THE LOWER JAMES

EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE

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THE LOWER JAMES

A SKETCH OF
CERTAIN COLONIAL PLANTATIONS

BY

EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE

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PREFATORY

AFTER this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, " That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it he called for his friends and told them of it.

Then said he—" I am going to my Father's, and 'though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that gets it. My marks and my scars I carry with me to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battle Who will now be my rewarder."

When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which as he went, he said—" Death! where is thy sting? "

And as he went down deeper, he said—" Grave! where is thy victory? "

So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the Other Side.

(*" The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come."*)

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THE REV. EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE, D.D.

BY THE REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.

THE announcement of the death of Dr. Terhune at his home in New York City, Saturday morning, May 25, 1907, brought sadness to many hearts, north and south, east and west, for Dr. Terhune's ministerial labors not only extended through the years of a long lifetime, but covered a wide field and blessed and enriched three communions.

His early ministry was spent in Virginia, as pastor of the famous old Presbyterian Church at Charlotte Court House, which was probably at its best during Dr. Terhune's pastorate. In his congregation was the cream of the Colonial families of the old Dominion. The young men who sat under his preaching there were many of them college graduates, and from his parish not a few went to fill places of distinction in the state and nation. Dr. Terhune was the spiritual adviser of these men, and their warm personal friend to the last.

With his foreign pastorates in Rome and Paris, and his pastorates in Brooklyn and Springfield, I am not so familiar, but his work in Newark, where for eighteen years he was the minister of the First Reformed Church, abides to this day, and his name and

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memory will be fragrant and blessèd for years to come. He left an impress upon this city by his preaching and especially through the influence of his striking and charming personality, that is still a potent force in the community.

We looked upon him here in Newark as a sort of permanent pastor-in-general of the Reformed churches in Newark. No minister was more sought or more welcome as an occasional preacher, or pulpit supply in a pastor's absence. There are families here who continue to think of him as their pastor, and in times of sorrow and trial he came to comfort.

His last public appearance in Newark was in connection with the semicentennial exercises of the North Church, when he delivered a reminiscent address, which is preserved in the published memorial volume of that occasion.

Dr. Terhune was a minister of the finest type. He commanded the absolute and abiding confidence of those who knew him. Men of large affairs trusted implicitly to his wisdom and advice in matters of charity and benevolence. His warm heart and kindly manner made his presence a benediction to those in trouble and bereavement. His rich and thorough culture and his unfailing and contagious geniality made him the charm and centre of every social circle he entered.

He was a gentleman of the old school, and he literally adorned the gospel ministry. He had a lofty ideal of the preacher's calling, and he translated his ideal into real life. None of his friends ever

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thought of him as an old man. He was not so many years old, but so many years young. He was interested in life, full of a gracious optimism for people and things, courtly, ever thoughtful and considerate of all about him. While holding fast to the old faiths, and cherishing for himself a piety at once simple and sincere, he was broadly tolerant of all that is Christian and Catholic in his views of the kingdom. While I think the Dutch Church had the warmest place in Dr. Terhune's heart, I have never thought of him as related to a denomination. He always impressed me as a Christian minister, with room and love in his heart for all who love Christ.

His last public act was to read a paper before Alpha Delta, the little circle of ministerial brethren among whom he was a brother best belovèd. After reading this paper, in which he gave a graphic account of the early Jamestown settlements, he complained of not feeling well, and asked to be excused. On reaching home he was taken ill with an acute attack, which in a few days proved fatal.

His life has been a long, blessèd, beautiful and well-rounded career. He has done his work well and left the world better and happier than he found it.

In 1856 he was married to Miss Mary Virginia Hawes, of Richmond, who still survives him, and who, as "Marion Harland," is so well known to the literary and journalistic world. She was a tower of strength to her husband in all his pastorates, and their home life was an idyl.

A year ago, at their beautiful country place in

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Pompton, they celebrated the golden jubilee of their marriage.

After a career so blessèd, a life so symmetrical, and a companionship so ideal, the grave can have no shadows, and the heart only tears that Christ's hand wipes away.

NEWARK, N. J.

BY REV. JOSEPH R. DURYEE, D.D.

PERMIT one who loved Dr. Terhune for fifty years to pay tribute to his character and outline his attainments.

He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., November 22, 1830. It does not seem possible that this was his birth year, he was so vigorous and his spirit was so youthful to the end. The best things in life were his rich inheritance. His father, Judge John Terhune, of Huguenot ancestry, and for fifty-four years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, was a rare man, and for generations the family had led in the moral and material development of New Jersey. He was named for Edward Payson, a saintly Christian leader still remembered in the American Church. Few boys have had a happier childhood. It was partly spent with his grandmother near Princeton. Her house was a centre of influence. Drs. Alexander, Hodge, Miller, and other professors were her intimate friends, and

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the boy was welcomed at their homes. Members of their families were life-long companions. Entering Rutgers, he was graduated in the class of 1850 with Drs. Elmendorf and Sheperd, Judges Lawrence and Ludlow, and others who became equally distinguished. His heart was set on becoming a physician and for nearly two years he studied medicine. Then he obeyed the higher call and consecrated himself to the Christian ministry.

On graduating from the New Brunswick Seminary he received several calls. He accepted that of the Presbyterian Church of Charlotte Court House, Va., and in the spring of 1855 began his pastorate. It was an ideal charge for any man. The best blood of the Old Dominion was in the congregation. In 1856 he married Miss Mary Virginia Hawes, of Richmond. The home became as near the ideal as any this earth has known—beautiful in its comradeship, beneficent in its influence.

In 1858 Dr. Terhune was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Dutch Church, of Newark. To decide as he did must have been a singular test of faith and courage. The claims of material comfort, intellectual fellowship and family ties on one side, on the other a depleted church, in a community almost entirely dependent for support on manufacturing interests most of which were then bankrupt. But Dr. Terhune was a soldier of the cross and the red fighting blood ran too strong in him to resist the opportunity that called for heroic self-denial, constraint, toil and trials of faith and patience that

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would for years tax to the utmost every power of heart and mind. Few men have possessed as clear a vision of life; for him there were no illusions in the Newark outlook. He knew that in the modern city life, then just beginning, must be fought the main battle of Christianity with the powers of evil. His commission was to lead, and he accepted the detail.

For eighteen years Dr. Terhune remained at his post. Immediately his work began to tell for blessing, nor was this confined to his parish; the entire city felt his presence. While his work in all its many parts was of the highest order, the man was always greater than his work. Men, women, and children instinctively loved him. They brought to him their problems, then felt his impression on their hearts. And it was abiding. To-day a great company scattered throughout the earth thank God for what he wrought in them. In 1876 Mrs. Terhune's health demanded a change of scene and climate, and without delay Dr. Terhune resigned his Newark charge and went abroad. His ministry did not lapse, for all the time he labored as chaplain, first in Rome and then in Paris, having entire charge of the American churches there.

On his return in 1878 he received calls from leading churches in Newark, Plainfield, New Haven, and Springfield, Mass. The last named he accepted. There he remained for five years, honored and loved throughout the city. Then came another call. The Williamsburg Reformed Church in Brooklyn had

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had a remarkable history. In the centre of a great population, with a plant capable of accommodating an enormous congregation, it had never fulfilled its promise. Unless an unusual man, with rare gifts, not merely of eloquence and ordinary leadership but with almost divine tact, patience and unselfishness, came to save it, the church would disband. Dr. Terhune loved the Old Dutch Church as loyally as any man who has ever served her, but this call must have taxed his sense of proportion. I am sure it was his Master's higher call that decided him to go to Williamsburg. He had never cared for wealth except for its uses, was generous in every direction, and needed all the salary he could win. The church was $80,000 in debt, its membership was scattered and its attendants were divided into antagonistic groups. More than one friend urged him to refuse such a sacrifice. What the seven years' labor there cost him only God knew. He became twenty years older in appearance, and he lost much of the splendid vitality that had never before failed him. But he left the church united, entirely free from debt, and with a promise for the future never before so bright. His next charge was the Puritan Church, Brooklyn — an active and a happy pastorate of four years, terminated by his serious illness.

For the rest of his life Dr. Terhune, while refusing another pastorate, was a constant laborer. Large churches in Chicago and St. Louis called him. In the former city he became for nearly a year a stated supply, but he knew that his physical strength was

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waning. After leaving Puritan Church he underwent a serious surgical operation and for nearly six months lay helpless from its effect. Indeed his life was despaired of. I talked with the surgeon, who told me that in his long experience he had "never known a patient endure greater or more constant suffering; I cannot understand his marvellous self-control. He is always bright, always thinking of others and never of himself." It was characteristic. A year abroad was needed to complete his recovery. After his return Dr. Terhune led an active life. The churches sought his help and he was a frequent preacher in New York, Newark and elsewhere. More than forty years ago he purchased a tract of land on Pompton Lake, N. J. It was then a primitive region, to which he was attracted by the scenery and the opportunity to satisfy his special recreation; for from boyhood he was a great fisherman. As time and means permitted he made "Sunnybank" blossom into rare beauty. How he loved this home! There he lived close to nature, and the trees, flowers, streams and sky rested and refreshed him. Because he was a true child of nature, she gave back to him rich treasures that are denied to most; a joy in her communion, knowledge of her secrets, a vision of God through her revelation. There dear friends gathered about him and the ideal beauty of a country home was through his inspiration revealed to some for the first time.

A year ago Dr. and Mrs. Terhune celebrated their golden wedding. After a day of loving congratulations from friends almost innumerable who in

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body or in spirit gathered about them, they took their wedding journey in their carriage, driving horses born on their place, through the country of his boyhood and elsewhere. The refreshment of this fortnight of perfect happiness lingered on for all the remaining days of earth.

More than forty years ago, while a pastor in Newark, Dr. Terhune united with Alpha Delta, an association limited to twelve active members, meeting monthly at their homes. With its founders in 1855, among whom were Drs. G. W. Bethune, Robert Davidson, A. R. Van Nest, A. B. Van Zandt and others, he was intimate. After the death of Dr. Chambers he became the senior member, and in 1900 prepared its history. In the brief studies of the character of nearly two score friends, there is revealed the secret of his power. He possessed the genius of friendship as few have done.

Twelve days before the end came he read to Alpha Delta a paper prepared at our request, "The Story of the Jamestown, Virginia, Settlement and the James River Estates." Every monograph of Dr. Terhune had its special value, but into this last he poured the memories of happy years, and an estimate of values in human life, as never before. All through there ran that subtle charm of style, tender pathos and gentle humor of which he was master. And there was added a peculiar quality impossible to define. I think we all felt that unconsciously he had pictured himself, always seeing, knowing, loving and inspiring the best in men. Not feeling well,

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he left us suddenly. There was no good-by. Perhaps it is better so! But Alpha Delta can never be the same to us here.

After twelve days of fever and pain he fell asleep, to awaken in the Father's House, to the vision of that One he loved, and with Him the children who had passed before.

More than once I have been asked to describe the distinctive characteristics of admirable men, and have named them "many-sided," and "standing four square." But as I think of Dr. Terhune the trite phrases seem insufficient. Nor is it easy to differentiate his character. He was a strong man physically, intellectually and morally. As few of his generation, he held his course through a long life of trial consistently. He had a definite hatred of sin and when duty called, never hesitated to particularize the evil of which men were guilty. But in this he always aimed to discover to such the good they were capable of attaining. His fearless courage was balanced by the finest gentleness. His presence was gracious and the charm of perfect manners was natural in him. Instinctively men looked up to him and remembered his sayings. Dr. Terhune was a diligent man; all his life he was a student. He loved his books intelligently. His literary experience was unusual in its range and depth. Even more than books he studied men; their problems were his greatest interest. He thought these out so wisely and sympathetically that he seemed to possess the prophet's vision.

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Above all he studied the Word of God. It was always to him a living Word, and its messages were personal. He found the key to the enigmas of life in the Gospel of the Son of God. To reveal to seekers after truth this living Word was his highest happiness. How he loved to preach the Gospel! In the pulpit Dr. Terhune was earnest, clear, direct, and simple. His teachers had been rare men in the school of eloquence that was the glory of America fifty years ago. On occasion he was equal to the best of these. As I recall his presence in his Newark church I seem now to hear his voice ring out words that moved men to purer thinking, nobler living, and greater loyalty to the Master he loved. As a pastor he was devoted to every interest of his people; in their homes no other guest was so welcome. These, and other traits I could name, found their spring in as tender a heart as ever beat; constantly he carried there all God gave him to love. Next to the members of his family I think his ministerial brethren realized most this supreme value in their friend. They knew he loved them as few men could. I have never heard him speak an unkind word of a clergyman. His presence never failed to hearten and stimulate them in their work. So he honored his manhood and his calling. He has left behind not only a stainless name, but living and blessèd power. Men who knew and believed in him cannot doubt that the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord, and that their friend has now entered into his inheritance.

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"THE LOWER JAMES"

ABOUT three years ago, on a visit to tidewater, Virginia, and in anticipation of the commemoration now in progress, I drove over from Williamsburg, the former capital of the Old Dominion, to renew my recollections of Jamestown. The ivy-covered porch and tower of the old church had long been familiar to me by repeated excursions up and down the James River, but not until this occasion had I cared to visit the historic ground. The reason of this was that until very recently there was absolutely nothing to be seen by closer examination that could not be observed from the deck of the passing steamer. A marshy lowground, over which at high tide the water backed, a few ancient crooked and gnarled trees, an uninviting aspect as of a forsaken and decayed settlement, discouraged nearer acquaintanceship.

The visit to which I now refer, however, gave opportunity for reproduction to my mind of all that was interesting in this, the first point

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of occupation by English colonists upon our American shores. A levee had been built upon the water front, and the marshy lowgrounds were drained. Much of the underbrush had been removed, and the *débris* of fallen walls and roof that had been lying undisturbed for almost two centuries had been cleared from the chancel and nave of the now spectral church. The original lines of foundation had been discovered, temporary wooden walls had been erected, and a roof made to cover the entire enclosure, affording a fair presentation of plan and dimensions in the days that had made it memorable. There had been an attempt, also, to define the courses of streets and the areas of buildings—the early government house, in which the first magistrates of the colony held their courts and the people their general assemblies, the brick foundations of store-houses and dwellings until now so hidden that the surface appeared to be a succession of mounds or earthworks.

I was glad that my visit should occur at the time it did, when nothing of the projected restoration had as yet been attempted. Now, gaudy structures of various forms—machinery, art, general exhibition, bazar, office, re-

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fectory—all bearing the impress of up-to-date enterprise and achievement, obscure what to the delver in the antiquities of our land, and to enthusiasts for heroism is alone worthy to be revealed. For here, for our country, begins the trail of civilization blazoned from this point onward by names and characters which are among the most memorable in our annals.

The history of that period—culminating in volume as the commemoration has drawn near—is so copious and obtrusive it seems presumptuous in one to attempt other than the recapitulation of incidents with which, from childhood, you have all been familiar. Jamestown and Plymouth Rock are the starting points in American history for nearly all of us—if not by direct lineal connection, yet by an association extended through many generations. "For here" at Jamestown—I quote from the narrative of one whom State affection and pride of ancestry have brought into quick touch with the time, the events, and the persons of that day—"here on May 13, 1607, was set the first rootlet of English dominion in the vast Virginia plantation that was to

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outlive pestilence and famine and savage violence. Every foot of soil has been soaked in blood since Smith and his colony took possession of the goodly land in the name of God and King James. As far as eye can reach, the level tract is enwrapped with historic and romantic associations."

"Here," said Gov. Henry A. Wise, speaking of Jamestown, "the old world first met the new. Here the white man first met the red for settlement and civilization. Here the white man wielded the axe to cut the first tree for the first log cabin. Here the first log cabin was built for the first village. Here the first village rose to the first State Capital. Here was the first Capital of our Empire of States—here was the very foundation of a nation of freemen, which has stretched its dominion and its millions across the continent to the shores of another ocean." "And it is here," adds President Tyler, of William and Mary, "that the new world witnessed the first trial by jury, the first English church, the first English marriage, and its first legislative assembly."

"De la Warr found upon the marshy peninsula, in 1610, a church twenty-four feet broad

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by sixty long." I quote from another chronicler: "The site was the same as that occupied by the 'old rotten tent' under which the first Protestant service in America was held. Indeed, the historic church was not the first, but most likely the third on that ground. The first was made by 'hanging up an old sail, fastening it to three or four trees, seats of logs, and a bar of wood between two trees served for a pulpit.' 'The next,' so says Smith, was 'like a barn set upon crochets.' The third was the one of which the old tower still stands. During De la Warr's administration the sanctuary was decorated on Sunday with flowers and evergreens, and opened for afternoon service during the week. There were a baptismal font, a tall pulpit, a chancel of red cedar, and in the tower two bells. These rang a joyous peal in the April of 1613, when John Rolfe and Pocahontas knelt in the aisle for the nuptial benediction."

Of the original structure all that now remains is "the tower roofing the vestibule." The ivy was growing in festoons and wreathing the sides as if to hide the defacements made by the vandal hammers of relic hunters, and crimson-colored vines lovingly clasped the

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stones on which I sat that cloudless Indian-summer day recalling the scene when, through that archway, amid throngs of dusky and gaudily decorated savages and a few English colonists, "the lady Rebecca and her pale-faced bridegroom passed arm in arm." There at that font Pocahontas, before this a convert to Christianity, received the water of baptism and her new name. The dead of six generations slept beneath those heaving mounds at our feet—names familiar to every Virginian, and a majority of them repeated since in family Bibles and in the proudest annals of the State—the Sherwoods, the Blairs, the Harrisons, Lady Frances Berkeley, the accomplished wife of the haughty and arrogant governor who, upon her death, abandoned his office and returned to the mother country.

The assertion that the new colony of Virginia was a Botany Bay for English convicts and penniless adventurers is a libel upon the brave men, a number of them of noble birth, others of attainments of means and education. In every worthy enterprise some of the lower element will take advantage of the opportunity such chances afford them—as in the exodus of '49 from the Eastern States to Cali-

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fornia. London in 1607 had been greatly stirred by the voyages of Sir Francis Drake, and stories of untold mines of gold in the Western land. Multitudes from England and Scotland and Ireland swelled the population of the great city, and among them many adventurers who would gladly have made their way to the new world had they been able to emigrate. Later, some of these classes did come. Their record is not, however, to be found upon the list of those to whom letters patent were issued by King James for the colonization of Virginia. The two previous fateful voyages of Raleigh to the coast and islands of North Carolina had quenched, to a degree, the ardor of eager adventurers. The stability of the colony and its rapid extension prove that the inferior material was inconsiderable and soon sank out of sight. "John Smith, the conqueror of kings, walked these shores and took counsel with brave, loyal George Percy. Hereabouts he welcomed Pocahontas and her train of forest maidens, and withstood to their teeth Wingfield and Ratcliffe and Archer" and their thievish, murderous crew. Here Sir Thomas Dale negotiated the marriage of Powhatan's daughter with worthy John Rolfe. I

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have already spoken of Lord De la Warr, the early governor of the colony. Others not less noteworthy established and maintained divine worship, and from its very beginning stamped upon the settlement the character which Virginia has always maintained in the intellectual and religious life of the nation.

Under Smith's presidency, Jamestown became a village of nearly five hundred inhabitants, with twenty-four cannon and abundant store of muskets. Under his administration, as I have already intimated, the church took the place of the log hut in which divine service had been held. The surrounding country, rich in its bottom lands to this day, was in part tilled, but the main support of the colony, in addition to stores brought by succeeding vessels from the mother country, was the supply brought in by Indians of Powhatan's tribe and the Potomac's corn, fish, and game.

It is only in connection with the support thus rendered, and which at times became absolutely essential to the life of the colony, that I make further reference to Pocahontas—for upon this Indian girl the fate not of Smith alone but of the entire Virginia settlement became at once dependent.

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From the "Journal of American History" I quote: "Whether or not the tradition of the rescue of the gallant John Smith, as he was about to be slain by her father's tribe, is true does not in the least diminish the nobility and the beauty of this Indian maid. That she was the power behind the throne is beyond all doubt, and to her must be given the credit for the influence that several times saved the absolute extermination of the English-speaking settlement which to-day claims the attention of the world as the Cradle of the Republic."

You are familiar to weariness with the story just referred to—the rescue of Smith, who had fallen into an ambush of three hundred of Powhatan's warriors. Certain facts that redeem it from the realm of mere romance, however, deserve to be stated, and they shall be given from Smith's own account as written out for the Queen Consort, and preserved in the papers of the reign of James I.

"Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan, then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon layd his head, and being

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ready to dash out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and layd her own upon his to save him from death, whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper."

We are not to suppose that it was the sudden caprice of a spoiled child that had cast her between the club and the head embraced in her arms. She had pleaded for him before the hour set for the trial. In a captivity that had many opportunities of familiar discourse with those who had kept him, the knightly soldier had made her his friend. Although but twelve or thirteen years old at the time, the story here told of her influence and of the subsequent interpositions for the colonists prove her to have been advanced mentally beyond her years, and to have possessed a peculiar power over her grim but indulgent father.

The influence of the six weeks in which Smith lived in constant association with his despotic host, and the little brunette he was ordered to amuse, and the subsequent intimacy to which it led, upon her character and career

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can hardly be exaggerated. The supposed artificer selected to fashion tinkling ornaments to please her fancy was soldier, traveler, dramatist, historian, and diplomatist. He acquired the Indian tongue, and taught his to Pocahontas. It is reasonable to suppose that she drew from him the earliest aspirations that led to her conversion to Christianity. "What," he asks of his fellow adventurers in the new world, "can a man with faith in religion do more agreeable to God than to seek to convert these poor savages to Christ and humanity?"

In his "General History," Smith recapitulates what he had written to the Queen Consort in 1616, namely, that Pocahontas "not only hazarded the beating out her own brains to save mine, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown."

Starvation was staring the Jamestown settlers in the face when, one winter day, a train of red men emerged from the forest and approached the fort. A little in advance of the "Indian file" was a lithe figure, wrapped in a robe of doeskin, lined and edged with pigeon down. As a king's daughter, she wore a white heron's feather in her dark hair; wrists and

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ankles were banded with coral. A queen in miniature, she came with gifts of corn and game in quantities that quieted the rising panic. "Every once in four or five days," the "wild train thus laden, visited the settlement," until the peril of famine was past.

Such interpositions by Pocahontas in behalf of the white settlers, her frequent ambassages from her father to Jamestown, her warning at the risk of her own life to Smith and his company when, at the order of King James, Powhatan was crowned—by which warning they narrowly escaped massacre—evince how closely the welfare of this early colony and of the village of Jamestown is connected with the agency of this stripling maiden, who later was received at the Court of St. James as the first American princess.

The late Hon. William Wirt Henry, President of the Historical Society of America, whose "Life and Letters of Patrick Henry," his grandfather, rank him among the most accomplished historiographers of our country, bears the same testimony to Pocahontas and her inestimable value to the Jamestown colony.

" . . . Pocahontas, who, born the daughter

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of a savage king, was endowed with all the graces which become a Christian princess; who was the first of her people to embrace Christianity, and to unite in marriage with the English race; who, like a guardian angel, watched over and preserved the infant colony which has developed into a great people, among whom her descendants have ever been conspicuous for true nobility; and whose name will be honored while this great people occupy the land upon which she so signally aided in establishing them."

But to return to the history of Jamestown from this point: Not many months after the last incident narrated, Smith met with an accident that obliged him to return to England for surgical treatment. No sooner," the history goes on to say, "had the salvages understood that Smith was gone, but they all revolted and did spoil and murther all they encountered."

Ratcliffe, Smith's successor, visited Powhatan with "thirtie others as careless as himself" and was killed with all his party except one man who escaped, and a boy, whose life Pocahontas saved.

Jamestown was rehabilitated by Lord De la

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Warr, he building upon the foundation laid by Smith's travail of soul and body. De la Warr was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dale—"a man of great knowledge in divinity, and of good conscience in all things." In Sir Thomas Dale's time we read that his new town, Jamestown, "was a noble city," with its "two rows of houses of framed timber, some of them two stories and a garret higher, three large storehouses joined together in length," and the "strong impalement" that encompassed all.

Such was the state of Jamestown, increasing in size and importance until the governorship of Sir William Berkeley, seventy years after its foundation. In 1666, just one hundred and ten years before the Declaration of American Independence, it passed forever from sight. The rebellion of Nathaniel Bacon against the policy of Berkeley—a rebellion justified by the vacillations of the governor—brought on a conflict in which Jamestown was burned to the ground. The rude line of fortifications over which the contending parties struggled may yet be plainly discerned; but save these and the few relics to which I have referred, the very site of Jamestown, or any

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evidence that it ever existed, is entirely obliterated.

Seven miles back from the river is the ancient slumberous city of Williamsburg. Thither, upon the demolition of Jamestown, Sir Francis Nicholson, then governor—for Berkeley had sailed back to England—removed the seat of government. The very name is significant of a settlement considerably later than that of Jamestown, for as the latter bore the name of the reigning monarch under whose patent it was founded, so Williamsburg and its venerable college—second in age only to Harvard—honor the then reigning house of Orange, represented in William and Mary. Loyalty to the home government speaks in the very lines and titles of its streets;—the main thoroughfare still known as Duke of Gloucester Street, was conferred in recognition of the boy Duke, the heir presumptive to the throne then filled by his childless aunt and uncle-in-law. Diverging streets were to form on one side a capital W; upon the other an M—the palace or government house at one extreme, the college at the opposite. Of this building Sir Christopher Wren was the architect. Unfortunately, the original edifice was

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burned in 1705. The Bishop of London was the first chancellor. It may be recalled still further, in reference to the loyalty already alluded to, that, founded under the auspices of the Church of England, a provision was inserted in the charter that prayers from the English Prayer Book were to be read at the opening exercises of each day, and that from the first session ever held within its walls to this hour the order has never once been omitted. The Revolution levied from its halls nearly all of its then students; the Civil War went further: it left not a single professor or student exempt. The venerable President Ewell—brother of the Confederate general of that name—alone, mindful of the injunction of the charter, every day of those four years entered the sacred desk and read to unresponsive walls and benches the psalm and collect for the day.

Referring to this fact and in allusion to the sons of this institution that have enriched Virginia and, to an extent, the nation, one writes: "What a company of august shades filled those seats as those words were repeated to seemingly empty space! Twenty members of Congress, seventeen State governors,

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two attorney-generals, twelve college professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, one chief justice, four Cabinet officers, and three Presidents of the United States, besides eminent soldiers, men of letters, and reverend divines, whose names star the pages of colonial and commonwealth history."

It was suggested by one or more of the members of Alpha Delta that this hotch-potch should make reference to certain memorable estates upon the James River—made memorable not more by their wealth and beauty than by the worthy men and women who, from these homes, wielded an influence upon the times we have considered and upon later history.

The distinctive feature of the James River plantations to which I refer is that they are ancestral family seats, and have continued in the original occupation through successive generations—certain of them to this date. This stability was largely due to the maintenance of slavery, which permitted the working of such vast estates to profit, and thereby secured both land and material force from fathers to sons. Tuckahoe and Presque Isle,

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of the Randolphs; Wyanoke, Lower and Upper Brandon, of the Harrisons; Westover, of the Bryds; Berkeley, of another branch of the Harrisons; Shirley, of the Carters, and numerous others illustrate this fact.

They were patents from the Crown, and established with an eye to permanence—an inheritance as to sentiment from the ancestral homes of old England, whence these original settlers came. Such estates rendered necessary a superior and an inferior class, a condition prevalent in England at the time, and made possible here by the existence of slavery. The plantation, with its provision for the support of these dependants, a close corporation, holding in itself all essential trades—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, weavers, shoemakers, etc., was adequate to all economic demands. As a result you find a large majority of the eminent men who were called into the council of the nation in the early days were what were known as "planters," owners of large and productive estates, which permitted them leisure for study of great themes and to acquire the science of government. Patrick Henry, from his home at Red Hill, on the Stanton river; Jefferson from his estate at Mon-

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ticello; Madison from the broad acres of Orange; Washington from Mt. Vernon; the Harrisons from Berkeley, and many others whose names will occur to you.

Time will permit me to refer to only one or two of these colonial estates on the James.

First: Lower Brandon—named in memory of Brandon, England — situated on the left bank of the James as one sails up the river from Norfolk, sixty miles from that city, and ninety from Richmond. The original grant was made to John Martin. "Martin's Brandon" is still the title of the old church, in which are used the chalice and patin presented by John Westhrope. The tomb of Elizabeth Westhrope, near by, bears the date of 1649.

The estate soon became the property of Nathanael Harrison, and later of his son, Benjamin Harrison — the ancestor of both the Presidents Harrison — the roommate of Thomas Jefferson at William and Mary College—and remains to this day in the Harrison family.

The house has a frontage of 210 feet, the wings being joined by covered corridors to the main building. Like all the old mansions on the James, Brandon is double-fronted. The

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carriage drive leads up to what would be called the back door; the other main entrance faces the river. Time does not permit me to describe the inner arrangement of this house, rich in the treasures of art, portraits of the great gentlemen and dames of successive generations. Twice has war ravaged it—in the Revolution, when Benedict Arnold made havoc of all that was most lovely and valuable within and without its doors—and again in the Civil War, when by malicious hands the renowned collection of family portraits, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were torn from their frames, every windowpane shattered—even those inscribed with the autographs of J. K. Paulding, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore (then President), Edward Everett, his Secretary of State, and others of the Cabinet. Not a habitable building except the manor house was left standing. The savagery would have gone to the extreme had not a telegram from Mr. Lincoln, who indirectly learned of the devastation, demanded its instant cessation. For Brandon, from the day of Jefferson, who was a frequent guest, and who had been chief adviser in the construction of the house, was the frequent retreat of the high officials at Wash-

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ington—of Presidents and their cabinets. At one time, upon a day's forewarning, Mr. Fillmore, his entire cabinet, and a party comprising thirty, quartered themselves upon the gracious hostess, whose impulse of hospitality, apparently, no numbers could daunt.

In the days in which I recall Brandon, it was, as it had always been, the home of this princely hospitality. At that time Mrs. Isabella Harrison, widow of George Evelyn Harrison, one of the most elegant of Virginia dames, and her accomplished daughter welcomed to their board the throng of visitors that came to them week by week and day by day. "Eminent statesmen of this country, men and women of rank from abroad, friends and strangers, found open house in the fine old Virginia home. The plantation included an area of seven thousand acres, fourteen hundred of which were in profitable cultivation. A neat hospital for the sick and infirm, the services of a regular physician, the ministry of a salaried chaplain, and, most of all, the parental care of the owners, made of the family and farm servants a contented and happy peasantry."

May I quote from the description of one who

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visited Brandon ten years ago? The author says: "With a sigh of grateful relief I turn to Brandon as I saw it on a mid-May day when the story of the invasion was thirty years old. Lawn and garden separated the mansion from the river. Trees, lopped and shivered by bullets and scorched by fire, were swathed with ivy; honeysuckles rioted in tropical luxuriance over bole and bough, and were pruned daily lest they should strangle rose trees that were full of buds.

"Every square has its story; alley and plot, tree and shrub, are beaded with hallowed associations. Except for the dents of bullets in the stanch walls, the exterior tells nothing of the fiery blast and rain that nearly wrought ruin to the whole edifice. Out-buildings and enclosures have been renewed, peace and promise of plenty rejoice on every side."

Since that record both of the queenly women who so lavishly dispensed the hospitality of Brandon have passed from the earth. The present occupant is the widow of the son of the house who died many years ago. Probably from lack of means and the disorganized system of labor, the former state of prosperous elegance is to a degree lacking, and it is

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doubtful if any of the name—of the direct line—will be able to restore to it its old-time attractiveness.

It is due to those who may never have had the opportunity to enjoy for themselves Virginian hospitality of that olden time to give it a somewhat appreciable definition. The hospitality that invites a guest to your home to partake of a meal with you, or to prolong his stay for several days, does not touch the idea of hospitality as recognized in the period and place to which I refer. That was entirely independent of relationship, friendship, or even previous acquaintance. It covered the thought expressed in the words: "I was a STRANGER, and ye took me in"—all the more that the guest was a stranger, and that his need gave his host the opportunity to exercise the grace of generosity. The feature of obligation, in any respect, would have checked the spontaneity that alone rendered hospitality a virtue.

Hence the Plantation Home was one whose doors were ever open, and the table of which was daily prepared with an eye to a number beyond its steady occupants. This established condition of things scarcely admitted of sur-

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prise. The village or country hotel accommodations were meagre—the more inadequate because the hospitable instincts of the neighborhood rendered provision in this form unprofitable. I recall with gratitude occasions on which, in travel, I had gone to such houses of entertainment to spend a night or to take a meal, when, at the immediate interference of a family or the head thereof, I was not permitted to do this. I had never been in that locality before; my name or errand was not known. I was a STRANGER of respectable mien—that was sufficient. To decline would be deemed a discourtesy. It was esteemed a duty, a privilege to be on the lookout for strangers arriving in the hamlet or in the station. I could recount almost numberless instances in which not only individuals, but whole families or companions travelling together were thus claimed, almost seized upon, and brought to these generous plantation homes. Once within the enclosure, everything the home could afford was freely at the guests' disposition. Yet there was no labored effort on the part of hosts to entertain, or sensible restriction of the freedom of the guests. The conduct of the home and the pursuits of its

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various members were unimpeded. The visitor was permitted to feel that his presence entailed no burdening responsibility—the perfection of hospitality.

So large-hearted, apparently, was this welcome, it used to be said by those who could not appreciate the motive, that the occasion of it was in the isolation of these plantation homes; that the entertainment of sojourners was sought because it brought the hosts into touch with the outside world, gave them opportunities, otherwise denied them, of enlarged acquaintance and intelligence. The truth is it was the spirit or habit of the English home, whence all such sentiments and practices were drawn — the days when the manor house was open hall, and when there was small provision of any other character. You will recall references to this in English books—in Dickens's descriptions of the Pickwick party at old Wardell's; of the "poor relations" always provided for at the Squire's board.

Do you suggest that such open-heartedness and open-handedness might admit of imposition? That would be possible, but it seldom occurred, and if, at distant intervals, it did

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happen, the generous impulse could stand it. Honor respects honor. As the unlocked door to the treasure renders each one a guard of the treasure, this trust seldom suffered abuse.

Such was the beautiful hospitality of Virginia in the days of her larger means and capabilities. I offer this wreath of rosemary —for remembrance—to the honor and kindness of those who have so often made their homes and facilities as my very own.

WESTOVER: With reference to Westover, beautiful for situation beyond all the other river plantations, it is difficult for me to speak as the mere narrator. Associated as it is in my remembrance with so much that was lovely in companionship, a hospitality that has for years opened its doors to me and assured me of a gracious welcome, it is difficult for me to depict it save in colors that will probably appear intense to others. Because of peculiar conditions, Westover, beyond any other Virginia home of which I know, has been able to preserve intact a fidelity to the old régime. What that phrase—"the old régime"—includes, can be appreciated by those only who have known the Virginia plantation life in

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times preceding the Civil War. The planter best expressed it when he spoke of the "city" as a "community of shopkeepers," and the plantation as the "home." It included all that went to make up an elegant and dignified social condition, abundance in means and consequent provisions—often to lavishness—the leisure to entertain, which adequate and thoroughly trained domestic service alone permits; cultivation which the reading of the best classical literature affords, etc. This created a community independent of anything factitious, and assured refinement in tone and manner. Thus in Virginia, preceding the war, there was a greater proportion of college-bred men to the number of the population than in Massachusetts.

Yet with respect to proprietorship, Westover, perhaps, has been less constant to family line than any other of the homes upon the James that have been named, from reasons that will appear presently.

The location of the Westover residence is, I think, unequalled by any other home upon the river. The house—upon an elevated plateau—faces directly on the James at a point where the stream, tawny as the Tiber, is the

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broadest — about two miles in width. The lawn, of twenty acres or more, is a gradual slope to the water's edge, the higher portion crowned with lofty and widely branching tulip-poplars and oaks of a century's growth. Clumps of elms and firs afford shelter from the wind or too ardent rays of the sun, and invite to long siestas beneath their shade. The house has a frontage—if I am right in my recollection—of 330 feet, about two-thirds of which distance is occupied by the main mansion, to which are attached two extensive wings. The tulip-poplar on the left of the front door is a monarch whose life extends back, probably, to the time of the earliest occupation of the ancestral home.

A great hall cuts the house in two. The twisted balustrades of the stairs at the back are of solid mahogany; all the lofty rooms are wainscoated to the ceiling. Over the drawing-room mantel the most notable of the proprietors had a mirror built into the wall and framed in white Italian marble wrought into grapes, leaves, and tendrils, at a cost of five hundred *pounds*. The troops in occupation during the Civil War shivered the mirror and beat the sides of the frame to pieces, leaving the

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plainer setting at bottom and top comparatively unharmed.

THE PROPRIETORS OF WESTOVER: The plantation of Westover finds a place in the annals of colonial history as early as 1622. The original grant was made to Sir John Paulet. Theoderic Bland was the next owner—an Englishman by birth who emigrated to Virginia in 1654. He was one of the king's council in Virginia, established himself at Westover, gave ten acres of land, a courthouse, and a prison to the county, and built a church for the parish upon his own plantation. His body was interred beneath the floor of the church, and the name upon the slab that covers his grave is still entirely legible, although the building was long ago removed and shrubbery and earth conceal its original site.

The family, however, that made Westover notable, and to whom its later glory appertains, was that of the Byrds, who for three successive generations—from 1674 to 1814—made it their residence and maintained it in almost princely state. I pass over the earliest and latest occupants—of this direct connection—to dwell for a little while upon the second of the name under whose rule—for that

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is the appropriate word—Westover attained its greatest celebrity. William Evelyn Byrd succeeded to the estate upon the death of his father in 1704. The father had built a house in 1690. Upon his accession the son erected the present edifice which, in the main, appears to-day as at the time of its completion. The dwelling, of English brick, consisted of one large central house, connected by corridors with smaller wings—as I have already indicated. From the spacious cellars to the capping of the roof the impression is of massive solidity. The sloping lawn was defended against the wash of the current by a river wall of masonry extending along its entire front. At regular intervals buttresses, capped with stone, supported life-size statues. Gardens, fences, servants' quarters, and conservatories gave to the site the appearance of an English manor home. The estate is described as "a principality," and was maintained by a large fortune, which included valuable landed property in the neighborhood of London. Within this palatial abode were collected the treasures brought from England and the Continent. Among the pictures were the portraits now preserved at Lower and Upper

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Brandon. They were removed to these houses when Westover passed out of the Byrd family. Time would fail me to speak of these. They were the work of the most renowned portrait painters of that and the preceding age.

The proprietor of this grand home was in every way fitted to adorn the sphere in which he moved. Strikingly handsome in person, patrician in carriage, in intellect and learning the peer of the best civilians of his day, he was competent to fill every sphere he was called to occupy in the colony. Upon his return from England, whither he had been sent to be educated, and where he had mingled with the best society of the time, he had been called to the bar in the Middle Temple, had studied for some time in the Low Countries, had visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. "Thus," as his epitaph reads, "eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his Majesty's revenues here; was thrice appointed public agent to the Court and Ministry of England; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became President of the council of this colony."

One historian says of him: "A vast fortune

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enabled him to live in a style of hospitable splendor before unknown in Virginia. His extensive learning was improved by a keen observation, and ripened by acquaintance and correspondence with the wits and noblemen of his day in England. His writings are among the most valuable that have descended from his era."

And another historian says: "His path through life was a path of roses. He had wealth, culture, the best private library in America, social consideration, and hosts of friends; and when he went to sleep under his monument in the garden at Westover, he left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century."

In my country home is the bound volume of the "Westover Manuscripts" from the pen of this man—largely a journal of the life of those days, of his extensive journeyings through the wilds of his native State, and of his founding the cities of Richmond and Petersburg. It was in manuscript form as prepared by his secretary — at his dictation — preserved at Brandon after his death, and did not come into light until after the Civil War, when an edi-

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tion of it was printed in Richmond, Va. About two years ago, Doubleday & Page, of New York, published an illustrated edition of the manuscripts. At the time of that issue I was at Westover, when an amusing incident occurred. The present hostess of Westover, a dear friend, brought me a letter from an eminent literary critic of a New York journal —whose name I suppress—addressed to "William Evelyn Byrd, Westover, Va.," which had arrived by that morning's mail, asking him to furnish certain information in regard to the Westover manuscripts. As Colonel Byrd had been in his grave one hundred and sixty years, the letter of inquiry was somewhat difficult of delivery. It would seem impossible that a literary critic, whose writings had long been before the New York public, should have been caught napping over a period of more than a century and a half.

Yet this is scarcely more remarkable than the assertion so frequently printed that the Randolphs of Virginia, and certain other named families, are the lineal descendants of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. As Captain John Smith never married Pocahontas or any other woman, the suggestion is rather

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equivocal. The Randolphs *are* the descendants of Thomas Rolfe, the son of John Rolfe and Pocahontas, born at Varina, Rolfe's plantation on the James.

You are all familiar with the romance of Evelyn Byrd: her love for Lord Peterborough, the refusal of the stern father—who with all his virtues was a good deal of a tyrant in his way—her broken heart, rapid decline, and early death; and the legend of the appearance of her ghost on occasions in her bedchamber, upon the staircase, and upon the grounds in and near the churchyard. The story is very "fetching" with those who relish the "crawls" at the repetition of the unearthly. As I have slept undisturbed in the same bedchamber, and prowled around the grounds in the witching hours without being rewarded by a vision of the fairest of Virginia maidens, I may be permitted to be incredulous rather than be compelled to admit that my personal charms have never been sufficiently attractive to invite her visible approach.

On my last visit to Westover—when other guests were occupying the bedroom usually assigned to me—my kind hostess, with a show of concern, asked if I would feel any reluc-

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tance to sleeping in the room in which the last of the trio of William Byrds, in 1777, in a fit of desperation, had taken his life. As I have always been of inquiring mind with regard to apparitions, and as tradition asserted that this spook, also, on occasion, honored visitors, I readily accepted, but without reward.

With the death of the widow of the third William, Westover passed out of the direct line of the Byrd family. The last of the trio had been a spendthrift and gambler. The wife survived him thirty-seven years, dying in 1814. Westover was then sold, passing through many hands in the next half century, remaining longest in the Selden family, who occupied it for thirty years. During the Civil War it suffered severely in common with most James River plantations. At the conclusion of the war it was bought by Major A. H. Drewry, the hero of Drewry's Bluff, a true gentleman of the old school. The hospitality at Westover in Major Drewry's days might vie with that of any plantation in the palmiest years of Virginia's commercial and social prosperity. Everything that the house contained or that could be furnished by the place —horses for riding and driving, boats upon the

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river, and in the bayous for hunting, dogs and guns and guides to accompany the sportsman —all were freely put at the disposition of the guests. The table was lavishly provided with whatever viands the plantation could produce—poultry, game—from the wild turkeys and canvasback ducks that found their feeding places, the one in the pine forests, the other in the marshes and inlets of the river—James River shad and terrapin—to the partridges and English snipe, with which the lowgrounds abounded, as well as with whatever of luxury the city markets could supply.

By the marriage of Major Drewry to Miss Harrison, a member of a collateral branch of the ancient race, Westover was again "back in the family." Many of the ravages of the war had disappeared. The broad acres were in clean and thrifty cultivation. Upon one of my visits there in the autumn I saw two fields of springing wheat — the one one hundred acres, the other eighty; three hundred acres redeemed from the marsh covered with the cut and shocked corn, and stretches of tobacco lands, from which a heavy crop had just been gathered. The spirit of the former days had returned.

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At the death of Major Drewry—about seven years ago—his widow, childless, and without others to share the care of so vast an estate, sold it to its present owner, Mr. William McCreary Ramsey, a native of Pennsylvania, but at the time of the purchase, residing in California. Mrs. Ramsey is of a collateral branch of the Byrd family. To possess Westover had been her ambition from her childhood, which she had spent at "Little Westover," in Maryland, named for the James River plantation, and the home of Mrs. Ramsey's ancestors. Upon her marriage to Mr. Ramsey that dream was realized.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty and order of Westover in its present ownership. Possessed of abundant means, ambitious to have the old home rival its state in the time of Col. William Evelyn Byrd, Mr. Ramsey has spared nothing to perfect its restoration. The house is especially attractive. Without, from foundation to roof, every scar of decay or of war has been effaced, one of the wings—before in partial dilapidation—has been rebuilt, sagging lines have been straightened, and gardens brought to a high state of cultivation and beauty. Within, the

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old home is the model of substantial elegance. The freshly decorated walls that adhere as far as possible to the former patterns, the waxed floors, the antique furniture—much of it remaining through all the changes of occupation, in its original setting—other of similar design gathered from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are all wondrously appropriate to the times of which Westover is itself a relic. Even the ancient semi-ballroom, semi-theatre, of the days when the "Virginia Comedians" mimicked the entertainments of the city in plantation homes at Christmas and on festal days, now restored, with all its properties, evinces how fully the present occupants have entered into the genius and the life of Colonial days.

I can only *name* "Berkeley," the adjoining plantation to Westover — the birthplace of President William Henry Harrison, and the old home to which he returned—after an absence of almost fifty years in a Western State—to write his inaugural "in his mother's room." Eight generations of the Harrisons had owned Berkeley and resided there. It passed out of the family thirty years ago.

It would be as interesting to turn our steps

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to another of the splendid estates on the James River—"Shirley"—a few miles north of Westover and Berkeley—the home of the Carters, and for two centuries vying with these in fame and value. The attractive home stands upon a promontory around which the river sweeps, affording views, from two sides, of the Colonial home, and stretches of richly cultured levels and venerable and gigantic shade trees. For lack of male heirs, and by the losses sustained in the changes attendant upon the war, the present family of the Carters have been unable to keep the property in the repair of earlier times, and it will probably soon pass into hands not to the manor born. Indeed, one enters upon a field for a volume rather than for a hurried paper, in these homes, whose earlier occupants, and the owners for generations later, were related not only by good fellowship, but by ties of close consanguinity. That life of intimate communication for which the river afforded so easy an opportunity, is essentially a thing of the past—in a large majority of cases a history to be reverently recalled, not to be revived. Economic conditions call for an occupation in contrast with that which has been.

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It will bring with it a new temper and a character of its own. "New times, new manners." May the latter—for honor, for largeness of heart, and for generous hospitality—equal the record of that heroic past. "The king is dead!" It is with a stricture of heart that one who has long revered and loved that dissolving view, is compelled to add: "Long live the king!"

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