

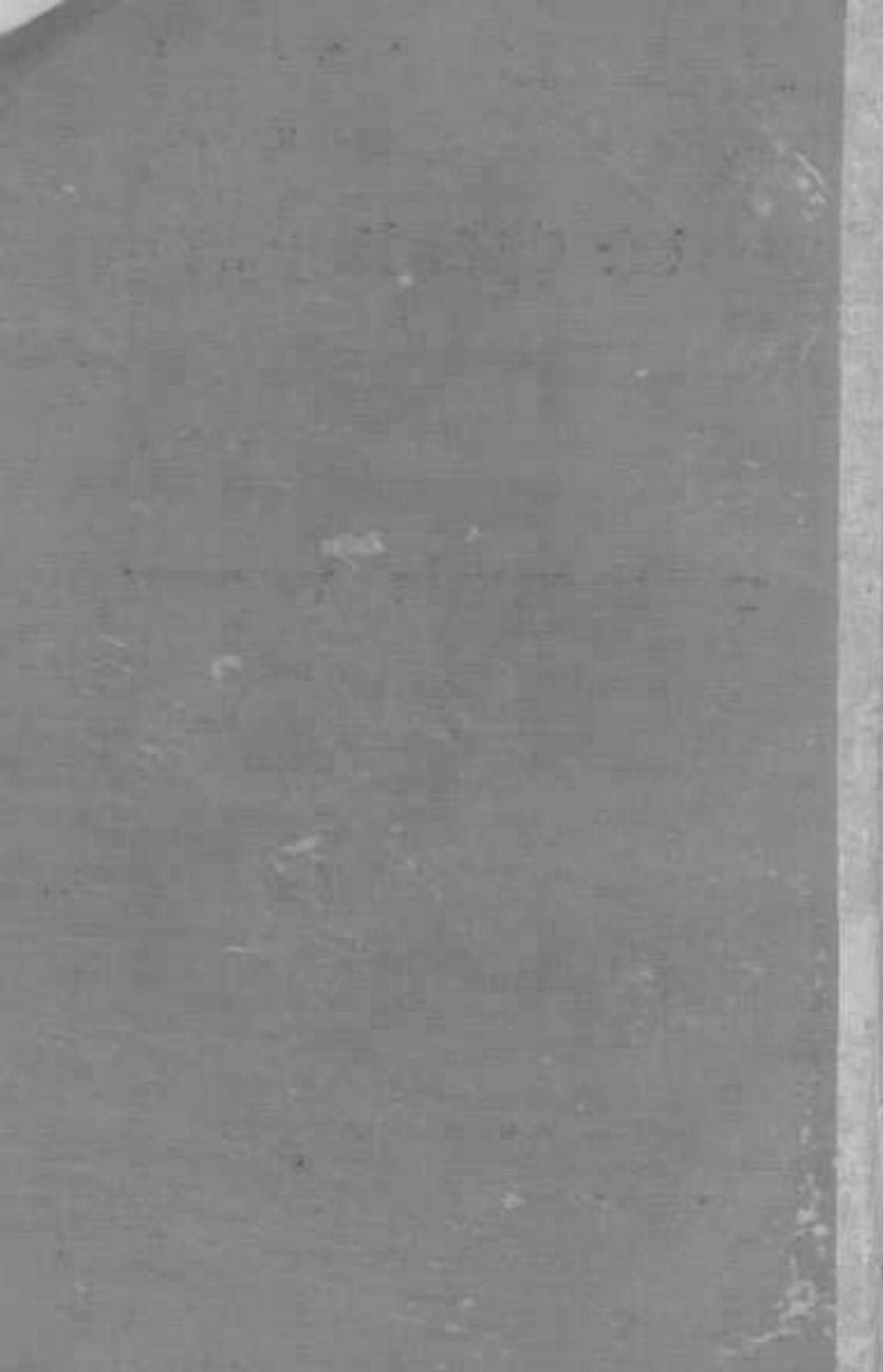
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OR,

THE SETTLERS IN VIRGINIA.

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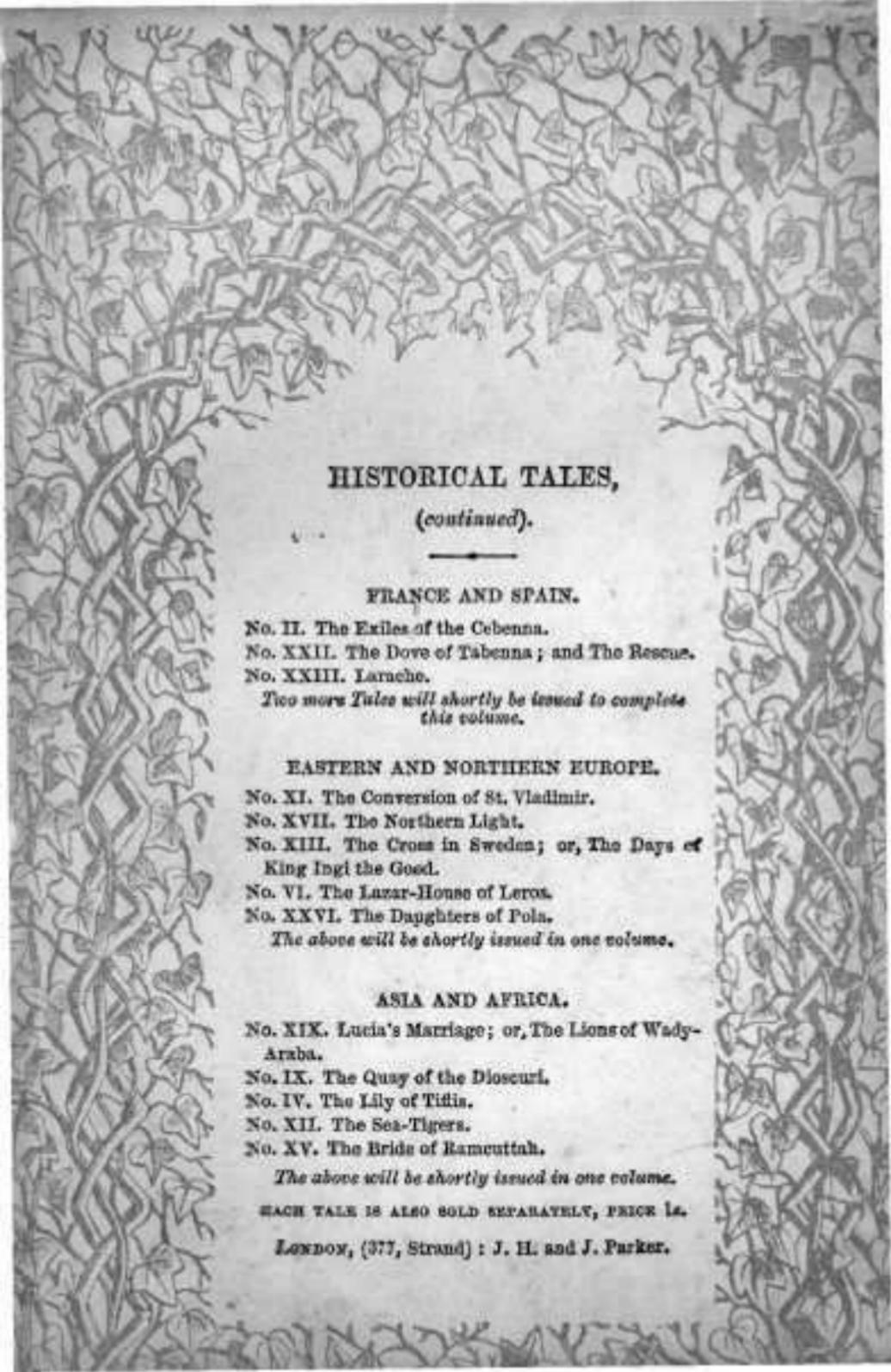
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Pocahontas interceding for Captain Smith's life. (p. 34.)

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# THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER ;

OR,

## THE SETTLERS IN VIRGINIA.

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### CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the end of October, in the year of grace 1606, three vessels might be seen in the Port of London employed in loading for foreign lands. Report said that they belonged to the Virginia Company, i. e. a company of merchants and goldsmiths trading to the recently founded colonies or plantations in the New World ; and at the " Sir Francis Drake's Head" they told all enquirers that Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Edward Mana Wingfield, and Mr. Richard Hackluyt, a prebendary of Westminster, would engage any able-bodied young men willing to work to go out to the plantations, to labour there ; and further, that they might go aboard the vessels and see the provisions made for the settlement of the plantations, which were marvellously great, and exceeding any that had ever before been made. In this undertaking was the nucleus of a state, and the foundation of a great power, perhaps some day of an empire : day after day gentlemen, whose estates had been mortgaged until there was no income left for their owners ; adventurous young

men, who had heard that the land produced everything that was known in England, and many fruits and flowers never seen there, and that, moreover, the woods were well stocked with deer and turkeys which any man might take for himself, none hindering him; soldiers, who wished for some opportunity to distinguish themselves in defending the colonists from savage men, who were said to be very warlike; idlers, who would not work, and hoped to find an easy life under a more genial climate than their own; indeed, men of every occupation and men of no occupation, discoursed daily on the prospects of the new colony, and whether they should go there or stay at home.

It was a greater adventure then to sail to America than it now is to the Antipodes; the vessels were small, and ill-adapted to the roll of the Atlantic wave, and the sailors found that they encountered not only storms such as they had never before been accustomed to, but fogs, during which they were in hourly danger from masses of ice of every size and magnitude. Shortly after the vessels had begun to take in their stores, a parson was seen approaching the "Good Hope," and he enquired if that was the ship bound for the New World.

"Ay, Sir," said a stout-built sailor, "and I'm bound for the same parts, and there's many more here of all sorts going."

"God speed you," said the parson, and he called to a waterman to pull him on board, as the tide was up.

"Be you a-goin' with these fellows?" said the waterman, who was a fine, blunt-spoken man, grey-headed, and with such experience as he thought entitled him to give advice.

"Why do you ask?" said the parson; "have you any interest in this great expedition?"

"Not I, not I; I'm Jack Barnes, waterman, and I've lived too long in England to want to leave her; and I don't think much of them that does."

"Why?"

"Because," said Barnes, "they be fellows that be usually out at heels with fortune. There's as pretty a set of rascals on them shores as would supply two kingdoms; and though I don't see we can miss 'em, I don't argufy there's any profit for them that takes 'em away."

Mr. Hunt, for that was the parson's name, was silent a minute, and then he said, "I am going with those men as their minister, and to teach Christ's Gospel to the heathen lying in darkness, and to bring all classes to live in good fellowship under a settled and quiet government."

"God help you, young man; you have under, taken a weary work. But have you nothing better to do than to sail in such company? Let me advise you to have nothing to do with these men; I see 'em at the old 'Drake's' above, and they

curse, and fight, and think that they are going to have fine times: some talk of getting gold, and others of plundering the savages, and there's but a few, and they none so clever, as think of hard work."

"I am sorry for them," said Mr. Hunt, "but they will need my care all the more if they are as bad as you think."

"But have you no work here?" said Barnes; "methinks such a young man as you needn't be in a hurry to go to foreign parts. It's a pity to waste your time on wastrels and spendthrifts;—perhaps not twenty steady men in the three ships. But the captain's real good."

"Then there is one good, you think," said Mr. Hunt, "and he in authority; we may hope that his good example may be of some use to the ship's company, and to us his companions for the voyage."

"No doubt, but take my advice,—wait awhile, for these men will do no good, and you will never make Christians of savages while these fellows are undoing by their wretched lives what you are teaching with your good words."

They now drew alongside the "Good Hope."

"Captain Newport aboard?" shouted the waterman.

"Ay, ay," was the quick reply; and in a minute a fine, weather-beaten seaman stepped from below on deck, and said, "What is it, Jack?"

"Here's a parson wants you, and is talking of going out with you—God help him."

The Captain laughed, and threw a rope over the boat's side, saying, "You don't think much of our expedition, Jack!"

"Don't like your crew," said the waterman. Mr. Hunt held out his fare. "No, Sir," said Barnes; "it's not much that I can do for the Gospel, while you're giving up everything for it; I shan't take a penny from you; and mind, if you want a boat when you are getting your traps aboard, Jack Barnes is your man at any time of the day."

Mr. Hunt was gratified by the honest-hearted kindness of a man he had not seen before; and although his accounts of the various adventurers were not pleasing, he hoped for the best. The Captain pulled Mr. Hunt aboard, and grasping his hand, said, "You are very welcome on board the 'Good Hope.' The waterman has not given us, I fear, a good character, but I hope we are not so bad as I know that he thinks we are."

"He spoke very well of *you*," said Mr. Hunt; "and there is so much real kindness in the man that I respect him. He discussed my journey as if he had been an old friend, and ended by refusing his fare."

"Jack Barnes would do that," said Captain Newport, "and he has done many a good deed to a poor sailor in his day, but he has all the

prejudices of a man who has never been off the Thames."

"He doubts my prudence in leaving England," said Mr. Hunt; "and does not think much of my missionary objects."

"Very likely," said Captain Newport; "but I will not deceive you, Mr. Hunt, we have a hard task before us. I say we, because I have first to care for you all, and to see you landed; and although I know we have some good men in our company, there are men who only care to get gold, and who, if they are disappointed of it by fair means will try to get it by foul."

"And cannot they be got rid of before we sail?" said Mr. Hunt; "such men will breed distempers, and hinder a settlement, besides bringing us into armed strife with the natives."

"We cannot prevent their going," said Captain Newport; "many of the men have friends among the Company, and there are some whom their friends hope the plantations of Virginia may keep for ever."

"If our work is not inviting, we must use greater patience and resolution," said Mr. Hunt. "I am not troubled by any fears of men, or of what men can do. I am devoted to the enterprise; and it may be that if we lay the foundation well, God will raise up others to build wisely upon it. But we have talked long, and must now turn to business. I have come to speak

about my berth." The Captain took his visitor over the vessel, and they spent some time in settling plans, and making final arrangements.

"When do we sail?" asked Mr. Hunt.

"I know not to a day," said the Captain; "I have much provision on board, and my crew are all engaged,—some have sailed with me before;—I suppose early in December, but I wait for another interview with the Company; you will learn from Mr. Hackluyt without difficulty what are their determinations."

"I could wish that we assembled together for divine service, with a celebration of the Sacrament before we left," said Mr. Hunt. "We shall not be worse prepared for our earthly voyage, if we remember that we are strangers and pilgrims seeking a better, that is, a heavenly country."

"No, certainly not," said the Captain; "and you shall have my presence on any day that may be suitable to you and to the Company."

He then ordered the ship's boat to pull the minister ashore, and Robert Hunt began to reflect on the work before him. He had warnings that there were perils by sea, and perils by false brethren, for such he esteemed men who were only Christians in name; and he knew that even when these were overcome, he would have the immense task of teaching a warlike race of men to learn the peaceful spirit of Christ's religion.

On the other hand, he had a firm faith in the promises of God. He felt that he was commissioned to carry a message of peace to man; he had found friends among strangers; God had mercifully blessed his first steps in the enterprise, how could he then doubt of the end. "I will proclaim the Redeemer's Name," he said, "to the heathen, and magnify Him among the nations." Thus resolving, he sought the Prebendary Hackluyt to advise with him as to his voyage, and to receive the admonitions of a man who had joined in a commercial enterprise without a hope of gain, and who moreover knew more of geography than probably any man of his day.

\* \* \* \* \*

The boat had only just put Mr. Hunt ashore, when Jack Barnes pulled in and offered his services.

"I want to go to Westminster Abbey," said the Parson, "and I hardly know whether to trouble you again, or to go by the road."

"You can go with me, if you will trust your neck by water; and you are safer on old Father Thames in a waterman's boat than on board that thing with a troop of rough-uns."

"I am not thinking of safety," said Mr. Hunt, "but if you are to take me to Westminster, I bargain to pay the fare this time,—'The labourer is worthy of his hire.'"

"I'm your man," said Jack; and calling to a

man in another boat to come and help, he gave him an oar, and they soon made way, although the tide was still running out.

For awhile nothing was said; they pulled on, and at length the tide turning, the labour grew less, and the waterman said, "What of the Captain? he's the right sort, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hunt, "he seems to think rightly, and to wish to make the expedition prosperous; and he offers to aid me in every way."

"Of course, of course; and he's very glad to have such a man to sail with him."

"He was very kind," said Mr. Hunt.

"But what did he say of your company, of the gold-finders, and gold-stealers, and idlers, and the fellows ashore waiting for the voyage?"

"He said pretty much what you did," said Mr. Hunt, "but he did not think them so hopeless."

"No, no," said the waterman, "he's too well-known for them to shew their tricks before him; and they may be gentle as lambs to him, but get them ashore, and, mark me, they won't care for governors, nor rulers, nor God, nor devil, if they can find any worse than themselves."

They pulled to Westminster stairs; the boatman helped him out, and asked him to give him something to drink, for it was a hard pull. Mr. Hunt looked at him, and thought him like Jack Barnes, but wondered he did not call him his son. He gave him a shilling, and it was taken without thanks.

"Good bye! God speed you!" said Mr. Hunt, turning to Barnes.

"Good bye, and remember Jack Barnes's words," said the waterman.

Mr. Hunt waved his hand, and, passing through some narrow streets, made his way to the Cloisters. He was not long in finding Mr. Hackluyt, who was constantly sought for by persons who, from various motives, wished to go to the gold country; and he quieted many a man who came to him by asking his expectations, and, after hearing all his exaggerated hopes, telling him that Virginia was a country that wanted hard-working men, who would be contented to live and die on the soil, and who would make the laws, language, and religion of England respected by the natives.

When Mr. Hunt came to him, he found him with a map spread out, over which he was poring; the chamber was filled with books and maps, some of which lay also open upon the floor; his face lighted up with a pleasant smile when he heard Mr. Hunt's name.

"Come in, come in," he said, "and welcome; I hope that our first meeting to-day will be the beginning of communion without end."

"First," he said, "look here, this is the coast of America;" and tracing with a pen, he pointed out Roanoke, which was the island on which they purposed to plant the colony. "But," he said, "we

must leave that in His hands whom the winds and seas obey. You have a good captain in Newport, and a man equal to any emergency."

"I have seen him to-day," said Mr. Hunt, "and he seems to be an excellent commander."

"Yes," said the Prebendary, "and—but there is our bell for evening prayers, so we must discuss these matters afterwards—come along."

Mr. Hunt rose, and they went together to the minster. It was then, even though shorn of some of its splendour, a glorious edifice: rich glass shed its many-coloured lights upon the pavement; the music of the organ and the full-voiced chant fell upon the ear, like strains of the heavenly hosts; and when they entered the choir, Mr. Hunt, who was fresh from the retirement of the country village church, was deeply impressed by the beauty that surrounded him. When the prayers were ended, he remained kneeling for a few minutes, and sought God's guidance in earnest prayer. He then joined Mr. Hackluyt. "You are counting the glories of the house," said the Prebendary, smiling; "there are greater glories, temples made without hands, living temples, growing to the Lord."

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Hunt, "but I was thinking whether such a temple as this will ever be erected in the new world."

"Most likely not in your time, my brother, but you can make the right beginning by establishing

the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise to God: begin this when you land; and let nothing but sickness hinder you from it; you may not have the glorious chant and full-toned organ, but you will have the presence of God, and I hope that the day will come when the land which is now a wilderness may hear the voice of God's praise in temples as glorious as our own."

"God grant it, Sir," said Hunt; "may we meet here before we leave our native land?"

"Not here," said Hackluyt, "but in some church in the city we will meet, and beseech the blessing of God on your work."

They then returned to the room in the cloisters, and after a sparing refreshment, Hunt told the Prebendary of the account he had heard of his fellow-travellers.

"I am not able," said Hackluyt, "to extenuate the characters of some, or even to contradict the general assertion that the majority are not the men I should choose for so great a work as founding a plantation, but you will have good men with you. Wingfield will be your Governor, and you may rely upon his help; and while on board the ship 'Good Hope,' which will convey the Governor and others of his officers, you will find that Captain Newport is all that you could wish an English sailor to be, religious without superstition, and brave without boasting."

It was arranged that Hunt should stay with the

Prebendary, who told him to bring his luggage and pass the time in the cloisters.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening closed with prayer, and Hunt found himself in a little dormitory, from the window of which he could see a portion of the minster: he gazed at it long, as the moon threw into shadow the different parts of the lofty pile, and then retiring to rest, heard in his dreams the wail of the chant and the long-sounding praise of the anthem, until morning dawned, and he rose to look again on the glorious structure which still adorns our city. He was always ready for choral service, and the Prebendary said that had not God called him to a greater work, he would have retained him for the service of their choir.

"I could not be weary here," said Hunt; "I shall carry into the woods of America the remembrance of these anthems, and I hope in some simple chant often to waken the echoes with those wondrous hymns of praise, the *Te Deum* and the *Benedictus*."

"And I hope some day—not to hear, that may not be—that the Indian will in his own tongue sing those hymns of praise."

Days passed away rapidly in looking over books and maps, and in fruitless endeavours to appoint a day for especial prayer. The day never came: Captain Newport was always ready; he had met Mr. Hackluyt, and gone to Sir George Somers,

but there was always a difficulty with the Council or with the voyagers: some did not wish to go to church, others cared nothing for any religion, and the Governor was occupied until the day they left. On the eighteenth of December, 1606, Mr. Hunt went aboard the "Good Hope," accompanied by his kind friend the Prebendary, and early the next morning the ships set sail for Virginia.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE vessels had not long left their moorings before it was discovered that they would make but little way: the wind was against them, and they continued for many days tacking to and fro, in sight of the coast of Kent, and Robert Hunt, almost spent with sea-sickness and extreme bodily weakness, did not even look up when they pointed to the towers of Reculver Church. He had no wish to look again on a parish where he had enjoyed much happiness, which he had only left at the call of the heathen in other lands, appealing to his conscience to come and help them. Many weeks passed away, and they were yet in sight of England: the crew were angry, and he heard hints that ships never did make way with parsons aboard; they ought to throw him over; what use was a sickly man likely to be of in a plantation? He could not even say a prayer; the Captain was

obliged to be ship's chaplain. Jack Barnes' advice came with very great bitterness to his remembrance. Had he offered himself for a work he was not equal to? He had taken the advice of good men, and could charge himself with no worldliness of spirit: he had not fame, or honour, nor even a good name to win. Captain Newport was very kind to him in this extremity, and when he related to him the remarks that he heard made so loudly that they were intended to wound him, the Captain said, "The man shall die that attempts to lay hands upon you."

"I do not wish the death of any," said Mr. Hunt; "my own would be a release if I am to be a burden to those men; I came to be a help and a comfort to them, and not to lie heavy on their hands. After all, who knows but this may be the hand of God chastening us for setting out without first offering up to Him our prayers and intercessions."

"I could wish that we had done so," said the Captain; "but we have men of many minds on board, and bad as some of the young ones are, I fear you will have religious strife in the colony. We have some who are making a great show of religion, and trying to gather hearers; but they do not dare to speak openly, because they know that when there is no chaplain on board, or if he be sick, the captain says prayers for him. I have had offers of assistance, and I have civilly

said that I knew my duty, and always tried to do it,—so we are safe until you get better.”

“Thank you, Captain,” said the Chaplain; “I hope soon to be well, or where my enemies wish me, among the rocks below.”

“No, no,” said the Captain; “you will do your duty by-and-by with the best of us.” Mr. Wingfield was there, and, as a fellow-sufferer, sympathized with Mr. Hunt. For six weeks the coast of England was in sight, until the first day of February, when the wind changed, and they began to make rapid way. After some days they got into the broad waves of the Atlantic, and their long roll was a strange sight to many. Captain Newport was familiar with it, and not surprised when he saw Mr. Hunt come on deck and enjoy the fine clear weather, and the rapid motion of the vessel carried along by a favourable gale. The vessels kept company, and first made land at the Canaries. During the time of their stay there, the Chaplain recovered, and made the acquaintance of John Smith, who was captain of one of the vessels which held the worst part of the voyagers. He was a man of some reputation: he had served as a soldier, and fought in the Austrian army against the Turks; taken a prisoner, he was sent as a slave to Constantinople, and was afterwards transferred to the Crimea; thence he escaped by way of Russia, and while returning to England in a French galley he assisted

them in an engagement with two Spanish men-of-war.

Having arrived in England during the preparations for settling Virginia, his ardent and enterprising character induced him to offer himself to take the command of one of the vessels, and also to be one of the court of managers in the new plantation. He was an excellent disciplinarian, and Captain Newport entertained the highest opinion of his skill and bravery.

All the ships took in provisions, and while the voyagers were on shore, the captains ventilated the holds of the ships, and took every precaution against disease. A few sick men begged to be left at the Canaries, and accordingly remained behind when the ships sailed. Mr. Hunt then undertook the daily duties of prayer, and on each Lord's-day preached a suitable discourse.

They had not long left the Canaries when the voyagers under Captain Smith mutinied; they were afraid to attack him singly, for the reputation of his bravery and firmness had been widely circulated by some of his companions; they therefore attacked him in a body as he came out of his cabin, and put him into confinement, pretending that he was making slaves of them.

The voyage was tedious, and at length the dreaded enemy, scurvy, shewed itself. Captain Newport said to Mr. Hunt that he would now have ample opportunities of assisting him, and he en-

tered on his work willingly. He began by endeavouring to amuse those who were well, by reading to them, and exciting them to works of kindness towards each other; he nursed those who were worst, and helped to carry them on deck; he prayed with them, comforted them when they recalled sad thoughts of home, and promised to convey messages to parents and friends. He made no distinction between those who had been kind to him and those who had reviled him and his ministry, and he had the happiness to hear words of penitence from lips that he had feared would never do anything but blaspheme.

"Ah, Sir!" said one of the voyagers, a young man named Lawton, "I never thought to bless you as I now do; I had heard the sailors say that vessels never sailed well with a parson aboard, and I should have been quite willing to put you over the ship's side when we were so long in sight of England, but I was prevented committing that sin."

"And you see that God had other work in store for me," said Mr. Hunt; "I was so sick that I was willing to die, but God has willed otherwise, and now I am able to help you, and to comfort you, I hope."

"Yes," said Lawton, "but I have been a great sinner. I ran away from home, and neither my poor mother nor my father know where I am gone: they were kind to me, but I was wilful, and

I dare say that sorrow has broken my mother's heart; I was the youngest, the most cared for, and so, I suppose, the wickedest of my family."

"I hope you will recover and go home to them; Captain Newport may be able to take you back when he returns," said the Chaplain.

"I shall never see London again," said the young man, bursting into tears.

"Remember how ill I was," said Mr. Hunt, "yet God was pleased to raise me up again."

"Yes," said Lawton, sobbing, "but how can I put my trust in God, when I have been a daily blasphemer of His holy Name?"

"This is a true saying, and worthy of all to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," said Mr. Hunt.

"I have heard that," said Lawton; "I was taught to pray as a child, and I know my duty to God and man, but I have not done it; I have done very wickedly, and I do not think there can be mercy for me."

"We all need the mercy of God through Jesus Christ," said Mr. Hunt.

"But you are not as I am," said Lawton; "I have done wrong, knowing it was sinful, and I have used filthy and unclean talk, when I knew I was defiling my soul."

"Still I say to you, Seek God's mercy, my dear young man; let us pray together:" and kneeling by his side he poured forth fervent sup-

plications to the God of grace and mercy to forgive their sins, and to cleanse them from all unrighteousness.

And so day after day the good minister knelt and prayed by the side of the young penitent, and whenever he could spare time from his increasing duties he came to talk to him. Several of the passengers died, and while none refused Mr. Hunt's ministrations, he saw that by many they were unwillingly received, and productive of no good beyond shewing his kind feelings towards them in affliction. Now and then a hearty "God bless you, Sir, and keep you from all harm," convinced him that the minds of some of the crew had undergone a great change: they were weary of their voyage, but they did not curse as of old; they even spoke kindly to him, and were more submissive to the discipline of the ship. One day, Captain Newport said with a smile, "I told you we should want you, but I never expected how great our needs would be. I do not know how they are managing in the other ships, for they hold off, but if they have had the sickness we have had, God alone knows how the captains have kept afloat."

Early in April there was a cry of "Land oh!" and every eye was strained to see if the report was true. It was false, and the clouded look and dull expression on every face told how keen was the disappointment. Lawton begged Mr. Hunt to have him taken on deck. It was a fine day,

and he immediately helped him to dress; and when he felt the fresh air, he said, "We must be near land."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hunt; "but do you think you would get better ashore?"

"No, Sir," said Lawton, "not now;" and he shewed him his gums almost stripped of teeth, and inflamed. "No, I have no hope, but I seem to wish to see land once more before I die."

"I hope you may," said the Minister; "but you can be content to die here if it be God's will?"

"Yes, yes," said the young man; "I have learned, indeed, that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Bless you, Sir, for giving me hope when hope was well-nigh gone."

"It will comfort your parents to know that you could look on death calmly, and that you had found peace through Christ; but now, will you not join in Communion with me ere you depart?" said Mr. Hunt.

"I did not dare to ask it,—you have named my only earthly desire. I have told you all that I wish to have done, and you have been to me as a father: when can I receive the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood?"

"Now, if Captain Newport will join us; and I will ask him." The Captain consented; and half-an-hour had not passed before the Captain, Governor Wingfield, and a few of the voyagers, were

joining in Communion with their dying companion. He repeated the responses audibly; and when the services were ended he begged the Captain's forgiveness for any wrong he had done while on board his ship; then turning to his companions, he begged them, as a dying man, to serve God while they had time and opportunity. He was then exhausted, but unwilling to go below, they therefore made up a bed on deck, and watched him by turns, moistening his lips and sheltering him from the wind.

The day passed, and the sun began to sink into the waters. It was a glorious sight.

"Raise me," said the dying man, "I shall see it no more;" and he watched the rapid decline of the orb of day, and then lay down to rest.

The ship seemed alone on the waters, and every ray of the many-coloured clouds was reflected again in the sea. It was an evening not to be forgotten; purple and golden hues seemed to mingle and change into each other until the eye was dim with looking on the ever-varying beauty of the sky; yet no word was spoken, for there lay the companion of their wild mirth and folly, slowly yielding up life; there, too, was the friend they had reviled, and as he watched each look of the young man, they acknowledged that he loved him as a Christian only could love, for his soul's sake.

"It is dark, Mr. Hunt," said the young man.

Mr. Hunt knelt down and said, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

"Christ, have mercy upon me," said the sick man, and again Mr. Hunt responded; then followed the prayer, and the Minister raised himself up to bless him. Lawton laid his hands across each other slowly, and said Amen. It was growing dark, and the evening air blew coldly, but they covered up the young man.

"Mr. Hunt," he said.

"I am here," was the reply, taking him by the hand.

"God bless you: say for me—say—O Lamb of God—that—takest—away the sins of the world—"

"Have mercy upon us," replied the Minister.

"Have mercy," said the dying man: there was a slight heaving of the chest, and a sailor who looked over the head of those who knelt, said, "He is gone, Sir." "And is not this worth coming out for?" Captain Newport said. Mr. Hunt could only grasp his hand and say, "God bless you, Captain; I believe he was a true penitent."

One who had till now stood by, turned on his heel, and walked slowly away. His face was overclouded with anxious thought. He had looked on steadfastly, earnestly, yet ye had always chosen such a position as not to be seen by the dying man. At one moment his brow had been con-

tracted, as if suffering intense anguish; at another, his eyes would be raised to heaven, as if imploring mercy. Although he was noticed by no one else on deck, he did not escape the observation of Mr. Hunt, who was sure that he had seen him before. The latter was too much occupied with the dying man to pay much heed to him; but that face—by turns darkened with sorrow or lighted-up with hope—when once seen could not be easily effaced from the memory. Often afterwards did Mr. Hunt long to speak to the young man, but he was studiously avoided by him; and it was evident that his attempts to hold any intercourse were most distasteful and annoying. Mr. Hunt discovered that he had shipped in company with Lawton, and had given the name of Williams. At first he was boisterous and talkative; during Lawton's illness he had become morose and comparatively silent; and since his death had hardly spoken a word.

On the 27th of April the land was seen: it was the southern headland of Chesapeak Bay, now known as Cape Henry, a name given in honour of Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. of England. It was resolved to land. Captain Newport was very anxious to avoid any collision with the natives, whom he could see assembling on the shore and watching the vessel: accordingly having run the ship into the bay, he sent off a boat with a few men, desiring them to

avoid any disputes, and to see if the natives had anything to exchange for iron or beads. The men pulled in to shore, but were violently hindered from landing, and came back to the ship in no good temper. The good resolutions which had marked the close of the voyage soon began to lose their effect now that the ship was in sight of land. It was resolved to wait for the other two vessels. In a short time they were seen in the offing, and signals being made, they ran into the Bay: and upon Captain Newport's summoning the captains, he was told that Captain Smith was confined to his cabin; he ordered his instant release, and then in their presence, and before as many of the voyagers as could be assembled on the deck of the "Good Hope," he read the instructions which were to guide them in ruling the plantation.

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### CHAPTER III.

WHEN the reading of the instructions which had been brought out from England was ended, Captain Newport advised them at once to choose a site for their town. On the 13th of May they took possession of a point of land in the river Powhatan, the name of which they changed to James River, and the town was to be called Jamestown, in honour of their sovereign. The choice was

nearly unanimous, and they then proceeded to the election of the Council. Mr. Wingfield was chosen President; and all went on well until Captain John Smith was named, when there was much uproar, many declaring that they would never endure him as a ruler over them who had shewed such arbitrary power on board ship. The day was spent in disputing; and Mr. Robert Hunt, who had nothing to do with questions of secular policy, set himself to work to make peace; now speaking gently to one angry gentleman, and then persuading another to act in a spirit of conciliation; at length it was resolved that Captain Smith should be elected, and also receive two hundred pounds as a compensation for the injuries which he had sustained. He had no sooner received the award than he presented the money to the plantation. Captain Newport, seeing that he could be of little use at Jamestown, sailed up the river about one hundred and twenty miles, to a place now called Rockets, exploring the land on both sides, and holding intercourse with the natives whenever he could meet with them; he found much difficulty in making a friendly impression, and they had evidently been informed of the collision in the Chesapeak Bay. After a month's absence he returned, and prepared to set sail for England. On Sunday the 21st of June a choice few partook of the Holy Communion, and afterwards supped with Captain

Newport and bade him farewell. He had much conversation with Mr. Hunt, and received from him many letters to friends in England, and to the friends and parents of such as had died on the voyage. He especially charged the Captain to see Lawton's friends, and to tell them how great a change there was in his character and conduct before he died, and how earnestly he had asked their pardon.

"And what shall I say to the Prebendary?" said Captain Newport.

"Tell him," said Mr. Hunt, "that I do not despair of my flock; that some have been changed, and others, who were anything but good neighbours in the Thames, are really promising men now, and willing to live in peace."

Many anxious hearts watched the ship as she got under weigh, and when she was lost to their sight more than one turned away to hide the tears which fell plentifully, as they separated from the last link which bound them to that magic place, Home. For many years the old country was spoken of as Home; and now the descendants of these first Virginian settlers point with pride to their pure English descent, and to the land of their forefathers as the home of their laws, language, and literature.

Notwithstanding the return of a few factious men with the Captain, they left behind a disunited people. Mr. Hunt endeavoured, in his discourses

and in private conversations, to urge upon the settlers a mutual good understanding. "We must bear and forbear," he said, "seeing that any divisions may bring upon us foes from without, who will destroy the settlement, as well as dishonour our country." Much time that should have been given to planting was spent in divisions and quarrels about rank or rights, until it was found that food was so scanty that they needed to have recourse to a stipulated diet, to be taken in common by all the settlers. Mr. Hunt set an example of moderation by taking his lot in common with the others, and took his share from the common kettle. The food was allotted daily,—half-a-pint of corn, and the like of barley, boiled: the grain was bad and often rotten, so that dysentery attacked every one of the settlers, and during summer one-third succumbed to it, and the little graveyard contained some of the best of those who had left England to found her first colony. Weak as the colonists were, they were obliged to labour, fearing an attack from the Indians. The scantier the supply, the more bitter were the accusations against the ruling powers. They accused the Governor of living in luxury, while they were starving; said that they had been enticed from their own country by promises that they were coming to a rich land, fruitful in corn and yielding abundantly; they were promised venison, and often they had only squirrels to eat; and when

they were weary they had not so much as a place to lie down in; that the dead and the dying lay together, and in the most dire distress they were neither sheltered from the heat by day nor from the cold by night; and besides all this, the Indians were their enemies, driving away the wild animals, refusing to trade with them, and taking every means to starve them to death. Wingfield answered their angry words with reproaches upon their past lives; he spoke often with great truth, but not always with judgment; he knew their faults, and was not slow to expose the conduct of many who had thwarted him in council and been careless of the public good. In these hard times Captain Smith was their good genius: he worked at the palisadoes, and completed the fortifications of the town; and helped first one and then another to build and thatch his house, while he had none for himself; he opened a trade with the Indians, and learned from them that some of his own people had been base enough to propose to forsake the plantation, and to live with them in the woods. He was at last the only man who could be persuaded to go alone into the forest for game, and for some time procured all the flesh-meat which they had. Hunt never ceased to join in the labours as well as in the prayers of the colonists; his spare time was given to bodily labour, and he seconded Captain Smith in all his endeavours to improve the condition of the settlers;

but it was not easy to avoid the jealousy of the Council, and he was warned not to be so friendly with Smith, who was not to be trusted, but was a restless, ambitious man. "I have been his companion ever since we first landed," said Mr. Hunt. "I am not given to heats either of affection or dislike: when some abused him as tyrannical, I was his companion, and heard his troubles; now they praise him, I hear his modest remarks, and must give my testimony to his unwearied industry." Of course it was said that Mr. Hunt was taking the Captain's side, and the Council became cold and unfriendly towards him; but he was so often the physician to the body as well as the comforter of the soul, that he found means to disarm open hostility; and he never saw petty insults, or noticed those who were persistent in their endeavours to do him wrong. He preached and prayed, and on one occasion when an alarm was given, and the sick were more in number than the able-bodied, he took his post at the palisadoes, and remained until all danger of attack had passed away.

But the settlement was one day alarmed by a report which was too soon found to be true, that their leader was surprised and taken prisoner by King Powhatan and his warriors. In all their troubles this seemed to be the greatest; they had learned to respect Smith's character, and they slept securely, because they had found that in

peace and war he had been more than a match for the natives; and when he was taken they gave themselves up for lost. It was with difficulty that they could be induced to perform the necessary duties for the protection of the town; and on the Sunday following Mr. Hunt exhorted them to greater trust in the providence of God, and to a more brotherly disposition one towards another. "We are," he said, "our greatest enemies, by reason of our untimely strifes and divisions; so that whenever we should be as one man ready, if God calls us, to defend ourselves from the malice of the heathen, we are willing that our enemy should overcome us, provided his revenges fall upon those we hate." The Council endeavoured to obtain Captain Smith, and made overtures to Powhatan, but he treated them with disdain, saying he had already killed the followers, and he intended to put the chief to death.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Captain Smith was taken by Powhatan, his warriors were desirous to have him put to death immediately, but this Powhatan repeatedly refused to do. He was kept near his wigwam, and endured every day some insult from the braves, who having put to death two of the settlers that they had surprised at the same time as they took

Captain Smith, thought they were only keeping the chief for more exquisite tortures. No man probably ever knew better than Smith how to deal with savage men; he never shrunk from the nicely-poised spear placed so close, as almost to touch his body, nor moved when a painted and plumed brave shook his knotted club over his head. Powhatan began to admire his captive, who used all his powers to please the great chief, and exhibited feats of skill which he had learned when in captivity to the Turks.

Powhatan had a daughter, a girl of about fifteen years old, and Smith, as well to divert her as to pass away the weary hours of captivity, sang to her and played little tricks; he also cut out figures in wood for her amusement, so that she was always near him. But Smith had no doubt of his end, unless by any chance a reinforcement should arrive in the colony, and a sudden attack be made: he could convey no information to the settlers of his condition, and although he was always on the look-out to escape, he saw no way; and had he found means to escape immediate observation, the forest, well-known to the braves, was before him, and he knew not whether he should turn to the north or to the south, to the east or to the west.

The camp of Powhatan was pitched in the centre of a beautiful pine-wood, and a stream which ran through it emptied itself into the James

River. The trees had been cleared away for a space of about six acres, and a rough grass covered the uneven ground; there was no entrance apparent to the eye of a casual observer, yet Smith observed that the trail was always entered at the same place, so that he knew that the natives had roads well known to them. The unbroken stillness of the forest often struck Smith as he lay in the wigwam waiting for the end to come; he could not penetrate the living circle that shut him out from the busy camp of which he had been the life. Once, drawn by the freshness of the morning, he walked outside the wigwam towards the wood, but without perceiving whence the sound came, he heard a grunt, and receiving a blow at the same moment, was pointed to the chief's hut.

As the time of his sacrifice drew near, the medicine-men were busy with their charms, and hung about the chief's wigwam. The preparations of painting and adorning were seen to be going on in every part of the encampment. The warriors poised and threw their spears, and the little children looked forward to some great sport, and chased each other about, mimicking the acts of the fathers, and learning to draw the bow or to cast the spear. Pocahontas often looked long at Smith, as if pitying his condition, but she could only speak a few words to him and make signs. He knew that the child was pleased to be in his

company, and Powhatan, treating him as a chief, did not refuse his child anything that she wished. The day at last arrived, and Smith was told by signs that he was to die. His courage never forsook him. At the earliest dawn the din of arms might be heard, the spears were struck against wooden armlets, making a peculiar rattling sound. Occasionally the most horrible noises came from the medicine-men's wigwam, and when after some time Smith was led out, he saw the chief, whose bearing was more dignified and commanding than that of any of his followers, surrounded by more than two hundred men. Smith now prepared himself for death by earnest prayer, and a secret commending his soul to God; but he was resolved to maintain his demeanour as before. He saw the squaws ranged behind the braves, urging them by singing war-songs; and even the slaves seemed to enjoy the prospect of a captive's sufferings.

All was prepared; the stones for the sacrifice were ready; the incantations of the medicine-men were going on, interrupted by wild cries, and the discordant beating of a rude drum. It was a moment of agony for the Captain, but he bore up bravely. His head was placed upon the stone; suddenly he saw Pocahontas covering him with her arms. There was for a moment a breathless silence, while the painted braves looked at each other, and then at the beautiful girl who had thus

interposed herself between the victim and his executioners.

The chief came to his child to remove her, and pointing to the braves standing with their clubs, told Pocahontas that the white chief must die,—that he was the enemy of his nation.

Pocahontas still clung to the Captain, and said that she would die with him; and then with passionate entreaties besought his life. "He has not harmed us," said the child; "he did not kill; he gave iron for your spear;" and shewing some little trinkets that he had given, she said, "He gave them to your child, your only child."

Powhatan listened, and then said, "Pocahontas, you are young, you know not what you ask; the pale faces will destroy the dark men from this beautiful land. I have talked with the great Spirit, and he has told me things to come. I have seen the pale faces in their great canoes; heard the noise of their war-spears, and seen the dead Indians lying on the shores of the great waters."

"Powhatan, father," said the child, "this white chief has eaten bread in a chief's presence, and we have given him water for nearly two moons; he has been my companion when you have gone to the chase, and he has watched over me while the warriors were gone to the war-path."

"He dared not hurt you, child,—let him die; his scalp shall hang up in the wigwam, and men will praise Powhatan's might, the braves will

name him in the war-songs, and the eagle's swiftness and the fox's cunning be Powhatan's for ever; he will carry to the other land his name and his glory."

Pocahontas wept, but did not release her hold on the Captain, who lay unmoved and bound while the struggle for his life went on.

"Leave him," said Powhatan.

Pocahontas was still afraid. "You will give me his life?" said the girl.

Powhatan loosed the white chief, and placing in his hands his own spear, he led him to his tent. It was not policy to disappoint the braves, as the war-dances were begun, and the feasts prepared, so a foray was appointed to divert their minds from the white chief whose life Pocahontas had saved.

The life of Captain Smith changed from that day. Powhatan had seen him face death as a brave, and bear unflinchingly all those hideous cruelties which precede it and make it more terrible; he therefore took him with the chiefs on hunting expeditions, and observed with delight the rapidity with which he learned to accommodate himself to their mode of life; he wished him to see his brother Opekanaku, and then to return among his own people, and to keep up a peaceful trade for skins and furs, and such produce of the chase as the white men desired.

The Indian summer had begun, when Powhatan

said to the white chief,—as they had learned to call him,—“That another great canoe was come into James River, with many men on board, and with the same chief that had sailed up the river before.”

Captain Smith then knew that the supplies and a reinforcement of settlers must have come out under Captain Newport, and begged to go to see him, as he was a brother chief, who had sailed with him over the great waters. He was sent away with kindness, and the chief told him to remember that he had it in his power to benefit his people, and he trusted to him to do it. Smith's parting with Pocahontas, whom he called his preserver, was very painful, and he resolved to keep up his acquaintance with her, to learn her language, to teach her the Christian religion, and to have her baptized. They were all surprised when he returned to Jamestown, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain presents to send back to Powhatan and the beautiful Pocahontas. But the Indians had not left the town before a man named Archer, a busybody, who had managed to get himself settled in Captain Smith's place in the Council, caused him to be indicted for the death of the two settlers. It was in vain that he told them that he had barely escaped with his life, he was put on his trial on the day of his return. He began to think that Christian men were worse than savages, and re-

counting his dangers and nearness to death, offered to go to Powhatan and produce him and his warriors, with the scalps of his companions, but they held that as one of the Council he was liable for the death of the men, as they were under his orders. He was aware that Captain Newport was in the river, or, at all events, in Chesapeak Bay, and he asked for him; he was told that no one knew anything of Captain Newport. "He is coming," said Smith, "for the Indians knew yesterday that his ships were in the river." Archer said that Captain Newport's arrival made no difference, that he was known as a reckless man, and having caused the death of two settlers, he must pay for it with his own; and he was taken from the Council into a boat upon the river, to await his death. Towards evening, as he was meditating on the strange vicissitudes of life, and on his anxious desire to be among his people again, Mr. Hunt approached him in a rude wooden canoe, which he paddled along with his own hands. The Captain welcomed him, and told him that if he was to die he could now die as a Christian man, but that he protested against his sentence as a judicial murder, and that he should declare that his life, which had been spared by savages, had been foully taken under the name of law by white men, and his countrymen. He then detailed to Mr. Hunt all he had undergone, and his own marvellous escape.

"They will not dare to hang you," said Hunt; "we have had sad anarchy since you left, and it is a great mercy that no well-sustained attack was made on the palisadoes. I have been under arms several days and some nights, but we had no one with skill or courage to lead us; and now the factions have gained the mastery, I have no hope until there is an influx of new blood."

"Do you know that Captain Newport is again in the bay or in the river? Powhatan told me that he had information that the same ships and the same chief had been seen, and Indians do not lie."

"But," said Hunt, "may they not mistake? all ships and white men are alike to natives."

"You mistake them, Sir," said Captain Smith, "they note every thing; they know how many men are in Jamestown, how many have died, who have killed Indians, and much that we do not give them credit for knowing; and I believe they know Newport, for he is frank and liberal, and that they like."

"It would be a great mercy," said Mr. Hunt, "if Captain Newport could arrive, for I fear otherwise we are on the eve of a great crime; I should esteem it a special mercy of God to this afflicted plantation."

"Be not anxious for me, Mr. Hunt, I have faced death on the field and among savages, and I shall not shake at the gallows," said Captain

Smith. Turning his eyes to the river, he said, "Look, there is a vessel! It must be Newport's!" and as the ship rounded the point the sailors cheered, and were cheered again, and Jamestown was in a ferment from one end to the other. Hunt did not wait; he knew that Smith was in extreme danger, and he forthwith got into his canoe and made for the ship.

Captain Newport shook hands warmly, and said, "I have letters and messages for you, but God be praised that I am able to look upon you, for we had strange misgivings that you were no more. Where is the Governor, and who are on the Council?"

Hunt briefly related the circumstances of Smith's imprisonment and coming death, begging him to avert it.

The vessel was no sooner moored than Captain Newport manned his boat, and arming his men went to the pinnace and demanded Captain Smith.

The guard said he was in the hands of the Council, sentenced to death, and he could not surrender him.

Captain Newport said, "Your life and theirs also for his, if you hurt him;" and jumping from the boat into the pinnace, he warmly greeted Captain Smith, and said he should be removed into the town, and placed under the care of his ship's crew.

Captain Newport having returned to his ship, and placed a guard and set the watch, went to Mr. Hunt's house, and heard all their sufferings recounted, and how God had marvellously preserved a remnant alive.

We need not recapitulate events: the miseries of the famine were minutely recounted, the divisions in the Council hastily passed over, and then came Smith's work at the defences of the town, energy in trouble, and final captivity.

Captain Newport resolved to invite all to a feast in a few days, as one way of smoothing down differences, and putting the new comers in good humour with the colonists and their adopted country.

Hunt commended it as a wise arrangement; he said, "Our heats arise from trifling quarrels, magnified greatly by men's humours, and influenced by daily contradictions, and although I am at peace with all, I find that they would have me to quarrel with as many as they quarrel with, and to be friends at their convenience; but I have to care for souls, and therefore have never interfered with other matters, so that the Council have nothing against me, except it be in the case of Smith, whose blood I have solemnly protested ought not to be shed, since he is not answerable for the men who were killed."

"He is quite safe," said Captain Newport, "and to-morrow I will deal with Archer; he has

no right in the Council, and had he caused Captain Smith's death I should have hanged him for murder."

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## CHAPTER V.

IN the morning Captain Newport attended the Council, and demanded the release of Captain Smith, and his restoration to his place, which was soon effected, after which they proceeded to business.

The Council were told that the settlers now come with Captain Newport were to be received as brethren; that the Governors in London had heard with sorrow of the factious conduct of some, and hoped that the providence they had shewn them in sending them victuals and clothing, with various machines of use in cultivating the ground, would induce them to turn their thoughts to good husbandry, and planting the earth. The Council replied favourably, and delivered a formal report of those who had died by sickness or by violence from the natives. They then spoke of affairs of trade, and on going to the storehouses an exhibition was made of divers skins of wild animals to be sent to the Company in England. There was so little gold, and that obtained only by barter, that it was barely mentioned, except to report that the natives

did not lead them to think that they had any great store. Captain Smith confirmed this, adding that the Indians did not seek it, nor possess it except as the spoils of other tribes who had obtained it from their neighbours.

All now went on more cheerfully, and before the time for their feast drew on the whole of the settlers made holiday, to shew their newly come friends the town, the river, and the country round as far as they dared to venture.

As they passed an old sail, Captain Newport said, "That was the roof of your church, but I suppose you have built a more substantial temple by this time."

The Council were silent, and Mr. Hunt said, that "they were so spent in working at the palisades, and finding houses to winter in, that they had not yet built a church, but that they hoped, with the Captain's help, they might now begin."

It pleased Mr. Hunt greatly to see that Captain Newport marched all his crew to the morning prayers, and that in the evening as many as could be spared from the labours of the vessels were present. Many of the factious and discontented also, for the first time for many months, came to prayer, and shewed some respect for the minister they had often ridiculed and spoken ill of.

The ship soon discharged her cargo. Many received presents from old friends in England, some

had furs to send back again in return, and small quantities of the new herb, tobacco, which they obtained from the natives and smoked through long reeds; but all eyes were gladdened when they saw that two of the vessels were heavily laden with corn, and wine, and pickled meat.

On Sunday Captain Newport begged to have a special Communion, as he should leave before the time of its usual celebration, so that Mr. Hunt, nothing unwilling, had an opportunity of again joining with his dear friend in that consoling feast.

Much care had been taken to send out good wheat, and it had arrived in good condition, so that the Council took great pains to store it well, and to keep it from the weather.

On the Monday morning Captain Newport sallied out from the town to prepare timber for the church. He was accompanied by the Council and Mr. Hunt, who wished to sanction by their presence the work they were about to undertake. Every man carried either a new sharp axe, or a chain for hauling, or a marling spike, and some were armed, to ward off any attack of the natives. They had not far to go for their timber, and soon the greater part of the colonists were felling and hauling, or squaring trees for the foundations of the church.

In order to avoid any attack, Captain Smith proposed to divert the attention of the natives by

a visit to Powhatan. He had marked the trails, and with a compass was able to get through the woods without much difficulty, leading his men in single file, and always taking the advance. He had not journeyed far before he was met by one of the chiefs, who knew him, and came up fearlessly towards him. Captain Smith handed his arms to the man next to him, and the chief throwing down his spears, they were soon in friendly converse by signs, the Captain making the Indian understand that his men were carrying some cloth to exchange for furs, and some presents for Powhatan and Pocahontas.

The chief immediately put himself in front of the file, and sending on his slaves to announce his approach, and to tell Powhatan that the chief of the white faces was coming, he led the way to the open space where Powhatan held his court.

The chief welcomed the white man with gravity of demeanour, but Pocahontas bounded to meet him; and when Captain Smith put a coral necklace round her neck, and called to his men to bring her a scarlet gown, she shrieked with delight, and the old chief forgot himself in the enjoyment of his child. When, however, the Captain produced a scarlet robe, trimmed with white, and laid it before him, he was much pleased; but what above all other things delighted him was a polished axe, beautifully finished, which he imme-

diately fixed to his belt. He was then asked to allow all that was left to be exchanged for skins or tobacco, and also for deer's flesh, dried and fresh, if any could be obtained.

The chief called his braves, shewed them all that the white chief had brought, and told them that in three days all would be theirs if they brought skins and deer to give for them.

An active trade was soon opened; skins of every kind were brought out of the wigwams; deer, bears, opossum, grey squirrels, and racoons were freely offered, with not a few beaver and martins.

Captain Smith saw how much might be obtained by peace, and he tried to make Powhatan understand that the white faces would always give iron and cloth for such things as they had, but that they must be able to go in peace, and to return in safety.

Powhatan assented, and had all the settlers been honest, and actuated by a desire for fair trade, the blood that was afterwards shed on both sides might have been spared.

Before the end of the second day, quantities of venison were brought into the camp, so that the Captain was obliged to stipulate with Powhatan that he should only pay for what his men could carry, but that if one of the chiefs would bring the remainder to Jamestown, they should be paid and sent back in safety.

Powhatan consented, and the whole party were soon able to take leave, and to go upon the trail, led by the Indians. They resolved to travel during the night, so that the venison might not spoil, and the sailors might enjoy some fresh meat. A few turkeys were added, and thus a supply of fresh animal food was provided such as the plantation had not seen for many months.

Captain Smith was rejoicing in his success, and when he came in sight of the town, ordered the men to fire their guns to announce his approach. The natives would have run off, for they dropped their burdens, and were looking around them suspiciously, when Captain Smith came up to the chief, and told him by signs it was their way of shewing joy, and to tell the people in the town that they were coming home again. They then resumed their burdens, and followed the English into the town. It was the first venture on a large scale, and when the furs were shewn, and the quantities of venison displayed, there was excitement; plenty seemed to dawn upon them as in a moment. They had abundance of corn and meat, and tobacco was shewn in large quantities, and they were told that more could be had.

Captain Newport paid for the venison, and took the whole under his charge, intending to retain some for the ship's crew, and to sell the rest to the settlement for labour or for furs. He

hoped thus to stimulate the people to industrious habits, and to encourage enterprise.

Suddenly a proposal was made to detain the Indians until some compensation was made for the lives of the murdered men. It was difficult to fix upon the person who made the suggestion, but there was one who moved actively about, now speaking to this person, now to the other; and that one was Archer, the former member of the Council.

Captain Smith said that he would not suffer any man to touch them; that he had pledged the honour of the people for their safe return; and that he would go back to Powhatan and surrender himself if they held possession of the natives.

Mr. Hunt then spoke. He said, "I have not mixed in civil strifes, but I would have you reflect on our past condition. We have been without food; and there was a time when the venison that I have seen to-day would have saved from ten to twenty lives: this we know, that many of our friends died for want of fresh meat and good soup. To-day we see what Captain Smith's enterprise has done: he has shewn that the country has all that we can want, and if we use the natives well they will bring it us."

"But, Master Hunt, what is to become of us if they are to kill us at their pleasure? They only know one law, life for life, and if we hang up

two of these savages on the palisadoes, they will affright the others," said one of the people.

Many shuddered at the fearful thoughtlessness of the assembly; some of them laughed, and said it was right, and should be done; but again Captain Smith said, "Will you hang the men who had no more to do with putting your men to death than I had?"

"Who knows but you did it?" asked a voice, that could not be recognised, but it was like Archer's voice.

"I am guiltless of the blood of these men, and I would not have the avenger of blood here," said Captain Smith; "but if you put these men to death, I assure you that your plantation is not worth a day's purchase."

"You like Indians," said the voice, interrupting him.

One of the settlers called out, "Silence, and hear Captain Smith."

"I like Indians," said the Captain. "For six weeks I looked on death; I had spears poised before me, and clubs raised over my head; I lived as a slave, and saw the cruellest tortures prepared for my destruction, and you cowards, that upbraid me, did you make one effort to release me or my comrades? You are their murderers, who did not dare to release them, or to venture beyond the palisadoes. And you want now to shed the blood of innocent men: no, by the

living God, mine first," and he raised his wood hatchet, and ranged himself by the side of the Indians.

"Peace! peace!" said Mr. Hunt; "let us not shed blood; we cannot bring our comrades to life again."

"That's it, that's it," said many voices.

"Well, then, we have a law, and that teaches us to forgive our enemies. I say, therefore, for Christ's sake, let these men go in peace; let them say that they found us men of peace, paying our dues, and rewarding all who did us any service, and placable to those who had injured us. Good friends, I beseech you let me go with them to the forest."

There were loud murmurings, and some said, "Parson Hunt is right," and others, they would have revenge. In the meanwhile Captain Newport had got together about ten of his men, resolved to protect the natives, but anxious to avoid interference in the settlement more than was necessary.

Wingfield, the Governor, was afraid of offending either party, and looked on in silence.

At last Captain Smith said, "I am going," and he led the way, followed by Hunt and the Indians, who could understand that they were the subjects of debate. The chief never seemed to lose his self-possession, and, followed by an angry crowd and with many discordant cries,

they passed the palisadoes, and came to the open ground outside the town. Here Captain Newport waited with his men, and the settlers saw that they would not be allowed to do any mischief; they therefore turned back, wishing Captain Smith might never return to them again; some thought his policy cowardly, but the most noisy were those who were evidently animated by some hatred towards the Captain. They were some of the worst of the colony, and they had found in his influence a check upon their lawless passions and vices. It was this that had prompted them to mutiny, when on board his ship; it was this that still kept alive within their breasts a desire for his destruction, or, at least, for his removal from their path.

A few, however, amongst the colonists saw matters in a different light; and while the malcontents were following the Indians to the gate, they were agreeing to offer themselves to Captain Smith to join in an exploring expedition. Amongst them was a young man who spoke nobly of the courage and fidelity of the Captain, but ceased on Mr. Hunt's approach—who had returned from the party outside the town—and moved aside as if to avoid him. Although he had scarcely set eyes on him since his landing, and then only amongst the hindermost of those who attended at the church, as if to escape notice, Mr. Hunt recognised the face: had he

never seen it again he could not have forgotten it; it was that of the man Williams, who had stood by when Lawton had breathed his last. Mr. Hunt often thought it strange that he who was so constant in his attendance at the church, should always seek to avoid a private meeting. Mr. Hunt had often attempted to get into conversation with him, but was always met by coldness. On the present occasion he thought it best to take no special notice of him, but he was glad to hear him speak as he had done; and although there was a mystery about his conduct now, he felt sure that the day was not far distant when they would understand each other: he therefore only joined in the general conversation, and highly approved of the plan proposed, saying that much good might come by entering into pacific communications with the natives.

The offer was therefore made, and accepted.

In order to punish Mr. Hunt for not letting them kill the Indians, about twenty of the settlers refused any more aid to the church; and the next morning the good minister was made to feel the anger of ungodly men. He did not appear to notice that they were absent; but, after prayers, began to labour, and the work did not, as they hoped, stand still.

A week had not passed away, when one morning before dawn a terrible yell announced the presence of the Indians. Every man was called

to the palisadoes, and a message sent to Captain Newport to ask him to arm his vessel, so as to help the town. He thought it expedient to comply; and when the day broke he saw Powhatan and his warriors arrive, and waiting to hold a parley. They asked for the chief of the white faces, and when Wingfield came Powhatan said, "I have looked on the face of a brave;" then turning proudly away, he said, "This is a woman."

Captain Newport had by this time got his boat ashore, and going unarmed to Powhatan, he welcomed him, and asked why he had come in arms to the town.

"The white chief took Oakoa and his slaves to carry deer's flesh to the town, and when he came there, Oakoa tells us that they threatened the white chief; now I am come to say, if he gives the word I will burn the town, and he shall be a chief among us, and not dwell among women faces and cowards."

"Powhatan, you say the fool talks, but the wise man is silent; the fools did talk about Oakoa, but the wise man sent him away."

This answer seemed to satisfy the chief, and he signified his intention of departing at once.

They then invited Powhatan into the town, shewed him the ship and its great sails, and, dismissing him with presents, averted a great calamity.

When Powhatan left the town, and they saw

him surrounded by upwards of a hundred and fifty powerful men, those who had been so eager to shed blood trembled, and all admitted that Mr. Hunt and Captain Newport were men of good judgment, and very much to be depended upon in matters of difficulty.

Powhatan had his opinions, and he said, "The chiefs were good, and the medicine-man was a brave; but, besides them, they were all slaves."

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE visit of Powhatan had enabled Captain Newport to come to an arrangement that the settlers should be permitted to go for several miles round the plantation to cut wood and to spear fish, so that there was much active and useful employment; and this, while provisions were plentiful, stayed discontent. He was soon obliged to return to England, and another expedition was made to obtain furs and skins, so the return voyage promised to bring something to the Company, although it was but little; several bales of tobacco, a quantity of native pipes, with a canoe made of birch bark, and paddles for propelling it, formed a part of the cargo. Mr. Hunt sent flower-seeds, and that beautiful plant, now so well known, the Virginia creeper, to Prebendary Hackluyt. The parting of the friends was

very painful, for Captain Newport was obliged to take back with him a large party of disappointed men, whose unbridled passions and violence made them a terror to the good in the colony, and a nuisance to those who, for a voyage of many months, must hold them under control by an iron rule. He made up his mind, however, that he would inform the Company that they must be careful to send fewer tapsters, gamesters, and broken gentlemen, and more hard-working, honest labourers and husbandmen, who would give their time to till the land rather than to dissensions.

Again he asked the prayers of the congregation of the Church in Jamestown, and set forth to cross the Atlantic with many fervent good wishes and blessings from all that were worthy in that settlement.

The fear of the Captain's character and power kept the disaffected in some little subjection as long as he could remain in the colony, but no sooner was he supposed to have cleared the river, than disputes began again; and Wingfield had so little power to control the Council, that he suffered himself to be led hither and thither according as the opinion of the last speaker influenced him; but he had a great dislike to Mr. Hunt, who, without interfering in the government, had influence with men of all parties, especially with the Captain, and it was known that the Council held him in the highest estimation.

The opponents at one time abused his over-strictness in Church matters, and would have him rather to yield to those who were as well instructed as himself; then they said his form of prayer was burdensome and his sermons tedious; that he was not a companionable man, nor given to social mirth and good-fellowship. Sometimes he answered, and at other times he was silent, allowing the storm of abuse to rage on, until it came at one time to such an excess that they interrupted the service, pretending that the Indians were attacking the town. He continued his discourse, and the next Lord's Day answered some of the statements. He said, "I am a minister of a Church which has rules and written laws for my guidance; I have obeyed them from my heart, neither going beyond nor falling short of her commands, nor in any one thing pleasing my own or other men's fancies. I have omitted no occasions of public rejoicings, nor social meetings of friends where the conversation was such as God's minister might listen to it without shame to his high calling; I hope that I have been found in every house in times of sickness and distress; but I have never yet been where there were riotous banquetings and revellings, nor where authorities ordained by God for our peaceable government were traduced."

The building of the church went on, and at last it was boarded in and covered with rafters

and sedge; large square blocks of wood formed the seats: and when it was finished and whitened, as Mr. Hunt thought of his days in Westminster Abbey, he said to himself,—Could that abbey have once been as rude a building as this; and if so, may not a more durable church exist in Virginia? “It is our best,” he said to one of his congregation, who remembered his village church; “and if we be reverent, the heathen will know that we worship God.”

The settlers were getting on better than they did when they first landed; and the weeding out of the gold finders, an unsteady race, left some hard-working men and a few bold traders; by means of these men a trade was kept up with several Indian chiefs, and the prospects of the colony were brighter than they had been before. The storehouse contained a large quantity of corn, and some of the settlers had ground under cultivation, and were producing vegetables.

The winter had set in with unusual severity; and one night after the storehouse had been closed, a passer-by observed a light, and gave the alarm of fire. It was a terrible sound to the settlers; there was not a solidly built house in the town, and as they had never thought of any such calamity, they were the more unprepared for it.

When it was discovered that it was the storehouse, the men stood in dismay, until some, more energetic than the rest, tried to stifle the flames;

but it was found that the fire had taken a firm hold. They then began to strip the nearest houses of their roofs, but in an hour the whole town was in flames, for the fire threw up pieces of burning thatch, which, falling upon houses far away from the original seat of the conflagration, set them on fire. The stoutest hearts were appalled: they saw all the labours of months destroyed in an hour; corn enough to fill two vessels burned to a cinder; houses which contained treasured memorials of home blackened heaps of worthless ruins. There was not a man who was not more or less a sufferer; the Governor was entirely stripped, and Hunt lost his library and furniture, and his clothes, so that he had only the suit that he wore: his church, too, that was the more loved for the toil that he had endured in building it, shared the fate of the town; and when morning dawned, there were only a few houses left in which the settlers could take shelter from the cold.

When they had in some measure subdued the fire, Mr. Hunt, with undaunted spirit, called them to prayer; and after it was ended, in an earnest and short discourse expressed his hopes that this severe chastisement would unite them together, and make them more ready to do good one towards another. "It must be a time of forbearance with all," said the good man, "and our poor blackened desert may yet blossom as the rose."

All thanked him, and they arranged to go in gangs of tens and fifteens, with a captain to each, and to restore the least damaged dwellings without respect of persons. Then searchers were appointed to discover any lost property, or unconsumed gold or silver that might be buried in the ruins. No lives had been lost, and while they did not mourn for any absent ones, they feared lest a worse fate, even starvation, might overtake them.

At this critical juncture the Indians, who had seen the fire, came bringing with them a store of provisions; and when they saw the extent of the calamity, Powhatan refused to take anything, saying that they were in very hard condition, and he would help them for the sake of their white chief. Captain Smith was still absent opening communication with the various tribes which were settled on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and the river Rappahannock. He had set out in an open barge, and every day he and his crew, of about a dozen men, had prayers before they began their work, the natives looking on in silent wonder, or consulting together as to the meaning of the pale-faced men's actions.

It was a terrible blow to Captain Smith, when he arrived at Jamestown on the second day after the fire, to find that the place was a blackened heap of smouldering ruins, the corn still smoking, and occasionally sending up little flames.

But he was no sooner arrived in the town than the settlers flocked around him, begging him to forget all past differences, and to assume the office of President of the Council. He consulted with Hunt, who related all that happened during his absence, and expressing his belief that it would be the means of giving new life to the colony, he consented, and the winter was spent in obtaining a scanty subsistence, and in bringing in timber to rebuild the town.

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## CHAPTER VII.

THE winter was passed chiefly by the energy which Captain Smith threw into the affairs of the colony, and the patient and laborious life of Robert Hunt: these men occupied the minds and bodies of the colonists, so that they had little leisure to think over their real misfortunes, and there was far less discord than when they suffered from imaginary grievances; the Lord's day was duly observed, and instruction given in sermons bearing upon their condition, and morning and evening the greater part of the settlers met for prayer; then there were hunting parties, and fishing parties; lumber men to go to the woods, cooks to prepare the day's food, and so much real hard work to be done, that the meals passed

happily in hearing how the daily food was obtained; sometimes it was only gathered at the last moment after long and patient watching; then, again, it was brought home in abundance, and they had a little store before them; but as the spring approached many an anxious look was turned toward the sea, and at length the "Good Hope" was seen, and Captain Newport for the third time came with a fleet. He brought with him seventy-five men, and supplies which were greatly needed. He was shocked when he saw the ruin that the fire had made, and the equally visible bodily decay that he could not fail to observe in Mr. Hunt and many of the leading men in the colony; and when he had heard how the winter was spent, he asked him if a visit to his native country might not recruit his health, and enable him to prolong his labours for the good of the colony. "I shall never leave them," said Mr. Hunt, "and if they abandon the plantation, I shall go to Powhatan or to Opekanaku, and try to teach them the way of salvation." Captain Newport did not resume the subject, but said that he was sorry to say that, bad as the men were that he had taken to England, he had brought out worse; that the prospects of the Company were so bad that they were glad to take any who could afford to pay some of the cost of their conveyance; and by this means they had sent some who were glad to get away from the

country, to escape the deserved punishment which the laws would have inflicted upon them.

Mr. Hunt said, "We need no addition to the number of our disaffected spirits, they are too many for the good of the plantation; and I pray you tell the Prebendary that unless there is more care taken in selecting men to come out, and also some families are sent, I have little hope for good morals; the absence of women and children has brutalised these men more than anything else; but I shall spend my life here, and be spent even for the very worst: I do not forget the waterman's warning."

"He always asks after you, and wishes you well," said Captain Newport.

"And he has my good wishes, and my blessing; I will send him a remembrance of these parts in some war-clubs and spears which have been sent to me."

Captain Smith was desirous to open up the country, and Powhatan was willing to let him come to him, but did not wish to allow any intercourse with the other tribes. It was resolved, however, to push a strong party through the upper country by the way of Rockets, and, if possible, to navigate the river above the falls. Captain Newport approved of the plan, and led the river expedition, which separated at the falls, and pushed on to the north river. It was a difficult undertaking, and although they were able to obtain some furs, they

found that wherever they tried to land they were surrounded, and only able to keep the natives at a distance by threats. Observing a chief attempting to take a gun from the boat, one of the sailors thoughtlessly threw him down, and called on his comrades to help him. In an instant the savage stuck his scalping-knife into him, but fortunately the blow was turned by the thickness of his coat, and he received only a flesh-wound: but the tribe were aroused; immediately the spears were raised, and Captain Newport seeing the danger was imminent, quickly rallied the men round him, and withdrew to the boat. He raised the chief up, and explained to him that the sailor did not mean to hurt him; but he could not allay his angry temper, and he had hardly released him before a spear, thrown on the instant he was among his people, passed into the sailor's arm, and wounded him severely; the men wished to fire, but the Captain said that it would only do more harm than good, that they must now work their way back to Jamestown, and avoid as much as possible a conflict with the natives, for they might then cut off Captain Smith and his people in the woods.

It was beginning to be evident that there was no gold in Virginia that was worth getting, but there was a fine climate, and as good health to be enjoyed as anywhere in England. So the new comers who had joined the expedition told Captain

Newport that they would stay; but if they did they would have a turn with the Indians, and see if something could not be made out of them. Among the expedition was a froward fellow, who, having wasted the greater part of his life as a hanger-on in gentlemen's houses, had been induced to try Virginia, as he heard there was much sport: they had landed, and Grindrod was priming his piece, and saying it would bring a native down at forty yards, when suddenly he fell, and two arrows were found to have pierced him through the heart; they were all shocked, and Captain Newport at once pulled off into the stream, and took Grindrod's body with him.

"They must have heard him," said one of the sailors, "and thought that they would serve him out."

"Do Indians understand English?" said the Captain. "It seems like a punishment for his wicked designs against these unoffending men."

"They had no right to kill Grindrod, Captain," said one of the settlers, "and I will have revenge some day for it. He was always a friend to me, and I'll make the Indians pay for this."

"We are not at Jamestown yet," said Captain Newport: and it was true; the boat was heavily laden, and they had some miles of portage before they got to the lower river; they had carried the boat up without much difficulty, but the Captain knew that any well-planned opposition might put

the whole party in the hands of the Indians, and that they must carry the boat with them, or take to the woods, of which they were ignorant. When they came to the falls, he told off the men, and gave to each their baggage, and ordered the boat to be worked along as much as possible by slings. The body of Grindrod was buried by the river side, and a fire made over the grave to obliterate all traces of his burying-place, so that the Indians might not disturb him. For some days they had not seen an Indian, and all the disembarking was so well done, that Captain Newport and the sailors thought they were almost out of danger; but he ordered a careful look-out to be kept up, and no noise to be made, and, above all, no one to fire a gun: unfortunately a deer passed by the armed man in advance, and it was immediately brought down.

The Captain ran to the front of the file, and said, "You have disobeyed my positive orders, and may possibly ruin the expedition; we have another mile of heavily timbered wood to pass through, and you will bring the natives upon us."

It was Archer who had shot the deer, and he said, "I am a free man, and as good a man as you, Captain."

"Yes," said Captain Newport, "and if I had not more value for your worthless life than yourself, you would soon be a slave, or sacrificed to the Indians' god."

While they were speaking and moving along, a spear passed between the Captain and the speaker, and they discovered that they were, at all events, closely watched. They advanced some distance, when the ground became more open, and just as the evening drew on they came to a band of fifty Indians, who began their war-songs, and threw spears, which fell short of their mark. The Captain saw that they trusted to their numbers, and slowly retreated to a little hillock, where he ordered the men to lay the boat on its side, and to pile up their skins so as to shield them from the arrows: the Indians immediately came on rapidly, Captain Newport fired and brought down the chief; there was a yell, and they retreated carrying the body with them, but after a consultation and some hesitation, the whole mass threw themselves in a body upon the line that led to the rear, and Captain Newport saw that they thought to spear them from behind; ordering his men to watch them closely, he took to a tree, and with one or two shots again caused them to halt: two more Indians were wounded, but they still came on, and at last, when they were well within range, a volley shook the advancing column, and as they saw their comrades drop and a medicine-man fall dead, they rushed into the woods, and carrying off their dead and wounded, were not seen any more. When the men assembled again, Archer was found missing;

the Indians had managed to stun him with a war-club, and to carry him off unobserved.

But night had set in, and the Captain was desirous of leaving the place, yet he feared to lose the trail, which the sailors had carefully marked. It was therefore resolved to make no fire, but to fell two or three trees, and with these and the boat to make as good a shelter as the circumstances permitted. The wisdom of Captain Newport's former arrangements was now admitted, and the loss of Archer, combined with their narrow escape from destruction, induced a ready obedience to his commands: the trees were soon felled, the skins thrown round each man, and while half the crew mounted guard with half the settlers for the first watch, the remainder with Captain Newport took the second watch, and waited most anxiously for the dawn. Not a sound was heard, and in the morning the men, although cold and hungry, obeyed cheerfully the order to march; the deer, the cause of all their troubles, was carried along with them; and when they came to the river it was with difficulty they could be induced to push across to the other side to cook the venison for breakfast; they, however, consented, and the meat was barely roasted before the starving men fell ravenously on their portions, and did not leave a bone unpicked, declaring they had never in their lives eaten a meal with greater enjoyment.

The Captain and his crew in a few days arrived at Jamestown, very much worn with their work, but gratified by the discoveries which they had made, that the country improved in beauty and fertility above the falls, and for some distance above Jamestown: they had also seen a ridge of mountains, now so well known as the Alleghany-range. But they asked, and were asked in return, where was Captain Smith's party?

Mr. Hunt said that several Indians had been about the palisadoes, and that he had thought they were spies, and mounted guard. Wingfield had refused them admittance except by twos and threes, and although they had treated them civilly, they would not admit them beyond the trading-room at the gate.

Captain Newport said that they had parted company at Rockets; that Captain Smith was in good spirits, and had plenty of provisions, and salt to last for a fortnight.

It was now a week past the utmost limit of his supplies, and nothing had been heard of the Captain's party. Mr. Hunt offered to go to Powhatan and seek his friend, but the sectaries who had only come out by the last vessel objected, saying that he was not fit for such an undertaking, and should attend to his ministry.

He said that he was willing to risk his life to save his friend; but he was not anxious to visit

Powhatan, who would certainly do as he pleased with any white man, and it was not always pleasant to try uncertain tempers.

Many plans were suggested, and it ended in resolving to wait a few days to see what would happen. Captain Smith was known to be fertile in resources, and he would not starve if there was anything alive near him. They were not wrong in their conjectures, Captain Smith was so well prepared by past difficulties that he was able to live where probably others would have perished. When the two parties had separated at Rockets, Captain Smith tried to penetrate the country by following the streams that ran into the James River. He tracked one for three days, taking some few squirrels and turkeys, with a deer, but afterwards he travelled for a week through swampy grounds, in great anxiety of mind, as some of the party were sick and could only be got along slowly. He then resolved to try to pass through Powhatan's country, and to get unobserved to Jamestown. They would have succeeded but for the sick, who had to be carried in hammocks of birch-bark, and after they had been out twelve days it became evident that unless they had fresh supplies they could not reach the town. The Captain limited the provisions, hunted daily, and did all he could to add to the common stock, which he shared with his men.

On the fifteenth day the bearers refused to

carry the sick any further; they said they must leave them. The Captain said he would carry for that day, and they should hunt. They unwillingly assented, knowing his skill in obtaining food; and when night drew on found the result of the day's hunting was three very poor squirrels. These were partially divided, for the Captain insisted on giving two to the sick men, and went hungry to bed, chewing bark to allay the cravings of hunger.

On the sixteenth day they refused to take up their burdens, and the Captain said,—“You may go, but I will never leave the men until they die or I carry them into town.”

The men dared not go, the day was spent in hunting, and the Captain brought home a fine deer; this with some turkeys that had been shot passed off the day, and the next morning they moved forward about twelve miles, when they murmured again; some of the sick men were so weary, that they asked to be killed.

“Do not leave us to the beasts,” said a young man, who had been the most forward talker of the party, “but put us out of our misery.”

This would have been done but for the stern command of their leader to take every care of the sick in his absence; and he added, “If they die from neglect or cruelty, I will leave you to track these woods alone; I will not company with murderers.”

The nineteenth and twentieth days they moved on without food; and when Captain Smith, who had never allowed a day to pass without prayer, had lain down for the night, he was awoken by an alarm of the Indians being in the camp, and on arousing his comrades, they found that Pocahontas had heard of their distress and had come to their help. Powhatan had caused them to be followed day by day ever since they left the boat, and he intended that they should starve in the woods; the Indians started the game, and kept closely upon their track, so that without being seen they had conveyed to Powhatan exact news of their condition, and also of the white chief's troubles to keep them to their duties. When Pocahontas saw how worn and thin the chief was, she shed tears, and returning to her father's camp, brought him an abundance of fish and venison; then she waited until the morning, and brought them to Powhatan, who asked the Captain why he had entered his hunting-grounds without his permission?

"I went," said the Captain boldly, "to seek for food, and to see if I could discover other lands, and you have me in your power."

"You shall go to your own people, chief of the white men," said Powhatan, "and would they were all as you are; but for Pocahontas, I would have let you die in the woods."

While the conversation had been going on

between Powhatan and the Captain, Pocahontas caused Archer, who had been brought bound and wounded to her father, to be led before him. Captain Smith started with surprise. "Here is one of your slaves, chief of the white faces," he said, scornfully.

"He came not with me, Powhatan," said the Captain. The chief laughed, and looked meaningly at him.

"He came with the chief that has come over the great waters in canoes bigger than your houses," replied Powhatan. Then, as if lashing himself into a fury, he brandished his tomahawk, and shouted, "Slave,"—the miserable man, half dead, looked at him, he knew the word and its meaning,—"Slave," he said, "tell your chief that you offered, if I would spare your life, to betray your town; tell him that you have said he was my bitterest enemy: but, slave, you lie;" and as he raised his weapon, with scorn on every feature, Archer dropped.

"He is dying, Powhatan," said the Captain; and going up to him he tried to raise him up, but from his weakness he could only raise his head. He was gone—the fear of death had killed him.

The chief looked at the body with a contemptuous smile of scorn, and when the Captain said that he must bury him, he signified his assent without speaking a word.

They dug a grave in a cleared space in the thick

woods, and asked the Indians to respect the spot.

After being fed and well cared for by Pocahontas, they were at length sent away with guides to lead them by the shortest way to the town; and still carrying the sick, they arrived, after an absence of thirty-three days, safely inside the palisadoes of the town. Again every mouth was full of the Captain's praise, but he quietly went to church, and asked in the evening to return thanks for the great mercies and deliverance which it had pleased God to vouchsafe to him and his companions.

It was now well understood that Powhatan could and would protect his lands, and the colonists saw before them a great struggle if they tried to take possession by violence; they resolved, therefore, to make a show of great obedience to Powhatan, and some proposed to crown him as a king.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG the foremost to honour Powhatan were those who had seen him surrounded by his warriors; their fears had exaggerated his powers, and they brought into the colony such a report of his greatness, that no persuasion could prevent their sending an embassy with presents, and an offer of a coronation.

Captain Smith protested against it as impolitic, and Mr. Hunt said, "We have taken possession

of these lands in the name of King James, and I see not how we can acknowledge any other king."

Captain Newport assented to this, and refused to take any part in going to the king or doing him homage, but the majority of the Council, seconded by the weaker minds of the settlers, resolved to carry the coronation into effect. They wished to have the ceremony at Jamestown, but this did not in any way meet the king's views, who feared, under this new-born zeal to do him homage, some hidden plan to entrap his person: a spot of ground was therefore agreed upon, and as it was close to the river, the colonists were transported there in the boats of the colony, and those belonging to the "Good Hope." The presents were offered with much ceremony, but for a long time the king refused to put the cloak upon him, which being very ample in its dimensions, he suspected was intended to be wound around him; and when the guns were fired as they placed the crown upon his head, he started up, and could not be pacified but with great difficulty. When all the ceremonies were ended he went away with his braves, but without any favourable impression having been made upon him, for he increased the price of furs upon a pretence that they were scarce, and brought only small quantities of tobacco. He began to understand the value of fire-arms, but, fortunately, the fears of the settlers were greater than their avarice,

and not even gold ornaments nor choice furs enabled Powhatan to obtain this powerful auxiliary; had he done so the settlers' career would have been very brief. For a time matters went on peaceably; the church had risen from its ashes, and was more substantially rebuilt, though only of wood; many houses were built, and more care was taken in rebuilding them, so that they had a greater show of comfort; but when Captain Newport left the colony, he had fully resolved to report to the Council the failure of their enterprise. He did not venture to suggest to Mr. Hunt to return with him, but asked if he thought that the enterprise would eventually succeed. It was the last interview before the Captain left, and the last time that they were destined to meet.

"It will succeed," said Mr. Hunt, "in proper hands: but I must beg of you to say to the Company that success depends not upon numbers, but upon the quality of the men sent out; a few men of quality, a number of workmen, as carpenters, masons, and smiths, with farmers, and labourers, are our greatest need; if we have these, we can prosper; but then they must be well-minded and kindly-disposed, or nothing can work well."

The Captain said the difficulty was to get these, the colony had now so bad a name that he found few good men who would come, and they often abandoned the enterprise at the last moment.

"There is a growing danger, too," said Hunt,

“from religious discord; there are men here whom I have never offended, who speak of us as the spawn of antichrist, formalists, men without the Spirit of God, and carnal-minded; they pray together, absent themselves from daily worship, and often from the Sunday prayers, and they have led away some of whom I hoped better things.”

“This is a great evil,” said the Captain, “but you only share it in common with the old country; factions and religious schisms are running very high, and I do not see the end of them; we may, indeed, pray to be delivered from unreasonable men, and men who, while they speak of peace, have war in their hearts,—you know the class that I mean.”

“Indeed I do, to my sorrow,” said Mr. Hunt; “my own lot is cast among men for whom I shall daily labour and pray; God will, I trust, in the end, work all for good.”

Captain Newport left the colony, and although one or two left with him, and he had a small cargo of various goods, his confidence in the colony was gone, and he no longer looked to visit it as he had formerly done, with hopes for its future prospects, or for its present existence.

Some progress had however been made, for there was a little corn grown, and some tobacco had yielded largely. All kinds of vegetables gave a plentiful return, and had the settlers remained

united all might have gone on well, but the traders did not agree with the farmers, and the lives they led did not tend to make them like the regularity and order of the town. There were no Sundays in the woods, and therefore no times of prayer; deeds of violence towards the natives became more and more frequent, until they almost ceased to visit Jamestown; settlers began to be missed, and when enquired after, were said to be in the woods living with the native women. This, in one or two instances, was known to be true, but the numbers of the missing increased, so as to induce suspicions of foul play, which were only too well founded. The white men had tried to use force, and had succeeded on several occasions; the lesson was not forgotten; and it was easier to take a settler's goods, and especially his gun, than to pay for them; and this was being done upon a system, so that there were several white men's scalps to be seen among the braves. Pocahontas never ceased to lament this, nor to endeavour to help any of the settlers who came alive into the camp, and the chiefs had sufficient cunning to keep from her sight and knowledge the wrongs which they were perpetrating.

Mr. Hunt resolved to go to Powhatan, and to try not only to make some arrangements for the settlers, but also to endeavour to teach him some elements of religious truth; and, if possible, he wished to get some young men, the sons of chiefs,

to learn the English language, so as to be able to teach their own people. He talked over his plans to Captain Smith, who said that there was danger in attempting any intercourse with Powhatan, and that Mr. Hunt must be prepared to run the risk of death, for no one had escaped for some time. Nothing daunted, however, early in the winter he set out over the snow to visit the camp of Powhatan; he was unarmed, but was accompanied by two men who volunteered to stake their lives in his company. He had been kind to them on various occasions, and one of them he had rescued from death by his unremitting care during the first famine.

It was a bright December morning, and the crisp snow gave a firm footing to the snow-shoes which they had learned to use. The sun shone brightly on the dark pine-forests, and the gentle breeze blew the light snow in their faces. They were in good spirits, but somewhat calmed by the dangers before them; yet they tried to feel confidence in their work,—Mr. Hunt conscious of his high purpose, and his companions sustained by their trust in him. For a time they were able to follow a trail evidently much used, and only trodden upon within a few days; so that it appeared that although the natives did not come into the town, they were often on the snow, and there was danger lest they should be speared without having an opportunity of seeing the chief. They

travelled on for miles, and when night came they made a fire, and two lay down to sleep while the third watched. They often fancied that they heard sounds; sometimes it was the distant howl of the wolf, then the cry of the turkey; and again the shrill squeak of the squirrel, as if wounded, made them believe that the woods were full of game. They were really the cries of the Indians, who were upon the trail and watching them.

While they were sitting by the fire and taking breakfast, the natives had surrounded them, and when they rose up to continue their journey a yell announced the presence of Otomacke, an inferior chief, who rushed upon Mr. Hunt with his uplifted war-club.

"Take me to Powhatan," said Mr. Hunt, looking at him without moving,— "take me to your chief,—the white chief sends me to him with presents."

Seeing that they made no effort to escape, Otomacke lowered his club and motioned to them to follow; then taking the bundles from the men, and giving them to his slaves, he led the march at a rapid pace, Mr. Hunt following with his two companions, whom he cheered with encouraging words, saying that the greatest danger was past—they were safe from the arrows from unseen hands, and he did not fear Powhatan, who was just, and Pocahontas was their friend.

It was towards evening, after a long march,

that they entered the camp, and their approach was announced by loud yells, which brought the squaws and young folks out of the wigwams.

Otomacke went to Powhatan's wigwam, and said that a white face had come from the great white chief to talk to Powhatan.

"Why does the white chief send his men over my path? And why does Otomacke let them pass?"

Otomacke said, "He is the medicine-man, and he came with Powhatan's men to the woods; he knew him to be the great chief's friend, or he had died upon the war-path."

Powhatan raised himself up, and putting on his head-dress, spear in hand, and in angry mood, he came out of the wigwam, followed by Otomacke.

Looking at Hunt sternly, he asked, "What does the great chief's medicine-man ask of Powhatan?"

"What he brings from the great chief,—peace and good-will."

"You speak fair words, medicine-man, but your people do foul deeds; the blood of the braves that has been shed cries to me for vengeance, and the warriors are saying that Powhatan has a white heart; but they speak lies, Powhatan was never false to his people: he wished them to learn good of the white-faces, but they have done evil, and shed blood, and robbed on the war-path."

"And the great white chief complains, Pow-

hatan, that your braves have shed the blood of peaceful traders, for they go to you, but return to us no more."

"No white man has come here, and you had been slain had not Otomacke spared you for past kindness, which the Indian does not forget."

"Let us not speak of wrongs to-day, Powhatan; I come for peace, and to teach your people to worship the true God—the Great Spirit, and Lord of all men."

"I want no teachers," said Powhatan, proudly; "when I saw your great chief pray to his God every night and every morning, I honoured the man, for he, who had no fear of men, I saw feared God, the Great Spirit; but now I know that his slaves worship the same God, I will not hear of Him."

"The great chief sends you gifts, and asks that Pocahontas may have this book," said Hunt, shewing a book with a few Scripture prints to the chief.

He turned over the gifts, and sending for Pocahontas gave her the book and cloths which the Captain had sent, but he remained moody and silent; then, turning to his wigwam, he said, "I will call the chiefs to-morrow, and tell the medicine-man if it be peace or war; whichever it be, he and his followers shall be free to go to their homes in peace."

Hunt turned to his companions, and explained

to them that Powhatan had promised them a safe return home ; they then followed Otomacke, who shewed them a wigwam. And while they were saying the evening prayer, and almost famished with hunger, Pocahontas came, followed by her slaves with fish and venison, and a few ears of maize which had been dipped in fat and parched before the fire. She then asked Mr. Hunt to eat, and sat watching in silence until he had finished his repast. Then she told him never to come again, for Otomacke would have been put to death if he had allowed any but the great chief or an Indian's friend to pass along the trail. She said Powhatan loved the white-faces, but his soul was dark because the blood of his braves had been shed, and his braves talked of his deeds of glory as of things he would no more do again.

“ He will not give you peace,” said Pocahontas, “ but tell your chief that for his sake I will shelter the white-faces if they come here—but none come now.”

“ Where are they, Pocahontas ?” said Mr. Hunt ; “ they went from us and have never come again.”

“ Where ?” said Pocahontas, as if wondering ; “ if you have not seen them, Otomacke has sent them across the waters to the Great Spirit, for he has the care of your path. Otomacke is a brave ; he is your friend, for you are the Indians' friend.”

“ Does Pocahontas pray to the Great Spirit ?”

said Hunt. Pocahontas did not comprehend him, and he raised his hands and looked up in the clear moonlight.

Pocahontas shook her head, and said, "The Great Spirit knows all:" and pointing to her heart, said, "All that is here, as well as all I say."

She then left them, and they slept without keeping watch, for they were overcome by the fatigue of the long journey. They enjoyed the night's rest, for when the morning dawned and Otomacke found them sleeping, he told Powhatan, who was pleased that they trusted in his word, and desired that they should be allowed to sleep on.

In the meantime he had called together the braves and medicine-men, and told them how he had trusted the white-faces, who came in great canoes from beyond the great waters; and that they had shed blood, which was yet unrevenged. "And now," he said, "when we have given them fire and water, and fed them in their distress, they would make us slaves. The great chief is good, and the medicine-man is good. The rest—"

"They are slaves," said the braves; and there was a cry of "War, war! death to the pale-faces!"

"My soul is dark again," began Powhatan; "for who can tell the strength of the white men? There is a tradition that they will make this land their own, and dwell in it for many moons."

"Then let there be no peace," said Otomacke; "let us die in our hunting-grounds and by our

watch-fires, and let the war-whoop be heard in the white man's wigwam, and let there never be peace."

The warriors smoked, the incantations of the medicine-men went on, the day dawned, and Powhatan's answer to the minister and messenger of peace was, "War and death to every white man that entered Powhatan's hunting-grounds."

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## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Mr. Hunt awoke the time was passed when he ought to have been waiting for the chief; hastily awaking his companions, they offered up their morning prayers, kneeling outside the wigwam in sight of the Indians, who watched them without interfering or seeming to notice how they were employed. After a time Pocahontas came with her slaves, and a substantial meal of venison and Indian corn pounded and boiled. She waited until they had finished the meal, as she had done before, and then taking some very beautiful furs from her girdle, said to Mr. Hunt, "Medicine-man, say to your great chief that Pocahontas sends these; they are poor, but they are the best she has, and the white chief will keep them for her sake." They waited until hour after hour passed away, and they saw the sun beginning to decline.

Powhatan had slept after the discussion. It was long past midday, when Otomacke said, "Medicine-man, follow me," and Hunt rose up, saying, "Where are we going?"

"To Powhatan," was the answer.

They went out of the village to a square of cleared ground, on all sides surrounded by forest, but without a bush or even stump to mar the uniformity. When they arrived there they saw that all the braves were armed and painted. Mr. Hunt and his companions advanced, preceded by Otomacke, and walking between braves who stood in rows of three deep, he stood before Powhatan. The chief watched his face, and seeing him calm and unmoved, said, "You come from the great chief of the white-faces to ask peace—it is peace to him, but war to all besides."

"Powhatan," said Mr. Hunt, "I am a messenger of peace; the great chief honours you, and would have no blood between the Indians and the white-faces."

"There is blood," said Powhatan; "go, medicine-man, and say that before another moon is full Powhatan will have rooted out the white man's wigwam from the earth, and the white man from the land; the bear and the wolf shall live there and Powhatan will suffer no white-face henceforth to dwell on his lands or to soil his hunting-grounds."

Mr. Hunt was about to speak, but Powhatan,

waved his hands, and Otomacke put his hand before his mouth. Some presents were then laid before Mr. Hunt, and the chief resumed:—"Medicine-man, tell the great chief that Powhatan sends these as from a brother to a brother; he may come and go always in peace; we meet no more."

The braves knew that war was declared, and hardly had Otomacke led the white men out of the council before yells and shouts announced that war-dances and warlike sports were to be the employment of the camp. Otomacke placed the furs upon the head of a slave, and accompanied by some other slaves, they began the return journey, filled with anxious fears for the future of the colony. They were not hurried, and they observed that they were taken by a different trail to that on which they came. Game was caught by the way, and on the third day they saw Jamestown: the sight was gratifying to Mr. Hunt's two companions, but he was silent, and when Otomacke came to the edge of the forest, and intimated that he could go no further, Mr. Hunt wished to ask him to enter the town, but remembering how nearly the Indians had been killed on a former occasion, he gave Otomacke a trifling present, and the Indians were in an instant out of sight. When the Englishmen came to the palisadoes, they at once proceeded to Captain Smith, who was shocked at the news

which they had brought, and told Hunt that they were on the very verge of starvation.

"Our chastisements are heavy upon us," said the Minister, "yet who can say they are undeserved corrections? Powhatan distinguishes between you and the traders, and says he is at peace with you, but eternal war shall be between him and the others; but they are our countrymen, and we must die for them and with them."

"There is no doubt of that," said Captain Smith: "I shall defend the colony to the last, but at no time could worse news have arrived. They shall know it—yes, at once, for otherwise in the event of any danger they will declare they were ignorant of it, or they would have provided against it." He therefore summoned a meeting of the Council and of the town, and called upon Mr. Hunt to relate the objects of his mission to Powhatan and the state of his camp.

It was a painful sight to see the worn and pinched expression of the colonists: famine was again laying the foundation of other diseases, and both Captain Smith and Mr. Hunt believed that they were in their direst extremity; within was famine, without was war, and war with a merciless enemy.

Mr. Hunt stated as briefly yet as clearly as he could how he had proceeded, and what he had done. He said that Powhatan had been kind to him, and was friendly to the President of the

Council, but angry because the traders had killed his braves, and robbed them of their furs. When he ended his statement, several voices shouted out,—“Why did you go to Powhatan? You want to lord it over us, and to make friends in case of danger.”

Mr. Hunt did not reply, so another member, a great man among the sectaries, said, “You should attend to your praying and preaching,—not that they do much good,—and not go to the Indian camps; they can only be converted as Amalek and Moab were, by the sword of the Lord.”

Mr. Hunt would not answer, and the President said, “Gentlemen of the Council, and fellow-townsmen,—I take upon myself all the blame that may be cast upon our minister for his most benevolent deed in going to the camp of Powhatan. He went to seek our comrades, whom we now know to have fallen to the Indian spear and scalping-knife. He went with words of peace, and without arms; he found a people armed to the teeth, hoping by starvation to subdue us, and then to complete the work by a savage massacre. He pleaded for us in a manly tone, such as Indians only respect, and has returned to tell us of the danger that lies before us. Part we suspected: no man that has left us has returned; no Indian has offered food or tobacco, even for wine or *aqua vite*; they intended to starve us. Ought we, then, to be angry with Mr. Hunt and his companions?

I am thankful to know the worst, and conjure you to prepare without delay for a bloody conflict."

"What can we do?" was the cry of many voices. "Tell us, Captain Smith, what can we do?"

"Live like Christians, and die like men!" said the Captain. "I shall not take any favour from Powhatan that you do not share."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted many voices.

"And now," said the President, "choose your captains, and I will tell off the men for the palisadoes and for the various town duties: from this hour there is only a common stock, and we shall all again feed at one table."

The carpenters were sent to examine the defences, and to strengthen any parts that appeared to be weak; the houses being covered with snow, the thatch was considered safe from fire; the magazine was covered with fresh sods, and the whole town carefully intrenched, so that in the event of the palisadoes being carried, they could make a desperate defence; the church was made a citadel, and a place of resort when every other defence was carried; the daily and nightly watch occupied the men's minds, and they were not displeased with the excitement of their duty; but when a week passed away and no Indians appeared, some of them said the Parson was a weak fellow and easily frightened, that Powhatan had imposed upon him, and they would have a

meeting and leave off drill, and reduce the night guard.

Captain Smith refused to abate the precautions taken by the Council, or to reduce the guard, and he added, moreover, that he would enforce the strictest military discipline. The next day a spear struck the sentry at the gate, and before he could see whence it came, another fell beside him: but his report was only laughed at. The night was dark, the wind blew in gusts as if a snow-storm was not far off, and everything betokened stormy weather. Mr. Hunt was restless, and sent to Captain Smith, to propose that the company should lie down under arms all night, to be ready in the event of danger.

"It is wise," said the Captain; "I shall inspect the guard myself, for it is a likely night for a bad business; the people are growing so careless, that at any moment I should not be surprised to hear a war-whoop in the town."

When Pocahontas discovered that an attack was to be made upon Jamestown, she entreated Otomacke, who was tenderly attached to her, to save the Captain. It was a hard task; he had seen Powhatan's respect for the white-faces, and observed with jealous eyes that Pocahontas looked up to this white chief as to some superior being. He hesitated, and it was only when she said to him, "Otomacke, if you love me, save the chief,"

that he consented, and proposed to go and reconnoitre the town.

With this design, when the Indians had moved to the edge of the forest, he with two companions crept over the palisadoes, and laid themselves down by the side of some logs of timber that had been rough hewn for the foundation of a house. For some time they observed men passing and re-passing with arms in their hands, and at last the Captain, slightly in advance of his men, crossed over the logs of wood where Otomacke lay. He was seized and pulled down in an instant, and might have been killed had not Otomacke resolved to take him uninjured to Pocahontas. He shouted, and was almost smothered by having a skin thrust tightly into his mouth. Williams, who had enlisted in Captain Smith's company to avoid being under Mr. Hunt—to whose district he really belonged—heard the cry, and calling to his comrades, stabbed one Indian dead, while Otomacke fell at the same moment wounded by the side of the Captain, and the remaining Indian in the scuffle ran off and escaped, favoured by the darkness and the driving sleet. As he fled he threw a spear, which struck Williams in the side, and he fell just as the Captain was recovering himself and getting up.

"You are wounded," he said to Williams: "I will have you taken to Mr. Hunt's house, it is our hospital for the night."

"Anywhere but there, Captain," said Williams; but he made no reply, and ordered the men to convey him and Otomacke to the house, and then to join any post that they might see was attacked in force by the Indians.

Powhatan was not idle. Otomacke had been sent forward as a spy to reconnoitre, and his braves, followed by slaves and four favourite squaws laden with pine-wood, were in the forest ready to fire the palisadoes, and to rush in the opening they made, or to scale the unprotected parts while the townsmen were occupied with the fire; they were only waiting for Otomacke's return to tell them how the white men were posted, and where to place the pine-wood. The night wore away, and the wind blew the light snow about, and caused every trace of footsteps to be soon obliterated. Powhatan sent some chiefs to try if they could hear any more, or see anything of Otomacke,—they returned at midnight, and then Powhatan feared for his enterprise,—Otomacke was dead or a prisoner. He therefore led a file of men, and resolved to attack the gate, as he knew its position; and it was so planned that it would attract the settlers, and render an opening more easy on the other side of the town. So carefully and silently was the wood placed, that the first intimation the sentries had of their danger was a brilliant streak of flame rising above the palisadoes. Powhatan

had resolved to attack them with their old enemy, fire. When the flame burst out, a discordant yell of triumph shewed that the town was surrounded. Captain Smith immediately rallied his men to put out the fire by throwing snow against the palisadoes. This was found to be impossible, and while the flames burned furiously, an alarm was brought that the enemy were attacking the other end of the town in full force, and scaling the palisadoes. Captain Smith left strict orders to hold the position at the gate, and if the gate fell, to send for him, unless he returned sooner from the conflict. The points of attack were clearly defined, and the means provided for meeting them, for on his arrival at the scene of conflict, he found half of Mr. Hunt's detachment supporting the small body placed for its defence. He kept the men as much as possible under cover, and ordered them to reserve their fire for a certain and near mark, and, if possible, to make every bullet tell. The yells of the natives told that they were in great force, and several dead bodies under the palisadoes shewed that some had already fallen. He therefore made a feint as if he would retreat, and in a moment saw some twenty natives climb the palisadoes; remaining behind with about a dozen men, the townsmen fired, and soon saw that six had rolled back; the remainder came over, and with a sharp hurrah the settlers rushed upon them; the struggle was severe, and

two men were struck dead by the spears of the natives, but not a man returned; the yells of the natives outside the palisadoes was sufficient notice to the assailed that the attack was about to be renewed. It was attempted with more skill: from every point arrows flew through the palisadoes, and at intervals of some eight or ten feet the natives might be seen lying along the largest beams so as to be partially covered from the fire of the guns. Several of the men were hit, and Captain Smith was wounded by a spent arrow in the cheek. They resolved, therefore, to pick the natives off as they tried to drop. Two or three fell, but at the same moment the whole of the assailants dropped and rushed together on the little knot of men behind the earth-work that had been thrown up: here the conflict was fierce, but not of long duration; the natives attacked with war-clubs and spears, these were easily broken or warded off, but not before one man was killed, and two more severely wounded; they fought with determined bravery, striking to the last, and seizing hold of the guns with their hands; the sword and the bayonet again forced a retreat, and fifteen dead or dying men were lying within the enclosure. The remainder fled, and endeavoured to climb the palisadoes, in which attempt one was killed and several wounded severely.

During the heat of the fight one of the men who had carried Williams to Mr. Hunt's house came

to Captain Smith to say that the gate was falling and Powhatan and his warriors were ready to rush in.

"I will join you presently," said Captain Smith; "but go to Hunt, and ask him to send all but one man with you, and pick up recruits from the other posts, only do not leave any post unwatched. Mr. Hunt will do whatever you ask him to support you. He despatched half his men here, and they have done their work."

The messenger ran to Mr. Hunt, who said, "I will remain at my post alone, we shall not be attacked here, for their plan is pretty evident." The men moved off, and arrived in time to resist the grand charge headed by Powhatan. The ground was covered with burning embers, and occasionally jets of fire burst from under the fallen wood; the palisades had fallen down, or were half consumed, for a distance of about twenty yards; shadows flitted here and there, yet so rapid were the movements of the natives that it was useless to fire; a cloud of arrows were shot into the town without any aim, yet they wounded several men, and disabled three. Presently they heard Powhatan's war-song, and leading on his men, with a spear in each hand and a magnificent head-dress of plumes, came the chief himself: the tread was steady, and as from the rear an occasional spear was thrown, it was evident that Powhatan intended to fight foot to foot,

and to conquer or die. The palisadoes disordered the ranks for a few minutes, and a well-sustained fire caused several chiefs to drop, who were carried off into the woods by the squaws and slaves; but the advance was not checked, and Powhatan was in the town with about a hundred of his men. Again the enemy tried fire, and one or two houses were soon in a blaze, but this time it was their ruin, for Captain Smith saw what was going on, and having cleared his part of the town, he left a strong guard and advanced to the gate, or rather to the breach which the fire had made. He passed Mr. Hunt, and cheered him by saying that they had beaten off two attacks. He could only reply, "Powhatan leads the third,—God of His mercy help us."

"Amen," was the Captain's answer, as he hurried on. Pausing for a moment, he saw his own men slowly retreating before overwhelming numbers. It was the work of a moment, for they must soon be scattered, those nodding plumes and that terrible war-cry announce the great chief's presence and the *élite* of native chivalry.

"Now my men, follow me round here," said the Captain, "and look well to your priming."

"Ay, ay, Captain," was the excited answer. Stealing behind an earthwork, they fired a steady volley into the flank of the enemy, and in a minute the bayonets were steeped in gore; the men in front heard the hurrah, and returned to the charge;

the plumes were seen for a few minutes, and then they had fallen,—Powhatan was wounded. He tried to urge his men on, but the slaughter became terrible. And now was to be seen one of the grandest events of the battle: raising their chief, the Indians shielded him with their bodies, and fought with savage determination until they cleared the palisades, and had deposited him in the woods far away from the bloody strife. It was the last attack, and when the morning dawned not a native was to be seen, unless it were the wounded and the dead in the snow, which was stained with blood and burnt embers. It had been a night of excitement and anxiety, and to many a night of death: when the roll-call was made, it was found that fifteen settlers had been killed, and more than twenty were wounded severely, besides others bruised or slightly hurt. But they were free from the enemy; sixty dead bodies shewed the savage nature of the attack, as well as the bold determination of the resistance.

During the night both Williams and Otomacke had suffered from their wounds and from almost intolerable thirst. Otomacke was intensely agitated as he heard the various war-cries. "Paihu! Paihu!" he said once or twice; then again, when Powhatan led the attack on the gate, he raised himself on his arm: "It is the great chief—Powhatan comes!"

Williams understood a little of the native lan-

guage, for he had learned to converse with them in the trading expeditions, to several of which he had attached himself. "Who comes, Otomacke?"

"The great chief," replied Otomacke: "hark to his war-song!" Only a confused noise reached Williams's ear.

After a silence of some minutes it was evident that he had ceased to hear the song. "Where is Powhatan?" he asked, without expecting a reply. Then he said, "Oh Pocahontas, surely the white chief will care for you: I am going."

"Otomacke," said Williams, "you loved the chief's daughter." He did not reply.

"You loved Pocahontas," repeated Williams; and the wounded chief said,—

"White-face, I have seen beautiful things that the Great Spirit has made, but none so beautiful as the chief's daughter. I counted the best things mean and poor when I offered them to her. I saw that the flowers grew more beautiful where her footsteps trod. The sun seemed to be even brighter in her presence; she made the day to me, and where she was not, there was night and darkness."

Williams did not speak again, and as he looked at Otomacke he saw that he was dying: he had been bleeding inwardly from the bayonet thrust. "Otomacke," said Williams, "I cannot come to you."

"Does Pocahontas call?" asked the chief: "I

did not hurt him ; I might have brought his scalp to Powhatan, but Pocahontas forbad me."

"It is me," said Williams.

"Pocahontas!" said the dying chief; and then with her name upon his lips, the brave savage yielded up his life.

Williams was shocked ; he could not move, and during the whole night he could only tell by sounds whether the fight was going on. Soon all was silent, and wearied and exhausted, he slept almost side by side with the dead chief.

The bravery of the settlers had been tried, and happy indeed would it have been for the Indian had he never tried the valour of the white men, for they rose from dejection to contempt, and it was only by very earnest entreaties that Captain Smith could prevent the settlers from going to attack Powhatan's camp, and destroying the whole tribe. He insisted that the dead should be taken out and laid near the woods, that the Indians might take them away and bury them according to their custom ; and having taken some prisoners, he resolved to send one to Powhatan offering to make peace, but demanding Pocahontas as a hostage, and a free passage for white men through his country so long as the sun shone and the water ran.

Mr. Hunt had supported the President's views as to the manner of dealing with the conquered Indians, and having invited the people to prayer,

they knelt down in the room while he returned thanks for the victory.

He then rose, and was going to his house, when the Captain said, "You will find some wounded men at home. I was obliged to send them to you."

"It is quite right," replied Mr. Hunt; "they shall be cared for."

He then hurried home, and to his surprise saw Williams lying on the floor, and some men carrying Otomacke out by the back of the house. He looked at the chief, and recognised him with a deep sigh, that attracted Williams's attention.

"He was a brave man, Sir," he said, looking at Mr. Hunt.

"He was, I have no doubt," said Mr. Hunt, "but how came he here?"

Williams, in a few words, told him of the attack upon the President, and of his own injury in trying to release him.

Mr. Hunt immediately examined Williams's wound, which was becoming inflamed, and having bathed it he removed him to his own bed, and without any attempt to unravel the mystery of his conduct, attended him as his own son.

On the morning after the fight, he was visibly weaker, and Mr. Hunt thought it was his duty to tell him that his end might be near.

He was not unprepared for it, and said, "I shall follow Lawton. I did hope to do some service to

you and to the colony, but I am justly punished for my sins. I was the cause of Lawton's ruin: it was owing to my persuasion that he left home. I had heard of the gold countries, and of the immense riches of the Spaniards, and I got Lawton to run away from home. And I too left my poor father, but he would not care to seek me, for I was too well known on the Thames, though not by my present name."

"What is your real name?"

"Barnes," he replied.

"Barnes!" said Mr. Hunt, "surely you must be some relation to the waterman of that name, a very honest, worthy man, and my friend."

"He is my father," said Williams. "I kept out of your sight because I was afraid that you would recognise me. I helped to pull the boat to Westminster, but I altered my beard and my hair so as to disguise myself from my oldest friends. It was poor Lawton's death and your kindness to him that changed me. I had led a bad life enough before, but I have tried to do better since."

"I must send to your father, and tell him," said Mr. Hunt; "and, if you should recover, I hope you will return to your home an altered man, and a good Christian."

"I hope so, God helping me," said Williams.

For two or three days Barnes, for so we must now call him, held on between life and death, but at last, owing to Mr. Hunt's tender nursing, he

recovered, and was able to converse with Captain Smith, and to tell him the events of his varied life.

They soon had the pleasure of finding that every body had been removed by the Indians from the places where they had been deposited, and after a few days spent in getting the town into order again, and throwing up a temporary defence inside the palisades that had been destroyed, an Indian who had been taken prisoner went to seek Powhatan. He found him in his camp, severely wounded, and when he announced his mission,—“Paihu,” said the wounded chief, “Powhatan cannot fight again, his heart is wounded and his soul bowed down for the loss of his braves; they are all gone, there is but women and children left us. The Great Spirit is angry with his children; go and tell the white chief that it shall be peace while the sun shines, and the grass grows, and the water runs.”

Powhatan had not only to fear the settlers, but his other enemies, the Black Hawk and the Eagle, would hear of his ruin and invade his hunting-grounds; then the end of the tribe would come, and they would be slaves. It was therefore almost a relief to Powhatan to know that Pocahontas would be safe, and he sent her with an escort to the Captain, begging him to come and make peace.

## CHAPTER X.

THE arrival of Pocahontas in Jamestown with her attendants shewed the altered position of the races who were to struggle for the mastery until one or the other was annihilated. She looked sad, and her attendants, some of whom shewed marks of the conflict, were depressed and silent. Paihu was the chief speaker; when he came to the gate, or rather entrance, he stopped and asked permission to enter the town. It was granted, and Captain Smith received the hostage and the embassy surrounded by his Council. When Paihu approached the President, he said, "I see that you have brought the King's daughter;" and stepping forward, he took her hand, and respectfully placed her at a distance from the people, telling a favourite squaw to follow her; then turning to Paihu, he said, "Does Powhatan wish for peace?"

"He asks for peace," said Paihu, "and he will treat with you, if you will come to him."

"He should come here," said one of the Council; "he could come to ravage our homes and to burn our houses, but he sends for us to make peace: let him come here, or let there be no peace."

Paihu looked, but did not speak; he had not understood the speaker.

Other members of the Council argued against going to Powhatan, and said that it was yielding to the pride of the natives, which must be humbled.

"But," said the President, "Powhatan may not be able to come; he was wounded, and carried out of the fight. Paihu, why does not Powhatan come to us? we should not harm him."

"Powhatan is wounded," was the answer.

It was then resolved that the chiefs who had come with Pocahontas should be sent back, except two, who were to be hostages for the safe return of Captain Smith and one other member of the Council; when all had been arranged, and Paihu had been told the message he was to take back to Powhatan, the assembly was dissolved; and it was settled that Pocahontas should live in a house, and have an Indian squaw as her attendant, but that she should be asked to dress as the English women did. Mr. Hunt was desirous to teach her the Christian religion, and by means of Captain Smith's influence she was induced to attend the church. He also learned her language, and was then able to compile a dictionary of words that served him in teaching her and her nation afterwards. The prisoners, whose wounds were healing, were anxious as to their fate; and Captain Smith resolved to take them to Powhatan, and thus give a practical lesson against killing captives taken in

war. They had only looked upon their recovery as a triumph for their enemies, who, they thought, would torture them before they were finally disposed of; they could not conceal their joy when Pocahontas was allowed to tell them that they would return to her father. It was upwards of a week before the embassy left the town, and the whole business was conducted with great ceremony. Prayers were said in the church by Mr. Hunt, and all the townspeople were called to hear them; the natives also were brought and set free in the church; then the Council formed a procession, having the President at their head, and escorted the ambassadors and their attendants and the prisoners to the edge of the forest. Pocahontas told Captain Smith to ask her father to come and see her, and begged him to try and heal him of his wounds. He promised that he should be free to come and go as he liked with one or two chiefs as attendants, and said that he hoped she would go and live with him again some day. Pocahontas smiled, and looked doubtfully at him, saying, "The great white chief speaks truth!"

"Yes," said the Captain, "you will go again to Powhatan."

The journey through the woods was performed rapidly, for the settlers were in great want, and anxious for trade with the Indians; it had become a question of life and death to the colony to obtain

food. The embassy, therefore, went to Powhatan immediately on their arrival, and after waiting a short time he was lifted out of the wigwam, and stood supported by two chiefs.

Captain Smith was greatly moved; he said, "Powhatan is in pain, and it is a grief to me."

"No," said the chief, "my wound is open, and I am not able to stand. Let us speak of peace, chief of the white men, for death has fallen heavily upon us, and there is mourning among the chiefs of my nation."

"Death has visited the white man's home, Powhatan, and it came from your people to my people; and what have we done that we should die?"

Powhatan said, "There was blood on our trails; your traders killed our chiefs for a few furs; wonder not that the Indians sought blood for blood; it is our law."

"Chief," said the Captain, "ours is a better law. There are our captives, whom we have fed and nursed as our own children; they are free: we have brought them to you, and let them say if the white man ever struck his enemy but in fair fight."

"Your law is good, chief of the white-faces, and if all the white men carried the same face as you do to my people, no blood had been between us; let us have peace. But my daughter," said Powhatan, "she is a slave among your people."

"She is respected, as women always are by us," said the Captain; "and she shall return when the peace is concluded and acted upon."

The proposals were, to come and go into and out of Powhatan's hunting-grounds, and to other tribes, and that neither their persons nor property should be molested; that the natives should supply Jamestown with venison at a fair price, and neither openly nor secretly should one nation hurt the other; and if wrong was done, enquiry should be made, and offenders punished.

"But," said Powhatan, "will you make peace with my enemies?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "unless they molest us or you; if we are friends, we shall esteem your enemies our enemies, and your friends our friends."

This was what Powhatan desired, for he feared the Black Hawk and his tribe would attack him; the Captain was not aware to what an extent his treaty bound the English to fight, and how many enemies Powhatan had around him.

When the treaty had been concluded, the chiefs smoked the pipe of peace, and the medicine-men received Captain Smith's written treaty, and placed it in a bag among other charms; then only, after hours of pain, which Powhatan could with difficulty conceal, he retired to his wigwam. The Captain followed him, and asked to look at the wound; it was a severe flesh-wound from a

bayonet, and had been unskillfully treated. He immediately sent for clean water, and boiling it, dressed the wound. Powhatan thanked him, and he offered to remain a few days with him if he would send his men away with a supply of venison and tobacco for the town. "They will know that there is peace," said the Captain. The member of the Council, who was really a sort of party-spy on the President, preferred to remain, for he saw that his life was in no danger, and he thought that he might get some valuable furs for his own use. He was, however, surprised to find that the President's influence was entirely personal, that while the settlers carped at him and opposed him, the Indians worshipped him, and that Powhatan called him the only great man among his nation. For more than a week the President remained, and saw Powhatan so much better that he could walk with the help of his spear. Each day fresh men came from the town to trade, and large supplies of food left the camp. It was the President's genius that moved all these secret springs of life, and saved the colony; and when the time came for leaving the camp, Powhatan told him that he had saved his life, and he would seek to make peace between the nations for the rest of his days. They left Powhatan's camp, and were met by good tidings from the city, that there was enough and to spare, and that the trade had re-opened. But the condition of the colonists had

been one of imminent danger, many were sinking from long watchings and low diet; the news of peace enabled all the people to rest, and the guard was reduced to a single night-watch to patrol the town. After Captain Smith's return he again summoned the Council, and earnestly advised a strict adherence to the treaty; at a meeting of the traders and farmers he shewed how necessary peace was to the colony, that if cruelties drove the Indians to a system of non-intercourse, they were as inevitably ruined as if they were cut off from the mother country. Mr. Hunt was invited to preach a sermon, and a special thanksgiving-day was appointed to offer humble thanks to Almighty God for peace, and he used the occasion to shew the blessings that peace brought to nations and individuals. Referring to the late events, he told them that while he was satisfied he had only done his duty in bearing arms, he was glad that no man had fallen by his hand; and he related that among the slain was a young man who had come out with him from England, and who, the night before the battle, had resolved to go to England for ordination, and to return that he might spend his life in ministering to the people by whom he was killed. "I need not say how he behaved himself," said the good minister, "for it was the testimony of you all that he bore himself manfully in the fight, and was resisting the great chief when he fell in the front of the battle."

For a time the success of the colonists and their active employment again gave promise that all things would progress favourably; several new houses were built, all the damage done by the last attack was repaired, and the defences were improved; the spring was early, and this lessened the suffering from cold, as well as increased the supplies of food. But as real dangers were averted, civil discord increased, and they began again to revile the Church, and to absent themselves from its services. And this evil had extended to some of the Council, who from the good understanding between the President and Mr. Hunt thought themselves justified in visiting him with insults, which they feared to inflict upon a man armed with the administration of the laws, and with a reputation for bravery that no one thought of even questioning. It was a weary winter to the minister; many of his friends had fallen in the defence of the plantation, others had yielded to the sickness, and his own health became daily more weak, and his duties a painful labour. He, however, continued to teach Pocahontas, and found daily pleasure in witnessing her modest demeanour and excellent disposition. She returned to her father in the spring, and he said that he hoped she understood enough of the spirit of Christianity to be a blessing to her people: she ever afterwards was on the side of peace, and influenced Powhatan favourably under trying cir-

cumstances; for the encroachments of the traders were not lessened by the victory that they had obtained, and from these and the quick and fierce resentment of the Indians it was often difficult to maintain peace abroad; since the last arrival from England, those who had borne the weight of the burden in settling the colony gave up even the hope of inducing men without principles to do justice, and to live honestly among their neighbours.

The delay in the arrival of the ship from England caused great consternation, for they who had been ready enough to close all communication with the Indians began to fear that they would be cut off from home, and a plan was proposed and partially carried out for building a vessel, and trying to find other settlements where they would be more likely to get gold. The news soon came to the ears of the Council; and after admonishing the misguided men as to the sin of leaving their brethren who had defended them, the President said he had no doubt that the ship would arrive in due time, but they had only to thank themselves and their evil companions who had left the colony for the ill report of them which had gone to the mother country.

## CHAPTER XI.

CARE, anxious watching, and contests with the Indians, had thinned the ranks of the settlers, so that there were few left of those who had first seen the Chesapeak Bay and settled on the James River. Mr. Hunt and Captain Smith, who had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the colony, were among the survivors ; and they often in conversation mentioned the rapidity of the changes going on around them, and the uncertainty whether in a few years a settler would be left who had witnessed the first landing and the meeting with Powhatan. Mr. Hunt's declining health became visible to his friends, and although he continued his daily duties, and preached twice on each Lord's day, the feebleness of his voice, and the necessary brevity of his discourses, shewed painful evidences of the struggle that was going on within ; the body was dying daily, the mind, dominant and unyielding, seemed as if it would rob death of his victim, and allow no triumph to the grave. He visited the sick, consoled them with hopes of brighter days, cheered them with the thoughts that their letters from home would bring them good tidings, and when he had quieted some fretful temper, or allayed peevish complainings, he spoke of all afflictions as the light afflictions of a moment, preparing the

soul for perfect happiness and peace: there was no house of mourning into which he had not a ready access; he could forget the insult of yesterday, and the wrongs of many years, and act with the same kindness as if he had been on terms of brotherly affection; and many a hard heart had been softened by his gentleness, and won by his love. He never seemed, people said, to have anything to do for himself; if food was prepared he took it thankfully, whether it were of the best or coarsest kind, and ate his meat with a thankful heart; and if food were offered, he had always, he said, more than he wanted, and his own meal was shared with a hungry man or a sick neighbour. The President and Captain Newport, who were his great friends, said that they had never seen him over-elated by prosperity or cast down by reverses; that although averse, from a religious feeling, to the shedding of blood, he was the bravest of the brave, and had his position been attacked when he was on guard, he would have been found in the front of the battle, and unshrinking in the path of his duty. He was not without many bitter enemies, who had spared no pains to injure his character and to misrepresent his actions; he had two classes opposed to him, the very opposite in their professions, but always united to do any injury to the Church, to harm his ministry,—the reckless and profane, who were annoyed by his inducing some

of their companions to forsake them, and the sectaries, who found him uncompromising in his principles, and determined to sacrifice no portion of his duties either to abuse or clamour. The former of these had allowed their licentiousness of speech to assail the minister's private life, and to impute to him the sins in which they lived, and the uncleannesses which their language evidenced they esteemed no sin; the latter called his determination obstinacy, and his refusal to omit his duties, bigoted pride; and these were neither softened by the Minister's gentleness, nor checked by his zeal for the public good. As the only witness for the Church in authority among them, they hated him; had he winked at their profligacy, or yielded his principles, they would have praised the man and trampled under foot the Church which he represented, but as he was bold to rebuke vice, and resolute to maintain right, he obtained the abuse of filthy tongues and the revilings of sectarians, who rather exulted in the hope of his removal.

The want of food during the winter had prostrated Mr. Hunt's strength, and in the spring he had fainted once or twice while doing his duty; but he contrived to struggle on, until at last the President undertook to read the daily prayers, which for a time he attended; then the lessons were read for him on Sundays, and at last he was obliged to give up the sermon. But these trials

did not come upon him all at once: it was at intervals, marked by great bodily weakness, that he gave up the various portions of his duty. He had letters prepared for England, asking for help, and his daily prayers were that ere he was taken from the world he might find another minister ready to take his place, but the delay of the vessel, caused, as was afterwards known, by a new charter, and the appointment of a larger governing body, caused him even more anxiety than it did the other colonists. They had hopes for their personal interests, he for their eternal good; they felt that they were cut off from home, he had never looked to any home but heaven after he left his native land. His people had been to him parents, and brethren, and sisters, and friends, and his last days were spent in trying to do them good. On the Sunday before Easter the President read the prayers, and desired their prayers for Master Robert Hunt, their minister, in grievous bodily weakness, that it might please God of His mercy to restore him to health. The congregation were shocked, and believed then that the days of his ministration were ended. After service there were few who did not seek the Minister's rude dwelling, and ask to see their friend and benefactor once more. He spoke to as many as he could address; now begging some friend to remember his words, for they were the last that he should speak to him; and then, exhorting

them to a better life, he pointed to his own end as the common lot, from which they were separated but a short term. To all he said, "I have nearly finished my work, and I pray God to accept me and it for Jesus' sake. In His Name I have laboured, and it is better to lay down life with the mind unimpaired than with failing powers. I shall die in my work."

It was with tears and bitter regrets that they left the house; some recalled the kindnesses which they had experienced, others his words, others his ministration during sickness; and there was not a word that any could recal that they wished he had not said. Mr. Hunt did not possess that dangerous gift of saying clever things, so that while there was not a jest that any one could remember, there were words of consolation and encouragement; those who had served under him when the town was besieged could tell that. When sending them away, he had a few words for each; he besought them to remember that God saved not by many but by few, and that if they remembered mercy when they conquered, and dependence in God when in danger, they could not fail of being conquerors. And when one said, "If we go, the Indians will kill you," his answer was, "My time is in the Lord's hand, and He will do as seemeth good in His sight."

Mr. Hunt was not neglected during his illness, for Barnes refused to leave the house when he

had recovered from his illness, and watched over him with the greatest care, procuring food and cooking it for him.

When the people came to see their pastor, they begged him to spare himself.

"What is left of me," he said, with a quiet smile, "will not need to be spared: it is very little."

During the Holy-week he sank rapidly, but his friends came to him and read portions of the service appointed for the days. He was very grateful to the President for a promise which he had made him, that so long as he remained in the colony he would maintain the worship of the Church of England, even though he were the last to uphold it. "And of that," he said, "there is no fear, for I have had many offers of assistance; and there is an increasing desire to attend to the ministrations of the Church now that there is a prospect of our losing them."

"If I should live until Easter-day, and can rise, I will give you the Holy Communion," said Mr. Hunt; "but my weakness is so great that it seems presumptuous to think that I shall live so long."

"I trust you may be spared for a much longer time," said Captain Smith; "and perhaps change and Captain Newport's good nursing may yet revive you."

"You are kind to wish it," said the sick man, "but I know that my time is very short. 'It is

the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.' I have no wish but to be resigned, and to say, Thy will, O Lord, be done."

As the hours passed slowly away, he asked if it was Easter-day; and being told it was Good Friday, he waited a minute or two, and then said, "This has been a long day, and I had a long night, but soon my night will be turned to day."

"I trust so," said Barnes.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Hunt, "there is no night there, nor sorrow, nor crying, and tears are wiped away from all eyes."

During the day his mind wandered, but he said repeatedly, "By Thy cross and passion, by Thine agony and bloody sweat, good Lord, deliver me;" then he prayed for the conversion of the Indians, and thought himself to be talking with Pocahontas, and explaining some of the truths of the Christian religion. Towards evening he became unconscious, but he rallied again; and on the morning of Easter-day said, "Christ is risen." He then became restless, and it was evident to them that he was anxious to fulfil his wish, and to give them Communion;—"Do not hinder me, God will give me strength." They allowed him to try to raise himself, he fell back and said, "I am content, it cannot be;" then crossing his hands, he seemed to be muttering prayers, and an occasional word reached them; the low, intelligible words were, "O Lord—Thy mercy;" and while the colonists

were assembled for morning prayer, he slept the sleep of the righteous.

From various feelings the departure of the good man was viewed as a public calamity, and there were few who did not wish to offer to follow his remains to their last resting-place. It was known immediately that Master Robert Hunt was no more, and men wept as they looked on the calm and peaceful face of a great and good man. The President came from the church to his house, and he who had looked on death unmoved was convulsed by grief. He did not speak, but after kneeling a few minutes by the body of his friend in prayer, he set himself to fulfil his last wishes, appointed the place for his grave, and calling together the Council, advised that on the day of the funeral all but necessary labour should be suspended; and that after morning service they should go in procession to bury their minister, and that the colonists should follow as mourners. He met with no opposition; the desire of each appeared to be to shew the greatest possible respect to a man whom they could now acknowledge had never had a selfish thought since he came to the colony. On the Tuesday following, after morning service, all the settlers, in their best clothes, and in regular order, went to the house, and placing the body on a newly-made bier, carried it to the grave. The Council walked before the coffin, but the President walked alone as

chief mourner, followed by the rest; when he had read the service, during which he was often interrupted by his own emotions and by the feelings of others, he pronounced a funeral oration, in which he reminded the colonists of the conduct of their minister during his short life, spent in painful toil among them; then he conveyed to them his dying wishes, that they would unite and endeavour to live in peace under the discipline of the Church of their own land. He had entreated help, and some day another minister would come to carry on his labours; but until that time he begged them to make no experiments in religion. He then added that he had left his library for the use of the minister of the Church; some few small legacies to friends, not omitting Powhatan and Pocahontas, and the rest he wished to be spent in maintaining the church, as the minister and chief men of the Church should think best. The day was passed in religious observances, the President reading the last sermon which he had written, and which seemed to them like a voice from the grave. It was taken from the 2nd chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians and the 5th verse,—“Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.” It contained some most touching exhortations to lowliness of mind,—alas! too soon to be forgotten.

A few weeks passed away, and there were symptoms of the coming storm. Captain Smith said

he thought they might now say the first mission of the Church in Virginia was closed with the good Minister's death. The settlers began to leave the church on Sunday, and almost entirely to abandon daily prayer. A meeting for private prayer was held in one of the councillors' houses, and there many resorted, who, like their leaders, envied the influence of their President. He, however, kept his word, and insisted on all his friends paying respect to the ordinances of the Church. He said, "I shall not interfere with any man who thinks that his conscience is burdened by a form of prayer, but I shall maintain, from convictions of its excellence and from a sense of duty, as well as of gratitude to my departed friend, the religion of my native land."

Soon after the ships arrived, bringing with them tidings of the new charter, and Captain Smith resolved to resign his office of President and to return home. Barnes also resolved to accompany him. He had found many supporters, but he saw that the colonists were heady and high-minded, believing themselves beyond the influence of man's laws, and having no fear of the laws of God. He therefore prepared to depart; he obtained a promise from the most zealous of the Church people that they would meet daily, and each Lord's day perform all the offices of the Church that laymen might perform; and thus, surrounded by sectaries, a little band were kept

together who sustained the worship of God, unmoved by the taunts and scoffs of the lawless and the bitterness of spirit of malignant sectarians.

Through many trials did the little band carry on their solemn meetings, uncheered by any speaking to them with the voice of authority. Again and again in after years did their descendants ask, and ask to no purpose, for a chief minister, to be the overseer and bishop of the Church. War, civil strife, and final separation from the rule of England were the results of colonies settled with little regard, among its chief rulers, for religion, and of their descendants for its good; and it was only when Virginia ceased to acknowledge the English sovereign as their earthly ruler that they were enabled to worship God with that freedom and fulness which our Church requires. As the historian looks back to the past, and finds among disputed claims and doubtful evidence the reasons why the colonies became estranged from their own land, and home, and religion, he may discover that one great cause of bitterness was that religion was enslaved, among a people free even to licentiousness; and when the struggle came, while the ministers were loyal to their king as a religious duty, the people hated the nation that withheld from them what they had no right to retain,—the discipline of the Church in all its integrity.

## APPENDIX.

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### *Jamestown, Virginia.*

"THIS is the oldest English settlement in the United States. It was located on a point of land extending to James River, and is now in ruins, containing the remains of a church-steeple and grave-yard, some ancient fortifications, and two or three old houses."—*Hayward's United States Gazetteer*, 1853.

"James River rises in the Alleghany mountains, and is navigable for vessels as far as Jamestown. Its entire length is estimated at 500 miles, and after receiving several tributary streams, it empties itself into Chesapeake Bay between Old Point Comfort and Point Willoughby."—*Ibid.*

"Virginia is the northernmost, save one, of that division of the United States usually denominated the Southern States. It lies between latitude  $36^{\circ} 33'$  and  $40^{\circ} 43'$  north, and extends from  $75^{\circ} 25'$  to  $83^{\circ} 40'$  of west longitude. Its length from east to west is 370 miles; its greatest breadth 200 miles. Its exact area is officially stated at 61,352 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Pennsylvania, on the north-east by the river Potomac, which separates it from Maryland, on the east by the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by North Carolina and a part of Tennessee, on the west by Kentucky, and on the north-west by Ohio."

"After a few years of perseverance and endurance the settlers succeeded in establishing themselves as a permanent community, through the aid of several fortunate circumstances which occurred in the lifetime of Powhatan, the celebrated and powerful Indian chief. To his singularly acquired

friendship the colony was at one time mainly indebted for its exemption from total extermination.

"His daughter, Pocahontas, after her generous rescue of Captain Smith from imminent death, married a Mr. Rolfe, a respectable planter, and subsequently went to England with her husband, where she was honoured with marks of the highest consideration."—*Hayward*.

"Robert Hunt was appointed Chaplain under the sanction of Archbishop Bancroft, and at the recommendation of Hackluyt."—*Anderson's Colonial Church History*.

"Robert Hunt's habitation must have been in Kent. I find in Hasted's History of Kent, iii. 640, that Robert Hunt, A.M., was appointed to the Vicarage of Reculver Jan. 18, 1594, and that he resigned it in 1602. I cannot find in the list of the Kentish clergy at that time any other Mr. Hunt who bore the same Christian name."—*Anderson*.

"On the 19th of December, 1606, we set sayle from Blackwall, but by vnprosperous winds were kept six weekes in the sight of England; all which time Mr. Hunt, our preacher, was so weake and sicke that few expected his recovery. Yet, although he were but twentie miles from his habitation (the time we were in the Downes), and notwithstanding stormy weather, nor the scandalous imputations (of some few little better than atheists of the greatest ranke amongst us) suggested against him, all this could never force from him so much as a seeming desire to leave the business, but preferred the service of God in so good a voyage before any affection, to contest with his godless foes, whose disasterous designes (could they have prevailed) had even overthrowne the businesse, so many discontents did then arise, had he not with the water of patience and his godly exhortations (but chiefly by his true devoted example) quenched these flames of envie and dissension." — *From a pamphlet written by John Smith, and quoted by the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson in his History of the Colonial Church.*

"June 21, Sunday, we had communion. Captain Newport dined with our dyet, and invyted many of us to supper as a farewell."—*Anderson's Colonial Church History.*

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*Captain John Smith.*

THIS extraordinary man, although not twenty-seven years of age when he embarked for Virginia, had already served in the Low Countries, and after passing through many adventures in France and Italy, had entered the Austrian army against the Turks; had distinguished himself by the most signal feats of personal prowess; had been left for dead upon the field of battle; had thence been taken up and sent as a slave into the service, first, of a Turkish lady at Constantinople, and afterwards of her brother, a bashaw of the country near the Sea of Azoff. Having escaped from him, he fled through part of Russia and Poland to some friends in Transylvania: he then passed over into Morocco, and in passing from thence in a French galley he took part in an engagement with two Spanish men-of-war which she encountered.

After joining the Virginia Company, he was imprisoned on the voyage after the ships left the Canaries; and Studley relates "that during his absence as a prisoner to Powhatan and after his deliverance by Pocahontas, when the clubs were uplifted to dash out his brains, one Archer, who, Wingfield declares, had been illegally sworn a member of the Council, and settled in his authority, sought how to call Mr. Smythe's lief in question, and indited him upon a chapter of Leviticus for the death of his two men (who were taken prisoners with him, and were put to death by the savages). He had his tryall the same daie of his return, and I believe his hanging the same or the next daie, so speedy is our law there. But it pleased God to send Captain Newport unto us the same evening, to our unspeakable comforte, whose arrival saved Mr. Smythe's lief and myne, because he took me out of the pynnassee and gave me leave to lye in the towne."

After Mr. Hunt's death, to whom he appears to have been much attached, he left Virginia; and in 1614 explored the north coast of America, from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod, making a map, which is extant, and prefixed to his History of the country, which he tried to colonize. Failing in this, he was seized by French pirates, from whom he escaped in an open boat, which drifted to Rochelle; thence he made his way to England, where he wrote his History.

Edward Maria\* Wingfield, fourth President of the Council of Virginia, was accused of allowing the colonists to starve during the famine, but he denied it, saying he had only had one squirrel roasted, part of which he had given to Mr. Ratcliffe, who was sick. He appears to have been altogether unfitted for his duties, and, but for the exertions of Captain Smith and Mr. Hunt, would not have maintained any authority.

\* [In the first page, by an error of the press, this name is printed *Maria*.]

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