

PS 3505

.A855

P6

1907

Copy 1

Pocahontas

A POEM



By Virginia Carter Castleman



Class PS 3505

Book . A 855 P 6

Copyright N^o 1907

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



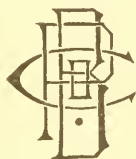
Matoaks als Rebecka, daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of Allanouhkomouck als Virginia. Converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and Wife to the Wor.^d M^r John Rolfe.

POCAHONTAS

A POEM

BY

Virginia Garter Castleman



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FS 3505
A855P6
1907

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
SEP 24 1907
Copyright Entry
Sep 24 1907
CLASS A XXc, No.
187765
COPY D.

Copyright, 1907.

BY

VIRGINIA CARTER CASTLEMAN

All Rights Reserved.

•
•
•
•
•
•
•
•
•
•

TO ANITA.

DEDICATION.

Virginia! Mother State—thy name beloved
By every patriot for its music sweet—
I lay this lowly tribute at thy feet,
One leaf, perchance, upon thy wreath of fame.
V. C. C.

POCAHONTAS.

(A descriptive narrative poem in eight parts.)

1. The Little Princess.
2. The Wizard.
3. Smith and Newport.
4. Coronation of Powhatan.
5. Guardian Angel.
6. The Parting.
7. Pocahontas and John Rolfe.
8. London Town.

I.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

Many dark-eyed children played among the
rushes
By the waters of the inland, plain-like marshes,
Made them water babies of the tall brown cat-
tails,
Cradled in the baskets of the plaited willows.
Of them all was none more gleeful, none more
artless
Than the little Matoax*, dearest of the daugh-
ters
Of the mighty Werowance,† Powhatan the
warrior
Ruler of the tribes, from whom was named the
river
And the wigwam village and the dark-skinned
natives.
None in all the land, from mountain unto sea,
None more brave, more stern, and none more
feared than he.
Dear to him the chase, the war, the trembling
captives,

*Matoax, tribal name of Pocahontas.

†Werowance, ruler or chief.

And the rustling pines whose fragrance filled
the air—

Ah! 'Twas in the Springtime, and the world
was fair.

Evening came; the tired earth had dropped
asleep,

Born the Maytide night in silence calm and
deep,

Bright in azure vault of heaven the twinkling
stars

Vigils kept, as lover over his beloved.

Only one sound the twilight stillness broke
upon,

Crooning of Indian mother to her babe.

Fainter grew the mother-song, and died away;

Then, as if inspired by oft-repeated strain,

Suddenly a mocking-bird took up refrain—

New World nightingale whose joyous warb-
ling thrills

Hearts responsive to the clear, melodious trills.

Did the music fall upon unheeding ears

Of the Indian hunters as they slumbering lay?

Rather in their dreams those forest natives
heard

Echoes of the warrior's triumphant song

In that hunting-ground where sings the death-
less bird.

POCAHONTAS.

(PRELUDE.)

Softly flowed the current of an ancient river
Where it circled wide three beauteous emerald
 isles,
Ceaseless lapped the waves upon the pebbled
 shore,
Fringed with willows silvery, drooping ever-
 more.

High upon the beach an Indian village stood,
Twelve low wigwams built upon the seasoned
 wood.

Dark-eyed squaws the noonday meal prepared
For the lordly hunters who on bounty fared.

Winter's chase was over, each hunter smoked in
 peace

(Joy in heart that Spring at length had brought
 release).

In the open doorway, whence his proud glance
 strayed

From the tentyard where the quiet papoose
 played

To the newly bladed corn, the sassafras,

Dearer than his life the love of Matoax.
Like the morning sunbeam was her smile, and
 frequent,
Like the rippling water was her happy laugh-
 ter,
In her eyes the sparkle of the evening planet,
And her lips were red as brightest coral.
Day by day she grew in grace of form and
 beauty,
Till to where the river meets the rolling sea,
Spread her fame as loveliest of Indian maid-
 ens.
Born a princess of the forest, born to rule—
Rule the hearts of men with chains of love—
 was she.

 Springtime into summer passed, with wild
 rose wreaths
Maidens decked the princess' raven locks;
But in Autumn played they with the yellow
 corn;
And in Winter oft on snowshoes circled round.

 “Maidens, come, we'll to the chase away,
 away!
Sing aloud with glee our blithesome rounde-
 lay,
Blow our mimic bugles till the echoes ring,
Over hill and dale the startled warriors bring,
Gathering around the campfire we will make
 the night

Gay with song, dancing within the mystic
light.”

Thus cried Matoax-Pocahontas—princess
proud.
On her dark locks placed a squaw the stag
horns curved,
Bound them fast with chains of pearly tinted
shells,
Threw a deerskin mantle o'er the rounded
limbs,
Hung upon her back the quiver full of arrows.
Score of dusky maidens formed the royal
guard,
With their painted bodies and their flowing
hair
Untamed creatures of the forest crouched they
there,
Will-o'-wisp-like, darting, hiding, re-appearing,
Silently they waited signal for the chase.
Word was given, the mimic bugle shrilly blew,
Echoing through the glades, whose startled
denizens
Suddenly grew still, the squirrel on the bough,
Quivering deer, the otter in his secret cave.
Indian maids with look intent upon the goal,
Savage yells restrained, upon the chase set
forth,
Swift, with noiseless feet the chieftain's teepee
sought.

II.

THE WIZARD.

Opekankano, the White Man's deadly foe,
Traacherous brother of the *Wahunsunakok,
Long had lain in wait to wreak his horrid ven-
geance
For the kidnapping of Indians by explorers,
By those traders who had lust for slaves and
gold.
Years had passed since first the Red Man heard
the story,
Years in which the White Man's blood full for-
feit paid,
Paid in shipwreck, exile, famine, toil, and
anguish
All the debt of crime upon his kinsmen laid;
Yet did Opekankano forget not ever,
And he nursed his old-time hate in secret cun-
ning
Till the White Face in his ship should come
again.

*Wahunsunakok, kingly title of Powhatan.

Soon he came, the Brave, with few Pale
Faces by him,
With a friendly Indian for his only guide,
At the White Oak Swamp, beside the Chicka-
hominy,
There did the Pamunkeys meet him, slew his
comrades,
Brought him captive bound to Opekankano.
Him they slew not, for he was the White Man's
Wizard,
All the land his fame, his mighty prowess
knew,
And the Red Man sought to learn his won-
drous magic,
Ere they led him tortured to the cruel stake.

'Twas in Wintertime, the snow lay on the
ground,
Brightly shone the sun upon Virginia's forests.
Evergreens—the holly and the running-pine—
Made of woods a Christmas bower to put in
mind
Captive of his boyhood home in Lincolnshire.
Merrie England! far away thou seemed then
Unto him whose heart beat true to thee. Friend-
less
Stood the Brave amid that horde of savages;
Yet undaunted was his mien, his brow serene.
Cruel eyes leered at his wounds, and eager
Were the hands that lured him on to horrid
death.

Lo! with simple wiles the Brave defied his
 fate,
 Held to curious gaze one weapon yet untried—
 Ivory compass 'twas to him, the Wizard's wand
 To the untutored in the lore of pathless deep.
 Quivering needle pointed to lode star above,
 While he taught them by his gestures plain
 how move
 Planets in their heavenly appointed spheres.

Red Man's wonder grew to awe, to shivering
 fear
 Of that Spirit World whence came mysterious
 stranger.
 Opekankano that hour revenge forgot,
 Signal gave his men the death dance to delay,
 Unto Werowocomoco haste away,
 Powhatan the final sentence to impose.
 Far behind them left Pamunkeys hills and
 dales,
 Journeyed with their captives to the lowlands
 wide,
 Where the Charles* curved outward to the
 noble Bay.

In his long wigwam sat Wahunsunakok,
 Royal robe of raccoon skins about him wrapped.
 Many squaws, fantastic dressed, behind him
 seated,

*Charles, later the York River.

While in front unbroken line of warriors
stood.

Painted bodies, eagle feathers, tomahawks,
Showing Red Man's warfare, customs of the
race.

Silently they waited the coming of the Brave.
This the message sent by Opekankano:

“White Face Wizard is at last the Red Man's
prey,
Let the death feast be prepared for him, unless
Powhatan desire to set the captive free,
Since from Spirit World he comes mysteriously.”

Deathfeast was prepared, scarce had the cap-
tive come
Than at sumptuous banquet was he rudely
placed.
Limbs unbound, once more the hope of free-
dom swelled
In his breast; clear was his mind and keen his
eye;
Quickly he surveyed the scene, beheld the
squaws,
Saw the warriors guarding Wahunsunakok,
Closely watched by wily Opekankano,
Last the deathfeast—well he knew the woeful
sign—
Sickened then his stomach at the sight of food,
Yet hard pressed, he urged him to the hateful
task,

Made pretence of eating slow the while his
 brain
 Rapidly was planning to escape his doom.
 Weapons none had he, e'en gone the ivory com-
 pass
 And the pistol that erstwhile had terrified
 Superstitious foes, the bullets long since hid
 In the breast of more than one bloodthirsty
 savage.

While he mused, the awful stillness of the
 place
 Sudden changed—Hark to the note of bugle
 shrill!
 List to the gleeful song and to the rhythmic tread
 Of the woodnymphs circling round the phalanx
 grim,
 Even to the feet of Wahunsunakok.
 Eagle eye of Powhatan grew brighter yet,
 And his stern old visage softened as he gazed
 On the laughing princess and her retinue—
 Happy maidens breathless from the daring
 chase.
 Stately head he bent, but spoke no word of
 greeting,
 Powerful hand he raised, with single gesture
 bade
 Solemn silence of the curious, motley throng.

Quickly mirth of Pocahontas died away,
 And her lightning glance at once did stray

Meeting gaze direct and true, yet fond withal,
Of those eyes whose strange, mysterious power
 cast
Spell upon her heart, that thrilled to swift
 response.
Dark eyes softened, flashed again with sudden
 fire,
Pocahontas stood entranced, as in a dream,
Watched the heavy stones laid on the hardened
 earth,
Saw the Brave led forth, the tomahawk up-
 raised—
Awful moment's hush was pierced by anguished
 cry,
As around the captive's neck her arms were
 flung,
Precious life to save, the maiden's one desire.

 Sign from chieftain stayed descent of bloody
 axe,
Guiding hand of princess led the captive for-
 ward—
 “Sire, he's mine,” she cried, “Adopt him for
 thy son,
If thou Matoax lovest best of all thine own.”
Powhatan thus answered to the lovely maid,
 “'Tis thy wish, Matoax; the Wizard's life
 be spared;
From henceforth we name him 'son'; his peo-
 ple ours;
Let the Brave be called for aye a Powhatan!”

Mighty shout ascended from the watching
throng,
As the Saxon and the Indian princess stood
Hand in hand before the Wahunsunakok.
Presently a guide was sent to take the Wizard
Back to Jamestown, where long weeks they'd
mourned him dead.

III.

SMITH AND NEWPORT.

News of Smith's escape from cruel death ere
long
Reached the eager ears of England's Scottish
king
(He who wrote the scathing *Counterblast* to
smoke),
And he straightway sent a brilliant scarlet robe
Present for the Indian "Emperor Powhatan,"
Ordering that the royal native should be
crowned.

"On fool's errand dost thou come, Captain
Newport,"
Quoth John Smith with rising ire as he read
Quaintly worded mandate from across the sea.
"What is this that we must vainly search for
next?
'Gold mines, South Sea Islands, and lost colo-
nists!'
Daily have we much ado to keep ourselves,
What with starving, mutiny, and Indian raids,
Questions vexed that keep our minds from rov-
ing far

From these palisades our toiling hands have
reared.

Come, Newport, we'll set our wits to work at
once

To unravel from this web of words the sense
That our monarch would impart.

Come, sit you down,

Let us gaily fill our pipes with fragrant weed
Such as natives grow—perchance its soothing
power

Anger will assuage; vexations disappear

In these wreaths of smoke King James will
never see!

“Of one thing be thou assured,” said New-
port, smiling—

“That King James will at your hands (through
me) require

Full account of crowning of the Werowance,
Cest of every gift bestowed upon the chief,

Or upon that charming Princess Pocahontas,

Rumor couples with your name, Sir Presi-
dent!”

“Nay, Newport, a child in years, the bright-
eyed maid,

Yet with heart of gold and mother wit

Working e'er to save our colony from ruin.

He who dares vile slander make or evil think
Is unworthy woman's love or England's trust.”

“No offense was meant,” the Captain quick
 replied,
 “ ’Tis romantic tale, and still a nine days’ won-
 der,
 You, the noble victim of a murderous plot,
 Maiden’s fancy but the arbiter of fate.”

“Idle Gossip hath her day,” Smith slowly
 said—

“Let us plan to carry out the crowning farce,
 May it serve to charm the haughty Powhatan,
 As it pleases England’s monarch for the time.
 Yes, the scarlet robe will dazzle Indian chief,
 An’ it is your wish to make of him a clown.
 ’Tis a trifling matter that; more serious far
 Charges given you by the London Company,
 Who from distant lands know naught, in truth,
 Of the frontier hardships, of the settler’s needs.
 Can you not inform them in the plainest terms
 Of the falseness of the accusations made?
 Stay! myself will write them and boldly refute
 All their calumnies; set forth details in order,
 Calling ‘spade a spade’—’twill be my *Answer*
Rude.”*

“It were wiser, Mr. President, for you
 Moderation still to use, although in part

*Smith’s “*Rude Answer*,” sent as a refutation of charges made by the London Company at the instigation of his enemies.

Truth be veiled; the Company it pleaseth not
 Always to be told of factions in our midst.
 Even though you, the foremost man, the brave
 explorer,
 Much have suffered, many ills have yet to bear,
 Still be patient, for the darkest clouds will lift,
 Future sunlight blaze your name on history's
 pages,
 As the Saviour of the English colony—
 Fair Virginia! Raleigh's life-long hope and
 passion,
 Vast and proud possession of the Virgin Queen.
 You alone, Sir President, command the power
 Simple natives of this beauteous land to sway,
 Tribes to hold in check; these struggling homes
 to foster,
 Realizing dream of years, desire of nations.
 You alone hold key to knowledge of this coun-
 try,
 For the which bold science will reward you
 well."

"Key to knowledge?—It is here," Smith
 made reply,
 Holding up to view his lately finished maps,
 Work of months at cost of body and of brain.
 Here," he added, lifting closely written sheets,
 "Look! first draft of this, my "*Generall His-
 torie.*"†

†Smith's "*Generall Historie*," pub. in England in 1624.

“Patience yet must have her limit, trusty
friend,
Comes the time for action, e’en to men of peace,
Maps and *Historie* and *Answer Rude* shall
form
Trio to convince the London Company.”

IV.

CORONATION OF POWHATAN.

It was near the time of Indian Summer in
the land,
Mellow haze pervaded earth and sky and sea,
White sails drifting over waters calm were mir-
rored
In the blue. The seagulls followed swiftly on.
Up James River glided in their well-manned
barge
Captains twain in search of Wahunsunakok.
Heaped on either bank they saw the golden
corn,
Store of Winter food, the bread the settlers
craved,
Bartering kettles, beads, and ribbons gay to
squaws,
And to warriors—hatchets, knives, and some-
times guns.
Where the river softly curved around the isles,
Boatmen spied the village of the Powhatans
Partly hid by bending willows on the shore.
“Virginia, earth’s Paradise, methinks,”
quoth Smith,

Following with his keen eyes past the river's
bend

To the distant slopes where dark pines touched
the sky.

“On the morrow we'll explore these upper
channels

Where the air breathes health, to mountains
penetrate,

Seek a site whereon to build some future day
City that shall vie with Old World's leading
marts

In its beauty and its splendor.

Visions bright

Picture New World's temples rise in glorious
might.

Let us name this city-in-the-wilds *Nonesuch!*”*

Newport, better versed in ways of England's
Court,

Less enthused with spirit of adventure, said,

“It were wiser name yon city-in-the-wilds
For some Earl or Duke in royal favor high,
Who might coffers pinch and weighty influence
lend

To the furtherance of those dreams that grip
the brain

Of the Company's substitute, Sir President.”

**Nonesuch*, site chosen by Smith for the city later
built a few miles away and named *Richmond*.

'Neath the shadowy willows did they moor
the barge,
Stepped ashore, the captains and their follow-
ers.

In his wigwam Powhatan received in state
August visitors, inquiring errand there.
When they told him England's monarch wished
him crowned

"Emperor Powhatan," had presents sent for-
sooth,
Indian chieftain stood erect in proud disdain,
"*I am king,*" his look, his manner plainly
said,
"King of people who are natives in this land
White Man covets—mine the power to give or
keep."

"'Tis but token of our love for you," said
Smith,
While unfolding, spreading wide the scarlet
robe.
"Look! this mantle sent to please your Royal
Highness,
This, the golden crown to place upon your
head
When it suits your pleasure, mighty Wero-
wance,
Wilt not take the gift of love from me, your
'son,'
Whom from death you saved—you and Prin-
cess brave?"

Pocahontas, too, we have remembered well—
See this coral necklace with her name en-
graved.”

Nearer drew the forest monarch, visage
brightening
As upon the gorgeous robe he fixed his gaze,
And with eager fingers felt the texture soft.
Glittering crown he lifted (it was burnished
brass!),
Eyed with keen approval, nodding his assent.
Newport tried to make the Werowance kneel
—in vain!
Indian will not bow, he lowering frowns in-
stead,
Until Pocahontas, gliding forth, did place
Hand upon her sire's arm, and whisper low
Words none other heard but Wahunsunakok—
Smiled the haughty warrior then and slowly
knelt,
While they put on him the royal robe and
crown,
Princess deftly slipped from place the Indian
mantle,
Raccoon skin, with tails for fringe, exchange of
gifts
Which it pleased him to bestow on Brother
King
As a token of his favor and esteem.

Smith with outstretched hands and words of
gratitude,
Called to him the maiden, she but shyly came,
Spoke in broken English words she knew—
“My Father!”
While he named her tenderly, “My dearest
child,”
Gently clasped around her neck the coral
chain,
Leading her to Newport, and in louder tones:
“Captain, this the maid who risked her life
for mine.”
Gallantly the Captain bowed and kissed the
hand
Of the Princess, murmuring praises Pocahontas
Understood not fully.
Then they bade adieu,
Planning to set forth straightway; but Pow-
hatan
Urged them to remain until the morn and
feast,
Smoke the pipe of peace before they sailed
away.

V.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

“Corn we need, and plenty, too,” spoke Cap-
tain Smith,
Frowning as he laid his hand upon his sword.
“Promise we have kept, to send you builders
four,
But you’ve failed us, Powhatan, would let us
starve
For the want of food while you have plenteous
store.
Trade in copper or in household goods we
offer,
But the swords and guns you ask for in ex-
change
None may part with; for these weapons are
to us
What your bows and arrows are to you, for-
sooth—
Means to gain our living—or to slay our
foes!
Heed you not our words, we’ll find some other
way
Grain to garner; but with you our friendship
ends.”

Masterful the tone, backed by the weapon
 raised—
Wily Powhatan was moved to shift his ground,
Waiting squaws he bade to fill with yellow corn
Dozen baskets that were speedy set in row
'Twixt the Werowance and the doughty Presi-
 dent.
Parleying ensued, a second plea for guns,
Guns and swords; but Smith stood firm, with
 darkening eye
Waiting the arrival of his gallant men,
Score of whom were left to break the river's
 ice,
For 'twas Winter and the fear of "Starving
 Time"
Was assuaged by courage and by tactics bold
Such as President alone could well employ.

Powhatan with baffled look and stealthy
 stride
Sudden vanished from the room, leaving
 squaws.
Side by side the English stood with pointed
 weapons,
Eyes fixed on the open door whence swiftly
 came
Savage warriors rushing madly on their prey.
Fell the foremost dead; a second leaped and
 fell;
Halted all at smell of powder, sight of smoke,

Turned and fled with superstitious dread o'er-
come.

Speedily arrived the sailors and the soldiers
Smith had summoned.

At his word a guard detailed
Watched the Indians while they carried to the
barge
Baskets piled with corn, provisions dearly
bought.

“Here will we rest till morning dawns,” the
Captain said,
“In this outpost rude we’ll wait the rising of
the tide.
Russell, comrade brave, and West, and Percy,
too,
Stay with me, a guard at door; the rest away!
Corn to watch, the stranded barge, the pinnace
there.”

Round the open fire they sat them down
awhile—
On such gruesome night they had no thought
for sleep.
Powhatan now sent a present to the Captain,
Bracelet to appease the fiery White Man’s
wrath;
Soon some Indians came to bring them veni-
son,
Feast they much enjoyed despite their secret
doubts.

Scarce had natives left when through the cabin
door
Pocahontas stepped with wild-eyed counte-
nance,
Wrung her hands and cried, "Beware the Pow-
hatans!
Seek your ships; my people plot your lives to
take—
Would you live, begone from here, no more
delay!"
Her tears brave Pocahontas could no longer
stay.

Uprose Smith, advanced in haste to greet
the maid—
"Guardian Angel! fear not for the White
Men's lives;
We will heed your warning; it is not in vain;
With these guns and swords we're safe until the
dawn,
And with high tide will our men and ships
depart.
Stay not thou, I pray, since peril lurks for thee,
Friend of White Man! to thy teepee hie thee
back,
Wait and watch and pray, as we shall surely do,
Till the night shall pass and come the break of
day."

"Fare-thee-well, Great Spirit guard thee,
Friends!" she cried—

Back to the Indian village Pocahontas fled.
Despite her warning and their dread, the Red
Men came not;
For they feared the wakeful foe, the magic
guns,—
Kept in hiding for the time.
At faintest dawn
English sought the pinnacle, homeward made
their way.

VI.

THE PARTING.

In the meadow by the brooklet was the wig-
wam
Of the old squaw, Winganameo, who to Matoax
From her childhood oft had taught the folk-
lore,
Tales of olden days beside the roaring ocean
Where the White Man's ships were wrecked
beside the beach,
Where through pine woods roamed at will the
stalwart Red Men—
Accomacks and Chesapeacks and Potomekes,
Tappahannocks, Wangoags, Payankatankas,
And the giants of the North, Sasquesahannocks,
And the Roanoaks from the magnolia South-
lands.
How they fought and how they were united,
How the Powhatan his mighty rule extended—
All these things the old squaw told the maiden.

Under the mimosa sat Matoax often,
While she listened to the old squaw's wondrous
tales,

Learned from her to trace the beadwork pat-
terns deftly

On the moccasins or on the women's mantles;
But of all the stories Wiganameo told her,
None the maiden loved to hear so oft repeated
As the legend of the lost ones of Croatan,*
And the island where the blue-eyed children
lived.

Thus it was that Pocahontas heard of English
Long before she looked upon the strange Pale
Faces,
Dreamed of them as little lower than the
angels,
With the wisdom of the ages blessed.

To the wigwam by the brooklet came the
Princess
Oft at evening; told to Wiganameo softly
How the English called her "Guardian Angel,"
loved her,
Gave her presents, daily asked her to their
homes.
Wiganameo nodded sagely as she listened,
But she spoke a word of warning to the
Princess:

"Let not Pale Face bring unto you sorrow,
Matoax;
As a mother I have watched you coming, going,

*Refers to the "Lost Colony of Roanoke, 1587,"
(see Hawk's History of North Carolina).

Princess born, 'tis many a warrior would wed
 you,
 Better could you find a mate among your own;
 For the Pale Face is not of us, is a stranger;
 Though he love you, he will leave you for his
 people,
 And his home beyond the sea.

I have seen it,
 Often have I seen it, watched him sail away
 Nevermore returning.

Heed my words, O, Daughter!"

Pocahontas listened, but her lips replied not,
 All her heart was mirrored in her dreaming
 eyes,
 As she sat with folded hands beneath the
 shadow
 Of mimosa branches with their pink-hued blos-
 soms
 Making fairy canopy above her head.

While they sat together in the twilight hour
 Came to them a messenger direct from James-
 town,
 Indian hunter, many a mile he'd walked to tell
 To his people that the Wizard brave lay
 wounded
 Unto death within his cabin, nursed by soldiers
 Who would take him soon across the sea to Eng-
 land.

Pocahontas heard the tidings, listening quiet,
But with bated breath—spoke to Winganameo,
Saying, "We must go, mayhap the Captain
needs us."

And the old squaw whispered back to her in
following,

"Unto Jamestown we will go together, Daugh-
ter."

So they journeyed onward through the field and
forest,

While the silver moonbeams fitful shadows made
On their pathway, till they reached the settlers'
country,

Saw the palisades and houses of the English.

"Father," cried the Princess, kneeling by the
bedside

Of the sometime President, who suffering lay—

"Art thou wounded sore, and is it true they
say

That to England thou must go, or life's in dan-
ger?"

Winganameo comes to nurse thee at my bidding,
She the old squaw of my people hath much
knowledge,

Many wounded, sick to death has helped to
cure—

Must thou go across the distant waters, Father?"

Scarcely had the wounded Captain strength
to answer,

But he feebly placed his hand upon her head,

“Child, 'tis true indeed, that I am past your
aid,
'And must seek for London surgery, since the
wound
From explosion of the powder festers sore ;
Hence I leave our well-loved colony for Eng-
land—
If I live I'll come again unto Virginia.
Pocahontas! first as little maid I saw thee,
Into noble womanhood I've watched thee grow-
ing,
Few and fleeting are the years we've known
each other,
Thou hast ever been the White Man's loyal
friend.
Keep the trust I give thee with my parting
blessing,
Still defend these homes, make peace among thy
people,
God reward thee, Princess, in the days to
come.”

Fainter grew his breath from pain, the watch-
ing soldiers
Motioned her away, she turned from them in
silence,
Followed by the old squaw, glided from the
cabin.
Tears came not that day, despair was in her
heart,
Dark the future to the lonely Indian maid.

VII.

POCAHONTAS AND JOHN ROLFE.

Swiftly passed two years; the colony was
saved
From dire ruin by Lord Delaware's arrival
With supplies and words of cheer, with thank-
ful prayers
Unto heaven for rescue from the "Starving
Time."
But the Indians had resentful grown mean-
while,
Pocahontas long had vanished from their ken,
Said the settlers questioned of the Princess'
fate.

Once again the colonists took courage, throve
'Neath the strong rule of "High Marshall"
Thomas Dale.
Argall bold began to open trade once more
With the tribes; the Potomekes he cruised
among,
Learned from them that Pocahontas was their
guest,
Bribed a squaw to bring her to the waiting ship,

Carried her away to Jamestown as a hostage—
Not unwilling hostage to the English race,
Which she loved, though weaned from her child-
hood's ardor.

Day by day she came and went among the
settlers
With a noiseless step, with gentle courtesy
That soon won for her the friendship of her cap-
tors.
Children loved her, played with her among the
flowers
Growing wild in woodland and in meadows;
And she wove them flower baskets of the rushes
By the shallow pools within the wide brown
marshes.
 Oftener she sat beside the open doorway
With her beadwork, and her skilful fingers ply-
ing
Deftly back and forth upon the wooden frame,
Fashioned wondrous patterns of the brightest
colors
For the moccasins and dresses of the women.

It was thus that Rolfe, the English planter
saw her,
And the picture of the maiden at her beadwork
Haunted long his memory as he sat alone
In the home bereft of woman's love and care.
Long he mused and sadly on his mournful for-
tunes

Since the fateful shipwreck on Bermuda's shore
 That had left him lonely, left a gloomy shadow
 On his New World home.

Then he broke the silence :

“Others who have loved and lost to grief con-
 sent not,

Rouse them from their sorrow unto nobler pur-
 pose.

Well I know that melancholy claims the captive,
 Marks the trembling hostage for its own—

Alas!

Often have I seen her steal away at twilight
 To the cabin rude where once he lived, her hero,
 Where of yore his voice had welcomed her in
 greeting;

Or again, when none is by to watch her mourn-
 ing

For the old days when she roamed a princess
 free,

I myself have overheard her quiet weeping.

She is lonely, needs a strong arm to protect
 her—

Dare I then, a Saxon, wed an Indian maiden?

Lo! I see the future brightening, love and peace

In these walls abiding; and for aye united

Conquering and conquered races of our land.

Yes, in years to come Virginia shall bless me,

Children proud their lineage trace to Poca-

hontas

Princess royal of the native Powhatans.

Wake, John Rolfe, from idle dreaming! Simple
 wooing
 Better suits the brave man's case than castle-
 building.
 Friends will mock, no doubt, the sober planter's
 fancy,
 And the maid herself refuse to hear my plead-
 ing;
 Yet I dare to risk the White Man's scorning
 even,
 In such cause—with me decision's half the
 battle."

Pocahontas at the doorway saw him coming,
 Saw his shadow fall upon the brodered bead-
 ing,
 And her nimble fingers paused, she upward
 glanced,
 Radiant smile came swiftly as she met his gaze,
 For he oft had spoke her kindly since her ad-
 vent
 As a maid forlorn to dwell at once-loved James-
 town.
 Rolfe sat down beside her, questioning Poca-
 hontas
 Of her kindred, of the tribes that lived about
 them,
 Of her playmates in the pretty upland village,
 Of the warriors who had fought (and died in
 fighting)
 For the Red Man's country, for the Powhatans.

Of the old squaw, Winganameo, who had taught
her,
Of the young bucks who had danced around the
campfires.

Thus at length spoke Rolfe in softened tones
and serious:

“Pocahontas, I am lonely. Many times
Moons have waxed and waned since first I
landed homeless

On this shore; still my fireside is lacking
Woman’s presence. And my heart was desolate
Till your face I saw beside this cottage door,
And your voice did stir the depths of my affec-
tions.

Be my wife! An English home is ready for you,
Simple is my wooing, but my love sincere—
Pocahontas, hear me! you are lonely, too.”

Surged the rich red over dusky cheek and
brow,

Then as sudden vanished as she answered softly,
“Thou an Englishman, to wed an Indian
maiden?

Ah, Mr. Rolfe, once did I know not difference
’Twixt the Red Man’s squaw, the White Man’s
honored wife,

Indian princess was one truly, not a plaything
Whom the world might scorn at will—

But now!

I have learned my lesson all too well, I fear.

Yes, I'm lonely here; and yet among my kindred
 I am lonelier still, for I have learned to love
 Ways of Pale Face—one did teach me that in
 childhood.
 Oft, methinks, there's no one careth for me
 now ;
 But forgive me if I do thee wrong, kind friend,
 Thou hast ever patient been, the while my heart
 was sore."

"Listen, Pocahontas," once again he pleaded,
 "Dry those tears, forget past ills, think of the
 years,
 Happy years before us; and the home we'll
 make
 In these wilds, where Indian and English both
 Shall a welcome find with Lord and Lady
 Rolfe."

Pocahontas listened, gave a shy consent,
 Yielding heart and hand into his life-long keep-
 ing;
 Henceforth was John Rolfe to be her true pro-
 tector,
 With his people she would cast her lot for aye.
 Fitting preparation for an English home,
 Bible truths they taught her—which she knew
 in part—
 In the little church, at the baptismal font
 She was named "Rebekah"—Parson Whitaker,

“Apostle of Virginia,” was the English priest.

Dawned the day that saw the union of the
races—
English and the Indian—on Virginia’s soil.
In the Jamestown Church the rites were sol-
emnized,
Compact sealed that helped to make our history.
Fragrant blossoms gave the native jessamine
For the bridal altar; while with brilliant sprays
Coral honeysuckle wreathed the Princess’ brow,
Matching necklace, gift of Smith, sole ornament
Save betrothal ring upon the shapely hand.
Assembled in the church a goodly company,
Englishmen in force, with them the Powhatans,
Witnessing the marriage of their Princess.
Thus alliance was renewed and peace pro-
claimed.

VIII.

LONDON TOWN.

Other two years passed; upon the ship that
 sailed
 Unto England's shore with Thomas Dale, there
 went
 Mr. Rolfe and wife, "Lady Rebekah" famed.
 London well received them, feted oft the Prin-
 cess,
 By the Lady Delaware at Court presented
 Where her sweet simplicity, her winning grace
 Won for season brief the flattery of all.
 In the social world, her name "*La Belle Sau-
 rage!*"
 Artists sought her beauty to immortalize.
 With a noble mien she moved among the throng,
 Yet with melancholy touched the Indian face,
 Eyes observant, oft with wistful sadness filled.

Smith heard of her fame and yet delayed his
 visit.
 Starting forth at length upon his errand,
 mused:
 "Dare I see her once again, as Lady Rolfe,

Whom I knew as maiden-of-the-wilderness?
 Shall I find her changed by fashion's tyranny?
 Princess fancy free, so bright, so gay, so loyal—
 Thus I knew her first; but later bowed with
 grief

O'er my wounds, my misery, the parting sad.
 Ah, Tragabigzanda!* thou, my early love,
 Time can ne'er efface thy memory from my
 heart!

Even thou hast had one rival in this maiden—
 List! she comes—I must recall me to my
 senses.”

Rustle of her silken train he heard. She came
 With a stately step to greet her visitor.

Once she saw his face, a startled cry she gave,
 “They did tell me that you long were dead,
 ‘my Father’!”

“Lady Rebekah,” murmured Smith, in bend-
 ing low

Ringed hand to kiss with grateful gallantry,
 “Nigh unto death was I; but God has spared
 my life

For mysterious purpose.

Think not I'd forgot thee,
 Long my silence, yet my thoughts still backward
 turned

To the distant colony, to Pocahontas!

*Tragabigzanda, the lady with whom Smith fell in love during his captivity in Turkey in early life.

And thou, Princess? I have heard of Rolfe's
good fortune,
And am come to wish you both long happiness."

"Call me child again," she cried, "as in the
days
Of that past when thou wast still my 'Father,'
friend!
Here is not my home, I stifle 'mid the crowd;
For I love not flattery nor palace halls;
But green woodlands, air, and space—not
gloomy walls."

"For thy forest home thou pinest, 'Child,' he
said,
"Soon thy husband will remove thee hence, I
trow,
Goodly Englishman is Rolfe, and worthy thee."

Smiling through her tears, she proudly an-
swered to him:

"More than worthy is my husband, and he
bears
In Virginia's colony a noble part."

Came a messenger unto the Lady Rolfe,
Summoning the Princess to the Royal Court.
Hearing which, Smith said:

"With your permission, Lady,
I will be your escort to King James's Palace,

Since it long has been my wish and my inten-
tion

To resign the student's life, give up seclusion,
Once again become a sailor on the seas,
Distant lands explore, new maps and history
make

Whereon future worlds may build.

This my hope,
This the one ambition that fires the wanderer's
brain."

"Come," said Lady Rolfe, with gentle dig-
nity,

"We will go together to the Royal Palace,
Take our rightful place among the brilliant
throng,
With the rest do grateful homage to our King."

Gay the scene, the waiting courtiers stood
aside

While they made their way—the Captain and
the Princess—

To the throne, bowed low before the monarch
proud,

Who gave royal welcome, saying unto Smith,

"How, my Captain bold! Too long your
needed presence

We have missed from London town and from
our Palace.

Royal mandate we've prepared to call you hence
For some ventures new—secure at once the ship

For its cruise, new wealth to seek for 'Merrie
England.' ”

Unto Lady Rolfe, the King in flattering tones:
“Thou, our Princess, England's glory wilt
proclaim,
Through Virginia's wide domain our influence
spread.

Royal favor thou hast won, our blessing take,
Thou and Rolfe, who comes e'en now to claim
his bride.

Loyal subjects live ye both in Jamestown far,
Peace be to thy race, in thee our ally made.”

Quoth in gracious tones Her Majesty Queen
Anne:—

“Welcome, Child, Thou 'Guardian Angel' of
the English,

Saviour of our Captain and our colony.”

Pocahontas fain would kneel with humble
grace—

“Rise, I salute thee, Princess,” said the
Queen, and smiling,

Stooped to kiss on either cheek the Indian maid.
Others sought the throne, she stepped aside
with Rolfe,

Following them came Captain Smith to bid
adieu.

“Weighty matters call me hence,” he said in
parting,

“But we'll meet again upon Virginia's shore.

Fare-thee-well, Lady Rebekah; and thou, Rolfe,
 Long live both and peace be to thy distant
 home."

Thus they parted, each upon a separate path-
 way,
 Whose life's orbit once had touched, whose
 hearts were knitted
 By the common bond of dauntless love and cour-
 age;
 But the patriot and the poet sing their story,
 And their names are linked for aye in history.

* * * * *

Nevermore she saw again her native land,
 Nevermore the forest pathways felt her foot-
 step,
 Nor the brooklet nor the wigwam heard her
 singing.
 Nevermore she sat beneath the pink mimosa
 Listening to the words of old squaw, Winga-
 nameo,
 Nevermore within her English home at James-
 town
 Was the gentle Princess Pocahontas seen.

Far from kindred was her grave* beside the
 seashore,

*Pocahontas was buried at Gravesend, Eng., 1617.

Where the waves for her a tender requiem
sang.
On Virginian soil her people mourned her
death,
Lamentations long and loud the Indians made.
But the English settlers spoke her name in whis-
pers ;
For at eventide they seemed to see her often
As a radiant vision, white-winged, hovering
near.

Books From Our List of Religious Character

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

By Col. C. G. Samuel

New (4th) Edition with alterations and
additions in text and illustrations

Postpaid \$1.00

ST. JOHN IN PATMOS

By (late) Rev. Peyton Gallagher

\$1.00 Postpaid

A BROTHER OF CHRIST

By Ingram Crockett

\$1.50 Postpaid

These and other Religious Works fully
described in circulars, gladly mailed

BROADWAY PUB., CO. 835 B'way, N. Y.

Sam S. & Lee Shubert

direct the following theatres and theatrical attractions in America :

- Hippodrome, Lyric, Casino, Dalys, Lew Fields, Herald Square and Princess Theatres, New York.
- Garrick Theatre, Chicago.
- Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia.
- Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn.
- Belasco Theatre, Washington.
- Belasco Theatre, Pittsburg.
- Shubert Theatre, Newark.
- Shubert Theatre, Utica.
- Grand Opera House, Syracuse.
- Baker Theatre, Rochester.
- Opera House, Providence.
- Worcester Theatre, Worcester.
- Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.
- Lyceum Theatre, Buffalo.
- Colonial Theatre, Cleveland.
- Rand's Opera House, Troy.
- Garrick Theatre, St. Louis.
- Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Norfolk, Va.
- Shubert Theatre, Columbus.
- Lyric, Cincinnati.
- Mary Anderson Theatre, Louisville.
- New Theatre, Richmond, Va.
- New Theatre, Lexington, Ky.
- New Theatre, Mobile.
- New Theatre, Atlanta.
- Shubert Theatre, Milwaukee.
- Lyric Theatre, New Orleans.
- New Marlowe Theatre, Chattanooga.
- New Theatre, Detroit.
- Grand Opera House, Davenport, Iowa.
- New Theatre, Toronto.
- New Sothern Theatre, Denver.
- Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Kansas City.
- Majestic Theatre, Los Angeles.
- Belasco Theatre, Portland.
- Shubert Theatre, Seattle.
- Majestic Theatre, San Francisco.
- E. H. Sothern & Julia Marlowe in repertoire.

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller. | ' Shore Acres.' |
| Virginia Harned. | Louis Mann in "The White Hen." |
| Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy." | "The Road to Yesterday." |
| Mme. Alla Nazimova. | Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard." |
| Thos. W. Ross in "The Other Girl." | "The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock. |
| Cecelia Loftus. | De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland." |
| Clara Bloodgood. | Eddie Foy in "The Orchid." |
| Blanche Ring. | Marguerite Clark, in a new opera. |
| Alexander Carr. | "The Social Whirl," with Chas. J. Ross. |
| Digby Bell. | James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon." |
| "The Girl Behind the Counter." | Bertha Kalich. |
| "The Light Eternal." | "Leah Kleschna." |
| "The Snow Man." | "The Man on the Box." |
| Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West." | Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap." |
| David Warfield in "The Music Master." | "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." |
| "The Rose of the Rancho," with Rose Starr. | "The Three of Us." |
| HARRISON GRAY FISKE'S ATTRACTIONS. | |
| Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea." | |

You cannot go wrong in selecting one of these play-houses for an evening's entertainment in whatever city you may happen to be.

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST
SPRING AND SUMMER 1907

BOOKS

ASTYANAX

An Epic Romance of Iliou, Atlantis and Amaraea

By *HON. JOSEPH M. BROWN*

With 48 Drawings by Hudson

950 pp.

Postpaid \$1.70

THE TWO FAMILIES

A Novel by

IRENE GWENDOLIN ZIZICK

and

MRS. ANNA BARBARA ZIZICK

\$1.50 Postpaid

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

A Beautiful Religious Poem

BY

C. G. SAMUEL

3rd Edition

\$1.00

Illustrated

ACROSS THE PLAINS AND OVER THE DIVIDE

BY

RANDALL H. HEWITT

*A Mule Train Journey from East to West in 1862, and
Incidents Connected Therewith.*

With About 80 Illustrations \$1.50 Postpaid

Order from

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 Broadway

New York

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

The Instrument Tuned

By ROSA B. HIRT;

Attractive Binding, 75 cents.

Limited Edition in White and Gold, \$1.00.

(*Author's photo.*)

An able and interesting work on a comparatively new subject—Psycho-physical culture—of whose methods the author has made successful application. The book is full of common-sense suggestions and is admirably adapted to the needs of humanity in general.

The chapter-captions will give an excellent idea of the comprehensive and practical character of the work:

Various Therapeutic Agents.

Influence of Mind.

Extravagant Emotions.

Insomnia.

Relaxation.

Harmony the Law of Nature.

Order Note

All of the books named in this magazine to be had from any newsdealer, or

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Lady Century

BY MRS. A. G. KINTZEL.

4 Drawings by Hartman.

Decorated cover in black, red and gold.

\$1.50.

Critics who have seen the book declare it superior to "Leave Me My Honor," the success which has recently brought Mrs. Kintzel into prominence as a story-teller who has something to say and can say it.

"Sparkling from cover to cover."

NAN & SUE

Stenographers

BY HARRIET C. CULLATON.

\$1.00.

You've no doubt heard of this book! It stands all alone in the originality of its title and subject, and everyone knows how charming a subject "Nan & Sue, Stenographers," must be. It is the diary of a typewriting office in New York run by two young and pretty girls, who have the most amusing adventures. The book's appearance is as original and charming as Nan and Sue themselves.

Order now and join the procession on the autumn, 10th edition.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER



New Book by the Author of

A Girl and the Devil!

We beg to announce for autumn a new novel from the pen of JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS, entitled

LOVE IN THE TROPICS

The scene of Miss Edwards' new work is laid in strange lands, and a treat may be confidently promised the wide reading public whose interest in her first book has caused it to run through over a dozen editions.

"LOVE IN THE TROPICS"

will be ready about November 1, and particulars will be duly announced.

The New Womanhood

BY WINNIFRED H. COOLEY.

\$1.25.

No more original, striking and brilliant treatise on the subject indicated by the title has been given the vast public which is watching the widening of woman's sphere. Mrs. Cooley is a lecturer and writer of many years experience; she is in the vanguard of the movement and no one is better qualified to speak to the great heart of womankind

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Told at Twilight

BY EVA BROWNE.

A delightful collection of stories and poems.

(Author's photo.)

\$1.00.

Job Trotter

BY SYLVESTER FIELD.

50c.

A unique work, proving that the "earthly paradise" of the colored race is Africa. This book is decidedly the best work that has yet appeared on the subject.

The Sin of Ignorance

BY HENRIETTA SIEGEL.

\$1.00.

An exceedingly clever story, by a New York girl, who pictures with a fearless hand the domestic misery resulting from drink and dissipation.

(4 special drawings.)

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Lost in the Mammoth Cave

By D. RILEY GUERNSEY.

Decorated cloth, 12mo. Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50.

A tale which a Jules Verne might envy from his own vantage ground. Imagine the possibilities for a story which are conjured up by the thought of a party of brainy men and women lost in the Mammoth Cave!

A prominent reviewer says:

"This ought to be an immensely popular book. There are no idle moments from cover to cover, and it is one which the reader will not think of laying aside until he has read every word."

Under the Darkness of the Night

A Tale of West Indian Insurrection.

By ELLEN CHAZAL CHAPEAU.

Cloth, 12mo. Attractively Produced.

Price, \$1.00.

The scenes of this story are laid in Ste. Domingue from 1792-93. It is a most timely book, written by one whose life has been passed among West Indians, and who can read the African character with surprising skill and accuracy. A wonderful picture of tropical life, brilliantly depicted.

Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

GREY DAWN REFLECTIONS

By VIRGINIA BEALE LECKIE



This clever Washington girl has come close to writing the wittiest and brightest book of epigrams that has appeared in this epigram-mad age. A few samples:

A friend lies for—an enemy about—and a wife with—you.

If your grandfather made it in pigs you have a perfect right to look haughty when pork is served.

A married woman's troubled look at 3 A. M. is not so much due to worrying "if" as to "how" he will come home.

The majority of women lay the first misstep to Cupid; some to the man; but it is a fact, if open to criticism, that curiosity and the opportunity are often to blame.

Printed on grey antique paper. Cover in grey, red, green and gold. Marginal decorations in color. Frontis medallion portrait of author in red, sepia and gold. Post-paid, \$1.00.

☛ What daintier holiday gift for your HIM or HER?

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SEP 24 1907

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 906 218 1

