

THE FLEET.

THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION.

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."—*Tempest.*

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon on the 12th of May, we went on board the steamer *Norfolk*, lying at Rocket's Point, and all in gala trim for the Jamestown excursion. Having "stepped up to the Captain's office and settled," in due form, secured a berth and bestowed our flaccid carpet-bag therein, we ascertained that it wanted full an hour to the time appointed for starting. We were in no hurry, and went sauntering about the boat with that sense of freedom from responsibility so delightful to a fidgety traveler who feels assured that he is in time. The better to improve this enviable leisure, we mounted the promenade deck of the boat to see what instruction or entertainment might be drawn from our surroundings. There was a volume in every glance. On our left we could see where the great river "falleth from the rockes farre west," and hear the roar of its turbid waters, even as the renowned Captain had seen and heard them near about this season, two hundred and fifty years ago. How strange the thought, and how near it brought the object of our excursion! We had been possessed with a vague idea that we were going somewhere on a spree, and until that moment had not realized the fact that we were on a pious pilgrimage to the birth-place of a mighty nation.

Then did Time roll back his silent tide, and in spirit we were with the hardy adventurers in the pinnace, sharing their wonder and their joy. Hardly we saw the smoke rising from the twelve wigwags, where King Powhatan held his sylvan court, and prepared a right royal welcome for the strangers.

But that stately city, looking down upon us through the haze, its slender spires glancing back

the rays of the setting sun, and those three white bridges that span the noble river—what have these to do with the past?

Visions! dreams! Mark now the doughty Captain, whose acted life was in itself a romantic drama, as he stands upon the bow of his boat and contemplates the scene before him. Can we not believe it is his vigorous fancy—o'erleaping the bounds of time, anticipating the slow centuries—that has builded this fair city, sitting so queenly on these blooming hills!

Hark! is that the Indian drum? rub-a-dub-dub! No, by no means; it is the drum of the Montgomery Guards, Captain Moore, recalling us very suddenly to the present world, teeming with mules and niggers.

Farewell, *Captaine John Smith, sometymes Governour of these countryes, and Admirall of New England.* Here comes the living Governor of Virginia, without pomp or ceremony, mingling with the crowd of well-dressed citizens that were hurrying onward toward the boat. Yet he is not altogether undistinguished—

"For as he came into the hall,
No gentleman was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen."

Now every body is on board, the Guards have stacked their arms, the boat, loosed from her moorings, with flags and streamers flying, is slowly swinging out into the stream. Run, boys, get the cannon, and we'll fire a parting salute!

The piece is then charged in a trice—a deck-hand rushes up, brandishing a red-hot poker—stand back!

"As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gives way before his stride."

Stand back, I say! P'raps she might bust! Solomon says, "A word to the wise is sufficient."



LOADING THE CANNON.

"Then louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery."

The mules scampered, the negroes swore, the crowd cheered. The idea of a spree is again in the ascendant. Ho! for Jamestown. Considering the number of persons on board, we fared very well at supper; and having passed a pleasant, so-

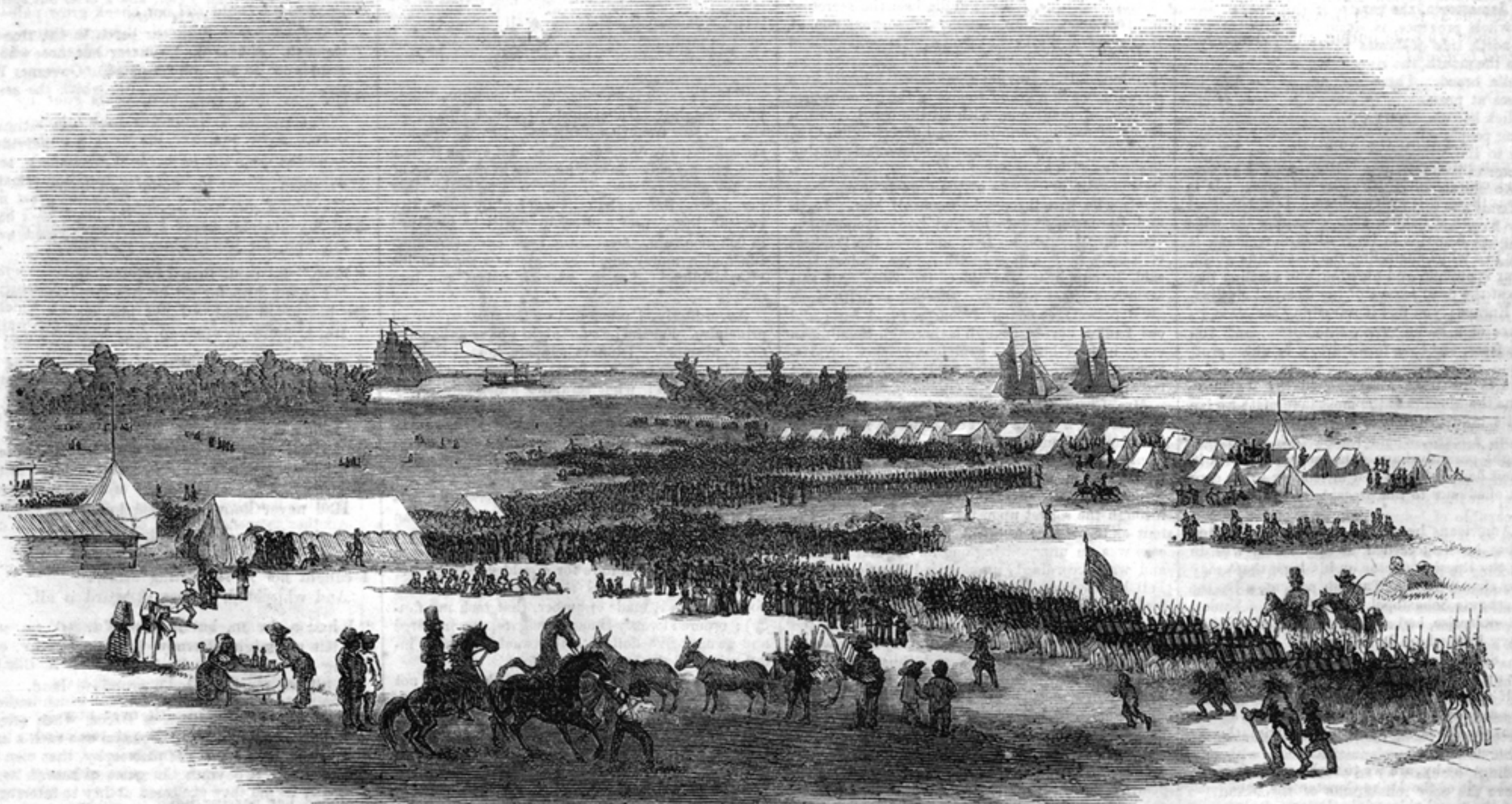
cial evening, drank a pint of beer and went to bed. Thank Fortune, we are still on amicable terms with sleep. When the appointed time comes, we meet and embrace without many preliminary compliments. To be sure, we sometimes dream dreams and see visions. We saw some that night—heard some familiar and agreeable sounds, and smelt sweet savors—the popping of Champagne, clinking of glasses, fried oysters, toasts, and speeches. There was nothing in all that to banish sleep—*au contraire.*

When we went on deck next morning we found our steamer anchored in the river, several hundred yards from shore, and surrounded by a number of vessels of all grades, which had arrived in the night. Their decks were all alive with pilgrims—some eating, some preparing breakfast, and some even fiddling and dancing—vexing the ears of this sweet May morning with untimely mirth.

Before us was the blooming land, and, rising from a clump of fresh-budding trees, the lonely tower which marks the site of Jamestown. Now the poetry of the past and the present again returned. How we did wish all these people were elsewhere enjoying themselves, that we might have this day alone among the tombs; and, doubtless, there were thousands who joined us in the egotistical wish.

We got on shore as soon as possible, and presently stood under shadow of the old tower. It is a square edifice of brick, now about thirty feet high, cracked and ruinous, and on one side overgrown with ivy. The principal openings are narrow and round arched, while in the upper part are several loop-holes, apparently for musketry. The precise date of this structure is not known, but as its substantial character does not accord with the accounts of the first church erected in the settlement, it must have belonged to a later period—possibly the remains of the second church that was burned some time previous to the year 1617.

Adjoining the tower is a small grave-yard, in-



THE ENCAMPMENT.