

To My Cigar.

My good old friend,
 In lazy way
I've watched your barying
 Ghost rings sway ;
I've touched your lips
 In fond caress,
I've smoothed the wrinkles
 Of your dress ;
Half solemnly
 I've seen the fall
Of each white ash
 And noted all ;
The warmth, the fire
 That in you lies,
I've valued with
 A lover's eyes,
And doubt if
 Ceylon's breezes be
More rich in spice
 Than you to me ;
Till now at last
 I lay you down,
Scant in your coat
 Of lessening brow,
And sadly ponder,
 As you burn
For me within
 Your funeral urn,
That friendship's noblest
 Lot you've known—
You gave your life
 To cheer my own.

Archibald Douglas.



SOME COLONIAL DAMES.

HEROINES OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION—OLD LETTERS AND JOURNALS THAT GIVE GLIMPSES OF THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S EARLY ANNALS.

FROM the time when the Indian princess Pocahontas befriended the pioneer settlers of Virginia, women wielded great though quiet influence in the history of the American colonies. At that time a woman's name was held too sacred to be published, and an old historian speaks of "those gracious matrons whom we dare not name in print." On only two occasions was this rule disregarded—their marriage and their death. But happily there remain many letters, and now and then a journal, to give us an insight into their lives. As we turn the yellowed pages the stately dames seem to rise before us, carrying us back to that time of powdered hair and jeweled gowns, of luxury and leisure.

The colonial maiden made her début at an early age, and the costumes for this great event were brought over from England. The outfit of Miss Elizabeth Carter, aged fourteen, included "a cap, ruffles, and tucker, the lace five shillings a yard; a pair white stays; eight pair white kid gloves; two pair colored ditto; one pair silk shoes laced; one pair morocco ditto; one mask; one fan; one necklace; one girdle and buckle; one peice (*sic*) fashionable calico; four yards ribbon for knots; one hoop coat; one hatt; a mantua and coat of Slite lute string." Every ship brought invoices of pretty things, which were eagerly looked for by maiden and matron alike.

Those were the days of much entertaining. The ladies, attired in stiff brocade, drove to the feasts and junkets in huge red and yellow coaches, attended by postilions with outriders and horns. The young folks played games of "blind man's buff" and "hunt the slipper," or danced in the glow of big wood fires, while the more sober matrons sat down to "triumph, ruff, and honors," and "quadrille," for small stakes, or

curtsied to their partners in the stately minuet. Among the dishes at supper would be venison pasty garnished with barberries, a joll of salmon, a potage with a hen, a dish of pippins, and home made comfits and sweetmeats. The evening always ended with a Sir Roger de Coverley, in which young and old alike took part.

An interesting figure in colonial annals is Lady Berkeley, wife of Sir William Berkeley, "His Majestie's Governor in the Colony of Virginia." As Dame Frances Stevens, a sprightly widow of Warwick, her hand was sought by many admirers, but finally won by Sir William, at that time a gallant cavalier, far different from the embittered man who thirty two years later returned to England to die. In spite of his changing fortunes the union proved a happy one; but none of Virginia's fair daughters of today



Lady Berkeley.

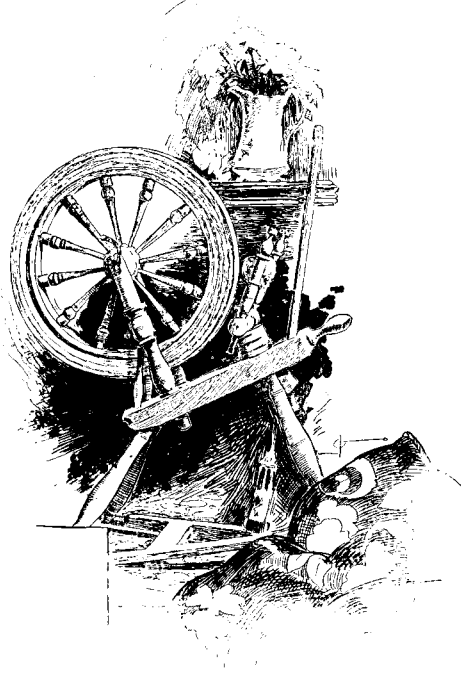
From a contemporary portrait.

trace their descent from this noble dame, for she died childless.

Berkeley was a great upholder of form and ceremony, and at Green Spring, his manor house in Jamestown, reigned as a petty monarch. During the days of the Protectorate in England many cavaliers flocked to loyal Virginia, and these "butterflies of aristocracy" found a ready welcome in the home of the stanch old royalist. Round his hospitable board they toasted the king and drank "confusion to Noll and his traitors," while my lady smiled on them her gracious approval.

Lady Berkeley seems to have been a spirited woman and a warm supporter of her husband when troubles gathered round him. A letter written by the royal commissioners sent over to hear and redress the colonists' grievances, which had found expression in Bacon's rebellion, complains bitterly of an indignity put upon them on the occasion of a visit to Green Spring. The governor had been recalled, and was to leave shortly for England.

At our coming away that evening my Lady Berkeley with great Forwardness often press'd the making ready of the Coach for us, when (because of the great companie of us) Wee chose



A Relic of Colonial Days



Mrs. Philip Schuyler (Catherine Van Rensselaer).

From a portrait owned by her great grandson, Philip Schuyler of New York

rather to walk on Foot to the Landing Place, whereupon she still urg'd the courtesie of the coach and sayd then it should follow us that when Wee would Wee might take turns, the Common Hangman (that was every Day at Green Spring and put the halters about the Prisoners' Necks in Court where they were to make, in that Posture, their submission for their Crimes at ye Barr of Justice) to be our Postillion, being no Meniall Servant but sent for this very end, who boldly putts by the other Postillion that us'd to ride, and gott up himself before the Governour's Face, severall of the Councill and other bystanders none of them taking any Notice of the affront offered Us, but undoubtedly others did, for my Lady went presently into her chamber and peep'd through a broken Quarrell of the Glass to observe how the shew lookt But God be thank'd, Wee had the Grace and Good Luck to goe all the way on Foot and let ye Cart Coach wth. Rope Horse traces trouble after Us; wch. of itself had been scandalous enough without the Help of a Hangman, Wee not knowing anything of this trick (wch. looks more like a woman's than a man's malice) untill Wee came to the landing place and were ready to ship into ye Barge that there attended Us

In response to this we find a spirited letter from the culprit, which protests

that neither Sir William nor herself had the least thought or knowledge who was their postilion, and ends, woman-like, with a sly hit, declaring that those bearing the king's stamp must ever be respected by all—save a Bacon!

over to the colony in 1710, when he was appointed governor. Since Berkeley's day the capital had been removed from Jamestown to Williamsburg, and a palace erected at the latter place. Lady Spotswood entertained lavishly, and gave state balls



Lady Spotswood.

From a portrait in the State Library at Richmond

After Berkeley's death his widow married his former secretary, Colonel Philip Ludwell, but of her three husbands she seems to have preferred the second, as she continued to call herself Lady Berkeley.

Another wife of a colonial governor of Virginia was my Lady Spotswood, formerly Anne Butler Bryan. She was the daughter of Richard Bryan, of Westminster, and god-daughter of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, from whom she derived her middle name. Her marriage to Spotswood took place in England, and with him she came

which were attended by the burgesses and planters for miles around. These balls were opened by the governor with the most distinguished lady present, and here the young gallants vied with the maidens in the splendor of their attire.

After Spotswood resigned his office he took up his residence at Germanna, on the Rapidan, and we have a humorous account of a visit paid him by his friend, William Byrd, of Westover. He describes Spotswood's home as an enchanted castle, and rallies him upon his exceeding fondness for

his wife and children, which he says "is in direct conflict to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married." To this the old courtier replies that "whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a

Thereupon he wrote her a letter still preserved by his descendants, in which he upholds the dignity of his calling, bringing many passages of Scripture to his aid, and asserting that he who tendeth upon the



Evelyn Byrd of Westover.

place would be ungrateful indeed not to use her with all possible tenderness." After her husband's death in 1740, Lady Spotswood continued to reside at Germanna. The rector of the parish, the Rev. John Thompson, speedily succumbed to the charms of the fair widow. Although of goodly presence and rare ability, he found his suit attended with much difficulty, as she, like Lady Berkeley, was loath to part with her title.

King of Kings is equal in rank to any man. His arguments seem to have been convincing, for a few months later Lady Spotswood became Mrs. Thompson.

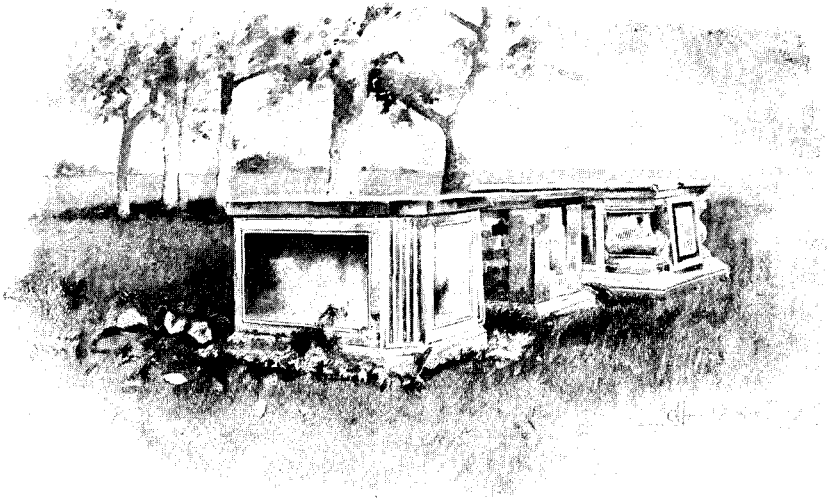
In sharp contrast with the happy domestic picture which Byrd draws at Germanna is the fate of his daughter Evelyn. She grew up at Westover, her father's home on the banks of the James, and later spent two years in England, where she was presented



The Parlor of an Old Colonial Home.

at court. The colonial beauty made a great stir in London, and courtiers, cavaliers, and poets combined to do her honor. Many rumors of her triumphs reached her distant home, but at last came a report which alarmed the worthy planter and caused her immediate recall. An attachment had sprung up between herself and the Earl of

Peterborough, a young Roman Catholic nobleman. Her father, being a staunch adherent of the church of England, refused his consent, and in spite of pleadings remained obdurate. Lord Peterborough followed her to America, and the young couple waited from day to day for some sign of relenting on the part of her father.



Evelyn Dyr's Grave at Westover.

None ever came. Tradition tells that one night she stole out for a final interview with her English lover by the old church near her home, and there they parted forever. After this she drooped daily, and finally, dying broken hearted, was buried in the

Alas, Reader!
We can detain nothing however Valued
From unrelenting Death :
Beauty, Fortune or exalted Honour :
See here a Proof!
And be reminded by this awful Tomb
That every worldly comfort fleets away :



Miss Mary Philipse of Philipse Manor.

little churchyard on almost the same spot where she had bidden him farewell. Her grave is marked by a slab of marble bearing the following inscription :

Here, in the sleep of Peace,
Reposes the Body of
MRS. EVELYN BYRD,
Daughter
of the honorable William Byrd, Esq :
The various and excellent Endowments
of Nature ; Improved and perfected
by an accomplished Education
Formed her
For the Happyness of her Friends
For an Ornament of her country.

Excepting only what arises
From imitating the Virtues of our friends
And the contemplation of their Happyness—
To which
God was pleased to call this Lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737.

Betty Martin, a famous Maryland beauty and belle, was courted by lovers from far and near, but found it so hard to choose between them as to give rise to the couplet :

Hi, Betty Martin ! tiptoe fine
Couldn't get a husband to suit her mind—
the composition, doubtless, of some rejected swain. Finally the choice lay between two