

English, that Powhatan and his people came to them with presents of peace, and the whole country, during the remainder of Smith's administration, was entirely open to the unmolested use of the colonists. But the infant colony was still destined to calamities; and the very accession to its numbers, which should have added to its security, heightened its danger. A second supply of sanguine emigrants, many of them people of distinction, arrived from England. Of them John Laydon was soon after married to Ann Burras; and this was the first marriage in Virginia. Smith calls the new comers "a lewd company of unruly gallants, sent from home by their friends to escape ill destinies. Those described as labourers were for the most part footmen, and gentlemen's attendants, who had never known what a day's work was. All the rest were poor gentlemen, and libertines, ten times more likely to spoil a commonwealth, than either to begin one, or help to maintain it." To these persons he imputed the confusion that soon pervaded the colony. Many of them, dissatisfied with his discipline, wandered to Nawsamond, and offended the Indians, who killed most of them; and the few who escaped, returned in despair, to beg the protection of that authority which they had lately contemned.

But the president was again destined to meet with the usual reward of merit,—ingratitude; and enfeebled by an accident to his person from an explosion of gunpowder, he returned in disgust to England, towards the close of the year; leaving three ships, seven boats, nearly five hundred persons, twenty-four pieces of cannon,

three hundred musquets, and a competent supply of live stock provisions, and working tools. Nothing could have been more inauspicious to the colony than Smith's departure.

The Indians, finding that the person whose vigour they had often felt, no longer ruled the English people, revolted, and destroyed them wherever they were found. The provisions of the colony being imprudently wasted, a dreadful famine ensued, and prevailed to such an extremity, that, of nearly five hundred persons, left by the late president, sixty only remained at the expiration of six months.

I could wish to close this narrative gracefully. But your fair readers will excuse me, if the truth of history compels me to inform them, that the destiny of the excellent Pocahontas, after the departure of Smith, was quite opposed to all the etiquette of romances. According to the laws of poetical justice she ought to have been united to the accomplished president, and died on his bosom, or lived to close his eyes. She did, indeed, die in a far foreign land, with her father's curse heavy on her soul. She married a Mr. Rolfe, and having accompanied him to England, was taken sick at Gravesend, where she died, at the age of about twenty-two years.

No stone marks the place of her repose, nor has poetry yet shed one tear over her ashes. "But she died as she had lived," says Smith, with affectionate energy, "a christian." She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, whose posterity was respectable, and inherited lands in Virginia, by descent from her.

A WITTY SCHOOLBOY.

A SHOPKEEPER having an empty cask, which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it, "For Sail." A wag-gish schoolboy, passing that way

"shortly afterwards, and perceiving the mistake of the vender of wares, immediately wrote underneath, "For freight or passage, apply at the bung-hole."