

closed by a low brick wall and shaded by a dense growth of trees. Here are a number of tombs with some rich sepulchral carvings, inscribed, some in Latin and some in English, with names familiar in our early colonial history, but so blackened, broken, and defaced, that it is difficult now to decipher them.

The names of Philip Ludwell and the Reverend James Blair are the most prominent, and, after our hasty survey, are all that our memory has retained.

These were matured men who had played their parts upon the stage of life—fulfilled their destiny—yielded their fruit, and in the fullness of time returned to the earth from whence they came. But here is one name which history has not recorded, although we know her husband and her parentage.

Ursula Beverly, wife of Robert Beverly—aged 16 years 11 months and 9 days. Poor child, to have died so young, while life was so full of hope and beauty. Even on this bright life-giving morning—this proud anniversary, the soul exulting in the glorious past and perhaps more glorious future, will nature assert her claims—and the reader turns away to hide the sudden pang and starting tear.

There were several early visitors like ourselves, silently enjoying the thoughts suggested by the scene, and endeavoring to read the inscriptions upon the broken tablets, and at length here comes a party of the bone and sinew, probably men from the boats.

"Well, dear me, this is the place we've come to celebrate, is it? And here's where they were buried? They say it was a hundred years ago." "Two hundred and fifty years ago," said another. "Well, to be sure that's a good while, and so I'll just take a bit of this 'ere tombstone as a 'momentum' of it."

So saying the speaker cracked off a suitable chunk from one of the slabs. The others contented themselves with a brickbat apiece, and having pocketed their respective sentiments went their way toward the camp.

Finding that the world was crowding in upon us, we also took our departure, not forgetting, however, a petition to the authorities of the day to have a guard placed at the tower to prevent further desecration.

We were at the same time reminded that there might possibly be many others in the world unacquainted with the past and present of Jamestown, and will therefore give a brief account of this memorable but heretofore neglected spot.

It was here on the 13th of May, 1607, the first permanent colony of Englishmen was established in America. Here, two hundred and fifty years ago, was planted the acorn from whence sprung the mighty oak that now overshadows the Western World, and here, on the 13th of May, 1857, have assembled all these thousands to see the almost obliterated foot-prints of our earliest civilization.

An old historian thus describes the locality: "The place they chose was a peninsula, two thirds thereof being encompass'd by the River Powhatan, and the other third by a small, narrow river, capable, however, of receiving vessels of an hundred ton almost as far as the main river. And at spring tides it overflows and runs into the River Powhatan, making the place a perfect island, containing about two thousand acres of firm land, besides a great deal of marshy ground, which situation was looked upon as a great security against the attacks of the Indians."

The settlement was called Jamestown, in honor of James the First, the then reigning King of England. We believe it never attained any considerable size, nor contained buildings of a permanent character, although it was the seat of the colonial government until 1698, ninety-one years after its first establishment.

A writer of about the year 1730, gives the following very satisfactory description of its condition at that time:

"Jamestown, the capital of this county and of the whole province, is situated in a peninsula on the north side of James River, about forty miles from the mouth, the river being at this place about a mile broad. There are not above four score houses at present in it, and those, most of them, publick houses, kept for the entertainment of seafaring people who resort hither, for it is not agreeable to the humour or business of the Virginian planter to live in towns. Every man of substance almost chuses to reside upon his estate, and have his farms and plantations under his eye; and when they have amassed as much wealth as satisfies them, they either remain in the place they acquired it, or return to England, but seldom reside in the little towns of Virginia. Another reason which makes Jamestown now so inconsiderable is the removing of the courts of justice and the seat of government to Williamsburgh. And, lastly, Jamestown suffered very much in the rebellion during the reign of Charles the Second, when it was almost entirely burnt down to the ground. Before that misfortune happened, 'tis said, there were several spacious streets and handsome buildings in Jamestown, and the government seemed to be set upon peopling and improving it, by obliging all shipping to unload their merchandize at this place, but that order was never obey'd. Few towns are capable of being made stronger than Jamestown, as it is situated on a peninsula which, at high water, is a perfect island, and there is no approaching it but on one side, which might easily be rendered inaccessible, but the fortifications, I perceive, are but mean."

At the present day there remains no trace of the town nor fortifications, except the picturesque ruin we have described.

The land is nearly all cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. Two dilapidated and deserted houses, which have neither beauty nor antiquity to recommend them, stand near the landing, while farther down is the plantation-house, with its out-buildings, occupied by an overseer and negroes, we believe the only inhabitants of the island. The property formerly belonged to the Amblers, but now forms part of the immense estate of Mr. Allen, of Claremont.



UNCLE LEWIS, THE FISHERMAN.

Meanwhile the bateaux and ferry-boat have been busily plying between the fleet and the shore, and the white beach is already dotted with animated groups moving toward the encampment. The world is upon us. Clio and Erato, good girls, go about your business, and we will follow the crowd.

"Good-morning, Uncle; will you just stand still for a few minutes until we take your portrait?"

"I have no objection, master, provided it does not take too long."

We went to work without delay, and, although we made good speed, the sketch was not completed before our model began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness. We asked if he was getting tired?

"No, Sir," he replied, "not tired; but I was thinking of my master's business."

"And, pray, what pressing business can one of your age have?"

"I must finish mending my nets, Sir, and then catch some fish for my master's dinner."

There was a correctness in the old man's language and a certain dignity in his manner which we confess rather surprised us. But, to gain time, we continued in a strain of badinage, "So you are the fisherman of the estate, are you? That was the calling of some of the Apostles too."

"True, Sir, it was; and as they in their high calling served our heavenly Master, so must I, while on earth, in my humble way, serve my earthly master; for he that is faithful in that which is least, is also faithful in much."

"So, Uncle, you expect to go to heaven when you die, and perhaps be white?"

"In that world, master, our souls will be white or black according as we have done our duty upon earth."

"The sketch is finished. Your name, Uncle?"

"Lewis Gilchrist," said he; and, seeing that we hesitated in writing, he spelled the surname deliberately and correctly.

"Uncle Lewis," said we, dropping a coin into his hand, "accept also our apology. We have been wanting in respect to merit concealed under a rude exterior. You are a better Christian than we—perhaps a better man."

Uncle Lewis shook his head and smiled. "My master, my understanding is small and my lights few, while you are full of skill and learning."

"Jeems'es Riva! ef dar ain't ole Uncle Lewis pictured! good Massa gent'lum, here's me—you may make my picter for nothin'!"

"Boy," said Uncle Lewis, with some asperity in his manner, "go long! What does the gentleman want with the likes of you?"

After a pleasant walk of about two miles, we reached the encampment, where some thousands had already assembled. There were white pavilions for the ladies, booths for refreshment, kitchens, a stand for the speakers, and an extensive camp of the military from Richmond, which had occupied the ground for several days previous to the celebration. Drums were beating, colors flying, pots boiling, and glasses rattling; gallant-looking officers, on horseback, were galloping about the field; companies of soldiers were marching and manoeuvring; while the great unorganized multitude just swarmed about the pavilions, without doing any

thing in particular that we could perceive. It was, however, both pleasant and instructive to thread this great, good-humored crowd, where men and women of all conditions mingled in easy social intercourse, yet so free from any element of rowdyism. Indeed, it would be difficult to find such an assembly now beyond the limits of the ancient commonwealth; where the wisdom of the statesman, the valor of the soldier, the pride of birth, and consciousness of superior knowledge, are so gracefully veiled by the simple manners and unaffected courtesy of the gentleman.

But we, who would be in the world without being of it, who wish to see without being seen—we, who can only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry—what can we do in all this jovial turmoil?

We disengaged ourselves as quietly as possible, and sought a point a little distance off, from whence we might enjoy the view undisturbed. Owing to the level nature of the locality, we made the circuit of the encampment without being able to satisfy ourselves in this respect. At length a bright idea presented itself. Here, in a retired spot, was a tree which we might climb, and doubtless from its branches obtain a pleasant prospect. But the question arose, Is it dignified for a gentleman a little stiff in the knees to climb?

King Charles, when the Roundheads pursued, climbed a tree:

"The royal oak, it was the tree,
That saved his royal majesty."

But on this occasion the oak acquired more renown than did his royal majesty.

How now, philosopher? Have we become an old foggy, looking for a precedent to enable us to do what we have a mind to, especially when nobody is looking? We mounted quite nimbly to the height of thirty feet or thereabout, and seated ourselves comfortably among the budding boughs. No Turkish Theriakis, with his amber-lipped pipe, and eyes fixed on paradise, ever reveled in more glorious dreams than those that warmed our fancy while occupying this exalted seat.

The balmy air, the tender-tinted woods, the soft, voluptuous haze that dimmed the further shores of the broad river, brought full realization of the poetry of spring, and warmed the blood with its renovating influences.

Nor was music wanting to complete the enchantment of the hour; for from the camp the thrilling harmonies of a fine military band rose and fell with the changing breeze. Above the dark-heaving multitude and the line of snowy pavilions we could see the encircling river, bearing upon its bosom the vessels that were still bringing in their living freight.

As they came, one after another, to the anchorage, we could see the white smoke and hear the distant boom of the cannon that announced their arrival. Anon the road from the landing was blackened by a stream of the new-comers that poured into the encampment, like a river losing itself in a lake. Then we could distinguish strains of music mingled with the rolling drums—faint at first, but swelling on the ear as the long column approached with waving plumes and glittering arms. This martial array was composed of the volunteer companies from Norfolk and Portsmouth. Still they come. We next descried a band of Pennsylvanians, headed by Captain Kelley, of the steamer *Norfolk*, gallantly marching with Champagne and banners. One of these standards bore the arms of Pennsylvania, another the insignia of Pittsburg—the arms of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This demonstration from a sister State was well conceived, well received, and was one of the marked incidents of the day.

At length the ceremonies commenced. A beautiful poem, written for the occasion, was read by James Barron Hope; an oration was delivered by Ex-President John Tyler, and a brief but spirited conclusion by Governor Wise.

Unfortunately, from our perch in the tree-top, we could not hear the speakers; but those who did were much edified and delighted. Governor Wise next reviewed the troops, after which the assembly began to disperse.

The number of persons present was estimated at from six to eight thousand. A few individuals extended their trip as far as Williamsburg, seven miles distant. The Richmond battalion remained on the field until next day, while the great mass of the assembly returned to the beach in a body, to regain the shipping—every body pleased, every body tired, and almost every body sober. The man who fell overboard from one of the *Norfolk's* boats, and was rescued with so much difficulty, it was ascertained had a brick in his hat, which he was carrying off as a memento of the celebration. The embarkation was the most animated and imposing spectacle which we witnessed during the day; and as boat after boat received its complement of passengers and got under weigh, the island rung with the parting salutes of musketry and cannon.

The *Norfolk* was the last vessel to leave the landing. As we parted, the latest rays of the setting sun shone full upon the face of the ruined tower, lighting it with a smile as of a grinning skeleton. Another moment, a gray, oblivious shadow covered it like a pall. Farewell!

LITERARY.

INDIGENOUS RACES OF THE EARTH; OR, NEW CHAPTERS OF ETHNOLOGICAL INQUIRY, etc., etc., by J. C. Nott, M.D., and Geo. R. Gliddon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. The present age is much like that which immediately succeeded the age of Bacon, when science went mad. The *Novum Organum* was such a master-key to the secrets of philosophy, that men believed it able to open the gates of heaven itself; and by its aid they professed ability to interrogate the very shades of the departed. History has recorded the result. Philosophy became the leader instead of the handmaid of religion, and the hu-



THE GUARD.