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The  
First Unibersity in America  
1619 - 1622

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

W. GORDON MCCABE

*President of the  
Virginia Historical Society*

BEFORE

“The Colonial Dames of America in the  
State of Virginia”

MAY 31, 1911

AT DUTCH GAP ON JAMES RIVER

PUBLISHED BY  
THE VIRGINIA SOCIETY OF “COLONIAL DAMES”  
MAY 4TH, 1914.



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# The First University in America

1619-1622.

Remarks of Colonel Jennings C. Wise, introducing Colonel W. Gordon McCabe on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument by the "Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia," May 31, 1911, at Dutch Gap, to commemorate the founding of the First College and University in America.

All but three centuries ago the New World *renaissance* had its birth, an event among the most important in the history of Virginia. Held close to its heaving breast, and encircled by the jealous arms of this noble river, here it was that the cradle of our infant learning was suspended.

It was here, then, that the seed was planted. But, while the tender shoot was cut down before it passed its seedling growth, it was not uprooted—the roots lived on and grew.

Those who have examined the surface only have proclaimed our colonial soil unfertile and barren of the higher influences. But let me say that it was not through the poverty of the soil and lack of cultivation, but due to the ruthless torch of savage ignorance, that the original growth was destroyed.

All but buried in the obscurity of the past, and lost to us forever, this mighty Powhatan, eternal guardian of our destinies, changed its course to bring to light those roots imbedded in its banks, and to-day we are summoned here to crown, with a halo of truth, the living stump from which a myriad of scions have been transplanted.

As the desecration of ancient structures oft discloses historic evidences of the past, so here the invader has uncovered an inscription which all may read—in the words of the Welsh, "*Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*"—"The Truth Against the World."

But who is so well qualified to decipher the history of these ruins as the sage you have invited to address you here to-day? With the matchless Pegram, he once before thundered Virginia's protest. To-day he will again demand Virginia's due, carrying conviction with his voice to the four quarters of the literary world, where he is both known and appreciated.

Several weeks ago I called upon this distinguished scholar. Upon his desk there lay forty pages of closely-penned notes. He informed me that this was the material he had garnered for his address here to-day. Had he been some other I might have quailed at the prospect, but I truly regret that his notes were not more copious, for each phrase, each clause, each sentence will, I am sure, prove a brilliant jewel in the diadem of our historic past.

New England has had her Winsor, her Bancroft, her Swinton, and her Fiske; Virginia has had her Bruce, her Brown, her Stanard, and her Tyler, and then there is one other. In introducing him to you, I liken myself to the pigmy who sang the praises of Gulliver, for the honor it gives me is commensurate with the magnitude of the occasion and the celebrity of the speaker. He really needs no introduction, but I shall avail myself of this opportunity to render my humble encomium, for he is one of the few left of those gallant young artillerists who contributed so much of blood and valor to make the name of Lee immortal. Nor was he, by any means, the least conspicuous among them. The veterans of that army remember him as a boy, but not by anything he has said about himself. For half a century now he has been in the public eye—always champion of Virginia's ideals—the loving chronicler, student, and historian, in prose and poetry, of her peerless past.

She has been his idol, and the love of her has been the inspiration of his good right arm, his brilliant tongue and pen. And now he stands before us a unique and lovable, but almost solitary, figure, in our social and literary life.

His career has been one of singular unselfishness and devotion. In his youth, he was a rare combination of boyish enthusiasm and impetuosity, coupled with the courage, the caution, and the fortitude of age. In mature manhood, he measured up to the full expectations of those who knew him as a boy, and in age he presents the rare spectacle of the freshness, the vigor, the loveliness, of boyhood, after experiences well calculated to destroy all these.

Beginning life at old Hampton Academy, under the gallant Col. John B. Cary, this youth won friends who never forgot him through all life's vicissitudes, and such of them as survive still rally to do him honor on every occasion when they may, for they love him now as they did then, nor has he forgotten them. A mere boy in the Confederate Army, his companions were of Titanic mould—Pegram, Pelham, and Haskell. They were a band of brothers, all engaged in noble self-sacrifice for a cause, and he was the beloved companion and the peer of any of them. They were taken. He was left to consecrate himself to the loving task of preserving their memory. His pen has immortalized them in words of moving eloquence, never once reminding us that the fame of their heroic deeds is but his own.

Behold one who delights in the society of the great, and in whom the great delight, yet was never sycophant nor sybarite. A student, yet not a pedant. A book-worm that loves companionship. A wit that never fails to flash, but never sacrificed the substance of plain common sense to the froth of frivolity. A brilliant satirist, never cynical, and with a heart too true to sting in wantonness. A lover of his fellowman, without the weakness so common to that class. A lover of God, without arrogating the right to censoriousness, and ever remembering that "the greatest of these is charity." And, withal, an eminently practical man of affairs, with a nature, nevertheless, exuberantly sentimental, from which wells up, from time to time, a wealth of poetic fancy and utterance that has charmed thousands and endeared his pen to us all. Such a nature is indeed rare. It could not

exist without a guiding and inspiring faith, and in his love for Virginia may be found the source of his deeds and utterances. His throbbing heart has burst into song and story concerning the deeds of his companions and the story of his native State with the soul-stirring tone of nature's songsters, to which his fellow-citizens have ever listened and been entranced. No matter whether he has told the story of John Smith, or of Spotswood, or of Washington, or of Marshall, or of Lee—no matter the century in which his scene was laid—his song has been of Virginia, and pitched in the key of a worshiper at a shrine. It has ever stirred the noblest impulse in the breast of the hearer, be he friend or foe, and it has gone on until now there is not in all this State a citizen better known, or more honored, or more beloved.

And so, let him compose Virginia's verse, his bardic lyre attune, like those "sky-larks in the dawn of years, the poets of the morn."

Allow me to introduce Colonel W. Gordon McCabe.

## THE FIRST UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA.

*Ladies of the "Society of Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia," and fellow Virginians:*

About this historic spot, where we gather to-day to commemorate a great and beneficent enterprise, which yet failed of fruition because of a sudden stroke of adverse fate—all of us still eager, despite the lapse of well nigh three centuries, to yield becoming meed of admiration and abiding reverence for the enlightened and gallant spirits who conceived this enterprise in wisdom and fostered it with noble generosity—cluster countless memories that must stir the blood of every Virginian "to the manner born"—memories of endurance stern, and splendid constancy and valor—memories more gracious, touched ever with the glamor of romance—and alas! as we must specially recall to-day, memories fraught with mournful glory and charged with tragic gloom.



As we stand here upon this towering bluff where rises in august purity of line this stately shaft and, gazing far a-field across the shining river, drink in the beauty of the historic lowland landscape, touched faintly with a luminous haze that heightens rather than veils the charm and witchery of its appealing loveliness—cold indeed must be the heart, I repeat, that does not thrill at the thought that we stand on ground made consecrate by noble blood nobly shed and glorified by deeds no time can ever touch.

Yet are these sterner memories softened by the more gracious visions of a later time, that rise before the inner eye in gazing on this scene—visions of those jocund days when bluff Virginia squires “kept alight in hearts of gold” by song and hunt and open board the brave traditions of Yorkshire and of Devon, and in their simple, high-bred lives proved them worthy of the goodly heritage bequeathed them by the daring few who first had won and held the land that bore the name of England’s “Virgin Queen.”

Aye! fair, in sooth, the setting for the pious task we reverently essay this day.

Yonder to the West, within the radius of a scant league, suffused in golden mist lies “Wilton,” the stately manor-house of Colonel William Randolph, son of Colonel William Randolph of “Turkey Island,” and father of that Ann Randolph, most radiant beauty of her time, who after much exasperating coquetry finally gave her hand to Colonel Benjamin Harrison, of “Brandon”—“Nancy Wilton,” as she was familiarly known to kinsfolk and intimates—who still smiles archly down upon us from the painter’s canvas with patch on chin and powder on hair, the very pearl of “Colonial Dames.”

Scarce a mile away is “Varina,” so called because the sweet-scented tobacco grown there was rated as worthy rival of the fragrant “Varinas” of Old Spain—the home of Master John Rolfe and his Indian princess-bride, Pocahontas, in the first years of their happy wedded life, and, long after, the scholarly retreat of William Stith, grandson of Colonel Wil-

liam Randolph, Oxford graduate and President of the College of William and Mary, whose erudite yet graphic *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia* remains after the lapse of more than a century and a half one of our prime authorities for the genesis of the colony and its gradual development up to the dissolution of the "Virginia Company."

Eastward, only a few miles lower down, we plainly see "Curls Neck," so called from the "curls" made there by "the King's River," as the James was then called, also owned in chief measure by William Randolph, of Turkey Island, great-grandfather of "John Randolph of Roanoke," and son of that William Randolph who was the common ancestor of three of the most illustrious men in all Anglo-Saxon annals—Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and Robert Edward Lee. At "Curls" too was the home of Virginia's first glorious "Rebel," Nathaniel Bacon the younger who in 1676 led the Virginia yeoman as they flamed out into revolt against the arbitrary exactions of Sir William Berkeley and yielded up his brave young life (though not on field of battle) in defence of those principles that men of his breed and blood had wrested from John at Runnymede—principles identical with those for which just a century later another Virginia "Rebel," George Washington, unsheathed his trenchant blade and for which, more than eighty years after decisive victory on the plains of Yorktown had transformed Washington from "dire Rebel" into "Pater Patriae," a third immortal Virginia "Rebel," Robert Edward Lee, with the point of his stainless sword wrote the name of Virginia and of her Southern sisters afresh in the very "Rubric of Freedom."

And just back of Turkey Island, lies yonder "Malvern Hill," called after the lovely "Malvern Hills" that form the gracious boundary-line between Hereford and Worcestershire in the motherland beyond the seas — "Malvern Hill" and, hard by, "White Oak Swamp" and all those stricken fields which Lee and Jackson and the "thin gray line" have made forever historic by the splendor of their deeds.

But time would fail me to make even barest allusion to all the places that lie so close about us, whose names still weave their magic spell, "whispering the enchantment" (in Matthew Arnold's exquisite phrase) of a by-gone time—each and all, from "Coxen-Dale" to "Drewry's Bluff," pulsing with memories of our mother's great renown in three momentous wars and attesting the instant readiness of her people down through all the centuries, in obedience to "the one clear call" of conscience, to give their all without grudge and without stint whenever freedom is at stake.

Yet glorious as are the crowding memories of the scene, to-day our chief concern is centred on the spot whereon we stand—site of the ancient town this shaft and tablet mark and of the noble enterprise that pure religion and undefiled purposed to dedicate to the service and the glory of Almighty God and that wisest statesmanship had planned for the broad upbuilding of the "budding state."

Here was "Dale's Town," as 'twas called of "common folk," despite its royal name of "Henricopolis," or "Cittie of Henricus," in honor of "the expectancy and rose" of England's "fair state," Henry Prince of Wales, son of James the First and grandson of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots, who, had he lived to reign, had surely averted from his own kingdom at home and from Virginia as well the many tragic vicissitudes that were destined soon to shake the very fabric of the whole realm.

As most of our Virginia histories make even scant allusion to him, surely it becomes us this day to pause a moment at his name.

Though "untimely death," as Shakespeare terms it, snatched him away ere he had rounded out his eighteenth year, he had already become the idol of the nation by reason of his high martial spirit, his extraordinary proficiency in all manly accomplishments (for he was a daring horseman, skilful in "tossing the pike" and "putting the bar," a crack player at tennis and golf, as well as an expert archer), and, in chiefest measure, because of his outspoken frankness that

contrasted so sharply with the subtle duplicity of his crafty father. From early boyhood he was grave and thoughtful—precocious far beyond his years in his intimate knowledge of military and naval matters, strict in his attendance on public worship, and ever bore himself, we are told, with princely dignity.

In a thoroughly corrupt court, he would suffer no coarse stories nor profanity in his presence, yet was he endowed with a fund of quiet humor and possessed of a nimble wit.

Those about him loved him above all for his generous and fearless loyalty to such of his friends as lay under the jealous displeasure of his narrow-minded father.

With Sir Walter Raleigh, the most versatile genius of his time—brilliant soldier, who had won marked distinction on the fields of Jarnac and Moncontour fighting as a volunteer under Coligny on the side of the Huguenots—daring seaman, the peer of Drake and Frobisher and Lord Thomas Howard and picturesquely dubbed by Edmund Spenser “the Shepherd of the Ocean”—presently to be desperately wounded while leading the van in the “War-spite” as the fleet forced the entrance to the bay and captured Cadiz—chemist, physicist, cartographer, archaeologist, statesman, poet and man-of-letters who could hold his own at the “Mermaid Tavern” with Shakespeare and Marlowe and “rare Ben Jonson”—with Raleigh, “Admirable Crichton” of his age, the young Prince was on terms of intimate friendship and regardless of consequences to himself often visited him when confined in “the Tower,” once declaring in an outburst of boyish contempt, “Methinks my father is the only man who would keep such a bird in a cage.”

He had, in truth, nothing in common with that weak, treacherous, and pusillanimous creature, James Stuart, but his whole being throbbled responsive to the old Viking blood that coursed through his veins, coming to him from his mother Anne of Denmark.

Fired by Raleigh’s enthusiastic schemes of colonization, he not only gladly became the first patron of the “Virginia

Company," but, as our historians should note, he was in an especial sense the patron of Dale who had been in close attendance upon him from his infancy to his ninth year.

At the time of his birth, Dale was in the Dutch military service, but almost at once the "States General" sent the doughty old soldier and sailor over to Scotland to become a member of the retinue of the young Prince then in ward at Sterling, and in that capacity Dale served for nearly eight years.

Thus, there grew up on the little lad's side a deep affection for that stern yet kindly veteran of "blood and iron," while the latter cherished for his young master a devotion that was well-nigh romantic in its passionate intensity.

When the Prince was in his ninth year, Dale, who was highly esteemed by the "States General," was summoned back to his military duties in Holland, but Henry never forgot him, and when at the age of sixteen he was created Prince of Wales, June 4th, 1610—the very day, as chance would have it, that gloomy news came of the desperate condition of affairs in this colony—he at once sought and obtained from the Dutch ambassadors (who had come over to England to attend his investiture) a promise to send back to him his trusty old servant for service in Virginia.

Dale having received leave of absence from the States General joyfully obeyed the summons of his young master, arriving in England towards the end of January, 1611. There he remained only a few weeks—just long enough to confer with the members of the "Quarter Court" of the "Virginia Company" as to his instructions, and, incidentally, to marry Elizabeth Throckmorton, cousin of that other Elizabeth Throckmorton who had married Raleigh. In March, he sailed from Land's End.

The colony was, indeed, in a desperate plight, decimated by fever, scurvy, and other diseases. Sir Thomas Gates had gone back to England (July 25th, 1610), but only for a time, to obtain necessary supplies and to urge that more colonists be sent out at once.

Lord De La Warr—the first to be commissioned “Lord Governour and Captaine Generall of Virginia” for life—a pious, sagacious, and prudent executive, whose valor in the Low Countries had proved him worthy scion of that Roger De La Warr who had taken John King of France prisoner on the field of Poitiers—Lord De La Warr had been stricken with malarial fever and, with life trembling in the balance, had sailed away, much against his will, with Argall in April (1611), leaving but 150 survivors at Jamestown. He himself was destined never to return.

He and Dale passed each other on the seas, the latter arriving at Jamestown about the same time that the Lord Governor reached England.

Gates on reaching England had but confirmed the evil tidings that had reached the “Virginia Company,” and De La Warr on his arrival found the Council gloomily weighing the question whether it were not best to “abandon the action” (i. e., the enterprise) and recall the gaunt remnant still left in Virginia.

But ill as he was, De La Warr’s gallant spirit remained unbroken and he besought the Council, having put their hand to the plough, not to turn back, declaring with generous warmth that he would adventure “all his fortunes upon the prosecution of the Plantation.” Stout old Gates vigorously supported him, attesting “with a solemn and sacred oath,” say the “Minutes,” that Virginia was “one of the goodliest countries under the sunne.”

Not a few of us there are, I think, that after three centuries still hold to Gates’ opinion, and it is pleasant to know that some of the De La Warr stanch stock is yet “to the fore” in our “Old Dominion” and that his family name of West is perpetuated to this day in West Point on the York (at first called the “Delaware”), while “Shirley,” the noble old manor-house of the Carters on the James, preserves for us the name of his wife, fair Mistress “Cissellye” Sherley, daughter of Sir Thomas Sherley, whom he married in 1596.

Dale, titularly "High Marshall" but virtually clothed with all the powers of Governor, sailed from Land's End, as we have seen, on March 27th, 1611, and, after a safe voyage, touching at Kicoughtan to put the colonists there to work planting corn, sailed up the river and reached Jamestown on May 29th.

He was soon to be followed by Gates whose title had been changed from "Lieutenant Governour" to "Lieutenant Generall" and who was, of course, his superior.

But it is to be noted by those who read between the lines of the records that even after the arrival of Gates Dale seems to have had with the former's full consent an absolutely free hand in the active direction of affairs, for these two sturdy soldiers had been close comrades in the Low Countries, campaigning together as simple captains in the English contingent employed in the Dutch service and undoubtedly Dale's was the more energetic and masterful spirit of the two, though Gates himself was a very able man.

May I pause just a moment here to observe in passing that Professor John Fiske is utterly wrong in asserting, as he does in his delightful "*Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*," that Gates was in Virginia with Dale only "for a small part of the time." Gates was here for nearly three out of the five years of Dale's service, arriving in June, 1611 and not sailing for home until March, 1614.

Fresh from the records, I have however found so many mistakes in the majority of histories touching this time that it seems rather invidious to single out Prof. Fiske's blunder.

Straightway on his arrival at Jamestown Dale's trained soldier's eye told him at a glance that Jamestown, both from a strategic and sanitary point of view, was an unfit place for the permanent seat of government. In those rude, empiric times there was no Colonel Gorgas with his marvellous scientific sanitation and owing to the surrounding "fennes" and marshes the place was yearly scourged by deadly malarial fevers, while its proximity to the fine roadstead that gave safe

anchorage to sea-going ships rendered it specially vulnerable to the fleets of Spain.

It was, no doubt, this last consideration that weighed most heavily with him, for Spain was ever his "*bête-noire*" and every Spaniard his natural enemy—a veritable "child of the Devil"—and, like Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's stirring ballad of "*The Revenge*," the stout old seaman-soldier could boast that he had "never turned his back on Don or Devil yet."

He knew and all England knew as well (though James Stuart in his eagerness for "the Spanish match" pretended to doubt) that Philip of Spain viewed with growing jealousy and alarm the English settlement in Virginia which, once firmly established, must prove a menacing naval base for harrying his rich possessions in the West Indies and on the "Spanish Main."

His decision once made, Dale's energy was, indeed, phenomenal. In little more than a fortnight of his arrival, he sailed up "the King's River" in June to search for a more salubrious site for the seat of government and finally selected the spot to be known popularly thereafter as "Dale's Town," which he describes as "a high land invironed with the Mayne River, near to an Indian Towne called Arsahattocke—a convenient strong, healthie and sweet seate to plant the new Towne in, from whence might be no more remove of the principall seate."

Returning at once to Jamestown to superintend personally the necessary preparations for building, he came back to this "healthie and sweet seate" about the middle of September (having left Jamestown on a flood-tide, a day and half before), bringing with him 350 picked men who were not only to build the new town and, later, to till the soil, but who, above all, were to garrison what then (mark!) was the *furthest Western outpost of the Anglo-Saxon world!*

Having with his customary energy and foresight already prepared, as I have said, the greater part of the ma-



terial needed, within the extraordinarily brief space of ten days he strongly fortified seven English acres of ground.

"This towne," writes Captain Ralph Hamor in a rich and varied orthography (that, like Byron's prosody at Harrow, is "such as pleases God")—"This towne is situated upon a necke of a plaine risinge land, three parts invironed by the Maine River; the necke of land well impaled makes it like an Ile; it hath three streets of well-framed houses, a handsome Church, the foundation of a better laid (to bee built of Bricke), besides store-houses, watch-houses and such like. Upon the verge of the River, there are five houses, wherein live the honester (i. e., more honorable) sort of people, as Farmers in England, and they keepe continually Centinell for the townes securitie."

Rich corn-lands across the river to the South and West were also impaled and strongly guarded by block-houses and forts, while Dale further strengthened the town against any sudden foray of wily savage from the North by cutting a deep *fosse* across the narrow neck of land already impaled, which *fosse* was called "Dutch Gap," because it was of the same type as those he had been accustomed to construct in his campaigns in Holland.

You must bear in mind that when Dale was thus busy in building and fortifying, Prince Henry was yet alive and well, eager to further to the utmost the moral welfare and material development of the Plantations, and Dale, who was rigidly truthful, took a pardonable pride in writing to him in the middle of January, 1612, within four months of the time when the first timbers were laid, that he had "made Henricus much better and of more worth than all the work ever since the Colony began, therein done."

One pleasant human touch that goes straight to our heart, there is in the midst of his quasi-official letter—when the rugged old soldier, who evidently remembered his young patron's fondness for "the noble and royal sport of falconry" and who himself, like Hamlet, "knew a hawk from a hand-

saw," tells him that he has sent him as a little present "a falcon and a tassall."

Alas, early in November of this same year (1612), the young Prince was suddenly stricken with typhoid fever and passed away within a few days.

So great was the dismay occasioned by this unlooked-for and appalling stroke both here in the colony and at "home" where he was not only "the bright star," as he was termed, of the "Virginia Company," *but the hope of the whole Puritan party*, that it is no exaggeration to declare that Virginia came within an ace of being abandoned at once and forever.

Even Dale himself whose whole heart was bound up in the colony was so crushed by the unforeseen blow that for a time his own nerve gave way under the blighting stroke.

His letter to Mocket, on receiving the tragic news, can scarcely be read by even the coldest after the lapse of three hundred years with undimmed eyes: "My glorious master," he writes, "is gone, that would have ennamelled with his Favours the Labours I undertake for God's cause and his immortall Honour. He was the great Captaine of our Israel, the hope to have builded up this heavenly new Jerusalem. *He interred, I think the whole fabric of this business fell into his grave: for most men's forward (at least seeming so) desires are quenched, and Virginia stands in desperate hazard.*"

But it was only for a brief space that he was so shaken.

Like Caesar he had "wept," yet was his "ambition" of that "sterner stuff" of which Mark Antony speaks, bending over Caesar dead, and resolutely putting aside his poignant personal grief he redoubled his efforts for the saving of the colony—his dauntless spirit discerning in each new difficulty but fresh device.

When news came to him that men of weight at home, some of them high in the councils of the Company, were, as we have seen, seriously meditating the abandonment of his loved Virginia, he bursts out in his rough soldier-fashion in a letter to Sir Thomas Smyth: "Let me tell you all at home

this one thing, and I pray you remember it: if you give over this country and loose it, you with your wisdoms will leap such a gudgeon as our state hath not done the like since they lost the Kingdome of Fraunce.”

“Honor, honor, eternal honor” to the memory of the stout-hearted old hero!

We native-born Virginians, as you all know, are often twitted by the envious, not so blessed in the matter of nativity, with what they are pleased to term our “overweening state-pride.” But listen to Dale (in this same letter) who like Ulysses of old had “seen many men and many cities” and who was the very embodiment of robust common-sense: “I protest unto you by the faith of an honest man, the more I range this country, the more I admire it. I have seen the best countries in Europe; I protest unto you, before the Living God, put them all together, this country will be the equivalent unto them, if it be inhabitant with good people.”

There spoke the seer, as well as the hardy pioneer unwilling to yield his undertaking!

Of Dale’s untiring activities during the critical period from 1611 to 1616, I cannot speak adequately within the limits imposed by a popular address, for in all soberness the story of his career is the story of the colony itself for those eventful years.

Next to John Smith, he was, I hold, the ablest soldier and the most sagacious administrator that came out to Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.

He found the colony well-nigh at its last gasp and left it prosperous and confident.

He was a stern disciplinarian, but he himself yielded the same scrupulous obedience to his superiors that he rigidly exacted from those under him. He was a terror to drones and evil-doers, but that way lay salvation for the struggling Plantation. When his men at Henrico restless under his iron discipline ran away to the Indians, and, after basking awhile in listless laziness, slipped back within the palisades, he promptly shot them, in relentless adherence to the savage

code, "written in blood," that uniformly obtained in the Low Countries.

For this he has been harshly criticized by some historians, but these latter were probably ignorant of the fact that he was only rigidly carrying out his instructions as contained in the "Laws Divine, Moral and Martial," compiled by William Strachey, Secretary of the Company, (at least in part) from the Dutch Army Regulations and sent over by Sir Thomas Smyth for his guidance—a code repugnant, indeed, to our times, but, be it remembered, the very same that the "Iron Duke," two centuries later, pitilessly followed in his immortal "Peninsular" campaign.

Like so many of the valorous captains of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth"—Richard Grenville and Philip Sidney and Lord Thomas Howard—his whole being was saturated with a deep, unquestioning piety and he was as keen in disputation over some perplexing text of Scripture as he was alert in handling broadsword or petronel.

In the pauses of his strenuous life here at "Henricopolis" it was his chief pleasure to row across the river in the evening to "Coxen-Dale" and discuss some nice point in theology with godly "Master Whitaker" who had come out from England with him as his chaplain in the good ship "*Prosperous*."

To sum up: under his administration the Indians had been pacified, the population well-nigh trebled and all the land lay in such smiling plenty that when he was summoned home—presently to command the East India fleet—John Rolfe wrote to the King: "Sir Thomas Dale's worth and name in managing the affairs of this Colony will outlast the standing of this Plantation."

Once again, as a Virginian passionately devoted to his native state, I stand uncovered and reverently salute this great captain and administrator as one of the most illustrious of all "Virginia Worthies."

In the spring of 1616, Dale sailed for England in the "*Treasure*" after five years (to use his own homely words) "of the hardest taske that ever I undertooke and by the bless-

inge of God have with pour meanes left the Collonye in great prosperitie and peace contrary to man's expectation."

With him went Master John Rolfe, "an honest gentleman and of good behaviour," and his young wife ("Pocahontas" by pet-name, "Matoaka" by birth, and "Rebecca" by baptism), very proud of her lusty infant son Thomas and along with them twelve young Indians of both sexes "to be educated in England"—a visit intimately associated with the beneficent scheme that Sandys and other broad-minded members of the Company were to develop, and one fraught with far-reaching possibilities touching both secondary and higher education in Virginia.

You all recall, of course, the wondrous reception accorded Pocahontas in England by both court and people. Lady De La Warr, wife of Virginia's titular "Lord Governour and Captaine Generall," presented her to the Queen who because of her eldest-born, Prince Henry, "so loved and early lost," took an especial interest in the young "Virginia Princess," as she was called—while the great ladies of the court, the Countesses of Bedford and Sussex and Nottingham, following the royal lead vied with each other in their cordial welcome of the gentle and dignified "Emperour's daughter." Night after night routs and receptions were given in her honor and the common folk crowded about her chair at the entrance to the play-house, as she alighted and entered in company with Lord and Lady De La Warr to witness the performance of Ben Jonson's "*Christmas His Mask*."

"*La Belle Sauvage*," in brief, became "the rage of the town," and Purchas, who was present at a great reception given for her by Dr. King, Bishop of London ("with festivall state," he says, "and pompe beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie to other ladies"), declares that she "carried herself as the daughter of a King" and adds that she was "accordingly respected not only by the Company (i. e., the "Virginia Company"), but of divers particular persons of Honour *in the hopeful zeal by her to advanee Christumitie*." It is in these last words that we find the germ of the "budding

hope" that gradually grew into the fixed purpose of founding "a colledge" in Virginia for the conversion and education of the Indians—a purpose, I repeat, that had surely flowered into glorious fruition, had it not been nipped (in Shakespearian phrase) by the "untimely frost" of that woful tragedy of 1622.

Far more significant, indeed, than any social triumphs (which were sure to be showered upon her under such exalted patronage) was this "hopeful zeal," with which the gentle "Virginia Princess" inspired those about her—that is, those of the godlier sort—a "zeal" not diminished by their profound pity for the fate of the poor Indian children brought over with her who unused to the rigors of the harsh English climate faded away one after another though gently cared for under the kindly roof-tree of Sir Thomas Smyth in Philpott Lane.

And this "zeal" naturally became only more intensified by the death within a year (March, 1617) of Pocahontas herself (poor, wistful little figure!), who unexpectedly passed away at Gravesend on the eve of setting sail for Virginia, "having," as Purchas tells us, "given great demonstration of her Christian sinceritie as the fruits of Virginia conversion, leaving here a godly memory."

No doubt she herself in her half-shy, half-direct manner had spoken with the King about this matter that lay so close to her heart, for *within a few days of her burial* James issued his "special grant and license" in a circular letter to the two archbishops of the realm, instructing them to direct the bishops of all the dioceses within their respective jurisdictions to make collections "for the erecting of some churches and schools for ye education of ye children of those Barbarians in Virginia"—the funds when collected to be turned over to the Treasurer of the "Virginia Company."

This may be justly regarded as the real inception of the nobler and broader enterprise.

It was the earliest of several like educational efforts made during the three or four years immediately succeeding the

death of Pocahontas and as there is much confusion and, indeed, contradiction in most of the histories as to the order of these projected foundations, I crave your patience while I give succinctly and in barest outline the chronological sequence of each. The outlines I may fill in at a later time, as I have a mass of notes bearing on the subject taken direct from the records. But this is neither the time nor place for their presentation.

The "Colledge," as I have already indicated, was primarily designed to evangelize the Indians, but the project, once it was taken up by "the Company," gradually grew to be more comprehensive, with the result that Sir Edwin Sandys and his adherents (who at that time dominated the affairs of the Company) set to work to devise a systematic scheme of education for Virginia leading up from free-school to college and, in further time, to university. This was, indeed, looking far ahead and the execution of the plan in its completeness was obviously dependent on the contingency of securing the necessary funds in the future, but the men who evolved the scheme were hard-headed "men of affairs" who believed fully in its ultimate success.

The first step, then, in their matured scheme contemplated the founding of the "Colledge" designed not only "for training Indian children in the true knowledge of God and *in some useful employment*," but also for the education of the sons of the white planters who (as stated later in the "Minutes" as to the "East Indie Schoole") "through want thereof have been hitherto constrained to their great costes to send their children from thence to be taught."

Good schools were also to be established exclusively for white children as the revenues from the endowment increased or as money should come in from donations and bequests.

The "Minutes" of the "Quarter Court" prove that the idea of the ultimate university was never absent from the thoughts of the "committee" charged with the execution of the undertaking, and had the comprehensive plan (embracing

manual instruction for the Indians) been successfully carried through (and remember it came within an ace of achievement), the aim of Armstrong's "*Hampton Institute*" and of Jefferson's University would have been anticipated by more than two centuries.

I. For the establishing of the college (and, in time, of the university) the collections amounted early in 1619 to £1500, equal in our modern currency to roughly \$40,000. To this "the Company" added (I quote the exact words of the "Minutes"): "Ten thousand acres of land for *the University to be planted at Henrico* and one thousand acres for *the Colledge for the conversion of Infidels*"; and, in April of the next year, Master George Thorpe "of His Majestic's Privie Chamber and one of his Councill for Virginia" (whom John Smith calls "that worthy religious gentleman") was sent out to be "Deputy" (or Manager) for the "Colledge lands" which lay on both sides of the river.

Though "the Company" was ordered to erect the college "at once," Sandys and his colleagues like the wise and prudent men that they were resolved to make haste slowly.

Before they began actual work on the college buildings, they rightly wished to feel certain of a stable endowment fund. The 11,000 acres of rich bottom-lands about Henrico, already given by "the Company" for establishing the college and university, would constitute, given a reasonable time for proper cultivation, a magnificent endowment fund, for there grew the finest tobaccos and the cereal crops were almost sure to be abundant. So, as we read in the "Minutes," "it was conceived fittest to forbear building the Colledge awhile, and to begin with the money we have to provide Annuall revennue, and out of that to begin the erection of said Colledge."

Meanwhile, farm-laborers, brick-makers, carpenters, artisans of all sorts, were sent out and put at once to work. Gifts, too, of various kinds had already begun to flow in—gifts of money, of a communion service for the college chapel, of books for the college library—all from modest donors,



who (unlike certain modern philanthropists that shall be nameless) "desyre to remayne unknown and unsought after."

II. The next handsome donation, in order, was a gift of £550 from some unknown benefactor who at the beginning of February, 1620, wrote to the Treasurer of the Company offering this amount "for the educatinge and bringing upp Infidells Children in Christianytie," signing the letter "*Dust and Ashes*."

The letter was referred on February 2nd to a committee, and three weeks later the actual gift was made in a manner highly dramatic and calculated to arouse the liveliest curiosity.

When the "Quarter Court" met on February 22nd, they saw upon the session-table in the room a box addressed to "Sir Edwin Sandis the faithful Treasurer of Virginia" which (I follow the "Minutes") "hee acquainted them was brought unto him by a man of good fashion, who would neither tell him his name nor from whence hee came." The superscription of the letter and that of the box were compared, the writing found to be identical, the box opened, and therein was found in a stout canvas-bag the £550 (equal about \$14,000 in modern currency) in newly-minted gold. "The Southampton Association" added £150 to the donation thus made by the diffident "*Dust and Ashes*" and it was forthwith resolved to establish at "Southampton Hundred" a school for white children, said school (mark you!) to be "*dependent on the Colledge*" and under its control.

III. The third donation for the building of a church or the establishment of a school, was a fund collected by the Rev. Patrick Copeland from among "the gentlemen and mariners" of the "*Royal James*" (of which ship Copeland was chaplain) while she lay at the Cape of Good Hope on her return voyage to England from India.

Copeland having acquainted the "Company" on his arrival in England as to amount and purpose of this contribution, the committee after discussion "conceaved . . . that there was a greater want of a Schoole than of Churches," as

there was already a goodly number of the latter in the Plantation. They therefore resolved to establish with this fund (later increased by other contributions) a school at "Charles Cittie" (the modern "City Point"), "to be called in honour of the donors the '*East Indie Schoole*.'"

I ask your especial attention to the resolutions adopted as to this school at a meeting of the committee on Tuesday, October 30th, 1621: "They (the committee) therefore conceived it most fitt to resolve for the erectinge of a publique free schoole w<sup>ch</sup> being for the education of children and groundinge of them in the principles of religion, Civility of life and humane learninge, served to carry with it the greatest waight and highest consequence unto the Plantations as that whereof both Church and Commonwealth take their originall foundation and happie estate."

Here in his homely "Minute" we have presented to us with pregnant terseness the true aim of all real education—the essential things that must be held fast to in the training of youth, if we would have them become good and useful citizens—all stated with a direct simplicity that is in refreshing contrast to the long-winded platitudes of those who (in the *argot* of this XXth Century) pride themselves on the hideous name of "Educators" and who mouth their banalities as to "The Relation of Education to the State" with a profundity of pinchbeck "wisdom" as if one inquired of an oracle of God.

But to prove beyond successful cavil that the committee proposed that these schools should be feeders to the college at Henrico, which should gradually raise its standards and thus pave the way for the university, I pray you listen closely to another paragraph of this "Minute": "It was also thought fitt that this as a Collegiate or free schoole should have dependence upon the Colledge in Virginia, w<sup>ch</sup> shall be made capable to receive Schollers from the Schoole into such Scollerships and fellowships as the said Colledge shall be endowed withall for the advancement of schollers as they arise by degrees and desertes in learninge."

It is a pleasant thought that we owe this fund indirectly to Dale, who had kindled Copeland's active interest in Virginia while the latter was serving under him in the East Indies, where the valorous old soldier-sailor fell on heroic sleep at Masulipitan on the Coromandel Coast in August, 1619. When Queen Mary of England lay a-dying, her pride broken by the loss of Calais to the French, she said to her waiting-women, we are told, "When I die, Calais will be found written on my heart." So, in different and nobler fashion, was it with Dale. Virginia was ever the darling thought of his dauntless old heart. Far away under Eastern skies, that heart was ever in the West, and in one of his last letters, penned at Jacastra in the summer of 1619, he says wistfully: "I shall be glad to hear how Virginia prospers."

Quite aware that I lay myself open to Falstaff's retort to Prince Hal, "O, thou hast damnable iteration," I repeat that the "Minutes of the Virginia Company," as well as other documents and letters of the time, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the truth of my contention—that Sandys, assisted by the sagacious counsels of Southampton and Nicholas Ferrar the younger, worked out a well-devised and well-rounded scheme for graded education in the colony from elementary school to university, the baldest outlines of which I can only sketch in this address, reserving the details for presentation elsewhere.

This systematic scheme could not have been entrusted to abler hands nor could there have been a happier combination of practical "business sense," genuine culture and high educational ideals than we find in the small group of men charged with the framing and execution of the plan.

Of this group it is noteworthy that Sir Edwin Sandys and Sir Dudley Digges were Oxford men who had carried off university honors and that the Earl of Southampton and the younger Ferrar were graduates of Cambridge; while associated with them were such "merchant princes" ("merchant-adventurers," they called themselves) as John Ferrar, Deputy Treasurer of "the Company," and Sir John Wolstenholme,

both of whom were distinguished among their fellows, far beyond their wealth, for their hard common-sense and administrative ability.

Of these Sandys is unquestionably the dominant figure, not alone as regards this special scheme and the general conduct of Virginia affairs, but in the broader field of the great struggle for civil and constitutional liberty that had even then begun, though as yet under the surface, in English politics. Scholar, author, orator, statesman, shrewd "man of affairs," his is always the sure touch of the trained hand that has back of it a trained mind and a fearless spirit; nor can any true Virginian ever forget that it was in chiefest measure at his instance that instructions (already ratified by the "Quarter Court," November 28th, 1618) were sent out to Sir George Yeardley to summon an Assembly of Free Burgesses to meet at Jamestown, July 30th, 1619—the first popular legislative assembly convened in the "New World" and one that met and exercised legislative functions *more than a year before the "Pilgrims" sailed from Southampton in the "Mayflower."*

Though Sandys was titular "Treasurer" only for a single year (declining renomination in 1620 lest his continuance in the high office might jeopardise the interests of "the Company" because of the intense animosity the king cherished towards him—the latter saying vindictively to the deputation from "the Company" that waited on him humbly begging the withdrawal of his objection to Sandys' candidacy: "He is my greatest enemy—choose the Devil, if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys"—though Sandys, I say, was titular "Treasurer" but for a single year, Gardiner one of the greatest of modern historians who knows that time with a breadth and accuracy that few may pretend to declares that his tenure of the Treasurership "*made 1619 a date to be remembered in the history of English colonization.*"

But as a matter of fact long before and long after he was nominally "Treasurer," he was practically "the power

behind the throne" and his voice consistently the most potent voice in shaping and controlling the destinies of Virginia.

On June 28th, 1620, he was succeeded as Treasurer by Henry Wriothesly third Earl of Southampton, with the younger Ferrar as Deputy—both staunch adherents of his.

Southampton—ward of the "Virgin Queen" in early boyhood—friend in his young manhood of the gallant and unfortunate Essex under whom he served in the expedition against Cadiz, later on taking part in the latter's hapless mad-brained "rising"—the friend too and only patron of Shakespeare who first dedicated to him his "*Venus and Adonis*" and, a year later, his "*Lucrece*" in such burning words of passionate devotion as savor to the modern ear of romantic extravagance—rarely accomplished in "polite letters" and marvellously handsome with his deep-violet eyes and long auburn love-locks "softer than the finest silk" (we are told) falling over his shoulders—the darling of the court-ladies (especially of that radiant beauty, Mistress Elizabeth Vernon)—Southampton was yet no languorous "carpet-knight," no mere plutocratic "Maecenas" of men-of-letters, but a sagacious statesman and liberal promoter of colonization, while he had proved himself in the Low Countries an intrepid soldier whose "forward spirit" (as his friend Shakespeare hath it) ever "lifted him where most trade of danger ranged." A fearless champion of the imperilled interests of Virginia, he generously dared all to frustrate the king's purpose to take into his own hands the government of the colony in 1624 and six weeks after his efforts to thwart his "royal master" had proved of no avail left England to take service again in Holland where he (as well as his eldest son and heir) perished of fever within a few months.

Nor may I pause to sketch even in outline the beautiful life of his Deputy, Nicholas Ferrar the younger, whose delicate scholarly face, ethereal in its sweet asceticism and touched with a radiance not of this world, shines upon us

across the centuries from the canvas of Janssen yonder at "Magdalene," Cambridge, with the rapt expression of some transfigured mediaeval saint.

Of the many debts of gratitude that we Virginians of to-day owe these two last is the transcription of the "*Records of the Virginia Company*" that Ferrar made, at the instance of Southampton, with phenomenal industry and rapidity when the unexpected demand came from the King for all the original papers of "the Company."

[This transcription long remained in the Southampton family, was finally purchased from the executors of the fourth Earl by William Byrd (the second) of Westover, later on came into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, and finally acquired by the Library of Congress was published in 1906 in two stately volumes].

To return from this apparent digression which is yet not irrelevant.

All things seemed propitious for the success of the plan which the robust common-senses of these practical altruists assured them was no visionary scheme.

True, during the three years, no brick had been laid nor timber "squared" for the erection of school, college, or university, but that was because, as we have seen, of the sagacious resolve of Sandys and his colleagues not to begin work (save in the case of the "*East India School*") until the fertile lands that constituted the chiefest part of the endowment should have been put under systematic cultivation, thus ensuring the certainty of a substantial "Annuall Revennue."

But the preparations were well in hand—the brick-makers under contract—the tenants engaged in clearing new ground and in planting corn and tobacco—the Rev'd Patrick Copeland elected as first "Rector of the College"—masters and ushers engaged for the schools—when suddenly on that woful morning of Good Friday, 1622, the bolt shot from the blue.

"The Great Massacre" (as it came to be known), planned by Opechancanough with devilish treachery and cunning,

burst upon the unsuspecting settlements up and down and on both sides of the river like a very "besom of destruction."

I must send you to the pages of Smith and Purchas and Stith and others for the gruesome details. It suffices to state briefly that nearly one-third of the colonists were slain, no age nor sex spared, and no revolting element of fiendish ferocity lacking.

Among those who perished were six "Councillors," including the gentle and pious Thorpe who had already incurred no little sharp criticism from some of Dale's veterans because of his extraordinary benefactions and weak indulgences to the Indians.

The news did not reach London until near the middle of July and it seems the very irony of unmixed tragedy that at the very time when the gaunt survivors of the butchery lay starving within the palisades of settlements from Henrico to "Martin's Hundred"—hollowed-eyed, stern-faced men a-watch day and night with trusty matchlocks hard at hand, and pallid women clutching in fitful slumber their babies to their breasts, their nerves a-tingle with dread suspense lest the wild war-whoop, rising higher and ever higher in shrill *crescendo*, should rend the mid-night sky—that at that very time there was being held in London under the auspices of "the Company" a special "Thanksgiving Service" at Bow Church in Cheapside, whither came in their sedan-chairs smiling dames in gowns of stiff brocade and petticoat of taffeta, shod in velvet shoon, escorted by gallants from Soho or St. James's Square in slashed doublet, with "falling bands" of richest lace, and verdingale breeches and gartered "Venetian hose," or perhaps by rich merchants from Bishopsgate and Lombard street in dress of soberer cut and hue—all to hear that fluent divine the Reverend Patrick Copeland ere he took ship for Henrico pronounce his eloquent discourse on "*Virginia's God be thanked, or a Sermon of Thanksgiving for the Happy Successes of the Affayres in Virginia this last yeare.*"

I have myself read that sermon not so long ago and the only comment that can be made rises unbidden, "O Iago, the pity of it," the pity of it!

Only a few more words and I have done.

The "Massacre" was indeed a direful blow but it was not necessarily fatal.

The colonists took heart again as men of pure Anglo-Saxon strain ever do and after exacting the blood debt from the savages to the uttermost drop set themselves resolutely to the task of rebuilding their waste-places; while "the Company" (which means Sandys and the men I have mentioned) paraphrasing St. Jerome's immortal aphorism that "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church" wrote out heartening words of cheer (with promises of instant help) to the Governor and Council, saying that "they saw such a disposition in Men's minds as made them think that this Addition of Price had endeared the Purchase, and that the Blood of their People would be the Seed of the Plantation."

But within two years when skies were brightening again and high hopes once more enkindled came the final and irreparable stroke—far more blighting than "the Great Massacre"—*the revocation of the Charter and dissolution of "the Company."*

"Touchstone," as you all remember, in one of his saucy quips to "the melancholy Jaques" in "*As You Like It*" says that there is "much virtue in *If*" and one cannot help revolving in one's mind what would have been the probable outcome of this noble educational enterprise "if" Prince Henry had lived and "if" Dale in consequence had been kept in active command in Virginia. Certainly under the iron discipline of Dale who was feared alike by feckless colonist and treacherous red-skin and who was more than a match for the wily Opechancanough, there would have been none of the criminal carelessness on the part of the settlers in allowing the Indians to run in and out of their houses at all hours—none of the well-meant but foolish "indulgents" of the savages on the part of his kinsman, pious Mr. Thorpe, no slack-



ness in the ceaseless vigilance which he exacted alike of officers and men—perhaps no massacre at all.

Prince Henry, as fondly loved by court and common-folk as James Stuart was secretly hated, would possibly have been strong enough to stay the hand of his avaricious father when stretched out to destroy “the Company” of which the Prince was the enthusiastic patron—no more likely to be deluded than were Sandys and Southampton by the specious pretense of the royal hypocrite that it was their mismanagement of the affairs of the “corporation and not his own insatiable greed of money that actuated him in his course.

Possibly! possibly! Who knows?

Such surmisings—such “might-have-beens”—belong to the realm of dreams—but even the most determined dryasdust who can read between the lines, will pause and dream at times!

Here ends my task, for it is not within the purview of such an address as this to consider the educational foundations that came later on in this and in the succeeding century.

No matter how robust our faith that “all things work together for good”—no matter how reverently we “bow before the Awful Will,” as brave old Thackeray sings—I think that despite the abundant educational blessings that have come to us in the fulness of time most of us must ever feel a poignant regret that untoward fate wrested from our mother-state the abiding honor and glory of having within her borders the first permanent college and university in the Western world.

As our own illustrious historian, Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, eloquently declares in his monumental *“Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century”*: “Virginia in such an institution would have possessed a foundation that would have been clothed with the deeply romantic interest thrown around the colleges of the Old World by the beautifying touch of time and by the glorious achievements of their sons on every stage of action through a succession of centuries.”





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