. It had two evil results, however, both of which Smith foresaw, and the latter of which he predicted, — it gratified the vanity of Newport, as

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\* A colony of a hundred persons had been left on the island of Roanoke, by Captain White, under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587, and were never heard of afterwards. One of their number, Eleanor Dare, “gave birth to a female child, the first offspring of English parents on the soil of the United States. The infant was named, from the place of its birth, VIRGINIA Dare.”



master of ceremonies, and inflated Powhattan with the idea that he was of great consequence in the estimation of the English.

Newport now went to find corn, gold, Raleigh's colonists, and the Pacific! He took a hundred and twenty men, a pinnace, and all the boats but one, which, with eighty or ninety men, he left with Smith to serve the fort and load the vessel. He went "thirtie myles" above the Falls. Thence, three whole days of land travel, and yet found no corn, no gold, no Englishmen, and no ocean! He brought back his men, however, "halfe sicke, all complayning and tyred with toyle, famine, and discontent." This also agreed with what Smith had predicted.

Close upon the river's bank, about five miles below the settlement, the forest was ringing with the sounds of cheerful industry. The Anglo-Saxon, with his indomitable enterprise, was there, humbling the princes of the woods. Huge pines which had stood, and towered toward heaven, and buffeted tempests, and given shelter to the eagle and her young, long, long before he was born, had confessed his power, and fallen crownless at his feet. The work was yet in progress. A dozen axes were chipping asunder trees still standing, while others were lopping the branches of the fallen. Thirty Englishmen were scattered here and there in groups; some of them lustily at work,—some of them lolling wearily upon the ground; some of them hardy, muscular men, accustomed to toil,—many of them evidently more familiar with the drawing-room and boudoir, than with the rough life of the wilderness. Near the water was a conical

structure of boughs laid densely one over another, the extremity of each pointing downwards, and giving shelter to various implements of labor. There were long two-handled saws, and huge mallets, and iron wedges, adzes, drawing-knives, &c., besides muskets and pistols and swords, two kettles, a gridiron, and other cooking utensils. Near this wigwam a moderate fire was burning upon the ground, high over which was a stout horizontal pole, supported at either end by forked stakes, with a chain dangling from its centre. A young man sat against a tree within some twenty feet of the fire, his hands wrapped in bandages, and intent upon the motions of a companion, who was artistically feeling the edge of a large knife, his shirt-sleeves rolled to his shoulder, and his arms stained with blood. The latter had certainly a very savage and murderous appearance, yet he was a very harmless fellow.

"You 'll do," said he, as he touched the edge for the last time with his thumb; and, whistling a brisk march, he advanced to the carcass of a deer which hung from a neighboring tree, and cut from it several large slices of flesh with evident satisfaction.

"That was a lucky shot of yours, Stimpson!" said the young man upon the ground. "It spares you, the while, from swinging the axe."

"Are n't yer a graceless fellow, Mr. Russel," said the other, pausing from his employment; "thinkin' o' nothin' but restin' and eatin'!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Russel, "how can you tell what a man thinks of before he tells you himself?"

"By his looks and actions. There y' ve set all the time I've been a takin' off this skin, a doin' nothin'

under the sun but jest lookin' at yer hands and this ere deer. If that is n't as much as to *say* that yer thinkin' o' restin' and eatin', I should like to know?"

"Well, I was."

"There, now, war n't I right?"

"No: you said I was thinking of *nothing else*."

"An' I 'm a thinkin', Mr. Russel, that, instead o' scowlin' over yer blisters, yer oughter look bright and smart for feelin' that yer gettin' to be somethin' of a man. La! if I did n't see yer behind a tree three days gone a cryin'. And I 've seen yer sence a laughin' with yer axe a goin' when I knowed yer hands was a blister."

"I *don't* scowl over my blisters, Stimpson," exclaimed Russel with energy, and starting to his feet. "It was rather tough at first, but I glory in it now. By George! the Captain *has* made a man of me. Damn the rags!" said he, tearing the bandages from his hands; "I'll do no more nursing."

"Take care what yer say, Mr. Russel! Two bad words in one sentence; two cans of water for yer to-night!"

"By Geo—"

"Hist—st—st—"

"Well, then; with all solemnity and propriety of speech, let me say, that this way of keeping a man from swearing is the funniest that ever entered man's head. A punishment, and a d— a confounded disagreeable punishment too, and yet makes a man laugh. Captain Smith is a genius, an original, a none-such, decidedly. Think of his making a wood-chopper of me! and really making me like it too! And of all things in this world, curing a man of swearing!

St. James said you can guide a ship with a rudder, and a horse with a bit, but that no man can tame the tongue; but then that was before Captain Smith was born. Good by, Stimpson. Get me a good supper, man, for I 'm going to fell that tree."

So saying, the young man walked up to where Captain Smith was briskly at work upon one side of a large tree, with a young "gentleman" who was peeking awkwardly but good-naturedly with *his* axe upon the opposite side. Smith was cheering his partner with some considerate words of encouragement, as young Russel drew near and stood eying the progress of the work. Smith soon suspended his blows, and, turning about, said in a cheerful voice, "Well, Russel! tired out?"

"No, sir," said the young man with a smile. "I have been resting a little while, and now I have come to ask for work."

"That 's right, — that 's right, my man. But there 's work enough; no need of asking, surely!"

"No, sir. But we have been here nearly a week, and there is one thing which I have not yet done, but should like to do it, sir, if you please."

"Ah! what is it?"

"I have never felled a tree."

"And you would like to fell this, my man? That you shall, indeed, and with all my heart," putting the axe into the young man's hand, with a look of gratification and approval which went to Russel's heart. "There is something in the sensation with which one brings down — But try it, try it, Russel: I cannot tell the thing in words."

Russel gratefully took the axe, though it required a

minute or two before he could adjust his sore and stiffened hands to the helve. Smith said a word commending his resoluteness, when he swung his tool with considerable skill and much energy into the scarp which Smith had made. The tree required some fifteen minutes more of cutting, and Russel persisted manfully until arrested by Smith. "Hold!" said he. "Beadle, stand aside now; let Russel finish it. Take the other side, Russel. This side is cut much beyond the centre; of course the tree will fall this way. When it *does* fall, take yourself aside a rod or two, lest it should get foul upon the stump and strike you. Cut away!"

The huge trunk now began to quiver perceptibly under the strokes of the axeman, — more, — more, — more. And now it swayed and leaned. Under the next stroke, the strong fibre of the wood cracked, — but a little, though. At the next, it shivered into splinters across the whole face, and the tall trunk lay slowly and reluctantly over a little way, but stopped, as if determined not to yield. The young woodsman sprang from his position. Smith glanced upward, and saw the long limbs of the tree clinging to the arms of a neighbor for support. "Give it a little more top-weight, Russel. A few chips out, and it is done."

The young man had hardly resumed his strokes, when the monster yielded with a groan which was heard far away, sunk faster and faster, tearing and crashing through the surrounding trees, till it fell with a thundering roar, and the ground quaked under the shock. Russel had traced the majestic descent of its proud head to the ground with awe; and when the

echo of its fall had subsided, he still stood, his axe poised, his eye fixed upon the prostrate giant which he had laid low, motionless and silent.

"Well done, Russel!" exclaimed the President; "you have brought down one of the largest. How do you feel about it? Proud?"

"Feel?" exclaimed the young man, looking up as if waked from a trance. "Less than the least of all things!" and he dropped his axe. There was strong emotion in his face, and his lip paled and quivered as he continued, in a husky voice: "Captain Smith, I never, never felt *so little* as at this moment. What power, what pride, what centuries, are there! When it was toppling and falling, it gave me such an idea of strength and ruin, that I seem to myself nothing."

"Young man!" replied Smith, with impressive seriousness, "you have learned a lesson. You feel as I thought you would. But mark the difference. *There* is bulk; *here*" — laying his hand upon Russel's head — "is intellect. *There* is physical might; but it is laid low by the mightier and immortal mind which *you are*. Let no spoiler bring *you* low."

Although the sun was yet an hour above the horizon, the approach of evening was already perceptible beneath the shade of a primeval forest. The signal was now given to cease from labor, and the men left their various stations for the hut of boughs which has been mentioned. Some carried the garments which they had laid aside; some, the tools with which they had been employed, and which they now carefully deposited in their proper place. Then came the business of washing, which they had discovered was a great refreshment and a luxury. Their garments were

resumed, and they gathered near the fire, a talkative, cheerful, hearty set, resting with right good-will from their toil, and waiting with the workingman's appetite for supper. They dropped themselves upon the ground in groups, or alone, as chance or caprice directed. Some were joking of the odd mischances and blunders of the day; some, gravely estimating the amount of clapboards already wrought out; and some of the few solitary ones solacing themselves with an English song. This continued until Stimpson, who appeared to act in the double capacity of cook and waiter, approached Captain Smith with washen face and hands, and presented him with the Book of Prayer.

Every one now rose and stood uncovered, while the President read a short portion of Scripture, and all bowed the knee and made the responses as he recited the evening prayer for the day. A hymn was then sung, in which nearly every voice joined, and whose cheering inspiration every one seemed to feel. Then followed the evening meal, consisting of the venison which Stimpson had chanced to bring down that morning, and the new maize of the season, boiled in the unbroken kernel, previously divested of its transparent cuticle by soaking in a weak ley. The meal was served in most rustic style, but devoured with the keenest relish. The brisk conversation with which the repast was enlivened gradually subsided; and when at length every appetite was appeased, it ceased altogether, and the attention of every one was turned to Captain Smith, who held in his hand a paper. At the same time Stimpson placed near him a bucket of clear, cold water fresh from a neighboring spring.

The President cast his eyes gravely around the circle.

"There is no necessity of my reading the names upon this paper," he said: "the delinquents, I perceive, designate themselves."

Twenty-eight heads turned quickly to survey their fellows. Two were bent towards the ground in slight confusion.

"I am glad that it is so," continued Captain Smith; "glad and thankful that men now blush for an offence against God in which no *true* gentleman will allow himself; men, too, who a week ago would have resented a rebuke for their fault. I thank all of you who are here to-night chargeless of profanity during the day, for the self-control which you have so soon acquired. The expedient to which I have resorted for your improvement has served, as it was intended, rather as a reminder than as a punishment. I take to myself no credit, therefore, for your purer habits of speech. The victory — and it is really one — has been your own; and again I thank you heartily. — Peperell! Russel!"

The two men thus called took their station by the side of Stimpson.

"Take your turn, Peperell!" said the President.

Peperell elevated his arm, while Stimpson dipped a can about the measure of a quart into the cool water of the bucket, saying to the President, "How many, sir?"

"Five; I am sorry to say it," said Smith, as he looked upon the record in his hand. "The last five, or rather the five last, I hope."

Stimpson raised his dripping can as high in the

air as he could reach, while with the other hand he opened the ample sleeve of the culprit. Slowly and steadily he poured in the cold stream, which, flowing down to the shoulder, dispersed itself thence, and appeared trickling from different vents below. The man did not seem much moved by the application, though his countenance indicated a wholesome degree of mortification. But under the second he cringed; and when the third, and fourth, and fifth followed in rapid succession, his contortions and grimaces, although he resolutely held his arm in position, had become so ludicrous, that the whole company were in an uproar.

"I'll be d— I *hope*, Captain Smith," said he, rubbing his drenched arm, and with a slight chattering of his teeth, — "I hope, sir, that this *will* be the last. I'll try, sir, by — I mean, I'll try hard, sir."

"I see you must try *hard*, Peperell; the dirty words seem to grow on your tongue. But you can keep them back, and you *will*; I *know* you will, my man. You will master yourself. — Russel!"

Poor Russel! Captain Smith's last words beside the tree had impressed him deeply; and he had fallen into so serious and thoughtful a mood, that the ordeal was peculiarly trying. He received, however, but two cans of water, for the two oaths charged to his account.

The routine of the day was now over. Sentries were posted for the night. The men wrapped themselves in cloaks or blankets, lay down in the open air upon their pallets of tender and fragrant pine boughs, with their muskets by their sides, and were soon in profound sleep.

Such was Captain Smith's fashion of employing

time and strength, instead of crowning savages, and ransacking a strange and trackless wilderness for lost men, gold, and the antipodes. In this his good sense is not more noticeable, than his skill and success in managing the crude, lawless, and hair-brained thirty whom he took from the fort to make clapboards in the woods. Many of them were "younger sons," effeminate, utter strangers to manual labor and to discipline. But Smith — tempering the authority of the magistrate with the suavity of the gentleman, and with the spirit and style of a fellow-laborer, swinging the axe himself, and good-naturedly stimulating the tender-handed — had contrived to invest the hard labor of the forest with an air of romance which caught the fancy of all; and in a few days he had brought his gentlemen to be efficient, and even merry-hearted workmen. Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable in this young father of Virginia than this, — *his* familiarity did *not* breed contempt. He mingled with his men in the woods as a friend; he chatted and joked with them as a fellow; yet all felt his intellectual and moral ascendancy, — all deferred to him as a magistrate. His original device against profaneness — a most singular combination of fun and punishment, of good-nature and grave authority — wrought like a charm upon men who would have been unmoved by homilies, and none the better for flogging or the bilboes.

Returning to the fort, Captain Smith found it necessary immediately to procure food. For this purpose, he went up the Chickahominy with two barges. But the Indians were now in no humor for trade. Being thus compelled to work upon their fears, he told

them that he had an old score to settle with them, — his own capture, and the murder of Robinson and Emry. This intimation, backed by men and muskets, brought them to terms, and they freighted both barges with provisions.

When the question of prosecuting the schemes of Newport and the Company was before the Council, Newport pledged himself to obtain twenty tons of corn on his tour of discovery, and as much also from Powhattan in return for his coronation. Smith had expressed doubts that these expectations would be realized. On his tour, as has been stated, Newport obtained nothing; from Powhattan he received fourteen bushels! These failures, in addition to that which took place when Newport was first overreached in trade by Powhattan, only demonstrated, at Newport's cost, the wisdom and sagacity of Smith, who now again appeared before Jamestown with supplies, which all needed and welcomed, but which no one else could obtain. All these occurrences so wrought upon Newport's spleen, that he plotted with Radcliffe, who of course owed Smith a grudge, to depose him from the Presidency, and even to exclude him from the fort, upon the bald pretence that he had left it without leave from the Council. But they had wrongly measured both themselves and him. The meshes of their toils were spiders' webs. In the words of the original narrative, "their hornes were much too short." Smith was too strong in his own manliness, and too strong in the esteem and affection of most of the colonists, for such feeble-minded envy to contend with. He was full of indignation at this attempt, and was about to send the ship home without Newport, that

he might know, by the experience of a year, the hardships and privations of colonial life. But Newport made suitable apology, and Smith was appeased, and forgave.

It is hardly possible for us to award to Smith that meed of respect and admiration which is his due, because it is hardly possible for us to estimate the variety and weight of burdens which none could shoulder but himself, the hinderances which beset him, the enmity and rascality which balked his best endeavors. One thing is certain, however, — he never flagged under the most harassing annoyances. In addition to other difficulties, he was now contending against secret villany, which greatly hindered the mercantile prosperity of the Company. Newport and his sailors traded on their own account, through their private factors or accomplices in the settlement. These pilfered the tools, the powder, the shot, the pike-heads, and other vendible effects belonging to the Company, which they secretly exchanged "with the salvages for fures, baskets, *mussanaks*, young beasts, or such like"; and these commodities they again "exchanged with the saylers for butter, cheese, beefe, porke, *aqua vitæ*, beere," and other ship-stores of the Company, and which "they would fain was all sent them by their friends" in England. Thus, "though the Company got no furs from Virginia, yet the master [Newport] got so many by this indirect meanes as he confessed to have sold in England for thirty pounds." To such an extent was this speculation carried, "that, within six or seaven weakes, of two or three hundred axes, chisels, hows [hoes], and pickaxes, scarce twentie could be found." Thus the

Company received no returns, save the avails of Smith's honest and indefatigable toil, and were at the same time freely swindled by their own servants. So completely was the ship stripped of her stores by this abominable traffic, that Smith, out of his meagre supplies, was obliged to furnish three hogsheads of corn to victual her homeward. The Company had reason to complain; but they complained only of their faithful servant. Yet he would not desert their service, though he manfully and keenly retorted their complaints.\*

It was a relief when Newport was gone, although there were two hundred colonists to be fed, — eighty-nine of whom were lame and sick in consequence of his journey of discovery, — and they were reduced, after victualling the ship, to a pint of corn a day to a man. In addition to this, the new-comers were nearly all mere consumers, — fifty-six of the seventy being gentlemen, tradesmen, glass and potash makers, boys and women. Captain Smith sent home with Newport the late President, Radcliffe, "a poore counterfeited imposture now called Sicklemore, least the company [at Jamestown] should cut his throat."

The slender harvest of the colonists had been seriously injured by imperfect shelter, and the favorable time for purchasing the newly gathered harvest of the Indians had been squandered by the moonshine adventures of Newport. In addition, it was evident that the Indians were unwilling to supply their wants. Under these circumstances, Captain Smith was seri-

\* Smith's letter to the Council in England is contained entire in Simms, and an abstract of it may be found in Hillard.

ously apprehensive of famine, and now devoted his whole energies to avert it. He went upon repeated excursions to purchase corn. They were successful only to a limited degree; and only by resorting to threats, and even to some violence, after persuasion had been tried in vain. Powhattan had issued positive orders to his subjects not to sell their corn to the English. Winter had set in. The ground was frozen hard, and covered with snow. Yet Smith and the men who accompanied him were obliged to sleep in the open woods. To keep themselves alive, they would clear away the snow, build a generous fire upon the spot, remove the embers, and thus provide a warm bed for a while. When the ground grew cold, they would wake up, make another fire, and have a warm bed again. Thus did they make shift for many a cold night; yet they "were always in health, lusty, and fat." Notwithstanding hardships and ill success, Smith was not discouraged; but he resolved, through the necessity of the case, upon another and bold expedient.

About this time occurred the first English marriage in Virginia, — John Laydon with Anne Burras.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ANGEL BY NIGHT.—SINGLE COMBATS.—PEACE.—ANARCHY.

IN one of the most spacious huts of the royal village of Werowocomoco, and but a short distance from the bank of the river, a party of nineteen Englishmen were gathered around a generous fire on the morning of the 14th day of January, 1609. They had just partaken of a bounteous breakfast of venison, turkeys, and maize, which Powhattan had provided with his usual liberality. The ground was covered with snow, and the ice extended nearly half a mile into the river, at less than musket-shot from which point lay the English pinnace and two barges, having on board twenty-eight men, in plain sight from the door of the hut. The snow-clad pine-tops had glistened but a little while under the rays of the sun, when the English finished their meal. They were all stout men, and stout-hearted too; or they would not have volunteered as they had done to enter the lion's den, knowing that he thirsted for their blood. They all seemed in good spirits, except three or four drowsy ones who had kept the night-watch. It is almost needless to say that the whole party were armed, and that Captain Smith was one of their number.

They had arrived on the 12th. The next day had

been consumed in an unavailing talk between Smith and Powhattan, which consisted chiefly of reproaches on the part of the chief that his "friend" should have come with an armed retinue, and on the part of the other that *his* "friend" produced no corn, after having invited him thither under promise of a boat-load. Just before receiving the invitation, Smith had determined upon the excursion for the purpose of attempting the capture of Powhattan, as the only means of procuring food for the colony, and as a security for his own life. Powhattan had sent the invitation expressly for the purpose of compassing his death; and of this Smith, in addition to what he knew before of Powhattan's general hostility and designs, had received positive information just after leaving Jamestown. The chief also had received positive information of Smith's purpose, through some traitorous Germans whom he had sent to build a house which his Indian "friend" had requested. Thus singularly were they situated, each knowing the hostile intent of the other, each supposing his own intent unknown, and each adopting the speech and courtesies of friends.

"It is useless," said Smith, as his men gathered closer to the fire, "to dally longer with this suspicious old chief. We must do our best to seize him to-day, if we would save our people from starvation and ourselves from massacre."

"We only await your orders, sir," said John Russell. "Have you any plan of proceeding?"

"I see no chance for stratagem. Powhattan is too much upon his guard. He will soon be here for another talk. You only must remain with me, Mr.



Russel. The rest of you will now retire, and act under the directions of Sergeant Pising. You, Sergeant, will station your men according to your discretion, only at such a distance from the house as not to excite fear. In the course of an hour, set some of the Indians to breaking the ice, and signal to Lieutenant Percy to work the boats ashore. Then advance with all who can be spared, surround the hut, and we will take Powhattan away by force. In the mean time, I shall engage him in conversation."

With the exception of Russel, the men now left, and soon after Powhattan made his appearance; the two foes saluting each other with all show of confidence and good-will. The chief was accompanied by the "two handsome young women" who, for the time, enjoyed the honor of sitting by his side upon occasions of state. The conference of yesterday was soon resumed. Powhattan was strenuous on two points; first, that he should have swords in exchange for corn; second, that Smith should send all his arms on board the boats. It was only his own and his peoples' dread of English weapons which deterred him from attempting the life of his "friend" at any moment; reasoning, as he justly did, that the vitality of the colony was centred in Smith. The latter affirmed that he had no swords to spare, and that the carrying of arms was as much a matter of course with his men, as with the Indians when they visited Jamestown. Powhattan urged that he could not persuade his people to bring corn, they were so afraid of guns, and insisted that the presence of armed men was a very dishonorable reflection upon his royal friendship.

"Only get your guns and swords out of the way," said he, "and you shall have plenty of corn."

"You might as well ask me to deprive myself and my men of our clothes," was the reply. "Besides, we never do harm with our weapons, except we receive bad usage."

"No one refuses to lie at my feet, or do what I demand, but you. I asked Captain Newport for swords, and he gave them to me. I asked him to send his guns out of sight, and he did it. And yet you, to whom I have been kinder than to any one, refuse me both!"

"Powhattan knows that I have but one God, and should also know that I have but one king. I profess to be your friend, not your subject. Captain Newport may obey your orders, if he will; but Captain Smith cannot."

"You call Captain Newport 'father,' and you call me 'father'; but I see, in spite of us both, you will do what you will."

"I do indeed call you 'father'; but the small care you have of such a child has caused me to look well to myself."

Many other words passed between the two, but all to the same effect. However, a bargain was made between them, by which Powhattan agreed to give eighty bushels of corn for a copper kettle which he greatly coveted. While this was going on, the breaking of the ice and the movement of the boats became known to Powhattan, as was also the fact that his own men were in readiness to secure and murder Captain Smith. At the same time, Smith and Russel were beguiled into conversation by the two young

beauties, left there purposely to amuse them, who became suddenly agreeable upon the comparative merits of sky-blue beads and corn. A little time had been spent in this way, when Smith found to his alarm that they four were the only occupants of the hut, Powhattan having slipped quietly away. A glance through the door revealed that they were surrounded by armed warriors, and that his own body-guard were operating near the shore for the advance of the boats. His countenance, even in its most composed state, had an unusual expression of martial severity and defiance; but at this triple discovery it underwent a change which made the wood-nymphs scud. There was but a moment for action. The two men sprang at once upon "the naked devils" without. At the first shot, the foremost tumbled in heaps, and the rest fled in a panic, so that Smith and Russel readily made their way to their companions.

After a little while there came "an ancient orator," bringing a great bracelet and a chain of pearls, which he presented to Captain Smith, saying, with an air of the greatest ingenuousness: "Powhattan sends these presents to assure you of his love. He has fled because he fears your guns, and because he knows you mean to bring more from your boats when the ice is broken. You was alarmed because his warriors surrounded your house. But you was wrong. Our werowance placed them there for the love he bears you, that they might keep the wicked ones of our people from stealing the corn which he had given you. You have hurt some of them with your guns; but Powhattan knows that the injury which comes

by mistake should not separate friends. Therefore he sends you greetings and presents, and messages of love. And now, see! the ice is broken; your boats can come to the shore. He wishes, therefore, that you would send your corn on board, and your guns too, if you desire his company."

"When Powhattan was not with me," replied Captain Smith, "I supposed that his warriors intended mischief. How can I doubt *his* love? Powhattan has the great heart of a great king, when he says that even bloody mistakes should not separate friends."

"You see," said the orator, "that our people are bringing baskets for your corn. Let your men take it to your boats. I will set a guard over their guns while they do it."

"See to your arms, men!" exclaimed Smith; and the men instantly made a movement which showed the ancient that they were ready to use them.

"When we buy corn of Powhattan," continued Smith, "*his* servants should carry it to our boats. We will guard *their* arms while they do it."

The "goodly, well-proportioned fellows, grim as devils"—so the narrative, with odd inconsistency of words, styles them—instantly took the hint, laid down their bows and arrows, and bore the corn to the boats on their shoulders.

By this time the tide had ebbed, and left the barges aground, so that Smith and his guard were persuaded to return to their quarters. The Indians were all complaisance and hospitality. They spared no pains to promote the comfort and pleasure of the English. Out of doors there were such sports as the season

permitted, and the ample building occupied by the guests was a scene of varied and unrestrained hilarity. The females joined merrily in the dance, and performed well their part to allay the jealousies and secure the confidence of the strangers. Thus passed the day.

The sun went down. The fire glowed and crackled, and gave out its cheerful light and its cheering influence, as generous winter-fires always do. Sounds of unwonted glee came from the neighboring wigwams, where the youth of both sexes were making merry; a few "well-proportioned devils" mingled with the English in frank and easy fellowship; black-eyed coquettes, with flowing tresses and furs negligently adjusted, glided around the fire, practising glances and smiles and attitudes upon their guests, while their more shy and unpractised companions huddled near the door, — some shaking the fresh snow from their moccasins, some just retreating to tell what they had seen. Every human face and sound betokened unbounded and unsuspicious friendship on the part of the Indians, and contentment on the part of the whites. But the wind whistled through the crevices of the hut, and surged dolefully through the pine and the cypress of the forest. Neither moon nor stars were to be seen, for the sky was overspread with clouds. It was a dark, dark night, — as dark as it can be when the ground is sheeted with snow.

Captain Smith's attention was attracted to a little maiden, one of the group gathered about the entrance. She was noticeable for being so much younger than the rest, — apparently not more than six or eight

years of age, — but particularly for the earnest and meaning way in which she persistently followed Smith with her eyes wherever he moved. Perceiving this, he improved a leisure moment to beckon to her, holding in his hand a little toy as a lure. The child instantly, but timidly, approached; and, as she received the bawble, adroitly slipped into his hand a little ornament of glass, saying, "Let the white chief come to the old oak." Then, apparently engrossed with her toy, she ran back to the doorway, lingered a moment in the throng, folded her scant mantle of fur over her bosom, and disappeared. Smith held in his hand the only ornament of the kind — a simple brooch — which he had given among the savages, and knew it to be a token from Pocahontas. The token, the message, the singular manner in which each was delivered, excited his alarm. It was evident that some exigency demanded his immediate and cautious attention. The difficulty was to escape from the building unobserved. To pass by the door was out of question. Fortunately, upon one side of the hut was an aperture, about half the height of a man, serving as a window whenever occasion might require. It was now closed by matting and skins, and the glare of the fire-light was full upon it. Captain Smith immediately communicated with Russel, by whose assistance a few of his men were arranged to screen the window while he made his exit and until his return. Making his way through the darkness, with his hand upon his pistol, he soon reached an oak, remarkable for its position and age, at a little distance in the rear of the hut.

"Captain Smith!" whispered a tremulous voice;

and he could just discern a small figure gliding from behind the tree.

"Pocahontas! is it possible!"

The maiden made no reply; but, clinging to his arm in an imploring attitude, burst into tears.

"Speak, child! Tell me, are you in trouble?"

But she only clung the closer to him, trembling like a frightened bird, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"There, there, my dear one!" as he spread his short mantle upon the snow. He gently seated her upon it by his side, and, supporting her as if she had been his own child, he continued: "Take your own time to tell me; but be sure nothing shall harm you now. Poor, trembling thing! Be quiet now, if you can. You are safe, child; you are safe. Who has dared to fright you so? Dear child, you have done right to come to me. You knew I would protect you. Yes, yes, that was right"; and he wiped away her tears, as she looked up and tried in vain to speak.

So she sobbed upon his shoulder again for a minute, until she became somewhat composed, when she grasped his hand and exclaimed: "Fly, fly, Captain Smith! you *must* fly. They will kill you!"

"Me! O, it is for me, is it, — not yourself?"

"O no, no, no! not myself! They will kill *you*!"

"But who, child?"

"Powhattan!" and again she fell to weeping bitterly.

"Well, do not weep."

"Not weep! not weep!" recovering by a great effort, "when my — my — own — father sets a snare for one whom he calls 'friend'! Not weep, when he

is coming with his warriors to take your life! Would you have Pocahontas laugh at the treachery of — of — *him*? Would you have her dance when they are shaking the English hatchet over your head? Is Pocahontas a wolf?"

"Powhattan has not deceived me," replied Smith, hoping to assuage her grief. But when she pressed him, he was obliged to confess his meaning to be merely that the chief's hypocrisy had been discovered.

"But," he continued, "there is no danger. I am on my guard. Powhattan tried to kill me to-day; but I took care of myself."

"To-day! tried!" exclaimed Pocahontas.

Smith began to narrate the attempt of the morning; but she interrupted him, saying vehemently: "Enough, enough! I do not wish to know. Besides, there is no time to spare. There is a great plot against you to-night, and you must fly."

"Well, child, what is the plot? and why must I flee?"

"Oh!" said she, bitterly, and overlooking his question for the moment, "if he had only said, 'We are enemies; we will go to war'! But to say, 'My dear friend!' to say, 'I love Captain Smith!' when all the time — But you must go away quickly, — quickly!"

"But the plot, what is it?"

"O yes, the plot! Powhattan will pretty soon send you a great feast. His men will be large, strong men, and will pretend to be your loving friends; and then, when you are eating, and thinking no harm, they are to seize your guns and swords, and kill you all."

"We will take care of that."

"But," she continued, not heeding the interruption, "if they cannot, Powhattan will come with all his great warriors, and then *they* will kill. This is the plot, and I beg you to go away."

"Now that my little preserver has told me, I shall take care. Did you come from where Powhattan and his warriors are?"

"Yes. I overheard him tell them just before the sun went down; and as soon as it was dark I came."

"And have but just come?"

"A little while ago."

"You have been all this while on the way?"

"Pocahontas did run," said the child, in her simplicity, not perceiving that Smith only wished to judge of the distance.

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone. I dared not have any one."

"So far, — so cold, — so dark, — and alone!" exclaimed Smith. "Why did you not send?"

"No one would dare to come. Powhattan would kill any one who should tell you."

"But you did send some one to me," giving her the brooch.

"Yes. But she belongs here, and did not know me in the dark; nor did she know why I would see you."

"And so, because Powhattan would not kill *you*, you came yourself?"

"If he knows, he will."

"Will kill his dearest daughter?"

"Yes."

"Good God!" exclaimed Smith, in English, "bless her! O bless this child!"

"I hear you say, 'God.'"

"Yes; I asked my God to bless you."

"Did you? How kind you are! But please pray him one thing more."

"What?"

"To bless Powhattan too."

The broad, manly chest of the soldier heaved as he clasped the child in his arms, and said, with a quiver on his lip: "Pocahontas, I will! I do!"

He then expressed his sense of her heroic self-devotion, — an expression which more than repaid her, — and would have pressed upon her acceptance some few ornaments which he had; but she refused, saying that they would betray her if they should be seen, and "then she were but dead." She urged him to hasten his flight; repeating, with great emphasis, that he had no time to lose. They then exchanged farewells, and she gathered her furs around her to go. Suddenly she turned toward Smith, and, looking up earnestly in his face, said: "Will Captain Smith's God let Pocahontas pray?"

"Yes, yes!" he quickly answered, and the tears started in his eyes. "Yes, yes, Pocahontas! He says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

"Does he? Red children?"

"Yes, yes!" and he folded both her little hands in his.

"Then Pocahontas will pray him."

"Do, do, my child! He *will* hear you."

"And will *do* for me?"

"Yes."

"Then I will pray him to bless me, and you, and

Powhattan"; and she ran away by herself in the darkness, as she came.

Thus does Divine Mercy make its servants its beneficiaries. God prompted the pagan child to perform his purposes of deliverance. The service was rendered with a cheerful heart. It was her first lesson in the book of the knowledge of God. As she went on his errands to the strangers, she was on her way to the One Fold to which *she* was a stranger. They were her first steps toward the Good Shepherd, who was thus drawing her to himself; and who, before long, folded her in his arms and carried her in his bosom,—her priceless and eternal reward for childhood's labor of love.

Again invoking the blessing of God upon the heroic protectress of his life, Smith thoughtfully returned to his companions.

The facts were as Pocahontas had stated. The feast was provided, but the plan was foiled. All night long Powhattan, by means of successive spies, sought opportunity to attack the English with his whole force; but at no moment could he venture, for at no moment could he find them off their guard.

At flood tide in the morning the English departed, receiving and rendering back all the outward courtesies of friendship. They turned their boats up the river to Pamunkey, the residence of Opechancanough. The same hypocrisy and the same hostility awaited them there; for Powhattan, exasperated by his own failure, had instantly issued orders to all his subjects to kill Smith. They were received with all hospitality. Upon a day appointed for the sale and purchase of corn, Smith, with fifteen men, met Opechan-

canough at his dwelling, in presence of forty or fifty of his warriors. While the two principals were conversing, Mr. Bassel suddenly gave the startling intelligence that the house was surrounded by seven hundred armed savages. Smith's men were brave, and had volunteered upon a service which they knew to be full of danger; but at this news their hearts shrank within them. Perceiving its effect, Smith with a composed voice addressed a few words to them in English, which revived their natural courage, and they promptly signified that they were ready to obey him to the death. He then turned boldly to the chief.

"Opechancanough! you need not think that I am blind. With all your craft, you have not enough to cover a snare so cunningly that I cannot see it. Do I not know what you are about? You intend to murder me. Do it, if you can. You shall have a fair chance. You see that island. Now let each of your men around the house bring a basket of corn. For each basket I will lay down its value in copper. The copper and the corn, your men and mine, shall be the stake between us. Go now with me alone to the island. Take what weapons you please. I will strip as naked as yourself. There we will fight. The conqueror shall be owner of the goods and ruler of the men. What say you? Will you go?"

"Why should the werowance of the English think Opechancanough his enemy? It is a lie which the evil spirit has put in your heart. Why should *we* fight? I do not wish your blood, and shall not fight. I am your friend. Have I not already at the door a great present for you? I have. Come and see. Then you will have proof of my love."

He *had* a great present at the door for his guest, — two hundred arrows upon the bow-strings of archers in ambush. Of this Smith was not aware; but of the chief's murderous intention he was sufficiently certain. His resolution was instantly taken, for his blood was up. Opechancanough was much the taller and the stouter man, and his warrior attendants were ranged on either side of him. Smith ran his eye from his coronet of feathers to his beaded moccason, and again from moccason to coronet, bounded upon him like a panther, seized his tufted hair, dragged him at a stride from the midst of his body-guard, and presented a pistol at his breast. Holding back the chief's head by its scalp-lock, he looked terribly in his face for an instant, and then gave vent to his wrath: "Lie me no lies, you rascal! Come along!"

So saying, he dragged him to the door of the hut, and in that humiliating position held him in the gaze of his people. Struck with horror at such a sacrilege upon the person of their king, and with awe of the man who had dared it, they instantly threw aside their weapons.

"Pamunkeys!" exclaimed Smith, "I once made a vow to be your friend till you should force me to be your enemy. I have kept it; and because I am peaceable, you seek to kill me. But draw one drop of blood from me or my men, or steal from me a bead or a bit of copper, and I will not cease to bleed *you* so long as there is a Pamunkey vein to bleed. I am not in a Chickahominy mud-hole to-day. You have promised to load my boat with corn. Load, or I will load it with your carcasses. Still, if you prefer to trade as friends, and your king here prefers it, so

be it. In that case he shall be free; for I come neither to hurt you or him. Take your choice."

They made a discreet choice, and brought supplies with alacrity and in abundance; upon which their king was released. Yet not three hours afterwards an attempt was made upon Smith's life by fifty select warriors at once, as he was sleeping alone, overcome with fatigue. Roused by their too precipitate movement, and but half awake, "he betooke him straight to his sword and target," and, with the help of some of his careless and scattered guard, drove the assailants from his house. Opechancanough apologized, and Smith affected to be satisfied. The rest of the day was passed in all friendship, — in exchange of presents, in feasting and sports; the Indians preferring to make a virtue of necessity, rather than contend longer and hopelessly against so watchful and daring a foe.

The last flurry with the Pamunkeys was hardly over, when Captain Smith was startled by the arrival of Mr. Richard Wyffin from Jamestown. He brought a message, which he delivered to Smith privately, that the men upon whose discretion he depended for the care of the fort during his absence, and for his succor in case he should need it, were dead, and that his immediate return was necessary. No one had dared to venture upon this mission but himself, and he had undergone incessant perils on his way; having been rescued from death at Werowocomoco only by the vigilance, artifices, and large bribes of Pocahontas. Mr. Scrivener, Captain Waldo, Anthony Gosnold, a brother of the deceased navigator, and eight others, had been drowned by the swamping of



their boat in the river near the fort. Lest the knowledge of this calamity should depress his men, and thus embolden the savages to new assaults, Smith enjoined secrecy upon Wyffin, and disguised his own grief. At night, he went on board his boat with his men, and took his course immediately for Jamestown; having first sent Mr. Crashaw and Mr. Ford, with a small party, across the country. He arrived at the fort about the 1st of February, after an absence of six weeks; having purchased four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn and two hundred pounds of deer-suet.

Although much of the grain in store was ruined, by neglect, during the absence of Smith, yet it was found that, with these new supplies, they had food enough to sustain the colony until the next harvest. The whole energies of the settlers were now demanded, by their resolute President, in labors for the thrift and comfort of the community. There were some forty willing and industrious men; but the other hundred and fifty were restive and refractory. They plainly signified that both labor and discipline were unbefitting their pretensions as "gentlemen"; and that they would stoutly resist the enforcement of either. Nothing could rouse Smith's indignation more thoroughly and dangerously than conceited laziness and insubordination. He told the "gentlemen" that he had authority in their case; that, in virtue of the letters patent, the Council would enforce the law of labor equally and indiscriminately upon all not disabled by sickness; that, by the recent swamping of their boat, the Council now consisted only of Captain Wynne and himself, the President; and that no able-bodied man

among them should eat unless he performed his quota of work. Of honest labor or starvation they were free to make their election. Smith's resoluteness was known; and the "gentlemen" fell into the ranks of workmen. Six hours of labor a day was his very moderate requisition; the rest of the time the men might pass in such harmless recreations as they might choose. They were divided into companies of ten or fifteen; to each company was allotted a section of labor; and the tasks were performed, for every attempt to evade or slight them was in vain under the eye of such a master. As the result of this discipline, "in three months they had made a considerable quantity of tar, pitch, and potash; produced a sample of glass; dug a well of sweet water in the fort; built twenty houses; new-covered the church; provided nets and weirs for fishing; and built a blockhouse on the isthmus of Jamestown, in which a garrison was stationed to trade with the Indians, and which no one was allowed to pass without an order from the President. Another blockhouse was also erected and garrisoned on Hog Island; thirty or forty acres of land were dug and planted; trees were felled; and clapboards and wainscoting were manufactured."

The Dutchmen sent to build a house for Powhattan had not only revealed the plan for his capture,—a revelation of which Captain Smith himself was still unsuspecting,—but had perfected their treason by procuring, for the chief, English arms and ammunition, by teaching his men to use them, and even by plotting with him for the murder of Smith. They had a few confederates in the fort, through whom they received swords, pike-heads, guns, powder, and shot, which were stored in the armory of Powhattan.



About a mile from Jamestown, and in the deep shadows of the forest, stood a building which had been erected for experiments in the manufacture of glass. It was a convenient place of rendezvous for the Dutchmen, and their colleagues in the fort. One day, a short time after the return of the expedition from Werowocomoco and Pamunkey, there was a gathering in this building. There were thirty-five Indians there, hideously painted and fully armed. Their commander was the chief of a neighboring tribe, the Pashiphays, a remarkably tall and muscular man, a tributary to Powhattan. With them was Francis, one of the traitor Dutchmen, disguised as an Indian. There were also one Bentley, and a Swiss named Volday, both belonging to the fort, who had met Francis and his Indians by appointment. These three had just arranged with Pashiphay a plan for leading Captain Smith into an ambush; for which purpose the Indians had been lurking about the fort two or three days. We will not attempt to specify the plan, for the best of reasons, — we know not what it was. But no sooner was it arranged, than it was disarranged by the entrance of an Indian scout, who reported that Captain Smith had just left the fort with soldiers, and was coming in the direction of the building. The whole party scattered as though a bomb-shell had fallen in their midst.

Half an hour afterwards, Smith with his men approached. Having cautiously stationed them around the building, he entered the door alone. Seeing no one, he sought around for Francis, of whose arrival and treasonable friendship with Powhattan he had just received information.

"The bird has flown," said he, as he returned and called his men around him. He stood for a moment in a musing attitude, revolving what next to do.

"The fellow must have some accomplice in the fort," observed Ensign Laxon.

"To be sure!" replied the President; "some one who does the stealing for him"; — for the Dutchmen were procuring weapons for Powhattan; and that one of them was prowling about in disguise was all that Smith yet knew. "Remain here with the men, Mr. Laxon," he continued. "Conceal yourselves as much as possible, but keep your eyes and ears open. The fellow may return. If you catch the least glimpse of him, take him; alive, if you can, — but take him."

"How long, sir?"

"Till orders. You will receive them when I hear from Mr. Cuddrington"; referring to a party of twenty, — one half the number with which he had left the fort, — whom he had sent, under that bold and resolute gentleman, to watch for Francis on the path to Werowocomoco.

In the mean time, after a circuitous flight, Pashiphay had rallied his men, about forty in number, and left them in ambush less than half a mile nearer to the fort, while he went himself to reconnoitre. Fortune favored his designs. He had not gone far, when the sound of a footstep caught his ear. Instantly crouching down, he listened, and perceived, upon a repetition of the sound, that it was the step of a solitary person and a white man. This perplexed the savage for a moment; for he could not believe that, when the ill-temper of his people towards the English was so well known, any one of them would venture into

the forest unattended. But his eye brightened, and even glowed with exulting eagerness, as his second thought suggested that there was *one* white man who would dare to do it. Creeping along with the soft tread of a cat, and flitting from bush to tree in the direction whence the wanderer was approaching, he soon caught sight of a plume, which he recognized at once as Captain Smith's. A second look revealed the features and form of the very man whose life he most desired to take, striding along the trail which led to the fort, and armed only with a sword. His joy at this unexpected sight and his certainty of securing his prize were so great, that he could hardly restrain the shout of triumph which rose instinctively to his lips. With the greatest effort he checked it; and stooping down, he adjusted an arrow upon his bow, and slowly rose to his aim. The shaft was drawn to its head by one of the best marksmen and strongest arms in Powhattan's dominions. Never did archer have a fairer mark than was the breast of the unsuspecting Englishman before the weapon of Pashiphay. The life of his formidable foe was in his hands. But *his* hands were in the hand of a Mightier. The savage suddenly lowered his bow and arrow, for he thought of his men, and of the prowess of Smith. One arrow might fail, — forty were better. Stepping therefore from the coppice upon the narrow footpath, his weapon carelessly suspended in his hand, he stood in full view of Smith, but with his eyes in another direction, as if intently watching for some object concealed in the forest. Captain Smith was startled by his sudden appearance, and paused. But perceiving the abstracted attention of a chief

whom he immediately recognized, and to whom he had been under essential obligation during his captivity, he felt no alarm. Resuming his walk, therefore, he attracted the notice of the Indian, whose countenance at once lighted up with a pleasant smile of welcome; although with one hand he immediately pointed to the forest, and with the other made a sign for silence. Smith at once understood that Pashiphay was on the track of game; an opinion confirmed by the manner in which he carried his weapons. As the two silently approached each other, the Indian spoke in a whisper: "I am glad to see my friend. Let us hunt the deer together."

"I have only my sword, Pashiphay, and cannot shoot."

The chief's eye twinkled as he was reminded of what he had before joyfully noticed; but he quietly observed: "Pashiphay will shoot. Come with me this way," pointing in the direction where his men lay concealed. "I will soon lay a buck at the feet of my friend."

"Let Pashiphay kill his deer, and come to the fort. I will send men to bring the game, and will pay you copper."

"But I would have my friend see how great a shoot I can make, — very long. Pashiphay is a great hunter, and before the white werowance will bring down the deer when I can only see the tip of his horn. They have only started a little way. Come, Captain Smith, and see great shoot."

"I know that Pashiphay is a great hunter and has a sharp eye," said Smith; "but my men wait for me at the fort." And he began to resume his walk.

"The great chief of the whites is too proud to hunt with the red man; although he tried hard to save the white chief's life when he was Opechancanough's captive."

"Pashiphay did so, and I am not ungrateful. But would you have me neglect my great business? No. When I have time for sport, I will see you shoot. But now I *must* go. When you have killed, come to the fort, and you shall have good cheer."

"Hist!" whispered the Indian: "I hear the tread; they come this way. Now you can see; and Pashiphay will be proud."

Smith heard nothing; and he saw nothing but a peculiar glint in the Indian's eye. Abandoning all hope of drawing Smith in the direction of his ambush, the chief rested his arrow upon his bow-string, looked earnestly into the wood, and retreated a step or two, watching as for the appearance of game. Smith stepped in the same direction. Pashiphay no sooner perceived this, than he knew its reason; and, leaping backward, was drawing his bow upon Smith, who, quick as his foe, with one bound grappled him. The whole movement had been so rapid, that Smith had had no time to find his sword-hilt. It was now a desperate hand-to-hand contest for life: the Indian of large stature and brawny, the Englishman comparatively small, but lithe and agile. They had gripped each other by the arms; and thus they stood for a brief time, each weaponless and motionless, but reading in the other's eyes the stern purpose of death. A contest of main strength with such a foe left no reasonable hope for the white man. The Indian's first effort was to hurl him sideways upon the ground. Instead of re-

sisting the impulse, Smith followed it; and thus, by a single leap, retained his footing. An attempt to crush him was in like manner evaded; but the movement brought both to the ground. Neither of them had loosed his gripe; for neither would risk receiving, for the hope of giving, a blow. Struggling and panting, they rolled convulsively one over the other, the perpetual activity of Smith baffling every attempt of the huge savage to plant his knee upon his breast. Their violent and rapid contortions soon produced exhaustion, and they lay there without motion for a few moments, the hot breath steaming in each other's faces, while they glared upon each other with unabated rage and defiance. The respite was brief. They were again upon their knees, upon their feet; and the Indian now drew Smith by degrees toward the river. In this his weight and muscular power gave him the advantage. They were soon upon the edge of the bank, a slight but abrupt descent, with about waist-depth of water. Finding that he must go, and resolving to go on equal terms, Smith locked his leg with that of the savage, and both rolled rather than fell into the stream. Long they struggled in the water, until at length Smith's iron gripe was upon the Indian's throat. He could not force him under, but he had him at decided advantage, and improved it by feeling for his sword. After several unsuccessful efforts, he drew it from its sheath. Pashiphay now would have cried for mercy; but he was gasping for mere breath, and his tongue hung powerless from his mouth. He relaxed every muscle, laid his hands quietly upon the arm which held him, turned his eyes, already starting in their sockets, to Smith's, and said

as plainly as looks and attitude could say, "Spare me! I yield!" The point of the sword was at his breast, but it dropped. The hand was loosened from his throat. The strife was over. During the whole, not a word had been spoken. Not a word was spoken now. The powerful captive meekly obeyed the imperious signal of the victor, and walked before him to the shore, to his bow and arrow, which were appropriated as trophies, and thence to the fort, where he was chained and imprisoned. He soon escaped, however, with his irons upon him.

These attempts upon the life of Captain Smith not only illustrate his boldness, his soldierly tact, and his presence of mind, but they show the shrewdness of Powhattan in detecting the real weakness of the colonists, and in discerning in whom alone their great strength lay. They also show how completely and universally the forest monarch made his own decrees the law of his subjects; for so implicit was their obedience, that they assailed the man whom most of all they feared for his courage and skill, and whom they regarded with even superstitious awe. Although so often baffled, they continued their subtle hostilities, until the word went forth from Powhattan's mouth to cease.

Two occurrences in particular contributed to this change of policy in the savage autocrat. Very soon after Smith's adventure with Pashiphay, one of Powhattan's villagers had obtained — dishonestly, of course — a bag of gunpowder and a piece of a suit of armor. Upon his return to Werowocomoco, wishing to display to his fellows the wisdom which he had acquired, he proceeded to dry the powder upon the armor-piece

over a fire, as he had seen the soldiers do at Jamestown. Several Indians clustered around him to witness the mysterious process. The powder took fire, and blew the poor fellow, and two others, to atoms, besides terribly scorching several of the by-standers, and frightening the rest immeasurably. The appalling effect of this catastrophe upon the minds of Powhattan and his subjects can hardly be conceived. Gunpowder, instead of being coveted, became an object of the greatest dread; while Superstition and Conscience whispered in their ears that this stealing from the whites was but a hare-brained trifling with "the God of Captain Smith."

The other incident to which we refer was somewhat analogous. Three Indians, brothers, had been concerned in stealing a pistol. One of them escaped with the prize, but the other two were apprehended. One of the two was liberated, and told, that, if he did not find and return the pistol within twelve hours, the other should be hung. The weather was still cold, and Captain Smith ordered charcoal to be sent to the prisoner for his comfort. In a few hours, the other returned with the ransom for his brother's life. But upon opening his apartment, he was found apparently dead, overcome by the gas of the burning coal. Captain Smith, — who had come, with his cool common sense and practical experience, to the poor fellow's rescue — being annoyed by the upbraidings and wailings of the other, promised to restore his brother to life. Almost hopeless as the case was, means of resuscitation were vigorously used, and the man recovered.

Here were two cases of theft. Each was followed,

as the Indians believed, by death. In the first instance, Smith was not at hand, did not interfere, and the judgment of "his God" was irreparable. In the second, he did interfere, and by his superhuman power the dead was made alive again. What now could be plainer than the insanity of contending with "Captain Smith's God"? What more suicidal, than hostility with a man under such protection, and having himself such power? The superstitious awe with which Powhattan and his subjects had before regarded Smith was now revived, and became unbounded. He, and all his chiefs, and "the better sort of his people," were immediately importunate for peace. Stolen goods were voluntarily returned; the thieves themselves were sent to Jamestown to receive punishment; and whenever the colonists detected and punished any, the culprits would beg that their chiefs should not be told of their deeds, lest they should receive a second punishment at home. It soon became almost literally true, that "Captain Smith" was a name of so much weight, that no Indian "dared to wrong the colonists of a pin." He was no more troubled with thefts, plots, or treacheries; and the English could roam as carelessly and safely through the forests as the natives. So far did the latter carry their friendliness, that when the colonists, under a false apprehension, thought themselves about to be attacked by a powerful force of Spanish rovers, they "came forward with the greatest alacrity, and offered to fight side by side with the English against their enemies."

It was a timely and fortunate peace. When the spring opened, the colonists discovered, to their con-

sternation, that nearly one half their corn had been devoured by rats, and that the other half, which had been stored in casks, had rotted. In a condition so dependent, a state of hostility would have been fraught with woes alike to the Indians and to the English. But now, no sooner was this condition known abroad, than their late enemies came to their succor. They sent to Jamestown "squirrels, turkies, deer, and other wilde beasts"; Powhattan sent them nearly half his stock of corn; and the humbler Indians bade them welcome to their wigwams and to a share at their homely meals. Still, much wit and labor were necessary on the part of the English to gather food. The many lazy and profligate ones rebelled against this necessity. They demanded that the tools, the weapons, the very houses of the colony should be bartered, rather than they be tasked to sustain their own lives. They rose in wrath because Smith — upon whom, by the death of Captain Wynne, all authority had now devolved — would not let them take by force the scanty remnant of Powhattan's stores. They even conspired to abandon the colony. Once more Smith taught them that he was and would be master, seizing and signally punishing their ringleader, "one Dyer, a crafty fellow, and his ancient maligner."

"If you are idle," said he to the rest, "I will force you; if you wrangle, I will punish you; if you try to run away, I will hang you. At the hazard of my life have I many a time saved you, when you would have starved through your own laziness and shiftlessness. But now, I protest by the God that made me, you shall not only gather food for yourselves, but for

the sick also. Else you shall be banished from the fort until you either mend your manners or starve."

It was no idle threat, this threat of banishment; for the Indians, with all their generous hospitality, would not now bestow a kernel to save from starvation any one who came to their huts without the approval of Captain Smith, and the lazy fellows knew it. They called the President cruel and tyrannical, — for which he cared not a groat; but they submitted.

Thus were Smith's ingenuity, his courage, his watchfulness, toil, and even martial severity, in constant requisition to save the colony of which he was the trustee, now from the machinations of the hostile savage, and now from the malicious instigations of the Devil. It was a harassing and almost hopeless task; but he did it.

In May of this year (1609), "the London Company" changed the form of government in the colony.\* Lord Delaware was appointed Governor, or Captain-

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\* They obtained a new charter, by which they were empowered to arrange and manage their affairs without the intervention of the king. "The Supreme Council in England was now to be chosen by the stockholders themselves. The Governor in Virginia might rule the colonists with uncontrolled authority, according to the tenor of instructions and laws established by the Council; or, in want of them, according to his own good [or bad] discretion, even in cases capital and criminal, not less than civil; and in the event of mutiny or rebellion, he might declare martial law, being himself the judge of the necessity of the measure, and the executive officer in its administration. Thus the lives, liberty, and fortune of the colonists were placed at the arbitrary will of a governor who was to be appointed by a commercial corporation. As yet, not one valuable civil privilege was conceded to the emigrants." Bancroft, I. 136. They were regarded simply as a garrison stationed for the security of an estate; as servants employed for a master's profit.

General, for life; Sir Thomas Gates, Lieutenant-Governor; Sir George Somers, Admiral; and Captain Newport, Smith's avowed enemy, Vice-Admiral. In the latter part of May, nine vessels sailed from England for the colony, having on board five hundred emigrants. Lord Delaware remained at home for the present. Gates, Somers, and Newport had each a commission, authorizing the *first one* of the three who should arrive in Virginia to supersede the administration then existing there. They all embarked in the same vessel, that so neither one might arrive first. This vessel — the Sea-Venture — was parted from the rest in a gale, on the 25th of July, when near the coast of Virginia, and was stranded upon the Bermudas Islands. Another small vessel was utterly lost. The seven others, having on board about three hundred emigrants, most of them moneyless, graceless, and godless, arrived at Jamestown about the 1st of August.

Here was a dilemma, — the old charter of the Company annulled, and they in whom the government was vested under the new, tossed by the sea, no one knew where. Here was a dilemma, — three hundred new mouths to be fed, and scarce fifty pairs of hands not too genteel to work. Here was a dilemma, — three hundred more dissolute, reckless, unruly men to be governed, and no acknowledged governor; three hundred more to be governed, the authority of the only man capable of governing repudiated, himself an object of prejudice and dislike to the new-comers, and yet no one having a right to supplant him. The result was what might have been expected, — confusion, uproar, insubordi-

nation, chaos, anarchy; now one caprice dominant, now another; one governor to-day, a new governor to-morrow; a party for proceeding under the new charter, a party for proceeding under the old, a party for proceeding under nothing at all. "Happie had we beene," are Smith's words, "had they never arrived, and we forever abandoned; for on earth, for the number, was never more confusion or misery than their factions occasioned." Some of those newly arrived had common sense, and soon discovered that the tales of Smith's incapacity and tyranny which they had heard were libels. These joined with the old settlers, who knew his worth and virtues, and entreated him to assume the magistracy and save them from destruction. His own disgust and every selfish consideration prompted him otherwise; but he felt for the interests of the colony which he had nurtured and shielded from its birth, and yielded. The moment he did so, the whole community felt the presence of a strong hand. There was a struggle, to be sure; but the factious ringleaders were at once imprisoned for trial, disorders quelled, and the machinery of society was once more in motion.

In arranging the affairs of the new community, Smith made what appears to have been *the first territorial purchase* of Powhattan, — a place called by the chief's name, just below the falls of the river, — the same where his first interview with Smith and Newport occurred.

But the mission of Smith in Virginia was nearly closed. Passing down the river from his new purchase, a bag of gunpowder exploded by his side while he was asleep. He was terribly mangled; and, in

the agony and distraction of the moment, leaped into the river, from which he was rescued in a drowning state. The voyage of one hundred miles in an open boat to Jamestown was accomplished under excruciating suffering. Yet when he arrived there, "unable to stand, and neere bereft of his senses by reason of his torment," he was obliged to exercise the mental energy of a hale man, to meet the domestic exigencies of the colony.

Radcliffe — the whilom President, "the poore counterfeited imposture" whom Smith had sent home that his throat might not be cut — was among the newcomers, and the chief of all mutineers and conspirators. He was one of those whom Smith had recently imprisoned to await their trial. This miscreant and his accomplices yielded to the temptation, which his helpless condition suggested, to take the life of Smith by assassinating him in his bed. The villain selected for the murder failed. At the critical moment, he had not the courage to fire his pistol at that man. Baffled in this scheme, the conspirators aimed at usurping the government. But the sick man was yet too strong for imbecile knaves. His old soldiers, the stanch followers of his past fortunes, the comrades of his wilderness toils, were exasperated by these infamous attempts. They now gathered around his bed, and besought him for orders to bring the heads of the mutineers.

"No, my friends," was his answer, "I am a crippled man. I may fairly retire from this sickening strife. If I crush insubordination, I shall be blamed at home; if I fail to, I shall be blamed. So it has been for two years. So it will continue to be. Be-



sides, such summary justice would lead to a civil war,—a woe which I would not bring upon *this* community.”

His wounds grew more dangerous. English surgery was necessary to save his life. So he placed the government of the colony in the hands of Lieutenant Percy, and sailed for England about the 29th of September, 1609, being then only thirty years of age. “He left behind him four hundred and ninety colonists, one hundred of whom were trained and expert soldiers, three ships, seven boats, twenty-four pieces of ordnance, three hundred muskets and other arms, abundance of ammunition and tools, wearing-apparel sufficient for all their wants, and an ample stock of domestic animals and provisions.”

If history is worth anything, it is valuable as an exponent of Divine Providence,—as illustrating how He who plans and evolves those signal events which most attract the statesman and the Christian, not only endows, but educates, the men by whose agency He brings them to pass. In comparing their preparatory training with the peculiar spheres in which they have afterwards been called to act, we cannot fail to admire the plastic skill with which He adapts the former to the latter. With an eye to this truth, we have enlarged upon the *providential apprenticeship* of John Smith, though not necessary to narrating the settlement of Virginia. In his case, and in that of Christopher Columbus, pre-eminently, by going back in their memoirs, we see how, and how thoroughly, the men were educated for their respective parts in the drama of the Western World.

We recognize the same overruling Wisdom, as we record that Smith appeared no more as an actor on the scene of our narrative; for the young Father of Virginia was withdrawn by no human calculations or agency, but, to use a significant popular phrase, “by the providence of God.” Though we presume not to divine its reasons, yet his withdrawal just before the imposition of a new and questionable system of government suggests that his presence may not have been needed under the new order of things, or that his high and soldierly spirit might have proved a discordant element under an administration so peculiar. He was withdrawn just before the incoming of a new magistracy; but, let it be observed, just long enough before to demonstrate for ever his controlling capacities and his conservative worth.\*

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\* In 1614, Smith explored the coast of North Virginia, as it was then called, to which he gave the name, ever since retained, of New England. On this voyage, he constructed a map of the whole country, from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. After his return, a year and a half were consumed in a series of misadventures at sea. He passed the rest of his life in England, occupied wholly in American affairs. *These*, he said, “were his children, his wife, his hawks, his hounds, his cards, his dice, and in total, his best content.” The mercantile bodies, whose pulses were purses, whose souls were account-books, were shy of his service; partly because they could only appreciate profit and loss, partly because they were jealous of one who aspired to things greater. His inestimable services in Virginia and on the coast of New England were unrequited, although they had consumed all his pecuniary means and the flower of his life. “In neither of these two countries,” said he, “have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor any content or satisfaction [i. e. emolument] at all.”

After his return from New England, he wrote, published, and distributed no less than seven different volumes, all of them but two relating to America. He died in London in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age, occupied to the very last in writing, for publication, the results



of his own world-wide experience. Of the particulars of his death there is no record.

His public character needs no analysis or eulogy. The simple narrative of his life is sufficient. In regard to his private morals, it is enough to quote two lines, eulogistic to be sure, but significant. The author shall indicate himself.

"I never knew a warrior yet, but thee,

From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free."

"Your true friend, sometimes your souldier,

THO. CARLTON."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LAST CAROUSE.—STARVATION.—RESCUE.

THE months passed along, bearing their several records to be sealed up unto the day of 1610. revelation. From September to April, one after another, they had grown old, and dropped into the abyss of the Past, each burdened with its tale of human behavior and Heavenly mercy. April, as she lingered on her last day of grace, turned her parting look over the Virginian landscape, smiled upon the fresh verdure of the forest, but dropped plenteous tears upon the settlement of Jamestown. The foliage was yet dripping with her affusions, the declining sun was limning the gorgeous memorial of God's covenant on the falling spray, and wood-birds were striving one with another to render their glad tribute of melody to Him whose bow was there on the cloud. Why did the expiring month smile? Because all around God's works were glorious. Why did she weep? Because all around man's were grievous.

The fortress was still there, unimpaired and bristling with ordnance. The dwellings were still there, rude indeed, but sufficient for the comfort of many a household. The little church was still there, with its modest spire, an index to "things above." The graves of the dead — of Gosnold, and Stevens, and Scrivener, and Waldo — were there, covered with green turf

and flowers; while near them were many, many other mounds, on which no turf yet grew and no flowers bloomed. Where were the living, and what?

There were two soldiers on the ramparts. There was a sentinel in the gateway. There were four men coming up from the block-house on "the neck." There were a dozen sitting in the doors of the dwellings. Yet none were in motion but the four; and not the sound of a voice was to be heard, except from within the embrasure of the fort. In one retired apartment there were half a dozen men, whose sounds of revelry broke strangely upon the ears of the lone sentry, and accorded little with the portentous aspect of the settlement without. These men were in military costume, and wore badges of office. It was evident that they had been eating at the table at which they were seated, although not a fragment was now to be seen. The bottle, however, was in circulation; and the inflamed though haggard faces of the party showed that it *had* been. They were evidently the victims both of hunger and of inebriety. As the last chorus of a wild and profane song ceased, one of them rose to his feet with some difficulty, and addressed the others with a ludicrous attempt at oratory.

"Fellow-soldiers, and fellow-sinners! Thus far we have kept Death at bay. Some of our men have been fools enough to be murdered by the savages. Some of them have been fools enough to starve. But we have had good sense enough to keep at home, and be merry. Many a jolly time have we had here; for though our larder has been low, and hunger has pinched us, yet good-fellowship and merriment—thanks to the bottle—have abounded in our mess.

Let the memory of them be blessed! I have the honor now to announce, that our roistering hours are over. Our last handful of meal, our last cruse of oil, are gone. Our last bottle is before us. Upon this affecting occasion, I give you a sentiment which I heartily commend to your adoption. I am indebted for it to one Horatius Flaccus, an old Roman whose odes were whipped into me at Eton. But as his own sweet words have gone from me, let me give you their meaning in our mother tongue:

'Fill the goblet fair!  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of care,  
Smooths away a wrinkle.'

A wild hurrah rang through the room, and reached the ears of miserable wretches beyond its walls, as he concluded. When it had subsided, a young man of the company exclaimed: "Good, good, Mr. Thornhill! Let me echo to your sentiment in the vernacular of the old Epicureans, who always had their hearts in their right places: 'Dum vivimus, vivamus!' which being freely interpreted means, 'While we live, let us drink!' or, which is the same thing, 'While we drink, we live!'"

Another shout of applause followed these words of the dying youth, as he suited the action to the word, and drank madly from the bottle which he held in his hand.

"Pass it along! pass it along, Wilton!" exclaimed the others; and with a trembling hand he obeyed.

We said, "the dying youth." Let us explain. Wilton was one of those "dissipated young men exiled by their *friends* to escape a worse destiny at

home." He was of good family and education, as were his fellow-officers around him. But his relatives — too indolent, or too pleasure-loving, or too busy to take pains for his salvation — had thrust him away, by frowns, by neglect, by harshness, from all redeeming influences. He gave *himself* up, of course, and was beyond redemption. A noble-minded, noble-hearted young man, willing to fight hard for deliverance, if he could only have *one* arm to lean upon in his hours of weakness and temptation; who wept, and even prayed, in secret places, over his vice; who wept over and cursed his friendlessness; who writhed, not only under the goadings of conscience, but even more under the scorn and wrong of kindred; so soon as he believed himself *an outcast* — was lost. No matter! "friends" were relieved.

He still retained, in his personal appearance, indications of what he had been. He was of a slender and graceful form; the outline of his features was noble; and, though his intellectual energies were shattered, they were still discernible, as well as his amiability, in his hours of sobriety. Just now, however, the man was hidden in the sot. There was nothing stolid or stupefied in the expression of his eye under the influence of *this* debauch. It blazed. As he drank again, and still again, it rapidly grew restless, wild, anxious, alarmed. The stimulus which he plied seemed to have no power to nerve his system, which grew more and more tremulous with every draught. The bottle, the last bottle, came to him again. He filled his cup, and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when he suddenly looked upon a boon companion opposite, and, spilling half its contents, set the cup upon the table.

"What's the matter, Wilton?" exclaimed the other.

"By Jupiter! by Bacchus! What's the matter with *you*, Newell?"

"Pass the bottle! pass the bottle!" cried Thornhill.

Wilton paid no attention to the demand, but continued to gaze upon Newell. The gaze became a glare. "By all the immortal gods, goddesses, satyrs, fauns, and demons, Newell, what are you about?"

"Asking you a question. What are you staring at?"

The attention of the whole company was now riveted upon the young man; and some of them began to be alarmed as they saw the unnatural expression of his features.

"I say, Newell!" — and he fairly roared as he said it, — "what are you spirting that fire at me for? If it *does* hit my face, by —, I'll be the death of you!"

"Wilton! Wilton!" said a companion, taking hold of his arm.

"Let me alone, Branton!" and he threw off the grasp with a spasmodic jerk, while he still kept an apprehensive look upon Newell. Suddenly he cringed his head, as though struck by some missile; and, starting the next instant from his seat, hurled the bottle, which he still held in his grasp, with all his force at Newell. The half-intoxicated man made a feeble and awkward effort to avoid it, but it struck him full in the face, and he fell, stunned and bleeding, on the floor.

All was now uproar and confusion. Thornhill and Shirley staggered to the assistance of Newell, while

Branton and Lawton, the sixth of the party, made ineffectual efforts to secure Wilton.

"Keep off! keep off, you devils!" cried the frantic man, retreating, and beating the air with his arms. His pursuers, a little sobered by their fright, approached him timidly; but he ran and dodged about the room with an agility which mocked their efforts. At last he placed his back against a corner of the apartment, and paused. The muscles of his face, his open mouth, the heaving of his chest, and his peculiar respiration, denoted fright rather than fatigue. Branton and Lawton stood aloof. Fixing his eye upon the latter, the terror-stricken man gasped out: "Captain Radcliffe! Captain Radcliffe!"

Radcliffe, it was well known by the wretched remnant of the colony, had been brained, with thirty of his men, by the order and in the presence of Powhatan, some three months before.

"Ugh!" continued Wilton, with a shudder; "how your brains do dribble! I beg—I beg—Captain Radcliffe! Don't, don't spatter them in my face! For Heaven's sake, don't!" And he wound his arms around his head as if to shield it. He then bounded from his place for an open window, and leaped through it upon the ground. The fall was but little, but Wilton lay there as if paralyzed. Lawton and Branton, with the help of three or four feeble, emaciated, but sober men, now succeeded in securing the maniac, and conveying him, in a state of utter exhaustion from terror, to a private apartment.

The last sun of April was just dipping behind the wooded hills, and he looked through the casement as the outcast inebriate was laid senseless on his pallet.

There, through the livelong night, sobbed and moaned the gifted castaway; his heart throbbing faster and feebler, until it fluttered, stopped, fluttered a little while again, then ceased to beat for ever. His "friends" were relieved!

Such was the last carouse of the officers in the fort at Jamestown, the last of their very many since the 29th of September. What were the pastimes of others?

The sentinel at the gateway and the two soldiers on the ramparts had not been there in the performance of military duty. Such a thing was hardly thought of now, though never more necessary. They were there to quiet their own impatience, eagerly watching for the return of comrades who had gone out into the forest. They were very much emaciated, with hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, and skinny hands, leaning against the walls for support, and shuffling along whenever they walked, as if it were a grief to move,—and so it was. As soon as those before mentioned as coming up from the block-house on "the neck" were seen, the two on the ramparts exerted themselves, and joined the sentinel, as we have called him, at the gate. Before long, the scouts came up,—meagre, gaunt, disheartened-looking men like the others,—creeping painfully along, and sat down wearied in the gateway. These seven were the *strong* men of the commoners, the bullies whom none dared to interfere with, for they were the only ones except the drunken officers who had weapons. They had formed a sort of league, and constituted a clan by themselves. The "sentinel," Hicks, was head-man, and one of the newcomers, Spicer, second-man. Without one of these,

none of the party ever left the fort. As Spicer and his fellows seated themselves, the others looked wistfully at them in silence.

After waiting a moment, Hicks spoke angrily: "What do you wait for, Spicer? Undo your budget;—quick, man!"

"Can't you let me get my breath?"

"No!"

Spicer drew a small bag from the skirt of his coat, and threw it upon the ground. "There's your stuff; we've had enough of it."

The few nuts and roots were quickly divided between the three who had remained in the fort, and were quickly devoured.

The shouts of the officers at their revels now sounded upon their ears, and the wretched men's faces, as they looked one at another, were eloquent of indignation. They remained silent and sullen, however, until the second shout, occasioned by the response of the miserable Wilton to the words of Thornhill. Hicks could restrain his wrath no longer.

"Curse the rascals!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth and clenching his bony fists. "They'd get drunk at their mothers' funerals, and dance on their mothers' graves, rather than not get drunk at all!"

"*Rather* a change, Captain, from the old order of things!" said one of the men with a sarcastic drawl.

"Wiggins, Strickland, Jones, Lane, Spicer,—every one of you,—we are not given to praying," said Hicks, with a wild look of fury; "but I am going to pray now, and do you pray with me, for these fellows who hold back bread from the starving, who riot and make merry and get drunk among the dying and the dead!"

He uncovered his head; the others uncovered also. It was an impressive scene, that grizzly soldier of nearly threescore years, his hair worn scant and thin by the pressure of his casque, turning up his sunken eyeballs and stretching out his arms imploringly to heaven. Every line of his haggard face was alive, and he uttered as earnest a prayer as ever came from trembling lips; but it was an awful, a vehement pleading for the hot and speedy wrath of the Almighty upon the men who made sport in the midst of overwhelming miseries! His comrades shuddered as he pronounced his husky, but vigorous "Amen!" and Hicks himself shuddered too, buried his face in his hands, bent his head upon his knees, and went into a convulsive fit of weeping. His companions, at first awed by the terribleness and energy of his imprecations, were now frightened by a passion which rapidly became agony. But when he tore his own hair, and bit his own flesh, and glared about like a maniac, two of them sprang upon him, first to secure, and then to soothe, while the others stood aloof through fear. Hicks soon yielded to a few kind words and services, and his anguish subsided into intermittent fits of sobbing, when Spicer and Lane judiciously conveyed the sufferer to his dwelling. The rest remained, until the plunge of poor Wilton from the window demanded their service.

"May God forgive me!" said the wretched Hicks, as he lay on his bed about midnight, surrounded by his comrades. "I was frenzied with famine; but—but they were horrible words!"

He wept again, but they were quiet and relieving tears, which wet his pillow. The sudden paroxysm

of his insanity — for such it had been — had passed; and after a few inquiries about Wilton, and a few ejaculations for mercy upon the dying man, whom he did not *mean* to curse, he relapsed into a short slumber. When he awoke, he found his friends still watching by his side, and, raising himself to a sitting posture, "Look there!" said he, "and there!" pointing with his finger to different parts of the room. "You see what we are coming to. Shall we *come* to it, or shall we *not*? that's the question."

The men looked, and though, through familiarity with such scenes and their own sufferings, they were past pity, they shuddered as they saw what themselves might be. The objects which Hicks indicated were an attenuated corpse, with its chin dropped and its glassy eyes open, near the centre of the room, and a dying man who sat against the wall, holding the fragment of a cast-off shoe, and mumbling it between his teeth.

"Now," continued Hicks, in a sepulchral whisper, "we must come to it, or do something which is horrible. No!" and he shook his head, as he caught a look from the others which needed no interpretation. "No! not *them*! But — but —" He stopped, as if he *could* not say what he must.

"It's no use mincing matters," he resumed. "We must, — we must. Come," said he, with a ghastly effort to smile, and rising to his feet. "Take a spade, Wiggins, and a tinder-box."

And so they went, in the still watches of the night, far away from the frenzied shrieks and feeble moanings of the starving, into the placid and moonlit forest, to the shallow grave of an Indian whom Hicks had

shot and covered a few days before; and they kindled a fire, and they uncovered the dead, and \* \* \* \* And then they slept there in the quiet wood, gorged to satiety, until the birds woke them with their morning songs to God. And again those men went there, and yet again, and they throve and grew strong; but when the birds sang in the mornings, they *did* not sing with them.

During the first night-excursion of Hicks and his comrades, there was a man sitting on a stone by his doorway. He could not sleep for the agony of that gnawing — gnawing — gnawing sensation of maddening hunger. But just within the open door his wife was slumbering; for, with her, the ravening, acute suffering of starvation had passed, and she was just merging into that comparative stupor which next supervenes. Her slumbers, however, were light and uneasy. The man, — who was he? John Laydon, who had married with Anne Burras? Our authorities do not say. The man sat there alone, chewing an old glove, while the moon smiled upon him, and the whippoorwill sang to him, just as though they could make him happy. Well, instead of that, they made him mad, — mad, — for he was starving, and fancied that they were mocking him. There was an axe at the door-sill. He saw it shine in the moonlight, and he smiled. He *did*; he smiled, — that starving wretch! And then he slowly and feebly got up; and he looked at the axe again, and then he took it.

"O John! John!" cried the wife; for though he had crept in like a cat, she had heard his heavy, agitated breathing, and seen him raise the axe. She

sprang to her feet; but the hot blood spirted from her shoulder, for the light was imperfect, and the blow had been unsteady.

"O John! do not! do not!" and she fell upon her knees, and flung her lean arms, as strongly as she could, around his waist. Though he struggled to push her off, she managed to say: "We have loved, we have prayed together; and now let us die as God pleases, only together, John, — *together!* Don't strike again; but kiss me, — kiss me once more, and then we will go, and —"

They were her last words.

For two, three, four days, the man grew stronger. But he was gloomy, and kept out of sight; and when by chance he met some one, he was so shy, and had such a hang-dog look, as to attract attention. To the question, "Where is your wife, John?" put to him occasionally by a neighbor, he had not courage even to say, "She has died as the others have died." He was dumb, and slunk away. Suspicion, or at least curiosity, was roused.

"Good God, sir!" said Branton to Thornhill, "half the man's wife was — was — in *brine*, sir! Yes, sir!" gasping as he said it; "and he confessed that — that — the other half he — he had — had — By Lucifer, sir, you must guess it!" and he sank fainting on a chair.

John — "was burnt [alive?] for murdering and eating his own wife."\*

\* Smith, 105. Stith, 116. This fact is denied on the testimony of Sir Thomas Gates. The denial, very awkwardly framed, is in "The True Declaration," p. 16, in Force, III., — a paper issued by the Council in England expressly "to confute scandalous reports." The substance

And who was it that crept by night through the little churchyard to violate the sanctity of the grave? Who was it that rifled the corpses of his own comrades from the places where they had been laid to rest until the consummation of all things? Who was it that dug there, like the hyena, to satisfy the gnawings of his hunger? Who was it that did this again and again, until he had created within himself a new appetite, as imperious and insatiable as it was demoniacal, — whose sacrilegious craving no remonstrance of the living, no expressions of detestation, no threats of punishment, could restrain, — who was so frenzied by his horrid indulgence, that nothing but a felon's death could end it? Some one, but we know not who; for though History has recorded his enormity, she has refused to write his name. He was not the only one who did this thing, but the only one incorrigible.

After such statements, it is but a small thing to

of Gates's statement is, that the murder was instigated only by hatred, and that the frenzy of starvation was feigned as a palliation of the murder. But Gates was not present at Jamestown at the time, and must have founded his version on hearsay.

In opposition to this, we have the best possible testimony, — the solemn declaration of "eyewitnesses and sufferers in those times," — members of the legislature of Virginia in 1624. In their address in answer to the praises given to the administration under Sir Thomas Smith as Treasurer of the Company, dated February, 1624, — an address signed by Sir Francis Wyatt, the Governor his Council, and twenty-four Burgesses, nearly or quite the full number of the House, — they state the fact recorded in our text positively and clearly. This address is in Stith, 304 — 307.

Campbell (p. 30) adopts Gates's explanation; yet, in a note, quotes as authority on another point this very address of the eyewitnesses.

This paper is also our authority for the succeeding statements in our text.



say, that the wretched colonists "were constrained to eat dogs, cats, rats, snakes, toadstools, horse-hides, and what not"; it is but a small thing to believe that "riotous officers" punished "those who had fled to the savages for relief, by hanging, shooting, breaking upon the wheel, and the like"; or that a starving man, "for stealing two or three pints of oatmeal, had a bodkin thrust through his tongue, and was chained to a tree till he perished."\* There was some temptation in such exigencies to diminish the number of mouths.

Such were the terrible scenes at Jamestown in the spring of 1610. One after another, the wretched men and women and children pined, and grew frantic with hunger and despair. One after another they died, and the emaciated survivors dragged them to burial.

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Percy, to whom Captain Smith had committed the government, was in no way responsible for the miseries of the colonists or the excesses of the officers. For a long time he had labored under violent disease, and, when Smith was compelled to leave, had already taken his passage to England. The necessities and importunities of the colonists prevailed upon him to remain. But during the whole of this dreadful time he was unable to rise from his bed.

But where were the ships, and where the abundant stores, and where the stock of swine and fowls,

\* The address of the Assembly describes events covering a space of twelve years, and does not assign dates to the several facts which it specifies. But that these punishments occurred there can be no doubt; and at what other period of the colony's history *could* they have occurred, than the Starving Time of 1610?

and where the abundant means of procuring fish and game, which Smith had left behind? And where were the Indians, with their large supplies and their ready hospitality;—the Indians, who had sued for peace, who had anxiously ratified and cemented it by eager liberality? Ay! ask rather, Where was John Smith? Where was his authority, — his foresight, — his providence, — his magic influence over the red man? Two of the three vessels had left for England, "laden with nothing but bad reports and letters of discouragement." From the moment of Smith's departure, disorder had run riot; revolutions had followed one after another; the strongest had ruled, — one set with their President yesterday, another set with their President to-day. The granaries had been wastefully exhausted. The people had abandoned themselves to such laziness, "that they would eat fish raw, rather than go a stone's cast to fetch wood and dresse it." For the same reason, they had neglected to secure and salt down, in the season, the sturgeon with which the river abounded, and had even suffered their nets to be spoiled beyond repair. The Indians, discovering the absence of the master-spirit whom they had revered and almost idolized, had renewed hostilities, and murdered from ambush every straggler from the fort. They had stolen and destroyed the live stock of the colonists; they had spoiled their boats; they had driven all the deer into distant forests; they had withholden their corn, or only exchanged it, at high rates, for firelocks and swords. These had been insanely bartered away for food by the colonists, who thus gradually gave up both their means of defence and of hunting. The



more they parted with their weapons, the more exorbitant had grown the rates of exchange, and the more bold and bloody the hostilities of the Indians. Powhattan gloried in scalps.

Before these hostilities had become flagrant, the third vessel which had been left by Smith — the *Swallow* — had been sent out to procure corn from the Indians; but her crew, about thirty in number, after procuring a large quantity, resolved upon piracy, and took to the high seas.

Radeliffe, with thirty men, had then made an attempt at trade with Powhattan, upon the strength of the chief's invitation. "Under the color of the fairest friendship," the crafty savage had managed to entice them one by one into different houses, and thus easily murdered all, save one who escaped, and a boy, Henry Spilman, whom Pocahontas contrived to save.

By these several means, it had come to pass by midwinter that the remnant of the colonists were reduced to utter destitution, and the slow, wolfish work of famine commenced. Hence the miseries and horrors which we have noted.

Starving, lamenting — even his worst enemies and maligners lamenting — the absence of Captain Smith, growing gaunt, and weak, and unpitying, and brutal, — some idiotic, some raving mad, shrinking to living skeletons before lying down to die, — thus the colony mourned and suffered, dwindled and lingered. Three dreadful weeks in May the survivors struggled on, skulking about in the woods, dodging the Indians, picking berries, and digging roots, until they had *no more hope*.

An hour or two after sunrise on the 24th of May, a

faint, booming sound was heard by the despairing remnant, like the sound of a distant cannon. The men raised their drooping heads for a moment, and looked at one another; but not a whispered word broke the sullen gloom of Jamestown. An hour afterwards came another sound like the first, but more like a real one. A few men now staggered to their feet and listened. They began to draw together, — those who could; for in their starving jealousy, and even hate, each one had kept by himself. Fellowship had become obsolete. They now spoke one to another, in whispered monosyllables at first, they had become so unused to speech. "Hark!" "A gun?" "D' ye hear?" "A tree fell." Such was the crusty conversation which the few attempted. But again and again that sound! It *was* a gun! Some vessel must be coming up the river! When, at length, a signal was given from Hog Island, by a few of their number who had managed to ferry thither, that two vessels were in sight, the settlement presented a most affecting scene. The poor wretches knew not, and cared not, whether they bore Spanish foes or English friends. There must be *life* on board, — humanity, — food, — plenty, — deliverance, — Paradise! Enough! enough! The transition was so great and so sudden from fiendish despair to hope, to assurance, to feverish impatience, that some sank into insensibility, some leaped about wild with excitement, — here one uttering a tolerable English shout, there another making a most unearthly failure. All who could crept to the shore; but there were many who could only reach their thresholds; some, helpless and neglected in their dwellings, who could only

wonder at those strange noises without, so like holiday sounds in good old England; some, who lay still and stark upon their floors, or on the open ground, and who could not hear. Upon the shore, some were looking eagerly for the coming sail; some stood still and wept, and wept hysterically; and a few calmly kneeled down there and gave solemn thanks to God.

What a meeting! The commissioners, Gates, Somers, and Newport, who had constructed two small vessels from their wreck on the Bermudas, came on shore, expecting to find a home with a strong and prosperous colony. The handful who stood there, so attenuated, so shadowy, so forlorn, seemed like wandering ghosts on the banks of the Styx. The resuscitation of the settlement was debated, but abandoned; for the vessels were deficient in the necessary supplies, and the miserable residents had no heart for anything but to escape from a place where they had witnessed and suffered such unspeakable horrors. It was therefore promptly decided to gather up the fragments of humanity which remained, and to set their faces homeward.

But there were preliminary tasks. There were unburied dead to be put out of sight. There were men whose pulses scarcely beat to be revived, and only by the most delicate treatment; and even those who had most of life were to be restrained from fatal indulgence, and rendered fit by slow degrees for the ordinary fatigues of the sea. These melancholy but indispensable duties occupied fourteen days. On the 8th day of June, the fort and hamlet, the church and churchyard of Jamestown, were the only relics there of heroic efforts and of graceless follies.

Of the five hundred persons whom Smith had left there with all the furniture for prosperity, thirty had turned pirates on the sea, and the rest had been cut off by the Indians and by famine, except sixty who embarked with the commissioners, and who, had relief been deferred but three days longer, would also have been among the dead.

The unplanted corn-field, the dismantled fort, the silent church, the deserted cabins, the uncounted graves, — what a governor Lord Delaware would be!

The moment when man's impotence is demonstrated is the choice and chosen moment for God's intervention. It is the moment for disclosing his careful oversight, — so little noted, yet ever and everywhere maintained. It is the moment when his providence is intuitively acknowledged; when his hand is clearly recognized; when his deliverance is welcomed and appreciated, and devoutly praised. Such was the exigency which we are recording.

Elated even to intoxication, though for the moment only, by a salvation so critically wrought, the settlers dropped down the river with the tide, sorely depressed and murmuring that all the toils and sufferings of the past had been for naught. It was *night* when they glided with heavy and sullen hearts upon the bosom of the tranquil river. It was *morning* when they emerged from the Hampton Roads and entered the broad harbor below. "A vision of white sails cheered their hearts! As the sun came up on the 9th of June, the long-boat of Lord Delaware was seen approaching." Fresh immigrants and supplies at their hands, the fugitives returned to the peninsula; and

never perhaps was praise chanted more heartily, more tearfully, than before the altar in Jamestown on the morning of the 10th of June.

"Weeping may endure for a *night*, but joy cometh in the *morning*."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

Under such circumstances, who could refrain from emotion at the recitation of such words?

Thus Lord Delaware was not governor of a desolated settlement.

Unembarrassed by partners in his administration, exercising a mild but decided authority, the influence of his personal rank enhanced by his dignity of manner and his well-known virtues, he infused new life into the colony, and established moderate, but systematic labor. Good fellowship, cheerfulness, and even a religious sentiment, were discreetly cultivated, and began to pervade the settlement. Prosperity looked in at the gate, dispensed her gifts in moderation, and her inspiring influences in profusion.

Severe sickness compelled Lord Delaware's return to England on the 28th of March, 1611. Percy acted in his stead, until the arrival of Sir Thomas Dale in May of the same year, who assumed the government, and, in the true spirit of an old soldier, as he was, established martial law, as directed by the Company.

In August, Sir Thomas Gates arrived, with six ships, three hundred immigrants, and one hundred kine; the last a wise and invaluable consignment. The government of the colony — now amounting to seven hundred men — devolved upon him.

Hitherto no labor of any colonist had accrued to his exclusive personal advantage. Each man's capacity to labor belonged to the community, and the products of his toil, whatever they might be, had been public property. He had not been rewarded according to his work and the smiles of Providence upon it, but according to his necessities as a unit among so many hundreds. He had had no *personal* property in that which his labor produced. Now, a new order of things was established. Each man had garden and orchard set apart for his own use. An amount of productive industry, and of ready obedience, which nothing but the stimulus of self-dependence and self-reward could have effected, was the result. Knowing that each moment of toil was a seed for his own harvest, one man now accomplished more than ten had done when laboring for the common store.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MARRYING A PEACE.

SEVENTEEN years had tried their skill upon 1612. the form and features of Pocahontas. They had now brought her to the verge of womanhood, and each one, as a parting memorial, had given her some fresh grace or new outline, until her dowry of beauty was the wonder and pride of the wilderness. The delicacy of her mind and the gentleness of her heart, though less discerned and less appreciated by her people, had been equally developed. The glimmerings of Christian truth which had reached her mind had been faint and few, yet they had imparted symmetry to her character, spiritual beauty to her features, and placid dignity to her external life.

Since the white chief in whose honor and protection alone she had confided had disappeared, she had never ventured from the homes and presence of her kindred. Indeed, only once in all this time had she made herself known to any of the English. When, as has been stated, Powhattan had doomed Radcliffe and his party, she had glided from her wigwam, and led one lad from the house of slaughter to a place of safety. This was all she could do.

Powhattan, in his savage humor, could not abide an angel of mercy even in *her* form, and had frowned. The angel could neither abide his frown nor his butch-

eries, and had fled. She now sat, an exile, in the lodge of her kinsman, the king of the Potomacs. He was a kind-hearted old man, and he loved her, partly for her own beauty and goodness, and partly because, like himself, she was a friend to the English. Japazaws had made a covenant of peace with Captain Smith, when on his exploring voyage through the Chesapeake, — to his dying day he kept the covenant, — and so he had given welcome and refuge to Pocahontas. He owed no allegiance to Powhattan, but, like him, was a chief of chiefs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why should my friend be angry?" said Captain Samuel Argall, as Japazaws eyed him silently, with a look of mingled amazement and indignation.

"The wood-pigeon flies into my lodge. It trembles like the poplar-leaf. It pants for breath. Then it coos, and coos, and says, 'Japazaws!' 'What do you want, poor thing?' I answer. 'Japazaws! I am very weak and timid. I can only fly. Because I pity the bleeding birds and fawns in the nest of the eagle, he is angry. Let me hide here and rest.' Japazaws says: 'Little trembler! do not fear. Rest in my shadow as long as you will. I will spread my branches and my leaves over you, and you shall be sheltered.' And so it perches on the boughs of the rough old oak. It weaves its little bed, and nestles in it. It plumes its wings, and coos, and is happy. Shall Japazaws entice it into the snare of the hunter?"

"The king of the Potomacs does well to be angry, if he thinks I would harm the bird which he has promised to shelter. Japazaws has a good heart, and the wisdom of many years; but in this he is mistaken."

"Would you not put her in your cage? Would she not pine there? Would she not break her heart, and die?"

"No."

"Then tell me what you mean. I am old, but not so foolish that I cannot understand the talk which is honest."

"Are you not a friend of the English?"

"Yes."

"Do you like to have them slain by the arrows of the Powhattans?"

"No."

"Are you a friend of Powhattan?"

"Yes."

"Do you like to have his braves killed by the guns of the English?"

"No."

"Are you a friend of Pocahontas?"

"Yes."

"Would you not like to have her and her father happy, sitting together once more in the same lodge, and in love?"

"Yes."

"Now listen, Japazaws! I ask you only to make all these your friends happy; to stop the flowing of blood; to light the pipe of peace for the Powhattans and the English; and to bring back the loving daughter to the home and the bosom of her father. Bring her to me. Let me take her to the English. We will say to Powhattan: 'Here is your dear daughter. We will keep her while you remain our enemy; we will send her to your arms, if you will make peace.' Powhattan's heart will long for his child. He *will* make

peace. Then she shall go back to him, and be happy. The English will be happy. The Powhattans will be happy. There will be no more war. So Japazaws will do much kindness, if he lead Pocahontas to the big canoe of the white man."

This conversation took place in the cabin of Argall's vessel, then at anchor in the Potomac, whither he had been sent from Jamestown to procure supplies of corn.

Japazaws, who had not comprehended at first the true object of Argall's startling proposition that he should deliver Pocahontas into his hands, was now evidently impressed with its policy and plausible humanity. This Argall perceived; and, seizing the opportune moment to deepen and fix the impression, he turned and drew from a locker against the transom of the vessel a bright copper kettle, which he quietly placed on the table. The chief's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"I do not ask my friend," continued Argall, "to do me a small favor, but a great one; and it is fit that so kingly a transaction, one which will bring great warriors to be at peace, should be followed by a kingly gift. Let Powhattan's daughter be delivered to me, and let this go to the treasury of Japazaws to remind him that he has done what he could to make peace. It shall be yours when you bring Pocahontas here."

The chief was mute. No words could express his delight in the brilliant object before him. He took hold of it, and another hand — seen but not felt — took hold of his. He looked in upon its shining bottom, and another Japazaws looked out. He laughed, and the chief in the kettle laughed. The gravity of

the Indian gave way entirely before the magic mimicry of polished copper, and he abandoned himself to grimaces, and antics, and exclamations of wonder.

"Japazaws!" resumed Argall, after letting the charm work a little while, "that is a present fit for a great king. Only Powhattan has one like it. Japazaws should have one too."

"It is wonderful! Japazaws will give much corn."

"Pocahontas: no corn."

The chief's countenance suddenly fell; but, after a moment's silence, he said gravely, "How shall I know that my bird will be treated kindly?"

"I promise," said Argall with solemnity.

"And how can I know that there will be peace, or that Pocahontas will not be unhappy with the English?"

"There *will* be peace. Powhattan's love for Pocahontas makes it sure. She will not be unhappy, for she loves the English, and we love her."

"But — but" — and Japazaws pushed the tempting object from him — "she will think me cruel and treacherous to make her a captive. Japazaws could not bear it."

"Pocahontas will thank you for putting her in the way of making peace. Besides, you need not make her a captive: I will. Do you only persuade her hither. I will *steal* her from you; and you can be very much amazed, and grieved, and broken-hearted, and angry. Could n't you *cry*, Japazaws? and could n't you threaten war?"

The chief's last and paramount difficulty was removed by this suggestion: he could throw dust in the eyes of Pocahontas.

"There shall be peace!" he exclaimed, "for Powhattan's sake; for Pocahontas' sake; for the sake of all. And Japazaws shall have the copper kettle too!" And he bestowed a most idolatrous look upon the magnificent object.\*

The chief was paddled to the shore by his men. With a parting signal thence of assurance to Captain Argall, he turned his face towards his distant lodge, and disappeared in the forest.

The face of the country on either side of the river was undulating. Many of the hills were planted, and yielded both plenty and variety of fruits. About "six myles vp the woodes" from the river, and on a cleared eminence commanding a pleasant view, was the residence of the chief. Here was a cultivated tract of land, of about a hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, most of the standing trees having been deprived of foliage and life, partly by bruising the bark with hatchets of stone, and partly by "scortching the roots with fire that they grow no more." The turf and diminutive growth had been broken up "with a crooked peece of wood," and thus the ground was prepared for seed. Over this little farm — or, rather, this series of gardens — lay the dwellings of the residents, scattered here and there in clusters, separated by small and shady groves. Upon one side of this clearing, and bordering upon the forest, lay the village proper, or fortress, an enclosure of perhaps an acre or more, consisting of palisades firmly planted in the ground, and having but one opening

\* "The prospect of a treaty by means of Pocahontas probably turned the balance in his mind. The bright copper kettle was a subordinate consideration, though not a slight one." — Thacher.



for passage. Within this, and hard upon the wall, were several buildings consisting of stout upright poles drawn securely together at the top, and covered neatly, and weather-proof, with barks of trees, reeds, or matting. One of these, standing by itself and distinguished by its style and by its length of a hundred and fifty feet, was the dwelling of Japazaws.

On the morning after his conference with Argall, he sat, just within the entrance, employing his royal hands and craft in making arrows. A few slender reeds lay near him upon the ground, fragments of crystallized quartz, and the sharp spurs of turkeys. With his knife, made of the splinter of a reed, he had just trimmed the feathers of an arrow, and was now securing a pointed crystal for its head. His wife was seated upon a narrow platform reared against the side of the hut, and elevated a little more than a foot from the ground. Being a royal residence, and somewhat magnificent in its plan, the hut was divided into no less than five compartments. From one of these Pocahontas had just made her appearance, clad in a short robe of deer-skin delicately dressed, dyed, fringed, and tastefully ornamented with a sort of beads made from the pearly shell of the oyster. It was held together about the waist by a neatly clasped girdle of English workmanship, a memorial of Captain Smith. Across her shoulders, and hanging in front, floated a loose scarf, a gift from the same hand, as were also a few other ornaments which glittered upon her person. Her hair, which was long, abundant, and of finer texture than was usual with her people, was kept back from her forehead by a fanciful band of native manufacture, and ornamented with a string of native pearls,

contrasting finely with the jet-black tresses with which they were interwoven. Her movement was light and animated, and her countenance cheerful, yet a careful eye would have detected there a shade of sadness. Although with kind friends, she felt her homelessness. She longed for those paternal caresses which she once monopolized as "*Powhattan's dearest daughter*."

There had been no immediate conversation between the royal couple save casual remarks upon trivial matters, for they had planned their operations the night before. But the moment Pocahontas made her appearance, Japazaws exclaimed, with surly energy, addressing his wife: "Keep in your own lodge: you are not a man."

"What am I?"

"A woman."

"What else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" she retorted in a quick, sharp tone. "I am the wife of Japazaws!"

"Well, 'wife,' then. And for what? To go on the war-path? To run after strangers? To sit with great chiefs? No! To plant my corn, and cook my food, and bear my children. Be content."

"Have I not done it all, — all? and for years, and years, and years?" she rejoined, rising and striding about with passionate gestures. "Take warning, child!" turning to Pocahontas. "A young brave will come, with a present in his hand and a smile on his lip, and say: 'Pocahontas! you are lovely as the evening star; you are graceful as the fawn; you are a beam of light from the Great Spirit. Be the light of my lodge, and the life of my life.' So you become

his wife. *Then* he says: 'Plant my corn; weed my corn; pound my corn; cook my corn; bear my children!' And when you are old, and have planted, and cooked, and borne children, ask of him a gift, or a smile, or a day of pleasure, or some other little delight, and he will snap, and growl, and say: 'Keep in your lodge, old woman; work, and plant, and dig.' He'll flatter you to get you; he'll get you to use you; and when you are old, he'll spurn — spurn — spurn you!"

The woman seemed wrought almost to frenzy; but Japazaws whittled away at his arrow-work, and replied to her torrent of words only by a contemptuous grunt.

Now the old couple had seemed to Pocahontas not only to live in peace, but in love, and she was utterly amazed at their sharp and sudden quarrel. With wonder in her eyes, she gently asked the cause of her hostess's grief.

"O, it is nothing, child! — only an old wife would like to see the white man's big canoe, and big guns, and other wonderful things, and the old chief is cross about it. He says, 'No,' because, you see, an old man can find no greater pleasure than to torment a faithful, worn-out wife. It's the way of the men, Pocahontas!"

The maiden smiled incredulously, although she was grieved at the distress of her kind protectress. Hoping to soothe her, she said: 'The white man's canoes are only big. It is hardly worth so long a walk to see one. I will tell you all about them, if Japazaws will not let you go. But perhaps he will. Will you not, Japazaws?"

"Pocahontas!" replied the chief, "she does not want to see the big canoe. If she was old and ugly as you, she would wish to stay at home; but as she is so young and so handsome, she wants to be seen. O yes! she wants *to go*. But she sha' n't. Do you think I would risk having my beautiful wife run away with some young English lover? Japazaws is too cunning."

Satire and irony both appeared to be too much for the woman's nerves to bear, and she began to weep.

"Ugh! there come the women's weapons!" exclaimed the chief, mimicking a groan. "We men can get along with scolding and the pouts, Pocahontas; but when a lovely woman takes to tears, woe to the man she cries at!"

Then, turning sharply to his wife: "You had better stop, my pet! my sweet! The salt waters will spoil your beauty; then you *could n't* go to the canoe. Stop, I say! You won't? Well, if you *will* spoil a face so charming, don't do it before *my* eyes. I have a very tender heart, and could n't bear to see it. So get out of my sight! D' you hear?"

The woman persisted in weeping, and advanced even to sobs and moans; but she did not move.

"Getting noisy!" exclaimed her lord, passionately. "Out of my sight, I say! Ah! you won't?" springing to his feet, and grasping a stout cudgel.

The movement was enough. The woman disappeared in a twinkling, leaving the field to Japazaws and Pocahontas.

"Hush, child, hush!" said the chief, perceiving that his guest was about to intercede. "It is only a silly whim of hers. There is no reason in it. She



shall not go; so don't say one word. She'll forget it herself to-morrow."

But to-morrow came, and with it a like scene, only more violent. The third day it was enacted again, with still more grievous embellishments. The cudgel was threatened, but in vain. The tears flowed so largely, and the importunity was so annoying, that the fortitude of the husband gave way.

"Well," said he, at last, "I *should* like a little peace at home. I am willing to take the trouble to go with you. It's only the effect of your charms upon the pale-faces that I fear. Now if our good, discreet Pocahontas, who we all know has no charms of her own to take care of, or to do mischief with, will only go to protect yours, or to help me in protecting them, perhaps I shall get you home safe; and then we shall have an end of this brawling and blubbing."

"O, I will go with all my heart!" replied Pocahontas, completely deceived by this well-acted farce, and distressed by such altercations. "I will do anything to please you. You are so kind,—so kind to a poor girl like me! and I should be ashamed to be ungrateful."

"But *do* you think, child, that it will be safe? Shall we be able to protect *so* much loveliness?" pointing, with a sneer, to the tanned and furrowed face of his weeping wife.

Pocahontas smiled. "O yes! I do not fear the whites. They are good to me. They will respect me, and any one who is my friend and companion."

"Well, well, we shall see," said Japazaws, shuffling his way out of the hut; "but it would be a sad thing

if an old man like me should lose — should lose such a — such a —" And, with a loud laugh, he prepared "to lead his bird into the snare of the hunter."

"Thus they betrayed the poore innocent Pocahontas aboard."

Bitterly did she weep, when told by Captain Argall that she was his prisoner, and must go with him to Jamestown. "Whereat the old Iew and his wife began to howle and crie as fast as Pocahontas"; though once out of her sight, "with the kettle and other toies, they went merrily on shore."

Pocahontas was soon composed, and even contented, when she found that she was treated with true consideration and kindness, and particularly when she clearly understood that her capture was merely an expedient, and a rational one, for effecting a peace with her father.

Upon her arrival at Jamestown, a little by-play was commenced,—such as most men and women have shared in sooner or later in life. It seemed an insignificant affair; but it was not. It began in a religious way, yet it had more substance and more influence than most men's religion. There was a young Englishman there, "an honest gentleman and of good behavior," whose name was John Rolfe. When he saw this fair flower of the wilderness, he was suddenly impressed with the mournful truth that the colonists hitherto had been so engrossed in domestic brawls, and in the vulgar business of merely supporting existence, that they had neglected one professed object of their enterprise,—the conversion of the heathen. Poor Master Hunt had had more

than he could do to *keep* men converted; or, in Smith's words, "to make good Christians and good subjects of those that counterfeited themselves both." To be sure, "Master Whitaker had chosen and impaled a faire framed Parsonage and one hundred acres called Rockehall," farther up the river, opposite to the settlement called Henrico, which Dale had commenced the year before; and here "the Apostle of Virginia had assisted in bearing the name of God to the gentiles." Yet little had been effected; and, as we have said, Master Rolfe was forcibly reminded of the lack of missionary labor, the moment he set eyes on the beautiful heathen maiden who came a captive to Jamestown. At least, so we argue from his behavior. He instantly assumed the vocation of a Christian teacher; not in public, to be sure, — for he was no canonical, — but in private, and with only one pupil. Pocahontas was "quick and docile," and had before gathered some crumbs which had fallen to her from the Master's table. It was pleasant to teach so fair a specimen of Nature's handiwork, and one so unsophisticated, so amiable, so impressible, — very pleasant. Doubtless it was pleasant to be taught.

At any rate, while he was training her innate faith and love upward and heavenward, his own, somehow, became the trellis upon which, like young and tender vines, they clambered. Thus the affections of teacher and pupil became so entangled, the faith and love of each toward Heaven were so woven in with faith and love toward one another, — in other words, these two young hearts became so effectually intertwined, — that there was no such thing as separating

them. They found it out one day, — whether on some fresh and sparkling morning, or in some placid moonlight evening, is of no importance, — but they found it out. They happened to look into each other's eyes. Rolfe saw a little image of himself in hers, and Pocahontas saw a little image of herself in his, — and just as plain! Here was a dilemma! What should they do now? They could not *undo*. O no! neither of them thought of *that* for a moment. The first thing they did was, with some trepidation, "to confess their faults one to another," — a duty which they chanced to discover while reading the fifth chapter of the General Epistle of James. This done, there was a tacit understanding between them for the present, that they would just make the best of their entanglement; that the one would by no means reproach the other; in short, that they would peacefully grow upward and heavenward — *together*. A wise conclusion! And, as they could find no Christian precept for publishing their case just now, they said not a word about it for some time, except when they were alone, — and then, you know, they could n't help it.

In the mean time, the great folks, — Sir Thomas Gates, the Governor, and Sir Thomas Dale, — who could not descend to such paltry things as young people's hearts, were busying themselves with matters of state. *They* were going to effect a treaty of peace. *They* were going to bring Powhattan to terms. They had got the proud chief's pearl of great price in their hands, the darling of his gray age, the delight and pride of his eyes; and they would pull at the old man's heart-strings till they

cracked, or wrench from him a treaty of peace. It should be done genteelly, though. So they sent an embassy to him, saying "that his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly" was their prisoner, — a word which rasped his heart. But, they added, they had their price for her, namely, all the English prisoners, and all the English arms and tools, in his possession. If he would restore these, they would restore his daughter; otherwise, they would keep her.

But Powhattan was not a man to be bullied. It wrung his soul that his pet child should be held captive by men in whose tender mercies he had no confidence; but he had the dignity of a king in his keeping, as well as the feelings of a father. The sturdy chief could suffer, but he could not bend to dictation. Besides, the English captives which he had were invaluable to him as mechanics. He therefore disdained to reply long enough to show that he was not to be pricked into terms. Three months after the overture, he sent seven English captives to Jamestown, each with an unserviceable musket; also an axe, a saw, and one canoe laden with corn. With these came a message, that, if his daughter should be restored, he would make satisfaction for all injuries done to the colonists, send them five hundred bushels of corn, and be their friend for ever. In reply, he was told that what he had sent would be kept as part payment of the ransom demanded; but that other arms and other prisoners which he had must be returned also before Pocahontas should be liberated. It was added, however, that she should be kindly treated. At this Pow-

hattan was indignant. It was the end of all negotiation and diplomacy on his part.

The Governor and Council now resolved upon another step. They would send his daughter to his door; if he would not then deliver what was demanded for her ransom, they would resort to force. Having waited till the spring of 1613, Sir Thomas Dale was sent to Werowocomoco in Argall's ship, with a hundred and fifty men, well armed, and having Pocahontas in charge. Rolfe went with them, of course. They were received with defiance by the Powhattans; but, after some skirmishing and hut-burning, a truce was agreed upon for one day. This brief time was diligently improved. Master Rolfe and Master Sparkes were sent to Powhattan, and two brothers of Pocahontas visited her on shipboard.

The result was nothing but a promise from Opechancanough, (the messengers were not admitted to the presence of Powhattan,) and another from the two brothers, that they would urge Powhattan to accede to the overtures and terms of the English. With these bald promises Dale was obliged to content himself, — for the time for planting having come, he had no leisure for fighting. He therefore returned to Jamestown, consenting to wait Powhattan's humor until the harvest.

Thus far, both the diplomacy and the generalship of the dignitaries had been foiled by a heathen savage, who had strength of character enough to curb the impulses of his own heart, and craft enough for a reserved and temporizing policy. To negotiate and to conquer a peace the great folks had failed. The lesser ones now took the matter in hand. Pocahon-

tas confided her love to her brother Nantaquas,—"the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit," said Smith, "I ever saw in a savage." Rolfe confided his to Sir Thomas Dale.

"There is but one remedy," said Dale.

"There is only one," said Gates.

"Only one," said Powhattan.

"Precisely one," said Rolfe.

Pocahontas said nothing in particular; at least, nothing aloud. But she never contradicted Rolfe.

So within ten days, "the remedy"—a very simple though a very serious ceremony—was applied. Powhattan sent Opachisco, an old uncle of Pocahontas, as his deputy, and also two of his sons, to see "the manner of the marriage, and to doe in that behalfe what they were requested, for the confirmation thereof." It was solemnized before the altar at Jamestown, and according to the rites of the Church of England, early in the month of April.\*

Now "an oath for confirmation is to men an end of all strife." Here was an oath,—a marriage oath to be sure; but in that consisted its peculiar charm and efficacy; for it involved a pledge of amity and fidelity between *all* the parties concerned. It was a bond of union, an alliance of interests, between two families,—the English and the Powhattans. Thus a peace was a matter of course. It was not agreed upon; it was understood. It involved no compulsion,

\* Some time previous to her marriage, "before the font which was hewn out of the trunk of a tree, hollowed into the shape of a canoe, the Princess Pocahontas had openly renounced her country's idolatry, professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and been baptized" by the name of Rebecca.—Lippincott's Cabinet History.

no repulsive terms, nothing derogatory to the kingly honor of Powhattan. Nothing was said, or done, about a treaty, nothing about restoration, nothing about reparation. The parties did not dictate, or stipulate, or buy, or conquer, a peace. They married it. "I do thee wed" was "the end of all strife." "And euer since"—since the marriage—"wee haue had friendly trade and commerce, as well with Powhattan himselve as all his subjects." Such is the record, and nothing more.

But besides this, and because of this,\* the tribe of the Chickahominies—"a lusty and daring people, free of themselves"—voluntarily proposed a treaty of friendship and alliance, which was promptly effected; they paying a small annual tribute, claiming to be called Englishmen and true subjects of King James and his deputies, and receiving from the English a pledge of protection against any enemy whatsoever. This also was an effect of Pocahontas's marriage.

What the governor and his advisers, the captains and their soldiers, tried to do, but could not, was thus taken out of their hands, commenced anew in the school-room of the Gospel of Christ, and finally perfected and ratified at the altar. What the law of coercion could not do, in that it was weak through the inborn wilfulness of Powhattan, Divine Providence did. Sending Love, in the begotten likeness of that wilful man, it condemned and made of none

\* "All this was rather for feare Powhattan and we, being so linked together, would bring them againe to his subiection; the which to prevent, they did rather chuse to be protected by vs, than tormented by him, whom they held a tyrant."—Smith, 114.

effect his wilfulness; so that the righteous end sought by that law was fulfilled in those who walked not in wilfulness, but in the spirit of Love. "The law made nothing perfect; but the bringing in of a better hope did."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ANNALS. — THE ASSEMBLY. — WIVES. — SERVANTS. — PROSELYTING.

A CODE of "Lawes Divine, Morall, and Martiall," of which the groundwork had 1613-14. been laid by Lord Delaware, was "settled" under the administration of Gates;\* a code alike remarkable for its details and its penalties. It enjoined frequenting the church, the observance of the Sabbath, reverence for the clergy and all superiors, seemliness of speech and of behavior, and punished with severity the dishonoring of God, sacrilege, felonies, and various sensual crimes.†

\* "The New Life of Virginia," p. 13; in Force, Vol. I.

† In Force, Vol. III. As the laws of the early settlers in New England have been so often tauntingly referred to as indicative of a savage spirit peculiar to Puritanism, it may not be amiss to notice the laws which at this time existed in Virginia under the regimen of Episcopacy. The reader will find them at large in Force. We give an abstract of a few.

For speaking impiously or maliciously against the Trinity, or against the known articles of the Christian faith, or deridingly of the Bible, death.

For blasphemy, death.

For unlawful oaths, or taking the name of God in vain, first offence, "severe punishment"; second offence, a bodkin thrust through the tongue; third offence, death.

For disrespect to a preacher, "to be openly whipt three times, and to ask publicke forgiveness three several Saboth daies."

For omitting to attend divine service twice a day in the church, first offence, loss of "dayes allowance" of food; second offence, whipping; third offence, the galleys for six months.

For the neglect of private or family prayer, for neglect of divine ser-

In 1613, the five years expired which the king, in his instructions, had prescribed for trade in common stock, and for bringing the whole fruit of their labors into common storehouses. Sir Thomas Dale, under the magistracy of Gates, took advantage of this fact, and introduced changes by which the colonists began to acquire property in the soil, and property in time; in each more or less, according, probably, to the circumstances of their immigration. Every man — as noticed at the close of our twelfth chapter — had at least three acres of land, to be cultivated at his option, and for his personal benefit. This allotment was accompanied with an allowance to each holder, per year, of one month of his time, and two bushels of corn from the public stock; for which he must render eleven months of labor for the store. But as early as 1617, the number of this class was reduced to fifty-four, men, women, and children.

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vice on the Sabbath, and for neglect of catechising, first offence, loss of provision and allowance for the whole week following; second offence, loss of said allowance, and whipping; third offence, death.

For rape and fornication, first offence, whipping; second offence, whipping; third offence, three whippings a week for a month, and to "aske publique forgiuenesse in the assembly of the congregation" — only!

For evil words against the Council of the Company in England, or any of their officers, or against the endeavors or intentions of the Company, or against any books which they might see fit to publish, first offence, three whippings, and to ask forgiveness on the knees in public on the Sabbath; second offence, the galleys for three years; third offence, death.

For throwing slops or rinsing a kettle within certain prescribed limits, "whipping, and further punishment as shall be thought meete by the censure of a martiall court."

Such legislation was not characteristic of Puritanism or of Episcopacy: it was characteristic of the age.

The settlers at New Bermuda, — five miles from Henrico, and on the river Appamattuck, — and some others, rendered but one month's service, but not in seed-time or harvest, and two and a half barrels of corn.

Sir Thomas Gates returned to England in March, 1614, leaving the government of the colony in the hands of Sir Thomas Dale.

Dale's administration, although rigorously martial, was distinguished also for good judgment. With indefatigable perseverance, and almost miraculously, he reclaimed the idle and dissolute "to labor and an honest fashion of life." He was particularly careful for the planting of corn; and succeeded to the extent, that he largely supplied the necessities of the Indians. The cultivation of tobacco now commenced; and such was the eagerness of the colonists in this new experiment, that Dale found it necessary to interfere. He forbade the setting of any tobacco, until a certain quantity of ground, to each person in a household, had first been planted with corn.

No other incidents worthy of particular notice occurred during his government, which continued until the spring of 1616; when he sailed for England, in company with Rolfe and Pocahontas, and left "Captain George Yeardley to be deputy-governor in his absence."

Yeardley had neither the controlling efficiency nor the wisdom of his predecessor; consequently the colonists gave the rein to their new conceit for the culture of tobacco. Indeed, the Governor himself partook of the popular enthusiasm. Hitherto a revenue had been sought for by the manufacture of clapboards

and wainscoting, potash and tar, soap and glass, by the cultivation of the vine, and the exportation of yellow earth. But for all except the first two of these, the cost had been greater than the receipts. Yeardley now directed the colonists to the cultivation of tobacco, "as the most present commoditie they could devise for a present gaine." In this there was soon as much eagerness as formerly there had been in hunting gold. The people had no interruption through fear of the Indians. Indeed, such was their sense of security, that they admitted the daily visits, not only of the Powhattans and the Chickahominies, but of "divers other nations," who sometimes guided the English on hunting excursions, and sometimes hunted for them. Yeardley unwisely trained, and allowed others to train, several Indians to the expert use of the musket, that they might provide food for the table. The intercourse between the natives and the colonists was thus free and unrestrained during the whole twelvemonth of Yeardley's administration.

Heretofore every immigrant, and every one who had introduced immigrants at his own expense, had been entitled to a hundred acres of land, personal adventure, for each, — the land to be set off at some future day, — which was the utmost that could be granted in any single share. But such prosperity had accrued through the means and influence of Sir Thomas Dale, that less bounty was thought sufficient inducement for settlers. Now, therefore, but fifty acres' bounty was offered to future immigrants, and to those who, previously to June 24th, 1625, should defray the expenses of immigrants, with the privilege of adding thereto, when occupied and cultivated, fifty

acres more. Lands might also be granted to any person who might have been a special benefactor to the Company or to the colony, but not exceeding two thousand acres. Besides, every person who should pay twelve and a half pounds sterling into the treasury of the Company could obtain a title to a hundred acres.

Captain Samuel Argall arrived in May, 1617, empowered by the Company to act as Deputy-Governor. With the sole and sinister design of securing to himself and his abettors sudden and enormous profits, at whatever expense of humanity or honesty, he had been appointed to this post of trust and power through the intrigues and desperate efforts of a faction headed by Lord Rich, soon afterwards created Earl of Warwick. Argall and Rich were pocket-partners in the scheme to wring money from the colonial enterprise. The better to secure their end, Argall was also constituted Admiral of the country and seas adjoining. He was received by "Yeardley and his companie in a martiall order, whose right-hand file was *led by an Indian*." Yeardley immediately returned to England.

The colony was now in a singular condition. There were about four hundred settlers in the country, and they had a live stock of a hundred and twenty-eight cattle, eighty-eight goats, and innumerable swine; and "in some places good plenty of corne." But the people were scattered everywhere, possessed with a mania for the cultivation of tobacco. Everything else was neglected. Indians were as often in the houses as the planters themselves; they had a great many English arms in their possession, and were skilled in their use. In Jamestown there were remain-



ing but four or five houses; the palisades were not sufficient to keep out the hogs; the well of fresh water was spoiled; the church had tumbled down, and the storehouse was used in its stead. The market-place was overgrown with tobacco. The streets were rank with tobacco. Every nook and corner was usurped by tobacco. The whole population, in town and country, on plantations and on bits of choice land in the wilds, planted it, nursed it, cured it, talked about it by day, and dreamed about it by night.

The dilapidation of the colony Argall set himself to repair; the people of the colony, to tyrannize over and oppress. Constituted both military and naval commander, and ruling where the only law was martial law, and being himself an avaricious, exacting, arbitrary man, he had all the apparatus and qualities of a despot, and was admirably fitted for the purposes for which his election had been obtained. He proved it. Extortion and oppression were the watchwords of his policy. He monopolized the trade with the Indians for his own benefit; he forced the tenants, the servants, the ships, of the Company, and the old planters also, upon his own employments; he embezzled the public cattle and stores; he tried by court-martial, and condemned to death, one Captain Brewster, for endeavoring to withdraw from Argall's business the servants on Lord Delaware's plantation, whom Brewster had in charge; \* for trifling offences he condemned the colonists to confiscations and to limited servitude;

\* Some of the court, joining with the clergy, after much entreaty prevailed with Argall to spare the life of Brewster. The latter appealed to the Treasurer and Company in England, by whom he was promptly and honorably acquitted. Stith, 153, 182.

and even innocent persons he capriciously subjected to punishment. "Complaints were repaid with stripes; moneys, with scoffs; and tortures were made delights."

This intolerable state of things continued until about the 1st of April, 1619, when a little pinnace arrived privately from England for Captain Argall. She was sent by his noble accomplice, now the Earl of Warwick; and her despatches informed him that his tyranny and malpractices had come to the knowledge of the Company, that the pinnace was sent for his escape, and that he had better use her accordingly. He did so; and "within foure or five daies" was off, leaving Captain Powell as his deputy. But, though he went to England and braved investigation, through the intrigues and influence of Warwick he escaped unwhipped.

On the 18th, ten or twelve days afterwards, Yeardley — now Sir George — arrived, having been appointed Captain-General of the colony in place of Lord Delaware, who had died in 1618, on his way to resume the duties of his office in Virginia. The colonists were ravished with joy at their deliverance from tyranny, and by the news that ample supplies, which they much needed, were on the way. "They thought themselves now fully satisfied for their long toil and labors, and as happy men as any in the world."

Hitherto the colonists had been more or less the serfs of a mercantile corporation, and precluded from all political rights in the community which they constituted. Since the establishment of martial law by Dale in 1611, — a measure for which there seem to have been imperative reasons, — they had not had,

even under accusations for capital offences, the right of trial by jury. "The necessities of the times, the ignorance of the people, and the oppression and tyranny of their governors, had thus far deprived them of the liberties and privileges of Englishmen, to which they had a right by the charters of the Company." But now the bondage was at an end. Every vestige of serf-dues was swept away; tribute of corn and tribute of labor, from the planters, were at an end; each man had the shares of land due to him set off, to hold and to enjoy, to him and his heirs; they held property of every sort by a tenure as secure and as independent as if residents in England; the Governor, no longer a despotic official, but under the check of a Council, could do wrong to no man who might not have speedy remedy; the forms of justice and trial by jury were established; and the statute law of England took the place of martial law. These changes were made by Yeardley in virtue of powers vested in him by the Company, and expressly for these purposes.

But this was not all. The colonists were even called upon to share in the high matter of legislation. This Yeardley did *without* authority, though he probably knew that he was acting according to the spirit which now pervaded the Company. He convoked an Assembly of Representatives, which met in June, and "debated all matters thought expedient for the good of the colony." "The people were divided into boroughs or townships," eleven in number, each of which sent two Representatives. These, together with the Governor and Council, — which he had organized immediately upon his arrival, — constituted

THE FIRST COLONIAL ASSEMBLY of North America; the grain of seed since become a tree, beneath which all the nations of the earth gather together and rest.

Although the acts of this Assembly could not be authoritative and binding without being ratified by the London Company, and although it does not appear that the ratification took place, yet their moral influence was incalculable. It was "a shadow of good things to come." The Virginians had plucked of the tree of the knowledge of political good and evil, but had hitherto only *tasted* of its fruit. Now they had broken its bitter rind, and penetrated to its grateful pulp. It was their first discovery of the good, and *they never forgot it*. It quickened within them an instinct heretofore repressed and paralyzed. It brought a Hercules from embryo life to infancy, destined to throttle the serpent. Though it had placed the people only in the outer porch of the temple of Liberty, it had opened their eyes to the glories within, and *they never went back*. Like a draught from the cup of the gods, it darted through their veins, a palpitating current, which they have transmitted, undegenerated, unabated, and uncooled, to the present generation.

May not even an accumulation of metaphor be pardoned, when inscribing and pondering the initiatory act of American Independence?

The inspiration of these several events was immediately felt. The colonists began to call what they labored for, their own; with right good-will they built houses, and displayed satisfaction and honest pride in their construction; they held the plough with cheerfulness and zeal, and wielded the hoe with alacrity;

in short, they set themselves with manly vigor to every practicable form of productive industry, and "the colony began to have the face and fashion of an orderly state." "Our *greatest possible* thanks to the Company for the care that hath beene taken for the settling of the Plantation," was passed in their Assembly by acclamation.

Sir Edwin Sandys, this year the Treasurer of the London Company, and upon whom the burden of their affairs officially devolved, a man of remarkable energy and shrewdness, was ardently and even heroically devoted to the interests of the colony. Earnestly revolving in his mind the great problem of its prosperity and permanence, instead of consulting ledgers, lottery schemes,\* or mercantile speculators, he threw himself upon his own resources as a man of *common* sense, and surveyed the actual condition of the colonists in the light of humanity and nature.

To a mind in this attitude, it was obvious at a glance that as yet there was no organization of true society in Virginia; that its natural and essential element, the inspiring and conservative influence of woman, was wanting. "He wondered not," he said, in a great and general quarter-meeting of the Company in November, "that the people of Virginia

\* The first lottery ever known in the kingdom of Great Britain was granted for the Company, when Sir Thomas Smith was their Treasurer, to aid their Virginia enterprise. Smith, 117. Stith, 138. Hume, Chap. XLIX., Appendix. The grant was contained in Articles XVI.-XIX. of the third charter of James to the Company, dated March 12th, 1611-2, and may be found in Stith, Appendix No. III.

were not settled in their minds, nor intended to make it the place of their rest and continuance. He wondered not that they proposed, after having got some wealth, to return again to England, nor that such restlessness tended to the utter overthrow and dissolution of the plantation. The men had nothing to fix and settle them upon the soil. They had no homes, in the true English sense; no family ties to the glebe on which they sojourned; no endearing associations between their hearts and the visible objects around them. But very few Englishwomen had been there, for men would not take wives to a foreign wilderness, where they themselves purposed only an uncertain residence." Such were the arguments by which he earnestly enforced his "third proposition" to the assembled Company, "that one hundred maids, young and uncorrupt, should be sent over the next spring to make wives for the inhabitants."

Accordingly, ninety young women of good character and aspect were persuaded to go "to 1620. make wives," and were sent out early in 1620. So well did this consignment succeed, (of course it would!) that the next year sixty more were sent for the same benign and politic purpose.

Great must have been the amazement, and great the welcome, with which this novel merchandise was greeted on the shores of Virginia by the wifeless tenants of her soil. The devotees of tobacco even dropped their hoes and deserted their pet plants, so eager were they to inspect and appropriate the new importation. Maidens who came purposely and professedly "to make wives" need not be approached with bashfulness, or won by the mystic arts of court-

ship. So they were all quickly bespoken. Yet they were not to be had for the mere bespeaking. They were "merchandise." They were for sale. If any one was married to a tenant, or farmer, of any *public* land, he could have her freely; the Company would defray the charges of her transportation. To others who were freemen and tenants, — servants should not have any, — they were for sale. Their expenses must be paid at least; perhaps, too, something for choice-money, and something for the profit of the shippers.\* But what were such considerations to men who could be thus diverted from their absorbing pursuit? only "they had no money"! "What then? They had tobacco." "*Would* the shippers receive tobacco?" "Yes, they would receive tobacco, — a hundred and twenty pounds for a young, comely, uncorrupt maiden, well recommended by the Company! At such a price, a gift surely, to a homeless, bachelor farmer in a strange land! Each one with her own recommendations and testimonials too! so that purchasers can judge and choose."

So the farmers examined the faces and the certificates, and judged, and chose, and paid the price, and took unto themselves wives. Now they were "MEN," as the Episcopal service "pronounces" those,

\* The price was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, at three shillings, — equivalent to eighteen pounds sterling. The cost of transportation was about six pounds sterling, leaving a profit to the shippers of twelve pounds sterling to each woman. They were shipped, for the most part, by a society of trade distinct from the Company, but nominally under their control, called "The Magazine," or the subscribers by "Roll." Stith, 171, 186, 197. Does Beverly sneer at wisdom, when he says (p. 248) that "the Planters at the price of a hundred Pound [of tobacco] made themselves believe they had a bargain"?

who conceitedly think themselves men before marriage, to have *become*, in virtue of the marriage rite. Now they had homes. And then, in process of time, came certain native Anglo-Virginians, — little tent-pins, holding the farmers' tabernacles securely to the soil; the very thing which Sir Edwin Sandys thought they would do. Thanks to his sagacity! the Virginians *became* "settled in their minds." But a sense of home, and fixture upon the soil, were not the only salutary results. The rudeness, restiveness, and turbulence of a mere male population subsided; and more industry, more frugality, more thrift ensued, — all natural consequences.

Bonded or covenant service had been early introduced into the colony. Boys and girls were sent out, under indentures, to be "servants and apprentices" to tenants of the public lands, and to the old planters. Men and women also were sent out, under covenants, as "servants to be disposed of among the old planters"; and all other persons who went out, not defraying the expenses of their own passages, "must, by a law of the country, serve, if men and women, four years, if younger, according to their years"; but if under contract, before leaving England, for a longer term of service, then they would be bound for the term specified in the contract. In 1619, King James peremptorily ordered the Company to transport "one hundred dissolute persons to be servants." The sending over of rascals and paupers, which is continued to the present day, was an early policy of England. From all such, service of labor was due, for specified terms of time, in the colony. Their purchase-money in

Virginia — often a large advance upon the cost of transportation\* — entitled the purchaser, or master, to the entire time and powers of the immigrant until the debt was cancelled. The profit became a temptation to unprincipled men to act as shippers of apprentices or covenanted servants. Thus, in process of time, children were sold by poor parents; many were stolen from their parents for the purpose of sale to shippers; many were stolen by shippers themselves; magistrates thus disposed of young vagrants, and even convicted innocent men, for the good of their own pockets. The business became a regular trade in various parts of Great Britain, — in Aberdeen, in Bristol, in London, in Dublin, and other places. Under the name of "crimping," it had its "regular offices for entrapping young men who, pressed by temporary difficulties, and unacquainted with the world, were easily seduced by the keepers of these establishments to ship themselves for countries where

\* The cost of transportation was from six to ten pounds sterling. "Four years' service was required *by law* for the payment of transportation" (Leah and Rachel, p. 11, in Force); and "a man's labor," says Stith (p. 163), "was computed at ten pounds sterling a year." Compare these facts with Captain Smith's language, addressed to the royal commissioners in 1623: "The general complaint saith that pride, covetousnesse, extortion, and oppression in a few that ingrosses all, then sell all againe to the comminalty at what rate they please, yea, euen men, women, and children, for who will giue most, occasions no small mischief amongst the Planters."

"As for the Company or those that doe transport them, provided of necessaries, God forbid but they should receiue their charges againe with aduantage, or that masters there should not haue the same privilege ouer their seruants as here, but to sell him or her for forty, fifty, or threescore pounds whom the Company hath sent ouer for eight or ten pounds at most, without regard how they shall be maintained with apparell, meat, drinke, and lodging is odious." — Smith, p. 166.

they were to revel in numberless delights, but where in reality they were to be plunged into the miseries of compulsory servitude."\* The system afforded a convenient channel for disposing of persons convicted of political disturbances or political heresies, even down to the time of George the Second, if not later. It was also convenient for getting rid of young heirs, to the advantage of the next heirs-at-law.†

"The condition of apprenticed servants in Virginia differed from that of slaves chiefly in the duration of their bondage," though it was not impracticable on slight pretensions to effect an extension of the bondage in certain cases.

But a history of this matter is a digression. It is sufficient to note the fact, that, under color of legal apprenticeship, a real and involuntary enslavement of free-born Britons existed in Virginia in 1620, and previously. Hence, when, in August of that year, a Dutch ship brought a gang of Africans to the shores of James River for sale, the offer was only of black in lieu of white, with the single addition of *unlimited service*. With compulsory servitude the Virginians were already familiar, and it seemed rather an act of good brotherhood than otherwise, to substitute the alien for the countryman, the Negro for the Caucas-

\* Mackintosh's English Revolution, 179. Chambers's Miscellany, Vol. II. No. 24. The whole discourse of the writer in Leah and Rachel shows the existence of this system of imposition, pp. 10-14. The agents of these establishments are called "Spirits." Bullock's Virginia.

† Old, authentic records show an atrocious instance of this sort, in which the plunder was an earldom, with its immense estate. It occurred in 1728. For the treatment of servants, and the allowance made them at the expiration of their terms, see Leah and Rachel, pp. 11, 12, 14. Beverly, 236 - 238.

ian. But whether any questions of casuistry were mooted or not, it was done; and the twenty Africans were sold and bought. The end is not yet.

During the administration of Yeardley, a donation was made to the treasury of the Company by an "unknown person in England, for the bringing up of the savage children in Christianity." Another gave "by will three hundred pounds to the College, to be paid when there shall be ten young salvages placed in it; in the meane time, foure and twenty pound yeerly, to be distribvted vnto three discrete and godly young men in the colony, to bring vp three wilde young infidels in some good course of life."\* In regard to this spiritual enterprise, upon which the Company in their appeals enlarged not a little, one "Master Jonas Stockam, a minister in Virginia," seems to have been rather faithless. In a letter to the Council and Company in England, dated May 28th, 1621, having first gravely raised the question whether they sought the conversion of the savages for the glory of God, or through a desire of the gain which they hoped might flow to them as a reward for their proselyting, he added as follows:—

"As for the gifts bestowed upon them [the savages], they deuoure them, and so they would the giuers if they could; and though many haue en-

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\* "Touching the College for the Infidels' children, it hath beene thought more expedient to beginne first with the planting and peopling of the lands (which hath beene done this yeere); and afterwards to proceede to the erecting of the Fabricke, which is to be performed out of the reuenues of the Lands."—State of Virginia, 1620, in Force. Stith, 162, 163, 166, 171, 172, 195. Beverly, 36. Smith, 127.

deuoured by all the meanes they could by kindnesse to conuerte them, they finde nothing from them but derision and ridiculous answers. We haue sent boies amongst them to learne their language, but they returne worse than they went; but I am no statesman, nor love I to meddle with anything but my bookes, but I can finde no probability by this course to draw them [the savages] to goodnesse; and I am perswaded, if Mars and Minerua goe hand in hand, they will effect more good in an houre, than those verball Mercurians in their liues; and till their priests and ancients haue their throats cut, there is no hope to bring them to conuersion."

On this singularly Christian letter Captain Smith commented thus: "For the salvages vncertaine conformitie [to the church] I do not wonder, but for their constancy and conuersion I am and euer haue beene of the opinion of Master Ionas Stockam."

Whitaker, "the apostle," was of the same opinion with Stockam and Smith.

A second General Assembly was convened in May of this year; of whose doings, however, we have no record.

For certain malicious by-ends of their own, the Earl of Warwick and Captain Argall—now the head of a troublesome faction in the London Company—had caused it to be reported in Virginia, and even to be told to Opechancanough, that the government of the colony was about to devolve upon Warwick, who would call Yeardley to severe account, and to signal punishment, for maladministration. Yeardley was a man too sensitive and amiable to bear the brunts and emergencies of his very pecu-



liar post; and this rumor, which was variously confirmed, wrought in him such extreme dejection, as to induce a long and severe sickness, and of course to retard and embarrass the machinery of his government. For this reason, probably, though perhaps in connection with others, he desired the Company to release him from his duties when the term for which he was appointed should have expired, which would be in November of 1621. Sir Francis Wyatt was therefore elected Governor, — “a young gentleman thought every way sufficient and equal to the place, and highly esteemed on account of his birth, education, integrity of life, and fair fortune.” He left England with his commission about the 1st of August, 1621.

## CHAPTER XV.

### OVER THE WATER.

WE now go back a little in the order of time, and pass over to the old and bustling metropolis of England. 1616.

Late in June, or perhaps in the early part of July, 1616, there was a lady sitting in a richly furnished apartment in London, who had some connection with the events of our narrative. She appeared to be about forty years of age, which was less than two years short of the truth. Her face was but indifferently handsome, — an aquiline nose a little drooping towards the mouth, a clear complexion, and rich brown eyes, just then rather heavy in their expression, though usually lively. Her hair was elaborately curled and frizzled, dressed high, and decked sparingly with jewels. Her dress was a rich, heavy silk brocade, the bodice tight, and forming a waist five inches longer than natural. The corsage of her gown was cut very low, but the bosom was covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar, and cuffs of the same material in three tiers ornamented her wrists. She wore the preposterous appendage of the day, — a farthingale, — so enormous that her very beautiful hands rested upon its verge, when her arms were extended. She had no companion but a pet greyhound, of a diminutive breed, which lay at her feet,



having around its neck an ornamented collar, on which were embossed in gold the letters A. R.

The lady had the appearance of one worn by cares. Indeed, she had a troubled look, as though some jagged thoughts were even then working their way through her mind. She seemed abstracted, and gave no sign of life other than a sigh, or a flitting contraction of her brow and lip, as if she were in pain. At last she rose, — with what awkwardness and difficulty may be imagined, — and walked nervously to one of the large windows. She looked upon the bright green lawn, glanced at some sombre buildings and turrets beyond, and instantly turned back again. There was nothing cheering out of doors, for there was no sunshine. It was shut out by smoke and clouds. Observing by a timepiece in the apartment that it was almost noon, she sadly reseated herself, and took up a letter which had lain open by her side. She had read it before, but she commenced reading it again with evident interest.

While she was thus engaged, a folding door of the apartment was thrown open from without by two men in rich apparel. A man entered without word or ceremony, the two attendants disappeared, and the door was closed. He was fifty years of age, of middling stature, misshapen by the rickets just enough to give him an uncouth form, and had a countenance, even in its best state, disagreeably homely. Just now it was not in its best state; for, besides first a rolling, and then an idiotic stare, of his large eyes, — actions which were habitual with him, — he had a decidedly drunken look. Not that he was tipsy then; but he looked as though he had been, thoroughly,

when he went to bed, and had just risen to shame, repentance, and the headache. His dress was green from head to foot, of the same shade as the vigorous grass out of the window. He looked as though he was a fat man, but he was not. His face, — it was bloated; and his clothes, — they were stuffed with quilted padding, I don't know how thick; but so thick that the ordinary daggers of the time, if they should prick through to the skin, could not penetrate much farther. He was very much afraid of being stabbed; no one knew why, although some wiseacres said it was because, just before he was born, a man was stabbed to death in his mother's presence, and he had never got over the fright. In those days every man wore a sword who pretended to be a gentleman, which he, through a very great error of judgment, thought himself to be. But he had as natural a dislike to swords as he had to shorter weapons for stabbing, and wore instead, and in the place of one, a richly ornamented hunting-horn. He loved dogs and hunting dearly; it was said, better than he loved anybody in the world, or anything but eating and drinking and lying in bed.\*

He made a peevish sign to the lady, who was beginning the operation of rising, that she should remain seated, and advanced with an awkward and uncertain step, as though his legs were too weak for his body, — and they were. The slightest possible look of sorrow passed upon the lady's face, but it immediately gave way to a good-natured expression, her

\* Hume's History of England; Neal's History of the Puritans; Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. VII. pp. 344, 345, 349-351; Dickens's Child's History of England; Aikman's Buchanan's Scotland, III. 384.

eyes beaming with their natural vivacity, and betraying a spirit anything but tame or diffident. Her husband adjusted himself upon a seat, after an ungainly process, sheepishly looked down upon the floor, and fumbled uneasily at his dress.

"I am sorry for you, Jemmy," said the lady, refolding her letter; "but you should be more on your guard, man. You had such bitter shame and sorrow after that terrible debauch with brother Christiern at Theobalds, that I thought you would have profited by the lesson. Ten years to be sure; but not long enough for *such* a thing to be forgotten. And yet how many times since have you done just so?"

Jemmy was in the habit of swearing like a trooper, and of largely spicing his conversation with Latin. We omit the Latin and the oaths.

"I dinna ken, I dinna ken," he replied, with a clumsy articulation. His tongue was too big for his mouth. He always spake so. "I canna hald frae swearing! An uncannie chiel! an uncannie chiel!" And he began to cry.

"You are not uncannie, Jemmy; you are not uncannie," said the lady in a soothing tone. "There is not your equal in all England or Scotland."

"Ay, ay! I could gie the teachings o' wisdom to a' in the twa kingdoms. But Solomon himsel had his weakness. Ye cannie know, Nannie! the muckle power o' temptation whin Auld Cluitty himsel fills the tassie, and putteth on the bonnie smile o' an angel o' light. Wae 's me! wae 's me! Gude forgie me! Gude forgie me!" And he wept and blubbered like a child.

And thus, while the fit was on him, he snivelled

forth his morning penitence, wringing his hands, and ejaculating sneaking prayers "that God would not impute his infirmities to him." His wife, who really loved him, had hardly succeeded in bringing him to tolerable composure, when two more persons were ushered into their presence.

One of them was a very handsome young man, twenty-two years of age, with a genteel air and fashionable apparel, and radiant with diamonds, — diamonds in his cap, diamonds in his ear-rings, and diamonds on his shoes. The other was a youth of sixteen years, of a very modest and winning appearance; his countenance wearing an almost imperceptible shade of melancholy when in repose,\* but lively, fresh, and ingenuous when animated by conversation. Was a hazy presentiment of a stormy life and a tragic death already creeping over his young spirit, and spreading its pall over his features?

"Steenie! Charlie!" exclaimed Jemmy, as the two entered, "ye're the light o' my een; bonnie and braw as twa fresh-blawn roses!"

"Welcome, my little *servant*!" said the lady to the younger, using a term which she whimsically chose to express her affection to her son.†

"My dear mother," replied the lad impetuously, "I have come to ask whether you will receive the princess. Have you read the letter?"

"Yes, child, I have read the letter. But you must ask his Sowship about the reception."

\* This expression was so distinct in the portraits of Charles I. by Vandyke, that a Roman sculptor, once studying one of them, turned sadly away, exclaiming, "That man will not die a natural death!"

† Strickland, VII. 360.

"Reception! letter! princess!" exclaimed Jemmy. "What 's blawing i' the wind noo, Baby Charles? Are ye ganging to fash me wi' mair o' your lassie frolics? Ye maun ha' the Infanta, or the lass o' France. Sae nae mair o' your skeely pratticks."

"No, no," replied Charles affectionately. "Your Majesty shall be obeyed in my marriage when the time for marriage comes. But *this* princess is already married to one of your Majesty's subjects."

"Ah, I ken, I ken! We 'll bring him to a sair repentance, — the scurley limmer! To buckle wi' the bairn o' a king! Sic a deed is onkent! By my saul! he ha' miskent himsel! He shall skirl for it; he shall greet and gowl for his honeymoon, gif the king o' England an' Scotland can mak him!"

"But, Jemmy! the young man acted with advice. The Governor himself approved of the marriage."

"An' dinna ye ken, Nannie, that I maun see to the keepin' o' royal bluid frae the profane touch o' the plebeian-born? Steenie! what say you?"

"I think there is much difference between the royal blood of an Indian, and the royal blood of your Sowship," said Buckingham.

"Weel, weel! but royal bluid is royal bluid after a'."

"But you would not punish the innocent with the guilty, surely! Your most serene Sowship cannot hurt the princess's husband without hurting the princess."

"Hoot-toot, man! Ye tak no tent o' the fact that the princess ha' nae mair right to fa' frae the place o' Gude's anointed, than the man ha' to foist himsel up! But we hae nothing to do wi' her; wi' him,

muckle. Dinna ye perceive, Steenie, that wha is gude-man to the princess o' Virginia maun be takin' tent o' the crown o' Virginia to be his ain by and by? My saul! he maun thole the dool. Gin he will tak the bit, he maun tak the buffet wi' it."

"But, dear father —"

"Noo, noo, Baby Charles! I canna be fashed mair! I canna be fashed! Let us drap this clishmaclaver."

"But the letter, sire."

"The letter? aweel!"

"It is about this beautiful princess, and is a petition that she may be presented to her Majesty. Surely a queen should welcome a royal princess to the realm!"

"Hie-how, Baby Charlie! Ye're a braw callant for princesses! Weel, what o' the letter, Nannie! Frae wha is it?"

"It is from your Sowship's most brave and loyal subject, Captain Smith. Shall I not read it to you?"

"Is it to Baby Charles?"

"No: it is to myself." And, unfolding it, she began to read: "'To the Most High and Virtuous Princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain —'"

"*That's ower true, ower true!*" interrupted Jemmy.

"'Most admired Queen: The love I bear my God, my king, and countrie —'"\*

"Weel, Nannie! gin he is your *admirer*, ye maun humor the man. An' I sud like to see the princess mysel. Sae do as ye will; an' nae mair on 't noo, — wad ye, Steenie?" and Jemmy slung his arm over the shoulder of the handsome youth, lolled upon

\* This letter of Captain Smith to Queen Anne may be found entire in Smith; in Beverly; in the Life of Smith in Sparks's American Biography; and in "Indian Biography," by B. B. Thacher.

his neck, rubbed his gross lips over and over his fair face, and kissed, and kissed, and kissed.\*

The favorite bore the treatment meekly, and rather sportively, disgusting as it was, until the most high and virtuous Anne interrupted the royal pastime by saying: "Steenie, my dog!"

"At your service, my gracious Queen," — disengaging himself from the royal embrace.

"You have not done your duty."

"Wherein have I failed of my duty to your Majesty?"

"In failing to watch over his Sowship."

"Steenie fail to watch ower me!" exclaimed Jemmy. "By my saul, he's ever a watchin': he does naethin' else. Gin ye can fin' nae *mair* fault, he may e'en gae scot-free."

"I did command my dog Steenie that he should make your ear hang like a sow's lug," † rejoined Anne of Denmark. "Did he do his duty last night, when he let you get drunk?"

"Poor Steenie! dinna blame him. How could he get at my lug, when the Deil stood a whispering in it hissel? Steenie canna wark miracles!"

"His Sowship is right, my gracious Queen: I cannot outwit Satan. It was not my fault, nor his Sowship's, that he got drunk: the Devil did it, by his wiles and enchantments. Your Majesty must settle the score with him."

"Well, my kind dog, keep to your vocation, and get beforehand with the Devil. You have done very well in lugging the sow's ear. I shall thank you for

\* Dickens.

† Strickland, VII. 350.

it, and would have you do so still. Upon condition that you continue a watchful dog unto him, and be always true to him, so I shall wish you all happiness."\*

We gladly drop the curtain. Even so brief an approach to the domestic life and character of James the First of England, makes one feel defiled and heart-sick. Such royalty looks better out of ear-shot.

It is sufficient to remark, that the wrath of James against young Mr. Rolfe, for his presumption in yoking himself with royalty, "passed off without any further bad consequence than a little displeasure and murmuring"; as did also his apprehensions that the husband of Pocahontas might lay claim to the crown of Virginia.

Pocahontas, or, as she was called in England, the Lady Rebecca, had arrived at Plymouth on the 12th of June, having in her train several young Indians of both sexes, and devoted with all the fresh and tremulous love of a new mother to the comfort and the marvellous developments of an infant Thomas. She had acquired a fair command of the English language, had easily adopted the habits and manners of civilized life, and was well instructed in Christianity. Her journey of two hundred and sixteen miles to London was necessarily slow, partly because of the ill-constructed roads and the lumbering vehicles of the day, and partly because of the hospitalities which she en-

\* Strickland, VII. 349. The disgusting appellation applied throughout this dialogue to King James is that with which he was addressed by his queen and by the Duke of Buckingham, in their familiar conversations, and in their letters.

countered. Great was the curiosity of all classes to behold the natives of the New World, and particularly the beautiful scion of barbaric royalty, the first Christian of her nation, the first who had wedded an Englishman and borne him a child. In the eyes of the crowd, all were national trophies; a kind of first-fruit offering at the shrine of English greatness, types and pledges of a growing empire, which not only gratified English curiosity, but tickled English pride. Yet there were others who, while they shared in these popular sentiments, greeted the stranger princess with English heartiness for her own sake, as the heroic savior of their countrymen, as the beautiful child of Nature, and a rare embodiment of female virtues. All strove to do her honor. The London Company made appropriations for the generous maintenance of herself and her child; and her society was eagerly sought by families of the highest rank and of unbending pride.

The noise and the smoky atmosphere of London so illy agreed with one always accustomed to the stillness and the pure air of the forest, that Pocahontas was immediately removed to Brantford, a short distance from the city. As soon as Captain Smith heard of her being established, he hastened to welcome her, taking with him a party of his friends. It is undoubtedly true, though not stated in Smith's account of the interview, that he met her with the ceremonious deference and reserve appropriate to the character in which she appeared, and to the sphere in which she was then moving, but in strong contrast to the frank and easy cordiality which had marked their interviews in the wilderness. This she instantly per-

ceived. It keenly wounded her sensitive nature. Her heart had bounded toward the man whom she had known in her father's lodge, whom she had repeatedly saved from death, from whom she had always received the most cordial and parental salutations, and whom she had ever regarded with childlike reverence and trust. But formality in him! she had not dreamed of it. It was chilling, cutting, stunning; for she had lost none of the simplicity, none of the affectionateness, none of the sensitiveness, which had marked her elastic childhood. The open warmth of the rough soldier had always gladdened her; the English iciness of the precise visitor smote upon her heart. She could not comprehend it. She returned it by a passionless and silent salutation, turned directly about, and covered her face with her hands. From this, grieved and wordless humor she would not be dissuaded, so that Rolfe and the visitors left her, much to the mortification of Smith. After two or three hours they returned, when she began to talk.

"I see you are other than you used to be. I was but a little girl, yet I did save your life and the lives of your people whenever I could. Though I did not know God then, he moved my heart to love you and your people, and to take care of you.\* *Then* you used to smile, and put your hand on my head, and look in my eyes, and say, 'God bless you, *my child!*' But *now*, where there are no Powhattans to hurt you, you look no smile, you say no word to God, you

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\* "She remembered me well what courtesies she had done." — Smith.

make one stiff stoop over, and say, 'La-dy Re-becca!'" and a sneer of contempt could be seen upon her quivering lip as she protracted her new name. "I see you have forgotten Pocahontas.\* You came to see the Lady Rebecca. She was here then," — alluding to her own coolness and silence, — "but she is gone now. This is Pocahontas, Captain Smith, — your *child*."

"I did come to see Pocahontas," Smith replied, kindly. "I have not forgotten her. I have not forgotten what she did when my head lay upon the stone in her father's lodge. I have not forgotten what she did for my people when they had no food. I have not forgotten what she did in the lonesome woods and in the dark night. She was as an angel of mercy whom God sent. But *here* it is not proper that a poor soldier should conduct himself towards a king's daughter as though he were her equal."

"King's daughter here; king's daughter there. Poor soldier here; poor soldier there. It is the same, and you should be the same. *Captain Smith* did look kind, and say, 'God bless,' and 'my child.' You did promise Powhattan what was yours should be his; and he, the like to you. You called him 'Father,' being in his land a stranger; and by the same reason, so must I do you."

"We are both the same, and we regard each other the same as we used to. But England and Powhattan's country are not the same. My king

\* "She addressed a feeling and pathetic remonstrance on the distant coldness of his manner." — Burk, I. 187.

would be angry if I should behave as if I was a father to the daughter of a king. Therefore I am afraid that you should call me 'Father,' or to call you 'Child.'"

The idea was so absurdly ludicrous, that the seriousness and grief of Pocahontas gave way, and she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Afraid!" said she. "Who ever dared to say that Captain Smith was afraid! It is silly. Were you afraid in my country, among many strangers and terrible warriors? No. You made all afraid but me. How, then, can you be afraid among your own countrymen, and afraid of such a harmless thing as that I should call you 'Father'? Should any one but you say it, I should think him a fool.\* I tell you, then, I will call you 'Father'; and you shall call me 'Child'; and so I will be for ever and ever of your country and of your people. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth. Yet Powhattan did command Tomocomo† to seek you and know the truth; because your countrymen will lie much."

Captain Smith then made known to her, that he had already, under favor and countenance of Prince

\* This is the true meaning of Pocahontas's words, as recorded by Smith; but he expresses it in a very obscure way.

† Tomocomo was one of the train of Pocahontas. He had married her sister Matachanna; was one of the chief of Powhattan's council, and of their priests; and was esteemed highly by the Indians for his wisdom. He was sent to England to number its inhabitants, or — it is not certain which — to take account of their trees and corn, for which they seemed so eager. He therefore provided himself, upon landing, with a long stick, — his account-book, — which he began to notch, but soon threw it away in despair. Stith, 143, 144.



Charles, related to Queen Anne by letter the history of her relations and services to the colonists. After other conversation, he took his leave for the present; the sensitive princess relieved of the grief which the formality of their meeting had induced. They had frequent interviews afterwards, for Smith was daily importuned for an introduction to her, by persons connected with the royal court, and by others.

It was a gay, frivolous, heartless world to which Pocahontas was now introduced; but its shifting scenes, its glitter, its novelty, served effectually to blind her to its hollowness and misery, so that "she was wonderfully pleased and delighted." For the brief term of her visit, her native and now matured purity was a sufficient shield against its contamination, and of course its sting. So transparent was her goodness, and so natural and simple her dignity of manner, that the proudest and wickedest approached her with profound respect, and the boldest felt that there *was* a line beyond which they might not advance. At masks, at balls, at theatres, she was a chief object of attraction; but neither viscount, earl, or duke presumed upon her simplicity. Though a wife and a mother, she had yet the loveliness and the sanctity of a child. In artificial society, she seemed like a modest and graceful lily, a pure and peerless product of Nature, fresh and fragrant, to whom the rank and gorgeous nurslings of the hot-house paid instinctive homage. Through means of Smith's letter to Queen Anne, she was introduced to their Majesties by Lord and Lady Delaware. The whole court were surprised and charmed by the propriety and grace of her deportment; and even the sottish

James was roused to sentiments of esteem, and conceded to her the position of a royal princess. She was frequently admitted to private interviews with the queen, and was publicly treated as the daughter of a sovereign prince.

Thus she passed away the winter of 1616-17, the pride of a husband who loved her with passionate devotion, and admired by all for the beauty of her person and the loveliness of her character.

Early in the spring,—it appears to have been about the 1st of March,—Captain Argall sailed from Gravesend, near the mouth of the Thames, for Virginia. While waiting in that port to go in his ship to her native land, Pocahontas was suddenly arrested by a power from which there was no deliverance. She fell sick, and soon perceived that Death stood at the door. As husband and friends moved about in consternation and in tears, her childlike spirit was transfigured before them, and was clad in raiment of light. Behold, it was "the spirit of adoption"!

When she yearned to see once more the rivers and forests where she used to play, and the aged chief who used to delight in her infant glee, and to lay her body by the graves of her woodland fathers, it whispered, "Thy will, O God! not mine," and the longing was stilled.

When she took leave of husband and child, it murmured, "Even so, Father!" and she was peaceful.

And then she looked trustfully, steadfastly, upon the Offering for sin,—a "Thanks! thanks! for the unspeakable Gift!" in her heart,—until, unsullied by a fashionable and wicked world, she sweetly fell asleep.



Her name, like a drop of dew, or a perpetual flower, on a hoary ruin, is yet fresh and refreshing on the page of history; and the memory of her unpretending life is like the memory of a heavenly vision.\*

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\* Pocahontas died at twenty-two years of age. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, "afterwards came to America, where he became a gentleman of great distinction, and possessed an ample fortune. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, and died leaving an only son, Major John Bolling, who was the father of Colonel John Bolling and several daughters; one of whom married Colonel Richard Randolph, from whom was descended the late John Randolph of Virginia," so distinguished both for his character and his talents. Drake's Book of the Indians.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE CONSTITUTION.—OPECHANCANOUGH.—JACK-OF-THE-FEATHER.

THE new Governor arrived in Virginia in 1621. October. The policy which he was instructed to pursue denotes much vigor and political sagacity on the part of the Company; yet betrays the same peculiarities for which the New England colonies have been stigmatized. Religious worship and rites according to the canons of Episcopacy; the honor and rights and respect of the clergy; "the avoiding"—a soft but ambiguous word—"of all factious and needless novelties";\* loyalty; the prompt and equal administration of justice according to the forms and constitution of England; peace and friendship with the natives, and their protection from wrong; popular industry; the suppression of gaming, drunkenness, and "excess of apparel";†—all these, among other matters, were expressly enjoined.

This last item excited some sensation in the col-

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\* Meaning Puritanism particularly.

† It may be a question whether the language of the Company on this point savors most of Puritanical preciseness and overmuch righteousness, or of Episcopalian jealousy for the privileges of rank. "No person, except the Council, or the Heads of Hundreds and Plantations, with their Wives and Children, shall wear Gold on their Cloaths, or any Apparel of Silk, except such as has been raised by their own Industry."—Stith, 194.

ony; not as an improper, but as a ludicrously inappropriate, injunction. "We know," said the Governor and Council, "of no excess in apparel, except in the price of it; and had not the direction come from the Company, we should have thought it a flout for our poverty and nakedness."

In one thing, at least, the Company discovered their Christian common sense, in a little homily borrowed from a sermon which was preached sixteen hundred and twenty years before, but is to this day disregarded. In urging upon the colonists the conversion of the natives to Christianity, they observed that "the example given by the English in their own *persons* and *families* would be of singular and chief moment."

Elementary, and even classical education, were also recommended; and — quite as urgently — the culture of corn, the making of walnut-oil, wine, and silk, for the two latter of which the Company had made special and generous provision. Tobacco they discouraged; commanding to restrict its cultivation to one hundred pounds per head, and declaring that, for dues to them, they would receive "not one Whit in Smoke and Tobacco, but only in *useful* Commodities."

But the most important document brought by Sir Francis Wyatt was *A Charter of Government*. Under this instrument, the powers of legislation were committed to the colonists through their representatives, in connection with the Governor and Council; hereby establishing, on a legal basis, the same form of free government of which Sir George Yeardley, without legal sanction, had given a pattern the year before. The Governor, Council, and Representatives constituted *THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY*. The

Governor had a negative vote. No law passed by them was valid, however, until ratified by the Company in England; and no commandment of the Company in England could have the force of law, until approved and adopted by the General Assembly in Virginia.\* The Assembly were simply required "to follow the Laws, Customs, and Manner of Trial, and other Administration of Justice used in the Realm of England, as near as may be."

Virginia had a *WRITTEN CONSTITUTION*! She received it under the reign of a despot! No man ever more hated constitutional rights, no man ever frowned more savagely upon popular liberty, than James. "Kingcraft," as he called it, was his vocation, if he had any. In his own conceit, he was born for it, inspired with it, a master of it. Such was his daily boast. Yet he so handled his tools, that he was unwittingly shaping a Commonwealth. "The encroachments of the prerogative, the avowed principles of arbitrary power, began to raise the spirit of

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\* "We, the Treasurer, Council, and Company, by authority directed to us by his Majesty under the Great Seal, . . . . do hereby order . . . . that henceforth there shall be Two SUPREME COUNCILS. . . . The one . . . . THE COUNCIL OF STATE ( . . . . assisting . . . . to the Governor) shall be chosen . . . . and displaced by Us. . . . The other, . . . . to be called by the Governor yearly, and no oftener, but for very extraordinary and important occasions, shall consist . . . . of the said Council of State, and of two Burgesses out of every Town, Hundred, or other particular Plantation, to be respectively chosen by the inhabitants; which Council shall be called THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, wherein (as also in the said Council of State) all matters shall be decided," &c., reserving to the Governor always a negative voice. Then follow the other qualifications and limitations stated briefly in our text. The ordinance may be found entire in Stith, Appendix No. IV. See also Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Query XIII.

Liberty in the nation,"—a spirit nowhere more active, perhaps, than in the Quarter Sessions of the London Company. The Solomon of England withstood and goaded it in the Parliament; so it wrought the more efficiently in the Corporation, where it breathed the breath of life, whence it received its first form, its first habitation, and its first written gospel of great joy. The sacred fire which the king stifled, they nourished; and while as yet they could build for it no altar at home, they generously transmitted it, by their charter, to the colony which they had fostered abroad.

Like the symbolic woman in the Apocalypse, the Genius of Liberty—clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and a crown of stars on her head—travailed in birth, and pained to be delivered. James, like the dragon of the vision, stood before her, to devour her child as soon as it should be born. But it was caught up, as a holy thing, under Divine protection. And the woman fled, where she had a place prepared for her of God, into the wilderness,—*which helped her and the remnant of her seed*. There was no Star-Chamber in Virginia.

They were happy auspices under which Sir Francis Wyatt commenced his administration on the 18th of November, when he immediately convened the General Assembly under the new Constitution. At this session, a system was established for the administration of justice,—the Governor and Council constituting a Supreme Court, and inferior courts being appointed in the different settlements for the trial of lesser cases, called County Courts, although the country was not yet laid off into counties.

At the time of his daughter's departure for England, Powhattan had removed his residence to the banks of the Potomac. Wearying of care as age advanced, and grieving for the death of his beloved Pocahontas, he gave himself up to the pastime of visiting the different chiefs and tribes under his sway, and left the charge of his government chiefly in the hands of Opechancanough. This fact, added to his personal popularity and his known pre-eminence in point of talent over Itopatin, the next heir to the government, caused the king of Pamunkey to be regarded as the rising sun; and, as such, he received the deference both of Indians and English. In addition to this, by a cunning artifice he had induced the powerful and independent tribe of the Chickahominies to elect him their king in the same year, 1616,—an event which largely increased his consideration and influence. Powhattan, having maintained continual peace with the English from the time of Pocahontas's marriage, had died in April, 1618. Itopatin had succeeded to his title and office; but Opechancanough, to his influence and real government. Both immediately made a formal league of friendship with the English, which they had maintained, in appearance at least, until the arrival of Sir Francis Wyatt.

This gentleman, soon after his installation in office, sent Mr. George Thorpe to the royal brothers on a friendly embassy, and to renew and confirm former leagues. They both gave fair and courteous responses; but Opechancanough's deportment was particularly gratifying. He began to talk about the English God, and seemed to Mr. Thorpe to have "more motions of religion" than could be expected

of one so benighted. "Paganism," he said, "did not satisfy him. He wanted to find the God of Captain Smith. - O that he might receive instruction! How gladly would he listen! Could not some way be devised to break the darkness of his poor heathen soul? Suppose that Mr. Thorpe should arrange that some English families should come to reside among his people, and that some of his people should go to reside with the English. Thus he and others who now knew no other god than Okee — and he did not seem to be much of a god — might come to understand about the English God, and thus they should be all one people. Would not Mr. Thorpe try to do so much for the poor Indians?" "Certainly Mr. Thorpe would"; and the good man, much affected, returned from his mission elated by these indications of an opening door for the Gospel.

Mr. Thorpe had been one of King James's Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber, was now one of the Governor's Council, and the Superintendent of the College lands. He was truly apostolic in his desire and self-denial for the conversion of the Indians. For their good, he had consented to leave his native land to manage the affairs of the College, — *their* College he considered it, — and was now laboring and praying for the conversion of the chief and his subjects. Toward all these he was so tender in his feelings, and so disinterestedly anxious to conciliate them, that he could not bear to deny them any wish, or that they should be subject to any annoyance. Amiable and gentle as he was, he could exercise severity; but only upon those who wronged or insulted an Indian.

The land assigned to the College consisted of ten

thousand acres, laid off at Henrico, on which were located about a hundred planters, who were tenants. Half the profits of their labor was to be their own. From the other half, "the fabricke" was *to be* built in which "wilde young infidels" were to be trained for wholesome life and heaven. For the personal support of the Superintendent, three hundred acres were assigned, on which were placed ten tenants. Mr. Thorpe was hard at work in arranging and managing the affairs of this important enterprise. There was more of the secular than of the spiritual, however, in his vocation at present. Houses were to be built, and lands to be allotted, broken up, and planted. Upon this preliminary drudgery he entered body and soul, as the necessary means to a good and glorious end. He could never divest himself of the impressions made upon his mind, and the hopes enkindled, by "the motions of religion" in Opechancanough; and, as the chief's residence was at no great distance from the College manor, he determined to visit him. He did so. He was cordially welcomed, treated with the highest consideration, and listened to, when upon religious topics, with earnest attention. All this was hopeful in Mr. Thorpe's view, and he thanked God as he was returning to his home.

"What a sorry hut!" he soliloquized; "what a sorry hut for a king to live in! Suppose, now, I build him a nice, comfortable English house. Would it not win his confidence to a religion which leads its followers to do kindness even to unbelieving Indians? Then he will listen to my instructions even more teachably. Then, when he learns something more of the Bible, the Lord may unseal his eyes and open his

heart. Then the other chiefs, and all the tribes, when they see the great king believing in the true God and Christ, will begin to learn. And then — and then —” Thus he went on until he saw the desert blossoming as the rose, and the weaned child with his hand on the cockatrice’s den. As the result of Mr. Thorpe’s meditations, a house was built for Opechancanough; and the two soon met there. The chief always had a smile and a welcome for his good English friend; but at this meeting he was particularly elated, and evinced both his gratitude and respect in every possible way. His delight was unbounded, as he rambled with his visitor through the different apartments, and asked the purpose of this and of that, and wondered how each could have been constructed; but by the lock upon the door he was fascinated. He seemed perfectly contented, the wonderful lock with its key on the one side, and Mr. Thorpe with his Gospel on the other. Now he would turn the key, and now hear the words of grace. The lay missionary was somewhat puzzled by the vacillation of the savage mind between objects so dissimilar; but though the royal pupil would sit and play lock and key a hundred times a day, yet he was so pleased with the company and discourse of his teacher, he asked so many questions about Christianity, and looked so earnestly when he spoke or listened about it, that Mr. Thorpe could not but strike the balance of probabilities against the mystery of the lock, and in favor of the mystery of the Gospel. It was so evident that he had won the chief’s ear and heart! and how cheaply too! only by a little painstaking, a little kindness, and a little English cottage with a lock and key! O how grateful he was

for such free and easy access to the mind of this pagan king! He wished for only one thing more, — to lead him within the spiritual fold. How tearfully he prayed for him in secret places! and how often, in the presence of his pupil, did he mentally exclaim, “How can I give thee up!”

Their interviews were repeated; and their conversations upon religious matters were long and frequent. Opechancanough could not be far from the kingdom of Heaven; and as for the peaceful behavior of the catechumen and his subjects towards the English, there was now in Mr. Thorpe’s mind no shadow of apprehension. His confidence in their good-will never wavered to the moment of his death. The remarkable fruits of Opechancanough’s “motions of religion” soon appeared.

On the fertile bank of a small creek between James and York rivers lay a fair farm belonging to a thrifty farmer by the name of Morgan. But Morgan’s thrift was not all the result of his labor on the soil. He had a gift at traffic also, and had been known to drive many a good bargain, when his presence was not needed upon his plantation, by exchanging English trinkets for Indian corn and peltry. He always had on hand more or less of those articles which pleased the natives; but in March of 1622 he had still a large supply, although he had been driving a brisk trade during the winter.

Quite early in the month, and betimes in the morning, too, Morgan sat regaling himself with a pipe of tobacco of his own raising. There was a stout Indian with him doing likewise, whom Morgan had furnished

with a lodging through the night, and with whom he had just finished a hearty morning meal. Smoking with a companion is a mystery which none but the initiated comprehend. It includes good-fellowship, and even a semi-mesmeric sympathy or interchange of thoughts; in other words, conversation without the trouble of speaking or hearing. As such, our planter and Indian enjoyed it, without a passing thought of their difference in color, blood, or education. While the pipes lasted, they were brother-spirits, — nothing else.

This was no common Indian, and, as the sequel will show, he had no little to do with the development of Opechancanough's "motions of religion." He was a noted warrior, known among his people by the name of Nemattanow, a man of great bravery, and considered by the Indians one of their chief war-captains. He had been engaged in many bloody conflicts with the English before the marriage of Pocahontas, and, though he had always freely exposed his person, had never received the slightest injury. He was exceedingly ambitious, and had adroitly taken advantage of his many escapes to work upon the superstitions of his countrymen, until they believed, what he vauntingly maintained, that he was both invulnerable and immortal, — in other words, something more than human. Consequently he was regarded with extreme veneration by all the associated tribes. His great popularity was very annoying to Opechancanough, who looked upon him as a rival. He was a shrewd fellow, and knew well that any eccentricity of his would essentially increase the awe with which he was regarded. For this purpose, as well as to gratify

his own vanity, he made himself as noted for his costume as for his invulnerability. He was never seen but in an extravagant dress, and one which to the eye of an Indian was very grand. His hair was worn in the usual Indian style, so trimmed as to stand perpendicularly, about two inches in height, from the centre of the forehead over the crown to the nape of the neck, — a stiff ridge, "like a cock's comb," say the old writers; the hair on either side being drawn down flat upon the scalp, and knotted behind the ears. But Nemattanow was peculiar for his display of finery. At each ear hung a beautiful spiral sea-shell, to which were strung three or four pearls. Upon his broad breast was suspended, by a string of Wampum Peak,\* a round tablet of about four inches in diameter, and of the highest polish, having the figure of a new moon and a few mystic characters skilfully etched upon the surface. His neck, wrists, and ankles were also ornamented with chains of Peak; while a few dull rings of English manufacture were sported on his fingers. A sort of half-petticoat hung from his waist downward to the middle of his thigh. It was made of nicely dressed deer-skin, slashed to a fringe around the lower edge, as around the upper, which fell over and concealed the girdle, while fanciful devices wrought with Peak adorned the surface. His feet

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\* Peak was of two kinds, both made of the conch-shell. The one, of a dark-purple color, and the most valued, was the Wampum Peak; the other, made of the white part of the shell, was called White Peak. "Roanoke" was of far less value, and was made from the cockle-shell. All these were fragments each one third of an inch long and one fourth of an inch in diameter, wrought in cylindrical form, smooth and polished, and strung by a hole drilled through the centre lengthwise. Peak and Roanoke were Indian currency as well as ornaments. Beverly.

were protected by moccasins ornamented with bead-work, and made of dressed buckskin, drawn close to the ankle by running strings. He wore also leggins of the same material, gartered below the knee, and tasselled. In winter he added a wrapper or mantle, called a match-coat, made of a skin or skins with the fur on and inwards; and when in full dress, his head was surmounted with a sort of coronet made of Peak and beads nicely woven, and of delicate colors. He carried his bow in his hand, and from his quiver, which was slung behind, hung the tail of a panther, sweeping the ground at his heels. But the warrior was most remarkable for the manner in which he tricked out his person with feathers. Wherever he could fasten them to please his taste, he did so,—a long feather of the eagle, or the hawk, or the wild turkey, or the gay, glittering feather of the sea-drake, upon his head, his apron, his bracelets, his garters, his anklets. An original fantastic was Jack-of-the-Feather, as the English called him.

As there is an end to all things, there was an end to the silent conversation of Morgan and Jack. The pipes were exhausted, the ashes knocked out; the placid illusion was over; and once more the planter was a white man, the guest an Indian. Jack, with a grunt of ineffable satisfaction, quietly laid his pipe upon a rude bracket at hand, adjusted to his better pleasing some of his ornaments, and broke silence: "Has my white brother made great trade since the corn-moon?"

"No, no, Jack!" said the planter, in a desponding tone: "your people are too cunning at trade for such a simple man as I. They buy little; they pay little

when they do buy. Poor trade, Jack; very poor trade! I think I must give it up." And Morgan sighed heavily.

"Then you have not gone to the right place. The white man should carry to those who want what he has to sell, and who have plenty of what he wants."

"Nobody wants, and nobody has plenty," replied Morgan, as though he had never found a customer.

"My white brother does not speak truly: many want; many have plenty."

"Who? where?" asked his host sharply. "I can't find them."

"Jack-of-the-Feather knows."

Nemattanow fancied his English name, when in a familiar mood.

"Well, then, who? where? Master Jack-of-the-Feather?"

"I can tell, if Master Morgan has things to sell."

"If I have them! I tell you, Jack, I can't sell them, your people are so poor, and so hard upon me. You don't suppose I throw them away, do you?"

"Perhaps so."

"S blood, man! do you think I'm a fool? Look here!" And Morgan threw open a chest containing a variety of glittering bawbles, which made the Indian's heart dance.

"A wise man," he said, in reply to Morgan's question,— "a wise man will hunt by the trail. The panther snuffs the scent on the wind."

"Well, Jack, I'm neither a wise man nor a fool, nor a hunter, nor a panther; but I should like to sell my goods."

"Then let my white brother go with me."



"Where?"

"To Pamunkey. They have much skins; no jewels, no English beads, no bells,—no anything but corn and skins."

"Do they want to buy?"

"Much."

"Will they?"

"They will."

"What makes you think so?"

"They say it."

"When?"

"Yesterday. They did say, 'Tell Master Morgan come to us, for we have no presents for our women. Our wives are getting cross, and our young women do not look pleasant at our young men.'"

"Will you guide me through the woods?"

"It will make the Pamunkeys happy. It will make my white brother happy. Why should I not show him the way, then?"

"Then I will go."

The planter quickly gathered up his "truck," gave a few orders to two stout young men, his servants, slung his compact budget upon his arm, and left, attended by Jack. Before night, the Indian had possessed himself of the planter's treasures; the carrion-bird was scenting on the wing the odor of death, and down below her there in the forest lay the corpse of poor Morgan stark and stiff.

Not more than two or three days after, Jack made his appearance again upon the plantation, and alone.

"Where is master?" inquired one of the servants.

"At Pamunkey," answered Jack, promptly. "He get much skins."

"Why did he not come with you?"

"He stay get much skins more. Jack could not stay."

"What do you wear that cap for?"

It was Morgan's cap, stuck full of feathers.

"The white man love Jack much, and give."

"Well, master's friend must come in, and get bread and smoke pipe."

"And fire-water too?"

"Yes, fire-water too."

Jack was soon seated in the house, and James left him, saying that he would get fire-water. He soon returned with Thomas,—they were the only persons upon the plantation,—and, marching straight up to the Indian, he laid his hand upon his shoulder. Looking him full in the eye, he said sternly: "Jack, you lie! Where is master?"

"He die."

The servants looked significantly at each other, and Thomas now stationed himself also at Jack's side, and grasped his arm. Their suspicions of foul play had been very strong, but were greatly confirmed by the Indian's avowal of Morgan's death. Jack, without seeming in the least disconcerted, coolly told them to let him alone. But the young men were sturdy, resolute fellows, and were now not a little excited.

James replied boldly: "No, you red rascal! we shall not let you alone. Perhaps you've murdered master,—who knows? You must go to Mr. Thorpe."

"Jack-of-the-Feather will go on his own path. You take off hands." And the warrior looked sternly in their faces.

"No," said Thomas, "you must go and tell Mr. Thorpe where Master Morgan is."

The Indian rose slowly to his feet.

"You bring Mr. Thorpe to me"; and with one swing of his powerful arm he hurled the servant across the room. James, however, threw himself resolutely upon Jack; and Thomas regaining his feet, there was a desperate struggle. No blows passed; the young men only trying to pinion the Indian, and he only to free himself. After a little rolling about, and some tumbles, the muscular savage succeeded in releasing himself, and stood proudly at bay.

"Little children should not try to wrestle with the warrior-chief," he said coolly but scornfully. "They might get hurt. It would make their mothers much cry."

The young men were somewhat confused at their discomfiture, but undaunted and determined. Jack's sneer did not soothe them.

"You *shall* go to Mr. Thorpe," said Thomas.

"Ugh! English pismire speak big words"; and the chief began to arrange his finery, which had been put sadly out of place by the scuffle.

"Tom!" said James, "this will never do. He must not get away."

"Cripple him," replied Thomas, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder; and James disappeared.

"One gone," said the savage. "He is wise."

But a moment more, and James reappeared with a musket.

"Now, Jack!" said he resolutely, "will you go to Mr. Thorpe as you are, or will you be shot and go?"

The Indian's bold look was a little changed at the sight of the weapon; but he haughtily replied: "Listen, little boy! This is Nemattanow, the great warrior. Many English guns make shoot at him, but where are their marks upon his skin? Not one. Boy! save your powder."

Jack had lied so long and so many times about his charmed life, that he half believed in it himself, and stood his ground.

"Shoot him, Jim!" exclaimed Thomas, in a passion.

"Once more," said James, presenting the piece; "will you go to Mr. Thorpe?"

"Nemattanow is a good friend in his lodge; in battle, a warrior. Children! tell Mr. Thorpe he can find Nemattanow in either place"; and the chief turned deliberately to the door.

"Give me the gun, Jim!" and his comrade caught it from his hands.

Nemattanow had strode but a few paces upon the greensward. The musket was discharged. The chief, with a jerk, threw himself a little more erect, placed his hand upon his side, stopped, turned his face to his pursuers, tottered a moment, and fell.

The young men found him alive. Without a word, they raised him to a sitting posture, and soon succeeded in stopping the flow of blood, the Indian yielding himself passively and sullenly to their management. He now revived sufficiently to support himself; upon which the young men began to consider what they should do.

"Going to Mr. Thorpe can't be done now, Jim. The fellow cannot walk a mile."

James studied for a moment the pallid face and short breathing of the wounded man, and shook his head.

"No, Tom, it can't be done. Slip him into the boat, and take him down to Sir Francis. I'm glad he's so near, for the sooner he knows the truth about this business the better. There may be a fuss made about it."

"You're right, Jim, if we can get him to the boat. Jack! can you walk, poor fellow, if we help you?"

The Indian slowly raised his head, which had drooped upon his breast, and looked toward the lads. The natural fire of his eye was evidently flagging, but it was yet there. The lid was heavy, and the eye itself wavered, as if feeling after some object upon which to fix itself; but he made no answer.

"Jack!" said Thomas, dropping upon his knees, and drawing the sufferer's shoulder gently upon his own for support; "Jack! do you hear? Can you get to the creek if we help you? We must take you to the Governor. It will be all the way in the boat, you know."

The poor man only groaned.

"Can't you speak?" continued Thomas, taking the Indian's hand kindly in his own. Jack slightly pressed that of the man who had shot him; but there was a gentleness, a woman-like meaning in the pressure, feeble as it was, which said more impressively than words, "There is no enmity between me and thee." Thomas felt its meaning, and was amazed.

"What's come over the man?" said he, looking at his companion. "He feels my hand just as if I was

his brother! Queer for a proud savage heathen, an't it?"

"We can't stop to talk about his *feel*, Tom. Can we get him to the boat?"

The speaker's voice now arrested the roving motion of the Indian's eye, which became fixed upon James's face with a wistful expression not to be mistaken.

"He wants something," said James. "What is it, Jack? Would you like to go?"

With a strong effort, the Indian managed to say, "Water!"

"Get him some water, quick, Jim, while I hold him."

The poor man drank eagerly and largely, and soon revived enough to signify his assent to the plan of his captors. They therefore supported him to the boat, which was near, made an extempore mattress in it, on which they laid him with all possible gentleness, and in less than an hour had glided to the mouth of the creek, and were floating on the broad current of the James. Nemattanow had lain all this while with his eyes closed, and giving no sign of suffering but an occasional groan, or a faint call for water. Neither had the two servants broken silence, except now and then by monosyllables. Once in the channel of the river, they hoped soon to be where Sir Francis Wyatt then was, the whole distance being only about seven or eight miles from their plantation. But the Indian now began to be very restless, and was evidently in great distress.

"What can I do for you, Jack?" said Thomas, whose compassion was much excited, even to tears.

"Thank!" said Nemattanow, in a husky voice. "One thing. Two thing. Then I die."

"O no, werowance!" said James; "we shall soon be there. We shall get you a medicine-man then, and you will be better."

"No, no!" said Nemattanow, with some energy; for although his distress was evidently increasing, either his strength or his resolution seemed to be increasing also. "No, no!" he repeated, raising himself upon his elbow, "I die. You do for Jack one thing? You do two?"

"Yes, Jack; one thing, or two things, or anything we can," said Thomas, most earnestly.

"Hold, Tom!" interposed James. "Let us know first what you want, Jack?"

"When I die, do not send me to my people. Put me in the ground with the English. You do this?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Thomas, impulsively.

"No, Jack; we cannot promise yet," said James. "We will *not* do any such thing for you, unless you will do for us."

"Do! What can Jack-of-the-Feather do now?"

"You must tell us about master."

"What?"

"How he died, and where he is."

"And then you do for me?"

"Yes."

"Two thing?"

"What is the other?"

"Do not let my people know that the English gun shoot me. Do not let them know I die."

"Why not?"

The dying chief sat up erect. Death was stamped

upon his features, but he was struggling with it hard. The spirit of the warrior was within him proud and strong. His eye glowed, he stretched out his brawny arm with a most impressive and even majestic air, and answered: "Nemattanow great warrior. His people say he is a god; that nothing hurt him; that he cannot die. Let them say it. Let them think it when the great warrior is dead. Tell them I go to the hunting-grounds of the brave, but not tell I die. Say I go up on the mountain-top; the Great Spirit send cloud very bright, and take Nemattanow up. So they will be proud of their great chief; and Nemattanow will be happy. You do two thing?"

"If you tell the truth about Master Morgan."

"Then you do for me?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" responded both.

"I kill."

"You killed him?"

"Yes, I kill."

In answer to their inquiries where the corpse of their master might be found, the chief told as well as it could be done; but the information led to no discovery. Of his motives for the murder, and of its particulars, he would say nothing. Solemnly reminding the young men that by his confession they were pledged to fulfil his wishes, he signified that conversation was at an end.

"Now," said he, "let the warrior die. Nemattanow will go to his fathers."

He held out his hands, one to each of his captors; grasped theirs in a mute but cordial farewell, and fell back upon his couch. After two or three minutes he rose again, and began a wild chant in his native

tongue. There were signs of bodily anguish which he could not suppress; but his face was radiant with pride and exultation, and every note of his song was clear, nervous, triumphant. The young men knew a little of the Indian tongue; enough to perceive that he was recounting his exploits on the war-path, and bidding the spirits of the dead to receive a mighty warrior with honor.

Thus died Nemattanow; ingloriously, but full of pride; a heathen, but firm and exultant in the hope of immortality; ignorant of the true God, but steadfast and consistent to the last in the only faith and the only virtues which he knew. The historian sneers at his passion for posthumous admiration, yet cherishes the same folly, and calls himself a—Christian! The Pharisee scorns the pagan's fidelity to a creed so meagre, yet does no honor to his own by obedience. The puling spiritualist shudders at the bold and boastful transit of an Indian warrior, yet is there a great gulf between his own life and the simplest precepts of Christ. Each is a mystery to all but God; and a living caricature of the Gospel, however demure, may not exalt himself over the dying devotee of a sensuous faith. Each is a mystery to all but God; and so is the dying hour of each, with its operations and its issues.\*

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\* Smith, 144. Stith, 208, 209.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CLOUDLESS THUNDERBOLT.

The report of this double tragedy had hardly been made to Sir Francis Wyatt, when it was 1622. represented to him that Opechancanough was loud in his threats to revenge the death of Nemattanow. Prudence dictated that the rumor should be promptly noticed. Accordingly the Governor despatched a messenger charged to impress upon the chief the injustice and the very bad policy of any hostile demonstrations. The message was delivered about the middle of March. Opechancanough was plainly told what rumors had reached the Governor's ears; that Nemattanow, although killed in a scuffle, had suffered justly as the murderer of an English subject; and that any attempt at retaliation on the part of the Indians would be terribly punished.

The chief received the messenger with the utmost respect and friendliness. "He was very much surprised, he was grieved, that his peaceful disposition should be called in question! What was the death of Nemattanow to him but a matter of congratulation? The fellow had always been a thorn in his side. Had not Opechancanough told Sir George Yeardley that he would thank him if he would have Nemattanow's throat cut? Let Sir Francis ask Sir George. What did Opechancanough desire more

than to see his people and the English living together like neighbors, like brothers? He had been arranging with Mr. Thorpe for this very sort of intercourse, and now should he break it up? Let the Governor ask Mr. Thorpe about his heart toward the English. Mr. Thorpe knew all about it, for he was teaching him the good religion. Had he not already made a treaty of peace, in which he had even consented that the English should freely occupy any lands under his control not already tilled or built upon by the Indians? Was not that friendship? To show his sincerity and the perpetuity of that treaty, had it not been already engraved upon brass, and fixed upon the most venerable oak in his forests, that it might be had in everlasting remembrance? and had not this been done at the request of Opechancanough himself? What more could Sir Francis expect? No! the sky would fall before *he* should break peace!"

Such energetic asseverations on the chief's part, although not alone satisfactory, were so in their connections. Mr. Thorpe, who knew him intimately, had the utmost confidence in his pacific disposition, and in his "motions of religion." Besides, the chief *had* sent such a message to Sir George, and of his sincerity in doing so there could be no doubt. Under these circumstances, all apprehension subsided; and the little flurry to which the death of the Indian favorite had given rise, passed away like a morning vapor. All was again tranquil and sunny. All wore the aspect of peace. All rejoiced in a sense of security.

The tide of prosperity had now fairly set in upon the colony, which had so long struggled against every conceivable hinderance and misfortune. During the

three preceding years, the number of immigrants had been large. Forty-two ships and twelve hundred mariners had been employed in the transportation of three thousand five hundred and seventy men and women, besides abundance of provisions and cattle; and the entire population amounted to about four thousand.\* They were enjoying, under their new form of government, greater privileges and thrift than the most sanguine among them had ever ventured to expect. The people were scattered wherever they could find spots favorable to their several avocations, "and the further from neighbors held the better." Iron-works, under the charge of Mr. John Berkeley, were in a state of forwardness at Falling Creek, and they were expected soon to be in successful operation. They had planted cotton for the first time the year before, and with such results that they were preparing for a new crop, and with sanguine hopes. Mulberry-

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\* Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, states the population for this year to have been three thousand eight hundred. Other writers indicate it as low as three thousand five hundred. The authority which I have before me is a volume entitled, "A Declaration of the State of the Colony and Affaires in Virginia, with a Relation of the Barbarous Massacre, in the Time of Peace and League, treacherously executed by the Native Infidels vpon the English, the 22d of March last." It was "imprinted" at London in 1622, and "Published by Authority." On page 14 it states, in agreement with other writers, that the number of those who perished was three hundred and forty-seven; and on page 18, that "about eleven parts of twelve of the English were still remaying." This would make the population previously to have been four thousand one hundred and sixty-four, supposing the proportion of twelve to eleven to have been exact.

The number of immigrants which I have given in the text, for the preceding three years, is as given in the same little volume, on page 6.

On this "Declaration" I chiefly rely in sketching the following narrative.

trees were cultivated in abundance, silk-worms were prospering well, and the people were expecting soon to produce silk, under the superintendence of experienced Frenchmen, who had been brought over for the purpose. French vine-dressers also had been sent out by the Company, and promised soon to manufacture wine in large quantities, a sample of which they had already sent to England. Fig-trees, pomegranates, potatoes, sugar-cane, hemp, flax, &c., &c. were also under cultivation.

So much were the Company elated by this state of things, that "they voted that a sermon should be preached to testify and express their thankfulness to God for his blessing on their labors and undertaking"; and this was done at the Bow Street Church in London, on the 17th day of April.

In addition to what we have stated, the most friendly and confiding intercourse was maintained between the colonists and the natives. The Indians displayed no jealousy or ill-will toward the English; the English had none toward the Indians. The latter, always of a roving disposition, were to be seen daily moving about the plantations; and to such a degree was this intimacy carried, that there was not a family whose numbers, whose persons, whose crops, whose times and places of labor, whose domestic habits, and whose private apartments even, they did not know. The houses of the planters were always open to the natives. The Indian came when he pleased, and when he pleased returned to his hut in the woods. He brought his burden of venison or wild-fowl, of fish or fruits, to sell; was welcomed to the white man's table, and lodged under his roof, and in the morning

received a return for his commodities, and went away cheerily for home. In short, the Indians and the English "seemed entirely to have coalesced, and to live together as one people," except that there were no intermarriages between them, for the English "excepted against the Indian women on account of their being Pagans, as well as their complexions." Besides all these happy circumstances, there were to be taken into account the strong yearnings of Opechancanough after the Truth. They might soon result in his conversion! The influence of this upon his countrymen who could estimate?

In such a state of things, the planter could go to his field, or the trafficker upon his business, or the member of the Council to his duty at Jamestown, without the encumbrance of sword or firelock. Arms were altogether slighted. Guns were out of use, except when a planter was in the humor to bring down a deer or a turkey. Indeed, scarcely any weapon was to be found in the dwellings of the English more formidable than the axe, the spade, or the hoe.

On the 21st of March there was a peculiar movement of the various tribes under the sway of Opechancanough, whose talents and warlike qualities had acquired for him, not only the election of the powerful Chickahominies as their king, but the popular and practical ascendancy over the dominions of Powhatan, to whom Itopatin had nominally succeeded. This movement was universal. It was conducted in silence, and almost wholly under cover of the forests. The natives were not only astir, but they were all converging, in detached parties, and with the



greatest regularity and concert, towards the various settlements of the whites. The first parties in motion were from their remote villages; but as these and the day advanced, others and still others from other and nearer villages took up their march. Only those who were within a few hours of the plantations remained quiet during the day. But as the sun went down, new parties were on foot, and still new ones as the night advanced, until, when the day of the 22d dawned, there was not a wigwam in all the extensive tract which had not sent forth its warrior. Yet still the movement progressed, each party with more and yet more caution as they approached yet nearer to the several plantations, treading one behind another, each man in the footprint of his predecessor, and the last carefully effacing every vestige of their march. Rarely did any two parties come in hearing or sight of one another; but when they did, they exchanged no word, but, with a silent recognition, pursued their several courses. By sunrise there was not a settlement of the English which they had not closely surrounded. Then they quietly laid themselves down to rest in the woods, that they might be refreshed for the festivity which they had planned.

Never did the most accomplished general plan and carry out with more celerity and precision so complicated a movement of so many bodies of men, and from so many and so distant points. No mistake, no disorder, occurred.

That the English upon this occasion might not lack for good cheer, Opechancanough had deputed a sufficient number to go in advance of their companions, with presents to the principal men of the colonists.

The evening before, it would seem, he had sent venison and fish and wild-fowl to Sir Francis Wyatt at Jamestown, and to some of the members of the Council, "with expressions of regard and assurances of friendship."\* This morning, some of the Indians, leaving their fellows in the woods, went to others of the Council,† with like presents and in great abundance, saying that their chief had had good luck in his hunting, and would share it with the white chiefs, his brethren, that they might be merry while he was merry. At the same time others entered the plantations, bearing game for sale; while a few, in the course of the morning, emerged from the woods in company with white men, whom they had guided carefully to their several homes by direction of Opechancanough. They were all frankly welcomed by the English, who gladly bought or accepted what they brought, and cheerfully loaned to them their boats as they would cross to or fro upon the river. Opechancanough must have had a great hunt, and a very brotherly heart toward the English, for there was not a single plantation where were not Indians bearing burdens of wild-fowl and deer. It seldom, if ever, had happened that so many visited the settlements at once; and never had they been more courteous and friendly in their deportment.

"Welcome, Tettatnow!" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe, as an Indian appeared at his door.

"The white chief has a good heart," replied Tettatnow; "he always welcome for Indian."

\* Burk, I. 240; Beverley, 39; Smith, 144.

† Burk, I. 239; Keith, 138.

"And why not? We have the same Father above. Are we not brothers, then, Tettatnow?"

"We are brothers," the Indian responded, as he seated himself in a chair which his host presented. "Tettatnow bring his brother much present from Opechancanough." And he pointed through the open door to two Indians who had followed him, laden with the spoils of the forest.

"Opechancanough is very kind to his white brother," replied Mr. Thorpe, and the good man's face beamed with pleasure. The present was valuable, but not half so much so for its own sake as for its evidence of Opechancanough's esteem and affection.

"He think much what Mr. Thorpe say about God of the English; and when the God of the English send him good hunt, he say, 'Because Mr. Thorpe pray him.' So he send some for thank."

Mr. Thorpe smiled at the Indian's simplicity; at the same time inwardly praying, with thanksgiving, that light might be vouchsafed to his royal pupil.

Tettatnow was a warrior of some repute among his people, and a confidential assistant of Opechancanough. Mr. Thorpe had met him at the dwelling of the chief; and had often entertained him, both by day and by night, at his own. Tettatnow had heard many words of Christian instruction from his lips; and the two were on a footing of as much ease and familiarity as could ever exist in those days between a white man of station, and a dignified, courtier-like Indian. The sun had but just risen when the latter made his appearance; and Mr. Thorpe had been sitting alone at his table in a little room which served him as a study and a place of business, enjoying at the same

time the goodness of God in the fresh air of the morning and in the promises of the Word. He now closed his Bible, and went with Tettatnow to receive the present of the chief.

After delivering it to the care of one of his servants, and after a little desultory conversation, Mr. Thorpe said: "Tettatnow, you know that we always pray to our God in the morning. It is now our time. Will you and your men come with us while we pray?"

"We will come. But why do you pray to your God? Is he not good?"

"To be sure! He is all goodness. We pray because he is good."

"Not like Indian, then. Indian's God good too. Because he is good, we *not* pray."

"Not pray because he is good! I do not understand, Tettatnow. Besides, I have been told you do pray. Opechancanough prays to the Indian's God."

"No, no, Mr. Thorpe. Our God is up above the sky. He so great, no man understand him. He so happy, he cannot be happier. He so kind, he not be kinder for pray, for nothing else. Look, Mr. Thorpe! is not the ground covered with dew? Look more, Mr. Thorpe! will not the grass grow and the flower open because they are washed with the dew and warmed? From where come the warm? From the sun. From where come the dews? From the morning's womb. Do you pray the morning to send the dews? Do you pray the sun to send warm? No, no, Mr. Thorpe! Why no? Because the sun *so full* he run over, and send warm without pray, of himself; and the morning *so full* she spill out the dews without pray, of herself. So Indian's God. He *so full*

of good, he run over. It drop down everywhere without pray. He so full, he cannot help it, — just like the sky, just like the sun. So we no pray him."

"But you *do* pray, Tettatnow."

"Not to Great Spirit. He so full of good, it come down without pray. He so great, he not stop to hear so little words of little small Indian. He just open his big stream of good all the time. It flow along, and flow along everywhere; for Mr. Thorpe, for Opechancanough, for Tettatnow, for all. Let each one drink. What for I pray the stream flow, when it flow all the time, and all around? No, Mr. Thorpe, we not pray the Great Spirit: we pray the bad spirit, Okee."

"The bad spirit! the Devil! Good God! for what?" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe, in amazement.

"If we not pray him, he angry, and spoil the good things the Great Spirit sends. He give thunder and storm, and war and sick, and no food. We pray him, then he keep back thunder and storm and other bads, and let us have the food and health and peace which come along on the great river of God. *That* the way Indian pray. But Tettatnow will pray English God with Mr. Thorpe. He much good Spirit too. But *he like* pray; so Tettatnow will pray him."\*

Mr. Thorpe, somewhat perplexed, mused a few moments in silence, and then said: "Well, Tettatnow, we will pray to the English God now. It is our time. Afterwards we will eat, and then we will talk more."

"It is good," said Tettatnow.

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\* Beverly, 170.

The Indians were uniformly very unwilling to communicate their notions of religion. Hence the words of Tettatnow were strange to Mr. Thorpe, notwithstanding his previous intimacy with the natives, and the many discourses which he had had with them upon religious matters. But his visitor was in a peculiarly communicative mood, and, as the sequel will show, cared not what knowledge his white friend might acquire, his only object being to gain the confidence and friendly interest of Mr. Thorpe by throwing off all reserve.

At a word from Mr. Thorpe, a long blast from a conch-shell was given, the signal for morning prayer; and in a few minutes all the servants of the farm and all the inmates of the house were ranged in the common hall. The three Indians likewise, half clad in their wild costume of skins and trinkets, sat gravely in the places assigned to them. After reading from the Sacred Scriptures and singing a hymn of praise, the family rose to kneel in prayer. This simultaneous movement startled the two stranger Indians. A look of mingled alarm and defiance crossed their features, and they half sprang to their feet; but the composed attitude of Tettatnow, to whom the service was not new, and an almost imperceptible sign of rebuke from his eye, reassured them, and the incident passed almost unnoticed. The Indians sat perfectly quiet and respectful while Mr. Thorpe read the prayer for the day. But the good man's heart could not be confined to the form of words. The wild sons of the forest were in his presence, the heathen were there by the very steps of the altar, — how could he refrain from special petitions in their behalf? Earnestly did

he plead for them and for their brethren, that they might be brought to the knowledge of the Truth, that English and Indian might have one fold and one Shepherd. This was a usual burden of his prayers; but this morning he seemed earnest and importunate as the Patriarch when he interceded for the cities of the plain.

The family now dispersed to make preparations for their morning meal, and Mr. Thorpe, with his three guests, stepped out to loiter upon the green-sward. An English mastiff welcomed his master with signs of affection; but, setting his eyes savagely upon the Indians, gave a low, sullen growl, indicative of dislike and jealousy. They shrank back terrified, for the natives dreaded these strange and powerful animals even more than the English fire-arms. Mr. Thorpe, bidding his guests by no means to retreat, lest they should provoke an attack from the dog, immediately laid hands upon him, and called angrily for one of his servants.

"How many times, Thomas, must I repeat my orders that this dog shall not be permitted to frighten the Indians? Take him and chain him; and if you are not more careful, I certainly shall have him killed too."

Mr. Thorpe had already caused several mastiffs to be killed, and to the great grief of their owners, for no other reason than that they were objects of terror to the Indians.

"I will chain him, sir," replied the man, sulkily, "because I must; but if I could —"

"If you could what, sirrah?"

"If I could have my say, I would say that some dogs know more nor some men."

"Thomas!" said Mr. Thorpe, with some sternness, "if I did not know you as well as I do, I should think you were insolent. What do you mean?"

"God forbid, Measter Thorpe!" replied the man, humbly. "I only mean that dumb brutes sometimes see danger where men do not. They seem to have some kind o' senses that we ha' n't to make up for their dumbness, like; an' somehow it seems to me that we ought n't to slight 'em when they bristle up an' growl so. They always means somethin', sir."

"You are a silly fellow, Thomas, if you think there is anything to be afraid of now. So go and chain up the brute."

The man did so; but he growled as much as the dog, declaring, aside, that his master must be half a fool himself, to think there was nothing to be afraid of when there were so many Indian devils about.

"Buck! yer *are* a dog o' sense," said he, patting him with a patronizing air. "Maybe I mought say yer a Christian dog. Yer can't bear the sight nor smell o' a heathen, anyhow. Now, Buck, yer did n't see how the devils looked when master was a prayin', did yer? No, yer did n't, Buck, 'cause yer warn't there. But I did though, 'cause why? 'Cause I was there. An' did n't I peek under my arm? and did n't I see their infernal faces a lookin' as though they'd like to eat us all, the devils; just like the old un what goes round like a lion a roarin'? An' yet, Buck, though yer did n't see that, an' though yer can't read Scripter nor more'n I, yer knowed as quick as yer seed 'em they was devils. Yes, good feller!

Yer knowed jest as well! Atween this an' that, Buck, I think yer 've more sense on *this* pint nor Measter Thorpe hisself. Them 's my opinions, Buck!" Buck growled assent. "Tom *is* right, an't he?" and the man seated himself, throwing his arm lovingly over the dog's neck, patting him, and looking into his clear, intelligent eye. Buck licked Tom's nose.

"Now, Buck, tell me, what 's so many on 'em round for this mornin'? an' what makes 'em so cussed perlite, a smilin' an' a smilin'? Yer remember, old feller, what one of them Drury Lane popinjays said one night, 'Can smile an' smile, an' be a villain'? Ay, yer do, do ye? An' that makes yer suspicious on 'em, does n't it? Right, Buck! Yer an' I's o' the same mind exactly. A smilin', an' a smilin', an' a givin' away venison an' birds, an' a goin' to prayer, an' a grinnin' like hell, the infernals! Good by, Buck! Keep a sharp look out, an' speak if yer want to."

So saying, the man went grumbling into the house.

A bounteous breakfast was served, Tettatnow sharing his meal at a table with Mr. Thorpe, and the other Indians with the servants. Tettatnow was unusually talkative and cheerful, and the others were bland and considerate in their demeanor, but not able to converse in English. The meal finished, every man went his way, wherever upon the plantation his services were required. Mrs. Rowles, the housekeeper, composing her babe in its little bed, resumed her domestic cares, while Richard, her husband, smiling upon the infant, betook himself to the field. Tettatnow, begging of Mr. Thorpe the loan of a boat, sent

one of his men across the river, while he and the other sauntered about the premises of Berkeley Hundred.

Such was the free and easy deportment of the Indians on this memorable Friday morning, not only on Mr. Thorpe's plantation, about five miles\* from Charles City, but at all the English settlements to which they had gained access.

Mr. Thorpe, after passing an hour or two in the business of his office, went out to inspect the labors of the field, and was immediately joined by Tettatnow and his companion.

"I see," said he, "that many of your people are with us to-day. We are glad to see them." There were at least a dozen Indians then in sight.

"So great hunt give our people much glad. They come to make much trade."

A pleasant conversation followed, partly upon the English modes of tillage, partly upon matters of religious faith and duty. Tettatnow was all attention, and manifested a very inquiring and teachable disposition. Thus passed the time until nearly the hour of noon, when their conference was interrupted by Thomas, who called his master aside, saying: "Measter Thorpe, I can't be easy a minute, for these Indian devils. I must speak my mind, sir."

"Well, Thomas, speak your mind, if it will make you easy."

"I'm sure there 's mischief a brewin', sir, an' we 'd best take care of ourselves."

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\* So says the "Declaration." Smith and Burk state the distance at fifty miles.

"Thomas! you are very suspicious, and, it seems to me, without any reason. We have always treated the Indians kindly. It is for their interest to behave peaceably, and they cannot wish or dare to do us any harm. Besides, they would fear to offend their chief, who is our firm friend. Look, Thomas! every Indian whom you see is unarmed. They have no bows and arrows, nor any other weapons. Go to your work, man, and give up these foolish fears."

"If you 'd a seed what I have, sir, maybe you 'd think different."

"What have you seen, Thomas?"

"I seed them three when you was to prayer, Measter, an' they 'd the strangest look o' their eyes you ever seed."

"What look?"

"Ugly, like; kind o' snaky, sir, just as though they 'd jump an' eat every mother's son o' us."

"All a fancy of yours, Thomas."

"I do' know, Measter, I do' know. Sometimes a man's eyes tells tales when he don't mean it, a bein' more honest nor himself. Besides, I 've seed them copper-faces all over the field a puttin' their cussed heads together, just as if they was a plottin' somethin'; an' a lookin' up to the sun as if they wanted to see the time o' day. What d' *they* want o' the time o' day? An' then, not half an hour ago, they begins to keep up kind o' close to us when we 's to work, — closer nor *I* like, Measter Thorpe."

"Do let them talk together, if they want to; and if you don't like them so near, tell them so. Don't be foolish, man."

"An' then, sir, the dog, he keeps a growlin' an' a

growlin'. An' not half an hour ago, what does he do but he ups an' begins a howlin' an' a howlin' like mad. He smells somethin' wrong, I 'm sure. Them dogs ha' got strange foresight sometimes. I wish you 'd let me unchain him, sir."

"No, no, Thomas. If he is so uneasy, he would only frighten, or perhaps bite, these poor naked Indians. Let him be, and be easy yourself, can't you?"

"Then, sir," continued the man, with tears in his eyes, "I beg you to go away into the house. For God's sake, sir, take care of yourself. There 's no harm in that."

"I 'll take care, my good fellow," said Mr. Thorpe, much affected by the man's emotion; "but the Indians are my friends."

"Good God, Measter! I beg you to come away. If you won't, let me take care of myself."

"O yes!" replied Mr. Thorpe, laughing; "only don't forget your dinner, Thomas. It will be ready soon"; and he returned to his Indian friends, while his timid servant swiftly disappeared.

Tettatnow, upon Mr. Thorpe's return, eagerly propounded a question about the Christian's heaven, which roused all the good man's enthusiasm.

"It is a glorious heaven, Tettatnow; full of love, full of happiness. All are good there; no hatred, no sorrow, no doing wrong. We are both great sinners, Tettatnow; but if we love Jesus and serve him here, then he will forgive us, and we shall both go there and see him. And oh! it will be enough only to see Him, — our Redeemer! And then he will smile upon us, and call us his people, and tell us how he



has always loved us. And then our hearts will be so full of joy, that we shall always be singing, 'Glory and honor and —'"

When and where and how did this lay apostle finish his description? Not in this world. A blow from behind, dealt with the whole strength of the stranger Indian, had cleft the good man's skull. At the instant, Tettatnow raised the war-yell. It was echoed on every side. Indians sprang from the woods, armed with bows and arrows and tomahawks. Three or four men fell instantly by the hands of the Indians who were near them, struck down with their own implements of husbandry. Others, taking the alarm, attempted flight. Shrieks came from the house, but only a momentary effort could the mother make to save her child. Both were slain, as was the husband and father abroad. Brief cries for help, and dying groans from strong men struck unawares, resounded from the field. The straggling Indians in sight, reinforced by those who had lain in ambush, made quick and savage work with their unsuspecting victims. The mastiff yelled with rage, and leaped frantically to the end of his chain. But it was strong, and the faithful creature, before whom every Indian would have fled, expended his efforts in vain. The work of death went on amid the yells of onslaught and of triumph. A single man—it was Rowles, nerved by the thought of his wife and babe—chanced to stand at bay; but unarmed, bewildered, and surrounded by half a score of foes, he added but a moment to his life. On the ploughed field, on the grass, in the house, lay eleven corpses weltering in blood,—Mr. Thorpe, eight men, one mother, and her child.

Whether any escaped, save the man Thomas, does not appear in the records of the transaction. Not ten minutes had passed after Mr. Thorpe fell, when the slaughter was over, and every noise had ceased but the shouts of the butchers and the furious howls of the mastiff. The slaughter was over, but not the work. Scalps hung dripping at the warrior's belts, or dangling upon poles. Pagan Indians sported with English blood,—just as baptized English did with Scotch blood, more than a hundred years after, on the field of Culloden.\* They mangled and quartered their victims, and tore them piecemeal, and flung their hearts, throbbing with lingering life, upon glowing coals, and hung their heads on high for the carrion-birds,—all of which was only just as the minions of George the Second did in Christian London, in the seventeen hundred and forty-sixth year of Grace.† Not a corpse was cold before it was draggled in fragments across the field, or flung by bits from Indian to Indian, as boys fling snow-balls in winter, or as fools do sugar-plums in Carnival. The body of Mr. Thorpe, their best friend, their unwearied benefactor, fared no better, but was "abused with such spight and scorn as is unfit to be heard or related." "Not hee hath lost by it," says the chronicler whom we follow, "not hee hath lost by it, who, to the comfort of vs all, hath gayned a Crowne of endless blisse, and is assuredly become a glorious Martyr, in which thrice-happy and blessed state we leaue him."

\* "The men [English soldiers] at length began to amuse themselves by splashing and dabbling each other with blood." Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, Chap. XXIV. Scots' Magazine, VIII. 192.

† Chambers, Chap. XXIX. Jessie's Memoirs of the Pretenders, II. 255, 256.



At length the frantic orgies ceased. The Indians retired to the woods with their trophies, and Berkeley Hundred, but just before full of happy life and hardy industry, was left to Death and Silence. Even the dog, exhausted by his own violence, and horror-stricken by the scenes he had witnessed, lay whining, and trembling, and alone.

But Berkeley Hundred was not the only field of blood that day. Its tragedy was small compared with what was enacted elsewhere. On no less than thirty other plantations, at the same hour of high noon, the same signal of attack was given by other Indian parties, who had sauntered into the settlements on the same pretences, and with the same innocence of deportment. Their familiarity with the English had long been such, that "they knew exactly at what places and quarters every Englishman was to be found"; and they stationed themselves accordingly, those in ambush patiently waiting for the signal from their fellows who had dispersed over the plantations. At the same hour of high noon, throughout all those scattered settlements, the same signal, the same work of death; and before that one hour had expired, three hundred and forty-seven English — in some places only two, in others a dozen, twenty, fifty, at Martin's Hundred seventy-three — had fallen victims, not only killed, but brained, beheaded, disembowelled, hacked asunder, kicked piecemeal about their fields, hung in fragments on the limbs of their trees or the posts of their doors. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered and indiscriminately outraged after death. Of these, eighty-seven — as nearly as can be determined from the

lists given — were women and children, and six were members of the Governor's Council.

The plot embraced every individual settlement in Virginia; and there were eighty of them, scattered along the James River for an extent of a hundred and forty miles, and northward even as far as the Potomac River. But the angel of mercy had interceded, and an invisible line had been drawn, beyond which the destroyers could not pass. In some few places, the design had been detected just long enough to admit of defensive measures. In such cases, the attack was either wholly prevented or but partially successful. Such was their conviction of the advantages of English weapons, that the least sign of preparation, the least show of resistance, was sufficient so to intimidate the Indians that they struck feebly or not at all. Nathanael Causie, a veteran soldier who had served under Captain Smith, though dreadfully wounded, managed to brain one of a party who assailed him, upon which the rest fled in consternation, and he escaped. A Mr. Baldwin, his wounded wife lying for dead at his feet, saved her life, his household, and his house, by a single firelock, although surrounded by scores of assailants. Two men who had retreated to a house defended themselves successfully against a party of sixty. On one plantation, the Indians had slaughtered six men, wounded the remaining seventh, and fired the house, when a boy, by one random discharge of a gun, frightened them away, and saved the lives of about twenty women and children. Even a defence with only spades, axes, and brickbats was sufficient to make the savages abandon an attack.

But to one incident chiefly were the survivors in-

debted for their salvation. There were two Indians, brothers, who were habitually employed to hunt for the English, one of whom was domesticated in the family of Perry, the other in that of Pace. On the night before the massacre, they lodged together in Pace's house. One of them, whose name was Chanco, was a Christian convert. During the night, his brother revealed to Chanco the plan of attack for the next day, at the same time telling him that it was his duty as a subject of Opechancanough, by whose command it was to be executed, to take part in the tragedy, and ordering him in the chief's name to kill Pace, while he himself should be gone to do the same to Perry. The brother then departed upon his errand. "A summons of such tenor was well calculated to prevail with a savage mind; but a new mind had been given to this convert." Shocked at the atrocity of the order, — for Pace was not only a fellow-man, but had ever treated him with parental and Christian kindness, — he left his bed immediately upon his brother's departure, and disclosed the plot to Pace. The latter, first fortifying his own house and with all despatch, instantly rowed across the river, nearly three miles, to Jamestown, and communicated his startling intelligence to the Governor. Sir Francis took prompt measures to alarm "such other plantations as was possible for a timely intelligence to be given," and as many as received the warning were consequently on their guard. This was sufficient for their preservation.

But for this eleventh-hour discovery, the slaughter would probably have been universal. "For euen," says our chronicler, "in the deliuerie of vs that now

suruiue, no man's particular carefulnesse saued any one person, but the meere goodnesse of God himselfe freely and miraculously preserued whom it pleased him. Such was the good fruit of an Infidell conuerted to Christianity. Blessed be God for euer, whose mercy endureth for euer; Blessed be God, whose mercy is aboue his iustice, and farre aboue all his workes: who wrought this deliuerance, whereby their soules escaped, euen as a Bird out of the snare of the Fowler."

During the four years succeeding the death of Powhattan, Opechancanough had been devising this attack upon the English settlements, preparing the minds of his warriors for it, inflaming his people, and drilling them to the habit of concerted movement necessary to its execution. Having unbounded influence with them as a warrior and a counsellor, he easily imparted his own implacable and deadly hatred of the foreigners. But though a man of intrepid courage in his own rude mode of warfare, he felt his inferiority to the English in respect to the weapons of war, and would not suffer his burning hatred to get the better of sound discretion. He therefore adopted a policy of profound dissimulation; and so absolutely and perfectly, during all these years, did he repress beneath the same mask the impatient rage of his warriors, that not a word had slipped, not a hint had been dropped, not an unguarded look had occurred, to foreshadow the plot. The blow and the war-whoop were its first tokens, and nine tenths of the victims knew not the hand or the weapon which felled them.

The deportment of Opechancanough himself to-

wards the English was uniformly affable and frank; and it is said that "he was often the equitable mediator in differences which arose between the English and his countrymen."

The sad events of the 22d explained his "motions of religion," and his behavior in regard to the death of Nemattanow. The former were pretences assumed as the most effectual means to lull all lingering suspicions of his hostility, and to inspire an overweening confidence. He was heartily glad of the death of Nemattanow, both because his way was cleared of one who might rival him in the reverence and affection of his people, and also because it afforded him an opportunity further to quiet the apprehensions of the English, and thus to strike the blow which he had so long meditated. The Indians were enraged to the last degree at the death of their favorite, and their chief affected to share their wrath; while nothing could have been more opportune to his purpose of extermination, than the quiet which he induced in the minds of the English by seeming to subdue resentment out of deference to them and a desire for peace. If he could assure them, under *such* provocation, that "the sky would fall before he should break peace," what, they plausibly reasoned, had they to fear from the enmity of Opechancanough? Of this reasoning he was aware. His warriors were ripe, his enemies were asleep; the time had come, and the blow was struck.

Virginia was stunned. For more than three weeks the people were "driven to their wits' end ere they could resolve what to do." At length it was ordered that they should be gathered within the limits of five

or six well-fortified places in the neighborhood of Jamestown, which was accordingly done. Public enterprises were abandoned; — the iron-works at Falling Creek, where all had been murdered but a girl and a boy; the glass-works at Jamestown, designed particularly for the manufacture of beads for traffic; and the College. The people were crowded into a space too narrow; the fields under cultivation were insufficient for their wants; a scarcity of food followed, attended by much sickness; and many of the colonists hurriedly returned to England, or migrated to the tract of country afterwards known as North Carolina. The colonists soon numbered only twenty-five hundred, and the cattle but one thousand.

As a commercial speculation, the Virginia enterprise was a failure. The visions of gold and pearls and precious stones which had floated before the eyes of the original members of the Company had proved baseless. Even the returns of real merchandise had been nothing in comparison with the moneys invested, the profit from tobacco itself, the only staple of the country, having been forestalled by the arbitrary impositions of the king. When, therefore, the news of this fresh and bloody disaster was received, it produced a great sensation in England. Many of the shareholders abandoned the enterprise, and sold their shares for what they could. But though the hopes of the speculators were crushed, the feelings of humanity were roused. New shareholders, touched with sympathy for their countrymen in the wilderness, readily took the places of the sellers, and contributions were raised to supply the necessities of the colony. One nobleman gave sixty coats of mail; the city of Lon-

don sent out a hundred settlers; and vessels were promptly despatched with provisions and other stores. Even the soul of King James was moved, although he had been thorning the company for years. He would furnish a quantity of arms from the Tower, twenty barrels of gunpowder, and four hundred soldiers. It was a spasmodic effort at generosity, — too great for his heart. He failed under it. The arms, indeed, he gave, — though historians *say* that they were good for nothing; the powder he *lent* on the Company's bond; the soldiers never appeared.

Captain Smith, with the spirit of self-sacrifice for which he was always distinguished, offered *himself*. He did "intreat and moue" the Company "to use him"; offering to go in person to Virginia, and, "by God's assistance, to force the savages to leave the country, or bring them into such subjection that every man should follow his business securely." He only asked that the company would furnish him with a hundred soldiers and the necessary supplies, waiving all compensation save what "he himself could produce from the proper labor of the savages." The Company as a body did not act upon this proposition; but individual members told him that the charges would be too great, and the treasury was empty; but that he might obtain *leave*, if he would give the Company half the pillage! "I would not give twenty pound for all the pillage is to be got amongst the savages in twenty years," is his indignant comment upon this overture. Now, although the treasury was empty, yet the Company were even then proposing to raise a salary of £20,000 per annum for a new and quixotic scheme;\*

\* Smith, 153.

and besides, so niggardly a reply to Smith's noble offer was utterly "at variance with the character of the Company and its leaders, who were rather profuse in their expenses for the good of the colony, than lying upon the catch for little advantages and mean gains." How, then, are the reply of individuals and the silence of the Company to be accounted for? for the offer "was published in their Court." When we consider that the Company then was not what it was when Smith was in its employ; that it was largely imbued with the elements of a high aristocracy; that lords and earls and bishops were among its members; that, ever since this change, he had uniformly been treated with neglect, and his services declined; that it has ever been an axiom in British Councils, "that high capacity is only to be supposed or encouraged in persons of rank," and also an axiom, "that offices of emolument and posts of honor belong of right and exclusively to the nobility," — we may perhaps discern the true reason. "Rather let three hundred and forty-seven more throats be cut, than that honor accrue so cheaply to a mere soldier of fortune!" is not always inconsistent with the pride or the conscience of peerage. To this pride the commonalty of England have always succumbed; never has the public voice remonstrated against its exclusiveness, save in Cromwell's day, until the year 1854.

During the summer following the massacre there were no special disturbances between the colonists and the natives. The English, refraining from hostilities, and assuming rather the attitude of timidity, sought "to lull the Indians into the better securitie," the more easily to strike their prey. They made no

movement "till their corne was ripe," when three hundred of the best soldiers, under command of Sir George Yeardley, suddenly attacked them at Nansemond, and at Pamunkey, the principal residence of Opechancanough. But little was accomplished, however, except the burning of wigwams, the seizure of some corn, and the destruction of more; for the Indians, well acquainted with the country, expert at sly and noiseless movements in the woods, and nimble of foot, readily evaded pursuers who were encumbered with armor. In many instances, the destruction of their corn and their huts was the work of the Indians themselves. At Pamunkey, the English were duped by specious promises and artful parleys, until the Indians had transported most of their corn into the recesses of the forests. Some of the English were wounded by ambuscades; and they returned from their foray "*supposing* that they slew two" Indians, — a bootless and mortifying result.

Another course was now adopted. "The Indians were invited from their fastnesses by the hope of peace, and the solemn assurances of safety and forgiveness. Confiding in these, they returned to their former habitations and avocations." By this stratagem the colonists effected a sanguinary vengeance, "without regard to age, sex, or infancy."

In 1623 they organized several parties under distinct commands, who assaulted as many different native settlements on the same day, the 23d of July, "and slew great numbers." The Indians, greatly reduced in number, disabled, and driven back into the wilderness, abandoned to the English their fields and villages on the James and York Rivers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE CHARTER ABROGATED.

KING JAMES was in very ill humor. He did not like the Company. They traded in tobacco, 1623. which, he said, "was only fit to regale the Devil after dinner," and against which he had published a book, — though he liked its revenue. Besides, the Company had become democratic in the spirit and style of their meetings for business, and upon these occasions said things which did not agree with his notions of the rights of kings, or with his exercise of "kingcraft." They refused, sometimes, to do as he wanted them to do; they talked about their Charter, about their rights under the Charter, about what were the rights of Englishmen, and about what were not the rights of kings. Rights! What right had they to canvass rights, — his rights, and their rights, and especially rights under their Charter? Charter, forsooth! Where did they get their Charter? Was it not his gift of grace? To be sure it was; and if he could give it, he could take it again! They were getting naughty, troublesome; were presuming to look their king in the face, and even to gainsay him sometimes. Again: they were ruling affairs on another continent, — a part of his dominions, too, — and he chose to rule there himself. So he would take away their Charter, which they swaggered about so much, and teach the fellows

manners. If a charter made them great, he would show them that *no* Charter would make them little, — the upstarts!

He went to work accordingly. But he always preferred a cunning, sneaking way of doing a thing, even when an honest, open, manly way would do it better. So he manœuvred, and made men-tools to rake out his chestnuts with. We need not lay open the internal history of the Company, nor James's long course of teasing tyranny towards them, nor his spiteful crusade against tobacco, their only source of revenue.\* It is sufficient to say, that, while the king was resolved upon the dissolution of the Company, and to take the colony into his own hands, he wanted to do so with some show of decency. He would proceed, therefore, according to the forms of law. He could do so safely; for in those days judges of courts judged as was the king's judgment. Thus he would gain his end, and at the same time "impress the nation with an opinion of his justice and integrity." At least so he thought, although the nation were not so mole-eyed as he supposed. But first he wanted to make it appear that there was some great reason for proceedings against the Company; that they had managed affairs very badly, — much against the welfare of his dear subjects in Virginia.

To this end, he instigated flagrant charges against the Company; whether true or false was immaterial. The result of this was easily foreseen. Two papers, in particular, were presented to his Majesty, — the one urging an examination of the state of things in

\* An elaborate history of these matters is given by Stith; a more compendious one, by Burk.

Virginia, the other describing frightful evils there which could be remedied only "by a divine and supreme hand," meaning, of course, the hand of King James. Upon this, he had his Privy Council appoint five Commissioners to examine Virginia itself, and, right or wrong, to bring back an evil report of the land. Two of these, John Pory and John Harvey, were sent from England; one, John Jefferson, took no part in the matter, being a hearty friend to the Company; and two, Samuel Matthews and Abraham Percy, resided in Virginia.

In the beginning of the year 1624, Captain Harvey and Mr. Pory arrived at Jamestown. 1624. On the 26th of January, warrants were issued for a General Assembly; not, however, at the suggestion of the Commissioners. The people had been advised of what had passed in England, and copies of the papers presented to the king had been received. The general purport of these papers was, that the colony, for the most part, had flourished while Sir Thomas Smith was the Company's manager, namely, until 1619, but had fallen into a wretched state since.

To these statements the Assembly gave their first attention. They met on the 14th of February, and on the 20th had drawn up their answers, addressed to the king and to the Privy Council. Their motives were, as stated in their own words, "that the world might not be abused with false reports." In one of these answers, they made the appalling statements which we have cited on a previous page of our narrative.\* In reference to the royal intention of a change

\* See Chapter XII.

of government, they took occasion also to address the Privy Council in the bold and spirited language of men resolute for political liberty. "We desire," they said, "that the governors sent over may not have absolute authority, but may be restrained to the consent of the Council. We have found inconveniences by the strict limitations of Governor and Council to proceed according to their instructions out of England; for those things, in so far distance, might seem good advice which might happen to prove very inconvenient in execution; neither is it fit that any main project should be set on foot which had not first approbation from hence. . . . Above all, we make our humble request that we still retain the liberty of our General Assemblies, than which nothing could more conduce to the public satisfaction and public utility."

In the drafting and passing of these petitions and representations, Sir Francis Wyatt, the Governor, was most strenuous, active, and cordial. "They were carried in Assembly with the utmost unanimity and despatch."\*

The Commissioners artfully attempted to entice the Assembly, and to make them play into the king's hand; but that body had too much spirit, intelligence, and self-respect, to demean themselves as tools in a quarrel between the king and the Company. The Commissioners were baffled, and beyond measure chagrined; although the Assembly gave them every facility for obtaining true information respecting the state of the colony. Further than

\* See above, note, pp. 188, 189.

this, they received no attentions whatever. The legislature proceeded to its ordinary business, "as if no such persons as the Commissioners had ever been in existence."

The laws passed at this session show how strongly the Virginians, at that early day, were imbued with the spirit of rational, constitutional liberty. Among other things, they enacted "that the Governor should not lay taxes, save by authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and employed as they should appoint; that he should not withdraw the inhabitants from their own labors to his; that, in case any public emergency should require their services before the Assembly could be convened, men should be levied by order of the Governor and the *whole* body of the Council, and in such a way as should be the least burdensome." Thus did this excellent Governor, Sir Francis Wyatt, and the Burgesses of Virginia, proclaim the fundamental principle of constitutional government,—the sacred right of the subject to his property and to the liberty of his person; the very burden of that famous Petition of Right sanctioned as law by Charles the First in 1628, amid the acclamations of the British Parliament, and to the universal joy of the nation.\*

Other important laws—and these are the earliest laws of Virginia now extant—were passed at this session of the legislature. They chiefly related to the church and its ministry, the administration of justice, the raising of crops, and the protection of the planters against the Indians. It was also ordered, that, "at

\* Hume's History of England, Chap. II., Vol. III. p. 429, Philadelphia edition, 1822.



the beginning of July following, every corporation should fall upon their adjoining Indians."

Yet there was one domestic evil, extensively prevailing and seriously affecting the peace and happiness of the community, with reference to which this Assembly, with all their zeal for the public good, did not legislate. This neglect is not easily to be accounted for; but certain it is, that they left for the Governor to do that which, as fathers of the people, they should have done themselves. There was in the colony a tendency to matrimony. An attempt to check it would have been neither politic nor available. Yet it certainly required the interference of civil authority in some shape, it was producing such melancholy consequences.

A young man, attracted by the lively features, the rosy health, and the efficient housewifery of a young maiden, woos her smiles and wins them. A second, a third, a fourth even, are equally encouraged, and to each in course she is pledged as a wife. Thus the fair one appropriates to herself four times her fair proportion of the mystic delights of courtship, while her suitors, each unsuspecting of a rival, are building castles in the air, and dreaming vain dreams about children and children's children. Fancy their chagrin, fancy their indignation, fancy their possible quarrels, when the truth is discovered,—heretofore good neighbors and warm friends, now inveterate rivals! Each has his claims, each has his darling plans for the future, each has his honest and manly attachment for the fair one and false, and neither is disposed to yield.

Such, we regret to say, was the naughtiness of

Virginia maidens at the time of which we write. So prevalent was the habit of coquetry, that no bachelor could feel confident of becoming a married man until the vows had been exchanged at the altar. A bad state of society this! Heartburnings, alienations, feuds, it certainly produced; perhaps duels and bloodshed, maiming and death. The women said it was the fault of the men; they were so many, so ardent, so importunate, and so determined, that they would not be denied; and that a "Yes" for every wooer was the only means for the women to live in "peace." In this there was doubtless some truth. On the other hand, the men, to justify the ardor and pertinacity of their courtship, pleaded the great scarcity of women,—a fact which none could dispute. Sir Francis Wyatt said "that the fault was in the women, that their behavior was a *crying* sin," (to be sure it was!) "that it must be stopped. He would not have the men trifled with so." And as there was no Sir Edwin Sandys now in power in England to import "virgins young and uncorrupt,"\* Sir Francis resorted to the only other means of reforming the bad manners of the women. He issued a proclamation forbidding any one to contract herself

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\* I find no trace of young women being sent over "to make wives" after the year 1620, until 1632, under which date is the following by Burk (II. 36): "It appears by a regulation of the Council, that this interesting object of trade was yet continued. The seeming want of delicacy in this procedure, which sprang from necessity alone, is qualified by the nice and pointed attention paid to the chastity and reputation of their wives before, and their delicate and liberal deportment to them after marriage. By an Order of Council of this year, two maids, each of whom had made a *faux pas* during the passage, were ordered to be sent back, as unworthy to propagate the race of Virginians."

to more than one man at once. He ordained that "what woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at the same time, although not precise and legal, yet so as might entangle or breed scruple in their consciences, should, for such her offence, either undergo corporal correction, or be punished by fine, or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so offending." This last clause indicates that the offence was not limited to a class. It is to be hoped that the evil habit of these early brides of Virginia was so seasonably corrected as to prevent its hereditary transmission. Doubtless it was.

The Commissioners returned to England soured in their feelings toward the Virginian Assembly, and irritated by their failure to involve that body in the schemes of the king. Their report to James was framed according to his wishes. Thereupon, in July, he suspended the action of the Company by proclamation, pushed the legal inquiry into its conduct and pretensions, and the Court of the King's Bench gave judgment that the Charter was forfeited. Thus the Company was arbitrarily and violently dissolved, and the government of Virginia reverted to the crown.

No compensation was made to the shareholders for their large and generous expenditures, which had been equivalent to nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. Thus the crown of England acquired an established and thriving colony cheap! It was the greatest financial operation of the king. He survived it only eight months; and when he was laid in his tomb, no one wept.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ANNALS.

No plan of government for Virginia was determined upon by the king when the Company 1624.  
was dissolved. He would frame one in his closet, he said. But death interfered before he had matured it. He had, however, issued a royal commission to Sir Francis Wyatt as Governor, and had appointed eleven gentlemen as his Council, or assistants, to administer the government of the colony until he should have perfected a permanent arrangement for the future. The colonists had petitioned his Majesty on three several points, one of which was "that the use of Assemblies might be continued"; but to this prayer the king paid no attention. The fact that in the commission to Wyatt "all mention of Assemblies was omitted," does by no means indicate their suppression. The subject was simply *untouched* by James.

Upon the accession of Charles to the throne, 1625.  
he adopted the same arrangement for the colony which James had left, expressly declaring, however, that it was only an arrangement for the time being, until he could decide upon a permanent one. In his commission for this purpose, he also made no mention of an Assembly.

In the next year, Wyatt leaving Virginia 1626.  
to attend to his estate at home, Sir George

Yeadley succeeded him as Governor. By *his* commission, dated in 1625, the powers of the Governor were expressly limited, "as for the five last years preceding"; during which precise years the executive had been *limited* by an Assembly.\*

In 1627, King Charles, in a letter to the Governor and Council, proposed to become the purchaser, at certain rates, of the colony's entire crop of tobacco, and in the same paper desired the calling of an Assembly *to take into consideration his proposal*, and directed that the result of their deliberations should be forwarded to him. This was "an express acknowledgment of the right of Virginia to legislate for herself, and even an order to her to exercise it."

In November or December Yeadley died, exceedingly lamented by the people whose interests he had assiduously cherished. It was he who had first called upon the Virginians to legislate for themselves, and they honored and loved him accordingly. The Coun-

\* Respecting the uninterrupted continuance of Assemblies in Virginia, historians disagree. Most writers assert that they were not suspended upon the dissolution of the Company. Campbell avers that they were; appeals to Chalmers and Hening, and rejects the emphatic statements of Beverly and Burk. The latter refers for proof to a document in his Appendix; but, as Campbell says, "it is not found there." But Burk would not have appealed to a phantom. Nor is it to be lightly supposed that so careful a writer could have asserted the uninterrupted course of Assemblies so strongly, so positively, and yet erroneously. Add to this, that, in the very next year (1627), Charles himself requested the calling of an Assembly, and in a way which presupposed that body to be necessary to the regular action of the colonial government. Most historians state that the words "for the last five years preceding," limiting the executive by an Assembly, were contained in King James's commission to *Wyatt*. I trustfully follow Burk. His language on pp. 10, 14, 15, is very strong, decided, and explicit.

cil, upon whom devolved the right and duty, immediately supplied his place by the election of Francis West. This year, one thousand settlers arrived from England.

West left for England on the 5th of March, 1628,\* and John Potts was elected Governor by the Council. The Assembly convened on the 20th of March drafted an answer to the king, respectfully, but decidedly, declining his proposal.†

Potts continued in office until the close of 1629. the year 1629, when he was superseded by Sir John Harvey, bearing the authority of a royal commission. He had been one of the Commissioners of Investigation appointed by King James to visit and malign Virginia in 1624. He now returned with a rankling remembrance of the mortification which he had then encountered, when vainly attempting to tamper with the Assembly.

He hated Assemblies, and it was the aim of his policy to bring them into disuse. Yet he 1630. convened his first on the 24th of March, 1630. He commenced his administration by proclamation-law, which he permitted the House only to ratify by their act of record, thus absorbing the legislation in himself and his Council. In this way he levied the revenue, and in this way, for innumerable petty offences,

\* Hening, as quoted by Campbell, 54.

† Burk, II. 24. Campbell and Bancroft assign this Assembly to 1629. Campbell says that their answer to the king was signed by *Francis West, Governor*; and yet adds, on the authority of Hening, that Potts was elected March 5th, 1628, — a year *before* (according to him) the letter was drafted, and a year *after* West had retired from office and from Virginia. Burk, in fixing the meeting of the Assembly in 1628, and under the administration of Potts, is at least consistent with himself.

he imposed arbitrary fines, which were appropriated to his personal use. This course was at first seconded by the Council, who were soon, however, like the Burgesses, reduced to the condition of puppets. Both bodies were probably led, for a while, to submit in silence, from an unwillingness to be found in collision with the representative of their king. But soon the exactions, the inhumanity, and the insolence of the Governor became intolerable. The people became indignant, clamorous, and even inclined to open resistance. The Council now sympathized with the people. The Assembly which was convened in February, 1631, boldly exercised their rights. After remaining quiet until the month of March, they passed a law forbidding the levying of any tax without the consent of the Assembly; and they also enacted "that the Governor should in future have no power to enforce the services of the colonists for his private benefit, or to levy them for war, without the consent of the Council." Both these acts seem to have been only re-enactments of the laws of 1624 on the same points. The acts of all former Assemblies, this Assembly repealed; hence, doubtless, the passage of these acts at this time. The Governor found it vain to contend with the sturdy spirit which he had roused, and the acts received his official approval.

About this time the king issued to his favorites grants of land, which lay within the geographical limits of Virginia. A particular notice of these grants belongs more appropriately to the histories of Maryland and Carolina. It is sufficient here to say, that they were resented by the Virginians as encroachments upon their rights; that Governor Harvey sec-

onded the course of the sovereign, and that he even gave away, in conjunction with certain royal commissioners, not only large tracts of the land belonging (according to the ethics of the day) to the crown, but others, belonging to private planters. Thus matters went on until April and May, 1635, when the Council peremptorily deposed Harvey from office, "until the king's pleasure should be known"; and the Assembly, in compliance with a petition from the planters, collected evidence of the charges against him, to be presented to the king by a deputation from their own body. These charges were "haughtiness, rapacity, and cruelty, contempt of the rights of the colonists, and usurpation of the privileges of the Council." He was sent to England with the delegates of the Assembly, that his case might be presented to the king. Charles, viewing the deposition of a royal governor in the light of a treasonable act, was highly incensed, refused audience to the delegates, and immediately ordered the return of Harvey, and his re-installation in office. He resumed his station in January, 1636, and held it until displaced by Sir Francis Wyatt, in November, 1639. By a law of this year (1639), "Jamestown was fixed upon as the permanent seat of government." Wyatt gave place to Sir William Berkeley, who arrived with the king's commission, and assumed the government in February, 1642. Upon the return of Harvey to Virginia, and by virtue of his new commission, the Council had been denied the right to fill their own vacancies. The crown had reserved it to itself. But under the commission to Berkeley,

the king waived this right, and restored it to the Council.

In March, Sir William convoked the Assembly. He had been educated at Oxford, where he had taken the degree of Master of Arts in 1629. He had then travelled extensively in Europe, and was "the perfect model of an elegant courtier and a high-minded cavalier." He was remarkable for his high sense of honor, and for his urbanity in the common intercourse of life, and seems to have been, at least at this time, a generous and warm-hearted man. With these qualities and accomplishments, he rendered himself at once personally acceptable to the Virginians; and, although he was a staunch royalist, and largely imbued with the spirit and political sentiments of his sovereign, yet his administration was mild, and "he cordially co-operated with the Council and the House of Burgesses in measures calculated to secure the liberties of the colony." Under these circumstances, there was harmony between the Governor and the Assembly; and the colonists, enjoying general prosperity, were content.

An event now occurred of no small political importance. George Sandys had been sent to England as an agent for the colony, "with particular instructions to oppose the re-establishment of the Company"; a project, it seems, for which several attempts had been made in England.\* Betraying his trust, Sandys had presented to the House of Commons, and in the name of his constituents, a petition for the restoration of

\* For the particulars of this transaction, I rely upon a tract entitled "An Extract from a Manuscript Collection of Annals relating to Virginia," in Force, Vol. III.

the Company. So soon as this was known in Virginia, the Assembly acted upon it with spirit and decision. Although the people had been averse to the dissolution of the Company, yet they had since enjoyed, for the most part, so great tranquillity and prosperity, and were so secure in their rights as freemen, that they were yet more averse to any further change. The Assembly immediately passed an act disavowing the proceeding of Sandys. In their protest, they inveighed severely, and, if we consider only their condition under the Company from 1619 to 1624, singularly; though truthfully enough, if the *whole* term of the Company's existence be considered. They positively refused to submit to that Company, "or to ANY OTHER"; and gave at large and earnestly their reasons for this refusal. But not content with this, they proceeded further, and issued their solemn declaration and protestation against the measure suggested.

"We, the Governor, Council, and Burgesses, . . . . having taken into serious consideration, &c., . . . . do declare and testify to all THE WORLD, that we will NEVER admit the restoring of said Company, or any for and in their behalf. . . . . And we do further enact, . . . . that what person or persons soever either is or shall HEREAFTER . . . . go about . . . . to sue for, advise, assist, abet, countenance, or contrive the reducing this colony to a company or corporation, . . . . shall be held and deemed an enemy to the colony, and shall forfeit his or their whole estate or estates that shall be found within the limits of the colony."

The act was passed April 1st, 1642, was signed by the Governor, the members of the Council and of the

House of Burgesses; and they immediately applied to the king for his confirmation of it.

This transaction was not only highly important and interesting, as marking the noble and determined spirit with which the Virginians met any attempt to interfere with their civil privileges, but as the cause of a most important act on the part of the crown. The Declaration, Protestation, and Act of the Assembly were returned with the royal assent. We give the letter of the king in substance.

“CHARLES, REX.

“Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have received a Petition from you, . . . . with a Declaration and Protestation against, &c., . . . . and against all such as shall go about to alienate you from our immediate protection. . . . . These are to signify, that your acknowledgment of our grace, bounty, and favor towards you, and your so earnest desire to continue under our immediate protection, is very acceptable to us; and that, as we had not before the least intention to consent to the introduction of ANY company over that our colony, so we are by it much confirmed in our resolution, as thinking it unfit to change a form of government wherein . . . . . our subjects there . . . . . receive so much contentment and satisfaction. And this our approbation of your Petition and Protestation we have thought fit to transmit to you, under our Royal Signet.

“Given at our Court at York, the 5th of July, 1642.”

The royal missive was directed, “To our trusty and

well-beloved, our Governor, Council, and Burgesses of the Grand Assembly of Virginia.”

Thus the popular form of government in Virginia received the royal acknowledgment and sanction; and “the constitution of the colony was established on a foundation which could not be altered without their own consent.”

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE CHIEF'S LAST STRUGGLE.

1644. THE natives had never abated their hatred or abandoned their hostilities toward the usurpers of their soil. The white men had no sooner begun again to expand their settlements after the slaughter of 1622, than they were compelled to be constantly on the alert against their subtle and untiring foes.

In 1624, even the apathy of Itopatin was laid aside. Near the close of the year, he had led his subjects in person against the English, and displayed a degree of courage and valor which gained him no small consideration in the eyes of his warriors. Sir Francis Wyatt had advanced into the territory of the Pamunkeys at the head of a picked corps, who were inured to fatigue, familiar with the localities, and acquainted with Indian warfare. Against this force, Itopatin opposed himself. He seems to have adopted an organized plan of battle, and to have met his enemy in regular and open array. Eight hundred Pamunkeys formed his main body. His wings — of whose numerical force we have no information — were composed of warriors from other tribes. The result of the battle — of its incidents we are ignorant — was the discomfiture of the Indians, who left behind them "a number" of their own dead, and several wounded Englishmen. Yet the conflict was by no means decisive,

and probably it displayed a strength and spirit on the part of the Indians which the English did not wish further to provoke. The latter had aimed to proceed four miles beyond the field of conflict, where was the chief depot of the Indians, and where, after the engagement, they had rallied. But Sir Francis, for some reason, — *possibly* "the want of ammunition," — saw fit to retire. Of Itopatin — or Opitchapan, as he is usually called — we have no further account.

Still hostilities were not suspended. The colonists had laid waste by fire a belt of land along their frontier settlements; thus destroying the luxuriant grass, the thick undergrowth, and the gigantic trees, under cover of which the Indians had been wont to creep unseen, and thence, like the tiger, to pounce upon their prey. But even this precaution had availed little. The savage, burning with mortal hatred, would patiently bear hunger, and watching, and exposure, and any discomfort, to secure from the plantations a single scalp. Many sudden irruptions had been made upon the settlements in days when the inhabitants were off their guard, or in nights when darkness and rushing rain combined to conceal approach. In this fitful and stealthy way the savages had conducted their warfare, plundering the plantations of corn and cattle, butchering men, taking captive women and children, and then suddenly disappearing, without a trace of their retreat, into the depths of the wilderness. So vigilant, so untiring, so stealthy was their system, that the English, unless in strong parties, had not dared to move where it was possible for an Indian to lurk. Not only had the enemy assailed the more exposed plantations, but had taken scalps and captives and plunder, had ravaged cornfields and burned houses, in



the more central parts of the colony. Thus matters had continued between the natives and the English until February, 1632, when the Chickahominies and the Pamunkeys, after a furious and destructive attack upon the whites, agreed upon a treaty of peace. It was a treaty, however, in which little confidence was placed. Though the plantations had steadily increased, and been pushed farther and farther into the wilds, still the colonists were apprehensive of attack, and many acts both for offence and defence had passed the Assembly. For the greater security of the people against treachery and surprise, all intercourse with the Indians had been peremptorily forbidden by law, except at particular stations upon the frontiers, and even there only for purposes of traffic. The thirty tribes composing the confederation, or empire, — "all brothers and all Powhattans," — had, step by step, been pushed back from the sea to the falls of the rivers, — from the falls to their sources. In the dark places of their retreat, they still brooded over their wrongs, and plotted revenge.

On a gentle swell of land near the sources of the York or Pamunkey River was now the residence of the aged Opechancanough. Scattered here and there, over perhaps an acre of ground, were some twenty or thirty wigwams, of the conical shape such as were the usual dwellings of the common people. Interspersed among these were a few gigantic trees covered with the fresh foliage of spring, — it was the 17th day of April, 1644.\* Around this group of huts was an

\* The date of these events is determined by Winthrop, II. 165, and Hening, I. 450.

area of sixty acres or more under tillage, on which many trees were still standing, but bald and barkless, and about the roots blackened by fire, or girdled with wounds by the hatchet. These, together with the imperfect manner in which the soil was broken up, indicated that the settlement was comparatively new. A number of Indian women and children were engaged, in different spots and companies, in beating up the ground with crooked sticks, — a few, with English hoes, — in planting corn, or in weeding that which had already begun to grow. In the centre of the village, and enclosing four or five venerable oaks, were three large circles of palisades, ten or twelve feet in height, one within another, and with intermediate spaces of five or six feet. Within this simple fortification were the dwellings of the chief and his immediate attendants. These structures were of the better sort, — of an oblong area, their roofs forming an arch, and varying from sixty to a hundred feet in length. The largest was that of the chief himself, who was supposed to be now about a hundred years of age. It was at once his private dwelling and his council-hall.

This was a day of convocation. Ranged around the walls was a concourse of sturdy chiefs and warriors equipped for the war-path. The younger men were placed behind the elder, and were distinguished for the artificial hideousness of their appearance. One of the ancients had just finished a stirring address to the assembly, and had taken his seat. For a few moments a deathlike silence indicated the impression he had made. The young men grasped their weapons, and panted with impatience. The old men, sullen and stern, bent their eyes upon the ground.

"Uttomatin has spoken well," muttered Opechancanough from the couch on which he lay. "The hunter has half done his work when he has set his snares. Our snares are set. Our warriors are at their posts. The time has come."

Then, raising himself from his couch, and dropping his mantle, he stood up, leaning upon the arms of two attendants; and every warrior also rose, from instinctive reverence for their patriarch king. They waited in profound silence for his words. It was an impressive scene. The large and noble frame of Opechancanough had become bowed, emaciated, and shrivelled; but he stood as kingly and as stern in purpose as when in the vigor of his days, and the thin, whitened scalp-lock, which drooped to his shoulder, seemed a symbol of his many changes and many griefs. The muscles of his face were working strongly under the influence of his emotions, and every one around him caught their inspiration; but his own eyes were closed. After a moment's pause, he said: "Opechancanough would see his friends."

The two chiefs who supported him, each gray with age, gently, and as if touching something holy, took hold of his palsied eyelids, and unveiled his sight. The fire of life had abated in his veins; the nerve of his youth and the iron vigor of his manhood were gone for ever; but from that old man's eye shot forth a fire and a vigor of purpose which told of a spirit within unrivalled by the most impetuous in his presence.

"Brothers! warriors! children! listen. You go to revenge the wrongs and the blood of your fathers. Their spirits look down upon you. They will laugh when the blood of their murderers flows.

"Children! listen. We are far from the hunting-grounds, and the good fields, and the pleasant rivers, and the graves, of our fathers. We left them for new homes, and from the new homes we are driven.\* We are going toward the setting sun.

"Children! listen. The king of the pale-faces is beyond the great waters. He is in trouble. His children around his council-fires have dug up the hatchet. They have broken the pipe of peace. They fight against their father. The white men over the water cannot take care of their brothers here. They cannot send food, or warriors, or guns. And the white men here do not live like brothers. They fight.† If we fight them while they fight one another, we shall kill many; we can kill their cattle; we can root up their corn. Then those whom we do not kill will starve, for they can get no corn from their king.‡ Children! the time has come.

"Children! listen. The English keep us from their houses. We cannot spread over their lands as we did when we revenged Nemattanow. We cannot strike among them all at once. We must first slay the nearest, and then carry the tomahawk down the rivers to their houses by the sea. In this way we must fight this time. Our warriors are all placed.

\* An allusion to the evictions of the Indians under the grants issued by Harvey. "They resented the encroachments made upon them by his grants." Beverly, 49.

† "They were encouraged by signs of discord among the English, having seen a fight in James River between a London ship for the Parliament and a Bristol ship for the king." Hildreth's United States, I. 340.

‡ See "Perfect Description of Virginia," (printed 1649,) in Force, Vol. II.

Each werowance knows where to lead his braves. Children! the time has come.

"Children! Opechancanough goes with you. Pamunkeys, Chickahominies, Paspheys, Warrasqueakes, Mataponies, will follow Opechancanough. The others will follow their own chiefs to other places. All things are arranged and ready.

"Children! the time has come. You will avenge the blood of your fathers. Opechancanough will direct your fight. The spirit of Powhattan and the spirit of Nemattanow will see you.

"Let the runners now be sent.

"Children! remember what Opechancanough has said. He has done."

The venerable chief, releasing the veterans who held his eyelids, gathered his mantle around him, and sank upon his seat.

Instead of the acclamations and frantic pantomimes with which such addresses were usually received, the only sign of approval given was a low but portentous murmur, so profound was the impression upon all, that the expedition on foot was one of no common moment, that the fate of their nation was at stake. Most of the warriors immediately retired, and sped to their several stations. A few, grizzled and scarred, lingered for a short time to press the hand of their aged chief, or to receive its sign of blessing as they knelt reverently at his feet. Opechancanough was soon left with only his customary attendants.

Soon after midnight on the morning of the 18th, Opechancanough left his dwelling under escort of a small band of warriors, who were to act at different points as his lieutenants, and whom he had selected

for their personal valor, their cool judgment, and their capacity for military co-operation. His infirmities of limb, as well as the falling of his eyelids, prevented him from proceeding on foot. A litter was therefore prepared for him, upon which his devoted followers, emulous of the service, transported him from place to place as he directed. The localities of the country over which he had roamed again and again for nearly a century\* were traced so clearly upon his mind, that his orders were unembarrassed by the veil which overhung his vision; and that his mental capacity for war was unimpaired by age is evident in the plan on which he acted, and in the concert which he sustained between the distant parties of his expedition.

The escort, with their venerable burden, threaded their way in silence and with perfect ease through the wilds. The double curtain of forest-shade and night was no hinderance to their certain, and even rapid motion. The litter was borne by four sturdy men, except when, in crossing the rocky bed of some stream, or in clambering along some rough and steep hillside, a temporary addition of strength seemed neces-

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\* The tradition that his birthplace was in the far Southwest — Mexico or its vicinity — is too vague for reliance. The same whim, or superstitious fancy, which prompted the Indians to designate their dignitaries by assumed names — for Powhattan, Opechancanough, Pocahontas, &c. were only names for *English ears* — may have suggested the mystery concerning the origin of this renowned and formidable chief. That he was styled the brother of Powhattan did not, to be sure, necessarily imply that he was Virginian born. On this point, see Jefferson's Notes. But his being acknowledged by Powhattan as the second in *regular* succession to himself, taken in connection with the Indian law of succession as stated by Beverly (p. 163), seems to prove that they were "brothers by the same mother," notwithstanding the fact that the chiefs of the natives were sometimes made such by election.

sary to safety. It might have been an hour, or a little more, before one from an unwooded position there could have discerned the first streak of day, when the patriarch chief and his attendants entered upon what seemed a natural opening of the forest. Hardly had the tramp of the party ceased, as the litter was placed upon the turf, when the soft tread of the moccason was heard by their practised ears, and one by one came warriors from the surrounding covert, until hundreds stood around their king. The starlight in the open space was sufficient to reveal the wild ferocity of their aspect; yet even that was softened for the moment when they bent eagerly forward to discern, as each one might be able, the reclining form before them. The attitude, the suppressed breathing, the hushed movement of the crowd, betokened the filial affection, and even religious awe, of every warrior. So predominant were these sentiments, and so completely had they chastened the ferocious expression of their features, that they seemed just then less like banditti, gathered for a great and pitiless slaughter, than like brothers who had come there to see a venerated father, or like worshippers who had met at a common altar.

The halt was brief. Opechancanough, half raising himself upon his litter, made a few brief inquiries, and gave order for immediate and rapid march. Instantly separating into twenty or thirty parties, the whole band departed in as many different directions; the chief, with his former attendants only, pursuing a trail by themselves. Half an hour afterwards, they emerged from the woods, and again halted upon the skirts of a plantation. But a few minutes elapsed

when other parties arrived, and soon the chief was surrounded by a much larger assemblage than he had before met in the glade of the forest. A few rapid and nervous orders from his lips, and a few stinging allusions to the rapacious piracy of the white man and to the bitter wrongs of the Indian, were enough. The warriors noiselessly dispersed, and with them the chosen ones who had thus far been the attendants of their chief, — others, though burning to share in the work of death, content with the honor of watching by his side.

The few clouds which had been drifting overhead were gone, and a clearer light was shed over the peaceful landscape. At a short distance lay the rude farm-house of a pioneer planter, with its cluster of out-buildings around it; and, what was unusual except upon the frontier, two or three others could be faintly seen within the compass of half a mile. \* So close a neighborhood was for the purpose of mutual protection.

"Children!" said Opechancanough, and rising to his feet, "let me see the work of my braves."

His eyelids were immediately held up. He turned his head slowly towards the east, and saw the first tint of morning. Then, looking steadfastly upon the cottages of his foes, he murmured, "Wahunsonacock! Wahunsonacock!"\*

Not ten minutes more had elapsed, when a slight flash was seen by the side of the nearest dwelling. The watchful and excited chief clasped his withered

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\* The Indian and true name of Powhattan. Drake's Indian Biography, p. 347.

hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of nervous solemnity, "The time has come!"

The blaze spread. Other lights were now seen at the other and more distant houses, and soon they too began to blaze and spread. Very soon, for the walls of the dwellings were very dry, the fire ran up to the several roofs, and their thatch, combustible as tinder, was in a blaze. Now for the first time there was noise, — a shriek; then the dreadful war-whoop, answered from the more distant houses, and also from some invisible scene of slaughter eastward within the forest. Then came the yells and curses of mortal strife; then a shout; and there in the firelight were seen two forms struggling, life for life; and then came another rushing forward, a white garment fluttering about it, and long hair streaming in the wind, and it threw itself upon the two fighting ones as if it had been a Fury; and the three fell and rolled together upon the ground. There was a struggle, a death-scream, and then in the glare of the fire the tawny victor was seen astride his victims, and frantically waving aloft their dripping scalps. Like sounds of strife and death came also from beyond, but the eye of the chief could see there only the conflagration; and at the eastward, and at two or three points southward, the tree-tops were lighted by unseen fires, whose smoke was going up to heaven, a testimony of the wrath of man. And now came the cry of swine, the bleating of sheep, the death-bellow of cattle, and then came — silence.

Two, — three, — four, — half a dozen runners, one after another, now dashed breathless into the presence of the chief, reeking with blood and singed with fire.

Each stood silent and motionless until questioned; received a quick, short order in reply to his message; and darted away again whence he came. The morning had now fairly broken. The eastern sky was flooded with light. Opechancanough, taking a last look of satisfaction at the smouldering ruins before him, reclined upon his litter again, gave directions to his attendants, and was carried away to superintend other scenes of havoc, and to keep up his communications with his chiefs.

Thus resolutely and with untiring industry did this aged warrior direct the work which he could not share along the tributary streams of the Pamunkey, laying the border settlements in ashes, and strewing them with corpses. To each of the bands under his immediate direction he assigned their several routes. He also, according to circumstances, checked or urged their progress, knowing all the time where each was in operation. He himself moved in concert with them, and to stations convenient for communication with all. Thus the work of carnage and of burning went on through the day, through the night, through the next day and the next night, the resolute chieftain hardly allowing a moment's repose to himself or to his warriors. The frontier settlements had been forced and sacked, and the work had steadily progressed, from all points, toward the interior.

For, in the mean time, other tribes under other chiefs had seized tomahawk and firebrand at the same hour on the 18th, at distant points, and on other routes. From the heads of all the rivers, from the south side of James River, and from the north side of the Pamunkey or York River, different hordes

had been hewing their way toward the centre of the colony, with all vigor and with unsparing execution.

Everywhere along these tracts were strewed the sad and revolting relics of a pitiless war. The corn in the blade was cut up. The corn in store was cast upon the embers of the habitations; slaughtered cattle and sheep and swine and men and women and children lay around on the desolated homesteads; household furniture and farming tools were scattered about in fragments, or burned to ashes,—in short, the ruin was as universal and as complete as human malice and swift industry could make it. In addition, many were carried into barbarous and hopeless captivity,—some to linger in slavery, some to be hewn bit by bit under the knife, some to be slowly barbecued\* at the stake.

Nowhere was the work more frightful or rapid than on the track of Opechancanough and the favorite tribes under his personal command. They constituted the main strength of the Powhattans. They were the most courageous, the most fierce, the most implacable in their hatred of the English, and the most familiar with the modes of English warfare; and well did they sustain their reputation through these terrific days and nights. But their fame outran their havoc. Some who were attacked escaped, and fled on the wings of terror to the inland settlements. The alarm quickly spread. Every man started to arms and to rescue; and on the third day the slaugh-

\* This word, says Beverly (p. 150), we derive from the Virginia Indians.

terers were met and checked. Opechancanough saw at once that the array of the English was complete and resistless, that the onset of sword and firelock and cavalry could not be sustained.\* He gave the order for retreat,† and vanished with his exhausted bands into the depths of the wilderness.‡ The other chiefs operating in other districts were also compelled to retire before the superior weapons and fresh forces of the English.

About five hundred colonists had perished. Of the number of those carried into captivity we have no tale.

Every work of public enterprise—and there were several which Sir William Berkeley had put in operation—was at once abandoned. Even husbandry was suspended, and the whole capable population were summoned to arms. “A chosen body, comprising every twentieth man, commanded by the Governor in person, marched into the enemy’s country.” War followed, but of its details we have no account.

\* “The Indian war ended *first*, by the valour, courage, and *hot charge* of Captain Marshall and valiant Stikvel.” *Description of the Province of New Albion*, in *Force*, Vol. II.

† “He directed from the litter on which he was carried the onset and the retreat of his warriors.” *Burk*, II. 57.

‡ The writer of the “*Perfect Description*,” and others following him, ascribe the sudden retreat of the Indians to a special and mysterious interference of Divine agency, producing a miraculous loss of courage “at a moment of time,”—a panic-like that which seized “the host of the Syrians” before the walls of Samaria in the time of Elisha the prophet. There seems no necessity of accounting for the stay of the massacre in any other way than as *Burk* does (II. 55): “It was absolutely necessary that the frontier should be forced before the interior could be assailed. Time was thus afforded the inland counties to arm,” &c.

The time-worn warrior of Pamunkey was ready to die whenever the Great Spirit would call him; and yet he scorned to die. He could meet his spirit-fathers on their pleasant hunting-grounds without shame; for he had been a faithful Powhattan for a hundred years. He had bared his breast to many a storm; he could bare it to more, seared and shrivelled as it was. It was not for him to cower like a woman; it was not for him to weep and whine like a child, under the whip of sorrow. A warrior he had lived; a warrior he would die. He could not wield the tomahawk, but he could direct the fight. In this mood had he retired before the mustering forces of the English, and betaken himself to his secluded home. He had done so only to save his men; only that he might rally and redirect them to more equal conflicts. To this latter task, therefore, he girded himself, with the stern purpose of a hero and the dignity of a martyr. His spies and runners were busy in all quarters, while his warriors stood waiting his directions or went with enthusiasm to obey them; and rarely was a detachment of the English abroad, but he sent out his ambuscades for scalps. But his restless spirit could not brook inaction. He would be abroad himself also, to watch and trap the marauders of his country, to hear their cries when struck down by his warriors, though he might not share the conflict. Thus, while planning and directing the operations of war, he was also carried by his men upon various hostile excursions.

Upon one of these — it was, as nearly as we can calculate, in the latter part of May or early in June — he lay upon his litter, under a cool shade in the forest,

“at some distance from his usual habitation.” He had been in motion for several days and nights; and now, overcome with fatigue and the heat of noon, he had given himself up to a short repose. He slept. But it was evident from the tone of his inarticulate mutterings, and from the passions gleaming upon his features, that the old man was young again in his dreams, and was reacting the strifes of fourscore years ago. His attendants were watching around him in silence. Suddenly a warrior who had been reclining upon the ground sprang noiselessly to his feet, with a look of alarm, and almost at the same instant a sentry, who had been stationed at a short distance, dashed into the circle and announced the coming of English. They were close at hand, he said, and flight was out of the question. Three or four others now came hurriedly in from different points, bringing the same report. They were surrounded, and were not more than a dozen. Without a word, — for they were of one mind, and knew it, — they stood shoulder to shoulder around their slumbering chief, every man with his arrow upon his bow. But even the slight noise attending their movement had roused the sleeper from his dreams. He had but just uttered a word of inquiry, when the English soldiers — some thirty or forty in number — presented themselves on every side. Every arrow was sped at the instant, and every one found its mark, — but harmless against armor. The assailants, with only broadswords, rushed shouting and at once upon the party. One Indian had but just time to throw himself as a shield upon the sacred person of the chief, before the soldiers were upon them. Another, aiming a blow with his war-club,



received a sabre-stroke upon his shoulder, and fell bleeding upon the litter. A few others were stunned and slightly wounded, but all were overpowered by numbers. The struggle was over almost as soon as begun, and every Indian but the chief was pinioned. It had been the purpose of the soldiers to capture, if possible, without the loss of life. They had succeeded. Their leader, and one of the foremost in the onset, was Sir William Berkeley. He had obtained information—in what manner we are not told—where Opechancanough was. Instantly placing himself at the head of a squadron of light cavalry, he had ridden with all speed to the spot, and, by an adroit approach and skilful precaution, had effected the surprise. He now addressed himself courteously and respectfully to the helpless chief, announcing that he should convey him to Jamestown.

To this he made no reply, but, turning his closed eyes toward Sir William, asked sharply: "Are my children hurt? Who fell at my feet?"

"Uttomatin," replied a voice from the ground.

"Is Uttomatin hurt?" turning his face in the direction of the voice.

"Uttomatin will yet show the English that he is a Powhattan."

"Opechancanough!" said Sir William Berkeley, "none of your men are slain. There is blood shed, but we are binding up their wounds."

"Let Opechancanough see."

The infirmities of the chief were well known to the English, and one of the soldiers stepped forward and raised his eyelids. Not a glance did the old man bestow upon his victors, until he had scanned the per-

son of each one of his faithful warriors. Then, turning to Sir William, he said, in the tone of a demand, "Let them be unbound."

"On one condition,—they shall not attempt escape."

The chief looked in the eye of the English nobleman with a right royal pride, and his lip curled with scorn. "Do the white men run away when their king is taken captive? Opechancanough's children die with him."

"It is enough," replied Sir William, and the prisoners were loosed.

Deprived of their weapons and surrounded by the soldiers, the Indians now took up the litter of their captive king, and proceeded to the spot where the horses of the party had been picketed. Opechancanough declined all conversation, and manifested a dignified indifference to his fate. Their progress to Jamestown was without incident, except that the captives, especially their chief, naturally attracted, at their halting-places, such of the planters on the route as had chanced to hear of their approach. The extreme age of the chief inspired the people with reverence; his infirmities woke their pity; his history as a persevering and heroic foe excited their respect; the majesty of his port, his undaunted aspect, and the filial devotion of his followers, commanded their admiration. Thus, when the cavalcade entered Jamestown, although it was triumphal, and although the captives were a spectacle unto all, not a scoff grated upon their ears, or a jeer, or an exultant shout, from all the mixed populace. In the living trophies, they instinctively recognized, not only manly greatness and

patriotic greatness, but fallen greatness too; and they had no heart for anything but respect for its regality and compassion for its reverses. To this honorable sentiment and behavior the example of Sir William Berkeley contributed not a little. He appreciated the character of the captive warrior, and the filial devotedness of his attendants, and consequently demeaned himself towards them with all deference. They were his prisoners, to be sure, and of course in confinement and under guard; but he granted them every indulgence in his power. None of his attendants were separated from the chief. Their touching anxiety for his comfort, and to serve him in their persons, Sir William would not interfere with. So Opechancanough in his prison-house had his court about him.

He now felt that his last struggle was over; that his allotted work as a counsellor, as a warrior, as a king and father to his people, was done. He had nothing more before him but to die like a warrior and a king. Yes, *one* thing more, he thought, and then — death. His old flesh must feel the knife, and crisp before the fire, and his old bones be crushed by the executioner, before his spirit might join the spirits of his fathers. The ingenuity of the white man would invent unheard-of tortures for his most inveterate and successful enemy. Upon all this Opechancanough calculated; and so did his followers, for him, for themselves. But his demeanor was that of a captive who felt himself a king in every inch, — unbending, haughty, reserved, unsolicitous about his fate. But whenever he spake of it, which was seldom, it was only to express contempt for the torture-skill of the pale-face, and to defy his power.

But had not Opechancanough known the English thirty-five years? and did he not know that Englishmen did not kill their war-captives by torture?

Torture! was there no fashion of torture among Englishmen? Were there no "thumb-screws" in Christian England then? no "boots"? no "scavenger's daughters"? no stakes and fagots? no disembowellings? no hanging by the neck, "but *not* until dead"? no cutting-down of the sufferer while the pulse yet beat, that he might *feel* the knife which laid his vitals bare, and the hand which tore out his heart to toss it on burning coals? Were there no such things in glorious England then? none long after?

To be sure there were! But Opechancanough did not know them.

Perhaps not. But he knew some other things. He knew what things the English did to each other in Virginia. He knew what they had done to prisoners among themselves. He knew that they had thrust irons through their tongues; that they had broken live men's bones upon the wheel; that they had chained men to trees, and left them there to starve alone in the forest; that some men they had burned;\* that, at least, they did cut off the hands of Indian prisoners.† Could Opechancanough expect better execution for himself, their bloody enemy for so many years, than they had given to their own brethren? If they had done such things in the green tree, what would they do in the dry?

\* For these statements, I must refer the reader again to the papers solemnly drawn, signed, and sent to England by the Governor, Council, and Burgesses in 1624, and recorded by Stith.

† Drake's Biography of the Indians, p. 355.

But however he may have reasoned, and on whatever grounds he may have formed his expectations, one thing is certain, — he expected death by excruciating torture, but he scorned it.

Sir William was about to sail for England, and the fate to which he had doomed his captive was — a voyage. It would be such an honor to his name to present to his sovereign the champion-warrior of the Indians, and their king! Besides, what confusion to those in England who libelled Virginia as a pestilential country, to see one of the inhabitants who had shaken hands with an hundred years!

But this was not to be. The chief and his men were considerably permitted to enjoy the fresh air and the warm sun, without which they would soon have pined and died. While enjoying this privilege one day, — it was a fortnight after his capture, — the aged king was suddenly fired upon by one of his guards, in a fit of passion. The ball lodged in his back, inflicting a mortal wound. The Indians were frantic with rage. Unarmed as they were, they flew like panthers at the ruffian soldier, and would have torn him to shreds but for the instant protection of his comrades. The roar of savage frenzy was bootless; and they turned, uttering wild cries of lament, to retire with their wounded patriarch to their apartment. Here they tried their rude skill to stanch the blood, and to revive his consciousness. The stern men, from whom no tortures could have wrung a sign of suffering, dropped tears and groaned over Opechancanough.

Sir William Berkeley was greatly incensed at the outrage, and did all in his power to prevent a fatal result. Surgical aid and proper attendance were pro-

vided for the chief, but with no seeming benefit. It soon became evident that he must die. He lingered, however, for several days. He gave no utterance of suffering, and no sign of dejection. He spake but few words, and those chiefly to his followers; but in many ways he discovered to the last an unbroken pride, a stoical indifference to his fate, and a lofty contempt for every Englishman who intruded upon his presence. He betrayed none of the milder feelings of human nature, except by the silent but eloquent affection with which he received the services of his countrymen. Now and then it was displayed in the satisfaction with which he would gaze upon his attendants for a few moments, and in the look of farewell with which he would then order his eyelids to be dropped. His children, as he always called them, were about him night and day. It would have moved the hardest heart to witness the breathless anxiety with which they bent over his couch; the big tears which sometimes dropped from their eyes, in spite of their pride; the womanly tenderness with which they relieved his posture, or ministered to his burning thirst; the gentle tones in which they asked his wants; the noiseless tread with which they moved; the tremulous whispers in which they spake; and the sullen anguish with which they sometimes sank writhing on the floor. "The strong men bowed themselves."

"Uttomatin!" whispered the dying patriarch, "why are my children so noisy? Let them be silent."

"They are the pale-faces, my father. They come to see."

A frown clouded the brow of Opechancanough. "Uttomatin! let me see."

As his eyes were opened, he gave a look at the intruders upon his privacy, beneath which some of them shrank, — brutal as they were.

"Raise me, Uttomatin!"

The warrior did so, supporting the dying man against his breast.

"Let the chief of the white men be called. He must come instantly. Opechancanough demands it."

When Sir William shortly after appeared, the chief with great effort attained to a full and strong voice, and said, with a look of right royal scorn: "Shame, — shame to the pale-face chief, who makes a gazing-stock of his captive on a dying bed! Had it been my fortune to have taken Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would have given him honor, such as a great chief should have, at the stake, and in the presence of my braves. But I would not meanly have kept him for a show. A dog has a right to peace and privacy when the hand of the Great Spirit is upon him."\*

Soon after, the scene closed. Opechancanough had fulfilled his course. His spirit had returned unto God who gave it.

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\* I have varied the *traditional* words of Opechancanough only so far as to give what I believe to have been his real meaning.

The historian who retorts that *he* "made a show" of Captain Smith, should remember that Opechancanough made no complaint that he, like Captain Smith, was made a show on his progress to the headquarters of his captors; and that there is a heaven-wide difference between the exhibition of a military captive in a triumphal procession, and the admission of a gaping rabble to the private apartment of a dying man. Opechancanough was consistent with himself, with his own behavior, with his own high sense of honor. His rebuke was as sound as caustic; and, had the supposition on which it was made — that Sir William was privy to the transaction — been true, it would have been infamously deserved.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### VIRGINIA AND CROMWELL.

IN the same month in which Opechancanough died, Sir William Berkeley sailed for 1645. England, disappointed of his trophy. He returned, however, and resumed the duties of his office in June of the next year.

In October, 1646, a treaty of peace was effected with Necotowance, the successor of Opechancanough. He acknowledged himself a tributary of the king of England, and ceded to the English all the country between the York and James rivers.

In March, 1648, he came in person to Jamestown, having in his train five subordinate chiefs, and bringing his annual tribute to King Charles. Upon this occasion he made "a long oration" to Sir William Berkeley, in which he protested that "the sun and moon should first lose their glorious lights and shining, before he or his people should evermore hereafter wrong the English in any kind, but they would ever hold love and friendship together."

A large measure of internal thrift was now the lot of the colony. The Indians seemed thoroughly indisposed to cope with their powerful invaders, retired beyond the neighborhood of their settlements, and were forbidden by Necotowance, on pain of death, to appear within the English limits, unless sent by

him as messengers. The colonists now numbered fifteen thousand,\* and "of negroes three hundred good servants." They were visited usually by about thirty trading-vessels in a year, and in the preceding December there lay in their waters at one time twelve ships from England, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England. There were in the colony twenty thousand neat cattle, two hundred horses and mares, fifty asses, three thousand sheep, five thousand goats, and innumerable swine and poultry; hundreds of acres of wheat, "plenty of barley, excellent malt, and six publike Brew-houses"; indigo, hemp, and flax; four wind-mills, five water-mills, many horse-mills, but no saw-mills; twenty churches, and ministers to each whose livings were worth at least one hundred pounds per annum. The Governor, from half a bushel of rice, had raised fifteen, which he was intending to sow at the next season. He had fifteen hundred fruit-trees, besides apricots, peaches, quinces, &c. Captain Brocas had planted a vineyard, and "made most excellent wine." Richard Bennet, from an orchard of his own planting, "had made twenty Butts of excellent cider." For the last three or four years, Richard Kinsman had made forty or fifty butts of perry. But "worthy Captaine Matthews, an old Planter of above thirty years standing," seems to have been the prince of planters,—"hath a fine house, sowes yeerly store of Hemp and Flax, and causes it to be spun; keeps weavers, and hath a Tan House; causes leather to be dressed; hath eight shoemakers

\* "Perfect Description," p. 3. Bancroft states the number at twenty thousand. Grahame gives twenty thousand as the number in 1642! Vol. I. p. 96.

employed in their trade; hath forty negroe servants," more than one eighth of all in Virginia; "brings them up to trades in his house; yeerly sows abundance of wheat, barley, &c.; hath abundance of kine, a brave dairy, swine great store, and Poltery; keeps a good house, lives bravely, and a true lover of Virginia; he is worthy of much honor."

There was also at this time "a Free-schoole with two hundred acres of land, a fine house upon it, forty milch kine." It was established "by Mr. Benjamin Symes, worthy to be chronicled."\*

The civil war in England, which had been raging since 1642, was closed by the execution 1649. of the king on the 30th of January, 1649. Virginia had no share in the strife. Her intercourse with England had, indeed, been much interrupted, and her trade hindered; still, as we have seen, her domestic condition was prosperous. The planters pursued their quiet labors without interruption, and waited with anxiety for the issue of the struggle in the mother country. But when, at length, the news arrived that the king was beheaded,—that British royalty was overthrown,—the Virginians did not acknowledge "The Commonwealth." Their Assembly met in October, and in their first act "expressed the profoundest veneration for the late king; denounced all aspersions upon his memory as treasonable; declared it treason to doubt the right of Prince Charles to succeed to the crown, or to propose a change of government in the colony, or to doubt the authority of the Governor or government."

\* Perfect Description of Virginia.

If this attachment to royalty seem inconsistent with the sturdy principles of self-government which Virginia had so long cherished, it should be remembered that hitherto — owing, perhaps, to the embarrassments of the late monarch — her liberties had been untouched. Practically, she had been independent. Under the shadow of the throne, she had been unmolested, and had flourished. Why, then, should she repudiate a political relationship hitherto little more than nominal, and, for aught she had experienced, salutary? Why, especially, should she capriciously transfer allegiance from the venerable crown, which generations of her ancestors had honored, to a usurping power which had sprung up in a night and might perish in a day? Above all, why should she, like a fickle maiden, welcome a new lord, who, where he now had sway, spurned the Church in whose arms she had been reared, — who overturned her altars and drove out her priesthood? Cromwell and the Commonwealth were for Puritanism; the Crown and Virginia were for Episcopacy. Such considerations may account for Virginia "being whol for monarchy."

The loyal spirit of the colony was well known in England. Berkeley, "the honest Governor, (for no man meant better,) . . . . writ to the king," Charles II., "almost inviting him thither," and had received a new commission from the royal hand. Virginia was a house of refuge to the despairing Cavaliers; many persons of good condition, and "good officers in the war," "nobility, clergy, and gentry," "transported themselves thither, with all the estate they had been able to preserve." They were welcomed by the people; and Sir William Berkeley

"showed great respect to all the royal party who made that colony their refuge. His house and purse were open to all that were so qualify'd." Thus the element of loyalty was largely increased, both in measure and in fervor; for the harrowing tales of the refugees carried captive the sympathies of those who heard them.

The Parliament, in October, 1650, took measures to reduce the several colonies of 1650. England to the authority of the Commonwealth. A fleet under Sir George Ayscue was despatched for this purpose to Barbadoes, Bermuda, and Antigua.

In September, 1651, Commissioners\* were appointed "to use their best endeavors to 1651. reduce all the plantations within the Bay of the Chesepick to their due obedience." They embarked in the "Guinea Frigate," one of "two or three ships" under the "command and conduct of Captain Robert Dennis." They were instructed "to assure pardon and indemnity to all the Inhabitants of the said Plantations that shall submit unto the present Government. And in case they shal not submit by fair wayes and meanes, you are to use all acts of hostility that lies in your power to enforce them." †

\* "Captain Robert Dennis, Mr. Richard Bennet, Mr. Thomas Steg, and Captain William Clairborn."

† Clarendon, 788. Also, "Duplicate Instructions" "in the name and by order of the Council of State appointed by authority of Parliament," signed "John Bradshaw, President." The paper is in the tract entitled "Virginia and Maryland," pp. 18-20, in Force, Vol. II. From these "Instructions" it would seem that there were only *two* ships sent to Virginia, — the "John" and the "Guinny Friggot"; but as they first joined Ayscue (so says Hildreth) in the West Indies, it is possible that

1652. In March, 1652, Edmund Curtis, with his colleagues, Bennet and Clairborne, arrived at Jamestown, and summoned the colony to surrender. Their ships were "armed and manned," having on board a regiment of seven hundred and fifty men. Berkeley had received notice of their coming, and assumed a posture of resistance; whether with the intent to repel the vessels by force of arms, or only by a show of such intent to obtain honorable terms, does not appear.

There were several armed Dutch ships, merchantmen, then lying in the river at Jamestown. By an ordinance of Parliament, their presence there rendered

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they appeared in the Chesapeake with such additional force as properly to be called "a squadron."

The Instructions are so explicit in requiring that Dennis should always *join* in the official acts of his associates, that the words "whereof Captain Robert Dennis to be one" make a perpetual jingle through the entire instrument. "Edmund Curtis, commander of the *Guinny Frigot*," was empowered to act with the others as Commissioner, "in case of mortality, or absence of Captain Robert Dennis." Beverly and Campbell state that Dennis was with the Commissioners at Jamestown; but, as Hildreth (I. 356) states that he and Steg "suffered shipwreck on their passage" thither, and as only the names of Curtis, Clairborne, and Bennett — notwithstanding the strict orders of the Council of State — were appended to the papers subscribed at Jamestown, it is right to suppose that Dennis did not arrive there.

It was doubtless from *policy* that "two of the Commissioners were taken from among the planters themselves." Clairborne and Bennett, both apparently in England when the Instructions were drawn, had been banished from Virginia by the Governor and Council (Campbell, 68), and were bitter in their feelings toward the colonial government, — fit agents for the Commonwealth. Besides, Bennett at least was a Roundhead. In this view, we cannot say much about the "true magnanimity" which suggested their appointment. See Bancroft, I. 222.

The ships had on board a hundred and fifty Scotch prisoners of war, sent to Virginia to be sold as servants. Hildreth, I. 356.

them liable to seizure and confiscation. Self-interest, therefore, prompted them to co-operate with the Governor. They were promptly brought broadside-to to the ships of the Commonwealth, and their decks were efficiently reinforced by colonists. Several pieces of ordnance supported them from the shore, the heights of which were thronged with experienced soldiers. Receiving at once a refusal of their summons, and seeing these formidable preparations, the Commissioners stood aloof. Communications, under flags of truce, were opened by them with the colonial authorities, and under the shadow of these flags not only was the business of state conducted, but a very free, and even fraternal, intercourse was sustained between the Parliament forces and the people on shore.

But there was another potent agency also at work for a peaceful accommodation. The "John" and the "Guinny Frigot" had valuable property on board belonging to two members of the Colonial Council. The Commissioners whispered this in the ears of the owners, who saw at once that they would be richer or poorer, as they should promote or hinder the design of Parliament. Thus Mammon, *always* a great politician and diplomatist, had a voice in the deliberations of the Council. His sly pleadings raised a division there; and although in this instance they would not have prevailed alone, yet they first, and then the grave argument that resistance would prove bloodshed in vain, led to honorable terms of capitulation. These terms were *dictated* by the General Assembly themselves, and were sent to Curtis "accompanied by a solemn declaration that, unless they were acceded to in the most ABSOLUTE and LITERAL



SENSE, without alteration or qualification, the colonists were ready to suffer the last extremities rather than submit.\* They were "acceded to."

The colony recognized the authority of the English Commonwealth, and received guaranties in return. It was stipulated, *first of all*, "that this submission be acknowledged a VOLUNTARY ACT; not forced nor constrained by a conquest upon the country, and that they shall have and enjoy such freedoms and privileges as belong to the free-born people of England." They were then assured of full indemnity; of the right of Assemblies as formerly; of free trade as the people of England do enjoy; of freedom from all taxes except by consent of the Assembly; of the security of land grants; and of the use of the Book of Common Prayer for one year.† The safety of the Dutch allies and the Cavaliers was also provided for.‡

By other and separate articles of agreement between the Commissioners and the *Council*, suitable and generous provision was made to insure the Governor and Council from harm or annoyance in their persons and estates, for one year, and within the bounds of Virginia.

Such, in substance, were the terms on which Virginia acknowledged the authority of the English Commonwealth; terms by which all her former privi-

\* Burk, II. 85.

† Notwithstanding these express words in the Instructions: "You shall cause to be received and published the Acts [of Parliament] for abolishing the Book of Common Prayer."

‡ By Articles X. and XIV., and particularly by Article IX. in the agreement with the Council. See Burk, II. 87, 89, 90.

leges were secured, and by which her civil relation to England — only it was England under her new government — continued unchanged.\*

The commissions of the Governor and Council were of course void, and "the Commissioners, with the advice of the Assembly, administered the government according to former precedents," until regular appointments of Governor and Council should be made by the Council of State in England.

\* "There no sooner appeared two or three ships from the Parliament, than all thoughts of resistance were laid aside." Clarendon, p. 788. "Clarendon states the matter rightly. Beverly wrote in the next century, and his account . . . is in itself improbable. How could Dutch merchantmen have awaited an English squadron? . . . Dutch ships would at once have been seized as prizes." Bancroft, I. 223, note.

There are two questions respecting this transaction. 1. Was there, or was there not, any show of armed resistance? 2. Were, or were not, Dutch merchantmen trading with the colony at the time?

Whatever "contemporary writers," or others, may be cited to sustain a negative answer to these questions, I humbly conceive that none are of authority so reliable as the very Articles of Capitulation, and the very Act of Indemnity, signed by the Commissioners *then and there*. These are now before me, in Burk, II. 85-90.

On the first question. "The act of indemnity made att the surrender of the countrey" has these words in its preamble: "Finding force raised by the Governour and countrey to make opposition against the said fleete, whereby assured danger appearinge of the ruine and destruction of the plantation, for prevention whereof the burgesses of all the several plantations being called to advise and assist therein, uppon long and serious debate, and in sad contemplation of the great miseries and certaine destruction which were so neerely hovering over the whole countrey," &c. We find here evidence, to us conclusive, of a show of resistance, — of very serious resistance, — of a resisting attitude of sufficient duration to admit of "long and serious debate."

On the second question. To say nothing of the statements of Grahame, Hildreth, Campbell, and Beverly, and without insisting upon the fact that Burk, when he says "several Dutch ships were lying off Jamestown," appeals to "Ancient Records," I will give the "Fourteenthly" of the articles agreed upon between the Commissioners and the Grand

On the 30th of April, the Commissioners, jointly with the House of Burgesses, organized a provisional government "for a year, or until the pleasure of the Council of State [in England] should be known." Their executive officers were Richard Bennett, Governor, William Clairborne, Secretary, and a Council, whom they invested with only "such powers and authorities, and to act from time to time as by the

Assembly: "That all goods already brought hither by the Dutch and others which are now on shoar shall be free from surprizall." The Dutch merchantmen had put their goods on shore for safety; perhaps purposely, that they might, unsuspected by the Commissioners, be included in this very article of agreement.

These copies of original documents — we cannot suppose them to be forgeries — are of paramount authority, and hardly justify the opinion that "the account of Beverly" — followed, too, by that of Burk, on the testimony of records — "is in itself improbable." Beverly, to be sure, "wrote in the next century"; but the Commissioners, on the 12th of March, 1652.

Dutch merchantmen, knowing well their exposure to seizure by the ships of Parliament, "were careful to guard against the worst, by mounting cannon, and by a sufficient supply of small arms and ammunition." (Burk, II. 82.)

But would the colonists engage in a trade which the laws of England declared, and treated, as contraband? They did. Even in the next year, they not only claimed the right of free trade, but they even founded that right both on the Articles of Capitulation and on the Parliament's previous Act of Navigation itself, however sophistical their reasoning from such premises may have been. But more. They were so strenuous, sensitive, and jealous on this subject, that one Abraham Read was arraigned and tried for saying "that no foreigners ought to have trade in Virginia, which is contrary to an Act of Parliament, and the articles granted upon the surrender of the colony." The colonists certainly acted on the opinion that they had, and had had, the right to trade with foreigners. Burk, II. 96.

The truth concerning this memorable transaction is of importance, as showing the chivalry of the Virginians, and their determination to submit to no imposition, to no dishonor, and to alienate none of their cherished rights as freemen.

*Grand Assembly* shall be appointed and granted to their several places respectively for the time aforesaid." It was also declared, that all the officers of the colony should be appointed by the Burgesses.

"It had been usual for the Governor and Council to sit in the Assembly; the expediency of the measure was questioned, and a temporary compromise ensued; they retained their former right, but were required to take the oath which was administered to the Burgesses," which was, "to act with the best of your judgment and advice for the public good, not mingling with it any particular of private interest."

And although the Assembly of 1654 were induced, for some reason, to restrict the right of 1654. suffrage — hitherto conceded to all tax-payers\* — to those who had a certain qualification in real or personal estate, yet in 1656, by an act of repeal, 1656. they replaced the right on its former democratic basis, *because* "it is something hard and unagreeable to reason that any person shall pay equal taxes and yet have no vote in elections."†

In 1658, the Assembly created other safeguards to their liberties. On the 13th of March, 1658. they "themselves" elected as Governor the man "who kept a good house, lived bravely, and was a true lover

\* "The payment of taxes was almost the sole qualification." — Burk, I. 303, note. "Every titheable or taxable inhabitant was an essential part of the sovereignty, and voted for members of the Assembly." — Ibid. 314.

† Burk, II. 108; Campbell, 72. This was done under Edward Digges as Governor, who had been elected the year before, 1655, "by the Assembly itself," — Bancroft, I. 226, — i. e., without the Commissioners of Parliament, who were elsewhere occupied.

of Virginia"; and immediately saw fit to rescind the "temporary compromise" of 1652; by which act they denied the Governor and Council the right of sitting with the Burgesses, — thus constituting themselves a separate and independent department of the Legislative. This the "worthy Captaine Matthews" resented. He therefore issued a message, on the 1st of April, declaring the Assembly dissolved. The Burgesses denied his right to do so, and requested him to retract; and, in secret session, bound themselves by oath not to submit to an act so arbitrary. The Governor yielded, revoking the order of dissolution, but said that he should refer to Cromwell the question of his disputed right. The Assembly, jealous lest one such reference should prove a precedent by which their legislative proceedings in future should become entangled and complicated, and their liberties abridged, immediately and solemnly drew up and passed a declaration, that they were an independent body; that no power in Virginia but their own could dissolve them; that, as representatives of the people, they were the sovereign power; and that they who, as such, had the power to make, had also the power to unmake. To illustrate their doctrine, they immediately deposed the Governor and Council. But to show that they did so from regard to a principle, and not from personal pique, they immediately re-elected him, and offered to invest him "with all the just rights and privileges belonging to the Governour and Captaine Generall of Virginia," on condition of his taking a new oath, prescribed by them, in which he should acknowledge the supremacy of the Assembly. To this he consented, thus avowedly holding his office

under them.\* The Burgesses also elected a new Council.

Thus rigidly did Virginia adhere to the true doctrines of free government, and thus boldly did she proclaim them; at different times, from 1652 to 1658, limiting the powers of the Executive, declaring that the people, by their representatives, should be electors of all officers, that taxation gives suffrage, that the popular branch of the Legislature should be a distinct body, that it existed by the act of the people and not by executive sufferance, and that magistrates are not the people's masters, but their servants. In other words, the Virginians proclaimed and *expounded* the grand democratic doctrine, that The Sovereign of the State is THE PEOPLE.

In March, 1659, the decease of Oliver Cromwell, which had occurred on the 3d of the preceding September, was officially announced to the Assembly of Virginia, who immediately passed a resolution recognizing Richard Cromwell as his father's successor.†

Immediately upon the recognition of the English Commonwealth by the Virginia Assembly in 1652, Sir William Berkeley had quietly retired to his plantation at Greenspring, where he had continued unmolested, happy in the respect and affection of the people. His hospitable mansion had open doors for all the royalists who had fled from the persecutions of the Commonwealth. Arrangements had been made between the Commissioners and the Council "that

\* Bancroft, I. 226, 227; Campbell, 72. But more clearly expressed in Lippincott's Cabinet History, Virginia, pp. 162, 163.

† Campbell, 72.

the Governor and Council shall have their passes to go away from hence in any ship within a year." But Sir William's departure had been prevented, and he was therefore liable to arrest. To prevent this, the Assembly, in 1653, had passed a special act permitting him to remain eight months longer. And in 1656 his continued residence had been again sanctioned by an act of Assembly. Thus, under one pretext and another, his residence in Virginia appears to have been uninterrupted.

On the 22d of April, 1659, Richard Cromwell's power came to an end, and soon after in that year he resigned his office. Governor Matthews had deceased when the Virginia Assembly next met, on the 13th of March, 1660. They immediately passed an act, declaring that, as there was "noe resident absolute and generall confessed power in England," therefore the supreme government of the colony should vest in the Assembly. Their next act was the election of Sir William Berkeley as Governor, restricting him from dissolving the Assembly without their consent. When the office was offered to him, he said in reply: "I doe therefore, in the presence of God and you, make this safe protestation for us all, that if any supream settled power appeares, I will immediately lay down my commission, but will live most submissively obedient to any power God shall set over me, as the experience of eight years have shewed I have done." There was no recognition of Charles II. in any of the acts of this Assembly; nor was there in an official letter of the Governor dated the 20th of August next, nearly three months after Charles II. had ascended the throne, though before the event was known in Virginia.\*

\* Campbell, 73, 74, 78.

In March, 1661, Berkeley received a new royal commission as Governor, dated July 31st, 1661. 1660.

Thus quietly did Virginia pass from the Crown to the Commonwealth, and again from the Commonwealth to the Crown; for the Assembly of this year — consisting, however, mainly of new members, and probably the new were royalists — sent a loyal address to the king.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FRONTIER LIFE.

1675. For fourteen successive years Virginia had been governed by Sir William Berkeley in the name of King Charles II. During this time the population had greatly increased; and, to a superficial observer, the colony had every sign of prosperity and content. For the most part, the administration of the Governor had been unexceptionable, and had been rewarded by the esteem and affection of the people at large. He had been with them thirty-five years, nearly all of which time he had been their chief magistrate, distinguished alike for his public spirit, his high principle, his amiable manners, and his generosity. He had devoted the strength of his days, and a large portion of his private estate, to promote the interests of the colony. In addition to his salary of £1,000 allowed by the Crown, the Assembly, in 1767, had voted him £200 per annum, and for life, as some compensation for his losses under the Commonwealth.

In 1671, according to his statement made to the Lords of the Commissioners of Colonies, the people of Virginia numbered forty thousand, of which two thousand were negro slaves, and six thousand white indented servants. They could muster for military service eight thousand cavalry; had two forts on the

James River, and one on each of the rivers Rappahannock, York, and Potomac. They had thirty cannon; and received into their ample waters eighty vessels yearly from England and Ireland, which came for tobacco, besides a few small vessels from New England.

In compliance with instructions from the king, an attempt had been made to establish towns as ports of entry; and in 1662 seventeen new houses had been added to the hitherto insignificant village of Jamestown. Of these, one was built by the Governor himself; a few, by members of the Council; others, by planters and traders, and at the expense of the counties.\* For a while, the place had been the scene of considerable bustle. But this impulse, being from constrained and artificial means, and contrary to the genius of the people and the natural currents of trade, was but temporary; and Jamestown, for a long time, was but a cluster of thirty-two brick houses, most of which had been converted into taverns and hucksters' shops. Until 1664, the Quarter Courts, and even the Assembly, had met in taverns. But at that time it was resolved to purchase a house for the use of the courts, and to build a State-House for the Assembly.

But Jamestown was no specimen of Virginia. The thousands of her people were scattered thinly all along upon the banks of her noble rivers and her beautiful creeks. The planter seated himself, wherever he could effect a title, upon the rich bottom-lands, but

\* The settled territory of Virginia had been divided, in 1634, into eight shires or counties; in 1642, three had been added; in 1652, four; in 1653, one. In 1666, there were nineteen; in 1670, there were twenty. Burk, II. 43, 68, 95, 140; Campbell, 79.

lately the homes and the gardens of the banished natives, and devoted himself, in his romantic seclusion, to his family and his crops. The Virginia plantation usually extended back from the river's shore about an English mile; and along the shore a half-mile, or one, two, three miles, and sometimes more. Thus plantations of a thousand or two thousand acres, and even more, were not uncommon; for the Virginian had a passion for real estate, and the bounty of fifty acres to the transporter for every resident whom any one should transport from England, rendered the acquisition comparatively easy to settlers who could pay the trifling passage-money of servants. Thus situated, the planters were necessarily scattered, seldom meeting except upon public occasions, and caring for little else than the visit of the trading-ship at their doors, and a fair exchange for their tobacco. It was very natural, in a country watered by rivers some of which were navigable for a hundred miles, that its produce should be sought by the merchant, rather than that the producer should transport it to stated and distant marts in the colony. The ship which entered the Chesapeake for tobacco must be laden for *traffic*. She must ascend the rivers. She must pass along from plantation to plantation, bartering her miscellaneous cargo for the staple of the country. Thus the skipper on the James or the Potomac, "carrying all sorts of truck, could at the best drive, in the way of trade, only a sort of Scotch peddling"; while the planter, from his low-roofed but commodious dwelling, surrounded by "his flocks grazing, whisking, and skipping in his sight," looked out from his door-way or his "shuttered" window upon the "delightfull"

river before him, and only waited for the coming of the supercargo, whom he welcomed to his home, his table, his pipe, and his storehouse. It is easy to perceive, therefore, why Virginia had no towns, and why all the instructions of the king, and all the orders of the Council, and all the bounties offered by the Assembly, could not make it otherwise.

But there were hinderances to the general ease and content. Notwithstanding his many acres, his rich soil, his supply of servants, and his abundant crops, the Virginia planter of 1675 did not thrive. There had been a wise attempt on the part of the Assembly, in 1667, to establish manufactures, particularly of cloth. But the zeal in their behalf had subsided, and, after a little while, had become comparatively fruitless. There were no manufacturing operations in Virginia worthy of account. For his simple utensils, the planter might rely upon his own unpractised handicraft; but for his more important ones, for his household goods, and for almost all his clothing, he must look to the market of Europe. His entire crop of tobacco was scarcely sufficient to provide clothing for his dependents. "His sheep"—if he had any—"yielded good increase, and bore good fleeces; but—he sheared them *only to cool them*." While producing abundance, he was impoverished. With all his wealth, he was poor. The paradox is easily explained: planters sheared sheep to cool them; government sheared planters to heat them. This our narrative will show.

In the year 1675, Stafford was the upmost or frontier county on the Potomac. On a pleasant Sabbath

morning in the spring of this year, a party of men were passing along the almost pathless forest in the upper part of the county. They were neighbors, — which, in those days, meant that they did not live very many miles apart, — and had fallen in with each other, by a sort of tacit appointment, on their ways to their little rustic church, embowered by itself far from any one plantation, “though placed in the midst of them.” In this remote district, it was very seldom that public worship could be held; for there were but about fifty parishes in Virginia, and “not above a fifth part of them were supplied with ministers.”\*

Glad to improve so rare an opportunity, the party had been freely gossiping about their domestic experience and prospects, when one of them very innocently gave a turn to their discourse, by a somewhat scrutinizing survey of the garments of a companion who had but just joined them. He did it by no means impertinently, but it was noticed.

“Brandon! I am a sorry-looking fellow, for one

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\* Virginia's Cure, 4. Campbell, 79. Sir William Berkeley, writing in 1670 or 1671, said: “Our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less. But as of all other commodities, so of this, the worst are sent to us.” (Campbell, 79.) The old Cavalier disliked popular education, and a preaching ministry as an auxiliary to it. Yet it is not improbable that the clergy of Virginia used their pulpits politically, and perhaps some of them were of “the worst.” Hammond, in his “Leah and Rachel,” printed in 1656, said that — previously, to be sure — “Virginia savouring not handsomely in England, very few Gospel Ministers would adventure thither. Yet many came, such as wore Black Coats, and could babble in a Pulpit, roare in a Tavern, exact from their Parishioners, and rather by their dissoluteness destroy than feed their Flocks.” And added, “Oh! that God would stir up the hearts of more to go over, such as would teach good doctrine, and *not paddle in faction or state matters!*” (pp. 9, 20.)

going to church, I know; but God knows it's neither my fault nor his, blessed be his name!”

“I beg pardon, Bailey. I was inspecting your Sunday dress, to be sure; but it was thoughtlessly, and yet thoughtfully. I mean, I was not conscious of an act which might seem impertinent, and yet your garments set me a thinking. But what did you mean by saying, ‘nor his fault’?”

“I meant that the Lord has given me land enough, and cattle, and servants, and as brave a wife as ever came to Virginia woods; how, then, can I lay a threadbare coat to his charge?”

“I know, I know,” replied the other sharply; “you're robbed; we're all robbed.”

“Lawfully, though.”

“Legally, not lawfully.”

“Well, well,” replied Bailey, “lawfully is by law, and legally is by law. But robbery is robbery after all.”

“What do you mean?” inquired Thomas Hope, another of the neighbors. “You talk about robbery and law-robbing. All I know is, that we can get nothing for our tobacco, and so we are poor. But no man robs us.”

“Heavens! don't you know, Hope, what the Navigation Law is?” inquired Bailey.

“Navigation Law! No. But I know what the Navigation Act is. I've heard o' *that*.”

His companions laughed at their neighbor's ignorance; but Bailey replied indifferently: “Well, sir, the Navigation Act is the Navigation Law.”

“Oh! is it? And what has the Navigation Act to do with robbing, pray?”



"Did you not say," asked Brandon, "that you know what the Navigation Act is?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Why, it's the law about sailing ships; and I say I don't see what ship-sailing has to do with robbing."

"Upon my word," rejoined Bailey, "you must have kept away from folks a great while, if you have n't heard how the Navigation Act robs you."

"I've been among folks some,—to the County Courts, and once I went to Quarter Court to Jamestown, and seed Sir William in his grand dress a-horseback. So you need n't think I have n't been among folks. And I've heard a deal said, in a kind o' a swearin' way, about the Navigation Act; but somehow I never could see what a planter like me, up here in the woods, has to do with navigation."

"Did you never ask, Hope?" inquired Brandon, who really felt sorry for his neighbor's heedless ignorance.

"No. I don't have nothin' to do with ships, only when one comes up the river for tobacco. What should I ask for?"

"Suppose you ask now."

"Well," said the other, good-humoredly, "I'll ask. What has the Navigation Act to do with me, or with robbing folks?"

"What do you get for your crop?"

"About three happiness. Maybe sometimes, for very good, tuppence."

"And why don't you get threepence, fourpence, sixpence?"

"My soul! if I did, I never should get to heaven,

I should be so rich; for a rich man can't get into the kingdom. The Lord preserve me from sixpence a pound!"

"Don't deceive yourself, Hope," said Brandon, laughing. "Don't deceive yourself with Puritan cant on the way to church. If sixpence a pound were offered you, I fear me you'd forget about the kingdom of heaven."

"Maybe, maybe. I only said, 'The Lord preserve me.' Well, Brandon, thrippence, fuppence, sixpence, why don't I get it?"

"It's time you should know, Hope. The Navigation Act says that the man who buys your tobacco shall not carry it anywhere but to England."

"All right. Old England ought to have it."

"But if Old England has all that grows in Virginia, she has more than she wants."

"Then let 'em carry it somewhere else."

"Right, neighbor; you're right there. You have hit the nail on the head; and so has the Navigation Act, for it says they *sha' n't* carry it anywhere else."

"Sha' n't!"

"Exactly,—sha' n't. And so, you see, if there is ten times as much Virginia tobacco in England as is wanted there, and if the law won't let them sell it anywhere else, then the law touches your tobacco crop, and your pocket."

"Yes, yes, I see. Because they can't sell it."

"No. They sell it, but they get so little for it that they can give you but little."

"So that's the law, is it? that's the Navigation Act?"

"A part of it."

"And what 's t' other part?"

"There are two other parts. One is, that if the ships could carry your crop to France or Holland, you would get twice, or three or four times, as much for it. And the other is, that the ships shall not bring you a plough, or a spade, or a pair of shears, or a piece of cloth, unless they are made in England."

"An't that a good law? Faith! I don't want *my* things from anywhere else. The English can beat the French, and Dutch, and all, a makin' 'em, any day. Where can we get so good as in good Old England? — God bless her!"

Brandon was determined that Hope should understand a matter so important, and patiently proceeded to instruct him.

"I'll give you the whole in a nut-shell. You take a cargo of tobacco. You *must* carry it to England. 'Sir,' you say, 'will you buy my tobacco?' 'No, no, Mr. Hope. I have too much on hand already. I don't want it.' 'Very well, Mr. Londoner, I'll just take it over to Holland.' The man grins, and you go away. But just then Mr. Navigation Act comes along, and says: 'Take care, Hope! If you take a pound to Holland, I'll trounce you!' Now it would be a queer thing for little Mr. Hope to set himself up in a tussle with the British Lion. So he scratches his head to think; and being made all of a tremble by just the hint of *good* Old England's wrath, he comes back, and says: 'Mr. Londoner, *please* take my tobacco. Mr. Navigation Act says I must n't take it to Holland.' 'So, so, Mr. Hope! exactly so. Well, to accommodate you, I'll take it for so much.' 'That 's a ruinous price for a planter, Mr. Lon-

doner!' 'Can't help it, Mr. Hope; sorry for you, but can't give more.' So you make your bargain at a *ruinous* price. But you have n't got through with Mr. Navigation Act yet. You want cloth and other things to bring back; not money. You go about, jingling it in your pocket, to buy. 'But, Mr. Clothier, Mr. Brazier, Mr. Cordwainer, Mr. Cutler, these are ruinous prices for a Virginia planter!' 'Can't help it, Mr. Hope; we hardly make a penny,' the liars! 'Well, gentlemen, I can't afford it. Mounseer or Mynheer can do better by me.' Then comes Mr. Navigation Act again, with his cudgel: 'Take care, Mr. Hope, how you take French goods, or Dutch goods, or any other than English goods, into Virginia.' And so my good friend Hope sneaks back, and says: 'Gentlemen, I can't help myself; I must have *your* goods, and I must take them at *your* prices.' So you trade; the ruinous price of the buyer to sell for, and the ruinous price of the seller to buy for. And between them both, poor Planter Hope is pretty well fleeced, and brings back *ruinous* little for his crop. Now you don't go yourself; but that is just the way, my friend, that our tobacco, which we must sell, is sold; and just the way our goods, which we must have, are bought. The Navigation Act was made for London purses, for London extortioners, and we are at their mercy, — that's all.\*

\* The English Navigation Act reached its climax of severity in 1663. It had its origin in a measure adopted by the Long Parliament for bringing the colonies into subjection, and for ruining the commerce of the Dutch. This was the nucleus. This famous act was not a Stuart measure, nor Cromwellian, nor Hanoverian. It was national. It was English. England, ever supremely selfish, and in her selfishness insane, held it as an axiom, that Englishmen of full blood became vulgarized

So you understand what makes my neighbor Bailey here wear such a coat on Sunday."

"Thunder!" and the frontier man stood agape.

"What!"

"Is that the Navigation Act?"

"That is the Navigation Act, which you've heard folks 'kind o' swearin' about."

"Fore George! it cuts both ways!"

"Does it?" asked Brandon, sarcastically.

"Well," innocently replied Hope, "we must tell the Governor to get a better law."

"Easier said than done!" muttered Bailey, with bitterness.

"But I'm sure Sir William will do what he can to help us, and he's a great man with the king."

"Better for *you* to let the Navigation Act be as it is, neighbor," said Brandon.

"Better!" exclaimed Hope, puzzled by Brandon's apparent versatility.

"Yes."

"What do you mean? Just now you was saying that—"

"Hold, friend! Repeal the Navigation Act, and you'd get sixpence a pound. 'The Lord preserve you from sixpence a pound!' you know. How hardly shall they that have riches—"

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and emasculated by the very act of emigration; that thenceforth they were fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for her from whom they had gone out. This prompted her to the oppression of those whom nature, common sense, and Christianity required her to cherish. She persisted in her doctrine and in her oppression, until her "mischief returned upon her own head, and her violent dealing came down on her own pate." The blow displaced the brightest jewel of her crown.

The three had fallen a little in the rear of their companions, but were now arrested in their progress by the halt of the others, who blocked up the narrow footpath. Perceiving a look of inquiry in their faces, Brandon suspended his sentence, and asked what was the matter.

"It's Robert Hen's house," replied one. "We are wondering that he has not come out. He's going to church, I know; for he'd be on his way to Northumberland County. He's going to be herdsman to a planter there."

Robert Hen had been a servant, but had worked out his indentures with credit to himself. His master, as was customary with the planters, had allowed him a little patch of ground for his own behoof. This he had patiently cultivated during the years of his service, in those hours of ordinary days, and on Saturday afternoons, when the custom of the country did not exact labor for the master. Year after year, he had raised his little parcel of tobacco, and carefully husbanded or invested its proceeds. A breeding pig and a heifer, which had freely herded with his master's, had prettily increased; so that he had a little live stock and a few farming tools to begin life with on his own account. Besides, there was a buxom dairy-maid on his master's plantation who had *not* said, "No"; and her time of service was nearly out. So honest Robert had just taken up,\* as by law he had a right to do, an unpatented lot of fifty acres by

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\* The enormous grants to Culpepper and Arlington — of which more hereafter — could not prevent new occupations of land by resolute men. Besides, at this date, the transaction was not universally known among the frontier-men, or at best was vaguely understood.

the river, and had built for himself—and Susan—a snug log cottage. Just now, he had an opportunity to turn his time to good profit by serving Mr. T. M.,—nobody knows anything of his name but its initials. So he had arranged to leave the trifling affairs of his cabin in charge of a young lad, until Susan and the parson should be ready; when his master was to present him—as was usual upon a servant's discharge—with ten bushels of corn, two new suits of clothes, and a gun.

The rude chimney and the ridge of his house were but just discernible by the party through the branches of the trees. After a little silent waiting, one of them gave a loud halloo. But the call died away in the forest without an answer.

"I will go and find him," said Brandon; and he immediately advanced through the trees in the direction of the cottage. In a few moments his call was heard, in tones of such distress and terror, that every man started instantly, and with rushing speed. They found Brandon in the door-way of the humble dwelling, on one knee, and supporting against his shoulder the mangled and ghastly body of Robert Hen. An Indian lay dead upon the threshold, and both were shockingly wounded on their heads, arms, and other parts of their persons.

"There is life in him yet," said Brandon; "let us save him if we can."

Some attempt was made to revive the dying man, but it was too late. Robert's eyes were fast glazing. He seemed conscious, however, that friends were present, for he slightly pressed the hand of Brandon.

"Robert! Robert!" he exclaimed, "who has done this?"

The man made two or three ineffectual attempts to reply; but at last he articulated in a whisper, "Doegs! Doegs!" and expired. This was the name of a tribe, or small family, of Indians in the neighboring county of Northumberland.

A noise from the interior of the house now startled the party. Brandon dropped the corpse, which he was still supporting, and sprang to his feet, while all receded a few steps from the door, where they stood together, waiting resolutely, though unarmed. The alarm, however, was but for a moment, for there appeared only the lad with whom poor Robert was to have placed in charge his little home. He was pale as ashes; and no sooner did he perceive the group without, than he leaped frantically over the dead bodies before him, and sank fainting on the ground. As soon as he recovered, he informed the party that he had been woken about daybreak by an outcry from Robert, whom he found standing in the door-way, defending himself with a hatchet against a number of Indians, one of whom was lying almost lifeless at his feet; that he had hidden himself beneath the bed, where he had remained half dead with terror, until he heard the voices of Brandon and his companions.\*

The death of Opechancanough had proved the death of the Powhattan confederacy. The thirty tribes, severed, dispersed, and conscious of their weakness, had usually remained quiet upon their new fields and hunting-grounds without annoyance to the English. So long had this continued, that the

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\* T. M.'s Account.

restrictions upon intercourse which were imposed in the time of Necotowance had been practically annulled; the Indians now traded at "stated marts" with the English, and had "free intercourse with the people of all the counties." Some depredations had been committed upon the property of the border settlements, but the resident Indians had disavowed all share therein, and their disavowal had been satisfactory. The murder of Robert Hen was the first shedding of English blood which had occurred for many years, and, as we shall see, it had important results.

Great, therefore, was the commotion at the little church in the woods, when his mangled corpse, brought thither on a rude litter, was laid before the chancel. But no sooner had the rustic congregation heard the manner in which one of their number—a favorite with all who knew him—had met his death, than their consternation gave place to wrath. It was with difficulty that they could be restrained within the bounds of decorum during the solemn service for the dead; but when they came to commit dust to dust, and thought of the wreck of manliness and manly hope which had been wrought, and witnessed the dumb and stony agony of the orphan who stood there in a strange land beside the grave of her betrothed,—they swore. Not noisily, not wildly, but in those stern, subdued tones which belong to strong men resolute, they swore to avenge the blood of Robert and the breaking heart of the maiden. They kept their oath.

Intelligence of the tragedy had in the mean time been sent to Colonel Mason and Captain Brent, who

lived a few miles down the river. The news spread rapidly. The hardy planters rallied; and soon Mason and Brent, with a small body of men under their command, sped upon the trail of the murderers. After passing twenty miles up the river, and four miles across it within the bounds of Maryland, the party under Brent attacked a cabin occupied by the Doeg Indians, and slew the chief and ten of his men. Those under Mason were doing the work of revenge at another cabin, a little way off. Having slaughtered fourteen, the Colonel, to his great consternation and grief, found that he was assailing a party of Susquehannah Indians, who were friendly to the Virginians. He instantly called upon his men, in God's name, to desist. This part of the expedition was an unfortunate affair.\*

In the previous year, 1674, the Dutch government

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\* For the particulars of this occurrence, and also of the murder of Robert Hen, I depend upon T. M.'s Account, in Force, Vol. I. His narrative, to which I shall frequently refer, was addressed to Hon. Robert Harley, Secretary of State and one of her Majesty's Privy Council. It was drawn up at his request, from memory, and is dated July 13, 1705, thirty years after the occurrences which it relates. T. M. was a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia in 1676. His position in society, his personal interviews with Bacon, the chief actor in the events which he relates, and his being an eyewitness of some of them, render his account, together with its dispassionate simplicity, worthy of the highest confidence. The *original* manuscript was purchased, at the sale of a bookseller's effects, by Mr. King, our Minister in London, in 1803, and by him sent to Mr. Jefferson, then our Chief Magistrate.

I have also before me a very rare anonymous tract, printed in London in 1677, entitled "Strange News from Virginia." It represents the transactions of 1676 in Virginia as owing solely to the wanton ambition and desperate fortune of a conceited man. Beverly's account also represents Bacon as influenced only by a "seditious humor." The wrong done to his memory by those two writers will perhaps appear in the following pages.

had made a final cession of New York to the English. The Dutch had long sustained a valuable traffic in furs with the Indians living at the head of the Chesapeake Bay, who used yearly to pass southward to hunt and to purchase skins, ranging in their course along the western frontier of Virginia. The English traders, who had occupied New York most of the time for ten years before its cession, covetous of the valuable fur-trade, and reckless of the laws of fraternity, had inspired these Indians first with jealousy, and then with hatred, towards the Virginians, who had shared in the benefits of the traffic. The depredations upon border property which have been mentioned had been committed probably by these traveling parties. But they were now roused to more serious aggressions, and began to spill blood both in Virginia and in Maryland as they passed to and fro; and soon after the affair of Mason and Brent—doubtless a provoking cause—murders became frequent. The Indians who were in treaty with Virginia had not given notice of the approach of these enemies, nor had they done anything to deter them, as by treaty they were bound to do. This roused the jealousy of the whites, who, under the excitement caused by the assassinations of their neighbors, and without sufficient evidence, were led to adjudge the friendly tribes as accomplices, and were ready to fall upon them upon the least pretence. The Marylanders had already engaged in open hostilities with the Piscataway Indians and with the Susquehannahs, both of them tribes at peace with Virginia. The latter, driven from their homes by the Senecas, had sought shelter in a fort of the Piscataways, near the head of the Poto-

mac.\* This fort was besieged by the Marylanders not long after the murder of Robert Hen and the action of Mason and Brent. It stood on a low, swampy spot, its walls consisting of high banks of earth. At each angle was an abutment furnished with loopholes, and commanding all approach upon the entire line of each diverging wall. At the base, and around the whole fort, was a ditch, broad, deep, and filled with water. Without this ditch was a strong palisade formed of young trees from five to eight inches in diameter, sunk some three feet or more in the earth, and about eight or ten feet in height. Through apertures in this palisade, the Indians could do execution upon any assailants, as well as through those in the abutments. An approaching party must, therefore, sustain a fire directly in front, and, when at the foot of the palisades, could be raked on either flank. The strength of the structure itself, the insecure, boggy footing without, and the facilities for defensive operations, forbade all hope of carrying it by storm, except at great loss.† The Maryland infantry, having no cannon, had undertaken to reduce it by siege. The Indians before long had become straitened for food, and had contrived to evade the careless sentries of the English so often, as to have stolen away and devoured nearly all the horses of those who had ridden thither. Besides, they had made so frequent sallies, and with such spirit, that scarce a day passed when their besiegers did not seriously suffer.‡ Under these circumstances, the

\* T. M.'s Account, 9; "Mrs. An. Cotton's Account of our Late Troubles in Virginia," 3, — in Force, Vol. I.

† T. M.'s Account, 10.

‡ The Burwell Narrative, 5, — a paper of the time, in Force, Vol. I.

Marylanders sent to Virginia for a reinforcement. A body of men was accordingly sent, under command of Colonel John Washington.\* When these arrived, the Indians had begun to be seriously pinched for want of food, and were also disturbed by seeing their professed friends sit down in league with their enemies. Both of these circumstances inclined them to confer with the English for peace; and on this errand they sent out six † of their chief men. These were immediately seized by the "two commanders," and put to death. This unaccountable treatment of an embassy for peace roused the fainting Indians to desperate fury. They made fierce and bloody sallies, and when offered parley gave no other answer than "Where are our great men?" "At the end of six weeks" — from the commencement of the siege? — the remaining Indians, being seventy-five warriors, besides women and children, having destroyed everything within the fort which could be of value, slipped through the lines of their enemies "in the darke"; ‡ as they passed, knocking out the brains of ten Englishmen, whom they found asleep.

On their retreat over the heads of the Rappahannock, York, and James rivers, they plucked sixty scalps from the plantations on the outskirts. They then sent a remonstrance to Sir William Berkeley, demanding why he had taken up arms against them, contrary to

\* He was a member of the House of Burgesses, and the great-grandfather of George Washington. Cotton's Account, 3; Campbell, 81.

† So say Cotton's Account and the Burwell Narrative. T. M. says four.

‡ Cotton's Account; more probable than T. M.'s, which says, "by moonlight past our guards, hallowing and firing at them without opposition."

their league; "declaring their sorrow to see the Virginians, of friends to become such violent enemies as to pursue the Chase in to another's dominions"; complaining that their messengers of peace were not only knocked on the head, but the fact countenanced by the Governor; saying that they had "killed ten for one of the Virginians, such being the disproportion between those men murdered, and those by them slain"; and adding, that, if he chose to consider the account balanced, to let the matter rest here, and to renew "the ancient league of amity," well; "otherways they and those whom they had engaged to their interest [interest] were resolved to fight it out to the last man." These overtures were rejected. The Indians, therefore, drew into their league others, who had hitherto lived peaceably in the neighborhood of the frontier, and immediately commenced a determined war. The whites were attacked in their fields by day, in their dwellings by night, or captured by ambuscades as they ventured through the forests. Soon, not a day passed without bloodshed.

The border planters were terrified; not only because they found themselves attacked suddenly by a resolute and stealthy enemy, but by one who seemed even unusually stimulated to cruelty. White men, in unguarded moments, were captured by the prowling savages, taken before the doors of their lonely cabins; one by one, the nails were torn from their hands and feet; one by one, their teeth were wrenched from their jaws; their eyes were rooted from their sockets; and slowly, little by little, from crown to heel, the skin of each helpless victim was peeled from the bounding



flesh. If then the heart still beat, he was left to die.\*

Such a warfare was horrible. And when, as they often did, the English scouts discovered *such* a corpse where they went to find a living friend, the most sturdy and iron-nerved men would pale and sicken. The Virginians were appalled. Many of the more exposed plantations were strewn with the dead, or deserted by the living. Seldom was a cabin burned or a crop destroyed. The Indians seemed bent only upon death. The people were compelled, for mutual safety, to crowd together, — two, three, four families in a house, which they would fortify as well as they were able. No man crossed the threshold without his gun. They tilled their several fields in bands, going first to one, then to another, their weapons by their sides, and their sentinels around them.†

Of course, information of these atrocities was sent to Jamestown, and the aid of the Governor was implored. The messages were answered by promises. Sir William had, indeed, sent Sir Henry Chicheley, the Lieutenant-Governor, against the Indians, with five hundred men; but he had also, mysteriously and suddenly, recalled them in the midst of their march. By his order also, or at least with his approbation, eight rude forts were constructed and manned along the border, which the Indians laughed at. A body of rangers would have proved protective, but stationary forces were easily evaded. Instead of being a benefit to the planters by making them safer or quieter, they were a new evil. The Indians levied upon their lives

\* Burwell Narrative, 7.

† T. M., 10.

none the less; the garrisons levied upon their scanty property the more. The people petitioned for their removal. But no. A British governor-royal could not have erred in judgment! Or, if he had, it would be derogatory to his station to acknowledge it; doubly so, to undo a deed to please the vulgar or spare their purse. So had the favorite of the people changed, and so had their condition changed, since thirteen years ago! Now he was their lord.

The people became indignant; not the people upon the belt of country along the river-heads only, but the whole people, — for the blood of the Virginian in Jamestown or Accomac boiled within him when he heard that the blood of the borderer was shed, — and he was yet more excited when it was said, "The borderer is unaided and oppressed." If one member suffered, all the members suffered with it. With little exception, there was but one heart in Virginia, — and it ached.

But border war was not her only affliction. In 1669, the king had made a grant to Lord Culpepper of all territory lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac. Early in 1673, he had granted to Culpepper and the Earl of Arlington, their executors, administrators, and assigns, the entire territory and dominion of Virginia for thirty-one years; making them lords proprietary of all the domain, and vesting in them all quitrents, duties, and escheats, — to be paid in *specie*, and *not in commodity*. These grants covered not only wild lands, but plantations long occupied, improved, and owned under the previous charters of the colony. As soon as these grants began to be put in execution in Virginia, in 1674, they naturally pro-

duced great commotion; for no one knew whether he had safe title to his own plantation. It was but an ungracious return, the people thought, for all their generous loyalty to the king in the years of his exile and distress. Partial insurrections had taken place; but, having been without concert and without a competent head, they had been easily subdued. The Assembly had immediately sent commissioners to remonstrate with the king, to solicit a modification or a purchase of the grants, and "to procure a more perfect charter and constitution for Virginia." This embassy involved great expense, — for nothing could be effected at the court of Charles II. without enormous bribes, — and created the necessity of special and heavy taxes upon the people, who had now waited a whole year without any encouragement from their commissioners.

But neither were border war and unrighteous grants the only afflictions of Virginia. The Assembly which had been convened in 1662, and elected for the term of two years, had not yet been dissolved. Consequently, the people had been deprived, during thirteen years, of the right of electing representatives. When vacancies had occurred, they had indeed gone to the polls; but false returns of the elections had been made by the sheriffs. In addition to this, a majority of the people had lost all right of suffrage by a law passed in 1670, that "none but freeholders and housekeepers should thereafter have a voice in the election of any burgesses." Thus the people were disfranchised. The right of representation, so long and so resolutely cherished by the Virginians, was rifled. County officers and parish officers, in whose appointment they

had no voice, arbitrarily laid the taxes in their respective districts; while even the power of levying the colonial taxes had been resigned by the Burgesses to the Governor and Council.

But neither were border war, and grants of territory, and the loss of representation, with its consequences of arbitrary taxation and irresponsible officials, the only afflictions of Virginia. The taxes themselves were grievous. The impoverishing operation of the Navigation Act we have brought to view. It had advanced a step beyond what has been stated, for the trade between the colonies themselves was taxed. There was also a tax upon the curing of fish, and a tax upon all exports as well as imports. The people were taxed for forts to enforce the Navigation Act; as, in England, men were condemned to be hung, and to pay forty shillings for the operation. They were taxed for useless forts on the frontiers. They were taxed for the very large salary of the Governor. They were taxed for the wages of the Burgesses. They were taxed for the expenses of their commissioners in England. They were taxed for the emoluments of eight justices of the peace in each county, and by the justices at will.\* They were taxed by the parish officers, also at will.† The amounts of the three last-named taxes were often fraudulently used, or wholly absorbed by useless officials, or shared by

\* Bland's letter to Berne, in Burk, II., Appendix.

† The Governor's salary was £1,200, or about 150,000 pounds of tobacco. Campbell, 79, compared with Bancroft, II. 206, note. The wages of the Burgesses were 8,750 pounds of tobacco *per diem*; equivalent to about nine or ten dollars a day for each Burgess, — calculating from the statement in Bland's letter to Berne, in Burk, II. 248, and on the suppo-

those who farmed them of the government. Besides, there were often taxes for gifts voted by the Assembly "to the Governor and other great men." All the taxes were laid by the poll, "whereby the poorer sort were in the heaviest condition, who, having nothing but their labor to maintain themselves, wives, and children, paid as deeply to the public as he that had twenty thousand acres." To a people thus oppressed, it was peculiarly irritating that members of the Council were exempted from all these burdens, and that the royal quitrents, instead of having been applied to the benefit of the colony, had been given away for a term of years to one Colonel Norwood. The direct taxation, in general, was sufficiently proper in its objects. Its oppressiveness consisted partly in its excessive amount, but chiefly in the comparative worthlessness of the common currency, induced by the Navigation Act.

Are obstinacy and avarice besetting sins of old age? Sir William Berkeley was old. Why did he neglect to furnish efficient military aid to the frontier-men in their terrible necessity? His obstinacy—we may add, his aristocratic pride—was apparent in his refusal to withdraw the garrisons. But had the high-minded Cavalier become avaricious? The records said, that, thirteen years before, he had virtually obtained a monopoly of the lucrative trade with the Indians in furs, and popular rumor said that this kept

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sition of thirty-five Burgesses, and tobacco at twopence a pound, rather more than it was worth.

The taxes for the Commissioners were one hundred pounds of tobacco *per poll*, and from thirty to seventy pounds of tobacco upon every unsuccessful suitor in the courts. Beverly, 66; Hildreth, I. 525.

him from authorizing hostilities against them. It added, also, that he had an eye to the confiscations which would fill his coffers, should the colonists venture upon unauthorized hostilities. But however this may have been, he did nothing in behalf of the perishing, and the Indians still perpetrated their atrocities. The sufferers had petitioned for relief, and had been answered only with promises. They then petitioned that they themselves might march against the savages; they offered to go as volunteers; they offered to go, poor as they were, at their own charges; but the Governor resented and rejected their offers.\* Useless and burdensome garrisons, a sham expedition, and days of public fasting and humiliation, were his only measures for protection. The people went to church armed; they went to court armed; they went to work armed; they went to bed armed; but they might not go against the Indians armed. Civil disabilities and impositions had galled them to a degree which would have vented itself before in open insurrection, but for their long-established habits of loyalty. Now, under the pressure of a merciless war, they began to take counsel of their natural instincts. Common wrongs and common peril were ripening common sympathy. The people came together, here, there, wherever they could. They talked. They counted their grievances. The gatherings were more frequent, more tumultuous, more grave, and more stimulating, and the portentous mutterings of desperation began to be heard, from the heads of the rivers to the eastern shore.

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\* Breviarie and Conclusion, in Burk, II. 250, — a paper of the day. Campbell, 80.

Grants which undermined whole plantations; the loss of suffrage and the loss of representation; grinding taxation; impoverishing commercial restrictions; and a fiendish, skulking enemy whom they were forbidden to drive away,—such were the causes of the events to be narrated.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE YOUNG PROTECTOR.

WITHIN some few miles of the Falls of James River was one of the most inviting 1676. plantations in all Virginia. Its western portion was undulating, and covered with a forest of pine, oak, hickory, locust, chestnut, &c., where deer browsed and wild-fowl brooded their young. From its eastern portion, where the dwelling of the owner stood, the forest had been cleared away, and its fields were mottled with the various crops usually raised by an ambitious planter of ample means. It terminated on the eastward in a broad meadow, lying upon a generous and fertilizing stream.

In a small apartment of the mansion, which, though of but one story, was of spacious dimensions, sat a young mother, whose appearance denoted at once that she had been familiar with more polished life than belonged to the wilds of Virginia. Her complexion, her features, and her dress were such as mark the educated and refined woman. The outline of her form was pleasing in its proportions, and indicated health. There was an intent vigor in the manner in which she plied her needle, in the nervous but regular cadence of her foot as she rocked the cradle of her little one, and in the quick, eager way in which she occasionally looked out upon the lawn, which be-

trayed unusual energy of character. There were unmistakable marks of mind and refinement around her, as well as in her person and costume. The furniture of the room, though not rich, was adapted to comfort, and in good taste. There were some little elegances here and there, such as a true woman, likes to collect around her; a few choice engravings upon the wall, and they were classical designs too; a small but beautiful painting of Hagar and Abraham, in a position to catch the best light; a few small books upon the table, and some hundred or two ranged soberly within a small alcove. Some of them had a law-look about them. The young mother herself seemed to be about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age.

How did such a one as she happen to stray to Virginia, and find a home on a frontier swarming with hostile savages? The question is easily answered. She was a captive. She had been carefully reared and educated in England by the fondest of parents, who were just beginning to find a precious reward for their care and anxiety in the cheering companionship which her opening mind afforded them, when she was suddenly torn from their protection, and consigned to bonds from which only death could free her. She wept sorely when she was taken on shipboard; but there was not one in the wide world who would lift a finger to restore her to the home of her girlhood. In such a place as London, to say nothing of rural districts, there are always to be found young men who think but little of the susceptibility of hearts which have beat two score years or more, and go about plundering old people's treasures, because, forsooth! their own hearts are young. I wonder how they can;

for I am old and gray now, and know how passing value is a filial child. — Tut! Our story is about Marion and Nathanael Bacon! This young gentleman, now less than thirty years of age, was of a good family in the county of Suffolk, in England; had received a liberal education; "to his title of Gentleman, by his long study at the Inns of Court, had added that of Esquire"; and had travelled freely upon the European continent.\* His natural talents, particularly his powers of elocution, were brilliant. With such endowments, to which were added a winning address, a manly figure, and prepossessing features, he was a prince among the class of young men who hoodwink fathers and mothers to steal away their daughters. Marion — was not proof against his winning ways and noble heart. She vowed away her life to him at the altar, turned from those who had borne and cherished her, and went with him to the wilderness. Such had been the opening fortune of Marion Bacon.

And now she sat in her Virginia home alone, except the sleeping treasure in the cradle, which she wished she could show to those who had cradled her. The wish woke up Memory, who whispered a score of bygones in her ear; telling her so tenderly about some little gift, or indulgence, or self-sacrifice, or gentle voice, or fond smile, of that old and dateless love she had left behind, that she covered her face and wept, — not sorrowfully, but lovingly, as young wives often do, when the freshness of wedded life has passed. Suddenly she started to her feet, noiselessly

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\* Strange News.

too, for the babe's sake, and dashed away her tears. She had heard the trampling of hoofs. Home, and girlhood, and father, and mother were forgotten. She saw her husband alight, and with a bounding step and a face of sunshine she welcomed him to her arms.

"Tears, Marion!" as he kissed her brow.

"And gladness. Tears will come sometimes, when I think of England. Besides, what wife on the border, when her husband returns safe, can refuse to God the offering of a tear? But what have you to tell me?"

"No help and no hope from Jamestown. The Governor's Council are disagreed, and disaffection is spreading in the lower counties; but Sir William stoutly declares, that he will not be dictated to by those whom he is commissioned to govern."

"And the people?"

"Are as stoutly determined as he. I have mingled freely with them, you know. But I have been a listener and an observer only, not a speaker. I wished to study their temper, — whether they were moved by fickle passion, or by that honorable and manly purpose which may be relied on."\*

"And you think them, what?"

"Men. Rough, most of them, and very ignorant, except of their rights and their wrongs, but sturdy and resolute to defend their families."

"But it will be called treason, or rebellion."

"Marion! they have borne oppression, and borne it, and borne it, in this shape, and in that shape,

\* Burk, II. 159.

rather than seem disloyal. But to sit still and be murdered, — that passes loyalty, and reason, and nature, and the law of Heaven. They will bear no longer. They might have kept quiet, and only groaned, had it not been for this refusal of protection against the Indians. Many are ready to leave the colony, rather than stay and be thus exposed, pinioned, to savage butchery. But they cannot.\* When men are driven to the wall, they will fight. And I assure you that when we fight, and fight we shall, it will not be against the Indians only, but for our stolen rights. We will scour the forests, and drive the savages from the frontier; and then, with arms in our hands, will demand the restoration of our freedom. Treason! rebellion! It may be so interpreted. But when a people, always loyal, loyal to this very hour, first rise only for the defence of their wives and little ones, and then demand only the restoration of what the crown has given, but the crown's trustee has stolen, 't is no treason, no rebellion, child! If such be treason, I 'll be a loyal traitor, but never a free-born Briton slave!"

"It is a serious affair," said the wife, gravely; "we must count the cost."

"Yes, my love, it *is* a serious affair, and we *will* count the cost. Thank God! I have a wife who will help me, by her counsels, her fearlessness, and her prayers. Look you, Marion! The people will rise. They must have a leader, or they will be scattered like sheep. Shall your husband lead them?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" she exclaimed, "because

\* Burwell Narrative, 8.

you said they are *men*. They would not be, did they not know that *my* husband has not his equal in Virginia."

Bacon smiled, not only at her words, but at reading the pride, defiance, and gladness which she unconsciously betrayed in her voice, her features, and her attitude. Marion Bacon was not the only woman whose husband, in her eyes, has been the *man* of men.

"But the cost, Marion! the cost! You said we must count the cost."

"Yes. I'll count the cost."

"But please remember, you and I have nothing to gain."

"Wait! First, the cost. We may lose our fortune, of which, God be thanked! he has given us enough. We may lose the fortune which you would inherit from your uncle. We may lose each other, for I know well that Indian warfare is no boys' play; and that governors, if they catch those whom they call rebels, have no tender mercies. You are honored with a seat in the Council. You are esteemed by all who know you. We cannot rise higher.\* All this we may lose. But if Nathanael Bacon will give himself to shield the mothers and children of Virginia from the tomahawk, and to redeem the rights of freemen, Marion Bacon will give Nathanael. If God decrees the cost, let it come. We will say, Amen!"

"Noble woman!"

"Wait a moment longer. I am going to reckon

\* Burk, II. 160.

*gain*. You will gain the gratitude and prayers of the unprotected. You will gain the satisfaction of making a noble effort, and risking a noble sacrifice, for freedom. That is enough. And if God grant success, that will be a gain we cannot estimate."

"Marion! if it be a duty to engage in this affair, I can give my heart to it, and stake my fortunes. But, seriously, I consider the issue doubtful. Will Sir William yield to what he calls the clamor of a rabble, and authorize an expedition? If not, the people will go without authority. This may rouse him to some measure which will lead to an open quarrel. If so, the civil rights of the people will not be recovered, I fear, without a bloody struggle, if at all. In such a case, you see what will be my position, if I head this movement."

"I do. On the other hand, 'to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.'"

"What do you mean? That sounds like a quotation."

Marion smiled, rather sadly though, and replied: "You should read your Bible more, Nathanael. Like your namesake whom our Saviour commended, you are 'without guile'; but I fear me you do not search the Scripture so well as he."

"Bible! Scripture! Marion, do you mean to say that those words are in the Bible? Say them again."

"No, my love, St. James shall say them to you himself."

She opened a Bible, which he himself had given her, and pointed out the words. He read them in silence. He seemed disturbed; for he rose and walked the room for some minutes, absorbed in



thought, and without a glance at his wife. At length he stopped, and said, with a deep inspiration and an emphatic gesture: "Marion! God's word is a two-edged sword!"

"Is that a quotation?"

"Quotation! No. It is out of the depths of my heart, — a fresh and earnest conviction."

"No, Nathanael! It is something which your mother planted there years ago. Look here!" and she showed him the words in the Bible.

He started, seated himself by her side again, and said very deliberately: "How long can a thing be forgotten and yet remembered? Thousands and thousands of our words and deeds, — perhaps all, — we call them *gone*. But instead of being gone, they have only gone to sleep awhile within us; to wake up by and by, and mutter, and knock, and put on *very* disagreeable — But that other text! What a book the Bible is! If a man does bad, it is sin; and if he *don't* do good, it is sin. Poor chance for one who can only say, 'I've *not* done any one harm'! So, I know that I can do good, — save my neighbors' lives, that is; and if I *don't* do it, I sin! Is that your meaning?"

"St. James's."

"I see! It's just as though I saw a savage raise his tomahawk over a woman's head, and did not interfere. Yet he might make you a widow."

"If you know that you can be a shield to the defenceless, be so, and in God's name. If a spear pierce the shield, and mine own soul also, be it so. The sin is his who speeds the spear. I trust in God."

"Marion! You are a heroine, certainly; and a bit of a casuist, or philosopher, or something of the sort."

"In this I only follow my master. Nathanael! I am a Christian."

The words were spoken so softly, so humbly, yet so earnestly, that they conveyed to his mind, unintended by her, a keen rebuke.

"So you *are*, Marion! I call myself one; but if I am, I lag behind you amazingly! More of this another time. It seems I must n't '*not* do.' Now, *how* shall I *do*?"

"Do good; and do good — well."

"Now, you are an oracle. But I have your meaning: you would have me discreet, not rash. I will tell you what or how I propose to do. There has been no open demand by the people for my services. But there will be. I shall comply. But I will do my best to obtain Sir William's consent. He has some respect for me, or I should not be of his Council. I shall address him with all courtesy and deference, which I hope may prevail with him to grant me a commission. Then, so far as action against the Indians is concerned, I cannot be charged with acting illegally. But before arms are laid aside, there must be some talk about freemen's rights. Do you approve?"

"One step at a time. Consider the next, when that is taken. Yes; for the first step, I approve."

"Well, Marion! *that's* settled. I must see to matters on the plantation now. I came to you for counsel, and I've had a Bible lesson."

"Both."

"Yes, both; and both good."

"If my husband comes to me for counsel, he must go with me where I get it. The Bible is a more minute directory than most men think it is."

"Upon my word! I begin to think so. But, Marion, it's very *strait*! That 'doeth it not'! According to those words, most men who are very religious in *their* way go to church with a huge train of sins behind them!"

"O, don't begin to inspect *other* folks."

"I'll say one thing about other folks. Most of our parsons would preach better, and behave better, if they would come to school to you, and take lessons out of the Bible. Kiss me."

And so they parted for the time.

"God! I thank thee," the husband exclaimed devoutly, as he walked out upon his ample grounds, "that, in giving me this woman, thou hast given me—a WIFE! Character, sense, ready to give counsel, brings a man face up to the Bible,—so gently and modestly too! Never says, '*You* know best'; nor, '*I* know best'; nor, '*I* don't know,' that everlasting answer of brainless women; but, 'Husband! if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally to *all*,' or some other thing out of the Bible to fit the case exactly. Not many men so well off as you, Nat. Bacon junior, Esquire; and if you *do* go to perdition, you ought to be ashamed!"

No one stood higher in Virginia than this young man. Though he had been there less than three years, he had already won the esteem of all who knew him, and of multitudes who did not. His commanding talents had quickly made him conspicuous, without effort or intention of his. He had already been raised to the highest office which he could hold, except that of Governor; and had brought with him £1,800, which, with his right to fifty acres of land for himself,

his wife, and each one of his servants, constituted an easy, if not abundant fortune. He had been induced to leave England by the solicitation of his uncle, Nathanael Bacon, who resided in Virginia, a gentleman "of long standing in the Council, a very rich politick man, and childless, designing this kinsman for his heir." The junior Bacon had, therefore, no private profit to hope for, but the contrary, in sympathizing with the masses and espousing their cause.

It was now early in the month of April. The people were growing very impatient for decided action; and, two or three days after the conversation which we have related, and which represents Bacon's true position and motives, a large number of people gathered, and, "with no common zeale, they sent up their reiterated prayers, first to himself, and next to heaven, that he might become their guardian angel, to protect them from the cruelties of the Indians." Immediately, and doubtless at his suggestion or demand, they made earnest application to the Governor that he would ratify their choice, and grant to their general elect a commission; offering to follow their leader at their own charges. To this Sir William replied by evasive promises. The application was repeated, and the promises too. But no commission came. The people could ill brook these delays, which seemed to them like trifling with their miseries. Accordingly, about the 10th of the month, a body of three hundred men, among whom were nearly all the officers of the government, both civil and military, whose residences were near the heads of the rivers, met in the neighborhood of Bacon's plantation for consultation. The question before them was whether to proceed at once

against the Indians without a commission, or, yet hoping for one, to suffer passively under the murders by which they were yet decimated.\*

Upon this occasion Bacon addressed the people in a spirited and effective harangue. The Navigation Act; the enormous and illegal grants of land by the king; the oppressive taxes; the useless and expensive garrisons, which the people began to regard as intended to overawe them rather than the Indians; the exclusion of a large and respectable class of freemen from the right of suffrage; the unaccountable neglect of the Governor to shield them from massacre, — these were the topics which he urged and expounded with all the eloquence of a gifted and indignant mind. He assured them that he was ready, at the proper time, to lead them against the savages; and to seek their relief from civil oppression; that for the public good only he was willing thus to hazard his dearest interests; and that to this end he pledged himself never to lay down arms until success had crowned their efforts. He concluded by demanding of them a solemn pledge of their faithful co-operation. It was promptly given, and his words were answered by the ringing applause of his hearers.† It was then resolved by the assembly instantly to commence the necessary preparations for an Indian war; to make a new application to the Governor for a commission; and to march on a certain day, whether it were received or not received;‡ while Bacon himself declared, that, commission or no commission, if he heard of another

\* T. M.'s Account, 11.

† Burk, II. 160-163; Campbell, 82.

‡ T. M.'s Account, 11.

murder by the savages, he would commence hostilities, even though but twenty men should join him.\* He immediately drew up and published — as well as he could, for there was no printing-press in Virginia — a declaration of the public grievances, and the motives for the present rising in arms. This declaration he issued over his own signature. He also addressed a respectful letter, which he sent by a special messenger to Sir William Berkeley, stating frankly the necessity for the people's movement, and conjuring him to grant a commission, as the only means of quieting their dissatisfaction.†

It might have been about ten or twelve days after these events, or about the middle of April, when Bacon, with a clouded brow, announced to his wife that he had received a letter from the Governor.

"Read it," said he, putting it into her hand: "I want your opinion."

He moodily paced the little garden pathway where they had met, while Marion read and again read the letter.

"He does not refuse," she observed, as she refolded the sheet.

"Humph! Does not refuse!"

"Will send you a definite answer as soon as he can assemble and consult his Council."‡

"O, yes! — 'an unusual matter,' — 'very important,' — 'time for advice,' — 'high regard for a young gentleman of such distinguished talent and rare prom-

\* Burwell Narrative, 10.

† Burk, III. 163.

‡ Beverly, 69.

ise,' — 'fears the young gentleman may compromise his own fortunes and high reputation,' — and so forth, and so forth. But is the young gentleman of high reputation and promise, — the young gentleman, himself a member of the Council, — is *he* summoned to meet them? The whole letter is chaff; a cant, hypocritical way of saying 'No.' Marion! it is a denial." And he bit his lip with vexation.\*

"Does it affect your purpose?"

"No," and he said it with vehemence. "Yet I will wait awhile. Our preparations for a campaign are almost complete. When the time fixed is up, we will move in any case."

"Thank you," replied Marion; "for I would neither have my husband flinch from his duty, nor move under the impulse of passion. I see you are angry."

"I am; but I can restrain myself, and will. You know, Marion, that I am passionate; and that sometimes in my heat I say and do things which I repent sorely. My only safety is in self-control."

The weather was more than mild; the morning was very inviting, with its cloudless sky, its bounteous dews, its bird-music, and its rising sun; and Bacon, to whom the Governor's letter had but just been delivered, had found Marion among her pet shrubs and vines. They continued to discuss the offensive letter, and were still in the midst of serious conference, when Bacon suddenly exclaimed, interrupting his wife: "Good heavens! there is some bad news! See how those fellows ride!"

There were two horsemen flying across the field,

\* Burk, II. 163, 164.

nearly half a mile distant, as if for dear life, and making their way directly for the house, toward which the husband and wife now rapidly directed their steps.

"It is border news," said Marion, as she took her husband's arm: "they come from the direction of our upper plantation."

"I fear you are right, Marion! If my eyes do not deceive me, those are our horses and servants."

The horsemen were still at top-speed, and in a moment more were at the door, with faces pale and expressive of the wildest terror.

"Is it blood!" almost shouted Bacon, as one of the men flung himself from his horse. "Is it blood you come to tell me off, Joseph? Speak, man!"

"Mr. Shortridge — and — William — sir," said the man in an unearthly undertone, his eyes glaring in their sockets.

"Dead! killed! scalped! Tell me, fellow!"

"Dead — killed — scalped — sk — sk — *skinned*, sir!" answered Joseph, with a desperate effort.

The husband and wife looked at each other, but neither spake: their horror was too great for words. The hatchet and tomahawk and knife had come into their own precincts, into their own family. The terrible realities, of which they had only heard as concerning others unknown, had come home to them at last. Their favorite overseer, and a most capable and trusty servant, had both yielded life in their service, and under the most devilish tortures.

Pale with grief, passion, and horror, Bacon took the hand of his wife and led her within their dwelling. "Marion!" said he, in a hollow voice, the moment they were alone, "as sure as there is a God in

heaven, I will protect — yes! I will revenge — mine own!”

Marion did not sink upon her couch. She did not tremble. She looked as sternly, as resolutely at her husband, as he at her. There was only a slight quiver upon her lip as she said, in a whisper, “In the name of the widow’s God, go!”

Quietly they gave each other one brief, mute embrace, — Bacon turned, and was gone. The door was shut, and there was a prayer for him offered there, to Him who seeth in secret.

It required yet a few days to perfect the necessary preparations for a wilderness march, and to collect the people; and on the 20th of April, the young general, at the head of eager men, commenced his expedition.\* The news of this movement was received before long at Jamestown; for Bacon, upon starting, had despatched different messengers to the Governor, signifying that he had considered Sir William’s letter as containing, by implication, a promise of his commission, which he now begged might be hastened, as emergencies had compelled his march. Bacon had jealous rivals in the Council, — men who feared an eclipse under the greater light of his splendid talents; “for though he was but a yong man, yet they found that he was master and owner of those induments which constitute a compleat man (as to intrinsicalls),

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\* T. M. says that Bacon’s force was three hundred men when they met for consultation on what I have supposed to be about the 1st of the month; and *implies* that the same number commenced the expedition. Burk states the number at six hundred, and refers to Ancient Records.

wisdom to apprehend and discretion to chuse.” Berkeley was already sufficiently jealous of him, “as he appeared popularly inclined”; and it was therefore no difficult matter for his advisers to excite him to exasperation. In consequence of their cabals, the Governor, on the 29th of May, issued a proclamation, declaring that all who had joined the expedition of Bacon, and “who should not return within a limited day,” should be regarded as rebels; and forces were raised “to reduce him to obedience, with which Sir William advanced from the Middle Plantation [now Williamsburgh] to find him out, and, if need was, to fight him.”

This demonstration of the Governor had such effect, that Bacon was deserted by “those of estates,” they being fearful of confiscations, and his company dwindled to fifty-seven men; with whom, however, he resolutely proceeded to prosecute his mission.\*

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\* T. M., 11. The Burwell Narrative, though seemingly describing the whole number who rallied around Bacon, probably intends the number remaining after this defection, and states it at “seventy or ninety persons.” The statement of T. M., however, was on the authority of Bacon’s own lips.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

'76, JULY FOURTH.

1676. "THE Long Parliament" of Virginia — the Assembly elected in 1661, and still in existence — consisted almost altogether of men who had but little sympathy with the masses. They were chiefly royalists who had fled from England at the downfall of Charles the First; had received the protection and generous hospitalities of the Virginians; had become proprietors of large landed estates; and were conspicuous for their education, their wealth, and their courtly manners. They were of that class, significantly English, who arrogated to themselves aristocratical distinction, official power, and enormous emoluments, as a birthright. Hence, with the Governor's connivance, they had retained the reins of government, which had been intrusted to them only for the brief term of two years. Attached to the usages and exclusive privileges of monarchical society, ignoring the doctrine of people's rights, and regarding popular liberty as a usurpation, they had trodden in the dust the hard-earned privileges of an enfranchised province, and driven the rowels deep into the quivering flesh of the people.

From this class Sir William Berkeley raised the forces with which he went "to find out Bacon, and, if need was, to fight him." He had advanced, how-

'76, JULY FOURTH.

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ever, only thirty or forty miles in the direction of the James River Falls, when the noise of the people, as the noise of many waters, reached him from the counties in his rear. They were in arms. They had cast off all deference for the authority of the government, and acknowledged only the decrees of their leaders. Retracing his steps, and entering Jamestown, the Governor found it "almost entirely deserted," and himself with scarcely more than the shadow of authority. With no small degree of consternation, he found that Bacon was not the only insurgent leader, that the spirit of revolution had pervaded almost the whole colony, and that men of consideration and influence, without concerting with the young general, had placed themselves at the head of a resolute people, in open and organized revolt. The popular voice was strong, stern, and distinct. It recited the complaints set forth by Bacon in his Declaration, and demanded the immediate dismantling of the frontier forts, and the dissolution of the Old Assembly. The Governor, upon examining his position, found himself without power to resist, and was obliged to sacrifice his pride and yield. The demands were of necessity complied with, and writs were issued for the election of a new Assembly. The people of course elected such as shared in their grievances, and would insist upon redress. They paid no regard to the law which prescribed that only freeholders should be eligible as Burgesses.

Bacon, without effecting anything against the hostile Indians, who warily fled into the remote forests as he advanced, returned home, and was soon after "unanimously" elected a Burgess from Hen-

rico, his own county, although he was a proclaimed rebel.

The Assembly was to meet on the 5th of June, and Bacon embarked seasonably in a sloop for Jamestown, accompanied by twenty or thirty armed men. Anchoring before the town, he proceeded — unknown, it would seem — to the house of Mr. Lawrence, a man of repute, and “popularly inclined,” to reconnoitre, and ascertain whether he might with safety appear openly. In the mean time, as a precautionary measure, he had stationed a part of his men in concealment on shore, but within call. A clergyman, to whom his person was known, saw and recognized him, and reported his arrival and the presence of his soldiers to the Governor, who immediately ordered the alarm beat. Of course the whole town was in commotion. In the confusion, Bacon escaped with his men aboard his sloop. But finding his vessel “shot at, was forced to fly up the river” with her. Perceiving this movement, Berkeley not only sent a long-boat in pursuit, under charge of Captain Thomas Gardner, which obliged Bacon to take to his own for greater speed; but sent orders to certain ships, lying above at Sandy Point, to intercept him. Thus beset, and finding escape impossible without bloodshed, Mr. Bacon, after parley and capitulation, “quietly surrendered himself prisoner” to Captain Gardner, “to the great satisfaction of all his friends.” By Gardner he was transferred to the custody of Major Hone, the High Sheriff of Jamestown.\*

\* “Strange News from Virginia,” though in the main not reliable, affords a clew to the *seemingly* differing accounts of Bacon’s visit and

Bacon’s surrender without resistance had a pacifying influence upon Sir William, which partly explains “the surprising civility” with which he accosted his prisoner.

“Mr. Bacon! have you forgot to be a gentleman?”

“No, may it please your Honor.”

“Then I will take your parole”; and he immediately set him at liberty, “without confining him either to prison or chamber,” but the men who had accompanied him were put in irons. These occurrences seem to have taken place on the 4th of June.

“The next forenoon,” the Burgesses, having assembled and organized, were summoned to meet the Governor and Council. Sir William addressed them particularly upon their Indian affairs, protesting, “with a pathetic emphasis,” against the slaughter of the chiefs at the Piscataway fort, Colonel Washington and his associate commander both being present members of the House.

“If they had killed my grandfather and grandmother,” exclaimed the indignant knight, “my father, and mother, and all my friends, yet if they had come to treat of peace, they ought to have gone in peace.”

arrest given by Beverly and The Review Breviarie in Burk, II. 251. I think the three not inconsistent, and have accordingly blended them all in the text. T. M. says that the arrest took place while Bacon was yet on his way down the river to Jamestown. That this writer, as Campbell observes, “was a Burgess present in Jamestown about the time of Bacon’s capture,” hardly justifies a reliance upon his very brief statement of these occurrences as “the more probable”; for, as T. M. himself says, the arrest took place *before* his own arrival. The Burwell Narrative contradicts all the others.



On the next Saturday, the 10th of the month,\* the Council and Burgesses being again in joint convention, the Governor rose 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."

Bacon then made his appearance, and, bending upon one knee before the Governor, read and delivered to him a paper, in which he confessed his departure from duty in raising an armed force, begged pardon for his offence, and "promised, upon the word and faith of a Christian and a gentleman, that, upon such pardon granted, he would demean himself dutifully, faithfully, and peaceably to the government and laws of the country."

A short silence followed the reading of the paper, when the Governor replied: "God forgive you! I forgive you, — I forgive you, — I forgive you!"

"And all that were with him?" asked Colonel Cole, one of the Council.

"Yes," replied Sir William, "and all that were with him."

This seems to have referred more particularly to those who had accompanied Bacon to Jamestown, and who were then in irons.

"Mr. Bacon!" added the Governor, "if you will live civilly but till next Quarter Court, — but till next Quarter Court, — I will promise to restore you again to your place there," — pointing to his vacant seat

\* I assign this occurrence to the 10th of the month, because Cotton's Account and the Burwell Narrative do, and because Bacon's paper was dated on the *ninth*. It may be found entire in Campbell, 84. T. M. seems to say that it was read on the *fifth*.

in the Council, from which, by his attainder, he had of course been deposed. The Governor, however, was more rapid in his act, than in his promise, of grace; for Bacon was reinstated in his seat that very afternoon.\*

These occurrences took place on Saturday, and Bacon, "as credible report said," was promised that he should receive a commission against the Indians on the next Monday. The joy of the people was great, and the whole town rang with acclamations.†

It was fortunate that this reconciliation took place when it did, for the bruit of Bacon's arrest, and that of his companions, had reached the upper counties, and the people were hastening thence in fearful excitement, vowing "double revenge" for all wrongs done to their favorite or his men. A large number of them, indeed, had reached Jamestown; "but finding Bacon restored to his place in the Council, and his companions at liberty, they returned home satisfied."‡ Two or three days after Bacon's restoration, and when every sign of popular irritation had disappeared, the Governor refused to sign the promised commission.§

\* "The Governor, knowing that he had gone a step beyond his Instructions in having suspended him, was glad to admit him again of the Council." — Beverly, 70.

† Breviarie in Burk, II. 251. T. M.'s Account, 12, 13. Cotton's Account, 5. Burwell Narrative, 12.

‡ T. M., 15, 16.

§ T. M., 16. Burwell Narrative, 12. Burk (II. 168) says that "Berkeley positively contradicted" the report that he had promised a commission, and cannot believe that one of such "nice principles of honor" could have been guilty of "a direct falsehood." Bacon, however, had an equally nice sense of honor. I think the writer of "Strange News," though a railing accuser of Bacon, throws light on this delicate point. He says: "A commission was *partly* promised him to be general against

Mr. Lawrence, to whose house Bacon went when he first came to Jamestown, was a gentleman of talents and sobriety, "nicely honest, affable, without blemish in his conversation and dealings," and had received an education at Oxford. His house was a place of public entertainment, and a rendezvous of men of high standing; for his accomplishments and his "even temper" were attractive to persons of all ranks. Constitutionally, and by education, he was of a kindred spirit with Bacon, and also shared openly in his political sympathies, having been a leader of the people in the late revolt in the lower and middle counties. He was now a member of the House of Burgesses. He and Drummond — a Scotchman, and lately the Governor of North Carolina, and also a resident in Jamestown and a Burgess — had just been publicly denounced by Berkeley to the House as "two rogues of whom they should beware." Bacon, therefore, was naturally drawn into intimacy and friendship with Lawrence, and now found lodgings in his house. The elder Bacon, as a member of the Council, had peculiar facilities of information during the present crisis of his nephew's affairs, and had labored indefatigably in his behalf. It was by his hand that the recantation of the latter had been drawn up, and through his influence and earnest entreaties that it had been reluctantly signed and

the Indian army; but upon further inquiry into his affairs, it was not thought fit to be granted." Probably this was the exact truth, and that the *partial*, and perhaps equivocal, promise was honestly and fairly understood by Bacon as absolute. That Berkeley, while avoiding a literal promise, intended it as an anodyne to Bacon and his partisans, is strongly indicated by his subsequent behavior.

published.\* To him the young patriot naturally went to vent his chagrin and indignation, when he found that the Governor would balk him of his commission. He was peculiarly irritated by his disappointment, having just heard of fresh murders committed by the Indians. The old gentleman sympathized with him in his peculiarly trying position, and shared his anxieties for his family so exposed upon the very precincts of war; but he also succeeded in imparting something of his own cooler deliberateness. The young man was at length persuaded to curb his wrath, and, for a day or two at least, to wait the course of events. The elder promised to watch carefully every movement which might concern the latter; and thus they parted. But the young man had hardly composed himself to sleep that night, when he was roused by his kinsman and Lawrence.

"Up! up, my son!" said the old gentleman, spoiling a very promising dream about Marion.

As Bacon woke in confusion, he continued: "I've near been the death of you, keeping you here, — God forgive me! The place is too hot for you, boy! Arise, and flee for thy life!"

"Then there is treachery!" grumbled the young man, as he adjusted his dress. "I suspected as much."

"And so did I, Nathanael, when we talked to-day. But I would not disturb you with my thoughts. They put me upon the scent, though; and here I am to warn and speed you."†

"Well, let me know what it is."

"There is no time to spare. The Governor's

\* T. M.'s Account, 15.

† T. M., 15, 16.

seeming grace was all to throw dust in our eyes, and quiet the people."

"The old, treacherous villain," interposed Lawrence, "took you into the Council again to keep you out of the House, as well as to quiet the people."\*

"No matter what he did it for, my son," said the elder Bacon, impatiently. "We can read his policy well enough, now we have got at his intentions. You will probably swing on a gallows, if you don't get into your boots quick."

"Ha! well, let him catch me!"

"He will be about it quickly," said Lawrence.

"He is about to sign — perhaps has already signed — a warrant for your arrest; means to raise the militia to keep away your friends, and then to stretch your neck. Come, come! hasten!"†

"Ready, uncle! You will hear of me again, — and so will he. My dear sir, your blessing!" and he threw himself upon his uncle's neck.

"God bless you, my boy, and guide you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, returning his embrace, and a tear or two rolled along the furrows of his cheek. "Commend yourself to God, Nathanael! as I do. Take heed to your spirit; I can trust your honor. Be off!"

With one more hurried embrace, the young man turned, and was passing the door.

"Here, you young Jehu! come back. What a forgetful old fool I am! doing so much blubbering," — and he wiped his cheek, — "that I have n't my thoughts about me."

He had been fumbling first in one pocket, and then

\* T. M., 15.

† T. M., 16.

in another, while the young man stood patient and wondering.

"Here, here it is!" he exclaimed. "You may want it," — putting a small purse of gold into his hand, — a coin rarely seen in the colony. "Go along! Clap your spurs hard; go right to Marion, and when you find her, mind her. Here, stop!" catching him by the arm, and whispering in his ear. "I tell you, boy, she's — she's got an interest up above; and you'd better use it. These women are great at praying. It's their way of making up with the men for eating the apple. Hurry, hurry, boy! What are you lagging for? Go along, go along! God — bless — you!"

"Lawrence!" said Bacon, as they crept softly out into the darkness, "comfort the good old man for my sake. He will miss me, and be afraid for me. I shall contrive that you hear from me, you may depend, and that without writing or sending word. It is the sword now, Lawrence; the scabbard's gone!"

"Rally your men, Bacon! Come back and make your terms. Drummond and I will be putting things in train. Here's your horse, — this way."

They were now beyond the suburbs, and behind a clump of bushes stood a horse, tied and ready for service.

"He's fresh and strong," continued Lawrence; "and the fellow who led him here knows not for whom or what. Mount!"

"We meet again soon, Lawrence!" and, giving to his friend his hand, he sprang into the saddle, and was quickly over the neck which joined the peninsula to the country.

"A noble fellow!" said Lawrence, after listening until the sound of the hoofs had died away, "and in a worse condition than I, when Sir William dealt *me* law; for Lawrence's land will hardly weigh in value against Bacon's life. It may be, most worshipful Governor! that, what with his spirit and talent and by-play, you may yet do penance for false judgment against me."\*

At daybreak, Lawrence's house was entered by the Governor's officials, and thorough search was made upon the premises for the young Defender of the People. So narrowly did he escape the machinations of his mortal enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The solemn promise at the bar of the House was made in all sincerity and good faith, Marion! It was my part of a *contract*; for I never would have yielded the contest, nor would my uncle have urged me to yield it, but on the honorable condition that I should be commissioned to defend the frontiers. Never! never! The protection of our families was the very thing for which we took up arms. Had I yielded this point, I should have been a traitor. The other part of the contract was refused — *when the people were quiet*. By that refusal it was *annulled*. My promise was broken, — I mean, annihilated! By whom? By Nathanael Bacon? Never! By the violator of the contract. To the day of my death I would have kept it, had he proved true. And then he must plot and prowl about in the night-time, when honest folks sleep, to circumvent my life! I

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\* T. M., 15; Campbell, 94.

keep no terms with covenant-breakers! You see my men," pointing out upon the lawn. "They are brave fellows, and as determined as I."

"And now you sweep the frontier?"

"No. First the commission!" And the young man's countenance expressed that which would not have seemed lovely in the eyes of Sir William Berkeley.

"O, it is sad, sad, Nathanael, to be at strife with the ruler of one's people!"

"It is, Marion! But when he is at strife with the laws of common humanity, what *shall* we do? The tomahawk has come to our house already. Shall I wait till it strikes *you*? till our babe's brains are spattered —"

"Hush! hush! You make my flesh creep! No. I say as I have said. Defend those who appeal to your strong right-arm. But oh! if you *might* do it without seeming rebellion!"

"Precisely. Therefore, first the commission. Marion! I *will have it*. I cannot be called rebel then. Good by! Our servants are well armed and watchful. Sleep in peace, Marion!"

Again they embraced and parted. Their interview had been sudden, their words few; for time was pressing, and the little band without were impatient. They gave a shout as he reappeared; and the moment he rejoined them, they were in rapid motion, and soon out of sight.

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Three or four days after Bacon's flight, there was a great bustle in Jamestown. Lawrence's house was thronged with gossips; the Burgesses — when absent

from their chamber — collected in small groups; men who met in the streets looked anxious, and hurriedly asked the news; the women chattered to each other from window to window; couriers, every now and then, were starting from the Governor's office, "at the other end of the State-house"; and in one by-corner a little fellow, who called himself General Bacon, was making a sly speech about bloody murders in the woods to half a score of urchins in nursery regimentals. The boys were full of fun; the women, of wonderful stories and wonderful curiosity; and the men, of politics and wise predictions. Bacon's name was on everybody's lip; and everybody but sheriffs, secretaries, and tide-waiters was wishing blessings on his head. News had that day been received that he was within thirty miles, at the head of four hundred men, infantry and cavalry, on his way to Jamestown. Sir William was at once in business, — deep; despatching orders for militia, and messengers for intelligence; receiving reports; and debating with his disturbed and divided Council. The next day came tidings that the young general's forces were increasing; and then there was more gossip in the houses and streets, and more writing and talking in the Governor's apartment. The place of rendezvous which he had appointed for the train-bands was at some distance; and he was told, to his vexation, that but a few stragglers had appeared. The next day expresses from the country came in hourly. Bacon's forces still increased, and he was in motion, they said. But the York train-bands grew very slowly; they who had mustered did not number one hundred, and were sulky, — "not one half of them sure, neather," was

reported to Berkeley; and he had a body-guard of only twenty men. The next day Bacon was near; the train-bands were so sluggish in their motions, that now they could not arrive in season. Resistance was out of question; but the proud old Governor could meet the storm bareheaded and alone, and he would. A little after noon the insurgent forces were filing over the isthmus; and by two o'clock they had formed, six hundred horse and foot, and in good order, upon the State-house green. They immediately proceeded to take possession of all the avenues, and to disarm all in town. About an hour and a half afterwards, — during which time the House had entered upon their afternoon session, — Bacon advanced between two files of soldiers to a point near a corner of the State-house, where he was met by the Governor and Council.

"Here!" exclaimed the veteran Cavalier, whose blood was just now up to youthful heat. "Here!" and he presented his naked breast; "shoot me! 'Fore God, a fair mark!"

"No; may it please your honor," answered Bacon, courteously, "we will not hurt a hair of your head, nor of any other man's."

"Shoot! shoot!" persisted the Governor; "a fair mark!" which he repeated again and again, in great excitement. Neither did he add any other words.

"No, your honor!" answered the young man, beginning to be infected with the passion of the other: "we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, — the commission which you have so often promised."

"Shoot!" reiterated Berkeley, still standing haughty and erect, with his breast bared.

Bacon, roused by receiving insulting challenges to murder, in lieu of an answer, gave way to violent gesticulation, and repeated, "No, we come for a commission; and we will have it, too, before we go."

Without any answer, Sir William turned, with the air of a man distracted, and walked, attended by his Council, toward his private apartment at the other end of the State-house.

It is recorded that the young general now lost his temper, and followed the Governor, with "outrageous postures," exclaiming: "Damn my blood! I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly, and all; and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart!"

In the mean time, says the chronicler, the Burgesses were eagerly looking from the windows upon the scene below, when Bacon's body-guard presented their cocked fusils at them, crying, "We will have it! we will have it!" Upon which one of the House, waving a handkerchief, cried out: "You shall! you shall!" when the soldiers shouldered their pieces, and stood quiet. "Afterwards," it is added, "t was said, Bacon had given a signal to his men who presented their fusils at those gazing out at the window, that, if he should draw his sword, they were on sight of it to fire and slay them." \*

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\* It will be perceived that I have not stated Bacon's passionate threat of wholesale slaughter, and his private order to his soldiers, as facts. They are wholly inconsistent with his uniform character and deportment, even under greater provocations. The threat was too silly even for a child; and it was utterly at variance with the first words which he uttered to Sir William. The threat, and the order to the soldiers, rest altogether, as T. M. himself admits, the one upon the assertion of his servant, "who in the hubbub got nigh" to Bacon and Berkeley, and the other upon mere rumor. Besides, the Burgesses were

An hour afterwards, Bacon entered the chamber of the Burgesses, urging that he should have a commission, and pleading eloquently, for the space of half an hour, the miseries of war and oppression under which the people were groaning.

The House then proceeded with the bill before them, ordering a levy of one thousand men against the Indians, and appointing Bacon commander-in-chief. For a long time the high-mettled Governor refused to sign this bill, which, in his view, sanctioned an act of rebellion. But the importunity of the Assembly and of the Council prevailed; so that he signed not only the commission of General for Bacon, but also a bill "of indemnity to Bacon and his party for committing this force, and a highly applausive letter was writ in favor of Bacon's designs and proceedings to the King's Majesty, signed by the Governor, Council, and Assembly." \*

By this Assembly the people were restored to their rights; and thus one great object of Bacon's movement was accomplished. Besides making provision for the Indian war and its command in accordance with the popular voice, they put an end to the monopoly of the Indian trade; they gave to the freemen of parishes the election of their own vestry-men; they restored to all freemen the right of suffrage, and the

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more than half of them warm partisans of Bacon, and he knew it. For these reasons, — to say nothing of the prolific habits of Rumor in an hour of intense popular excitement, — these murderous allegations against Bacon may fairly be considered as apocryphal.

\* T. M.'s Account, 16-18; Burk, II. 169; Breviarie, Burk, II. 251. It is instructive to observe how plausibly, yet enormously, the facts in this case are perverted on the pages of "Strange News."

right of taxing themselves in their respective counties; they provided that members of the Council should no longer be exempted from taxation; and curtailed some of the Governor's fees. A few days after signing Bacon's commission, the uneasy Governor dissolved the Assembly.

Such were the fruits of the general movement among the people, which the young patriot Bacon had initiated and propelled by his bold, manly, and persistent course, and at the imminent hazard of his life, his fortune, and his good name. Through his example, and by means of his Declaration, the people had been roused, while he was yet in the wilderness, to demand the suppression of the garrisons, and the dissolution of the old Assembly. Through his influence, they had taken their stand, in the election of a new Assembly, upon the universal right of suffrage and the eligibility of all freemen to a seat in the legislature. It was through his influence, therefore, that this remedial legislation was prosecuted, and, on the 4th of July,\* ratified. On that day, and under his auspices, Virginia took her stand, alone, against lawless tyranny; and on the same day of the same month, the same spirit of resistance, matured by the added wrongs of just one hundred years, once more arose, — too well taught to be bullied, and too stout to be subdued. On the same day of the same month, just one hundred years afterwards, and bringing in her hand the same principles of freedom imperishably embodied by another of her sons, but no longer in her childhood or alone, Virginia again stood

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\* June 24th, Old Style.

up, and declared and sustained her independent sovereignty before the world. The Fourth of July in *seventeen* hundred and seventy-six was the offspring of that other fourth of July in *sixteen* hundred and seventy-six. The spirit of Bacon lived after him. The influence of *his* struggle for rational independence was never lost. Suppressed indeed, but fresh, it survived for three generations. The grandchildren of the boys who *played* revolution in a sly corner of Jamestown, *acted* revolution on the plains of Yorktown.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE INSURRECTION.

1676. THE young General lost no time. His first step was to organize the military resources of the country. In this grave work he not only manifested military skill, but statesmanlike sagacity. First obtaining the signature of the Governor to a sufficient number of blank commissions, he sought for men truly competent, and who would at the same time be acceptable both to the Governor himself and to the people. For this purpose, he diligently asked advice and information. Ascertaining that the present commanders of the militia would be willing to serve under him, with much labor and despatch he drafted a list of their names, with which he filled the blank commissions; thus confiding the execution of his plans to "the first men in the colony in fortune, rank, and influence." To these men, in their respective counties, he assigned the command of well-armed companies, and the duty of ranging the forests, swamps, and other places of their districts, in which the Indians might lurk for mischief. Thus the whole country was at once under organized, authorized, and efficient military protection; and the planters went to their neglected fields with a sense of security, and a gladness of heart, to which they had long been strangers. Bacon reserved for himself a different sphere of opera-

tions, — the remote strongholds of the enemy. As soon as he had completed his judicious arrangements, he placed himself at the head of his men, and made directly for Gloster County, the most populous and aristocratic in Virginia. Here he paused to disarm, in virtue of his authority of military commander-in-chief, those partisans there who were disposed to embarrass his movements. He then proceeded up the river toward the frontier. When he had almost reached the head of the river, and was "fitting his provisions" for his plunge into the wooded wilderness, he was surprised by the sudden arrival of a horseman, who rode to his quarters at full speed. He brought letters, which Bacon had no sooner read than he turned to the two or three who happened to be present, saying, with slight indications of disturbance: "Gentlemen, a council, with all speed! I would have every officer present." And he immediately retired to an inner apartment of his cabin.

Less than half an hour had passed, when, the officers being assembled, he appeared before them, very cool in his demeanor, but in his rigid, moody features bearing unmistakable evidence of smothered anger.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "through letters from Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Drummond, I have the honor to inform you that your General is a rebel! He has just been so proclaimed by his Majesty's Governor of Virginia. Sir William Berkeley is now raising the trainbands of Gloster and Middlesex against us; meaning either to attack us in our rear immediately, or to wait and fall upon us as we return weary and worn by the hardships of our campaign. I submit to you three questions: — Will you disperse to your homes, rather

than follow a rebel? Will you follow him forthwith against the Indians? Will you turn and face his Majesty's Governor of Virginia? I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that he has gone there in compliance with a request from persons residing there."

The consternation produced by this announcement was great. There was, however, but little debate. It was promptly decided, that, though the expedition against the Indians must not be abandoned, this design to cut in pieces the protectors and servants of the people must first be dealt with.

"Such," exclaimed Bacon, now giving way to his emotions, "such, gentlemen, I did believe would be your opinion. It is mine. We must take care of ourselves, or we cannot take care of our wives and children. Even now the savage may be prowling around some unprotected family, or shedding their blood. But if we advance to their defence, or revenge, we may ourselves be crippled by our own countrymen, or rather by both assailants, like corn between the stones. It vexes me to the heart," he added vehemently, "that, while we are hunting the wolves, tigers, and bears which daily destroy our harmless and innocent lambs, we should be pursued in the rear with a full cry, as *more* savage beasts. We will return. Let the order be given for instant march."

The patriot soldiers now retraced their steps, with forced marches, "to attack the Governor before he could be reinforced." Re-entering first the county of Gloster, and finding that Sir William had evaded him, the General sent out parties of horse to bring before him as prisoners various individuals of whom

he had reason to be suspicious. To these he offered a strict oath that they should not molest him in his operations against the Indians; and all who took it were immediately set at liberty. Having effected this precautionary measure, he turned southward to the Middle Plantation,—the Williamsburg of to-day,—where he halted, fifteen miles from Jamestown.

In the mean time, the summons of Berkeley to the freemen of Gloster and Middlesex had been obeyed. Twelve hundred had assembled on the day and place appointed. He proposed that they should pursue and disperse the forces of the rebel General. The proposal was heard with amazement. Debate arose, between the few who had induced the Governor to this course, and the rest of the convention. The overwhelming opinion was, in substance, that Bacon had gone on an important and pressing service "against the common enemy, who had in a most barbarous manner murdered some hundreds of their deare brethren and countrymen, and who would, if not prevented by God and the endeavours of good men, do their utmost for to cut off the wholl Collony. It was, therefore, against right reason" that they should do as the Governor proposed. "But should the Generall, after the Indian war was finished, attempt anything against his Honer's person and Government, they would rise up in arms with a joint consent, for the preservation of both." Having thus expressed their sentiments, greatly to the chagrin of the Governor and his too sanguine advisers, the whole convention "disbanded to their owne aboads," enthusiastically shouting, as they moved away, "Ba-

con!" "Bacon!" "Bacon!" Berkeley, seeing the temper of the counties in which he confided as the most loyal in Virginia, and having intelligence of Bacon's countermarch, retired crestfallen with a few of his adherents across the Chesapeake, thirty miles, to Accomac, or "the Eastern Shore." Before his departure, however, he again proclaimed Bacon a rebel and a traitor, on the 29th of July. "Accomac, although subject to the authority of Virginia, was nominally and legally a distinct territory."

The young General was in a perplexing condition. Intrusted by the representatives of the people with a solemn and critical mission, he was suddenly obliged to defend himself against the civil authority. Thus situated, he certainly needed the highest guaranty for his own safety, and the highest sanction for continuing in arms for the country's defence. This he saw, and instantly adopted bold and decisive measures. His first act was to issue a manifesto, declaring his true position as a loyal patriot.

"Can we," he demanded, "deserve the name of rebels and traitors? we, who are wholly devoted to our king and country, who aim only at our country's good? we, who are mustered here, with our lives and our fortunes in our hands, purposely and only to subdue those who are at war with our sovereign and country? we, who have never attempted or plotted a single wrong to any of his Majesty's subjects, in their lives, names, fortunes, or estates? We point to our behavior. What man's house have we plundered? What man's purse have we touched? What man's corn, or tobacco, or cattle, have we distrained? At the bar of the country let us be judged. Let the

people be the witnesses. Let them testify against us, if they can. Are we not *their* soldiers? Wherein, — we repeat it, — wherein have we departed from peaceable behavior? On the other hand, who are those who denounce us, and would take our lives? and who wear the badges of civil authority? Some of them, at least, cannot boast of their capacity or their learning. Some of them came here poor. That is no sin. But now they are rich. That is no sin. But how did they get their riches, in a country where the faces of the poor are ground? They have been office-holders. Ay, and sponges that have sucked up the public treasury, which the people have filled by the sweat of the brow. Is it not so? Judge ye. What arts, what sciences, what schools of learning, what manufactories, have these men promoted?

"Our hostile intentions against the Indians are just. We need not prove it. It is written in blood. But what shall we say of a Governor — bound, by oath to king and God, to be the defender of the defenceless — who justifies the malice of the Heathen against the homes and lives of Christians? of a Governor who will not take a Christian's oath against a bloodthirsty Pagan, yet will take that Pagan's naked word against the Christian? of a Governor who diverts to his own profit the trade in furs, which his Majesty has reserved to the Crown? of a Governor whose trading agents with impunity buy and sell the blood of their brethren, by furnishing the Indians, contrary to law, with ammunition and fire-arms? Who, then, are rebels against the King and traitors to their country? Sir William Berkeley and his servitors, or Nathanael Bacon and his soldiers? First

of all, and now, we appeal to the people; next, and speedily, to King and Parliament."\*

This appeal was immediately followed by a circular, addressed to all the influential characters in the country, some of whom were of the Council, adjuring them by all their regard for themselves, their country, their wives, and their children, not to fold their hands and be listless lookers-on in the day of public calamity; but to come together in so great a crisis, and consider how best to protect the Colony from the dangers which threatened it, through the bloody proceedings of the Indians on the one hand, and the irregular actings and hostile designs of the Governor on the other. The call of the General was promptly answered. On the 3d of August, "a grate convention of the people met him at his quarters"; "most of the Prime Gentlemen of those parts, whereof some were of the Councill of State."

Bacon addressed the convention at length, and with great eloquence; urging them to devise some expedient to secure the country both against Sir William and the Indians; and reminding them, that neither reason nor common sense required that he and his soldiers should march against the savages, without assurance "not to have their throats cut when they should return home, by those who had set them to worke."

First of all, it was declared by the convention, that Sir William Berkeley, by his withdrawal from the territory of Virginia to Accomac, *had abdicated* the government; that therefore it was vacant; and that,

\* Cotton, 6; Burwell Narrative, 15.

by all usage, it devolved upon the Council and the people to supply the vacancy, until the king's pleasure should be known.\*

Next, it was resolved that a covenant should be drawn and subscribed by the whole country, under the solemnity of an oath, comprising the following particulars:—1. To aid the General with their lives and estates in the Indian war.† 2. *Not* to aid or assist Sir William Berkeley in any sort to the molestation, hinderance, or detriment of the General and his army.‡ 3. That they would rise in arms against Sir William Berkeley, should he, in the General's absence, offer to resist him, or to disturb the public peace.§ 4. That, should any forces be sent from England to support the Governor, they would resist them, until the country's cause should be heard and decided upon by the King.|| On the last two articles there arose great debate, which continued from noon until midnight. For their adoption, however, Bacon was resolute; urging, with great argument and eloquence, that *utter* security and protection for himself and his army was but reasonable, if they engaged in the country's work. He added, also, that, if these could not be given, he must surrender his commission.

At this juncture, two items of news arrived; the one, that the Indians had just made a murderous inroad upon Gloster County; the other, that York fort—the most considerable in the country—had just been stripped by Sir William of all its muni-

\* Burk, II. 172.

† Burwell, 17.

‡ Cotton, 6.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

tions of war, leaving multitudes of frightened people within its walls at the mercy of the prowling savages. Fresh murders, and the robbery of the fort, stimulated the convention to a decision. All the articles of agreement were passed, concluding with the words, "and we do swear, that we will him, the said General, and the army under his command, aid and assist accordingly." It was also expressly declared in the body of the engagement, that they did "believe in their consciences that it consisted with the welfare of the country, and with their allegiance to his Most Sacred Majesty." Writs were then issued, in his Majesty's name, and signed by Bacon and four of the Council who were present, for the election of an Assembly, to meet on the 4th of September.

The General, now having the sanction of the people, and their warrant that he might proceed without molestation, once more departed upon the errand of mercy and retribution which he had so long been striving to accomplish. By his previous excursions, the Indians had become aware that the wrath of the colonists was aroused, and that a vigorous war was at hand. This had occasioned a new combination of the various border tribes for offence and defence. No sooner, therefore, had Bacon retraced his steps to baffle the schemes of the Governor, than they had resumed their bloody incursions. To put a stop to these was now his first object, and he quickly drove them back from the confines of Gloster. They retreated slowly before him, annoying him whenever they could without serious exposure, and confining themselves to stealthy and harassing operations. More or less of them, however, fell victims to the

vigilance and resolution of the General. He also destroyed several of their villages, their corn-fields, and their granaries. Still they kept on his front; sometimes showing themselves, and shouting derisively beyond gunshot; and sometimes firing from ambush upon the advanced scouts, then instantly darting away, unseen and scathless.

Thus step by step, and from point to point, they drew the army into the forest depths; on, and still on, from the Pamunkey towns to the Chickahominy, and thence still farther into the wilds. They were luring the Virginians toward the point where their warriors were gathering with overwhelming force, to smite the strength of the colony at a blow. And the young General and his men followed their lure unconsciously, boldly, steadily, eager to avenge the widows and the fatherless; by day, toiling slowly along their pathless and perilous course; by night, stretching themselves, wearied but still stout-hearted, upon the naked ground. Stimulated as they were by the recollection of neighbors and kindred burned at the stake or flayed alive, they needed no other incentive to perseverance, and asked no better fare. At length the ambuscades grew more frequent; painted warriors were oftener seen at safe distance, waving or shouting defiance; but still the hardy pioneers patiently pushed on whither the foe was gathering for battle. Could they have been told beforehand that he would have stood at bay, they would have heard the news with exultation. But they were destined to meet him suddenly, on ground of his own choosing, in his full strength, and ravening for slaughter.\*

\* Burk, II. 175, 176.

There were now strong palisades around the dwelling at Curle's, — the name of Bacon's residence, — sadly marring the beauty of the spot, but necessary for safety. These had been erected immediately after the murder of Bacon's overseer and servant. The laborers upon the plantation used their own cabins, which were detached and somewhat scattered, only as places for food and rest during the heat of the day. Within a very few miles of the boundary line between the Indians and the colony, and where the population was comparatively scanty, they had not the same security against attack which some other districts enjoyed under the new military arrangement. Consequently, they were ever on their guard; tilling the field under the watch of sentinels, and each workman with his weapons at hand. Before evening twilight, they daily returned in a compact body to their master's mansion, which now served as a fort. The one passage through the palisades was then closed and strongly secured; and soon after, a watch was set for the night. Marion had constituted herself the commander and inspector of the place, which was as clearly insurrection against the authority of her husband — for she had no "commission" — as his defensive behavior, at the outset of disturbances, was insurrection against that of the Governor. She had been well informed, from time to time, by her husband's messengers, of his embarrassments and his measures; but for a few days past she had received no tidings. She only knew, that, not far from Chickahominy Swamp, he had struck into the pathless forest, and that the Indians were hanging on his march. She had her solicitude about him, of course; but it did

not prey upon her peace, for it was sweetly subdued and held in check by that Heaven-born faith through which many, "of whom the world was not worthy, have stopped the mouths of lions, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Her choice things she intrusted to the disposal of Our Father. Thus she was dauntless and placid, yet full of care and vigilance. She felt just as responsible for the safe-keeping of her dependents, as though there were *no* Eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps. When they returned from the field, she met them at the gate, to gladden them with her bright face and her words of welcome, to inspect the fastening of bar and bolt, to receive the key, to unchain the dogs, to go the rounds of the enclosure, and to apportion to each one his ammunition and duty for the night. Upon these occasions, she was always attended by a gray-headed man, maimed of an arm, who was sometimes very garrulous about the thundering charges of Cromwell's Ironsides. He was always wishing that he had a squadron of such fellows in Henrico County. Nothing ever did stand before them, he said, and nothing ever could. By one week's ride, with them at his heels, he would have all the infernal savages within twenty miles, as easily as a boy would minims in a scoop-net. Saved-by-Grace Staunton did not like the Prayer-Book. It looked too much like the handwriting of ordinances, he said. If other folks could prevail with Heaven by it, he had no objection; but *he* never could.

One evening, about the middle of the month, after the gate was secured and the servants had dispersed,

the old soldier, who was precise in his ways, vainly attempted, as he had vainly done a thousand times before, to assume a measured martial tread by the side of his mistress, as they proceeded around the circuit. The short, quick step of the lady pothered him exceedingly; and every few yards his awkward skip of a step—to time for once with her—showed how much for his comfort it would have been had she been trained in the camp; and how much he would like to berate her if she were only a man. But Saved-by-Grace was as deferential to his superiors as he was exact in his locomotion. Besides, he was strongly attached to Marion, having been born into the service, and under the roof-tree, of her father's family. So he stoically shuffled along without a murmur. But the privileged old man had talking-matter to his heart's content.

"Why do the heathen rage?" he exclaimed, as soon as the servants were out of ear-shot.

"You have the same accounts of the Indians, I suppose, Staunton?"

"Dame Bacon! of a surety they come up like the frogs of Egypt."

"What can be their purpose?"

"The Lord only knoweth the hearts of men. I did think that they would pay us a visit. But they have some other plan, I fear."

"You fear!"

"I *should* like a brush with them."

"But not around our house, Staunton!"

"And why not? Marion Bacon is not afraid; and it would be the most convenient place for me."

"No, Staunton, I am not afraid; and should they

come, I think I should do my duty. But I shall not entice them, nor pray for their coming."

"I should be glad of their coming, for the sake of their scattering. I remember Mr. Shortridge and William."

"But you said they have some other plan. What?"

"I do not know, dame. But since they have begun to show themselves more within a day or two, I find they have a fort."

"Where?"

"On Crooked Run, about two miles and a half—peradventure three miles—from here; and there are some hundreds of them there, at least."

"How do you know this?"

"By my eyes."

The lady looked up in astonishment; and her countenance plainly expressed displeasure.

"Dame Bacon! a garrison should always send out scouts for intelligence of the enemy. It is as important as any practice in war, in order to ascertain his position, his force, and his movements. It was said unto me in a vision of the last night, 'Saved-by-Grace!' And I said, 'Here am I.' And lo! the vision frowned until I did quake exceedingly. Then it said: 'Sirrah! thou art a lazy scoundrel. Thou lovest ease, when the enemies of the Lord are round about. Gird up thy loins. Search out their hiding-place, and bring word unto thy mistress. Albeit, the Lord will give thee the souls of those in thy keeping.' And so it was, dame, that I conferred not with flesh and blood, that is, with you; for I *must* be obedient unto the vision, as I was this day."

"At the peril of your life."



"Which is safe, and at your service."

"You have done wrong, Staunton. But how did you go, and what did you discover?"

"Good dame! as for the manner of my going, for the most part, after I had gained the woods, it was on my hands and knees, — I mean, on my knees and hand, — though oftentimes I was fain to crawl like a snake."

"It is a wonder you were not shot and scalped."

"The devils were like grasshoppers, but the Lord suffered them not."

"Well?"

"I could not judge nicely of the distance, for I never reconnoitred before after such a fashion. But to judge from the time and by the feeling of my limbs, I should say a dozen miles, only I know better. It is about three. They have a strong stockaded fort, and it stands on a height overhanging the creek. They have a great gathering there. I should think they must be expecting their master."

"Their master!"

"Called Apollyon, sometimes, dame!"

Such was all, of importance to our narrative, which passed at the time between Marion and her lieutenant. The little family garrison was scrupulously inspected, as usual; the evening meal was eaten in peace; and the evening offering of prayer was rendered; when all retired to rest, save those on guard, and the lady, who sat musing by the window till the moon went down.

The morrow brought a new state of things at Curle's. The first incident which attracted the attention of Marion was a commotion in the dog-kennels.

The animals, about the middle of the forenoon, suddenly grew uneasy, starting, growling, and in a very short time howling and frantic. Marion knew at once that there was some sufficient cause for apprehension; and though she could neither see nor hear a single other token of danger, her mind immediately reverted to the strange increase of Indians in the neighborhood, and to their new garrison on Crooked Run. She had no doubt the mastiffs had detected some hostile movement on the part of the savages, for whom the creatures had a trained antipathy. Nor was she long in suspense, for she soon perceived her servants at this unusual hour returning from the field, evidently for refuge. Saved-by-Grace, for reasons which he had not chosen to communicate, had that morning gone out with them, and was now marching, with his best military air, at their head. The old soldier had for weeks kept them under daily drill, and had not only trained them to certain evolutions adapted to repel attack both in field and fort, but to a regularity of tread which was his special pride and delight. In his best style, he now wheeled them in front of the gate just as it was thrown open by a stout wench whom her mistress had sent for the purpose; nor did he suffer them to break up their array until he had led them with due precision to the usual point within the inclosure, when they were dismissed in true military form. Marion was impatient under the Roundhead's formality; but his duty as a commander over, he came directly to report to his superior. With a stiff military salute, he announced: "There is a noise, Dame Bacon, in the camp of the Philistines, — a noise as of many rushing to battle. The Lord hath

raised up some avenger of blood, and sent him forth to execute judgment."

"Staunton! your words are fitter for a conventicle than for a camp. Drop the Puritan twang, if you can, and say in swift Saxon what the matter is. What did you do at Worcester and Marston Moor? Quote Scripture?"

"Fought."

"And now?"

"Report."

"What?"

"Fighting."

"Well; where? who?—"

"Crooked Run."

"—what do—"

"Indians."

"—you know?"

"Hear firing."

"Is that all you know?"

"All." And the old disciplinarian made a motion as if he would have said, "Hark!"

Marion now listened, and could faintly hear the irregular and incessant rattle of distant fire-arms.

"Certainly, there is fighting. Staunton! it must be General Bacon."

"General Bacon."

"Do you think so truly? and is—"

"Truly."

"—it at the Indian fort?"

"The fort."

Marion was much moved; for she had now no doubt that Bacon had made his way across from Chickahominy Swamp, and doubtless on the track of the very

Indians who had so strangely and numerously infested the neighborhood.

"What shall we do, Staunton?"

"The God of battles, verily he— Nothing."

"At least we will see that everything is in order for defence, lest there should be need. Come."

As she said so, and turned to go, the old martinet dimly smiled; but the quick eye of Marion saw it.

"You are amused, Staunton."

No answer.

"Loose your tongue now;—a little, Staunton, only a little. What amuses you?"

"That you are so good a general, dame."

"A general! How?"

"A good general never takes anything for granted which he can see to himself. Howbeit—" He hesitated; but at a sign from the lady, added: "Everything is in order, dame, so far as I could have it. But we shall have no need of fighting."

"Why not?"

"Should the General be worsted, he would retreat hither, and there would be fighting here. But he will not be. The Indians will be routed, and this is almost the only direction in which they will *not* flee."

"You are probably right. Still I shall see to the priming of every gun." And she did. She inspected every weapon, every powder-horn, every bullet-pouch; and by her coolness and cheerfulness, without a single exhortation, infused every servant with the spirit of "do or die."

"Golly!" said an African, black as ebony, "dem brak debbils no scare *my* missus! Dey better shut de white ob de eye where *she* be!"

"What did you say, Cato?" for Marion had partly overheard.

"Cato no say, missus! him tink."

"And you think you are afraid?"

"Golly, missus! nebber, nebber! Cato be cussed shame nigger when him catch 'fraid 'fore missus!"

The forenoon passed away, but the dull report of guns was still heard at intervals. The strife was evidently protracted; and notwithstanding all her efforts at self-control, Marion was conscious of anxiety to a degree which was becoming painful, especially when she caressed her babe and coaxed out its unpractised smiles. But she was soon relieved. About three o'clock two horsemen approached at a round trot, and halted before the gate. It devolved upon Saved-by-Grace to meet them, which he did, and, after a moment's parley, gave them admission. They bore the marks of hard fighting; and one of them was in a condition which required both lint and restoratives. They had been despatched by Bacon, from whom they brought a verbal message that he was near, and should soon be at Curle's. They also gave an account of the long and desperate fight, which had ended in the complete rout of the Indians. It was remembered long afterwards as the battle of Bloody Run, at which the strength of the Indians in that district was for ever crippled.\* There had been a terrible slaughter of them before they would abandon the strife.

In less than an hour afterwards came in wounded men, some having yet strength enough to keep their feet or saddles, some transported on litters. They

\* Burk, II. 176.

had been sent forward by their General for the attendance and repose which they could not have in the camp.

Marion's premises now assumed the aspect of a hospital; and she devoted herself assiduously to such surgery as she could contrive. The poor sufferers lay scattered here and there, some on the floors of the house, some out of doors, some on pallets and some on the ground. Marion went from man to man, to minister to their relief; and as she kneeled beside them, examining and washing their wounds, carefully applying lint and bandage, or ministering cordials, — all with her own hands, — the rough backwoodsmen half forgot faintness and suffering in admiration of her precious Christianity, and faltered more ejaculations to Heaven in her behalf than she heard or dreamed off. But when she stood over the litter of a half-clad Indian chief, hideous as paint and hate and ebbing life could make him, and wet his parched lips, and smiled as he woke to consciousness, and made appliances to his ghastly wounds, and adjusted his rude couch for his greater ease, and when he looked so wonderingly and mutely at this fair minister of mercy, the scene was worthy of the immortality which only the pencil of genius can give. Yet this was not the whole picture; for at length, but unknown to her, in the background stood her husband, proud and happy, as a successful general so young had a right to be, yet prouder and happier still as he watched with admiration, but without surprise, the Christ-like occupation of his wife.

A busy, sleepless night it was for both, and few were the minutes which they could snatch for conver-

sation, so busy was she with the wounded, and he in preparing for an early march. There were many prisoners at the fort, and a detachment must be left to guard them, while he should proceed with his main force, and with all speed, across the James River, to chastise the Appomattock Indians, and others farther south. Allowing his hardy men only indispensable rest, the next day he was again on the march. This southern expedition, which he prosecuted as far as the banks of the Roanoke, was also successful; and he returned thence "to the head of York River," where his presence, for some reasons to us unknown, was temporarily required.\* But his men had been worn by a most harassing campaign, in which they had travelled several hundred miles in various directions. Such being their condition, and "the Indians having been sent packing a grate way from the borders," he had dismissed his army to their homes, that they might recruit "against the next intended expedition," reserving only a few as a resource in any sudden emergency.

It was now the 9th or 10th of September, when suddenly Lawrence, Drummond, and Hansford, who bore a commission of colonel under Bacon, appeared at his quarters, with the news that Sir William Berkeley on the 8th had entered Jamestown in triumph, with a force of from six hundred to a thousand men. The General had before heard that Giles Bland, who had attempted with a force of four armed vessels to surprise the Governor at Accomac, had failed, himself

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\* Compare Burk, II. 176, with Campbell, 91, and note, and with Cotton, 7.

and his vessels having been captured, partly by stratagem and partly by treachery.

"Sir William had us under the guns of sixteen or seventeen armed vessels," said Hansford. "Our defensive means were nothing. We numbered, to be sure, some eight or nine hundred men, but we could not resist artillery."

"We had no choice," added Lawrence, "but to turn traitors or abandon the place. We chose, and advised, the latter."

The General mused in silence while these and other circumstances were related, manifesting neither surprise nor disturbance. At last he said coolly: "The fox must be unearthed. I have only three hundred tired men, but they have stout hearts."

Quick in his action as in his decision, he beat to arms, would not wait for reinforcements, but, confiding in the enthusiasm and tried courage of those about him, immediately commenced a rapid march toward Jamestown.\*

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\* Burk, II. 182.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE SIEGE.—THE CATASTROPHE.

1676. THE sun was just going down, when, to the great consternation of Sir William Berkeley, the arch-rebel was upon him. Bacon, first pausing on the height of the mainland to concert his plans, led his men along the neck towards the town. Throwing himself from his horse, he speedily traced with his own hands a line for an intrenchment in front of a palisade which intersected the neck, barring farther advance. Calling upon his men to lose no time, when a few hours of hard labor that night would save them blood and life to-morrow, and throwing off his upper garments, he seized a spade, and plied his own strength to the work. The men could scarcely drag themselves along for weariness when they had entered upon the isthmus, and now would gladly have lain down upon the marshy ground and slept. But their young General had imparted his own indomitable enthusiasm, and they forgot their fatigue under the inspiration of his example. Every man sprang to the work; the moon shone out to cheer and help them; and before midnight they had thrown up a breastwork of trees and earth sufficient for their present purpose. They then took refreshment, and lay down exhausted on the wet ground and slept.

"My dear aunt!" said Bacon to a royalist lady,

who, to her surprise, found herself in a rebel camp at daybreak; "my dear aunt! my word for it, I did not expect to find *you* here!"

"It's not with *my* consent, I assure you," replied Madame Bacon, in a tone of resentment. "I have no relish for a midnight ride on a pillion with a vulgar trooper, and a rebel too"; and the lady pursed her lips and straightened, as though she felt the indignity keenly. "May I be permitted to ask what are General Bacon's commands?"

"Dear madam! Colonel Bacon is now with Sir William Berkeley. You will not object to joining *him*, I suppose?"

"By no means, most gracious nephew! So you have given me this very odd ride, just to introduce me to my husband! I am distinguished by your kind consideration, surely."

"I protest, dear aunt," taking her hand, in his old, affectionate way, "that I had no purpose of bringing you here. I wished for some ladies, to effect certain purposes of my own, and sent my horsemen to catch them; but *your* arrest is an accident."

"I believe you, Nat; for I never had reason not to. So kiss me, and let's make up. Stop! I am to go to the Colonel, am I? That's the condition!"

"Certainly you are."

"Well, then," and the old lady exchanged the kiss of peace.

"And now how long — There! I forgot *when* in the bargain! You may keep me here a week, for aught I know. Ah, boy! how is it?"

"No, no, aunt," replied Bacon with a laugh; "I take no advantage of that. You meant immediately,

and I knew it. It would be dishonorable to detain you. As soon as the sun is up, you shall go. Your dress might not be perceived from the town, if you should go now; and a shot might strike you."

"Well, boy; you know best. I've no wish to be shot, and no wish to sit on this stump longer than is necessary."

"If I had a tent or a chair —"

"O, I know all about it! But now, you young rebel, what do you want of women?"

"Will you tell the Colonel and Sir William?"

"Nat! do you suppose *I* can't keep a secret?"

"No; but I *wish* you to tell them."

"Do you! hm—m—m; that depends— The Colonel I will; but — but — Sir William; that depends upon what it is."

"Well, you promise for the Colonel?"

"Yes."

"That will do. You see, aunt, that I have n't completed my breastwork."

"No, I don't see any such thing. I should think it was complete enough. Who'd want to scramble over such a tear-my-eyes-out thing as that is?"

"Well, it is n't finished, and I must finish it. But if I put my men up there to work, they will be shot at from the town."

"It's likely. You'd better not."

"Now I intend that the ladies whom I have sent for shall help."

"What! up there?"

"Up there."

"Bless my soul, Nathanael! are you in your senses? What do ladies know about such things? D' you

expect ladies to shovel dirt and chop wood? Besides, they'll be shot at!"

"Precisely, if you don't prevent it."

"Me? Good gracious!"

"But you promised you would tell the Colonel."

"To be sure I did."

"Well, tell him that I have not finished my works, but that I shall do it immediately. And when my men are about it, Madam Bray, Madam Page, and Madam Bullard, whom you see yonder with those other ladies, — all of whose husbands are royalists, and in Jamestown, — will be side by side with my men. If, then, the Gov— if Sir William chooses to fire upon us, he can do so."

The old lady lifted her hands and eyes in astonishment, but was silent, and rather grave. She was about to reply, when a volley of fire-arms outside the trenches made her spring, like a young girl, to her feet, and grasp her nephew's arm.

"Sit still, aunt! that is, if you like your seat. It is a small party which I have sent out to wake up Sir William."

It does not appear, in the annals of the times, what precise method the young General adopted to convey his kinswoman and ambassadress in safety to the town. But that he did so is certain, although she compelled him first to submit in all meekness to a brisk homily on the folly and peril of rebellion, and to an unavailing exhortation to repentance. Soon after she had disappeared through the defences of the town, he gallantly addressed the other ladies, who stood trembling with apprehension, telling them that they had nothing to fear, and should be treated with all

respect. Then, introducing each to an officer, and offering his arm courteously to Madam Bray, he politely requested her to accompany him. He was followed by the officers with their ladies, — who were “mightily astonished at this project,” — and all were soon distributed along the unfinished breastwork. The labor of construction was immediately recommenced on the whole line. As soon as it was completed, the officers released the ladies from duty, and escorted them to a place of safety. Madam Bacon had undoubtedly delivered her message; for, although Sir William had just planted “three grate guns at a hundred or hundred and fifty paces,” which could have easily torn to pieces the crude works of Bacon, not a shot had been fired “while these Ladyes white Aprons” were visible. “Neather Sir William nor the husbands were voide of amazements at this sub-till invention. If Mr. Fuller thought it strange that the Divell’s black gard should be enrouled God’s soulders,\* they made it no less wonderful that their innocent and harmless wives should thus be entred a white garde to the Divell. But this is manifest,” adds our old authority, “that Bacon knit more knots by his owne head in one day, than all the towne was able to untie in a whole weeke.”

It soon became known to Sir William, that “the Gent: women, Bacon’s Gardian Angles, was, by order, drawne out of danger.” He immediately opened a brief fire from the “three grate guns,”†

\* Alluding, doubtless, to the graceless rabble whom Sir William, in his straits, had enlisted.

† So I understand the words, “after a terable noyse of thunder and lightning out of the Easte.”

after which he ordered an assault. About seven or eight hundred men, in good order, and with every show of resolution, marched upon the intrenchments. A steady, well-directed fire brought them to a halt. “A contest of a few minutes” was sufficient for the assailants. Seeing many of their number dead and wounded, they turned suddenly upon their heels, and fled pell-mell within their lines. The Baconians, with loud shouts, leaped from their trenches in pursuit, but were almost instantly recalled by their General, who feared that so sudden a retreat was but a lure to a snare. Some of Berkeley’s officers, it is said, were frantic with vexation, and with tears besought their men to rally, — which was doubtless true. But it is also recorded, and with equal probability, that, even before the sally, “a Collonell’s or a Captain’s Commission” would have been sold by those who held them “for a chunke of a pipe.”

Even in Accomac, where no insurrectionary spirit had been manifested, the Governor had been met with petitions against grievances, instead of offers of service, — in short, with a significant coolness, which, to one in his situation, was both humiliating and distressing. And after he had, “by a sort of miracle,” captured Bland’s armed vessels without a drop of blood, he was obliged to levy his forces from the very dregs of the people; and even they were brought to his standard only by dazzling promises, — freedom for servants, and plunder and confiscations for all. Such recruits could not stand before the intrepid ardor of men contending against oppression; and the moment they had tested the stern mettle of the patriots, they had sense enough to perceive, that, if



plunder and confiscation *did* lie in the distance, wounds and death intervened. These they had not bargained for, and, finding them in the ascendant, declined the adventure. Berkeley had but about twenty men who cherished or could even comprehend loyalty. He was exceedingly incensed at the cowardice and worthlessness of his followers, yet sternly resolved to brave his enemies to the last. But when, on the next day, Bacon planted cannon upon his trenches, which he brought to bear both upon the town and vessels, his chivalric resolution passed only for insanity with his cowardly mercenaries, or, at best, for the childish folly of a broken old man. They began to show symptoms of mutiny. The twenty were willing, if he so decreed, to bury themselves with him in the ruins of the town; yet they frankly told him, that, with such men around him, a general assault from Bacon — which was constantly expected — would insure a useless and disgraceful ruin; and that his life and honor might be reserved for better auspices.

At length the haughty old man bowed his head to the tempest; and, a week after Bacon had made his appearance, the royalists silently abandoned the town at midnight, re-embarked, and dropped down the river twenty miles, where they came to anchor. When the morning revealed the flight, Bacon, after some precautions against a possible ambuscade, took possession of the town. He found the houses stripped of every valuable, the cannon spiked, and the streets deserted. The position of the fleet indicated an intent to return at any favorable opportunity. News came that Colonel Brent was advancing against the General from the

Potomac, at the head of a thousand men. The town — in itself insignificant — must be abandoned, for the purpose of meeting Brent. It would then serve only as a fortress and base of operations for Sir William. For these reasons, it was resolved to lay it in ashes; and on the night of the same day, the smoke and glare and flying cinders of Jamestown announced to the fleet below that it was no longer a hold to be striven for. Two of the best houses were those of Lawrence and Drummond. Each fired his own. Only the ruined tower of the church, gray with moss and draped with ivy, now marks where Jamestown — was.\*

Bacon now withdrew to Greenspring, — Berkeley's private residence, — where he kept free quarters with his men; partly to give them that rest which they so much needed, and partly to watch the movements of the fleet. The Governor's house was doubtless roughly used — "almost ruined," it was said — by men who had certainly been roughly used by him. They found there household goods of great value, three hundred sheep, seventy horses and mares, — an ample stud, certainly, for the Governor of an impoverished colony, — and abundant corn and provisions, besides "two great beasts"; none of which his Honor ever saw again. However a nice casuist may regard such free living at another's cost, yet when it is remembered that Sir William had just despoiled Lawrence's house of all its valuable plate, and every other house in Jamestown of whatever was worth the tak-

\* These particulars of the siege and destruction of Jamestown are derived from T. M.'s Account, 21; Cotton's, 7, 8; Burwell Narrative, 20-26; Burk, II. 176-190, 251, 252.

ing, *he* had no right to complain of the reprisal. After two or three days, finding that the fleet had weighed anchor and proceeded again to Accomac, Bacon resumed his march. His first business was with those of Gloster County who had not yet taken the engagement agreed upon by the convention at the Middle Plantation. For this purpose he issued his summons, commanding all the inhabitants to meet him at the court-house on a certain day. While this business was still in progress, one Captain Potter arrived "post-haste" from Rappahannock with information that Brent was advancing rapidly. The drums instantly beat to arms, and the General appealed at once to the patriotism of his soldiers: "Will you meet a thousand men resolved to fight you?" He was answered by an enthusiastic shout, and a demand to be led on without delay. This was done. When they had advanced three days,—by easy stages, that they might be fresh for work,—news came that Brent's men had suddenly deserted him; and that he himself "was mightily astonished, saying that they had forsaken the stowtest man, and ruin'd the fairest estate in Verginia." But most of them were partisans of Bacon, and the rest had no heart to measure strength with the men who had just put the Governor himself to flight. And "they being (as they thought) more obliged to looke after their owne concernes and lives, than to take notis, eather of his vallour, or estate, or of their owne credits, were not to be rought upon by anything that he could do or say, contrary to their own fancies."

The General now returned to meet the Gloster men according to appointment, who appeared to the

number of six or seven hundred. They hesitated, but at a second meeting took the engagement. The success of Bacon was now complete. The people's rights had been legally restored. The forces of the Indians had been so shattered, and their courage so completely broken, that they "were never afterwards able to make any firm stand against the whites, and gradually became tributary to them." The Governor had twice fled before the people, and had not a foot of land in Virginia on which to stand. Brent's avalanche had melted away. Even the temporizing and tenacious royalists of Gloster had peaceably submitted. The whole colony was under the authority of the young patriot, who was now planning an expedition to Accomac, the place of the Governor's retreat.

There was a Doctor Pate in Gloster County, whose house had seemed for several days to be an object of attraction, especially to the patriot soldiers. Officers had been seen so often going to it and from it as to excite remark. Soon there had appeared sentinels at its avenues of approach, by whom most of the comers had been refused admittance. Then it had been observed, for a day or two past, that both officers and soldiers who had approached made no other attempt than to exchange a few words with the sentinels, and then to go away with an aspect which indicated sorrow. Sometimes small parties of soldiers had been seen lingering in front of the mansion, and talking in subdued tones, whose gestures and attitudes denoted a deep interest in something pertaining to Dr. Pate's house. No one, during these last days, had had free

access to the premises except Dr. Pate himself, Mr. Lawrence, and a Mr. Wading, a clergyman who a short time before had been put under guard by the General for endeavoring to dissuade the people of Gloster from taking the engagement. But during the first day of October the sentinels were withdrawn, save one, who seemed to be retained more for form than for special duty. The house itself had now less of a gloomy aspect, for windows which had been closed and darkened were thrown open, and there were more signs of life and bustle within. But the appearance of the soldiery was far otherwise. From general officer to drummer, they seemed to be suffering under some common calamity,—to be overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with consternation. A day or two afterwards, there was a gloomy military parade before the mansion; a coffin was brought from the house and laid upon a bier, and men of high rank in the army bore it upon their shoulders to the neighboring church, preceded and followed by the little army itself, with reversed arms and muffled drums. The consecrated house was too small by far for the concourse, and every window was crowded from without by men striving to see and hear the solemnities within. At length the funeral chant and the funeral prayer were over, and the coffin was brought out again and carried to the churchyard, and lowered into the grave with the usual ceremonies of honor. There were strong men there who sobbed, and sunburnt cheeks which were wet with tears; and as the multitude stood there with uncovered heads when the last solemn rite was performed, a stranger might have supposed that each

one had lost a father, or a brother, or a bosom friend. And yet—unknown and unsuspected by all but those necessarily privy to the falsehood—that coffin had been laden only with stones; the mourners had followed no corpse to the grave.

But there was another coffin. It was very rude, because the hands which shaped it were guided by affection only, and not by skill. And there was another funeral, which was very humble, and other mourners, who were very few; for the last service which they were performing for the dead must be performed by stealth. *Their* coffin shrouded a body,—that of Virginia's friend,—the young General of the people, who had been proclaimed an outlaw. They must bury him in secret; else, should the vindictive Governor recover his power, he would move heaven and earth to wreak vengeance on the man, though dead, who had so withstood his oppressions. He would surely rifle the grave of its trust, and drag the bones of the patriot from their sanctuary, to dangle on the way-side gibbet. Ingram and Lawrence and Drummond would balk the malice of the oppressor. The rude coffin had been taken from the house by night. It had been carried, with its sacred treasure, far away into the green forest, to a wild, secluded spot, where even the hunter rarely if ever strayed,—to a spot which will never be known until the day of the revelation of all things. It was laid upon the ground by its bearers, beneath the branches of the cypress and the oak, just as the sun went down on the day of the unreal funeral at Gloster. The half-score of heavy-hearted friends dug Bacon's grave there with their own hands. Darkness came swiftly

in the depths of the woods; but the wilderness which gave a grave to the patriot gave also her torch-wood for his obsequies. The grave was finished; the funeral service was read; dust was committed to dust; the turf with its adhering coppice was replaced where it had grown; all traces of the work were effaced; and then, beneath the sombre glare of their torches, the soldier-friends, on their knees, joined hands over the remains of their gallant General, in solemn covenant never to reveal the place of his burial. "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."\*

But Marion! her grief, her secret consolation! what of those? Gentle reader, History tells of heroes and traitors, but not of widow's tears. *God* treasures those.

The welfare of the whole colony had long been depending upon the sagacity, watchfulness, and energy of their General. The load had been thrown upon him suddenly. He had accepted it. He had borne it, too, under circumstances the most trying, both to his moral susceptibilities and his bodily powers. His own words affectingly describe the corroding indignation of an honorable mind, conscious of its integrity: "It vexes me to the heart, that, while we are hunting wolves, tigers, and bears, that daily destroy our harmless sheep and lambs, we are pursued with full cry, as more savage beasts." During

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\* The critical reader may, perhaps, indulge my *supposition* of a false funeral of General Bacon; for, dying as he did in the middle of his army, it would seem to have been necessary to prevent all traces of the real one; and, besides, it seems to be *indicated* — faintly, to be sure — by the very peculiar language of T. M., p. 24, in *Force*, Vol. I.

all this time he had had all the responsibility and personal care of the country's affairs, both in the wilderness and in the settlements; for although he had his lieutenants in the several counties, upon whom he laid important local trusts, yet of none did he ever divest himself. On his various exhausting marches from the York River to the Roanoke, and during all his hours of watching and fighting, he had been constantly anxious and constantly directing for the security of the interior. And no sooner had he returned thither, than he gave himself assiduously and without rest to the personal inspection of every military position, and to the yet more arduous work of sustaining the unity and confidence of the people. In all his marches and countermarches, he had shared danger and fatigue with the meanest soldier. He had borne at once the hardships of a private, the care and anxieties of a general, and the burdens of a magistrate. He had hardly begun to breathe after his return from the banks of the Roanoke, before he was working in the trenches at Jamestown, and sleeping night after night, and unsheltered, upon the swampy ground. To those more immediately about his person, it had for some time been evident that these things were undermining his strength. Still his zeal, his courage, and his toil had continued unabated. But at length fatigue, care, and exposure had induced a virulent disorder of the bowels, under which nature had yielded.

Through the whole of his remarkable public course, he had been governed by no mercenary or ambitious motives. Not rashly and in a fit of passion, but deliberately, hesitatingly, reluctantly even, he had been

persuaded to move, without official sanction, in defence of the frontiers. All his aggressive proceedings had been against the Indians. His attack upon Jamestown, and its destruction, had been strictly defensive operations. He had never manifested rancor against the Governor's person, nor a wish to usurp or even to supersede his authority, until Sir William's own conduct rendered the latter necessary to prevent a state of anarchy. He had staked his life, his fortune, and his good name, and had sought no immunities but for the people. With a devoted soldiery at his command, he had been guilty of no excesses, even when flushed with success and tempted by the greatest provocations. He was ever careful of shedding Christian blood, — in this respect a perfect contrast to Sir William Berkeley. At the time when the latter was driven from the Middle Plantation, a spy had been detected in Bacon's camp, who had repeatedly deserted from party to party. He had been tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. Bacon publicly offered, that, if any one man in the army would speak but one word in his behalf, he should be saved; and it was not until there was no hope of an intercessor that he was executed, — the only instance in which the young General took life, save what was unavoidable in the heat and hurry of battle. When Berkeley captured Bland and his vessels, he had proceeded instantly to the work of vengeance; directly hanging Captain Carver, one of Bland's men who had gallantly "resolved," as he said, "to adventure his old bones against the Indian rogues," and reserving Bland and others in irons for a like fate. When the news of this cold-blooded execution was received

by Bacon, Sir Henry Chichely, the Lieutenant-Governor of the crown, was a prisoner. A word from Bacon, and it would have been the knight's life for Carver's, — a decree which Sir Henry expected, in reprisal for what he himself "exclaimed against as a most rash and wicked act of the Governor." But the young patriot had not so learned patriotism as to revenge upon Chichely the sin and barbarity of Berkeley. Such had been the temperate and humane course of a successful military leader with all power in his hands; a course rarely, if ever, equalled under like circumstances and provocations. Happy was it for him, that he could take such a review of the past, when, in the flood-tide of his fortunes, his spirit was suddenly called to give account for its deeds in the body.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### REVENGE.

1676. THE spider sat in his Accomac cell. He could now shoot out his webs over the whole Chesapeake and its tributaries, in whatever direction the wind would waft them. The besom which had so long been sweeping down his toils—the head, the heart, the right-arm of the insurrection—was gone. More than a month since poor old Captain Carver was netted! He would spin another thread and float it forth; for he was hungry,—very hungry: it might entangle something. He did so, and the wind bore the messenger across the Bay to York River. It caught upon the house of one Colonel Reade, which stood where we now find Yorktown on the map, and “snapt up,” as the chroniclers express it, one Colonel Hansford, as fine a young fellow as ever lived,—a born Virginian, blithe, buoyant, honorable, and fearless,—Colonel Thomas Hansford, and twenty other hearty patriots, at one swoop. They were brought over to Accomac, of course. The twenty common ones “were committed to prison,” notwithstanding “the justifiers” of Sir William Berkeley averred afterwards that he hung folks because “he had no place of strength to secure them.” The prime one was for sacrifice. A court-martial quickly arranged that matter. There was a

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little time of grace granted him in his prison. For only one thing did he pray to his judges; “that he might be shot like a soldier, and not be hanged like a dog.” This being denied him, he at once shut his eyes and heart to the world, and betook himself in his cell to other prayer, in which he had, “an Advocate with the Father.” Having thus intrusted his soul, with confession and contrition, he went to meet the sentence of those who only have power to kill the body.

“Take notice,” said he to the crowd before the gallows; “on the list of my sins before God, rebellion is not written. I die a loyal subject and a lover of *my* country. I have never taken up arms but for the destruction of the Indians, the murderers of so many Christians.”

The youthful patriot was swung off, “the first Virginian borne that dyed upon a paire of Gallows.” This was on the 13th of November.

Sir William Berkeley began to breathe. Such success, on the first effort, was encouraging; and no sooner had Major Beverly, the knight's purveyor,—“a parson calculated to the Latitude of the sarvis,”—“delivered his freight at Accomac,” than he was off upon another hunt. There was a little passage-at-arms upon this occasion; but Beverly succeeded, and brought back to his master Captain Farlow, Captain Wilford, Major Cheeseman, and five or six others. Wilford was a dapper little fellow, but he had a stout heart, and, in the matter of bearing arms, a clear conscience; so he could afford to meet Sir William's vengeance coolly. He had just lost an eye in the skirmish in which he was captured; “but if I

were stark blind," said he, knowing the Governor's humor for hanging, "he would be sure to furnish me a guide to the gallows, for he promised it to me long ago for going with the General against the Indians without a commission."

"What made *you* serve under the rebel Bacon?" asked Berkeley of Cheeseman.

"May it please your Honor," said the prisoner's young and loving wife, giving him no time to reply, "*I* made him."

"You!" and Sir William eyed her keenly.

"Yes, your Honor, it was through my means. I proposed it. I urged it. I provoked him to it. He never would have done it but for me. I do therefore beseech your Honor"—and she threw herself upon her knees—"that the punishment may fall where it belongs,—on the most guilty. The tempted may find grace, but not the tempter. Let him be spared. Send me to the gallows in his stead."

The beauty, the youth, the imploring attitude, the self-devotion, the plea, the earnest, tremulous, tearful face of the petitioner, drew from the Governor—a parley? a relenting doubt? a pardon? No. Even an intercession so noble, so touching, could not move him to pity or to admiration. He was iron. He was savage. He was aristocratic. He was *Sir* William Berkeley. He knew that what she said was truth. But he also saw that, in throttling the husband, he should crush the wife. He could have *two* victims. He said but little; but he called her a ——. It was the foulest name for woman. The infamy of the moment was his. He sunk his own good name for ever by that one libel on a virtuous, interceding wife.

But God heard the intercessor. Cheeseman soon died, to be sure, and he died a victim,—his life wrung out of him by hard usage and want in his dungeon; but both were spared the ignominy of his public strangling.

Farlow died as Wilford did, and so died the five or six others.

Sir William Berkeley had breathed. He now took heart. He was so animated by these oblations, that he ventured across the Bay himself, chuckling in anticipation of what his own presence would achieve. He did not venture on shore yet, but cast anchor in a good offing at Tindell's Point, and sent others ashore. But the fortune of war was against them. The first thing which happened was, that "thirty men and boys," at Colonel Bacon's house, routed "a hundred and twenty" men-soldiers whom his Honor sent against them. He sent out Major Lawrence Smith, too, with six hundred men against Ingram, Bacon's successor. The Major ran away, and his men were taken prisoners; but Ingram generously dismissed them to their own homes. A party of the patriots, to be sure, had been taken prisoners on the south side of James River; but here, on the York, they were knocking the royalists about like ninepins. Under these discouraging circumstances, the Governor be-thought himself of a new policy. He would stoop a little, and try the effect of fair words and promises. So he wrote several very courteous and even flattering letters to Walklate, an associate general with Ingram, proposing to both a negotiation for peace,—carefully keeping himself on shipboard still. The overture was opportunely made. The people were



weary of a strife which had so long interfered with their industrial pursuits; for their fields had been necessarily neglected and their crops curtailed. The supplies for the soldiery could be obtained only by arbitrary levies, for which each party plundered the other as occasion required or opportunity offered. The controlling mind, the moral influence, and the sound, effective eloquence, of Bacon were wanting. Upon his successors the public mind could not rest with the confidence which is necessary to unity, energy, and progress. It would seem, too, that these officers had come to distrust their own position; fearing that, by a dissatisfied people or by aspiring rivals, they might be displaced. Thus, we say, it was a favorable time for Berkeley to proffer compromise. To Ingram, Walklate, and Langstone, another prominent leader, he offered a full pardon, without any fine or other punishment; they to restore all plunder which they had taken from the Indians or the English. To these terms they readily agreed. But it was necessary that the soldiers should be reconciled. To this end, Captain Grantham, who had been the Governor's medium of negotiation, and who, the soldiers were given to understand, was a friend to their cause, arranged for a mediatorial interview. He was received with respect, and proposed their surrender to the authority of the Governor on the following conditions:—1. That those who wished it should still be retained in arms to act against the Indians. 2. That those who wished it should return to their own homes, and receive the pay allowed to them by the last Assembly, according to the time they had been under arms. 3. That those of them who were servants

should receive their freedom, for which their masters should be indemnified from the public treasury. The soldiers agreed, on these terms, to surrender their arms, and the Governor proclaimed a general amnesty, excepting only certain persons named, particularly Lawrence and Drummond. Thus Berkeley recovered his supremacy, and the insurrection was at an end.

The stipulations were performed on the part of the patriot officers and soldiers. But rank, we know, is privileged to overreach the vulgar; and Berkeley "counting it no sin"—no degradation?—"to accost them, as the Devill courted Eve, with never to be performed promises," scattered his to the wind the moment he had the soldiers "in one vessill and their arms in another." They went "to kiss the Governor's hands," when the servants were instantly returned to their masters—royalists?—to serve out their indentures; the rest were made prisoners, or taken into the Governor's service, according as he judged them trusty or otherwise. This was the first step of his *Honor*. The second was openly and practically to repudiate his own solemn promise of general amnesty, just so far as caprice, or personal pique, or covetousness might dictate. As soon as the staff was in his own hands, the order of the day was fines, confiscations, and strangling.

A court-martial was held on shipboard—where Sir William still remained—on the 1677. 11th of January, and four men were summarily condemned and executed. On the 20th, Sir William was informed that Drummond had been taken the day before, half famished, in Chickahominy Swamp,

and was then on shore at Colonel Bacon's house. Nothing could have been more gratifying; for he had long had a special "rancor" against Drummond, considering "the Scotchman the originall cause of the whole rebellion," — on what grounds, other than his pretensions in common with others for the public good, does not appear, for he had never borne arms. Sir William, under the excitement of this capture, now ventured for the first time ashore, and with a mock bow accosted his new victim.

"Mr. Drummond! you are very welcome. I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond! you shall be hanged in half an hour."

"What your Honor pleases," coolly replied Drummond, and the interview closed.

His Honor's threat was not, however, literally executed, in respect to time. The prisoner was immediately stripped, even of the ring on his finger, and otherwise "barbarously treated"; but he was kept in irons until the next day, when he was conveyed to Mr. Bray's house, condemned by court-martial within half an hour after his arrival there, without legal trial, without permission to answer for himself; and within four hours after his sentence — being hurried away to execution by the Governor's particular order — was hung upon a gibbet in company "with a pitifull Frenchman," "that had been very bloody."\* But Berkeley's "private grudge" did not end here. He caused his victim's property — plantation and goods — "to be given to himself, by his Council," and her

\* There seems to have been something of national antipathy in Berkeley's "rancor" against "the Scotchman."

whom he had made a widow "to flee with her five small children, and wander in the deserts and woods until they were ready to starve."

"I know not whether it is lawful to wish a person alive," said the Lord Chancellor of England, when this case was reported to him in council after Berkeley's death, "but if it is, I could wish Sir William Berkeley alive, to see what could be answered to such a barbarity. But he has answered to it before this!"

There were very, very few, throughout the whole colony, who had not been implicated, directly or indirectly, in the insurrection; hardly a man who was not thus obnoxious to the Governor's vengeance; hardly a man who did not live in daily trembling lest he should be arraigned; hardly a man who did not cast about in his mind for some means of escaping from a country which bade fair to become a Golgotha. It was in vain that men "came in and submitted themselves upon the Governor's proclamation of pardon and indemnity." They were at once seized by official ruffians, imprisoned, their estates taken from them, or saved only by enormous fines; and all without warrant, indictment, trial, or conviction. At first, as we have seen, the Governor proceeded by martial law. He then attempted, for a little while, "to let the laws run in their old channel," — to procure convictions by juries. But finding this course result in successive and summary acquittals, — "even of ten in a day," says Burk, "by different panels,"\* —

\* Bancroft (II. 231, note 4) calls this statement "a very ridiculous error," — "pure fiction"; and cites Burk, II. 255, 263, in which latter passage the convictions by jury are stated *not* to have occurred before the country was reduced, and after the arrival of troops from Eng-

he had recourse again to martial proceedings. Now, "none escaped being found guilty, condemned, and hanged, that put themselves on trial"; and so it soon came to pass, that this question was always proposed to the person arraigned, — "Will you be tried, or will you be fined at the discretion of the court?" The unfortunate man, recurring to the uniform fate of his predecessors, and perceiving that there was *no* hope through a trial, would discreetly choose to be fined; thus buying his life by sacrificing his estate. And this was done "*without any jury.*"

Fourteen or fifteen had been executed; enormous fines and confiscations had been arbitrarily multiplied; and the jails were filled with prisoners. Such was the course of vengeance when commissioners and an armed force — to investigate affairs and control the country — arrived from England, on the 29th of January. They brought with them a royal act of grace and forgiveness for all but Bacon. This, together with their own commission and instructions, they immediately delivered, urging Sir William to publish forthwith the king's proclamation of grace, that the distracted people might be quieted.

"I will publish my own," was his reply, "in which I will make such exceptions to forgiveness as I may think proper"; and he stifled the decree of mercy in his own pocket.

land. But what is meant by the language of the commissioners, in Burk, II. 254? "He" — Berkeley — "doubted whether a legal jury would have found them guilty. The contrary" — i. e. that a legal jury would *not* have found them guilty — "he was afterwards sufficiently convinced of, when he saw, upon the trials had of his Majesty's commission of oyer and terminer, that there was *not* a prisoner that came to the bar that *was* brought in guilty by the jury."

The work of mock trials went on; the judges, without the smallest regard for decorum, and even in the presence of the royal commissioners, and "as if they had been the worst of witnesses," indecently reviling their prisoners, "both accusing and condemning at the same time." Hanging was yet in vogue, notwithstanding the royal decree of grace. Bland, who had been choicely reserved in chains ever since he was entrapped at Accomac, was at last brought up for judgment. He pleaded that Sir William Berkeley had at that moment his pardon, with the royal signature, in his pocket; and he had, — a special pardon procured by Bland's friends in England. But he was found guilty, and hung. "It was talked" that this was done on private instructions from the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who had sworn, "by God, Bacon and Bland should die." Other executions also took place, until the whole number had amounted to twenty-three, — "said in all to outnumber those slain in the whole war, on both sides," — when the Assembly, who had met by Berkeley's appointment on the 20th of January, petitioned the Governor that he would desist, and "spill no more blood"; "for none could tell where or when it would terminate."

"I believe," afterwards said Pressley, one of the Burgesses from Northampton County, — "I believe he would have hanged half the country, if they had let him alone."

By this means, the Governor was at last "prevailed on to hold his hands" from further sanguinary proceedings.

The commissioners proceeded, according to their

instructions, to hear and determine grievances. They received complaints only on testimony of credible, loyal, sober persons, moderate, disinterested men, whom they enjoined to testify "in such sort as might become dutiful subjects, and sober, rational men"; and yet, "even with this caution, the number, variety, and enormity of those charges which were supported astonished them, and they were at a loss to reconcile this assemblage of odious vices with the received reputation of Sir William Berkeley." They demanded the restoration of those estates which had been unlawfully confiscated without trial or conviction, and which were held by Sir William and his parasites. He refused; upon which they had the estates appraised under oath, — as also all goods, cattle, slaves, and servants so seized, — and exacted bonds from the holders to abide the decision of the King.

They also effected a treaty of peace — thanks to the military operations of Bacon! — with the neighboring Indians, so satisfactory to them, that other remote tribes sought also to become included in it.

Lawrence's fate was never known. Finding the struggle of the people with the Governor abruptly terminated, and himself a hopeless outlaw, he preferred to brave any fate rather than that of a public execution. Compared with the settlements of Virginia, the wilderness might be a better home for him; and the wild men of the woods might be better friends than Christians. Compared with death by Sir William's hangman, death by hunger, or weariness, or exposure, or even Indian torture, were preferable. He chose a voluntary exile. He was seen upon the

extreme border with four companions, all well armed and well mounted, making their way through the snows for the mountain forests. It was the last which was seen or heard of this accomplished and high-minded man.

Sir William Berkeley, leaving the government of Virginia in the hands of Colonel Herbert Jeffries, who had been commissioned by the King, sailed for England late in the month of April. Upon his arrival, he found that the odor of his cruelties had preceded him. The commissioners had reported in reprobation of his conduct, and it was regarded with horror both by the King and his Council. "The old fool," said Charles the Second, indignantly, "has hanged more men in that naked country than I have for the murder of my father." Under such reprobation, — approved doubtless by the voice of his own conscience, — the hoary executioner of men who had only defended their firesides and resented oppression, gave way; and in July of the same year he sunk into a dishonored grave.

So disappeared the actors in this brief but memorable drama.

In what were the people bettered? They had overawed the savages, but their own choice men were gone. Their persecutor was gone also, but his power to tyrannize was transferred unabated to others. The ameliorating laws of the patriot Assembly — "Bacon's laws" they were called — were repealed. But the liberal Charter for which agents had been sent to England in 1675, — what of that? This Charter, providing for the liquidation of the claims of Arlington and Culpepper, barring like grants in future, confirming the

land-titles of resident planters, recognizing the Grand Assembly of Virginia, investing that body with the power of making laws and determining all imposition of taxes, save upon exports, — this Charter, drafted in outline, and presented by the Lords of the Committee for Foreign Plantations to his Majesty's Council, "passed by his Majesty and a full board" of the Council to be prepared in form of a bill for his Majesty's signature, was detained in the office of the Seals by secret jealousy and intrigue, until the news of the colonial disturbance put it to rest for ever. In its stead, the King issued troops and a paltry patent, which related chiefly to the judicial powers of the Colonial Council and the security of land-titles, but making no recognition of the Assembly. By separate instructions, that body was indeed permitted, during the royal pleasure; but it was to be called only once in two years, and then was to continue in session only fourteen days. The right of electing Burgesses was taken from all but freeholders.

The aristocracy of Virginia was reinstated on the backs of the people. The punishments which had been inflicted by Berkeley were terrors not soon to be forgotten; and they effectually stifled all murmurs against the return of old, and now aggravated, grievances. Unequal and burdensome taxes were revived; they were fearfully increased by the expenses of the insurrection; they were collected by men whose vocation it was to extort, and whose emolument it was to defraud. They were so laid — by poll — that the poor man, paying as much as the rich man, was crushed under a burden which he could not lessen, because he could not vote. Once more Virginia was

under the heel of pitiless power, — of power responsible only to a distant monarch, who lolled in the laps of courtesans, and flung thoughtlessly to titled beggars the rights and properties of thousands, for a new beauty or a purse of gold.

How, then, was Virginia bettered by her struggle against oppression? To overawe her spirits, an armed force had been imposed upon her soil and billeted upon her citizens, and was not disbanded until 1682. The Navigation Act, enforced by a frigate cruiser in their waters, still kept the people poor; the doubling of the Governor's salary, upon the accession of Culpepper in 1680, besides his bonus for house-rent and his perquisites, made them poorer; his unblushing rapacity and inventive extortion made them poorer still, until tobacco fell to a penny a pound, the people lacked the common necessities of life, and it was thought necessary, in 1682, to curb their starving restlessness by new executions on the gallows. The grants to Arlington and Culpepper were not annulled until 1684, when Virginia again became a province of the Crown. Still the system of exaction and oppression went on, and was unmitigated. Colonial office was sought by profligate courtiers, only for the sake of making money; and the British nobleman, too proud and too lazy for honest trade, could stoop to wring from his storehouse the hard earnings of the planter, to defraud the hireling soldier of his wages, to extort exorbitant and even arbitrary fees, and to haggle with his own clerks for a share in their perquisites of office. Not Culpepper only, but his successor, Effingham, and his successors, were taskmasters and pickpockets to the planter,

while the Crown made him a tributary to the tradesman and artificer of London. What did God give England colonies for? To enrich her merchants and her nobles, to be sure! The profit of England was — the colonist's chief end. He was made for it. He could conduce to it. He must work for it. Such, from the beginning, were the axioms of the mother country, and they were maintained for a century longer, until Virginia, with her sister colonies, had disbursed her wealth, and poured out her blood like water, in loyalty to the Crown; until, impoverished and depleted as she was, she drew the sword upon tyranny, and flung the scabbard away.

And the struggle of Bacon and his peers was bootless? Not so. The leaven which they had infused remained. It was hidden, but it wrought. The tyranny which sought to suppress, only diffused it. Even the aristocratic class became affected, and the royalist Burgesses kicked against the goads, even before Bacon had lain in his unknown grave a year; and again in 1681; and yet again in 1685, so vigorously, that James the Second told them to stop "their unnecessary debates, their unquiet dispositions, and their tumultuous proceedings"; and even alarmingly did they repeat their behavior in 1688. The chains not only cut deep into the flesh of the poor, but began to chafe the rich; and they who could savor their banquet with the oil and olives of the Mediterranean, the sugar and the coffee of San Domingo, and the choice wines of Southern Europe, grumbled at the convivial board about the overbearing encroachments of the Crown. Bacon's movement had indeed taught Virginia a lesson of ven-

geance which she long remembered with horror; but it had also given her a relish and a passion for civil freedom which she never lost. If we estimate the events of 1676 only by their immediate results, we err. Their influence did not perish in a day. Every now and then its hidden presence and strength were shown by the bubbling upon the waters, all along the lapse of years while the Stuarts were passing away, and the childless Prince of Orange, and the parricide Anne, and the first and second Georges. The generation taught, for so short a time only, by the youthful patriot to resent and to resist oppression, transmitted their temper with their blood. Not that Virginia had not before been jealous of arbitrary rule. She had long been, and it has been our pleasure to record it. But not until 1676 had she risen up. The babe first balancing upon its feet may fall, and its mishap may make it timid; but it never forgets its discovered power: it yearns for its exercise, until it can run alone.

An intelligent review of the early history of Virginia cannot be made without enthusiastic admiration. It may be questioned whether that meed of honor has yet been rendered to her which is her due. The profligacy and worthlessness of her pioneer settlers, with the exception of a few rare and devoted men, — Smith, and Hunt, and Gosnold, and Percy, — are seldom equalled, never surpassed. But their depravity was their bane. They were but the menial scouts, not the fathers, of the new commonwealth; and when they had done their drudgery, they died. Hardier and better men entered into their labors, —

men who loved the broad wilderness and virgin Nature, not for licentiousness' sake, but for that sense of manhood and healthful freedom which they give; who breathed an untainted air with delight, yet deferred to civil rule as salutary. The alphabet of self-government was, indeed, sent to Virginia by her fosterers in England, who might not use it there themselves. The New World had given her a new instinct; and she learned so rapidly to read and write, that she outstripped her patrons, and *first* framed a Bill of Rights. That which the British Parliament extorted from Charles the First, which historians have venerated and lauded as the original charter of constitutional liberty, was but the successor and the transcript of Virginia's in 1624. Nor was this the only memorable instance in which the aged mother was fain to learn wisdom from the despised and youthful daughter. In 1688, when England was at her wit's end to reconcile her fundamental doctrine of hereditary succession with her craving for a new dynasty; when she had scared James the Second to France; when she was at the crisis of her glorious Revolution, — glorious in its results, though infamous in its prosecution, — she piously compromised with her conscience, her will, and her constitution, and cunningly cut the knot which she could not untie, by declaring that her legitimate monarch *was not*, while he was yet alive and claimed allegiance, — that her realm was kingless, — that *flight was abdication*. Whether absurd or rational, whether a truth or a lie, was not essential. It was gravely adopted by the Convention of 1688-9; for it suited their purpose, it resolved their perplexity. Were they sages above all others?

Although it was a figment, a trick upon common sense, it was an admirable expedient for a worthy end. But *they* did not originate it. Virginia did. Twelve years before, she had done it. When Berkeley had been scared to Accomac, *she* had declared "that flight was abdication." England availed herself of so shrewd a precedent, — for James in France was like Berkeley in Accomac, — and demurely avowed a notion for which she had chastised her daughter. Would she, of herself, have divined so odd a doctrine? "Honor to whom honor."

But Virginia was not only the first to propound to England a Petition of Right, and the first to show her how *she* might make a Revolution. She was the first to tell her bluntly, that tyranny would not do for Anglo-Saxons in America; the first to draw the sword of Liberty, and the first to furnish martyrs. The elder sister of the Colonies, she had sustained the dignity of her birthright. It was meet, therefore, that by her it should first be "proposed" that the Congress of the Colonies should declare their independence. It was meet that by a son of her's that Declaration should be drawn; that from her should arise the Father of the Country, the first chief magistrate of the new republic. And it was also meet, that on her soil, where revolution was first attempted, the grand drama of *triumphant* Revolution should be closed; that where the first blow had been struck for Freedom, there, a century after, should be struck the last; that, on the very spot where Drummond was martyred on the gallows, Cornwallis should surrender to Washington. So God orders.