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VIRGINIA IN THE REVOLUTION.

By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

"IN OLE VIRGINNY."

IN May, 1765, the hall of the House of Burgesses, in the "Old Capitol" at Williamsburg, Virginia, was the scene of one of those incidents which project themselves forward from the canvas of history, and seem to sum up and define a whole epoch. The House was in full session, as the mace lying on, and not under, the Clerk's table indicated. The Speaker sat in an arm-chair on a dais, behind which was a red curtain held aloft by a gilded rod. The members, in ruffles, silk stockings, and powder, were ranged in long rows—men of ample estate, owning hundreds of servants and thousands of acres—and the expression of the imposing faces was grave, almost solemn. The moment was, indeed, solemn, and the responsibility they were about to assume critical.

The Burgesses of the colony of Virginia were on this day called upon to decide whether the colony should definitely submit itself to English misrule in the shape of the oppressive Stamp Act, or refuse to submit to it, and so defy the whole power of the British Empire.

The question was so serious that the most resolute hesitated. But there was no possibility of evading it. The issue was clearly and sharply defined. To remain quiescent, or only "respectfully protest," was to submit formally to taxation without representation. And yet to resist was to take the first step in rebellion. For a long time, if we are to believe tradition, there was a solemn silence in the assembly; and when this silence was suddenly broken by the voice of one of the members, every head turned, and all eyes were fixed upon the speaker. This speaker was a young country lawyer almost unknown to the House. He was about twenty-nine, gaunt of face, stooping in figure, awkward in address, and wore an old tie-wig without powder, a faded plum-colored coat, leathern knee-breeches worn smooth by riding, and carried his papers in a pair of saddle-bags. His personal appearance was thus in vivid contrast to that of the wealthy planters, and the eyes fixed upon him seemed at first to confuse him. His voice faltered and his head hung down. After a short speech without significance, he proceeded to read from a yellow sheet—the fly-leaf of an old volume of *Coke on Lyttelton*—a series of resolutions. These were to the effect that the Americans brought with them and transmitted to their posterity all the rights of British subjects; that two royal charters had confirmed these rights; that taxation without representation violated the English Constitution; that Virginia had always hitherto taxed herself; and that the *House of Burgesses of Virginia* had the *sole right* to levy taxes in Virginia; for others to do so was *to destroy British as well as American freedom.*

When Patrick Henry sat down after reading this paper, the storm burst forth, and the resolutions were denounced by speaker after speaker, as violent and premature. He rose to reply, and it was soon seen that the unknown county court lawyer was a matchless orator. His stooping figure grew as straight as an arrow, his eyes burned with a steady flame, and his voice began to thunder. Passion carried him away at last, and in the midst of cries of "Treason!" from all parts of the House, he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!" The statement of principles had thus been followed by the defiance of power; and before the immense eloquence of one man, all opposition had been swept away. The vote was taken, and the remarkable result was announced. The resolutions were all carried—the last and most defiant by a single voice.

What was the character of the society from which issued this great protest in favor of human freedom, and from which sprung in turn Henry the tongue, Jefferson the pen, and Washington the sword of the Revolution?

The figure first attracting attention in that old society was the figure of the planter, or "nabob," in his country-house on the banks of some lowland river, where we may see him, in fancy, surrounded by his swarms of dependents; laying down the law to every body around him; presiding like Shakspeare's justice of the peace at the county court; enthroned in the midst of his family, who love him as much as they respect him; or on the race-course; or playing trick-track with the old parson of the parish, under whose solemn droning from the tub-shaped pulpit he will serenely drop to sleep next Sunday. This figure of the planter is the one most racy of the soil and of greatest interest; but let us, in the first place, look at some others in that complex society which were grouped around the central personage. In our day the democratic idea pervades all minds, and social equality is the current dragging all else with it. It is difficult, then, to realize the state of things in America, North and South, a century ago. At that time no human being believed in the doctrine of social equality. The wealthy proprietor of New England or New York wore silk and velvet and rolled in his coach, and the laboring-man doffed his hat to him; and in Virginia the old squire or "colonel" wore a similar dress, rode in a similar vehicle, and was treated with similar respect. In Virginia society ascended in regular steps from bottom to top, like the rounds of a ladder, the black and white "indented" servants being the lowest rounds, and the planter the highest.

The African and indented servant occupied much the same position. The former was either a native of Africa—slave importation, which began in 1620, having continued to the Revolution, when it was forbidden by law—or he was the descendant of natives. The status of the African is well known. He was the property of his master, and could be bought and sold; but selling "servants," as persons of good-breeding called them—never "negroes"—was a very unpopular proceeding, and seldom resorted to except in case of necessity. They were divided into farm laborers and domestic servants, an overseer managing the former, under the eye of the master. The farm laborer was well fed, and rarely overtasked; generally had his own patch of ground, and sold eggs or poultry to his owner; was a

THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEER.

merry, jovial, musical being, and when his day's work was over, played his banjo in front of his cabin, and laughed and jested and danced by the light of the moon. The domestic servants were a step higher, and were looked upon very much as members of the family, whose joys and sorrows were their own too. They were slaves in nothing but the word. The gray-haired coachman, the dignified old major-domo and body-servant, and that august functionary the "mammy," were important personages, and the idea of treating these merely as chattels, and punishing them in any manner, would have been regarded as supremely absurd. The coachman and major-domo had been playmates of the master of the establishment when they were all children, and the mammy had nursed, washed, dressed, scolded, domineered over, and ruled the rising generation, male and female, who were much more subject to her than she was to them. These old servants were a constituent part of a social organization essentially patriarchal, and repaid the confidence placed in them with warm affection and an overweening pride in every thing connected with "the family." Of the indented servant, who was almost always a criminal transported to the colonies, not much need be said. He was bound to a master for a term of years, and during the term was subject to his orders, and could be reclaimed if he fled from work. His status is accurately defined in De Foe's novels, where it will be seen that he was a servant bound to obey a master. At the end of his term he became a freedman again; and there were numerous instances where persons of this class reformed their lives, accumulated property, and became respectable members of the community.

Passing to the class of free citizens, we encounter at the next round in the social ladder the small land-holder and two or three other classes occupying a somewhat similar social rank—the fishermen of the Chesapeake, the hunters of the mountains, etc. The small land-holder—called by the black people, who invariably disliked him, the "poor white man"—was generally uneducated, of humble origin, dressed in homespun, tilled his small tract with his own hands assisted by his sons, and eked out what was often a scanty subsistence by selling the produce of his "truck patch" at some planter's establishment near, or in the neighboring town, when there was a town. He had no servants, farm or domestic. His wife and daughters cooked, washed, and spun; and his only recreation was to go and listen occasionally to the "speechifying" at the county court. He managed sometimes to send his children to the "old field school," and if he was a man of prudence and industry, often accumulated means to purchase more land, bought a servant or two, and at last became a well-to-do farmer, sometimes a large proprietor. These small land-holders were men of sturdy and independent characters, like the English "yeoman" class.

They were uneducated by books, but ardent lovers of public discussion, which was often a very liberal education in political philosophy. Twenty-five acres of land was a freehold, and gave the right to vote; and this vote was cast by the small proprietors in the freest and most independent manner. They were not very friendly to England. When Henry came out of the Burgesses after his speech against the Stamp Act, it was one of this class who slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Stand by us, old fellow, or we are gone!"

The fishermen of the Chesapeake, the only "aquatic" class in a colony without fisheries like New England; the merchant "factors" of the small towns, very similar to the present commission merchants, who managed the business affairs of the planters; the lawyers, physicians, and other classes—offer nothing very interesting. Let us pass to the two strongly contrasted types — the hunter of the mountains, in his hunting shirt and moccasins, and the planter of tide-water, in his silk and velvet. The Virginia mountaineer of the eighteenth century was one of the most picturesque and notable figures of the epoch. He or his father had turned his back on the tide-water settlements, and resolutely set out to penetrate that "debatable land" and "bloody ground," the region west of the Blue Ridge, intent, like Cooper's Leatherstocking, on securing "more elbow-room." The mountaineer was tall, stalwart, sparing of speech, entirely fearless, inured to hardship, of the race that extends civilization in new lands, preparing the way for others to enjoy what he wins from the wilderness and the savage. His sole possessions often were a rifle and an axe. With the axe he felled trees and built his rude cabin in some gash of the Alleghanys on the farthest outpost of civilization. With his rifle he provided venison and bear meat, or defended wife and children from massacre by the savages. The story of these bloody combats, as we read it in the old provincial history by Samuel Kercheval, is rich in romance, tragedy, and exhibitions of the coolest courage. The mountaineer did not know the meaning of the word fear, and every thing about him was in accord with his surroundings. He was liberal, open-hearted—as guileless and unsuspecting, indeed, as a child—but tougher manhood never dwelt in human breast. The fibre of his character easily stood any strain upon it, and he endured patiently and cheerfully all hardships. It was to this class of men that Washington looked, not to Braddock's "regulars," on the march to Fort Duquesne and in the bloody engagement there, as in all the long and arduous years of border war; and they formed the *corps d'élite* of the little Virginia army under General Andrew Lewis, which broke the power of the savage tribes in 1774, at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the Ohio. When the Revolution began, they appeared as "Morgan's Riflemen" in front of Boston, clad in fringed hunting shirts, belts of wampum, and moccasins, with "Liberty or Death" on their breasts, every man grasping his long rifle, and they fought throughout the war with unfaltering courage and endurance, from Quebec to the Cowpens.

The planter of Tide-water Virginia—the last round in the ladder—was the most

GREENWAY COURT, HOME OF LORD FAIRFAX.

STRATFORD, IN WESTMORELAND, THE HOME OF THE LEES.

striking representative of the older society of the colony, as the mountaineer was of the new. The planter was almost always an Englishman of unmixed race. He was a descendant of the first immigrants who took root at Jamestown, or of those who afterward sought Virginia as a place of refuge from the heavy hand of Cromwell. If they brought any means with them, they purchased rich tracts on the lowland rivers, and built fine houses. If they were poor, they went further up, "took up" tracts which they engaged to defend from the Indians, paying so many shillings rent to his Majesty annually "at the feast of Michael the Archangel," as the old deeds ran; and if these latter were prudent, energetic, and acquisitive of land, as almost all of their race were, they died wealthy. An instance out of a thousand others was Captain William Byrd, who "took up" thus the site of the present city of Richmond. He was a gentleman of small means. His son, the famous owner of "Westover," was what we should now call a millionaire, and died possessed of between one and two hundred thousand acres of the best land in Virginia.*

This was the origin of the planter class. Their ancestors had been men of social position but impoverished fortunes. The descendants held the same position, but were the owners of great estates. With the family blood they inherited all the family proclivities; and as they were the controlling class from social influence, and almost from their numbers, the commonwealth received from them an impress which it has never lost. Able writers—among them Mr. Bancroft—have contested this controlling influence, but it existed in spite of other important elements. These were the brave and conscientious Huguenot element—men who had fled from bigotry and persecution in France to the free air of Virginia—and the Scotch-Irish element, chiefly encountered in the rich Valley of Virginia. From this hardy and intelligent Scotch-Irish stock sprung some of the most distinguished men of Virginia history; among them General Andrew Lewis, the fearless soldier and statesman of the Revolution, and General "Stonewall" Jackson, one of the greatest leaders of the Confederate army. The Valley was also the home of large numbers of thrifty and law-abiding Dutch and Germans, owners of comfortable houses, huge red barns, and broad fertile acres. These and other classes gave variety and picturesqueness to the composite social fabric; but the most interesting individual of all, the figure with the richest peculiarities, was the large land-holder of tide-water. He was full of prejudices, oddities, humors; and the men of his class inaugurated the Revolutionary struggle—a fact which by itself makes him worthy of attention.

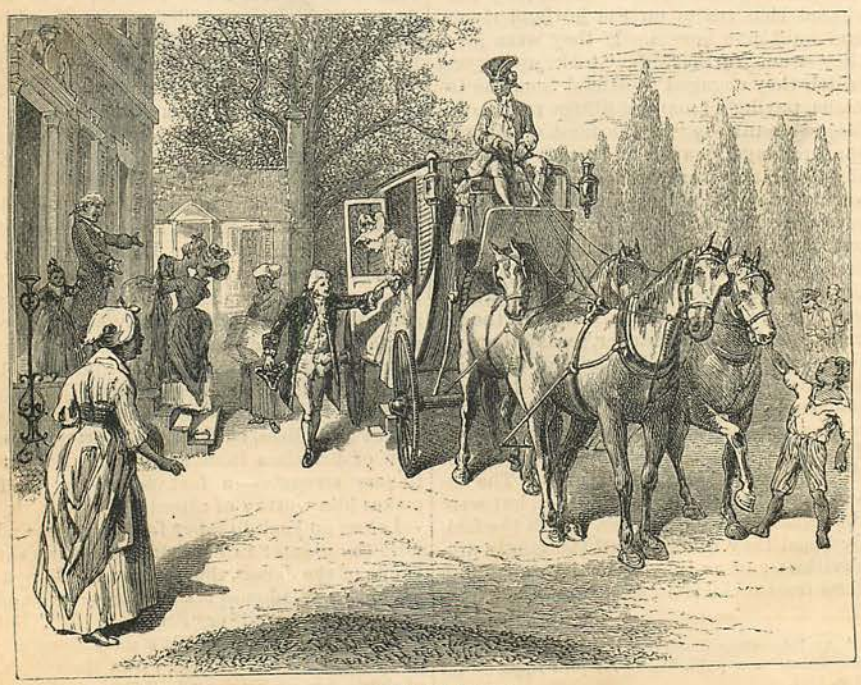
Let us go back in fancy for a moment and visit the planter in his manor-house on the banks of the James, the York, or the Rappahannock. His house is sometimes large and fine, like "Rosewell" or "Stratford Hall," but frequently unassuming. It stands, however, in the midst of hundreds, often thousands, of rich acres, and its out-buildings and serv-

* An interesting illustrated article on "The Westover Estate" was published in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1871.

ants' "quarters" form a little village. Here the planter is lord and master of all—riding to and fro over his estate daily and issuing his orders, and these orders there is no one to dispute. He is an excellent horseman—Washington, the best rider of the American army, was a planter before he was a soldier—and the mounted figure is that of the bluff, ruddy, healthy English country gentleman. His dress is plain at home; but when he enters his coach-and-four, driven by the portly black coachman, to go to the metropolis of Williamsburg, or to attend church, or to preside in awful state at the county court, he is *en grande tenue*—ruffles, gold-laced waistcoat, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and powder. The costumes of the old comedy, as we see them on the stage to-day, alone give an idea of the gorgeous "full dress" of that period, which is accurately shown in the bird-of-paradise-like plumage of the figures in the painting of Washington's wedding in 1759.

At church, where the old squire calmly dozes while the parson drawls; at court, where, as magistrate, he is the terror of evil-doers; at the fine balls at the Governor's palace or the Raleigh Tavern; and in his own hospitable house, where the table groans under every delicacy and the wine flows freely—the generous, dogmatic, prejudiced, courteous, imposing old worthy appears in his most characteristic phases. His opinions upon political, religious, and social subjects have long since been made up, and he adheres to them with an obstinacy which defies every attempt to modify them. He believes that constitutional monarchy, a historic nobility, and a landed aristocracy are the constituent elements of national government and society. England and every thing English is with him a subject both of admiration and affection. The English Church Establishment is his establishment, and he has little patience with the "New Lights," "Baptists," "Presbyterians," and other dissenters, who are leading people astray, he tells you, with their new-fangled views. The English law of primogeniture, giving the estate to the eldest son, and thus perpetuating an aristocratic landed class, is, in the planter's opinion, the very cornerstone of the social fabric. The king's right to his obedience—*if his own rights are respected*—is a doctrine which meets with his hearty approbation. He speaks of England always as "home," and loves all connected with her. All his books are English books. All his pastimes are English. He loves thoroughbred horses, fox-hunting, improved breeds of stock, Christmas festivities, a house overflowing with company, and a generous style of living.

The sketch here given will, we hope, enable the reader to take in at a glance that striking and composite society of Virginia in the last century, with its black and white servants working on the glebe; its wealthy land-holders rolling in their coaches, and ruling supreme on their large estates far from



EN GRANDE TENUE.

OLD SMITHFIELD CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, 1632—THE OLDEST CHURCH NOW STANDING IN VIRGINIA.

towns; its parsons of the parish prone to easy living, quarrels with their vestries, and intolerance of "New Light" dissent led by Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, and in Virginia by Samuel Davies and some of the ablest and purest of men; its fishermen dredging the waters of the Chesapeake; its "factors" driving a profitable business in the few towns; and its stalwart borderers in the mountains and the great valley grasping their rifles, and as free as the eagle sweeping above them. If this picture is clear before the eyes of the reader, he will find no difficulty in conceiving a tolerably correct idea of the land and period in which now took place the great political agitation which, concurrent with that in the other colonies, was to result in the overthrow of English supremacy in North America.

From this outline of Virginia society we pass now to men and events. The English government recoiled before the determined opposition to the Stamp Act, and repealed it; but two years later passed a new law levying duties on tea, glass, and other commodities, which aroused a similar ferment in the colonies. In Virginia the Burgesses passed resolutions so rebellious that the Governor dissolved them. Thus all things hastened. In the spring of 1773 it was plain to all that the public sentiment of the colonies was becoming imbittered and dangerous. There was something in the air resembling the first breath of an approaching storm; and the great political leaders North and South, who foresaw that revolution was inevitable, welcomed joyfully these signs of popular agitation. In Virginia the two men who marched in front of all were Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson—and these two leaders are equally interesting as individuals and political overturners. Let us glance at them. Henry had already received the name of the "Man of the People." He sprung from what may be called the middle class, and his personal appearance was plain, almost humble. During his early manhood he was noted for idleness and failure in all that he undertook. He failed twice as a small country merchant, giving his time and attention to hunting, fishing, and playing the violin, instead of his business; and, as a last resort, read law for six weeks, barely received a license to practice, and seemed destined to starve a little more rapidly even in his new profession than in trade. The moment was near, however, when his wonderful powers were to reveal themselves. The clergy of the colony—who were not a popular class—brought suit to recover their salaries, resting their claims on a royal order in council, which was in direct opposition to an act of the Burgesses, and Henry was employed to oppose them, though the law was completely in their favor. The result was remarkable. The awkward youth rose to speak in the midst of derisive smiles from the clergy, who were present in great numbers. His head hung down, and his voice faltered. But soon an astonishing transformation took place in his appearance. The head rose erect, the voice grew vibrating and imperious, and he denounced king, clergy, and Parliament in terms so violent and overwhelming that he was interrupted by cries of "Treason!" and the parsons left the court-house in bitter indignation. Henry's triumph was com-

plete. He had played upon the chords of the popular heart with the hand of a master. The jury decided in his favor in open opposition to all law; and the crowd, yielding to passionate admiration, caught the young orator up on their shoulders and bore him in the midst of shouts and outcries around the yard of the court-house.

Henry's next public appearance was in the debate on the Stamp Act in the House of Burgesses. We have seen him on that occasion rise in the midst of the crowd of planters, and break down all opposition by his immense eloquence. He had thus carried with him the first men of Virginia, as he had carried with him the rustic crowd when he spoke against the parsons. He was thenceforward the mouth-piece and leader of the extreme revolutionists, and his own fiery spirit pervaded the whole fabric of society, moulding public sentiment and spurring the people to resolute resistance.

Jefferson belonged by birth to the aristocratic class—a subject of great derision to him—and in his early years was a tall, thin, red-haired, laughing, fiddle-playing youth, who spent his time in a round of frolics; in writing rollicksome letters from "Devilsburg," as he called the city of Williamsburg; in making romantic love to little beauties with whom he danced, he tells us, in the "Apollo Room" of the Raleigh Tavern, where afterward, in the very same room, he was to inaugurate revolution. College ended, he became a county court lawyer, bore off a beautiful young widow and heiress from many rivals, and in due time entered upon politics. Young as he was, the first intel-

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]

PATRICK HENRY.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]

lects of the time soon found that he was their leader. The position he speedily assumed and never lost was due to no intrigue or influence of family or friends; the born *révolutionnaire* and iconoclast took as of right the rank to which his intellect entitled him. This intellect was *sui generis;* a species of machine which rolled remorselessly without pausing over all that lay in its path—the *jus divinum*, aristocratic privilege, and ecclesiastical authority. Henry was the orator, on fire with indignation, and lashing himself to rage, as it were, by the sound of his own voice. Jefferson was the writer, the cold political thinker, attaching no weight to authority, subjecting all to the test of reason, without reverence for what was established because it was established, and prone by nature to carry out abstract principles to their extremest bounds without shrinking from the result. It was not to be wondered at that, with such a bent of intellect and temperament, he should have become a political agitator and social leveler: unfortunately he became also an unbeliever in Christianity.

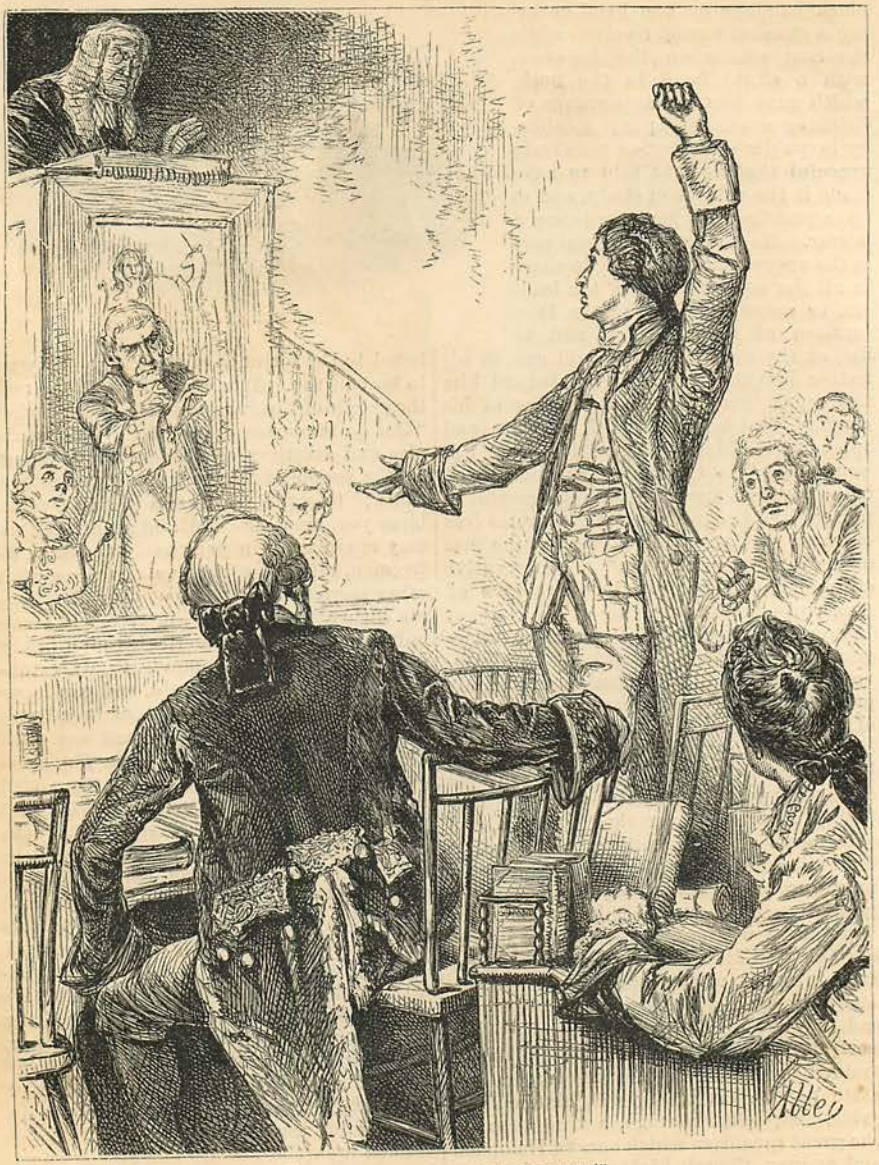
Such were the two great ultra-revolutionary leaders who moved in front. Immediately behind them, however, were men who surpassed them in many of the qualities which found new commonwealths out of the *débris* of old ones. These men were —Richard Henry Lee, of "Chantilly," in Westmoreland, tall, noble-looking, with a

RALEIGH TAVERN.

black bandage on one hand covering a gunshot wound received while shooting swans on the Potomac, with a slight bend in the neck, which gave him the appearance of listening courteously; and a delicacy in public speaking so peculiarly graceful that he was said to have made it the subject of study, and to have practiced his gestures before a mirror. He was to play a great part in the approaching collision, to share in all the consultations of the leaders, to move in Congress the Declaration of Independence, and to die, at the end of a serene old age, in his native Westmoreland, leaving behind him the reputation of a devoted lover of his country, and an orator full of "fire and splendor." Edmund Pendleton, of "Edmundsbury," in Caroline, was another of these eminent figures—tall and graceful in person, like Lee, with the silvery voice (*vox argentea*) of Cicero, and a face "of the first order of manly beauty;" a conservative statesman, having that intuitive love of prescription characteristic of all eminent lawyers; in favor of the system of primogeniture and of a well-regulated Establishment; winning in manners, an exquisitely persuasive public speaker, and so vigorous of intellect that Jefferson said of him, "Take him all in all, he was the ablest man in debate I have ever met with." He was to become the president of the Committee of Safety, to preside over the Supreme Court of Appeals of the Commonwealth, and to die in harness, old and famous, while penning the last lines of a judicial opinion protecting his beloved Episcopal Church. With these was associated George Mason, of "Gunston Hall," on the Potomac—powerful in frame, with a swarthy complexion, and dark eyes, whose expression was half sad, half severe, as may still be seen in his portrait: with his massive political genius trained by profound study of charters and state papers, his biting wit, his honesty, pride, simplicity, courage, a true type of the great race from which sprang Hampden and Sydney, though his ancestors had adhered to the fortunes of the king. He was to become the author of the *Bill of Rights* of the people of Virginia, which has been styled "the quintessence of all the great principles and doctrines of freedom wrought out by the people of England from the earliest times;" to write to his son in Paris, "God bless you, my dear child, and grant that we may again meet in your native country as freemen, otherwise, that we never see each other more, is the prayer of your affectionate father;" and to say, in 1778, "If I can only live to see the American Union firmly fixed, and free governments firmly established in our Western world, and can leave to my children but a crust of bread and liberty, I shall die satisfied, and say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!'" And others still were the eminent Benjamin Harrison, said to be descended from the regicide; Wythe and Bland, profoundly read in the ancient charters; Page and Nelson, both to become Governors; Edmund Randolph, afterward President of Congress and Washington's cabinet officer; and Archibald Cary, of "Ampthill"—that small, slender, bright-eyed gentleman called "Old Iron" for his courage, who, when some one broached the project of making Patrick Henry dictator, sent him the message, "Tell him that the day of his appointment shall be the day of his death, for he shall find my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day."

THE APOLLO ROOM.

Such was the strong phalanx supporting Henry and Jefferson at this critical moment—the spring of '73. These two latter were in the Burgesses, and under their hands all the elements of revolution began to combine and form a compact mass. They held a meeting with other determined spirits "in the evening, in a private room of the Raleigh," and from this consultation sprang the project for a "Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry for the Dissemination of Intelligence between the Colonies"—the first great bond of union between the scattered colonies. Massachusetts had already such a

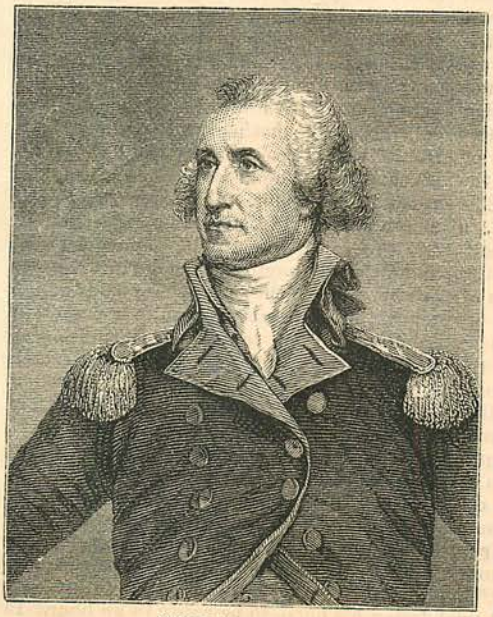


"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

system within her own borders, among the counties and townships; the Virginia proposition was the first for intercolonial consultation, and it proved one of the main great engines of resistance. It was laid before the Burgesses; the project was promptly adopted; Lord Dunmore as promptly dissolved the body; the people as promptly re-elected every member; and with the advent of 1774 the storm began to mutter nearer and nearer. What the leaders earnestly desired had duly taken place. The tea had been destroyed in Boston Harbor; Parliament ordered the port to be closed on the 1st of June; and the Virginia Burgesses resolved that the day should be one of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer," whereupon Governor Dunmore again dissolved them. But the die was now cast. The Burgesses had gone too far to recede, even if they desired to do so. "We retired to the Apollo, as before," says Jefferson. The counties were recommended to appoint deputies to a convention to assemble on the 1st of August, and the Committee of Correspondence was directed to propose to all the colonies a *General Congress* to meet and consult on the general welfare.

The main aim of this paper is to show what part the colony of Virginia bore in the *political* history of the Revolution, for therein lies her chief claim to attention. Having this in view, the writer ought not to pass over without mention a remarkable publication of the period—Jefferson's "Summary View of the Rights of British America"—which procured the enrollment of his name in a bill of attainder for treason. This striking pamphlet led, according to John Adams, to the selection of Jefferson to draw up the Declaration of Independence. The history of the latter document is familiar to all. The colonies almost without exception were, in the spring of 1776, ready for such a step, but it was first formally proposed by Virginia. On the 17th of May the Burgesses directed their delegates to Congress to propose to that body to declare the colonies independent of Great Britain, and in June Richard Henry Lee moved in Congress "that these united colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." John Adams, the hardy and resolute champion of resistance, supported the resolution. A fiery debate followed; but all opposition was broken down, and on the 4th of July this immeasurably important document became the foundation of the republic of the United States. The country was already at war. Henry had foreseen the armed struggle, and predicted, almost with the spirit of prophecy, the exact date of its beginning. In March, 1775, more than one year before, the Virginia Convention had met in old St. John's Church, crowning a lofty hill above the falls of James River, at Richmond, and Henry had promptly moved that "the colony be put in a state of defense." When his resolution was opposed, his extraordinary eloquence again swept all before it. Inaction, he declared, would prove fatal. "There is no retreat," he exclaimed, "but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.....The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.....I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" The echo to this defiant outburst and call to arms was the rattle of musketry at Concord, and the thunder of Lord Percy's cannon as he retreated, before the minute-men, on Boston.

WASHINGTON.*



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
[FROM PORTRAIT BY COLONEL TRUMBULL.]

Thus step by step the Americans had advanced from indignation to protest,

* From the Washington Monument in front of the Capitol in Richmond, Virginia. The statues of Henry, Jefferson, and Lewis, represented in other cuts, are parts of this same monument.

"BY THE LIGHT OF HIS BIVOUAC FIRE HE MADE BAD VERSES IN HER HONOR."

from protest to resistance, and from resistance to revolution; and, from the first, Virginia had been one of those in front of the column.

The great political revolution had thus been consummated. The tongue and the pen had done their work. The colonies had declared themselves independent of Great Britain—that step meant war—and the great question now was, who should be selected as the military leader. It did not seem a difficult matter to find this leader. The old French and Indian wars had trained excellent soldiers in the severest of schools, and both in the North and the South were many suitable persons. The choice fell upon George Washington, a planter of the Potomac, who was now called from his beloved retirement at "Mount Vernon" to take command of the armies of North America.

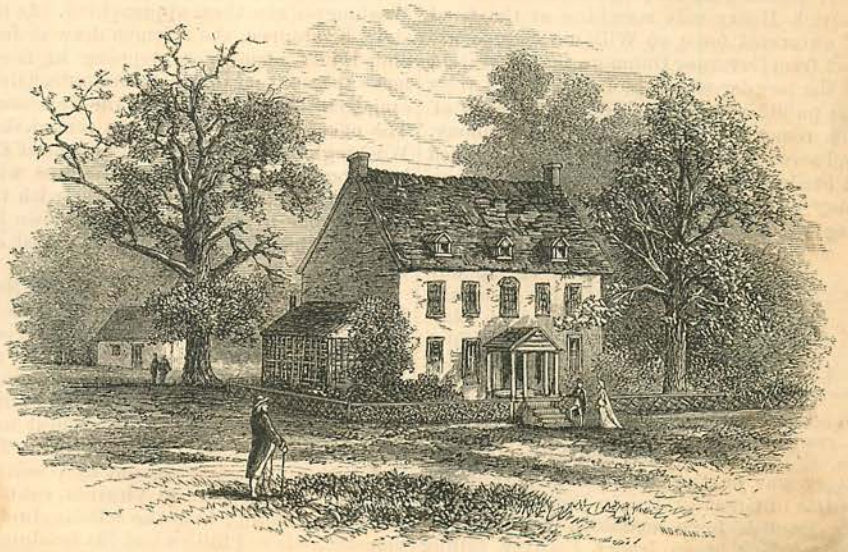
The public career of Washington is an oft-told tale, and does not belong to the subject of this paper. But a few personal details of the man may interest—a familiar likeness of an individual whom we are much too prone to regard as merely a chill figure in bronze or marble. Washington was essentially a countryman: he became a soldier and ruler from force of circumstances, not from choice. He was a younger son, and began life as a surveyor for his connection Lord Fairfax, of "Greenway Court," in the Virginia Valley—the eccentric old nobleman who owned nearly one-fourth of the colony of Virginia, who became the early protector of the boy George Washington, and who when, more than thirty years afterward, he heard that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to this same boy, exclaimed to his old body-servant, "Take me to bed, Joe; it is time for me to die!" The youth was sixteen when he forded the Shenandoah, chain and compass in hand, a ruddy boy with bright face and curling hair, intent on earning his "doubloon a day." He had left behind him a little "lowland beauty," as he called her—the mother afterward of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee—and by the light of his bivouac fire in the great woods he made bad verses in her honor. Then came Braddock's march and the Indian wars on the frontier, and the youth was put in command there, and became tough and enduring for the greater work of the future. He made a high reputation and received public honors; but he did not seem to desire them. He preferred country life at Mount Vernon, which was now his property, and the enjoyment of the society of his young wife and his old neighbors. His first meeting with Mrs. Washington was accidental and a little romantic. He was making a rapid horseback journey from the frontier to Williamsburg, when, in New Kent County, he met a gentleman who invited him to stop for the night. He declined—his business was public and urgent; but consented to dine, ordering his horse to be ready in an hour. In an hour his horse was awaiting him at the

door, held by his stiff old body-servant, Bishop, presented to him by Braddock. But Colonel Washington was not ready, and did not make his appearance until next morning. He had made the acquaintance of the beautiful young Martha Custis, who in January, 1759, became Mrs. Washington, bringing him a fortune of about £30,000. Thenceforth the young soldier seemed to lose all his ambition. Private life pleased him better than public. Ingrained in him were the instincts and tastes of the planter, and he loved the management of his estate as a politician loves to govern a nation—to lay out new fields, plan improvements, raise thorough-bred horses and new breeds of cattle, and to ride out gun in hand, or follow the hounds, of which he had an excellent pack. His character was sedate, and he seemed rather cold, but he entertained liberally, though his personal habits were plain and temperate. He was more a man of business than a student. In his county and in the Burgesses he threw his great name into the scales of revolution; and receiving from Congress in 1775 the summons to take command of the American armies, at once obeyed the summons, urging his incompetency, but calmly accepting the responsibility. He set out for Boston, was every where received with acclamations, and at Cambridge took command of the colonial forces, resolved to do his duty and leave the rest to Providence.

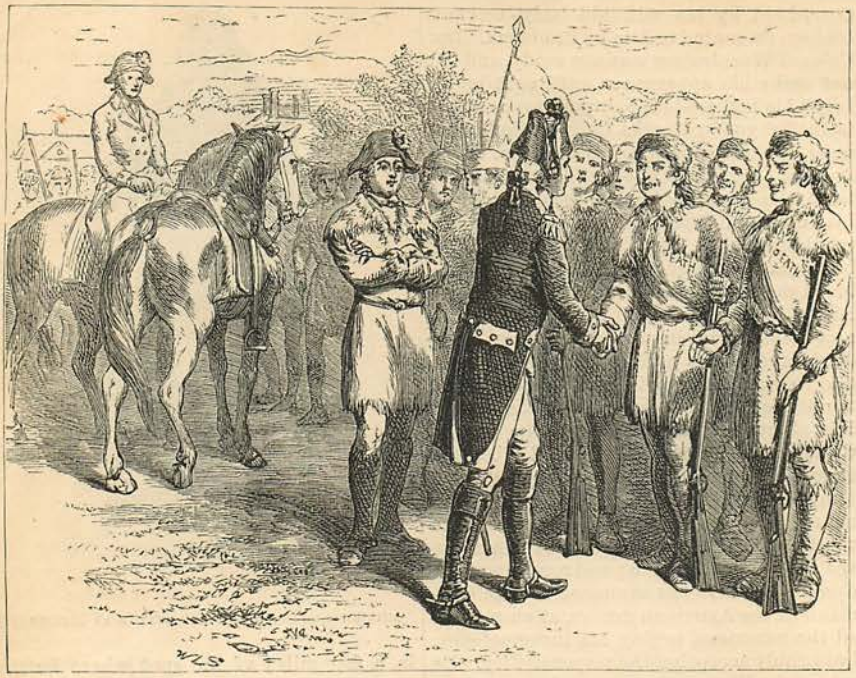
The armed struggle of the Revolution took place rather in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas than in Virginia; but some interesting military events occurred upon her soil, and by a singular chance the war came to an end within a few miles of the spot where Patrick Henry had sounded the first note of resistance.

ANDREW LEWIS.—[FROM THE STATUE IN RICHMOND.]

The military events were briefly these. In the autumn of 1774 a great force of Indians appeared on the Virginia frontier, and it was charged—with or without reason—against Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, that he encouraged an inroad on the border to paralyze the spirit of colonial rebellion. The Virginians acted with decision. A force was promptly embodied, under com-



SARATOGA—GENERAL MORGAN'S RESIDENCE.



"GENERAL, FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE POTOMAC."

mand of General Andrew Lewis. He marched to Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, and in a bloody battle there, fought in the month of October, completely defeated and broke the strength of the great tribes under Cornstalk and other leaders, who thereafter gave the colonies no trouble.

With 1775 the war began; and almost at the moment when the men of the North were fighting at Lexington and Concord, Patrick Henry was marching at the head of an armed force on Williamsburg, to extort from Governor Dunmore the restitution of the powder which he had removed from the public magazine. The intelligence of this removal had fired the whole colony, and seven hundred men promptly assembled at Fredericksburg, among whom was a company of Culpepper minute-men, bearing a flag with a rattlesnake upon it, and the motto, "Don't tread on me!" One of the officers of this company was young John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. It marched to the sea-board, and—Lord Dunmore having fled and begun a predatory war on the coast—took part in the battle of Great Bridge, in December, where an English force sustained a bloody repulse, their brave leader, Fordyce, falling at the head of his grenadiers, pierced by fourteen bullets from the rifles of the mountaineers. This resolute race of men has been spoken of already; and in this year (1775) an interesting incident is related of them. Daniel Morgan—the hero of Quebec, Saratoga, and the Cowpens afterward—had recruited in the Virginia Valley a battalion, which he called "Morgan's Riflemen." With these he set out to join Washington, then at Boston, and while riding along his lines, Washington saw them approaching. At the sight he stopped, the riflemen drew nearer, and their commander, stepping in front, made the military salute, exclaiming, "General, from the right bank of the Potomac!" The effect of these words was remarkable. Washington dismounted, came to meet the battalion, and going down the line with both arms extended, shook hands with the riflemen one by one, tears rolling down his cheeks as he did so. He then mounted, saluted, and silently rode on.

FLAG OF THE CULPEPPER MINUTE-MEN.

In 1781 the war was transferred from New York and the Carolinas to Virginia, Arnold, the traitor, ascending James River and setting fire to Richmond, after which he retreated. This was followed by the occupation of Petersburg by General Phillips, whom Jefferson called "the proudest man of the proudest nation upon earth." The young Marquis Lafayette, sent by Washington to take command in Virginia, cannonaded Petersburg; and the "Bolingbroke" mansion, where Phillips had his head-quarters and lay ill, was in the range of fire. To

protect him from the shot, the British general was removed to the cellar, exclaiming, "Won't they let me die in peace?" soon after which he expired.

With the month of May came Lord Cornwallis from the Carolinas, confident of his ability to capture Lafayette, of whom he said, "The boy can not escape me." The boy, however, steadily retired toward the Rappahannock; Lord Cornwallis advanced into the interior of the State, and Colonel Tarleton, his chief of cavalry, swept like a hurricane in front of him, burning houses, cutting the throats of such horses as he did not need, among others those on one of Jefferson's estates, and having dispersed the Legislature at Charlottesville, made a swoop at "Monticello," the residence of Jefferson, who just managed to escape into the neighboring mountains.

Cornwallis soon fell back toward the Chesapeake, pursued by "the boy" Lafayette, who struck a heavy blow at him in the neighborhood of Williamsburg; and then appeared a courier at the American headquarters, bringing great news. Washington had determined to transfer the war to Virginia. He secretly evacuated his lines in front of New York, marched through Philadelphia in the midst of shouts and acclamations, made a brief pause at Mount Vernon while the forces continued their way, and on the evening of the 14th of September, 1781, made his appearance at Williamsburg.

All things now hastened forward to the great catastrophe upon which the curtain was about to fall. Lord Cornwallis had shut himself up in Yorktown, awaiting succor from Sir Henry Clinton. The English fleet had been attacked outside the capes and driven off by the French fleet under Count de Grasse. The British commander was closely invested in Yorktown, and a thundering salute from the American cannon announced that the attack upon him had begun; and at length a decisive assault took place, which resulted in the capture of two of the strongest of the English redoubts, one toward the banks of the York, the other toward the bay. Washington, who had witnessed the contest, when the English works had been carried, said to Knox, in his grave, deliberate voice,

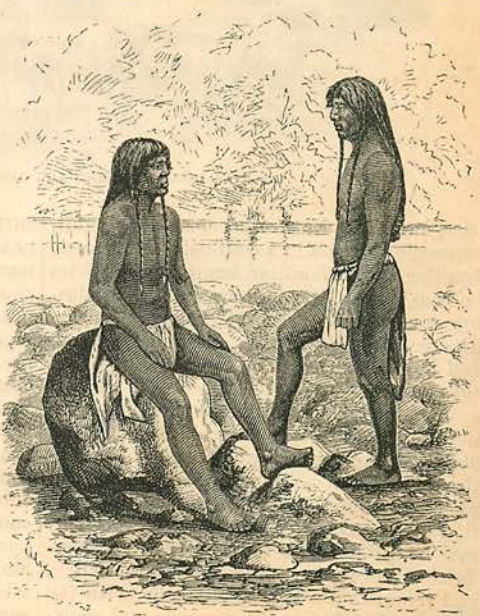
"The work is done, and well done."

The long work was indeed over, the event was decided. Lord Cornwallis, in despair, conceived the desperate design of crossing his army secretly, under cover of darkness, to Gloucester Point, on the north bank of the York, and of thence pushing his way by a forced march to New York. But the elements fought against him. A great storm arose and wrecked his barges, and he wrote to General Washington announcing his readiness to surrender. This great final scene of the long and bloody tragedy took place on the 19th of October, and terminated the Revolutionary war.

A TRAIL IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST.

FROM the high mountain country of Southern Colorado, in which the Chama and Navajo rivers are fed by the inexhaustible snows of the San Juan range, Lieutenant Morrison's division of the Wheeler exploring expedition, an account of whose progress to this point has already appeared in these pages, crossed the boundary line of New Mexico and entered a section which would have proved to us, had we needed proof, the impossibility of generalizing on the elements of Western scenery. The mature and mellow prettiness of the English rural landscape may be comprehensively grasped in some happy figure of a poet. But it is as vain to attempt to describe the territory beyond the 100th meridian by one or half a dozen adjectives as it would be to attempt to epitomize in a single sentence the changing glories of the western sky.

To say that it is all rugged, weird, and depressing is as incorrect as to say that it is invariably beautiful, luxuriant, and inspiring. It contradicts itself in the possession of all these qual-



NAVAJOS.