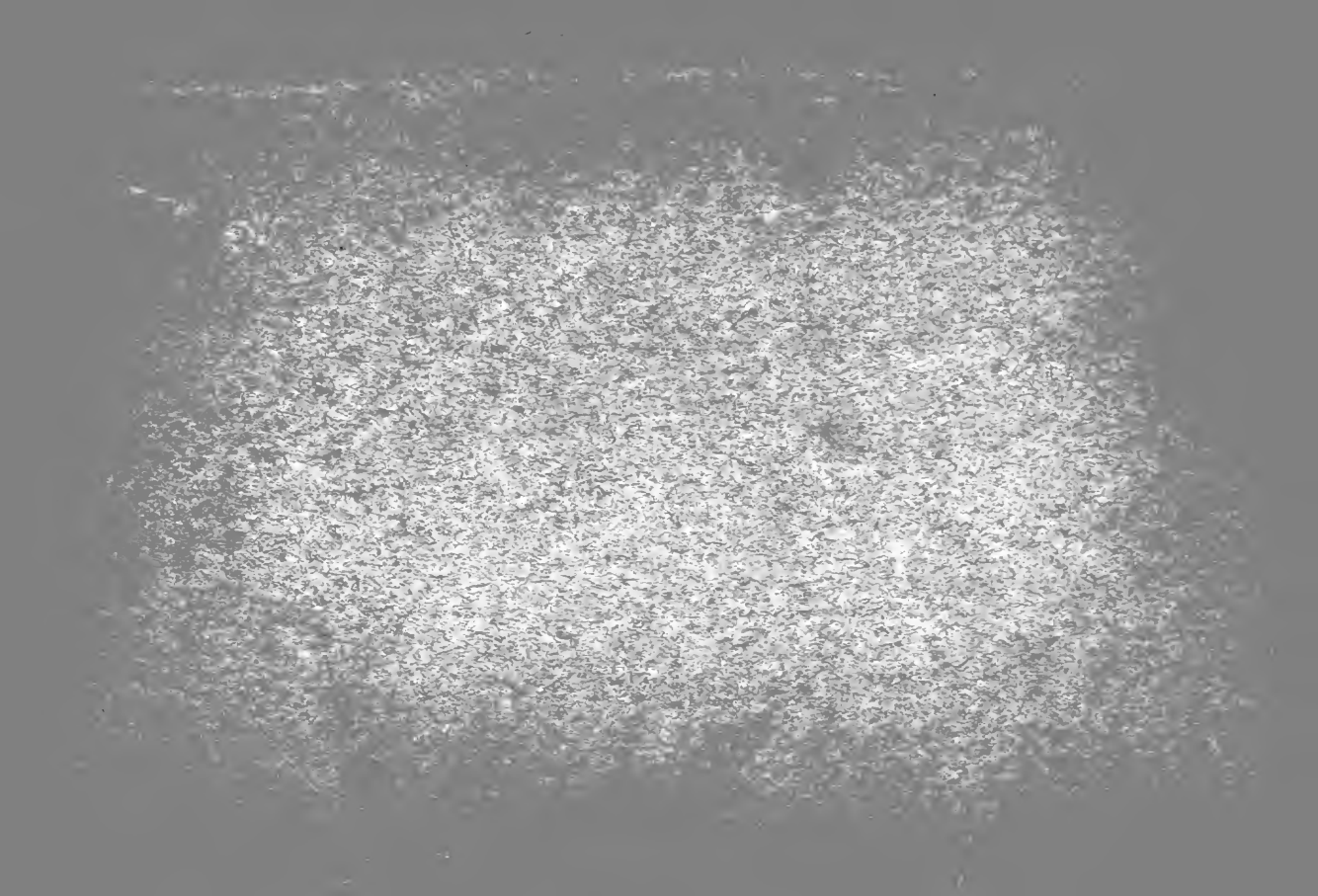

Shreds and Patches of Virginia History

Mildred Beatty Pierce

DONE INTO PRINT BY THE ROYCROFTERS
AT THEIR SHOP, IN EAST AURORA, N. Y.

SHREDS AND PATCHES OF HISTORY

FOUND MOSTLY IN VIRGINIA

By

MILDRED BEATTY PIERCE

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PREFACE

LOWELL has said that "It is a high inspiration to be the near neighbor of great events."

This strip of Virginia, of which Old Point Comfort is the tip, has been nearer than a neighbor to great events. It has been right at home—has furnished the arena for actions crucial, pivotal and of an ultimate importance to affect all Christendom.

It comes in the nature of a surprise to many people that this peninsula rightfully wears the highest honors ☙ Three wars, consequent losses and privations, and many fires have sacked the old libraries of this section and denied posterity much of its history which was never fulsome. The Adventurers were not primarily occupied in compiling data nor were they unduly interested in being the first. They were out for gold and made up in daring and romance whatever they may have lacked in statistics. Later generations revered Virginia history; but they were not engaged in writing it, talking it, preaching it; they were in the main pleasure-loving and ease-taking and carried no troublesome conscience concerning to-morrow. Consequently the adventure, fantasy, fortune, hardship, peril, famine, devastation, massacre, the initiative, the ceremony and the victories supreme, have not been needlessly heralded and are but vaguely recalled.

The country at large is discovering the landmarks here, on this peninsula, pre-eminent in American History, and is anxious to visit and to learn. There is seldom the time, the inclination nor the opportunity to consult the histories, scattered and usually voluminous; and, yet, there is a desire for something authentic and fuller than the province of the guide book permits. So,—these little sketches are presented. They have been written after, not one journey, but many, to the places and there I have taken the pictures of the historic sites. Every effort has been made to verify through these personal visits and study of the authorities.

¶ I desire to make acknowledgment to Mr. George F. Adams, for it was he who suggested to me to make these excursions and write them for *The Cavalier*, in which they were first printed, practically as they appear here. The historians consulted include: John Smith—History, Stith, Meade, Fiske, Campbell, Wilson, Yonge, Tyler, Cooke, Goodwin, Ford and others.

To that sweet Virginian, Mary Corling Dunlop—who has ever seemed to me to be the reincarnation of the Colonial belle, Mollie Ball of Lancaster, "verry sensable, Modest and Loving"—I dedicate these Shreds and Patches of History.

M. B. P.

Shreds and Patches of History

"Eastward Ho!"

Seagull. I tell thee that gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans are pure gold and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the seashore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their children's caps as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em. And then you shall live freely there without sergeants or courtiers or lawyers. Then for your advancement, there it is simple and preposterously mixed—you may come to preferment enough —to riches and fortune enough and have never the more villainy nor the less wit. Besides there we shall have no more law than consciences, and not too much of either; serve God enough, eat and drink enough, and enough is as good as a feast.

Spendall. God's me! and how far is it thither?

ED upon such fancies it is small wonder that the popular mind grew feverish with excitement and enthusiasm to colonize the fair, new lands of Virginia. This comedy of *Eastward Ho!* had a record run in 1605, and was given to the public in book form, just three hundred years ago, when, to satisfy the demand, four editions were exhausted between the first of September and the end of that year.

Ben Jonson had collaborated with Chapman and Marston to produce the play and the erroneous title tells the prevailing belief that America was

tied to the Orient. *Seagull* and *Spendall* were characters in the play. The quotation is from their nightly recitations which thrilled the London audiences. The dialogue is vibrant yet with the invitation to a vision-land which fetters its prisoners with gold and has no overplus of law or conscience. The impulse is to exclaim with *Spendall:* "God 's me! how far is it thither?" Let 's away!

Bearing such pictures in their minds, to what cruel disappointments and appalling disasters were they doomed, who sought the new country! What centuries and generations between the pledge of a wonderland and its fulfillment!

The first score years of settlement—anything but settlement—were a repeating record of devastation and decimation. As the results of folly, famine and massacre, the almost complete annihilation of the colony is told again and again, during twenty years of persistent effort. Before the Pilgrim Fathers had stepped upon Plymouth Rock, near fourteen thousand had been the number of those coming over to the Virginia settlement. When the Indian massacre was over, in 1622, nine hundred and eleven were the pitiful remnant with which a fresh start was made. The destiny of the colony hinged frequently upon such dramatic turns as would defy the most daring playwright. The follower of their fortunes grows to a reverent understanding that these people "should be the means under God" to a power which should affect all Christendom.

¶ America is greater, better and richer, than *Seagull's* boasting speech, though not so foolishly expressed. "In the windowless palace of rest" for three hundred years the Adventurers have slept; the James River has reached over a part of the Island to draw within her embrace certain of the sites of the dwellings of those first settlers, who, indeed, "builded better than they knew."

It is pleasing that in fancy we may make the voyage and be with them when the joyful start was made down the Thames. It was a great day for even so blase a city as London. The throngs of people pressed to the farthest edge of the docks to shout hurrahs and bid "God Speed!" Dryden was on hand with some verses which would never have been remembered for any merit of their own; but he brought to rhythmic measure the favorite sentiment that Virginia was "Earth's only paradise." Of the company on board ship there was none to be long esteemed, save John Smith. Captain Christopher Newport was in command of the little fleet, which was a blunder to begin with; a better man was along in Bartholomew Gosnold, brave seacaptain. Evidently there was some royal pull which had supplanted Gosnold, who, by reasons of his energy in exploiting the venture and in having previously shortened the distance by a direct sailing to the American shore, was entitled to be honored as admiral of the fleet. But, Newport was in charge of the three ships, the Susan Constant, the

Good Speed and the Discovery; they sailed south, the old course, by way of the Azores and consumed nearly six months from the day of leaving, Saturday, December 20, until the landing at Jamestown. They came within the Capes late the following April and skirted these shores until the second week in May, when they set sail up the James.

Whether is was a bit of cowardice, fearing the discord; or a stroke of diplomacy; or a love of mystery; that King James sent them afloat with sealed orders, is not easily determined. Whatever the purpose, the fact furnished another picturesque incident when the landing was made at Cape Henry, the cross set up and the box opened. The Adventurers could not wait until they should reach a place for settlement; but, the first available point of American shore was selected to enable them to satisfy their curiosity. With delicate compliment they called the place after the Prince and named the twin strip of land to the north, after Prince Charles. With what eagerness must they have opened the box containing their instructions! Whatever of chagrin or discontent they may have felt—there was only to obey—"The King can do no wrong."

There has always been a question of the judgment which induced them to select the Island of Jamestown, then a peninsula, as the place of settlement. The letters preserved, which the gentlemen did

write, advise that by the order of the King, they were to go well inland to avoid molestation by the Spaniards. By the configuration of the then peninsula, they were able to "moor their ships to the trees in six fathoms of water." This point, thirty-two miles from the mouth of the James, appeared best to meet the requirements of the king and the colonists, and there the landing was made on May 13, 1607, and in honor of his Majesty, they called the place "James Towne."

From start to finish, the Adventurers seem not to have done the thing they had planned. The first intention was to found the colony on the island of Roanoke, where "Croatan," the unsolved enigma of early American history, was carved upon the guide-post tree. A storm drove the little fleet into the waters of the present Hampton Roads and the mariners accepted the guidance of fate or Providence, as belief may be, and sailed up the James River.

It was well where so much of ill was to befall, that the first sight of the land was fair; that the trees swung from their arms a tapestry of leaves, through which the sun burned in spots of gold; that the turf unrolled to the river's edge, a mat of velvet green, that the flowers stood sweetly by, lifting cups over-spilling with perfume; that the birds chanted a choral service; that the pines, solemn and stately, intoned a blessing, while from the bearded bloom of their boughs was breathed an

incense on the air; that the river challenged the sky for color—mute witnesses both of unknown days—in fact, it was May in Virginia! If there a dusky face appeared, it was in the background and the Adventurers were well come to this new land. ¶ It will be a long time before "James Towne" will again present so charming a scene; it is a pleasure to linger now with the Adventurers—there were for them so few joy days and so many calling for anguish and lamentation. It is easy to imagine how they must have rushed hither and yon, eager to see and do all at once—and the marvel of the unfamiliar! The first duty was to praise God. No skill of man ever framed more fitting temple than that cathedral in the virgin woods, when the trees stood apart that aisles might be, an old sail stretched above afforded the shelter for the congregation, and "a bar of wood nailed between two trees" served as a reading desk for the devout Mr. Hunt. Surely the angels, "ministers of grace," were very close to the worshippers, kneeling there in the great primeval forests with all the elements of the unknown surrounding. There the colonists met every night and morning and twice on Sundays until the church was builded. The trees were felled first to make a clearing for the fort and later, the houses were put up within, ranging side by side, in angular fashion. They were thrown hastily together and thatched with reeds.

The Council was composed of six men, named by

The tree has spread its trunk as a protecting cloak about the tomb—*See page 23*

the King. Men of good family, yes—but totally unfitted by nature or training for their duties. Barring Smith and Gosnold, it was the Council of the Incapables. Gosnold fell an early victim to the deadly fever, and the miserable jealousies of the others because of Smith, had made him their prisoner, thrown under arrest on shipboard, charged with seeking to make himself "King of Virginia." Edward Maria Wingfield was chosen president. He had to his credit the reputation of having done some good fighting in the Low Country wars with Spain; but, he has very much to his discredit, the most of all, that he had planned to seize the only remaining ship of the colonists and flee the country. John Kendall was the instigator of the move. The early American jury found this councilman guilty and administered summary punishment; he was shot. Wingfield was deposed. John Martin deserted and John Ratcliffe was a wicked disturber of the peace. Released from all restraints of family and traditions, the metal of the men was tested. The old letters of the Adventurers, which were compiled by John Smith, and left a priceless legacy for future generations, leave no chance to misunderstand the character of these councilmen. The accounts have all the more value since they were written freely without any thought of public sentiment, then or thereafter. There is no whimpering for popular favor to be found in these epistles —they were impelled by the merciless truth of the

tragic situation, and they called a spade, a spade. ¶ In all the musty research there is great reward —perhaps no one thing more gratifying than that our child-worship of John Smith may stand; the study reveals him incomparable! It would require a volume to tell the resources, the unfailing courage, the fascinating romance of John Smith, Gentleman. Those who have delved deepest into the past and have scrutinized every act and searched every record of the Virginia Colony, have not felt it too much to say that had John Smith failed the colony, then had our Republic never been. And too, the story of Pocahontas holds good—better than our belief!

I spent hours, days, in the libraries studying these people, long since buried with part of their city, under the swift current of the James. I read every available thing written concerning this first settlement; and went back again and again to pore over the letters which the Adventurers had written. They became personal appeals to my sympathies. Through an intensified interest, I lived with them, was one of them. I worshipped with them under the old sail, I walked their few streets and ventured not far without the fort for fear, for deadly fear of the Indians. I helped to build the shacks, kindled the fires on these first hearthstones, was parched by the fevers, escaped the fires and massacres, lost my head with them in digging yellow dirt for gold, watched wistfully for the returning ships

with supplies, starved with them—from very frenzy of thought I would rush from my desk to escape the conviction that I was one of five to share "a pint of barley sodden in water"; and rid me of the terror that my famished neighbor might kill me and eat me. I looked with wonder upon my present associates and environments—where were my Adventurers and the attending miseries of "The Starving Time"? The rapid transit of thought! I had spanned three hundred years and was back again in our own period of plenty.

But, I wished to go to Jamestown. I wanted to step upon the ground, to localize in my mind the place of landing. It was a needless fear which I had harbored that a present civilization might have over-builded and that memory must look through and beneath toppling towers of commercial progress to see the humble homes of the first colonists. Almost as silent and lone as then, now is the place. Posterity was careless of a precious trust. Long unhindered, the mighty current of the fast flowing river had crumbled the earth and dropped the fragments to the bed of the stream until several acres of the island have been obliterated, while the stretch which bridged it to the mainland has so long been engulfed that it has escaped remembrance to say when. Scarred and broken gravestones, a mouldering tower and the disintegrating foundations, are the pathetic decay of the desolate mecca.

Depopulation seemed the fate of Jamestown; for, when the Indians had been driven westward beyond the power to terrify, the unhealthfulness of the place still obtained. With the establishment of other towns, the exodus began and the popularity of Williamsburg, the near-by Colonial Capital, drew to that center until but a handful remained, and finally two planters were alone in possession of the deserted city. The removal was complete in about the year 1700, and then the plough overturned the land and the streets were lost in the fields of waving grain. The acres about the church tower were left unprotected but not obliterated. By the extinction of the congregation the churchyard had reverted to the state. The island passed through several ownerships, finally to that of Mrs. Barney, widow of the late Mr. Edward E. Barney. By deed of gift, May 3, 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Barney conveyed to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities the twenty-two and one-half acres roundabout the historic tower. This society had, the previous year, acquired the rights to the tower and churchyard, through an act of state legislation.

This Association has made noble efforts to preserve, protect, and as far as possible, to restore the fragmentary records as left in ruins and graves. So revered to them is their work that the dust of the several excavations has been literally sifted through their fingers, lest some precious evidence be lost. The

excavations are revealing treasured data whereupon to rebuild the buried city. Our Government has been interested to the extent of placing a retaining-wall, resisting the inroads of the river and protecting the Island from further encroachment.

The first church which John Smith described as "a homely thing like a barn, set upon crotchetts, covered with rafts, sedge and earth," was destroyed by fire in January, 1608, when most of the houses of the settlement went for kindling wood. Repairs were quickly made and probably there was solemnized the first English marriage on American soil, that of Anne Burras and John Laydon; and a year later witnessed the christening of their daughter, Virginia. Lord Delaware arrived in 1610, and set straight about renovating and improving the church. The record is that it measured sixty by twenty-four feet. The excavations have exposed the foundations of three churches, one within the other; the innermost gives evidence of being this church of timber, where all "the pews were of cedar, with fair, broad windows also of cedar, to shut and open as the weather shall occasion. The font was hewn hollow like a canoe. The church was so cast as to be very light within, and the Lord Governor caused it to be kept passing sweet, trimmed up with divers flowers. Every Sunday, when the Lord Governor went to church, he was accompanied by all the councilors, captains, other officers, and all the gentlemen, and with a guard

of fifty halberdiers in his lordship's livery, fair red cloaks on each side and behind him. The Lord Governor sat in the choir on a green velvet chair, with a velvet cushion before him, on which he knelt, and the council, captains and officers sat on each side of him, each in their place, and when the Lord Governor returned home, he was waited on in the same manner to his house." Fancy the pomp and ceremony of the vanished past of the fated first city!

Four years later than this spectacular church-going of his lordship, was the marriage of the American princess, Pocahontas, to the widower, John Rolfe, whose love for her had caused "a mighty war in his meditations." Still three years later the colonists had neglected their church for the culture of tobacco. Again repairs were made, and in 1619, Sir George Yeardley called in convention the first legislative assembly in America and the body of law-makers sat in the choir of the church. Twenty years after that, the plan for a brick church was executed, 1639. To this building, Bacon applied the torch in the Rebellion of 1676; the charred debris of the fire is in evidence under the floor of the church and even the sexton's tools have been found by the excavators. The ruins of the brick foundations of a row of buildings, showing steps of cellars, have also been unearthed, which fit in to corroborate the belief that "the one farthest from the river was the State House in existence in 1676,

and where Nathaniel Bacon contested with Sir William Berkeley and which was afterward burned by the Rebel and his forces."

Between the graves of Dr. James Blair, "Commissary of Virginia, and sometime minister of this parish," and that of his wife, Sarah Blair, a sycamore shoot crowded its way up, separating the tombs and finally shattering them. The growing tree carried with it a portion of the tombstone of Mrs. Blair to a height of ten feet in the air, firmly fastened, while clasping the boxing of the tomb in its trunk. The stone was dislodged a few years ago. During the Jamestown Jubilee, in 1807, this freak of nature was noted and recorded. The tree, now grown to gigantic height, has spread its trunk as a protecting cloak about the tomb and stands the sentinel of the ancient churchyard. Mrs. Blair was the daughter of "Col. Benjamin and Mrs. Hannah Harrison of Surrey. Born August ye 14, 1670, married June ye 2, 1687, and died May ye 5, 1713, exceedingly beloved and lamented," is the record by epitaph. This was the Harrison family which was later to give two presidents to the United States.

Happily the patriotism to preserve Jamestown Island, was aroused before the river, rebuking the neglect of generations, had reached quite over the island to hide within her bosom the site where the Adventurers had made their landing, builded their churches, had given in marriage, buried their

dead, had instituted trial by jury, had made the first contribution to American literature and had convened in first legislative assembly—all before the Mayflower had sighted the barren coast of New England.

A Modern Pompeii

IT was not a molten stream from the burning pit of some smouldering volcano, which overswept this New World Pompeii, recently excavated—far from that! Nor, did modern progress ever demand the site for any vertical city of skyscrapers. Without conscious purpose on the part of man, the wasted island has remained a single choice and consecrated to its cradle destiny. ¶ A sacrifice to utility, this first English city in America, was obliterated by the ploughshare and buried under fields of waving corn. It was not effaced in a moment, in the midst of affairs, in the zenith of its glory—for small glory did the miserable beginning of anything so great as is America, ever enjoy! Even in its palmiest days, Jamestown was scarce more than a stopping place of officials on duty there and an aggregation of public buildings. Then was the time of the real country places; there was the whole wilderness to draw upon and

A Monarch Sycamore Stands Sentinel of the Old Jamestown Churchyard—*See page 18*

Monolith of the Lonely Island is the Old Church Tower of Jamestown

no one to oppose save the Indians. The boundary of Virginia then reached from ocean to ocean, east and west, and by its charter claimed two hundred miles to the north and two hundred miles to the south of Old Point Comfort.

In the waning light of a single century, "James Citty" succumbed to repeated disasters, disintegration, and finally yielded up the seat of government to proud little Williamsburg, which has come down to us a toy court, long reflecting the ceremonial of the mother country. The town of the Adventurers became mellow for the seed of corn and history. The current of the James encroached and there was a double menace to any preservation of the landing place of John Smith and the first permanent English settlement.

Measured by the ripened ages of the Old World, three hundred years is but a brief period from which to review the beginning—a beginning that is neither vague nor mythical. There is with us the singular advantage of a nation which is the outgrowth of a matured, developed and Christian people—there is no harking back to obscurity, nor any figment of fancy, nor any evolution of a race. Yet, they were very careless of any record ❧ A haphazard collection of letters, written by the Adventurers, and compiled by John Smith, that hero, who, had he lived in the according period had been dignified with the attributes of a god, is our first authority. The memory of man failed.

Tradition played tricks with truth ☙ The evidences through remaining buildings were destroyed because of the scarcity of material, which was carried elsewhere, while the foundations of the deserted place were soon hidden beneath the fertile fields. Little was left to remind, and for a long while it was not cared to recall the step-stone where so many had faltered and fallen, and where so much that was ill had overtaken ☙ Thus, Jamestown slipped from remembrance and almost from the map; until, suddenly, we have awakened to an appreciation of everything pertaining to that first venture, which, estimated in results, is America, a Wonder Nation.

Within the three intervening centuries much has been irrevocably lost. Still, a great deal that was believed effaced has been retraced, owing to the tireless research and toilsome task of Mr. Samuel H. Yonge, of the United States Corps of Engineers. He had charge of the construction work on the island which our laggard Government has been induced to place against the swift current of the James River. The voracious tide had lapped at the island until it was feared that the larger part, and certainly the stage of the dramatic first events, had been drawn under water to disappear in the bed of the river.

In placing the sea-wall, the corner of an old foundation obtruded and, with this as a starter, Mr. Yonge set himself patiently to work. During the

two years that he was on Jamestown Island, directing the building of the retaining wall, Mr. Yonge gave all his leisure time, to the end that our country is forever a debtor to his research. The excavations were begun, aided and abetted by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and carefully carried forward with the result that Jamestown was unearthed, a modern Pompeii.

It was certainly reckoning with the unknown for, aside from the little to be gleaned of Jamestown from the Adventurers' letters, but two descriptions, from personal knowledge, have been preserved. These refer, and that indifferently, to the place towards the close of its century, in 1676, and ten years later in the account of the Reverend John Clayton. With so little data at hand, the historians have harkened to tradition and yielded to easy supposition; which have proved mostly wrong. Mr. Yonge first calculated the cause and extent of the abrasion and scientifically proved that the previous estimate of the wash had been too great; also, the supposed location of the town was incorrect. Happily we may start upon the new century with a corrected page from the past. Even with the evidence accumulated through the excavations, Jamestown is scarce more than half-told.

An island two and one-fourth miles long and not more than one and one-quarter at its greatest span, is the green base of the Old Church Tower. Five churches must be accounted for Jamestown; six,

if we include that service when a bar of wood nailed between two trees, served as reading desk and an old tent stretched above, provided shelter for the newly arrived worshippers who knelt there in the wilderness woods on the margin of the New World. The first two structures were within the Fort—the old chronicles tell of these, of their homely construction, of the fire which swept away the first within eight months of the landing, of the rebuilding and the happy celebration of the wedding of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, which we conclude must have taken place within the second sanctuary.

So poorly put together were these houses of worship that they were ever demanding repairs and rebuilding; it is somewhat difficult to keep trace and pace with their remodeling. But, in 1617, when Captain Argall came over he found a sad state of affairs as regards their place of worship. He has given an account of a third church; he stated the dimensions: "fifty by twenty foote." Right gladly do we acknowledge this evident tendency to detail, on the part of the Captain, for it gives us a known quantity with which to work; and now begin the fascinations of the excavations as regards the church; for, we may fasten the date of this church of 1618 to the slenderest of the three foundations disclosed. And too, three sets of floor tiles have also been unearthed and the lowest of these we attach to the weak foundation of the 1618

structure, which, more than likely, was built of wood. Then, about twenty years later, on this same site, was the first of the brick churches builded. This edifice stood until the Bacon Rebellion and was then rebuilded, to be again destroyed by fire. ¶ So stoutly builded is the old obelisk, eighteen feet square and with walls three feet thick and of a probable height of fifty feet—so solid and defiant is this tower that the conclusion is forced that there was a double purpose in its construction —it might protect from the assaults of the Indians, if need be, as well as from those of Satan. Since along about 1644, with the death of the Emperor Powhatan's brother, there perished the fear of probable attack from the Indians, it is argued that the Tower must have been set up before that date. ¶ Within the nave and the chancel, paved with square bricks, is an indicated tomb, with a slab of iron stone which has been inlaid with brasses. No clew is there remaining as to whether this is a grave or cenotaph ❧ The intaglio outline of a shrouded figure, the inscription plate, crest and strange device are missing in the brasses which channeled the stone and left the indiscernible silhouettes to forever mystify us.

A musket ball lodged in a skull, and with several buckshot therein imbedded, give grim testimony of a probable military execution. This was exposed along the river bank when the protection work aligned the island for the sea wall. And too, a

number of human skeletons were found lying in regular order. These are in part evidence that the old churchyard has been the same from the first. From the awful decimation of the succeeding Supplies, the whole island would scarce provide narrow beds for those who went to sleep in death. There are many indications which go to prove that an extensive acreage was claimed for this city of the dead ❧ The fallen walls of the last of the churches were, long years afterward, utilized in building a church wall around the fragmentary tombs remaining.

The first legislative assembly convened within the third of the Jamestown churches—the inner foundation revealed through the excavations ❧ Most things went the way of flame in those turbulent days, and four different State Houses, with frequent intervals of meeting in the taverns, are recorded. The third and fourth probably occupied the same foundations, which adjoin those of the Ludwell houses and the "Country House." These have been located and unburied. It was the corner of the foundation of the "Country House," which jutted out in the construction work, and which led to these final discoveries and the disclosure of the New World Pompeii.

A lady's riding stirrup, a thimble, a pair of scissors, a copper candlestick, a pipe and a candle—how personal becomes the interest and how human the sentiment respecting this ownerless trumpery,

found rusting in the cellar of one of the excavated houses! The fireplaces point to a provision for generous logs, there are supports for the porches —fancy takes a winged flight back to re-people the phantom house. The tract corresponds to that of the Ludwells—what dainty foot did this stirrup hold, over whose slender finger, long since mingled with the sacred dust of the island, did this thimble fit—was it the proud and haughty Lady Frances Berkeley, who deigned to yield her heart, but never the name of her former liege lord and master, when she married Philip Ludwell—a pipe and a bottle and the great fireplace—the thimble and a pair of scissors—the visions become sociable and inviting—would that we might know! That is forbidden; but cherished indeed are these relics which intimate of home and have long outlasted their owners, to bear testimony of the fireside.

Quaint Old Yorktown

WITNESS of a victory superlative! Progress reached up and stopped the clock, for Yorktown! The hour was high noon, and the day was the 19th of October, of the year 1781. History had a thought to there preserve unchanged a memento of the surrender of the British and the achievement

of American Independence. But the reckoning was without Time, whose stealthy hand has well nigh crumbled to dust whatever of a brave material showing the quaint little place had made up to that memorable period ☙ The present quiet and serenity must be the very antithesis of the activity and agitation of the dramatic close of hostilities, there enacted.

Pathetic in its senile decay, it is yet a happiness to find that no modern demand has ever overbuilded the spot. All that is left belongs rightfully to the past. In the quest for the ancient landmarks, it is easier to peer through an overgrowth of brambles and vines than through an aspiring skyscraper. Fallen and disintegrating walls are not the barrier to the imagination which would reconstruct, as are bricks and stones, set plumb, and with the mortar still wet.

Perhaps you have been to Yorktown—then are you familiar with its single street, and with the squat, little houses there aligned, which find their vanishing point at a distance of less than two city blocks; when the country resumes the landscape and spreads fields of broom across to the banks of the widening river. Possibly you have made that turn in the road, where, from the shelter of the pines, you look across the white shore-line to the placid waters, repeating the marvel of the sky. Catching the first glimpse of Old Yorktown, you feel that you have crossed the boundary to another, to a foreign land. An

Quaint Old Yorktown—Its Single Street with the Squat Little Houses there aligned—*See page 3*

The Corner of the Foundation of "The Country House"

ambitious chart of the town indicates as many as three streets, and names them Main, Church and Keyes. The first two will explain themselves and where they are likely to be found; but the third is lost in the confusion of picturesque ravines and marl cliffs between the Nelson Mansion and the Monument. Yorktown began a little late of the century, for, in 1705, it was platted and laid out in streets by that one of the Nelson family who was then known with affectionate familiarity as "Old Scotch Tom." He was the founder of the family in America. The place grew to the proud commercial distinction of loading as many as seven vessels every year for England. The cargoes were the equivalent of money in the Old Dominion—tobacco. Here also was the port of entry for fine goods for the dealers in the then insignificant towns of Philadelphia and Baltimore ✍ This was when William Nelson was the A. T. Stewart of Yorktown and the Amblers were his competitors.

It is well to make the acquaintance of these old families; we shall meet them again and again and grow to recognize them as neighbors, friends, kinsmen. Three generations of the Nelsons must be kept straight in the mind in order that no mistake be made. "Old Scotch Tom," as his name suggests, came from the country north of England, and founded this family at Yorktown, whose descendants, even unto this day, keep the name prominently before the public. He made two marriages.

The first was with an American girl, Miss Reid; and the second time he succumbed to the fascinations of a widow whose name was Tucker. The elder of his two sons was Thomas, Secretary of the Colony, and the other son, William, was the President of the Council. It was William's son Thomas who was the general and financier for Virginia in the Revolution. William married Miss Burwell, who was the granddaughter of "Old King Carter." I love to bring these people down by their nicknames—they give the distinguishing features in tabloid form. The baptismal name is frequently strange and confusing; for instance, who would recognize Mr. Robin Carter as the famous old colonist whose landed estates entitled him to the title and perquisites of a monarch?

In its palmy days Yorktown held not more than sixty buildings, but many of them were very elegant, with appointments in keeping. That they were stoutly builded we are satisfied by an inspection of the sole remnant of that picture period, the Nelson Mansion ☙ This was not "Old Scotch Tom's" residence; of that no evidence remains; but this was builded for his son William, who, when an infant in arms, took a conspicuous part in the laying of the corner-stone. He was held in the arms of his nurse and the bricks were passed from her apron through his baby fingers. Bishop Meade tells that this mansion was long the abode of love, friendship and hospitality.

We are reminded that at the time of the surrender the direst confusion prevailed; that fine furniture and rare and costly books were scattered about the streets from the ransacked houses; that the soldiers and their horses lay dead, neglected or half buried in the trenches and mounds which the shells had torn and thrown up; and that in no place was there safety from the searching fires of the allied batteries. It is also recalled that the patriot Nelson, fearing this mansion, the finest and most conspicuous in the place, might be occupied by the British, offered five guineas to every gunner who would strike it with his fire. He preferred rather that it should be shelled than to meet such a fate. That it withstood the siege is evidence of a house put up to stand.

With the subsequent retrogression of Yorktown, was the passing of any material prosperity. Two years before the American victory, the capital had been removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, to the lasting disadvantage of Yorktown. When the great event of Independence achieved had its one hundredth anniversary, but two hundred and fifty inhabitants were left to Yorktown, and of these more than one half were of the black race. Perhaps one dozen white families would constitute the present population.

The day when I last went to Yorktown, when I rode from Williamsburg there, I dropped the present from my reckoning and I was one with the

past. I met, passed and greeted, in the friendliest way, those unseen ones of bygone days. I strained my ear to catch the hoof-beat of the impetuous riders, and my heart throbbed tumultuously with hate or loyalty as they revealed themselves to me in scarlet uniforms or the Continental blue and buff. Then I swept away the vision of war ❧ In truth, two lazy horses were creeping on apace, under the slapping rein of my would-be-sociable driver. He had exhausted his store of small talk with the information that "mos' folks admires bes' de Yorktown road," leaving me to infer that any other road entering into competition must be that to Jamestown.

I turned for entertainment to the figure riding beside me and noted only by me—straightway the journey became romantic, sentimental. I was a Colonial maiden. I was not very definite whether I belonged to the Amblers, the Pages or the Burwells. I was, too, a little confused respecting generations; but since there was none to correct me, I might fancy as illogically and unchronologically as I chose. It pleased me most to associate myself with the Nelsons and claim them my forbears. I lived in the old mansion, only it was not old, but the finest in the town.

I was returning from Williamsburg, at this unreal time, and I confess that my silly young head was turned with all the gaities in which I had been indulging ❧ I had been to the playhouse, for the

Hallams had come over from England and had played their "First Night" at the theatre facing the Palace Green ❧ And there had been grand assemblies at the Governor's Palace; ah! they had been joyful times ❧ Fancy assisted me from my seat in the unpretentious vehicle to one upon my favorite horse; and, Cinderella-like, my later-century dress had vanished and in its stead was one of Colonial fashion. The gallant who rode beside me wore a splendid waistcoat and had ruffles of lace at his wrists; his knee-breeches were of blue broadcloth, his stockings were white, and enormous buckles fastened his shoes ❧ His hat was three-cornered and silver-laced, and his hair was tied with a broad ribbon. He was whispering sweet nothings to me in the most elaborate and stilted phrases. I was his fascinated listener. I was promising to dance the minuet with him that night at the the ball—I was promising that—and more.

The shops at Yorktown were displaying dainty sprigged muslinets and dimities, coloured striped silks, jaconets and cambrick, plain and tamboured, and an elegant assortment of callicoes and chintzes, some silk marseilles and printed veilings; silver grey lustrings; also, extra long, plain and nett white silk gloves. I stopped to admire these and decided upon breadths of flowered gauze and a pair of white satin slippers as my purchases.

Then again, it seemed charming to me to pretend that I had written the letters which a Union sol-

dier, during the Civil War, had found while ransacking the Nelson Mansion. Could I have foreseen the error and confusion which these letters created in after years, then would I have been more explicit and plain as to the identity of this Mary Ball, whose beauty and social triumphs I recorded. Now, however, my lips are sealed to secrecy and I may never disclose who was she, "the comliest Maiden." It must be recalled that I wrote these letters—of the faded and musty old packet, which the soldier found—in 1727, the last year of Governor Spotswood's administration. The splendid new palace had been builded for him, and the adventurous cavalcade over the Blue Ridge had been made by the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. It was indeed an halcyon time in which to enjoy belle-ship in the Colonial Capital. I regret that my foolish letters should be sealed within the corner-stone of the Mary Washington Monument for they had not referred to the Mary Ball of Lancaster, who was the mother of Washington. You see I had written "Dear Sukey" that:

Madam Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mama thinks Molly the comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16yrs old, is taller than Me, is verry sensable, Modest and Loving. Her hair is like unto Flax. Her eyes are the colour of Yours and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish that you could see her.

While I was still sojourning in wraithland and was wrapped in the warmth of a revivified spring, with

the sedge in bloom and all the air afloat with fragrance, I was recalled to the present fact that my journey was at an end; that I had reached my stopping place—not the "Swan Tavern," but one so quaint and olden as to be its worthy successor, the Yorktown Hotel.

On the crest of the hill, overlooking the beautiful York River, is the marble shaft in token of the glorious victory ✍ Before I reached there I had passed a dilapidated box-like house which served as the first Custom House in the United States. Just beyond is the Nelson Mansion, where the hedge and wall put up a protecting screen before the aristocratic old place. Beneath the vulgar paint of later generations will be found the grain and finish of the fine woods employed in its construction. The size of the rooms, so spacious, has remained unaltered through the cycle of change which even ran through the plebeian round of a boarding-house. During the Revolution, General Thomas Nelson literally gave all for his country, and retired from the conflict practically penniless. This place he saved from the public sale of his effects, which included even the family Bible and the stand upon which it rested. Bishop Meade tells that when visiting in a mountain parish in Virginia, he found the Nelson Bible, but so highly did the family then in possession of the book prize it that no amount of persuasion on his part could induce them to part with the treasured relic. The

reminiscences of Bishop Meade as compiled in the "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" were published in 1857, and he gives the time of the discovery of this Bible as the year previous.

The little church at Yorktown is another trophy of hoary time. Not a column, not a single ornament has been employed in its decoration; severely plain, the modest edifice does not even aspire to the semblance of a belfry ✍ The walls, all that remain of the earlier church, which was destroyed by fire in 1815, are most unusual. They suggest enormous, solid stones, four of them so placed as to form the enclosure. Marl from the river bank had been molded into blocks and set for these walls, which the action of the elements had hardened into an indestructible substance. The subsequent fire which defaced the church, cemented the walls into a stone-like mass, still standing.

The church is near the river, immediately back of the little Yorktown Hotel. The decay and want of care, particularly in the churchyard, are pathetic and lamentable. The graves of the Nelsons are here; that of "Old Scotch Tom," William, the president of the Council, and that of General Nelson, his son. I felt sure that the one enclosed with the iron pickets was the grave of the founder of the family; but a thicket of brush and a tangle of vines had so overgrown the tomb that I could not make out the inscription. I soon discovered for my convenience, a soap-box; and, looking farther

Sole Remnant of that Picture Period, the Nelson House—*See page 39*

Temple Farm—*See page 44*

afield, I found an old broom; with the box to stand upon and the broom to sweep clear the top of the marble slab, and holding back the overrunning branches, I traced the chiseled record. It is in Latin and tells that:

Here lies, in the certain hope of being raised up in Christ, Thomas Nelson, Gentleman, the son of Hugh and Sarah Nelson of Penrith, in the county of Cumberland. Born the 20th of Februrary, 1677. He completed a well-spent life on the 7th day of Oct., 1745, in his 68th year.

That of his son, William, "President of his Majesty's Council in this Dominion" is much more fulsome. Indicating the mournful variations of fortune, that of General Thomas Nelson, the eldest son of the third generation, is a grave unmarked and its place disputed. There is a story told that in one corner of the church walls, the vault was made and only a slab left lying in the grass to record the place. This is a fable. When Bishop Meade was making his researches there were persons then living who remembered the spot and led him to the grave of the General which was close by that of his father and grandfather.

It taxes one's credulity to understand how any one could have ever accumulated a fortune in Yorktown; and yet, William Nelson, merchant, did this. The bulk of his wealth went to Thomas, his eldest son, and he, in turn, donated the estimated forty thousand pounds which had been his heritage, to the Patriot Cause. He was the financier during

those perilous times and obtained for the State of Virginia, upon his own credit, vast sums which the State could, under no circumstances, then have secured for itself. This generosity was thankfully received—and soon forgotten.

Demure, neglected and unpretentious as is the little Yorktown church and with memories mostly sad, there is yet a pretty story kept, relating to one of its pastors, the Rev. John Camm. The tale is of the John Alden and Priscilla type, but to my way of thinking, it is decidedly more clever. This divine, who doubtless droned his doctrines and was probably deadly dull, since he was a preacher, a teacher and a bachelor, had claims for distinction. He was a Tory preacher, one of the leaders in the "Parson's Cause," which helped to make Patrick Henry famous. And he was, too, the President of William and Mary College. Of his congregation were Miss Betsey Hansford and a young man, so desperately in love with her as to have no thought for the parson's talk. When, however, Miss Betsey turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and said him "Nay," he besought the preacher to bring the scriptures to bear upon the obdurate young woman. The Reverend Camm was conscientious in his zeal for his friend and visited the young lady frequently, urging her to accept her suitor. Miss Hansford finally suggested that it would be well for the parson to go home and read his Bible and she further advised that the light might break in

upon his understanding if he were to look at the twelfth chapter, the seventh verse of the II Book of Samuel. Mr. Camm obeyed her injunction, and found the significant words, "Thou art the man." He understood and they were married. Now, it seemed to have been one of the strict conventions at that time that the professors of William and Mary should be unmarried men. This wedding of the Reverend John Camm and Miss Betsey Hansford was deemed an infringement upon the customs of the College, and it was plainly given out that thereafter, the marriage of any member of the faculty would vacate his office.

While the Yorktown monument is beautiful, pleasing in design and proportions, and the bas-relief of figures encircling the shaft, is particularly fine; it is claimed that the memorial is insignificant in expressing the importance of the event. A monument which could fittingly stand for an achievement so great as is American Independence, must reach high heaven and have for its base the whole United States. It might also be remarked that there is another site twelve miles across this same peninsula which is still unmarked by our Government; and yet, it is a landmark taking precedence of all others in our country. A crumbling church tower is the sole monolith on Jamestown Island to mark the site of the first permanent English settlement in America, without which there had been no victory at Yorktown.

Following for a mile or more along the picturesque shore from the Monument, "Temple Farm" is reached. The old house is shorn of its two wings and stands a weather-beaten structure, facing York River. Memory sees more than the eye and restores the once spacious home of Governor Spotswood. Then the wings were as large as the center building ❧ The house has taken on no ornaments nor any modern excrescences and is now well preserved and looked after. The present owners hospitably open the doors for all who wish to stand within the room where the mighty compact was signed. At that time the place was owned by a widow by the name of Moore. Two hours was the time granted by Washington to Cornwallis for the cessation of hostilities and within the room at the right of the hall, the famous generals met.

We go back to a happier period than that of war to find warrant for the name of "Temple Farm." The tradition is that that gallant knight, he of the Golden Horseshoe fame, is responsible and that this very dwelling was the summer home of Governor and Lady Spotswood ❧ Here, where the Scotch broom tosses its thread-like grasses, where the teasing tide has torn the shore into deep ravines and where the river spreads majestically to meet the Chesapeake Bay—they recuperated their forces after a too strenuous season at the "Palace" in Williamsburg.

On this farm was one of the early churches be-

lieved to have been builded by Governor Spotswood. In the tall grass may be found the old brick foundations and down the once center aisle, now matted with grass and vines, a solitary tomb remains in the wilderness of undergrowth. This church was the temple and hence the name for the farm. There is evidence to confirm the belief that Governor Spotswood builded this edifice with the thought of being finally interred in this sacred spot.

Fifty years after the treaty had been signed there, a Mr. William Shield purchased the farm and has left a letter relative to the "Temple." He says:

I purchased the farm and moved there in 1834, at which time the walls of the Temple, from which the place takes its name, were several feet high; within them, after removing the ruins, I found heaps of broken tombstones, and on putting some of the fragments together, to ascertain if possible, the names of some of the people buried there, I succeeded in finding the name of Governor Spotswood, showing that he was buried at Temple Farm,—a fact not generally known. There was one tombstone, however, entire and unbroken.

When I was last at Temple Farm, the "one tombstone entire" was there, not unbroken, for vandal relic hunters were chipping away parts of the stone until the date is becoming defaced. The pity of this appeals to all those who so wish to preserve the antiquities of our country. Earlier than any of the marked graves at Jamestown or Plymouth, is this solitary one in the undergrowth of brambles and vines on Temple Farm. Easily legible is the

inscription, graven so long ago—1655, and we wonder who was the gallant young gentleman whose sole record, so far as I have been able to discover, is preserved in this stone which reads:

MAJOR WILLIAM GOOCH
of this parish
Died October 29, 1655

Within this tomb there doth interred lie,
No shape, but substance, true nobility,
Itself, though young in years, just twenty-nine,
Yet graced with virtues moral and divine,
The Church from him did good participate,
In counsel rare, fit to adorn a State.

Portal of the Past—Williamsburg

WHEN you go to Williamsburg, if you have not been there before, you will doubtless be possessed by one of two moods: you will either be protesting that all such visits are non-fulfilling, or in the complacent and satisfied frame of mind of the one who frequently does this sort of thing and knows just what to expect—in either case you are bound to be disappointed—happily. Even if you acknowledge to a fondness for prying along history's haunts, you will not be prepared for the evidence, "given under hand and seal," to

be found in the little old Colonial Capital. There is nothing like it in all our country, and be they never so charming, no others can quite match the mingling of romance, mimic pomp and splendor of that picture period when, across the broad Atlantic, was here reflected the mirage of England's Court. Nor, can any other city claim as intimate association with so many of that illustrious galaxy of names, imperishable, immortal, in the annals of our nation!

Except Yorktown, which had never the same social distinction, and whose memories are mostly those of war, I can think of no place where it is so easy to get back to the beginning as at Williamsburg. As of yore, the Duke of Gloucester Street unrolls its length, a fine highway, from the site of the old Capitol to William and Mary College, one mile distant. The weather-worn sign designating this thoroughfare still hangs on the corner of the quaint little Court House, which was patterned by Christopher Wren. In all the intervening years there has been no need for another to usurp the supremacy of the Duke of Gloucester Street. The "Palace Green" and the "Court Green" have each their lane-like roads and footpaths on either side and are a part of the original plan of the Colonial City. Every name runs to history and brims over with delightful suggestion—the Duke of Gloucester Street!—the Palace Green!—the Court Green!—memory puts in a thread or two and the fasci-

nated fancy plies a busy shuttle. ¶ When I went first to Williamsburg, I carried with me a rather hazy recollection of any claim it might have for attention. There is small wonder for this. The right and righteousness of the Puritans and Pilgrims and their sacrificial lives to one grand purpose had been drilled into me as of paramount importance. As a child, I had looked upon them, good men and women, as a mournful lot of martyrs, refusing any joy in this life and with narrow chance of any hereafter, according to their doctrines. I regarded the early years of colonization and settlement as deadly dull and uninteresting. Meager mention was made of the Jamestown settlement and there was nothing seemingly worth while doing in this peninsula until the Revolutionary War, when by mere accident of birth, many patriots sprang from this quarter. I loved the short paragraphs devoted to the John Smith rescue by Pocahontas and ignored any question mark relating thereto ❧ I cherished a secret admiration for Nathaniel Bacon, "The Rebel," but otherwise my enthusiasm flagged; so much so, that when I passed a scarcely creditable examination—but still had passed—I closed the history, wishing never to open it again ❧ It is not strange therefore, that Williamsburg to me was a blank, and I venture the assertion that nine out of ten who go there are in the same state of vacuity—that is when they go for the first time—after that it is another story.

The Little Cottage where "Audrey" had stood at the steps when the moon was Shining Full and had Stooped to Pluck the Hyacinth for "Haward"—*See page 64*

William and Mary College

I went first to the Inn. It stands on the Duke of Gloucester Street with a fine frontage along the Court Green. The Inn itself is nothing antique, not more than twenty years to the good and a portion of it not so old as that. It is not the successor to the famous Raleigh Tavern, which site is farther up the street and now held by an embryo department store—anything so modern where the past dominates, touches upon the grotesque, as you will understand once you have been there. It was right at the Inn, before I had registered my name, that my interest was quickened ❧ Why had so many people of note, scholars, authors, educators and the highly cultured made pilgrimages to this little town ? ❧ Evidently its atmosphere is correct for writing; Mary Johnston had studied well the place and had found it rich with suggestions and the very setting for her charming story, as did Ellen Glasgow. When she was writing *The Voice of the People* she took up her abode at the Inn and simply lived Williamsburg. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Marion Harland and many another writer had drawn upon the quaint little city for material and inspiration. This was very interesting. As I was laying down my pen and turned to look about me, then I felt the antiquary fever begin to burn in my veins; through the doorway I caught the gleam of shining brass and silver and rich mahogany—and too, I fancied I saw the unmistakable outlines of some genuine Chippendale furniture! An investi-

gation proved this true—originals! In the low-ceiled library the furniture was all of the aristocratic wood of two hundred years ago. These are not the results of any collector's fad, but have come down in the family of the present owner, by bequest. I walked into this room and dropped into a low chair before the open fire and straightway entertained covetous thoughts. I noted the brass andirons and fender; also slender bars of brass supported by iron braces, projecting from the fire, whereon a rotund teakettle of brass steamed with hospitable intent—a contrivance entirely new to me, and I had to call for information, and learned that it was a "Footman" which, with the entire fire sett, once belonged to Colonel Wilson Miles Cary, officer under the King of England and a member of the House of Burgesses. This Wilson Miles Cary was not the father, but the brother of that Mary Cary, who had won the early admiration of Washington. It is therefore not improbable that this feted belle of Virginia may have toasted her dainty toes before the fire, resting her feet on this very fender, all the while dreaming of the handsome and gallant young soldier who had so frankly admitted her charms. This brother of hers, Wilson Miles, had inherited not only the estates of their father and an uncle, but also those of two brothers.

Near the fireplace of this interesting room stood a desk of mahogany, of a rare old design. The drop-

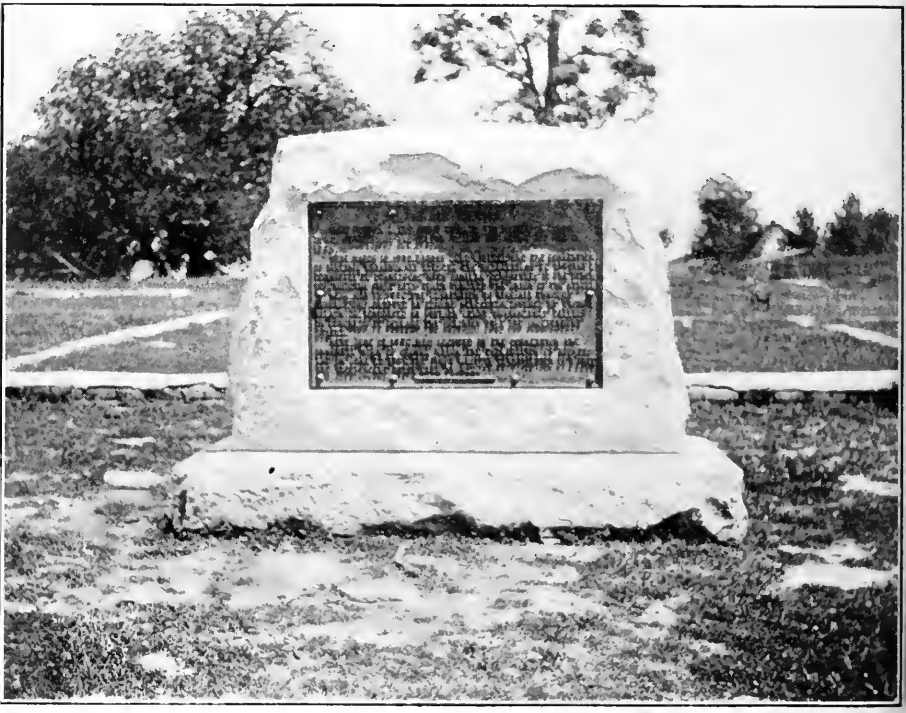
leaf was well braced to open and shut in a most unusual fashion. There were secret drawers to fire the imagination and to incite one to a wishful search for a lost letter of love or a missing will ❧ There were work-stands, secretaries, a genuine Chippendale table, with some fine old silver, and a buffet whereon stood tall silver candle-sticks and prized pieces of china. Knowing that even the copies of the famous Chippendale chairs to-day sell for fifty dollars and upwards, and recalling the fact that an offer of one thousand dollars each had been made for genuine antiques of this pattern, I sorrowfully put up my slender purse which I had been willing to barter, railway ticket included, and decided that these treasures were mine only to look upon.

I had no desire to take in the sights logically nor by the measure of time, but just to wander about at my own free will and absorb as much of the story and data as well I could. Within a few yards of the Inn, across the Duke of Gloucester Street, is an octagonal structure with an extravagant waste of roof in proportion to its walls; this I recognized as a Colonial symptom and made haste to visit the place. I secured at the Inn a key of such a size as to suggest blood-curdling responsibilities—this I took timidly in my hand and went over to unlock the door of what was once a powder magazine and is now an incipient museum. Here was presented the embarrassment of one key and a dozen or more

keyholes—which was the one? I mentally numbered them and tried each in turn to finally find the combination. Although I have been there any number of times since, I never am able to tell just which is the proper one and must go the whole performance over again. It pleases me to carry that great key, just as it pleases me to sit before the Cary andirons and footman—they are vibrant with the past.

The door opened on creaking hinges into a single room, eight-sided and with a diameter of quite forty feet. Standing within the high-pitched structure, I could peer through almost to the finial ball, forty-seven feet above. The fallen, and falling, plaster from the walls has mapped not only all the countries known but many yet to be discovered. The room was bare and empty, save a diminutive old table which had held the work of hands long since folded in eternal rest; and a small show-case, enclosing a list of articles, treasured for various memories, mostly those of age ❧ A few pictures hung upon the walls, several coats-of-arms and much emblazoned heraldry. Through the stained glass windows the sun poured into the lonely, deserted room and fell in great purple and ruby stains upon the floor ❧ A portrait window I noted at once; memorial to my favorite, the Jamestown "Rebel," Nathaniel Bacon, Jr. It had been placed not so many years ago by the descendants of the illustrious man. Another is there to perpetuate the mem-

Portrait Window in the Powder Horn, Memorial to Nathaniel Bacon, Jr.—*See page 52*



The Site of the House of Burgesses and the First Capitol of America—*See page* 55

ory of Sir Alexandre Spotswood. I came out, locked the door and walked round about the strange structure and proceeded forthwith to learn every possible thing about the Powder Horn.

Back to the year 1714, I must go to find a starting point—this was pleasing, for it brought the construction within the rule of that fascinating knight, Sir Alexandre Spotswood, the Governor of the Colony. He had come over from England but four years earlier and was then thirty-four years old ❧ This vigorous young man belonged to the strenuous type—although then it was variously called by other names. His pent-up energy found expression in contentions with the House of Burgesses, in becoming the first of our "Captains of Industry" through developing the iron resources; he busied himself with wine-making, bringing over a lot of Germans for this purpose, and he spent his spare moments in attempts to educate and Christianize the Indians. Indeed, upon investigation, so exciting and masterful and withal so lovable did Sir Alexandre reveal himself, that I found myself sharing with him the previous devotion which I had singled out for Nathaniel Bacon, Jr. ❧ I was gratified to discover that some of his surplus enthusiasm had gone into the design and order for this Powder Horn. Of course, it was built through an Act of the House of Burgesses, but Spotswood was the instigator of the move ❧ Originally this building was purposed for a complete magazine,

with powder-room, armory and blacksmith shop, and was surrounded by an outer wall parallel with the many-sided house. This was during the reign of King George the First. Not until sixty years later, when the Third of the Georges was on the throne of England, did the Powder Horn come up for dramatic setting in the history of the Colonies. Sir Alexandre Spotswood had administered affairs through a period quite golden in the annals of Virginia; he had led his famous cavalcade to the Blue Ridge Mountains, establishing the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," the first of American Orders; this gallant knight had finished his work and had gone out forever from the Colonial Palace at Williamsburg to "the windowless palace of rest."

A succession of governors had followed and now was the last, Lord Dunmore, arrogant, hot-headed and unloved. The relations with the mother country were strained, even when Lord Dunmore arrived; and he was not the one to mend matters. They tried to patch things up and when, in 1774, Lady Dunmore with her distinguished daughters arrived, the compliment of a grand ball was decided upon. The Countess of Dunmore with Lord Fincastle, the Honourable Alexandre and John Murray, and the Ladies, Catherine, Augusta and Susan Murray, had stopped awhile in New York City, en route to Virginia. There they had been the honor guests at a magnificent reception, which

took place in the "Province Arms." It was incumbent upon the little Capital to extend an equal courtesy. It is quoted that Lady Dunmore was a very elegant woman; that her daughters were "fine, sprightly, sweet girls. Goodness of heart flashing from them in every look." The Capitol was the place of assembly for this brilliant function. The invitations were extended in the name of "The Honourable House of Burgesses, to welcome Lady Dunmore and the rest of the Governor's family in Virginia."

The Virginians were—well, Virginians—and the ball went merrily on with no attention lacking on the part of the hosts; but there rankled in their breasts a growing resentment and indignation which was only for that night smothered. The day previous to this entertainment the Burgesses had been assembled in the Council Chamber of this same Capitol to have his Excellency, Lord Dunmore, address them as follows:

Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, I have in my hand a paper published by order of your house, conceived in such terms as reflect highly upon his Majesty and the parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary for me to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly.

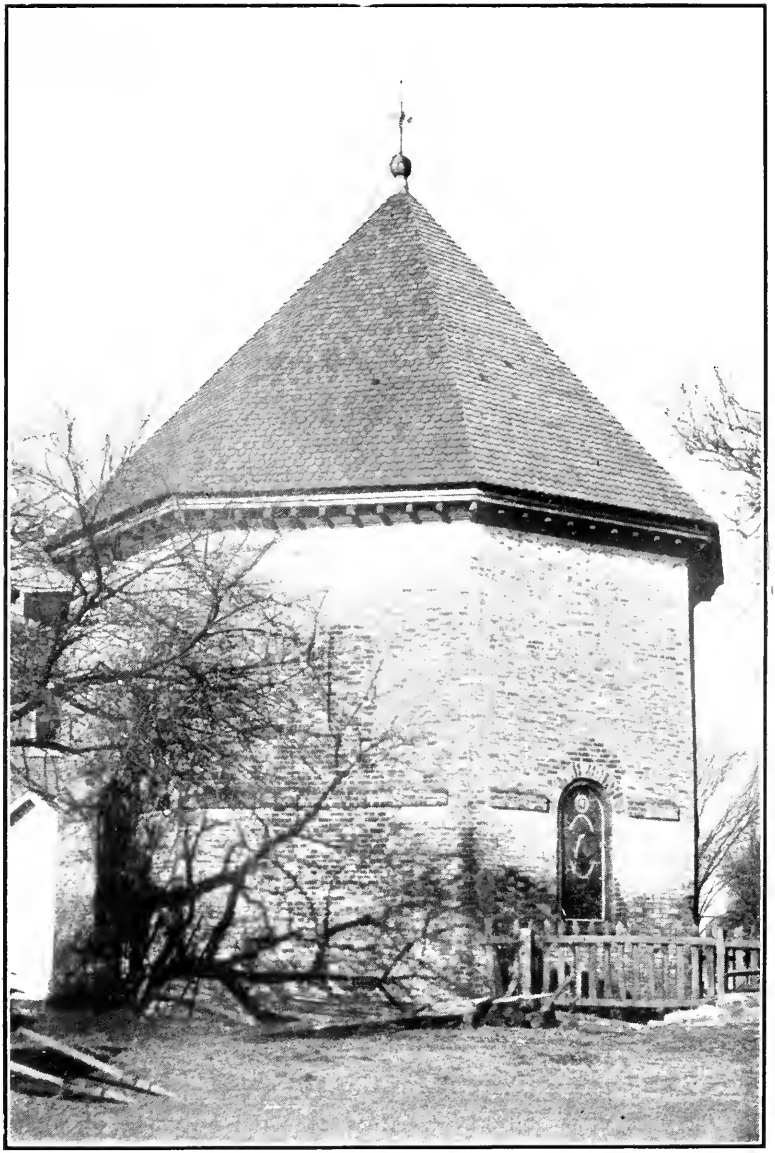
Later there was a meeting in Raleigh Tavern and out of it grew the proposal for a General Congress of the Colonies.

Think of Williamsburg in June—in June—more than one hundred years ago! Bring back the Pal-

ace to face the Green, reaching to the Duke of Gloucester Street! Fancy, if you can, that meeting in old Bruton Church on that day, the First of June, 1774, when the people fasted and prayed and arrayed themselves in the vestments of mourning. It was George Mason who wrote bidding his family, the "three oldest sons and two oldest daughters to attend church in mourning." And what was it all about?—the Boston Tea Party. Virginia was wholly sympathetic with the Massachusetts Colony, and things at Williamsburg were not at all harmonious for the Royal Governor, Lord Dunmore. Then something more happened up in Massachusetts, at Concord, and left the date, April 19, 1775, with the initial and never-to-be-forgotten. Again Virginia expressed the warmest sympathy; more, announced herself as ready to join for action. Patrick Henry had proclaimed: "The War is inevitable—let it come."

As a matter of precaution, so he claimed, under the cover of night, Lord Dunmore had removed about twenty barrels of gunpowder from the Powder Horn. Then was another history day for Williamsburg, when the crowd surged up and down the Duke of Gloucester Street, muttering threats and making demands ✍ The Governor with his family retired within the Palace, and as a measure of safety, he had rows of muskets placed conveniently near. There he was hunted down and addressed as follows:

The Crumbled Foundations of the Capitol are Level with the Ground—Williamsburg



The Old Powder Horn Showing the Spotswood Window—*See page 59*

My Lord:—We beg leave to represent to your Excellency that the inhabitants of this city were this morning exceedingly alarmed by a report that a large quantity of gunpowder was, in the preceding night, while they were sleeping in their beds, removed from the public magazine in this city, and conveyed under an escort of marines, on board one of his Majesty's armed vessels, lying at a ferry on James River.

We beg to represent to your Excellency, that this magazine was erected at the public expense of this Colony, and appropriated to the safe keeping of such munition as should be lodged from time to time, for the protection and security of the country, by arming thereout such of the militia as it might be necessary, in case of invasion and insurrection, and they humbly conceive it to be the only proper repository to be resorted to in times of imminent danger, etc., etc.

The Virginia Gazette of April 22d has the full text of the plaint.

The Governor promised that the powder should be returned within one-half of an hour ❧ With Patrick Henry, to say was to do, and at the head of one hundred and fifty armed men, he had set out for Williamsburg, whereupon Lord Dunmore drew from a man-of-war at Yorktown a detachment of soldiers and marines as a guard to the Palace and to the Governor. He also communicated to the Honourable Thomas Nelson, President of his majesty's Council in Virginia, his fear of an attack. Lord Dunmore urged that everything should be done to quiet the people; since, if molested, he should feel it necessary to fire the town. Colonel Carter Braxton successfully arbitrated the matter

by persuading Patrick Henry to accept and Lord Dunmore to pay, an indemnity of three hundred and thirty pounds sterling for the powder. It did not deepen the trust of the people in their Governor to find several barrels of powder buried under the floor of the old Powder Horn; a discovery made when a committee of citizens had forced open the doors of the magazine. The situation was not pleasant and Lord Dunmore set up a floating place of government on the man-of-war lying off Yorktown. He never went back to Williamsburg. ¶ And what of the old Powder Horn in the years that have gone between—it has run the gamut of experiences! It was claimed as well suited for a market-house and so used for many years. Then, for a long time, it was a school, after that, aspiring, it became a church for those of the Baptist faith. The Reverend W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Church, in his researches, has found that it was leased for a period of ninety-nine years, for the nominal sum of one dollar, and that it served as a place of worship until 1856, when lo! the pendulum of change swings far aside. This floor where the impetuous had trampled, where dickering buyers had stood, where the feet of droning scholars had idly swung, where the pious had knelt, was turned over to tripping measure and dance; from the dramatic, the practical, the serious to the gay, the Old Powder Horn was to enjoy a season as a dancing school ❧ And this was to last until

another war should riddle the peninsula, and the arsenal should revert to its original purpose ❧ The Confederates used it to store their arms and ammunition. Then came a condition most lowly; the Powder Horn became a stable, and finally was rescued by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and converted into this reliquary.

Little treasure-town of history is Williamsburg, Virginia! I was not prepared for the possibilities of charmed retrospection to be indulged by a protracted stay in the little city of the "Middle Plantation." Many things forgotten and many more never known, claimed my fascinated interest; and I had thought that a day would satisfy—when a week, a month, a year even, would not suffice to call back to an unchanged haunt the spirit past! Within the limits of this sketch it is impossible to more than touch upon the multiple memories fostered in Williamsburg; love, war, romance, sentiment, patriotism, royalty, democracy, comedy, tragedy—whatsoever one wills of history, is there at one's bidding. The greatest marvel of it all is that so little of the modern meddles, and the plan of the town, the houses, the church, and all the notable structures have deviated but little from the original plan ❧ It is true that the Capitol is gone, destroyed by fire, many years ago. On the crest of the hill stood this edifice, twin stage with Faneuil Hall, of Boston, for Revolutionary oratory. The

crumbled foundations are level with the ground; but the floor plan is easily traced and the dimensions marked. It is not difficult for the imagination to conjure the superstructure, where was the forum for Patrick Henry's eloquence and where Washington served his first term as member of the House of Burgesses—his record is not a distinctly brilliant one, but excuse lies in the fact of his preoccupation in his bride, who was the charming widow, Martha Custis. They were spending honeymoon days at her town place, the "Six Chimney Lot," just beyond the Powder Horn.

It is related that Governor Nicholson was responsible for the removal of the seat of government from Jamestown to the Middle Plantation. The tempestuous love affair of this very unpopular Governor of Manhattan Island, who had been withdrawn from the New York Colony and transferred to Virginia, is full of whimsical romance. It was a belle of Williamsburg who fixed his fancy, Miss Burwell, and here is suggested for your diversion, one of the many sentimental chapters of the early days. It is also said that this same Governor Nicholson had something to do with the planning of Williamsburg, and that, in compliment to the new sovereigns, William and Mary, it was proposed to lay out the town in the form of a W and M. There is no present indication of any such plan, and this should probably be pigeonholed with that other tradition: that Williamsburg suggested a plan for

the Capital City, Washington. ¶ In 1692, William and Mary College was founded; and a staggering guess at English history, will indicate the royal pair interested in establishing in Virginia this school of divinity. This was the second university set up in America; Harvard was the first. It has been facetiously remarked that the purpose was "to make all Indians Episcopalians and all white students clergymen." The teachers were appointed by the Bishop of London, and the faculty usually had as members such of the clergy as England was pleased to be rid of. Commissary Blair went over to solicit a charter and secure contributions. He met with opposition from Attorney-General Seymour, who exclaimed when Blair urged that the people of Virginia had souls to save—"Souls! damn your souls, make tobacco;" evidently a man more practical than religious. For the first edifice, Christopher Wren was the architect, and the first commencement exercises were held in 1700. Despite the pious purpose for which it was founded there is record of the questionable diversions of the students, who "kept race horses, bet at billiards and other gaming tables." They are reported as indulging in the wicked pastime of cock-fighting, now and then, and indeed, their hilarity reached the ears of the Bishop of London, who was obliged to write his Virginia clergy "not to play the fool any more." It is the proud distinction of this college to have trained in letters, twenty-seven men

who served in the Patriot Army; four of its graduates were signers of the Declaration of Independence, and three became presidents of the United States.

The "Palace" of the governors went the way of flame, long years ago; but the oblong stretch of sward still reaches from the portal to the Duke of Gloucester Street, as in the stately days of two hundred years ago. What pictures of royal festivities and imperial ceremonies may be called forth by a contemplation of the site of the old Executive Mansion! Facing the green, on one side is the fine old home of Governor Wythe, which divides honors between the associations as the headquarters of Washington, during the Revolutionary War, the residence of the noted Chancellor of Virginia, and the fiction which Ellen Glasgow has woven about the old place in her novel, *The Voice of the People*. Cornwallis' headquarters were in the splendid Colonial mansion, in the College Campus, the present home of Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, president of William and Mary College, and the son of President Tyler.

Very interesting indeed, is the account of the first theatre in America, which had its setting in Williamsburg. The players sailed from England in April, 1752, in "The Charming Sally," which cast anchor in the York River and sent word to Governor Dinwiddie for permission to produce their plays at the Capital. This was granted. It was

a gala first night, when, the following June, the Hallams appeared upon the stage of this first theatre, alongside of the Palace Green. The plays presented were *The Merchant of Venice* and Garrick's farce, *Lethe* ❧ It is told that Master Lewis Hallam, who afterward became a celebrated American actor, and was the first to take up the management of the theatre after the Revolution, was but a youngster at this time. He had only a single line to repeat, but when he appeared before the notable audience, he was overcome with stage fright, stricken dumb, and bursting into tears, fled from the stage. Adam Hallam, a favorite actor in England, was the father of William, Lewis, George, and Admiral Hallam, of the Royal Navy. William Hallam organized and financed the company which sailed in "The Charming Sally." ❧ Lewis Hallam and his wife were players, with them were their two sons and their daughter who was later to become the great stage favorite, Mrs. Mattocks. The cast included Messrs. Rigby, Malone, Bell, Singleton, Addock, Miller, Clarkson, Hulett and Mrs. Becceley, Mrs. Addock, Mrs. Rigby and Mrs. Clarkson.

For several months they gave performances in Williamsburg, meeting with the greatest success and the most enthusiastic encouragement. It was in this playhouse, along the "Palace Green," that Mary Johnston's fancy brought *Audrey* to appear before a brilliant company:

Audrey, dressed in red silk, with a jeweled circlet like a line of flame about her darkly flowing hair * * * * the girl who could so paint very love, very sorrow, very death; the girl who had come strangely and by a devious path from the heights and loneliness of the mountains to the level of this stage and the waiting throng.

Just beside the site of the first theatre is still standing the quaint cottage, with its dormer windows peering toward the vanished palace; all of history and sentiment that has heretofore attached to the place has yielded to the designation of "Audrey's House." Standing in the hallway and glancing up the low mount of stairs with its guard-rail gracefully wrought in spindle fashion, one almost expects the heroine of Mary Johnston's story to appear on the landing. The picture of her gorgeous theatre attire on that last fated night, comes instantly to mind and how she had stood at the steps, when the moon was shining full and had stooped forward to pluck the hyacinths for *Haward* which he, in turn, reverently kissed and pinned upon the folds of her gown with the golden horseshoe, token of his journey to the "Endless Mountains"—a very sweet fiction!

The many-paned windows of this cottage are of glass of a texture unmistakably ancient and of a durability which has puzzled the most expert of the modern manufacturers. One window is there, bearing an inscription which has served to tantalize every beholder and has suggested the material for more than one story. On the diminutive pane

The Site of the First Theatre in America, at Williamsburg, Va.—*See page 64*

Old Bruton, Church of the Day Before Yesterday—*See page 66*

is written: "1796—Nov. 23—O fatal day!" History has no record to tally with the fatal day and the conclusion runs naturally to sentiment ❧ An overwhelming wish possesses one that from out the ghostly procession of the past, might pause the unhappy one who had written, "O fatal day," to whisper the secret never told. There are other romances belonging to this cottage and to other edifices of the toy throne, redolent with memories by residence and visitation of the distinguished real and the witching unreal. There is enough to pique the curiosity and tempt the historian and tourist to stop for more than a day in this little treasure-town of history.

Old Bruton

Church of the Day Before Yesterday

IN the tranquil twilight of antiquity stands Old Bruton Church of the little Colonial Capital. It measures its length on the Duke of Gloucester Street, where an arm of the cruciform reaches almost to the steps from the highway. The end of the cross is toward the "Palace Green" and over it the ivy has wrought a tapestry of fadeless weave, with only a break where a circlet window presents prismatic colors to the sun ❧ The

tower loftily faces in the direction of William and Mary College. The wooden belfry is set atop of the brick square, like a telescoping beehive, and while not structurally the same as the sanctuary, the effect is in nowise incongruous. The rains of years have washed the bricks to vanishing tones. The great white shutters put up against windows which frame the small, square panes in use in the days of yore ❧ Roundabout is the churchyard, hemmed in by the seamed and weathered wall, an ivy-covered boundary, fully one-third the length of the "Palace Green."

Unlike other reliquaries of the past, there is no must, mildew or mold; nor is there gloom and accompanying darkness about Old Bruton; it is open on every side to the sun and air. Neither is there anything awesome in the atmosphere—rather is all sweetly sacred and of a serenity which suggests the calm of moonlight. Architecturally, and too, in the placing, the fine old structure has an indefinable charm and invitation. I have been there when the dead leaves matted the mounds, when bare boughs strung crude celli for wailing winds—when gray November was drear. I have been there when was the wedding of the wild flowers, where the trees arched a tender leafage and the birds sang the marriage hymn. And, too, when the sensuous summer was in full maturity and bestowing her favors with a profligate waste and abandon, I have looked down the flagstone path of the old church-

yard ❧ Again, I have been there in the dusk of the night when the taper stars burned on the high altar of the heavens, when phantom breezes swung the flower-censers at the foot of Nature's chancel, when cool and silvered was any gleam of light in the enfolding shadows—still the varied charm held. Aside from any hallowed associations, in and of itself, Old Bruton is a lovesome thing! ¶ Across the beautiful river of York, over in Gloucester County, that delightful old lord of the manor, "Rosewell," advised his son to "Think it a long art to die well," and further commented, "You have but a short time to learn it; you cannot be robbed by death of the time or years already spent because they are already dead to you; and that which is yet to come is not yet yours."

It is fitting that this earnest and pious man, he of the wise philosophy, should have been moved to donate the ground whereon this sacristy of history should be founded; wherein worshipped so many who were adepts in the "long art"—those who were masters in the arts of living well and dying well and all praise be to their great names forever! In the treasured old vestry book is this record:

I, John Page, doe oblige Myself My heires, Executors to pay or cause to be paid, Twenty pounds sterling to the Vestry of Bruton Parish, for and towards building of a Brick Church att Middle Plantation, for ye sd Parish, upon demand. Witness my hand this 14th, day of November, 1678.

Also I do promise to give land sufficient for the Church and Churchyard.

JOHN PAGE

ABRAHAM VINCKLER
RICHARD CURTEEN } Witnesses

This was two years after Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., "The Rebel," had set "James Citty" a-smouldering. Of course there was an earlier church than this one of brick for which John Page had contributed the land. By an old vestry book is the account, 1665, when a structure in Bruton Parish furnished the model for a place of worship in another of the Virginia parishes. It is, however, to the one to which John Page and his brethren had subscribed their pounds sterling, and upon which foundation the present structure stands, that our interest is fastened. For the first of these, a certain George Marable was the contractor. It was completed on November 29, 1683, and the edict issued:

Whereas ye Brick Church at Middle Plantation, is now finished, It is ordered yt all ye Inhabitants of ye said Parish repair hither to hear divine service.

The dedication was on the 6th day of the following January, with the Reverend Rowland Jones in the pulpit. Three years after this, in 1686, a committee was appointed to ascertain the cost of a steeple and bells, and to procure donations for the same. So is the complete picture of the first of the brick churches for Bruton Parish.

And why is the name? Even an alert memory fails

of a clew, and we are forced to conclude that the honor is to the Ludwells. A tomb at the door of the Church records that:

Under this Marble lieth the Body of Thomas Ludwell, Esq., Secretary of Virginia, who was born in Bruton, in the County of Somerset, in the Kingdom of England.

Because the malaria and the mosquitoes bothered and Williamsburg was in every way more desirable and healthful, the arbitrary Sir Francis Nicholson, that governor remembered for his unfortunate love affair, ordered the seat of government removed to the embryo city of the Middle Plantation. In the year 1699, the stamp of royal approval was impressed, and now begins Bruton as the rightful successor of the Jamestown Church and peerless in its subsequent history as the Church of the Episcopal faith longest in continuous use of any in America. By the time of the removal of the Capital, the little edifice, which had been dedicated fifteen years earlier, had undergone many repairs and frequent renovation. Before its age should be doubled the worshippers became aware that the sanctuary was not in keeping with the prestige of the growing Capital. Considering the expense which had been put on the old house, talk of a larger structure was agitated, and a levy of twenty thousand pounds of tobacco was ordered to go toward the building of a new church ☙ That gallant Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, Governor Alexandre Spotswood, was engaged in drawing plans

which he submitted to the vestry with the record that they were approved.

The year earlier than this, 1710, the Reverend James Blair was elected minister of Bruton. It is a distinguished record which he left in being thirty-two years rector of Old Bruton, fifty years President of William and Mary College, and fifty-three years Commissary of the Colony. In his letter of acceptance Dr. Blair acknowledges many obligations to the parish of James City, and explains that only his impaired health, which he feared in age might become infirmity, and the long winter journeys, induced him to entertain the thought of leaving the first settlement ❧ We conclude that Commissary Blair must have held fond memories of Jamestown—possibly he was married in that old church, for it was two years after he had been sent over by the Bishop of London to become a missionary, that he wedded Sarah, the daughter of Colonel Benjamin and Mrs. Hannah Harrison, and there she was buried, departing this life considerably in advance of her liege lord. This probably explains why he was entombed at Jamestown despite his long ministry in Old Bruton and honored association with William and Mary College. ¶ It is pleasing that through the vestry book and certain State papers, the most minute and detailed description of the dimensions, cost of material and workmanship of the present church may be learned. There seems to have been a trust among the brick-

makers and a conflict with graft even in that early day; but the Honourable Alexandre Spotswood may be counted upon for prompt action in every emergency. He proposed to deliver the bricks at so much per thousand and so "beat down ye extravagant prices of workmen." On December 2, 1715, is the gratifying report that: "At length the new Church is finished."

Evidently the members had taxed themselves in the building of this edifice, for shortly afterward it was determined to repair the churchyard in the cheapest manner; emphasizing the same by spelling both cheapest and manner with capitals. Along in 1774, an organ was secured, and five years later the wall was builded about the yard. More than a score of years had passed before the belfry was added, and it was near a century forward ere the town authorities moved to have a clock placed in the tower. The day is not remembered when the wheels of the old time-piece ceased to turn. The face crackled and the stiff hands pointed always to the same hour, until a modern miracle was wrought —a leap in time was made—the past overtook the present; the sleeping clock awakened and the dumb was made to speak. I chanced to be in Williamsburg and I was told that the work of restoration had touched the old clock and set it a-going; that I might hear it strike that evening; after all these years of silence. I almost feared to listen—I dreaded lest a clangor or jarring note should ring out over

Bruton churchyard; but, sweet and mellow as its memories, sounded the stroke whose vibrations the echoes hastened to gather and carry afar.

Bruton fell heir to Jamestown's few treasures. Beautiful trophies in old silver, and the font from which Pocahontas is said to have been baptized, were bequeathed. The very first silver service was given to Bruton in April, 1694, when his Excellency, Sir Edmund Andros, Knight, was pleased to present a fine silver server. The Jamestown communion sett comprises a chalice of unusual size, inscribed on the side: "Mixe not Holy Thinges with Profane," and under the foot the words: "Ex dono francisci, Morrison Armigeri, A. D. 1661." On the patten is the same inscription; while around the rim of the Alms Basin, "for the use of James City Parish Church," is the dedication. Dainty and exquisite is another silver service in the custody of this Church—the "Queen Anne Sett." The chalice is a true loving-cup with handles and a cover ✠ This and the patten are both washed with gold and covered with a delicate tracery of leaves, beautifully chased with device of private arms. A third sacramental service is the "King George Sett," which includes a tall flagon, a chalice and an alms basin. They are engraved with the royal arms between the initials, "G. III R." and also bear the motto: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Other cherished relics are the old bell and the

Beautiful Trophies in old silver, the Jamestown, the Queen Anne and King George Sacramental Setts—*See page 72*

Three-Fold Historic—the Grave of the Cust s Children at the corner of Old Bruton, with the Font from which Pocahontas is said to have been Baptized, resting on the Tomb—*See page 74*

parish register. The bell has engraved thereon the name of the donor and the date of the gift. It was in 1761 that James Tarpley presented this bell to Bruton Parish. A priceless treasure is the old parish register which not long since was recovered from a box of waste papers. It is believed to have been hidden there for safe keeping in the vandal days of civil strife. It is lamentable that leaves from the front and back have been torn away, and so is the record cut short. However, mutilated as it is, it still preserves a precious register. From 1739 to May 21, 1797, the baptisms are marked; from April 13, 1662, to December 8, 1761, is the record of death.

The greatest ornaments of this church were the illustrious men who worshipped here. Throughout the regime of the English Governors there was pomp and circumstance to please the most ceremonious. The pre-Revolutionary period furnished abundantly of the picturesque. It is not alone with the picture but with the mighty results that we are impressed ⁂ It was an immortal galaxy of men who here bended the knee in supplication. The church took its turn as legislative hall and provided the forum for master minds who wrought first for freedom. The burning principle flamed into inspired speech with the result that our Nation is. Again, when another great issue was decided by the sword, the sacred house turned hospital to receive the wounded and dying of two

armies—American. ¶ A notable vestry was that which included the names of Daniel Parke, the Hon. John Page, "The Immigrant"; Thomas Ludwell, Secretary of State; Sir John Randolph, Peyton Randolph, King's Attorney and Speaker of the House of Burgesses; Robert Carter Nicholas, Treasurer of Virginia; and Major Robert Beverly, Attorney and Clerk of the House of Burgesses—these are listed for Old Bruton.

Worshipping here was Washington, serving his first term in the House of Burgesses and just after he had made the Widow Custis his bride. Two of her small children, born to Daniel Parke Custis, her first husband, and dying before her marriage to Washington, are buried within an arm of the cross which Old Bruton outlines in the churchyard. The illustration is threefold historic, showing the grave of the Custis children at the corner of Old Bruton, with the font from which Pocahontas is said to have been baptized, resting on the tomb. When Washington occupied the house of the patriot, George Wythe, as his headquarters, during the Revolutionary War, he was doubtless a communicant of this church.

When the students of William and Mary were assigned a special place in the gallery and, insuring their presence throughout the service, were locked therein, Thomas Jefferson was more than likely of this number. Since church-going was the vogue, Rebecca Burwell was probably prompt in

attendance, and the lank, sandy-haired youth who languished for love of her, presumably found his temporary imprisonment more bearable since it afforded the opportunity to gaze unrebuked upon the object of his affections ☙ How industriously these lads employed their time and pocket-knives is still in evidence upon the railing of the gallery. Patrick Henry came in time to occupy the richly canopied and elevated pew from which Lord Dunmore had sulkily retired. James Monroe, John Tyler, Chief Justice Marshall and Edmund Randolph all worshipped here, when not one had captured his title, but all were studying at the royal college. George Wythe, William Wirt, George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, Bland, Lee, and other members of the House of Burgesses, made up the notable audiences.

The peace of the churchyard, so quaint and olden, invites to a calm and meditation most solacing. If ever you have chanced to be there in May or June, when the leaves, all crinkled and tender, have patterned a new tapestry and spread upon the sward and over the white tombs, their intangible drapery of lace; if you have walked down the flag-stone path, through that ancient resting-place, and paused to note the sun glint into the darkness of the dusty green mantle of ivy, which overhangs and winds about the oriel window of the old-time edifice, and have stood by the graven tombs of those who have so reposed for more than two hundred years; you

will bow to the benediction of beauty serene and history hallowed. And in this plot of the day before yesterday, it is sweet to wander about at will, noting the elaboration of detail and the stilted, voluminous inscriptions on many of the tombs. Grief has made its lament, faith has affirmed in confidence, the sinner acknowledged his miserable plight, and love has made its declaration in weather-worn rhyme. When dear old Reverend Servant Jones laid in her grave in Bruton churchyard, his consort, in the first hours of his grief he framed a fitting expression of his estimate of his departed companion and pledged an abiding devotion ❧ He counted not that love's rebound is swift and the means of transportation, in those days, deplorably slow ❧ So, when the inscription was finally carved on her tombstone, it was shipped from Richmond and a teasing trick, tradition has it, fate did play, since on the self-same boat was the parson on his second wedding journey. Over against the wall, under the shade of friendly trees, is set up the monument and engraved in stone are the unchanging words:

If woman ever yet did well
If woman ever did excell
If woman husband e'er adored
If woman ever loved the Lord
If ever Faith and Hope and Love
In human flesh did live and move
If all the graces e'er did meet
In her in her they were complete

My Ann, my all my Angel Wife
My dearest one my love my life
I cannot sigh or say farewell
But where thou dwellest I will dwell.

Chrismatory of hallowed memories is Old Bruton Church and the churchyard is the veriest garden of peace—surely God walks therein! In this sacred acre who shall say that death is lonesome!

Imperial Richmond

IMPERIAL from the beginning, was Richmond. The beginning, to us made known, was after that kingly American, Powhatan, among the hills, by the falls of the mighty river, then called in his honor, had established one of the many courts of his vast wilderness empire.

Imperial in histories Indian, Colonial, Revolutionary, Confederate, and in ultimate peace, is the hill-crest city on the James. From the regime of the Royal Reds, the evolution of rule was to the first and only Capital of Virginia after statehood, and the second and last Forum of the Confederacy. Monarch hills, seven in number, as for imperious Rome, provided the site.

It is not to the present, rich in fulfillment and with a greater promise for the future, that my interest

at this moment attaches; but, to the opulent past —eager to trace from the time of savage enthronement to civilized supremacy.

Through the unmeasured domain of Powhatan, a tortuous stream came meandering down, about the wooded isles, gathering in volume and velocity, until, by leaps and bounds, it spread a magnificent breadth and length. It made its start in the mountains and its waters are fresh. But one thing can be complained of the James River and that is its color—not mistily blue or a burnished shield against the light, as is the York! nor yet a tawny tide over sands bleached to snow-white, as is frequently found in the South; but turgid and yellow from the clay-worn banks, it matches the Mississippi and the "Big Muddy," and never settles to transparency nor clears its face for the heavens' reflection.

Along the Powhatan, which should shortly yield this compliment of name to an English King, and be forever after known as "The James," the Adventurers made their first settlement. They were out for gold. They did not wait to shake the wrinkles from their clothes, nor stop until the newly arrived inhabitants of "James Citty" should feel themselves at home; or, at least, safe by barricade from their unusual and too curious neighbors, when a party of the impatient men set sail up the river. Captain Christopher Newport was in the lead. Several pots of the precious metal were at the

end of the rainbow, which they believed they sighted; while an outlet to the South Sea was the imaginary bridge which should pass them over. ❧ They found, instead, this heathen emperor's throne; there, at the foot-hills, where the stream that had come down from the mountains, was tumbling and falling about in cascades ❧ The Jamestown landing was in May, the thirteenth day, and the year was 1607. The year and the month were the same when Newport's command reached the "Falls"; the day was the twenty-first. ¶ Nothing came of this venture, which might be remarked of the majority of Captain Newport's efforts. Whenever he took the direction of affairs he usually met with ridiculous failure ❧ Do not make the mistake of calling him "Sir," he was simply the captain of the vessel and evidently hired for this service by the company in London. Even three hundred years afterward, one reading the old chronicles, resents his dallying, selfish methods and feels acute sympathy with those who suffered from his interference and left him labeled, "an idle, empty man."

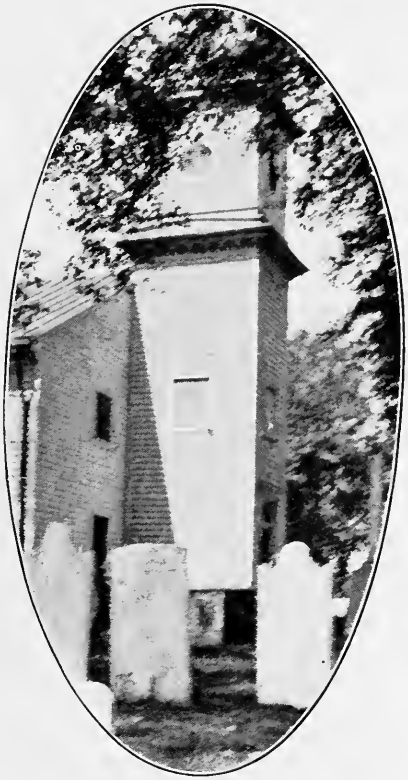
Two years later, when Captain John Smith was taking a hand in administrative policies, he confessed that: "The better to dissipate their Humours and break up their Confederacies," he sent Captain Francis West, with one hundred and twenty men, to plant a new town. It appears that dissensions prevailed at Jamestown—each capitalized

letter of the quotation intimates the nettlesome state of affairs. Captain West was a weakling. When Smith followed to see them well placed, he met the faint-hearted gentleman by the way, returning to the mother settlement ☙ He found the infant colony not at "The Falls," as he had advised, but "in a Place not only liable to the River's Inundations, but also subject to many other Intolerable Inconveniences." The offshoot citizens were in a state of "Turbulency" to warrant the spelling with a big T.

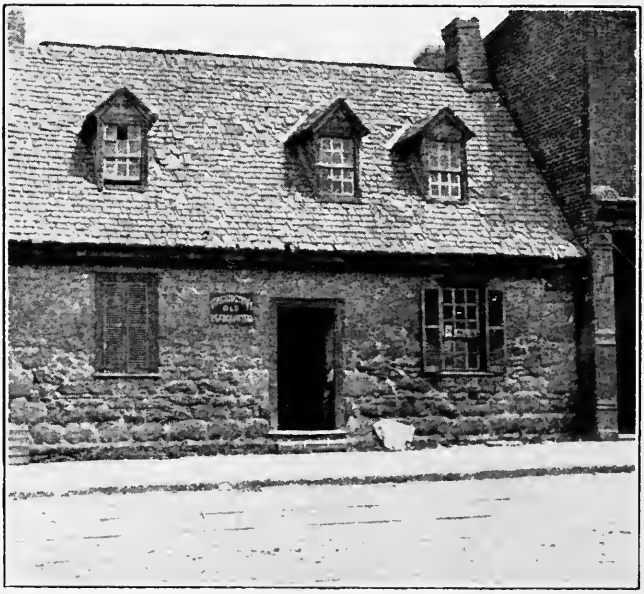
Immediately Smith set about trading with Powhatan for his place, just above, which had the advantages of good location, an Indian fort, houses, and considerable land. For a bargain so desirable, a proportion of copper was offered and certain protection to Powhatan's people from their race enemies, the Manakins, who dwelt beyond the mountains. There are historians who claim that a small white lad, Henry Spelman, was included as good measure in this dicker.

"Houses for lodgings, nearly two hundred Acres of Land, cleared and ready for Planting, with a Savage Fort, ready built, and prettily fortified with Poles and Barks of Trees, and sufficient to have defended them against all the Indians in the Country," reads like a true home-seeker's prospectus. Remembering their miserable plight, such inducements should have appealed to them as highly desirable and as offering "all the modern

The Flag-Stone Path of the Old Churchyard—*See page 75*



Where lofty trees lock their branches in memorial arch above, on Church Hill, yet stands the cherished little sanctuary of Old St. John's—*See page 87*



The Shingled Roof, ruffled and turned by a rough flight of Time, fits Wing-Like down over the sides.—*See page 86*

conveniences." But the South Sea country with its gold was the bauble which fancy dangled before their eyes, and they had no mind for the petty comfort and momentary advantage of a ready-made house and fort, even if the decorative scheme were "Poles and Barks of Trees," to mortgage the future for to-day. To pledge themselves a power against the Manakins was, in their belief, to bar the door to the land they were seeking, for they were of one opinion: that the Manakin region led to the South Sea.

After remonstrating with them for nine days and with such persuasion and force as he deemed wise, Captain Smith, who was the recognized power by the Indians, turned back to Jamestown. No sooner had he set sail, so runs the dramatic story, than an assault was made upon the settlers, who were so affrighted that they made precipitate haste to be away, nor stopped for their cloaks and swords. This paraphernalia was specially prized by the pursuers. Less than half a league out their ship ran aground, and Smith, who was ever an emergency man, embraced the occasion for further remonstrance. The colonists were so terrorized that they gladly assented to any proposition which promised protection, and thus the whimpering company were carried to the "strongest and most pleasant place" that Captain Smith had seen in this country, and for this reason they called it "Nonsuch." The location was one of the resi-

dences of Powhatan, the Emperor, and was the beginning of Richmond.

The Indians complained that their English protectors were worse enemies than the Manakins themselves; that they stole their corn, broke open their houses, robbed their gardens and beat them, and while they, the Indians, had borne all for love of Captain Smith, they "desired Pardon, if hereafter they defended themselves." The fractious again took up their wrangling to the end that "Nonsuch" was abandoned.

Those who follow the misfortunes of the colonists along the James River, have a lasting impression of the wearying repetitions of factions, famine and massacre—of the thousands who came over with fresh hope, undaunted courage and the deathless illusion that with them all would be well; only to contribute to the constant decimation. It is easy, therefore, to understand how quite one century and a quarter more had slipped by from the time of the settlement of "Nonsuch," before the panorama of events brought again to view the clustering hills for special historical record. By this time they emerge from the unstable past with the Indian name of "Shoccoes." This year is set down as 1733, when William Byrd, the second of the masters of the splendid house of Westover to bear that name, developed a pet project to found two cities. He explains that the localities are naturally intended for marts, and that one shall exchange

the name of "Shoccoes" for Richmond; while the other, at the head of the Appomattox, is the city of Petersburg. He fancifully continues: "Thus did we build not only castles, but cities in the air."

While Sir William Berkeley was governor—in fact, the date is given, March 15, 1675-6, because Captain William Byrd had introduced one hundred and twenty-two persons into the colony and later some negro slaves, he was rewarded by a grant of land, some seven thousand and more acres, beginning at the mouth of Shoccoes' Creek. Other grants followed these, all in the same locality, so, a later generation was indeed, possessed of sufficient paternal acres whereon to found a city—two of them. In 1742, by an act of the Assembly, Richmond was established a town in Henrico County and one of the perquisites was the "allowing of fairs to be held therein, on the lands of William Byrd, Esq., at the Falls of James River."

¶ Chance it was, and not deliberate choice, which determined the first property owners of Richmond. That pleasure-loving gentleman who founded the city, at the same time instituted a lottery scheme for the distribution of the lots. Naturally, his friends were not all imbued with his enthusiasm and faith in the venture, and, when invited to invest, more as a courtesy and acknowledgment of his fine hospitality, they responded. They purchased the tickets which frequently were carelessly

thrust into waistcoat pockets or with the idle papers of the desk—and forgotten. The possession of one of these tickets was all the evidence of ownership required for the lot of the corresponding number. Generations afterward there arose a series of complications; tickets lost, destroyed, never presented, and the rise in real estate made the accidental finding of one of these a prize indeed. Finally it was arranged that all the unclaimed property should revert to the heirs of the Byrd family.

Despite the crop uncertainties, Tobacco was King. It was facetiously said "to be in the mouth of almost every man and boy, either for mastication, fumigation, inhalation, or discussion."

The surplus of Captain Byrd's handsome crop was heaped in great warehouses, there on the James, where the well-selected site offered such excellent advantages for storage and future deliveries.

The healthful and invitingly picturesque location, blended with the exigencies of war, to induce the removal of the Capital from Williamsburg to Richmond, during the Revolutionary struggle ❧ The almost half century passed since the platting of the city had failed to make it more than a mean little town; as is shown by a letter of Mrs. Carrington's, which Bishop Meade published. The social display must have been meager as compared with the distractions of the mimic English court, enthroned on the "Palace Green" of the Colonial Capital.

Concerning Richmond, Mrs. Carrington agrees that:

It is indeed a lovely situation, and may at some future day be a great city, but at present will scarce afford one comfort of life. With the exception of two or three families, this town is made up of Scotch factors, who inhabit small tenements here and there, from the river to the hill, some of which looking, as Colonel Marshall observes, as if the poor Caledonians had brought them over on their backs, the weaker of whom were glad to stop at the bottom of the hill; others a little stronger proceeded higher, while a few of the strongest and boldest reached the summit, which once accomplished affords a situation beautiful and picturesque. One of these sturdy Scots has thought proper to vacate his dwelling on the hill; and although our whole family can scarcely stand up all together in it, my father has determined to rent it as the only decent tenement on the hill.

When two years later, in the winter of 1781, that traitor to the Patriot Cause, Benedict Arnold, marched at the head of the British troops upon Richmond and applied the torch, the real loss must have been in the planters' product rather than in the fine buildings and dwellings. He found but two hundred men to oppose him, for the best of the army had been sent to the aid of General Greene; and, really, there were not enough of the Continentals to make a show. The fact, however, that Jefferson, who was then governor of the commonwealth, did not muster a larger force and did not more stubbornly resist, has been a matter for contention for more than one hundred years. In the April following, a mere lad, with twelve hundred

of the Patriots, brought to a halt the troops, double his number, advancing, under General Phillips, upon Richmond, and forced them back to the hills of Petersburg ☙ There, the boy commander, the Marquis de Lafayette, gave the salute of war; but his adversary, whom Jefferson had said was "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth," was stricken with fever and then wrestling with death, the victor. A grave was made for General Phillips in the quaint little churchyard of "Old Blandford."

Flame and sword have wrought with Time for change in the Imperial City. The miracle of modern progress has burst the bounds of the seven hills and spread beyond. The mysterious thread of electricity winds and unwinds the shuttle of speed, until the two "cities in the air," promoted by Captain Byrd, are caught in the mesh; and interwoven, are the towns nestling along the river and resting on the sunny slopes. What is there left to mark the vanished past? Where are the haunts of the astral years?

Thrust back by the presumptuous present, the new shops press forward to hide a low, squat building. The irregular stones of the walls refuse to yield another inch to the crowding traffic of Main Street. The shingled roof, ruffled and turned, by a rough flight of time, fits wing-like down over the sides. Two windows, in their rock setting, stare vacantly forth, and the single door, usually

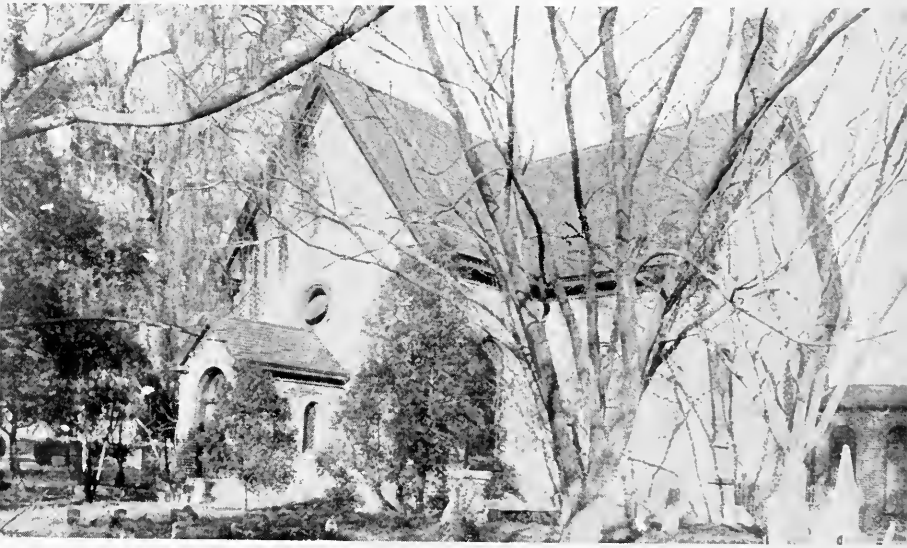
ajar, is but a step up from the pavement. The worn threshold is the dividing line between the long ago and the now. From their vantage place above, three dormer windows peep stealthily out from beneath their hoods and two stolid chimneys stand sentinel. A tablet by the door informs that Washington had headquarters here and there is the supplemental tradition that this old stone house is the oldest in Richmond. It has another boast: that it remained for generations in the possession of one family, before the fate of decrepit and superannuated buildings overtook it and it suffered the mortification of being posted "For Rent." This happened in 1858. The little old house, which in its day of pride and use never knew for its inmates a swifter means of transportation than the sail, the chaise and the gig, now lends its empty walls to echo the whirr of steedless carriages, while level with its floors are the tracks for invisibly propelled coaches. Within the house are being gathered mementoes, relics and treasures of hoary lang syne, and within this olden receptacle they will form a museum for the curious and inquiring of generations to follow.

Where trees lock their branches in memorial arch above, where once was the residential quarter, aristocratic Church Hill, yet stands the cherished little sanctuary of old St. John's. In the midst of tremendous material and social changes, this survivor from an older period maintains a serene

and stately dignity. The angular white building, with its green blinds, leans hard against the square tower, a diminuendo spire ❧ The marble slabs, which have served the double purpose of tribute to the dead and record for the living, incline slantwise toward each other and the church; not one is upright. Over the hillside, the stones emerge from a tangle of grass and wraith-like blooms, and many unmarked mounds there are, mutely eloquent of the unknown.

The age of the church is but guesswork since the records are missing ❧ Its distinction, however, is not so much in long-standing as in well-standing; and in the fact that it furnished the platform for a glorious speech. The familiar pictures of the orator describe him as "Tall of figure, but stooping, with a grim expression, small blue eyes which had a peculiar twinkle."

We are also advised that this young man, just twenty-nine, rode a lean horse. Jefferson said that he spoke as Homer wrote and that "he gave the first impulse to the ball of Revolution." It was in St. John's—the keeper will show you the pew—that the lean, tall, slightly stooping young man, under thirty, he who wore a "brown wig without powder, a peachblossom coat, leather knee breeches and yarn stockings," spake the thrilling, masterful words: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course



St. John's Church, Hampton, Virginia—*See page 103*

others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

While you are in the church your attention will be attracted to the graceful lines and modeling of the baptismal font, and since you have a touch of the antiquary fever, you will learn with pleasure that it is very old. It belonged first to the parish at Curl's Neck, on the James River. It was presented in 1826, and the claim for its age is in the hundreds of years, two, and some estimate it as nearer three. During the Civil War it was lost, and later recovered from some slaves in a miserable hut. They were putting it to the practical but scarce religious use of preparing hominy therein.

The oldest grave of which there is any record in St. John's, is that of Robert Rose, who departed this life in 1751 ✍ The ponderous and exhaustive epitaph is herewith reproduced as an example of the vogue in tombstone literature:

Here lyeth the body of Robert Rose, Rector of Albermarle Parish. His extraordinary Genius and Capacity, in all the polite and useful Arts of Life, tho equalled by few were yet exceeded by the great goodness of his Heart. Humanity, Benevolence and Charity ran through the whole course of his Life. And was exerted with uncommon penetration and judgment upon their proper objects without Noise and Ostentation. In his Friendships he was warm and steady, in his Manners gentle & easy, in his conversation entertaining & instructive. With the most tender piety he discharged all the domestick duty of Husband Father Son and Brother. In short he was a friend to the whole human Race & upon that principle a strenuous Assertor and Defender of Liberty.

This credential surely must have passed with Saint Peter ☙ ☙

I confess to never have had the proper appreciation of capital letters until I began the study of the old manuscripts and tombs. There is an autobiographical epitaph in this churchyard which is most amusing in its haphazard use and mis-use of the capitals. Note how the significant article is dignified by the use of the big letter and the distinction denied the appellation of the Son of God, in the stone story of Abraham Shield, a native of Durham, Old England, a stone-cutter and brick-layer, who died in 1798, and evidently felt his days cut short but was manifestly submissive:

> When I was young and in my prime
> It pleased the Lord to End my Time
> And took me to A place of Rest
> where jesus Christ did think it best

Another stone reads:

> Return my friends & cease to weep
> Whilst in Christ Jesus here I sleep
> Prepare yourself your soul to save
> There is no repentance in the grave
>
> Stop my friends as you pass by
> As you are now so once was I
> As I am now you soon must be
> Prepare yourself to follow me.

This was graven in 1826, and seems to have enjoyed quite a popular run. It is found in most of

the old Virginia graveyards and even scholarly Boston was attracted to its use. It is told that under such an inscription in one of the Boston cemeteries, some wag added the pertinent lines:

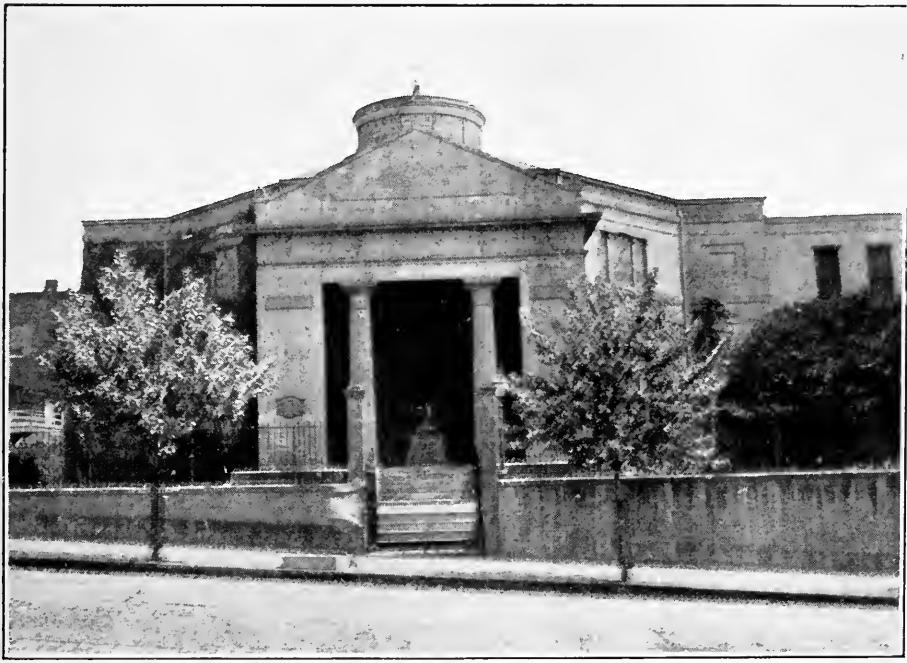
> To follow thee I am not content
> Unless I know which way you went.

On the 24th day of June, 1786, with imposing ceremonies, a corner-stone was laid in Richmond. The site where this dedication took place has come down in history with a twin record of mirth and tragedy. No less distinguished a person than the daughter of Benjamin Franklin was the enthusiastic patroness of the project for an "Academy of Fine Arts, in the United States of America, established in Richmond, the Capital of Virginia." This ambitious title was bestowed by the founder and president, Chevalier, Quesnay de Beaure paire. At this time, Patrick Henry was Governor and the enterprise had enlisted his support and that of the elite of Richmond and many other cities. Evidently the Chevalier, Quesnay de Beaure paire was a dreamer of dreams, for the Academy which had its foundation laid in the 5786th year of light, evolved a theatre. The site became known as "Theatre Square" and there was established the first playhouse of Richmond. It was reserved for memorable scenes of patriotic celebration and a final holocaust.

Within two years of the founding there was a

famous convention of sages, patriots and statesmen, who there ratified the Constitution of the United States as framed in Philadelphia. So intense was the interest felt in the question itself and so renowned were those engaged in its discussion, that the theatre was thronged day and night, and forgetful of any and all discomforts of the oppressive throng, the highly wrought audience hung breathless upon the words of the speakers. Supreme occasion was that when James Madison, James Monroe, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Nicholson, Edmund Randolph, George Mason, Grayson, Innis, Lee and Patrick Henry were reasoning together concerning the mighty instrument of a New Republic.

For several years the theatre which had its threefold distinction as academy, forum and play-house, maintained its character and then was burned to the ground. Later a fine brick theatre was builded in the rear of the old Academy on Theatre Square and furnished the altar for an appalling sacrifice of human lives. It was the night after Christmas, 1811, when the house was filled with the flower of the Capital City to witness two plays, "The Father of Family Feuds," and the curtain-raiser, "Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun." It was during the second play that the scenery caught fire from a chandelier and the awful tragedy ensued when seventy-two men, women and children were burned to death; among them



It was deemed that a Church, forever Dedicated to Divine Worship, would be a fitting Monument to the Memory of those who Perished—*See page 93*

A Corner of Old Saint Paul's, Norfolk. Showing the Cannon Ball Embedded in the Wall—*See page 98*

were the Governor of the State, George W. Smith, United States Senator Venable, Benjamin Botts, a celebrated lawyer and his wife, together with many other ladies and gentlemen of the old Richmond families. Their names are engraved on the cenotaph in the south portico of the Church.

It was deemed that a church, forever dedicated to divine worship, would be a fitting monument to the memory of those who perished. Robert Mills, who had designed the Treasury Building in Washington, was called to Richmond to draw the plan. It is an enormous octagon of stone, massive and singular in design. The memorial windows, the mural decorations, and the entire arrangement and appointments of the church, are most unusual. Above the reredos is a realistic painting of the Resurrection Morning. The figures are all more than life size. In the subdued light of the sanctuary the three crosses on Calvary are seen in the distance and the three women at the tomb appear with most effective force. The ceiling of the lantern shows an angel heralding the "Everlasting Gospel." The figures in the panels of the dome represent the Four Evangelists and the Major Prophets. The church was finished in 1814, and had among its worshippers many distinguished men; with them was Chief Justice John Marshall.

It is told that the massive silver baptismal basin, placed in the antique marble font, was first used

in the church at Jamestown. It is of curious shape, which by the provisions of the deed of gift, may never be changed. The entrance is through a portico, supported by great Doric columns and within this are the sacred ashes of the victims of the horrible fire. The sealed vault is just inside the portal to the "Monumental Church."

Just Touching Upon Norfolk

WHERE the Chesapeake Indians had once a favored hunting ground, is the site of that Virginia city which is now known as "The Mother-in-law of the Navy."

It was in the year 1680, that the Virginia Assembly authorized the purchase of fifty acres in lower Norfolk County. The owner was a certain Nicholas Wise; the purchase price was "ten thousand pounds of merchantable tobacco and cask"—fifty years had considerably advanced the prices of real estate in the Colonies; for it was in 1623 that twenty-four dollars and a few glass beads, had secured the whole of Manhattan Island. That deal was put through by that very shrewd trader, the first of the Dutch Governors, Peter Minuit. And now, half an hundred acres in the tide-water territory of Virginia were bringing a

handsome price in the currency of the Colony ❧ ¶The weed, which was introduced for extensive cultivation by Governor Yeardley, within the first decade of settlement, became the staple of Virginia; and the warrant why cities should be founded. To advance the carrying trade and concentrate the business, this new town was located across from the mouth of the James River. It had its name first from the county, which, in turn, reverted back to the Mother Country—to that county in Old England which had as its capital the city of bloaters, which Dickens rendered immortal through his memories of the Peggotys, Little Em'ly and the woeful, doeful Mrs. Gummidge ❧ ❧

And so, for a less amount of the precious plant than was afterward accounted a year's salary for a parson, the site of Norfolk was purchased. The modern city has been too valuable for purposes of commerce to withstand the over-sweeping tide of modern progress; not so very much of the past remains in evidence. He who goes a-seeking after the coast lines of old-time places is usually forced to trace them in dusty streets, walled in by brick and stone; for the greedy land continually encroaches upon the sea until the new made territory adds several blocks to the original sinuous shore. Particularly is this true of Norfolk, which is situated on one of the ravelled peninsulas which tasselate Hampton Roads. The waters of Black

Creek used to flow around about where the Court House now stands, and places now well inland once stood upon the brink of the stream.

There is royal indication in the names of the streets, which even he who runs may gather. No one could doubt the derivation of Bute, York, James, Queen, Botetourt, Grandby, and Charlotte; or the suggested picture and pageantry of Plume Street. They carry an unwritten story of the ones for whom they were called and the episode or place which they commemorate.

Norfolk has a dramatic memory for Lord Dunmore, the last but not the best of the Colonial Governors. After the fiasco at Williamsburg, when he had the powder removed from the Powder Horn, and had been forced to return the same and further found it wise to take to the English ship, lying in the York River, he went over to Norfolk and made that city his headquarters. Governor Dunmore fortified himself with such cannon as he could secure and bade defiance to the Committee of Safety, or any measures which they might adopt. This Committee of Safety had a string of illustrious names destined for immortal remembrance: Edmund Pendleton was the first President and others of the directory were: John Page, Richard Bland, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Paul Carrington, John Mercer, George Mason, Dudley Diggs, William Cabell, Carlton Braxton and John Tabb. Patrick Henry was the commander-

in-chief of the Virginia forces. ¶ Out from Norfolk, about ten miles, at Great Bridge, Lord Dunmore, marshalling the Tories in Virginia, met those of the Patriots who had assembled there under the leadership of Colonel Woolford. It did not require more than one short half hour to bring victory to perch on the banner of the Virginians. A remarkable feature of this first of the prominent events, leading up to the American Revolution, was the fact that it was a victory achieved without loss of life on the Patriot side. On New Year's day, Lord Dunmore, who was considerably amazed and much chagrined at the result of the Great Bridge encounter, determined to bombard Norfolk. After disturbing and unsettling the places along the Chesapeake, making open war and bringing wanton waste, the irate Governor made a warm call, with shot and shell, on the first day of a memorable year, 1776, upon the city of Norfolk.

It is a contended point as to who applied the torch to the city. Some records hold Dunmore guilty, while others relate that the inhabitants, anticipating his action and with the wish to deny him the satisfaction of being the instrument in the destruction of the town, themselves started the fire. However that may be, Norfolk was burned and while the bombardment was on the citizens took refuge within the church.

Walled in by places of commercial activity and

like an island of the past in the sea of the present, is Old St. Paul's, of Norfolk. It is a brave old sanctuary which stands on the street called Church. It had been built on the most traveled road leading out of the town. It provided a shelter for the terrified men, women and children, who fled there for protection from the cannon and shell of Dunmore's fleet. It withstood the siege and is today standing, a revered and holy symbol of the right which is mighty and must prevail. It is the trophy of the initial war of the Colonists. It is the shrine of the past which offers to the visitors and the antiquarian an untiring interest. The Church is hung with a mantle of ivy and over each grave and every tomb are matted the thick green trappings of leaves. The old walls have been reinforced and a new tower has been added with rooms set apart for the use of the vested choir. Proving its staunchness and how well it withstood the siege, there is imbedded high up in its walls, one of the balls fired by the British on that tragic New Year's day. The ball fell from the socket which it made in the bricks and years afterward was replaced. A tablet tells the martial story.

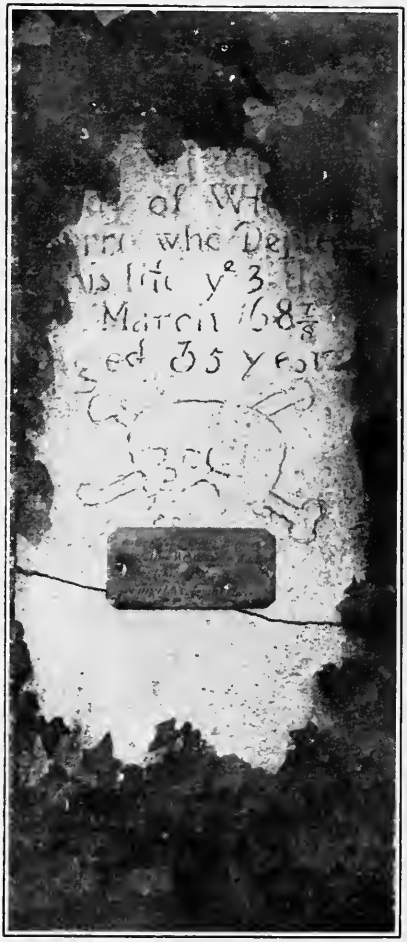
The quiet churchyard is truly God's Acre. Going in through the Church Street gate, just to the right of the walk, is a flat marble slab, which marks the grave of Elizabeth Bacon—not the wife of Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., The Rebel, but that of his relative, Nathaniel Bacon, Sr. Both of these

men married women named Elizabeth and this is generally believed to be that of the young English girl, the daughter of Sir Edward Duke, who, despite the opposition of her father, married Nathaniel Bacon, who was later to figure so dramatically in Virginia history. He brought his young wife to America and they settled at Curl's Neck on the James River. Four stormy months were the period of the rebellion and then Elizabeth was left to mourn her fascinating husband, dead and buried no one can tell where. But this is not her grave, here under the wide-spreading shelter of the trees in Old St. Paul's; for "Betty" married again. She became the wife of Captain Jarvis who owned much land in Elizabeth City County and it was upon their holdings that Hampton was established the same year as Norfolk. Betty Bacon Jarvis sailed away with her captain and I am told that it is in Providence, R. I., that she sleeps in her narrow bed; far away from the scene of turmoil, swift change and perilous undertaking, which she must have suffered in sharing the spectacular performances of her first husband. Elizabeth, wife of Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., departed this life the second of November, 1691, in the 67th year of her age—so says the old slab, under the tree, beside the gate, in Old St. Paul's.

The church was builded in 1739, and the oldest grave of which there is any record, lies close to the wall with the mutilated stone, rudely hacked and

worn by time into the crude outlines of a coffin. It is Dorothy Farrell who "heere lies." Set in the clustering ivy by the door of the church, is the fragment of a tombstone which was brought from Weyanoke, on the James River, from the ruins of an old colonial church, and placed as a tablet on the walls of St. Paul's. The inscription is half obliterated but it records the death of one William Harris, who departed this life "ye 8th of March, 1687-8," in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The skull and cross bones are carved beneath in melancholy memory.

Dear trophy of other days is Old St. Paul's: It was the first Mayor of Norfolk who contributed the grounds. His initials with the date of the building of the church, are wrought in with the brick work of the walls and at his death his body was buried in the churchyard. Within the sanctuary, which is cruciform, are four beautiful memorial windows. The marble font is said to be a copy of the one given by "King Carter" to one of the Virginia churches in 1734. The Holy table was copied from a very old one in Yorkshire, England, which bears the date of 1680. The font and the table were both the gifts of the late Mrs. Sarah F. Pegram. Another cherished treasure is an old mahogany chair in the vestry room. It was presented by Mrs. Miller, wife of the Reverend Benjamin M. Miller, once rector of St. Paul's. Mrs. Miller was the daughter of Col. Thomas



Set in the clustering ivy, by the door of the Church, is the fragment of a tombstone placed as a tablet—*See page 100* ✠ ✠

The Norfolk Academy, Patterned After The Theseus at Athens—*See page 101*

M. Bayley, of Accomac County, Virginia, who had bought this chair in which John Hancock sat when he was signing the Declaration of Independence. There is too, an old vestry book, reaching back to 1749. It bears a record as follows: "1751—received into the vestry of Captain George Whitehall, commander of his Majesty's ship Triton, a silver plate as a compliment for his wife, being interred in this church."

The Custom House and the City Hall are reckoned with the oldest buildings of Norfolk and are examples of the style of architecture before it had been thought to turn a bridge upon end and make of it a skyscraper. They were builded nearly sixty years ago. But far more interesting is the old Norfolk Academy, which really dates from 1804, when authorized by an act of the Assembly. The land was originally set aside for a rectory for St. Paul's, but, after the Revolution it was diverted to the present purpose. Very fine is the setting, on the corner of Charlotte and Banks Streets, where in an enormous green four hundred feet square, stands the fine old building patterned after the Theseus of Athens, a splendid specimen of the Grecian Doric.

There is a treasured memory of the visit of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, when he occupied a miserable little dwelling now given over to the demands of business, but still standing at the foot of Main Street. The Great Dismal Swamp is near

enough to Norfolk to have excited the liveliest interest in Moore and to have inspired with its weird legends and impenetrable thickets, the poem which introduces Lake Drummond, with its most unscientific basin. Moore's lines begin with a shivering suggestion:

> They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true!
> And she's gone to the lake in the Dismal Swamp
> Where all night long by a fire-fly lamp
> She paddles her light canoe!

Norfolk has very much of the modern to interest and much more of the ancient days to fascinate—this little sketch is just touching upon Norfolk—a mere shred of its history.

St. John's Church, Hampton, Virginia

FIRST foot-prints—usually buried in ashes and over-builded by the progress of repeating years—I was seeking to retrace these in Hampton, Virginia, when I came suddenly upon this sacred bit of the past, in the cramped thoroughfare of Queen Street. Here a majestic weeping-willow stands, sentinel-like, calling a halt to the importunate present, commanding back the crowding stores and waving aside the noisy traffic.

It drops from its huge arms the trailing tassels of its foliage to screen the vulgar gaze of a curious world; at the iron gate it draws back its fringed folds that those really interested may enter there. From without the railing, a hand stretched through may rest upon a grave so near, to the clamorous cry of the city, sleep the unheeding dead of St. John's churchyard.

I wandered in and out among the graves wishing for some one to give me information with reference to the historic plat. I had heard that here was the third oldest of the Episcopal Churches in America; that the walls had stood since 1656; antedating by fifty years "Old Trinity," and builded fully one hundred and fifty years before the edifice now standing at the head of Wall Street. The grant of the "Queen's Farm" to the English Church on Manhattan Island, was the gift of Queen Anne in the remnant years of 1600, while "Elizabeth City Parish" was established the span of near one century earlier, in 1615.

I came upon a man doing the mason's work in a new-made grave. He was carrying on an animated conversation with a woman friend who stood watching him. I stopped to ask him if he could give me the history of the church.

"No'm, I can't," he replied, "but, thar's a nigger 'round here that knows more about this here church than anybody—he jest knows all thar is to know, I reckon."

Striking his trowel upon the ground by way of emphasis, he enthusiastically added:

"Bolivar kin tell you more about this here church than George Washington—you jest send for Bolivar—thar goes one of his children now—Hi! look'y here!" he shouted and gesticulated with his trowel, to a little mulatto child playing near the edge of the grounds. "Here, ain't you one of Bolivar's children?"

"Yaas Sir," she idly answered.

"W'll you cum here; you go and tell your father thar's sum'un here wants to see him."

"I kaint, I'se got sumfin else to do."

"Sure, you mind what I tell you—go tell your father thar's sum'un waitin' here."

The little girl ran along and the man explained to me that Bolivar is "a yaller nigger with a slick tongue."

When I intimated my fear that from such a source the information might not be reliable, he assured me that Bolivar was to be depended upon for the facts.

While I waited, he and his companion resumed their talk, and so I learned that only for the descendants of the families buried therein, is the sod of St. John's churchyard ever overturned. From their gossip I gathered about the open grave the threads of a tender tale of loving, wooing, winning, death-parting and the bitter grief of a young widowed heart.

"Wall," looking toward the sun, "I reckon it's about time for me to knock off."
"What time do you quit?" inquired the woman.
"Wall, five o'clock is schedule time; but, I jest knock off any old time—y' see, I'm working for myself."
"Not now, I hope," she answered.
"Wall, no; not jest this here piece of work."
With that they both laughed; then he scrambled out of the pit and they went away.
Alone in the fading light, by the empty grave, my tearful sympathy went to seek that one who on the morrow should stand there desolate, bereft.
"You wish to see me, maam?"
I turned and straightway knew that it was Bolivar. I followed him to the vestibule. He opened the doors with a flourish and bade me enter. He began a recital of the history of St. John's Church. I interposed a question or two, but, with due deference, he advised me that he would "relate the history of dis church," and if after he had finished I had any questions to ask, he would be pleased to answer them, signifying that his record fully covered the ground. I dropped to a seat and listened. Bolivar was very conscious of the dignity of his serious calling; and, standing a few pews in front of me, with his eyes cast toward the ceiling, and his hands clasped before him, he made his recital.
I was so interested in the manner of the man and

his evident attachment and veneration for the old-time structure, that I became wholly absorbed, and quite forgot to pay the slightest attention to the facts of history embodied in his recitation.

"Can you say that again, Bolivar?" I inquired.

"Yaas'm. I reckon I repeats it many times as high as fifty times a day."

"Will you say it again for me, Bolivar, word for word, and let me take it down? I want that speech of yours."

"Yaas'm. Ef you'll come here eny day an' bring yo' paper and pencil, I'll say it slow and easy-lik', and you kin write it down."

"How will to-morrow do, at eleven o'clock? I asked

"No, dat won't do," he said, "for dey'll be holdin' ob a funeral here at dat hour; but," thoughtfully, "yo' come to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock."

Bolivar had a keen sense of dramatic effect, and he continued:

"No, yo' better come at haf pas' two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. De youn' lady will be here a practicin' ob de organ, an' with yo' settin' right ober dar in President Tyler's pew, I'll say dis histry foh yo', word foh word, an' it am de truf, lady."

That was an appointment which I could not fail to keep. At the stated hour I found Bolivar waiting to assist me from the car. He conducted me into the church and led me to President Tyler's

pew. Without knowing of the pre-arranged role, the young lady was at the organ. Bolivar's program was complete.

"First, I wants to tell yo', lady, dat my name ain't Bolivar, dat's jest a nickname. My name's R-i-d-d-i-c-k—Riddick Watson," and he carefully spelled the first name in order that there might be no future error. Assuming the solemn mien, as of yesterday, Riddick began his tale as follows:

"I am pleas' to tell yo' dat yo' has foun' a church wid a sexton what am proud ob his charge. I hav' liv' in a stone's throw ob des walls foh thirty-seven years ob my lif' and I'm fifty-seven years ole. I've acted as sexton twenty-four years, nine months and eight days—yaas, dis am the eighth day ob de month; and come nex' January, I'll be twenty-five years sexton ob dis church ob de second settlemen' on Virginny soil."

"Dis is Elizabeth City County, Hampton, Virginny. De first buildin' was called Elizabeth City Parish, and was 'rected in 1615. I dun no whether it was a log house or what. I feels sorry when I has to tell yo' lady, dat only de walls is all dat is lef' ob de ole buildin' what was 'rected in 1656, an' attached on to de same old parish, but called St. John's Church. De woodwork was 'stroyed from it in 1776, an' again in 1813; set fire by de British each time; but, de walls stood each time."

"I am prepared to give yo' de day and de hour, when by command of General McGruder, de

church was de third time 'stroyed by fire. On de nineteen day of Augus', 1861, between eight and nine o'clock ob de night, de town ob Hampton was burned by our own people—de confederates—an' dey wasn't anything lef' standin' in Hampton 'cept de walls ob de ole St. John's Church an' the cote house walls, and de walls ob Mr. Kennon Whiting's house on the lower end of King Street."

"De church den laid in public ruins from de nineteen of Augus' in '61, up entil April, '67; wid de blue sky showin' froo de roof in de day, and de stars at night, if not cloudy, wid a public road from Queen Street enterin' in at de south do' and passin' out froo de north do' ob de church, reachin' Lincoln Street, which was about the distance of seben hundred an' fifty feet. Yo see, dar was no way to drive 'roun' because ob de railin's ob iron about de graves. An' here dey was a drivin' of horse carts, an' ox carts, an' haulin' ob de wood an' de coal an' eny kine of traffic froo de do's ob dis ole church. Dis las'ed up entil 1868. Den de hammer and de nails begin to ring, an' we had a roof back on dese ole walls; makin' de fourth roof on dis church; 'kase, yo' see dey mus' o' had a roof on de fust church here, and de church has three times been 'stroyed by fire, so I make it dat dis is de fourth roof ober dis church. All de improvements has been made sence by de flesh-coating ob de walls and de placin' ob de stained glass an' de 'morial windows. De passin' froo de ruins

ob de church was stopped by Bishop Whittle; an' dese walls has stood two hundred and forty-nine years."

"I feel jes as proud ob de church as ef I owned ebery brick and nail in it. Dis is considered de third ol'est Episcopal church in dis country. Hampton was settled in 1610, three years after Jamestown, an' was de second ol'est parish, 1615.

"We has a 'morial tablet put here in 1903, representing twenty-one names ob de ole Colonial clergymens. Dat pew yo' settin' in, de fourth on de lef' from de chancel, was President Tyler's spot and position in dis church. De pew nex' back ob yo' was Dr. Semple's, a gemmen ob de vestry an' warden ob dis church for ober fifty years—yo' will obserbe de tablet on de wall. President Tyler's ole summer residence is 'roun' de creek from Hampton on de right, de second house."

"De ole 'munion service was presented by de King to dis Church in 1619. We keeps it fer safety in de care ob de senior warden, an' ebery third Sunday in de month an' de first Sunday, it is carried here alon' wid de new set, but we don't use it no mo'. We also had a bell presented by de Queen, but it was 'stroyed in de fire of '61. De ol'est grave in dis cemetery is now standin' to show fo' itsel'; it is Captain M. Wilson, 1701; eny older den dis has been 'stroyed an' los' sight ob."

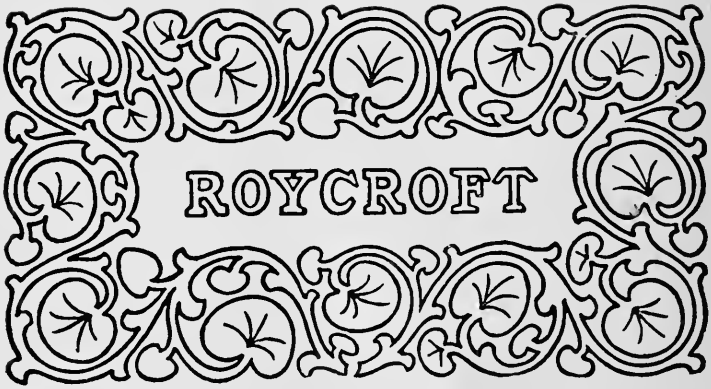
"Now, lady, I hab give yo' de histry ob dis church, word for word; dese facts are my own

experiments, 'ceptin' what Bishop Whittle and Bishop Meade done tole me."

"Riddick, I would like to have your picture with this old church," I ventured when he quickly responded:

"Yaas'm, ef yo' don min' I'd lik' to have it tak'n out in de churchyard. Yo' see, dey done giv' me a lot in dis here yard and I keeps it all clean an' prutty an' set out wid flowers an' vines, an' ef yo' don't min' I'd lik' to have yo' take my picture right out dare a pintin' to my firs' wif's grave."

So here then endeth the volume entitled SHREDS AND PATCHES OF HISTORY, as written by Mildred Beatty Pierce, and the whole done into a book by The Roycrofters at their Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, m c m v i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