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VIRGINIA DARE:

A STORY
OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY
W. H. MOORE.

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PREFACE.

A short account of the first efforts made to colonize North America, with one of which, the history of Virginia Dare is immediately connected.

The first settlement of North America by the Anglo-Saxon race is a matter of never-ceasing interest to those who occupy the country they settled. The records of the enterprise are of such date, and authority, they can not be disputed. Both the expeditions, and the names of those who took part in them, are matters of undoubted historic record.

The first expedition fitted out in England, under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, was one of discovery and exploration only. It was composed of two small vessels, the "Tyger" and "Admiral," which sailed from England April 27, 1584. They reached the West India Islands June 10th, and on July the 2d, found themselves in shoal water, where the smell of flowers was so sweet, and so strong, they were assured the land could not be far distant. On July the 4th, a date memorable in the history of our country, they reached the coast, and, supposing it to be a continent, sailed along it for 120 miles, before finding an inlet from the sea. Here they anchored the ships, and in small boats went

ashore, and took possession in the name of Elizabeth, the reigning Queen.

Seven leagues from where the ships were anchored they found an island, in the north end of which was a village of nine houses, built of cedar, and fortified round about with sharp trees. The natives were kind and hospitable—"such as live after the manner of the golden age."

These houses had, doubtless, been built by sailors shipwrecked on this coast twenty-six years before, and who perished in attempting to get away in a small boat.

After a stay of two months, exploring the country, the explorers returned to England, sailing in September, and taking with them two Indian chiefs, Manteo and Wanchese. The account they gave of the new country aroused great interest in England, and it was named Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, who was called the "Virgin Queen."

The whole Atlantic coast of North America at this time was divided into three sections, with ill-defined boundaries, called Canada, Virginia, and Florida. France claimed the first, England the second, and Spain the third.

The next year (1585) marks the first effort to colonize the newly discovered country. Seven vessels composed the fleet, and was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Sir Walter. The ships carried 108 men, who were to consti-

tute a permanent colony on Roanoke Island. They left Plymouth, England, April 9th, and July 3rd, Wingina the Chief was notified of their arrival. Manteo and Wanchese, who went over in the other ships, returned in these.

August 25th, the expedition started on the return voyage, Sir Richard leaving Ralph Lane and Philip Amadas in charge of the colonists. These colonists became disheartened—homesick—and left the island on the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, June, 1586.

Immediately after they left, one of Sir Walter's ships arrived, laden with provisions and supplies of all kinds, but, finding no one, they put back to England. Two weeks later Grenville, himself, arrived with three ships, laden as the others had been, and, finding no one on the island, to retain possession of the country he landed fifteen men, with supplies for two years, and sailed for home.

Another expedition was equipped in the following year (1587), intended to settle on the shores of the Chesapeake, instead of Roanoke. This was under the direction of John White, the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the heroine of the Poem. The colony was composed of ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children, all of whose names are preserved in colonial history, and the sameness of whose names indicates that some of the women were married.

On August 18th, Eleanor, daughter of Governor John White, and wife of Ananias Dare, gave birth to a daughter in Roanoke; and the following Sunday, because she was the first white child born in what was then called Virginia, she was christened with that name.

At the solicitation of the colonists, Governor White, on August 27th, sailed for England to get fresh supplies. He reached his destination about the middle of October. England was then at war with Spain. "The Invincible Armada" threatened the nation's life, and England had urgent need for every ship and sailor she could command. Sir Walter Raleigh commanded one of the ships in the fleet which met, and defeated, the Armada. The little colony on this side of the Atlantic was not of sufficient importance to require immediate attention, when such grave matters were impending. Three years passed before Governor White returned. He sailed from Plymouth, March 20th, with three ships, and anchored at Hatteras, August 15th, 1590.

It had been agreed between him and the colonists before he left them, if they left the island in his absence, they should leave some sign to indicate where they had gone; and, if their leaving was under duress, or in distress, the sign of the cross (X) should be placed above it. White found on a tree at the landing place, the letters carved in Roman characters, C R O , but no sign

of the cross. At the fort, built by Lane (the lines of which are still preserved and marked), he found on a tree, at the right side of the entrance, five feet from the ground, was graven in the wood from which the bark had been cut away, in capital letters, the word CROATOAN, without any cross, or sign of distress. The colonists had doubtless gone to Croatan, the name given to one of the native tribes and the section where they dwelt. White did not continue his search, though his daughter and granddaughter were among the missing ones; but returned to England and left the fate of the colony shrouded in mystery—a mystery which still and will ever surround it. No white man ever saw them again; but the friendliness of the Croatan tribe, and particularly Manteo, their chief, forbids the thought that they were slaughtered. Had they been massacred some sign of it must have remained to tell the tale, and, had they left from violence, the cross would have certainly been affixed to the name indicating the place to which they had gone. The most reasonable way of accounting for them is that given in the Poem: residence among and amalgamation with the Croatan tribe.

If the mind of any reader should revolt at the thought of amalgamation between the whites and Indians, I have only to remind them of the fact that many of the whites, of whom John

Randolph, of Roanoke, is a notable example, were vainly proud that the blood of the latter mingled in their veins.

One word more. In the Poem I have taken the liberty of changing the name of Ananias Dare to that of David, as being more poetical and euphonious; and of his wife from Eleanor to Jennie, the diminutive of Virginia.

W. H. MOORE.

PITTSBORO, N. C.,
November 1, 1904.

NOTES.

1.

This was the second expedition fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, and in charge of John White. Ananias Dare, and Eleanor his wife, and daughter of Governor White, were among the colonists, who numbered ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children.

2.

They arrived at Hatteras July 22d, 1587.

3.

August 18th, 1587, Eleanor Dare gave birth to a daughter. She was christened the following Sunday, and because she was the first child born to Christian parents in Virginia, she was named Virginia.

4.

The ships left Roanoke on the return voyage August 27th, and reached the Irish coast October 16th, 1587. It was three years before White returned. With what anxiety the colonists watched, and what disappointment they felt that he did not sooner return, we can well imagine.

5.

When White left them, it was agreed if the colonists left the place, they should leave some

sign to indicate where they had gone; and, if in distress, the sign of the cross should be added, thus X. The three letters C R O were found cut in a tree at the landing place, and at the entrance to the fort the word CROATAN, but no sign of the cross. Whatever these inscriptions meant, White did not seem to understand them, as is evidenced by his conduct.

6.

Ananias Dare was an assistant to Governor White and an important personage among the colonists.

7.

Manteo was chief of the tribe who lived in Roanoke, was very friendly with the whites, and was baptized in the Christian faith, August 13th, 1587. He was entitled by the English, "Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonquapeuk."

8.

Tradition says, the basin of Mattamuskeet Lake was burnt out, the fire burning for thirteen Luna months. It is an alluvial soil, and I have seen it burn in time of drought. The bottom of the lake still contains the charred bodies of cypress trees.

9.

When the first expedition, that of 1584, landed on the island, they found a village of nine houses, built of cedar.

10.

Granganimeo was "brother to the king," probably Wanchese, who accompanied Manteo on his visit to England.

11.

Her mother had received the name of the White Doe, and herself the White Fawn. As Virginia was now grown, and the mother of a family, it would not be seemly to call her Fawn—the name of a young deer.

12.

The record runs: "We found one of the chief trees at the right side of the entrance [to the settlement] had the bark taken off, and five foot from the ground, in fayere Capitall letters, was graven CROATOAN, without any cross, or sign of distress."

13.

The fate of the colony left by Governor White, on Roanoke Island when he left there August 27th, 1587, is shrouded in mystery—a mystery which will, probably, never be solved to the satisfaction of all who feel an interest in the matter. The solution to which I am inclined is given in the Poem, and is found in amalgamation with the friendly Indians, among whom they lived, and of whom the people called Croatans, in the Eastern part of North Carolina, are the descendants.

VIRGINIA DARE.

I.

“Jennie, the land is settled all too thick—
There’s not an acre but has its rick,
And a dingy, thatched cottage, all too bare
For life, and comfort of its dwellers, where
Kings, and lords, their unceasing revels keep,
And grind beneath their heels the men who weep
The ghost of liberty, departed long,
And from whose heart they’ve taken every song.
Naught is left, but grim poverty and woe,
As heritage to those who can not go
Elsewhere, in search of more congenial place,
And men, whose lot in life is no disgrace,
If not high born, yet who with purpose good,
Still strive to stand where nobler ones have stood,
And imitate the virtues none may dare
To follow, or their condemnation share.”

II.

Bitter was his speech, bitterer his heart,
As he thought of wrongs endured, and the part
He must play, in a land where Freedom blushed,
And every cry of struggling manhood crushed,
No hope of better day for him might dawn,
But long, and curs’ed night, without a morn.
The wilderness would be a refuge blest,
Where brave, stalwart men, might their manhood
test,
And no longer as tools of other men,
Live dead lives, all hopeless, as theirs had been.

III.

It was thus David to his wife had spoke,
In irate sentences, which seemed to choke
His utterance and pointed to the Bay,
Where Raleigh's ships, fitted, at anchor lay,
All ready with their human freight to sail,
Over the trackless seas and tempt the gale.
Hard had been her lot, and, well pleased, she
heard

In rapt silence, each hope inspiring word,
As one who dreams of goodly fortune rare,
Though it shall not be his the good to share.
Hope the brightest, and best, of all our stars,
Is more to us than Venus, or a Mars,
To dead worlds which forever round them turn,
But make no expectant fires in them burn.
Waked out of the dread stupor of the past,
Jennie's hands, the hands of David clasped,
And in the fervor of religious tone,
She said, "I'll go; you shall not go alone."

IV.

'Twas thus they planned, and full of rising hope,
Were eager with the stormy seas to cope,
And in the far-off Wilderness to build,
With their own hands, a home with comforts
filled,
Where men might live, and till the virgin earth.
Nor be reminded of their lowly birth,
By men high born, whose empty titles gave
Their only right to rule the people, save
The musty patents, which some distant kin,
Had carved in blood and wrought by greatest sin.

V.

The morning dawned in bright and cheerful mood,
As David and his Jennie sadly stood
On goodly ship, and waved a long farewell,
To those who came to speed, and wish them well.
However cursed, Albion's hills were dear,
And over their bright dreams there came a fear,
Of storm-swept seas, whose high and angry waves
The shores of both the Old and New World lave.
Their eyes were dim with scalding tears they wept,
While under flowing canvas, out they swept
Into the open sea, and thought of home,
Fading from sight, as through the whitened foam,
Their good ship rolled, and sped, like frightened gull,
Till all the shore, and hills, looked gray and dull.

VI.

It was done. The last tie had been broken,
And these two trusting hearts, by that token,
Read the deep love each for the other bore,
And found in it a salve to heal their sore.
Ah! if each to the other had been dear,
A greater love, and tenderer, bid them cheer
Each other now, as on life's rugged sea,
They sailed, hence forth two lives in one to be.
And well 'twas so, for dangers thick should stand
Along their future path, on sea and land;
And love, divinest passion of the soul,

Alone could guide them to their promised goal.
 Now drifting in calm, or driven by gale,
 'Neath skies that were clear, or loaded with hail,
 Onward, still onward, they passed to the land,
 Where Hope, in despair, had made her last stand,
 And built for herself, like an Eden fair,
 A love lighted home, and as free from care.

VII.

"Land, ho!" was shouted from the masthead one
 day,
 And eyes long expectant, quick turned that way,
 Where bold Hatteras, with its shining sands,
 Beat back the stormy waves with stronger hands,
 And gave to Pamlico a placid look,
 As mighty river fed by gentle brook.
 Off the ocean, and on its smoother face,
 They steered their goodly ship, in eager race,
 To press the land, whose rising odors sweet,
 Was borne on every breeze, their sense to greet.
 What a joy it was, as on the Roanoke,
 They landed first, and from their pathway broke
 The tangled vines, whose flowers, and wholesome
 fruits,
 Fast led them on in dangerous pursuit,
 Of that they craved only less than heaven,
 And which in plenty nature here had given!
 Mild were the suns, and milder were the skies,
 Providence had heard, and answered their cries;
 The warm breath of the New World they were on.
 Made them forgetful of woes that were gone,
 And nurtured the fires of freedom that shone,
 As day star, while o'er the seas they were borne.

VIII.

Strange sounds did soon the wilderness awake,
Clanging axes, and shouts of men, did make
The silent forests ring, and spirits all,
To highest pitch arose, as trees did fall,
From which their low, rude dwellings should be
made,
And fence them in, secure, from beasts that
stayed,
In swamps by day, and prowled the earth by
night.
These tenants, as if to assert their right,
To lands invaded by another race,
Made unceasing war, yet, not face to face,
But by stealth, and the cunning nature gave,
To slay another, or themselves to save.
In deep morass, and jungles, thick and dark,
Bears did walk, wolves did howl, and foxes bark:
The hooting owl his nightly echoes woke,
In sounds as dread as if a demon spoke.
Strange, but true! The hideous sounds, by night
Discordant made, and falling like a blight,
On ears of superstitious men gave way,
As the rising sun made its call each day,
To fresh labor, and sense of present need,
Whose call imperious they could but heed.

IX.

Days and nights had gone, and with hearty will,
These sturdy men their daily tasks fulfill,
Till now their village, high above the mound,
A glad, new sight, in a new world was found;

The presage of a brighter, better day,
 When cities should arise, and strong men lay
 The forests bare, for millions yet to come,
 Who here should find a refuge, and a home.
 'Twas well the energetic settlers had
 Their homes complete; winter, with weather bad,
 Was nigh at hand; and David, more than they,
 Had cause for gladness. Here Jennie might lay
 Her loved form, and restful protection find,
 Amid the pains of motherhood, a kind
 Providence had deferred, till she could be
 David's charge; and, while helpless infancy,
 Should make demands on both, fulfill his vow,
 To love her then, as he did love her now.
 On Jennie was the high distinction laid,
 Conferred upon no other Saxon maid,
³Of being mother to the first born child,
 On whose gracious advent the New World
 smiled.

No fine, or dainty vestments cased her frame,
 Though truly royal, she, in all but name:
 These trappings of a dead, effete estate,
 Though cherished by what some would call the
 great,
 Are flimsy things to men of royal soul,
 Contemned, despised, in part, and in the whole.

X.

Virginia—for so the child had been named—
 Was household pet, and with the settlers famed,
 As only child, and daughter to the men,
 Who looked upon her infant face, and then,
 By all the gods, the God on high, as well,
 Swore to be good, that they in heaven might
 dwell.

But she was David's child, bone of his bone,
Flesh of his flesh. In fatherhood alone,
To her he rightly stood as next to God,
Nor would he let the zephyrs come unshod,
To kiss the brow which bore the living seal,
Of God's impress, for high, and holy weal.

XI.

A new endowment came to David's life
With fatherhood. His noble heart was rife,
With sentiments of pity for the race,
Lacking in all but innocence of grace;
And from the helpless infant on his knee,
Looked up to God in confidence to see,
How strong was His compassion for the weak—
How large His greater love to those who seek.
From human fatherhood to the Divine,
He reasoned well, and in the sacred sign
Of mortal, read the deep, unfathomed love,
Of the eternal Father, throned above.
The world, to him, was vastly dearer now,
Than before, and though he could not tell how,
He knew a star had risen in his sky,
Whose light, and warmth, he did not care deny;
And as the ocean fed by thousand streams,
Gives back in rains the drops with which it
 teems,
Nor grudges those which on the barrens fall,
So David's heart enriched by one, and all,
The rushing tides which poured into his soul,
Gave back in generous streams, the whole
Enrichment; nor was he impoverished, when
He had given back this great love to men.

Gentle as he had been, a child had led
 Him to a higher, better love, and wed
 His aspirations to a far-off goal—
 Likeness to God, and kinship with His fold.

XII.

And gentle motherhood! ah, who can tell,
 Th' unearthly tides which rose, but never fell,
 In that heart whose supremely loving breast,
 Was font of life, and life's protecting nest!
 As charge from heaven, she came into her arms,
 To guide her little feet, unfold her charms,
 And well, and truly, act a woman's part,
 In history of world without a chart.
 Jennie's soul to her only child was knit,
 In bonds that daily taxed her mother wit,
 As day by day she watched her infant grow,
 And wondered what her destiny would show.
 Imagination, goddess of the realm,
 Where float the filmy ships without a helm,
 Laden with precious treasures none can find,
 Yet with a spell which does not cease to bind,
 Built large the life to holy pattern fit,
 As though it all in book of fate was writ.
 'Tis well in world of change, and hardships sore,
 Where most of change is worse, and hardships
 more,
 That we can build these "castles in the air,"
 Else, striving, we should perish in despair.
 So, let the mother dream of golden days,
 Nor let one stormy cloud the prospect haze;
 Our trials to-day, are burden enough,
 To-morrow may our ill fortunes rebuff.

XIII.

Dread winter with its chilling winds had come,
And snows laid deep about the humble home;
The ice-bound streams had locked the whitened
land,

And *Boreas* held th' key with numbed hand,
But blazing logs gave warmth and cheer within,
And neighbors came to talk of what had been,—
The beasts they had slain, the fowls they had
killed,

Hair breadth escapes, and prophecies fulfilled.
Simple were their lives, and simple their speech,
Wonderful their tales, yet none did impeach,
The truth of stories so artlessly told,
Though false in their parts, and false in the
whole.

Solitude enforced, and dangers incurred,
Dreams in the night, strange sounds in the day,
stirred

Them profoundly with sense of the dread,
And left little reason enthroned in th' head.
But, rude as they were, their faith in the Lord,
Would challenge a Knox to stand by the Word;
They believed in the Book as it was writ,
Nor sought to discard what they couldn't make
fit.

The Bible their text-book, out of its lore,
They drew their few laws, and on it they swore,
Content to confirm whatever they said,
By the book to whose chart their faith was wed,
And in whose wisdom they knew they could find,
Solace for the good and sight for the blind.

Contentions they had, in diff'rence of thought,
Till all to the touchstone of truth was brought,
Then a, "Thus saith the Lord," settled the cause,
Whatever the case, whatever the laws.

XIV.

'Twixt hunting, and fishing, men found employ,
 Till winter was gone, and to their great joy,
 Dogwoods in blossom foretokened the day,
 Spring should come by in beautiful array,
 Clothing the fields, and the forests with green,
 Fairer, fresher, than Old England had seen.
 'But ships that departed came not again,
 Though anxiously looked for over the main,
 And famine, gaunt famine, stared in the face,
 The brave, and the craven, alike in the place.
 No seeds did they have to put in the ground,
 And 'of bread there was now none to be found;
 Guns did they have, but no powder, or ball;
 Rotten were their nets, and ragged were all,
 For each to the other had given as need,
 Made demands on them, like brothers indeed.
 Exhausted their store, they watched, and they
 prayed,
 Till hope was more scant than the prayers they
 said,
 And last flick'ring ray, in ashes went out,
 As a ghost leaving no trace of its route.

XV.

'Tis said a dying man on desert plain,
 When burned by fever, and is racked with pain,
 Sees in the distance springs of water rise,
 And longs of these to drink before he dies;
 And shipwrecked sailors on tempest'ous sea,
 Starving, behold the help which can not be,

And plunge the rolling waves, that they may
find,

Relief existing only in the mind.

⁴So these lone men, reduced to direst straits,
From the tall tree tops watched the distant
gates,

For ships long due, and whose deceitful stay,
Like mirage came, only to pass away.

XVI.

Famine bred disease, and disease bred death,
Men dropped their bodies as fruit drops its
sheath,

Till despair uttered cry, piteous to hear,
(Made its last offering on Liberty's bier)

And then with the courage born of their fears,
Left their habitation blinded by tears.

Over the lakes, along rivers, they fled,

Fleeing for life from the graves of their dead,
On trails that were marked by moccasins' slime,
And feet had not trod since beginning o' time.

Unskilled with the bow, their weapons the knife,

They won their existence, fought for their life,

And treasured these tools with miserly care,

As one treasures coin whose value is rare,

Now feeding on flesh they caught in a snare,

Edible fruits, growing wild everywhere,

Or fish from the shallows, killed with a spear,

They lived b' their wits, as every pioneer.

XVII.

Ships had returned. No tidings did they find,
 Of fugitives gone, whose pathway was blind,
 But only the cabins, gone to decay,
 The roost of the night bird, hiding from day,
 Or den of the wolf, more savage than they,
 Growling in anger for loss of his prey.
 No stone was engraved, no parchment in sight,
⁵No sign was there left to tell of their flight,
 Which way?—to the north, south, east, or the
 west,
 Or upward had gone to be with the blest.
 For days the ships at quiet anchor lay,
 Watching and waiting, for the news some day,
 Of the lost friends they watched in vain to find,
 But, to their eager watch there came no sign,
 Save that of death. Some graves there were,
 well heaped,
 The woeful harvest which the famine reaped.
 And these low mounds, green turfed, remained to
 say,
 Perchance the others now, were dead as they.
 Discouraged, the ships straitway sailed for
 home,
 Nor did the settlers know that they had come.

XVIII.

The Kaw-King Crows — for thus the legend
 runs—
 Across the waters wide, from setting suns,
 Did come with sloven, but on tireless wing,
 And every throat did cry, (it could not sing)

“Cro-a-tan,” “Cro-a-tan,” “Cro-a-tan,” “Cro.”
And when, in time, the English came to know,
The mild, and peaceful tribe, on distant land,
They gave to them the name of Croatan.
From whence they came, and how, was myst’ry
all,
For of books they had none, and knowledge
small,
Of both men and things, save as nature taught,
Their rude minds, lessons with experience
fraught,
And which in iteration day by day,
Made greatly keen the sense, and quick to do,
The present, needful thing, if ’twas not new.
Their eyes like the eyes of the Eagle were,
Their feet were swift, and light, as was the Deer,
And in the long pursuit of fleeing game,
Never missed a prize, which deserved the name.
’Tis strangely true how wild, unlettered men,
Take up a hidden clue, and follow, when
The dim eyes, and ears, of more favored ones,
See not the way ’long which the object runs.
These children of the forest, and the plain,
Fleet of foot, and long of wind, t’ bear the strain,
With dogs’ unerring scent, pursue their game—
To call the hunt, with them, would be a shame.
These hardy sons of the wild, native wood,
Looked first askant upon the whites who stood,
In form as they, but with different skin,
Then proudly led the way to take them in.

XIX.

A kind Providence had directed well,
 Through the trackless swamps, and miasma's fell,
 The little band who struggled to maintain
 Their lives, more than the foothold they had
 gained,
 In this strange, New World, to which they had
 come,
 In peaceful quest of liberty, and a home.
 Now that same gracious, and Protecting Power,
 Who well had led, nor left them for an hour,
 His kindly hand of blessing opened wide,
 And made them friends 'mongst those whose
 truthful pride,
 Should strictly foster with their helpful hands,
 These sickly strangers, come from distant lands.
 Jealousy, whose demon spirit walks the earth,
 And stirs to hate e'en those of closest birth,
 Had no cause to lodge in these dusky breasts.
 The Whites were few, and, if disposed, no tests,
 Of warlike strength could be equal t' their own;
 But these for peace had come, and peace alone.

XX.

Strange beings these! the pale-faced Whites, who
 came
 In strange attire, with weary limbs, and lame
 From travel; whose hardships might have been
 Far more disastrous to less hardy men.
 But stranger was the color of their skin,
 And flabby cheeks, not only pale, but thin,

To these secluded children of the wood,
Who, in their bewilderment of mind, stood
Round, looked, and gazed, but did not dare to
touch,
(Well 'twas their superstitious dread was such)
Them, or theirs, supposing them to be,
Children of the Great Spirit, come to see,
How well fish, and fowls, did the rivers fill—
How thick the fatted herds on thousand hill.
Neither the language of other understood;
By signs alone, first speech of men, they could
Communicate; and this, for lack of skill,
Made their embarrassment, but greater still.
The dusky arms gesticulation made,
The Whites replied by signs of every grade,
Till wearied with the wind-mill exercise,
Each learned to use his tongue, instead of eyes.

XXI.

Twelve years past. David, nor his fellows, knew
How time fled. Not because their pleasures
threw,
Enchantment's halo around their daily lot;
Nor yet that woe had stopped to wholly blot,
The mem'ry of enduring griefs they bore,
Incased, embalmed, enshrined, forevermore.
Some griefs there are which only scarify,
The harrowed soul, with a sharp, bitter cry;
But some others come, whose malignant sore,
Wrings loud, and long, from out the heart's deep
core!
Their time was measured by the change in moons,
The flight of seasons, and the bird that chrones;

Their sacred, holy days had disappeared,—
 Though songs were sung, no litany was heard.
 But change had come, which told much time had
 gone,
 And furrows deep, about their faces drawn,
 Told each to other, as he looked upon
 These lines, how soon his tasks might all be done.
 Not old, but worn, by ever grinding wheels,
 As track on which the flying Express reels,
 Such man, by friction of his constant toils,
 By use, not rust, his valued life despoils.

XXII.

⁶David was he to whose intelligence,
 Was paid a superior deference,
 By those who followed in the dismal train,
 From Roanoke, to land upon the main;
 And once their camp was pitched, he of all the
 rest,
 By these stout men was chosen as the best,
 To give them laws, and regulate the whole,
 On pain of death, and peril to the soul.
 David was not a King, but he was Chief,
 Chosen by men, for whose sure relief,
 He had ever planned, toiled, endured so much;
 Nor would they exchange him for thousand, such
 As did rule their fellows across the sea,
 Though robed, mitred, and crowned, as Kings
 should be.
 He wore his honors well, no lordly air.
 Distinguished him, from those whose constant
 care,
 Was on his mind and heart; he did for all,
 As did the even scales of justice call.

Chosen by suff'rage to commanding place,
'Twas his to show by patient, manly grace,
How one invested with supreme control,
Might kindly rule as father of the whole.
And he did. Though human to the last,
The men o'er whom his pleasing rule was cast,
Believed in him, and trusted all to one,
Who ruled for each as though he were his son.

XXIII.

The order of their lives made impress on
The native Tribe, and, by it, favor won,
From those whose good will must ever be,
Their strength and shield. As some transplanted
tree,
Dependent on a friendly soil, and clime,
Its life to nurture, and prevent decline;
So these lone scions of another land,
Would need the bracing of a stronger hand,
If from their present weakness they should grow,
Into maturer strength, and wisdom show.
Trust invited, 'twould be folly to b'tray,
The confidence reposed. Some evil day
Might bring the need for that which they had
scorned,
In torch, or blood, of which they were not warned.
But truer, higher reason, ruled their mind—
That justice which is due to all mankind,
And blinded to the sight of white, or red,
On each alike, impartial blessings shed.

XXIV.

The Indian village, astir with life,
 Showed signs unusual. No bloody strife,
 However, was at hand. It was the moon
 For yearly chase, and huntsmen waking soon,
 Were sending forth on the crisp morning air,
 Weird songs, and shouts, as loud as trumpets
 blare,
 While barking dogs, and prancing ponies neigh,
 As if they too were glad to see the day,
 And were impatient to be gone. Each Squaw,
 Arrayed in toggery without a flaw,
 Culled the tapering arrows of her mate,
 And looked important as a Queen of state;
 While bow, and shaft, and head, and feathers, all
 Were scrutinized, that no bad luck befall
 The archer on the field where game was found,
 And deadly missiles flew to hurt and wound.
^s*Mantco*, great Chief of the Croatans,
 With huntsman's trophies, won by his own hands,
 Had lined his Lodge with warmest furs, and
 skins,
 From savage beasts, o'er which he who vict'ry
 wins,
 Is counted brave, worthy in the chase to lead,
 And of his Tribe to be exalted head.
 But he was old, and bent with many years—
 Dim were his eagle eyes, and dull his ears,
 No longer fit for fight, or active chase,
 Where fight was fierce, and long the trying race.
 So he to Laska, (the Deer) eldest son,
 Had resigned his tasks, now so nearly done,
 And with his face toward the setting sun,
 Contented was to tell his conquests won.

These did he recount with a childish glee,
And fight again the battles none should see,
With Bears, and Wolves, and with the wounded
Deer,
Made fierce by pain, and robbed of sickly fear.

XXV.

The cry of dogs, and sound of horses' feet,
The whoop of men, and echo traveling fleet,
Are only sounds that come to list'ning Squaws,
Who stand to watch, and while they sadly pause,
Catch the sound of voice dear in last farewell.
The last? Yes, perhaps the last! who can tell?
Through swamp, and marsh, to hills, on dimmest
trail,
They found their way by eyes that never fail,
Till in the hunting grounds they made their
camp,
Mid the red hills, free from sickening damp.
Here game was plenty. The wild Turkey fed,
Gobbled, and strutted, with a lordly tread,
And, the unsuspecting Doe led her Fawn
From the reedy marsh, in the quiet dawn.
The Hare did run, and the gray Squirrel climb,
And here did the Bear in his den recline;
And the Fox from his nightly prowlings came,
Surfeited with food, and lazily tame.
Here twanging bow its deadly arrow sped,
Each day, till satiate with the blood it shed,
They gathered up their heavy, meaty loads,
And backward, slowly came, by nearest roads.

XXVI.

Laska had been brave, till discretion stretched
 Beyond due limit, it had almost fetched
 Him to the gate of death, by teeth of Bear,
 Attacked, enraged, but which in combat fair,
 Had been slaughtered with his short, trusty
 blade,
 E'er help did come to give him needed aid.
 His men were proud of his bold, skilful deed,
 But thought him bravely rash, to leave his steed,
 And on the ground, as man to man, engage
 This monarch of the woods, in all his rage.
 But the brave *Laska's* thought was far away,
 While fighting desp'rate for his life that day,
 To slay the beast, and slaying, save his life,
 May have nerved his arm, and stiffened knife,
 He drove between the long, and shaggy arms,
 Defiant in the midst of their alarms.
 What would the pale-faced Maiden think of him?
 If slain by beast, would her eyes be dim
 With tears, at knowledge of his cruel death?—
 'Twas this that nerved, but almost took his
 breath.
 Now, he might show how great the risk he run,
 And by his wounds how dread the battle won,
 And by the proud spirit of his fathers shown,
 Might claim her for himself, and himself alone.

XXVII.

The changing moon had fully changed her face,
 And now, low hung, in watchful, modest grace,
 O'er Lodges where the Squaws their vigils kept,
 And Papooses in fitful slumbers slept, -

As if conscious of the returning band,
With toothsome meats from distant hunting land.
The old, and wizen ones, consulted signs,
And by the stars, whose faintly crossing lines,
Betokened some great event to be near,
Bid others listen, and the tramping hear.
'Twas so. The tramp of feet was in the air,
And faithful wives their light-wood torches flare;
While songs, unmelodious to other ears,
Tell of expectant joys, and ended fears.
Who on dangerous mission, long from home,
Does not feel his blood quicker go and come,
As he nears the place where his Jewels are,
And whose tender embrace he longs to share?

XXVIII.

As nearer came the loaded caravan,
The horses' steps seemed slow to every man,
But quick'ning pace, with every step they gave,
Rebuked the rod in hand of every Brave.
They caught the high sound of the village song,
And answered back in tones, both loud and long,
Each one boldly confident he could tell,
The sweeter voice of his Beloved well.
No sluggish laggard there, in all the train,
Each had loved ones, and wished to see again,
The eyes which fondly looked a last adieu,
And hear the voice that love made bashful too.
But eager as were all the coming Band,
Not one, more eager was than Laska, grand
And fearless leader of the fearless men,
Whose praises needed neither tongue, or pen,

For he, in the hot chase, outstripped them all,
As driving winds outrun the leaves in Fall.
The arrow, and knife, by his strong hand driven,
Were sure, and swift, as thunder bolts of heaven.

XXVIII.

The spoils! Who does not wish to share the
spoils,
Though he may not have bravely shared the toils,
By which the desired bounty was secured?
The men who to great hardships are inured,
Are not guilty of the harsh, crying greed,
Which shuts up its bowels to those in need,
Or would withhold, when that it has to give,
Might strength, and comfort, bring to those who
live.
Nor is he abject, who accepts good will,
From those whose kindly hands he can not fill;
Some day their diff'rent fortunes may reverse,
And they be glad to take what these disburse.
So David thought, as Laska laid his gift
Before him, and, with intuition swift,
Turned round to look for her whose image pure,
Drove his knife b' inspiration, quick and sure,
Into the beast, part of whose carcass lay,
As the proud trophy of his skill that day.

XXX.

Virginia! Laska! each a favored one,
She an idol—he a favorite son!
Would it be rash in him to think of her,
As one whose light, and love, should ever stir,
His heart with the passion she kindled now?
His soul was full of love's bright fire, but how
Could he express his love, and, wooing, win
Her heart and hand? Their races were not kin,
Save as the Great Spirit's won'drous hand,
Made them both one blood. The warm blood
that ran
In their veins was one; color of their skin,
Was the veil which darkly hung, thick, though
thin,
As the evil thing to cloud his soul's bright fire,
And forbid th' hope of gaining his desire.
He would, but would she, let him proudly stand,
By her, and on Love's ancient altar swear,
To lover her ever, should she hear his prayer?
'Twas torture not to know; 'twould not be more,
If knowing, she denied his plea. The store
Of love for her he treasured, made him start
With thought, some day his love should win her
heart.

XXXI.

Virginia, loved child of her father's heart,
Was more to him than gold in every mart,
Best, and brightest ornament of his soul,
Cast by nature in her beauteous mould.

He knew of Laska's passion for the Maid,
 And though he could not wish, was half afraid,
 The love he gave her had already won,
 The heart, and life, he could resign to none.
 Dutiful was she, but resign he must,
 Some day the treasure he had held in trust,
 And who, but he, so worthy to command
 Her life, as th' honored Chief of Croatan?
 The years were passing, and hardships seen,
 In older age had left him broken, lean,
 And with the hectic flush upon his cheek,
 He counted time, not by the year, but week.
 To know she had an arm on which to lean,
 When Death, with sad'ning grief, should come
 between,
 Him and her, would be a satisfaction blest,
 And smooth the pillow where his head should
 rest.
 The father's heart 'gainst racial instinct strove,
 But love, at last, had won, and winning, wove
 The fabric which should bind their tribes in one,
 Enduring as the bright and changeless sun.

XXXII.

Long, long, years ago, when the world was young,
 The thunderbolts like great fire brands were
 flung,
 From clouded heavens, to dry, and parching
 earth,
 Whose alluvial soil, of little worth,
 For thirteen moons did fiercely blaze, and burn
 Till change did come, and by the clouds return,

The fires quenched, and filled the abysmal place,
With waters sweet, tokens of Heaven's grace.
To this men owe, and thus they came to greet,
The peaceful waters of Mattamuskeet.
Here both fish, and fowls, in the waters play,
And the margin is set with sweetest Bay,
The Jessamine climbs the tall Cypress trees,
And heaven seems near, in the soft morning
breeze.

'Twas near this Lake that David fixed his home,
Here that Manteo's son had loved to come.
And now, though grown—a Chieftain bold, and
Strong,
He wooed his fair one in these notes of song:

“The sun's bright beams are on the Lake,
And gently flows the tide;
The winds are hushed for thy dear sake,
All o'er the waters wide.

Then come, my Love, and let us see,
The glories of the day;
The sun beams wait to shine on thee,
And gain a brighter ray.

Come as the Fawn, both light and fleet,
While I am waiting thee;
'Tis time to leave thy dear retreat,
And come to be with me.

As lonely Dove, who sits to mourn,
The absence of its mate;
To thee my plaintive song is borne,
Come, come!—'tis late, 'tis late!”

XXXIII.

Virginia was not as a modern belle,
 In flimsy tinsel made to shine. Truth t' tell,
 She did not need a modern tailor's art,
 To make her up—nature had done her part,
 And she had done it well. Her face was fair,
 Her brow was smooth, and flaxen was her hair;
 Her arching lips was like to Cupid's bow;
 Her eyes were blue, the lashes long, and low;
 Her well shaped body strong, her sinews steel—
 Full of vigorous health, from head to heel.
 Quick of wit, and in her resources bold,
 She did not shine, as does the polished gold,
 But as the exhumed diamond in the rough,
 Was made of finer, and of better stuff.
 A child of nature, reared in forests wild,
 Inured to hardships, she was reconciled
 To plain life, and high loves, where men were
 men,
 Women, women, and all they could have been.

XXXIV.

Along the margin of the placid Lake,
 Virginia's image shadowed in their wake,
 His boat he urged with paddle strong;
 Nor did he stop for once, to think how long,
 The time which past, while fleeting, happy hours,
 Went all to soon. Imprisoned in the bowers,
 Where nature her sweet scented off'ring made,
 To Him who gave their sweets, both man and
 maid,

In love as pure as heaven, pledged their word,
And sealed it with the lovers sign. No bird
Was so light on wing, as were they of heart,
Nor could a single thing of earth, impart
More of happiness, as they homeward turned,
To nurse the holy fire which in them burned
Her love for him, and his for her, had scaled
The mountains high—the ocean wide—nor
failed,
To find at last, a smooth, and open sea,
Where storms come not, but calm shall ever be.

XXXV.

The hectic flush on David's cheeks, had grown
Larger, and, in its scarlet hue, was shown
The ensign, which death had flung out before,
As the white flag, on ship driven to the shore,
Proclaims distress, while from her broken mast,
It makes its plea for help—perchance the last.
His cough had deepened, and 'twas plain to see,
By his growing weakness, how soon might be,
The end foreseen—the end by all deplored,
At distance kept by vital forces stored.
But even the strongest to death must bow,
However strong, or loved, some where, some how,
We must this running debt of nature pay,
And mournful turn again to house of clay.

XXXVI.

Ah! man, tread lightly! and as softly speak!
 The gentle Zephyr's breath is not too weak,
 To bring, where life with death is batt'ling hard,
 And life is weary of the long regard,
 It had for world, and self, but yet would shield,
 Loved ones from wound to heart that's never
 healed,
 Except by length'ning time, and heavenly grace,
 Faith's sure refuge, and sorrow's only brace.
 David sat in his rudely cushioned chair,
 And looked his love on wife, and daughter fair,
 His look, so grave, so meek, and chastened all,
 Told how strongly affection made its call
 On him to live for them; but death had set
 Its seal upon that brow, which never yet
 Had known defeat, and he turned his face away,
 Lest his breaking heart should his grief display.
 His time had come, and with his duty done,
 He gave the blessing they had justly won;
 His palsied hand was on the daughter's head,
 Then silence reigned; she looked, and he was
 dead!

XXXVII.

Manteo mourned for his departed friend,
 In grief sincere, profound, for he did lend,
 By wisdom of his acts, and kindness shown,
 A higher, better life, than they had known
 Before he came; and, now that he had gone,
 All he ever said, all that he had done,
 Reminded *Manteo*, how much his worth—
 So great in life, though lowly in his birth.

A burial, befitting that of King,
Was given him. They knew no Psalm to sing,
But they laid his body in very state,
And watched by it as guards of honor wait,
Then laid it in the ground, and turned away,
Saddened in heart, but hoping that some day,
When to the Great Spirit they had fled,
They should find him with the living, not the
dead.

XXXVIII.

Sad is the home, which mourns some member
dead,
But sadder still, the one has lost its head;
As lone the nest, from which the young have fled,
But not so lone, as where the old are dead.
Manteo knew from his increasing years,
And fate of David, which aroused fresh fears,
The reaper Death, with sickle gathered all,
The good and bad, the lowly and the tall.
He to the Widow as a husband stood,
Nor did he spare himself, if aught he could,
To ease the gnawing pain, relieve the heart,
So broken, crushed, by Death's unfeeling dart.
Vain were the efforts made, they only proved,
How greatly kind the heart which would have
smoothed
Her rugged path, and brought to them again,
The heart so true, she had with David lain.
In her sad eyes there was a vacant look,
Save when she pored o'er pages of the book,
Which told of life to come, and union, where
Her love for him might fruit eternal bear.

XXXIX.

'Twelve moons have past. Time's deft hand has
done,
That none other could; it has wooed, and won,
Back to the earth the souls bereaved so sore,
With all their chastened grief, as did before
Their sorrow came, and bid them lift their heads,
And eat again where Joy her table spreads.
It was a unique thing—this wedding rite—
The natives had not seen so strange a sight,
Nor yet the world had looked upon a scene
Like this. No Priest, but Priestess, stood be-
tween
The Groom and Bride; and, out of book she read
The solemn words, which once they had been
said,
By obligations neither one might waive,
Forever bound their lives, this side the grave.
No Croatan could read the sacred Book—
They could only stand, and, wondering, look
Upon the sight, to them as grave as new.
Basana, the white bearded prophet, blew
From his brimming pipe circling clouds of
smoke,
Whose wide expanding rings, before they broke,
Hung still in air, declared these the tokens were,
Of happiness the Spirits should confer;
And blest the pair with incantations wild,
Such as did he for every native child.

XL.

Feasting was now the order of the day,
And if excess were indulgd, truth to say,
'Twas better than bacchanalian revels,
The favorite modern scheme of devils
'To brutalize, and to make men savage.
Strong drink, not food, does our virtue ravage,
And of this they were innocent; but food
They had in plenty, and, in joyous mood,
They did not need the deeply poisonous cup,
To add to their hilarity, now up
To the highest pitch—but good natured all,
Without a conflict, and without a brawl.
Queer were their antics, primitive their dress;
But let us not these things too strongly stress,
To those whose fairy form and pretty face,
Is due to greater skill, or finer lace.
Nature was not offended in their dress,
And, of paint, the difference was, we have less,
Because more skilled in its compounding,
And in application more astounding.
Doubly blest—blest by Priestess, and by Priest,
'The tribal festival began, nor ceased,
Till each his present brought, nor would he
waive
His right to have them take the things he gave.
Good fellowship was there, and although rude
In expression, there was no angry feud,
Nor envy to lift its hideous head,
And poison joys to which the time was wed.

XLI.

Women, and children, came to take a part,
 In honoring one, who from the very start,
 Had won their love, and in a homely lay,
 Express their gladness at the happy day:

“From far away over the sea,
 The pale faced Stranger came;
 A weak and puny thing was she,
 The Bear and Fox to tame.

But she the cunning Fox has tamed,
 And wild Bear from the wood;
 None other now is half so famed,
 None other half so good.

As Laska's Bride we sing to thee,
 The great one, and the strong;
 May his big heart thy shelter be,
 And he thy daily song.

Thou art Bride to the noble tribe,
 Whose love we bring thee now;
 And we are proud to be allied
 To one so good as thou.”

XLII.

Uncultured as they were in rhythmic song,
 Their notes were few, but their notations long;
 The drawling, gutt'ral sounds, on vocal chords,
 Made not inspiring music, such as lords

With highly practiced ears, delight to hear.
 They learned to imitate the sounds of fear,
 The cries of pain, and mother's plaintive mew,
 Made b' animals, not many, but the few.
 These were their teachers. They knew not the
 power
 Of the human voice, to make men cower
 With dread, or else, to make them shout with
 glee,
 As when the Storm King shouts upon the sea.
 They had the instrument, but had no skill,
 To sweep its finer strings, and make it thrill
 The ear, and heart, responsive to its touch,
 With those secret, divine emotions, such
 As stir the soul to pity, or to hate,
 And, with these stronger feelings, emulate
 The virtues holy heaven alone can show,
 Or vices which the devils only know.
 And yet, unmusical as were their notes
 To others, there's no symphony which floats,
 From orchestral band, or a churchly choir,
 From singing Nun, or chanting Friar,
 Which doth speak more tenderly to the heart,
 Or kinder, sweeter fellowship impart.

XLIII.

⁹Not to a wigwam, with discomfort filled,
 Did Laska take his Bride. No social Guild,
 To entertain a greatly honored guest,
 Did ever seek to do its very best,
 More than he—and he succeeded well.
 Dame Fashion now would laugh, did we but tell,
 The furnishing for their humble dwelling;
 Or, with haughty scorn, and anger swelling,

She would deny that happiness could be,
 A guest in such home, or such a country.
 What is happiness, but a contentment
 With our surroundings, and where love has spent
 Its treasures, great or small, to make us feel,
 It has done its very best for our weal?
 Chairs were not cushioned, nor beds were of
 down,
 Mirrors were absent, (now ladies don't frown)
 What need for a glass, where faces did show,
 Love's lighted tapers, all red and aglow?
 Where love lights the home, she blesses the taste,
 The bitter is sweet; if by her 'tis graced,
 And cabin is palace, illumined with fire,
 Leaving no trace of covetous desire.

XLIV.

Though buried in woods, her English taste,
 Began to make an Eden of the waste.
 Wild flowers gathered from the woods, with
 mosses,
 And Ferns from marshy ground, made up the
 losses,
 Of more ambitious place, and gave an air
 Of cultured beauty, and of sweetness, where
 Fruitless trees, or the thorns and briars grew,
 As covert from the Hawks, which did pursue
 With keener eye, swifter wing, talons dread,
 The other fowls from places where they fed.
 No desert, but a wilderness was here
 Before they came, and solitary fear,
 Alone inspired by the scene; but now
 Love and intelligence combined, some how,

Made the wilderness blossom as the rose,
And sweetness burden every wind that blows.
To those who in silent communion hold
Converse with Nature, till her secrets told,
Inspire the soul to rise by lessons taught,
To higher theme with endless issues fraught,
There comes a reverent sense of holy things,
As if the soul were touched by angels' wings,
And the great God stands out before the mind,
As only thought, with awe and dread to bind.

XLV.

Home is where the heart is. No heart, no home.
The feet and mind of man may widely roam,
O'er distant lands, and widest seas, but find
No home in all their range—not once a sign
Of such a place—only a dwelling there,
Whose walls, and rooms, though full, his feel-
ings share,
And still drive him on in mockery where,
There is no love, or hope, for which he'd care.
Not so here. Love had touched every thing,
And with a generous hand she did bring,
Pictures of grace to adorn the rough walls,
And rich carpets to cover rooms, and halls.
The light which from their candle stick did shine,
In its soft brightness, seemed almost divine!
Imagination? Yes, she spread her wing,
And while Love took her golden harp to sing,
Brought these trusting hearts the wealth of
heaven—
Nothing was lacking, all of worth was given.

XLVI.

In English tongue Laska had learned to speak,
 By dint of drilling six days in the week,
 From a wise Teacher, whose patience no tax,
 Could make her give up, or even relax.
 In spelling, it was wonderful to see,
 How often an E got turned into B;
 In writing, the pen would oft' go awry,
 And J in the jumble, turn to an I.
 The verbs, and the nouns, more capers did cut,
 Than Squirrel on a limb, or Turkey in strut.
 The prepositions fared fully as bad,
 And articles were enough t' run one mad;
 But adjectives came more nearly in place,
 But seldom being found off of their base.
 The search for knowledge was quite a long chase,
 Followed with persistence known of his race,
 And many a blunder called up a smile,
 On face of the Teacher, dumb for the while,
 But stuck to the work herself did assign,
 Nor thought her difficult task to resign,
 Till the tongue could speak in accents that
 graced,
 The love her heart had already embraced.

XLVII.

Happy the hearts wedded in purest love,
 'Tis theirs to know joys felt by those above.
 In crowd, or solitude, earth is heaven,
 For those to whom this glad boon is given;
 And hearts that truly love are sure to find,
 All the sweets to which others may be blind,

As Bee in his search for food gathers sweets,
 Even from pois'nous cups with which it meets.
 Their world supreme was in themselves, and not
 An adverse cloud, with dark'ning fold, did blot,
 Or blur, the risen sun, whose cheerful ray,
 Chased the night in long, perpetual day.
 Into their home the widowed Mother came,
 To be mother indeed, as well as name,
 And out of her maternal heart to pour
 In these, treasures none other has in store,
 Save her whose pain and travail has given,
 Power to love only less than Heaven.

XLVIII.

Manteo, as Chief, long had ruled his men,
 And wise, as 'twas humane, his reign had been ;
 But he was old, his faltering steps were slow,
 His eyes were dim, he could no longer show,
 His greater strength in war, or in the chase,
 Where strength was needed, and an eye to trace
 The foe on field, or game in forests deep,
 When brave to stand, or stealthily to creep—
 Awaiting chance to strike a fatal blow,
 Where rashness led pursuing ones to go.
Manteo now his Braves did call to meet,
 And thus addressed them from the Council seat :
 “*Manteo's* old ; his day of strength is gone ;
 The Bear is stiff, the Deer is weak as Fawn ;
 The Eagle can not see, the Hawk is slow,
 And nothing dreads *Manteo's* trusty bow.
 The days grow darker, and the nights more chill,
 As lone I sit, and watch the growing hill,

'Hind which the sinking sun doth swiftly set,
 Or waters leave the shore they just had wet.
 The time has come! Laska must henceforth
 wear,
 The feathers I have plucked from Eagles, where
 The sly Fox, or Weasel, would fear to run,
 And birds of boldest wing would seek to shun."

XLIX.

Solemn were the proceedings of the day,
 More solemn, by the evident decay,
 Of one who had so long, and often, led
 In peace and war, as their accepted head.
 But sometimes in the councils of the brave,
 Envy lifts up its head, as from the grave,
 And rends the peace, unseemly though it be,
 Careless of all, but self, and harmony.
¹⁰*Granganimeo*, fit name, (the angry Bear)
 Stood up to speak, and he did rend and tear,
 The peaceful Council, as the hoisted sail,
 Is rudely rent, and torn, by mad'ning gale;
 Or some tall, and stately tree, bends its head,
 To stormy winds among its branches spread.
 "Granganimeo has followed Manteo,
 As the dry leaves follow the winds that blow.
 He will not follow Laska! The Pale Face
 Stole Laska's heart. A stranger to his race,
 Is his Squaw. Our men will not follow him!
 Let them speak whose eyes are no longer dim,
 And say if they will be ruled by one,
 Who has betrayed his race, as he has done!"

L.

As fuel to the fiercely burning heat,
These words did seem, as on their ears they beat,
With passion, widely frantic, in its rage,
Like that of savage beast within his cage.
Old Manteo's eyes grew bright once again,
With their wonted fires. Turning to his men,
He stood erect, while indignation burned,
Deep in his soul, and every utt'rance churned
The white foam on his lips, like ships at sea,
Storm driven, churn the waves through which
they flee.

“By the gods, Granganimeo's speech is wrong!
The weak should be protected by the strong;
And by the blood in these old veins—once slow—
Now rushing as the swollen rivers flow!
By the trembling hand which still can draw a
bow,
Granganimeo shall eat his words, or go
To death, before another moon shall rise
Upon his head, or light his evil eyes!”

LI.

Manteo's words upon the Council broke,
With all the force, and fire, of lightnings stroke;
But proud Granganimeo was brave to dare,
The vengeance of his Chief. His eyes did glare,
With the fierce anger burning in his soul,
Or pride of one about to reach his goal.
He did not stand alone. By courage he
Had long since won acknowledged right to be

Respected; and as marksman none could beat,
 His aim of arrow shot in chase's heat.
 The praise of those who knew his courage, skill,
 Made him aspire Manteo's place to fill;
 And Laska's marriage to the pale faced maid,
 A pretext for the plans ambition laid.
 Bold were these men, and each had taken side.
 With one, or other, nor did seek to hide
 From conflict impending. But few did stand
 With Granganimeo; yet, they showed their hand,
 And, unflinchingly, stood the trying test
 Of being frowned upon by all the rest.

LII.

Words were vain! Passion clamored to be heard,
 With noisy show like flapping wings of bird,
 Beating bars of cage, mocking one that flies,
 While not above its perch can it arise.
 But tumults, like surging winds, soon are past,
 As violence is strained too much to last,
 Or, lasting long, is deadened by the strain,
 As frost the ground, where 'tis untimely lain.
 The gusts of passion having spent their force,
 In tax on voices till they all were hoarse,
 A sullen silence o'er them reigned instead,
 As stillness in the chambers of the dead.
 But one there was whose voice rung deep, and
 clear,
 Because unheard among the jargon there,
 Yet in whose soul, by deepest passion stirred,
 Was born a purpose, not to be deferred—

To surely execute Manteo's will,
And out his heart the traitors blood to spill.
Laska firmly spoke, Granganimeo heard;
The sound of certain death was in the word,
Back of it was the purpose of a soul,
None might disdain, however strong, or bold.

LIII.

Granganimeo's speech of defiant tone,
To Laska's ready mind had fully shown,
The hatred nursed, which he for long had borne;
And now, as of disguise he had been shorn,
He flung the gage of battle at his feet,
And gave the time, and place, where they should
meet.

Their weapons were the bow, all finely strung,
And arrows deftly drawn, o'er shoulders hung;
The tomahawk, with which to cleave the skull,
And trusty knife, whose blade was never dull.
Thus armed each hasted to the battle ground,
Surveyed the place, and cautious looked around,
For hated enemy he came to kill,
By superior strength, or greater skill.
The champions they were, on either side,
And only death of one could now decide,
Which one should rule, as time its courses ran,
Over the manly tribe of Croatan.

LIV.

Not furious, but deadly in intent,
Each twanging bow its missile sent,
Till empty quivers laid the bow aside,
For closer quarters. Each began to stride,
Across the open space which lay between,
Anxious to avenge the blood which might be
seen,
Flowing from angry wounds they had received.
Maddened by their smarts, they only grieved,
Their arrows had not been more fatal aimed,
As o'er the ground they past, their blood had
stained.

Laska had been wounded in the thigh,
And halt, upon his bleeding limb, drew nigh;
Granganimeo with a satanic grin,
Came on, blood cov'ring him from crown to chin,
Where Laska's arrow cut his cheek, and eye,
Blinding one, the other leaving all awry.

LV.

But, sad as was their plight, each drew his arm,
And made for the other, as though no harm
Had come, or could come, to him. Unafraid,
They marked each movement by the other made,
As rapidly they closed for final strife,
When one, or other, should give up his life;
Or both, perchance, go down beneath the stroke,
His life gone out, his strained heart strings
broke.

The dull thud of tomahawks fell like lead,
As the clashing stones struck, head on head,

And knife in hand, they brandished for the
thrust,
He knew would lay his victim in the dust.
Lame as he was, Laska, with giant's strength
Seized Granganimeo's arm, stretched at full
length,
And struck a fearful blow with stony axe
That felled, and crushed, his head as beaten flax.
Short was the conflict, but fast were the blows,
As clouds deliver their flakes when it snows;
Or Hare that is routed, flies out of breath,
At nose of the pack, intent on his death.

LVI.

Laska stood o'er the limp, and prostrate form,
From whose wounds blood was flowing free, and
warm;
And angered by the pains himself did feel,
Addressed th' unconscious foe beneath his heel:
"Helpless as thou art, Laska would not strike,
Thy maimed, and broken body; but, like
A fallen tree, winds have stript, and thrown,
I leave thee here to rot; to rot alone!
Thy sentence is fulfilled. Manteo's son,
Over the Angry Bear his triumph won.
Ambition fallen from her lofty place,
Covered with wounds that leave her in disgrace,
Shall teach men her lesson long repeated—
Ruin follows, where she is defeated!
Virginia! pale of face, thou art my Queen,
And, on this strong arm, thou still mayest lean;
And, in its strength, secure protection find,
What e'er to me shall be the cost assigned!

LVII.

The conflict over, and victory won,
 Men did crowd the place where, till now, not one
 Had ventured, to discourage, or applaud,
 The Chief he would acknowledge as his lord.
 Granganimeo lay prone upon the ground—
 Life had ebbed from many an open wound,
 And although brave the fight he made that day,
 He lost his wage, and losing, lost for aye.
 Laska tenderly by his friends was borne
 From off the field, his bleeding limb, where torn
 By ragged arrows head, the only sign
 Of deadly combat, on embattled line,
 Where life 'gainst life was pitted for the while,
 And each did pray for Fortune's favored smile.
 She smiled upon the one who justice had,
 For half disarmed is he whose cause is bad,
 And Mercy turns away with tearful eye,
 But gives him up in mortal pains to die.

LVIII.

Though painful was his wound, a wifely hand,
 Did dress the grievous sore, and tie each band,
 With gentleness that soothed the gnawing pain,
 And helped each nerve to bear the constant
 strain.
 Oh, Love, divinest passion of the soul!
 Large are thy gifts, but little is thy toll!
 At thy touch music from discordant strings
 Is waked, as light that comes on Morning's
 wings,

To bless the eyes through deepest darkness
strained,
And glad, as cheerless heart by Hope regained.
Ah! such ministrations, pure and tender,
'Gainst pain, and death, are our best defender,
Surpassing all the wise Physician's art,
To keep the life-blood pulsing through the heart!
And this Laska had in richest measure,
The love of woman—man's greatest treasure,
'The brightest star whose rays on him have
shined,
A healing balm for body, and for mind.

LIX.

Time who bears all things, though on leaden
wings,
Keeps company the most with him who sings,
As Pilgrims on a long, and tiresome road,
Choose those who most relieve them of their
load;
And glad was he to fellowship a man,
Whose spirits light, no sufferings could ban.
At last the day had come to leave his chair,
And forth to go, though limp, to open air,
Whose breath he longed to feel upon his cheek—
Health for the strong, and strengthening for the
weak—
Glad were his comrades to hail him again,
For they saw in him a man among men,
And only waited his pleasure to say,
How soon he would don the Laurel and Bay.
Ah! well had he won the tribute they gave,
His laurels were plucked from edge of the grave;
And none, but himself, knew fully the cost,
Of plaudits his life so nearly had lost!

LX.

The day for his investiture was here,
 And Laska, proudly leaning on his spear,
 Stood up before the Tribe a manly one,
 'Fore whom they paled as stars before the sun.
 Tall, graceful, was his form, his forehead high;
 His chest was deep, and piercing was his eye,
 His hands were large, and muscular his arms,
 His shapely limbs revealing full the charms,
 Most liked by sturdy men, and women prize,
 Not overly large, nor yet under size.
 In truth, his was a form which Kings might
 crave,
 To grace a hall, or charge where battles rave;
 The one to capture by the art to please,
 The other conqueror by his arms with ease.
 O'er his shoulders Manteo's mantle hung,
 At his side, bow and tomahawk were slung;
 The great Bald Eagle's feathers decked his head,
 As signature that he to them was wed,
 While pealing throats, (each did with others
 vie)
 Laska is Chief! Laska is Chief! they cry.

LXI.

Virginia viewed the strange and simple scene,
 By which her husband's rank had made her
 Queen,
 In fact, though not in name; and from the
 Squaws
 She did obedience receive. The laws

Which gave to Laska the exalted place
Of Chief, bound men, and women of the race,
To heed his voice, and ready stand to do
His will. And to his wife the women too,
Must pay respect, and homage, of a kind
So distinctly marked, she should ever find,
That scarce one thing in common could they
share,

But motherhood, and love which mothers bear.
Reared, for most part, 'mong these faithful ones,
She learned to love their daughters and their
sons;

And high resolve was born to fill her place,
As one who sought to benefit their race,—
To lift them high above the Pagan throng,
As bold to do the right, as shun the wrong.

LXII.

Providence, which in ever kindly rule,
Had watched, and trained her in its school,
Now opened fresh upon her pious view,
The thoughts, and feelings, old, but ever new,
Upon the altar of unselfish pride,
To raise a monument which should abide,
The wrecks of length'ning time, and live, and
grow,

Long as the mountains stand, or rivers flow.
Committed now was she to heavenly task,
And to Him she looked who bade her ask,
For wisdom's rule to guide the wayward will,
And give the strength her mission to fulfill.
A blessed task!—a holy mission this!
To bring from Pagan gloom, to light and bliss,
'The superstitious mind, and teach the heart,
How to live, and love—man's divinest art!

LXIII.

Manteo had not laid aside too soon
 Tribal cares, which with every changing moon,
 Made weak, and weaker still, the once strong
 man,
 Now bent by grim years, as these only can.
 His steps, once firm, did falter as a child,
 And in the Eagle's flashing eye, a mild,
 Far-off look, as if he pined for rest,
 In spirit world where were those he loved best.
 Nor long did he have to wait Death's coming.
 Like some unfettered bird when 'tis homing,
 Stretching wide his wings, and then beating
 strong
 The lambent air, through which he flies, a long
 And weary flight, yet brings by straining test,
 The long looked for, and his desired rest;
 So *Manteo*, by weary years weighed down,
 Looked at distant home, and, by single bound,
 Flung wide the doors of cage, whose bolts and
 bars,
 Long had shut him in, and beyond the stars,
 He at sunrise rested, both safe, and well,
 Leaving naught, but empty cage, his flight t' tell.

LXIV.

Wild lamentations, heard on every hand,
 Grief of every heart for *Manteo* fanned,
 As they came near his cold, and clammy clay.—
 Turned away to recount his noble deeds,
 And then to clothe themselves in mourning
 weeds,

The true tokens in this, their outward garb,
How keen they felt the edge of sorrow's barb.
Tenderly they laid what of him was left,
In mound, which by their tomahawks was cleft,
Beside the place where his friend David slept—
Two kindred spirits, loved, and sorely wept.
No monumental stone—a mound of earth—
Marks the grave of one noble from his birth;
A man free from all bitterness and strife;
Pagan in thought, but Christian in life.

LXV.

Laska was scion of a noble stock,
Not a sparkling gem, but a useful rock,
On whose firm surface might be skillful laid,
Foundation for a people, strong and staid.
Redder blood in veins of his children run
Than his, for not beneath the shining sun,
Was richer than the veins of wife did store—
English—English—and English to the core.
Virginia loved Laska, and loved him well,
When she married him, but, truth to tell,
Ambition whispered of a noble race,
And imagination began to trace
A picture fair, and told of ancient flood,
Of Norman conquest, and of Saxon blood.
And who shall damn, or blame, the pale-faced
Maid,
Whose hope like risen star, not born to fade,
May lose its brightness in some far-off world,
Or on the reefs where sails of ships are furled—
Though as star it shine with less'ning ray,
And ship to Port shall never find her way?

LXVI.

Blood, as water, runs in channels o' its own,
 Though in a broader basin it be thrown,
 As bolder rivers, emptied into sea,
 Are not once lost, though lost they seem to be;
 Or, light of glowing sun, reflected far,
 Is caught, and nursed, by some far distant star.
 So these commingling lives must ever be,
 Distinct, but blended in paternity.
 And, by hymenial union, thus secured,
 A hardier stock shall be thence assured,
 Which o'er this Western world should weild their
 rod,
 And rule the others, as though ruled of God.
 Bright, and brighter, now were the visions seen,
 As they peered through time's distant, darksome
 screen,
 Saw cities rise, and heard the plowman's song,
 Awake its echoes in the forests, long
 The haunt of solitude, or savage beast,
 Vastly prolific once, but now deceased.

LXVII.

Dreams! dreams! who has not had a waking
 dream,
 Or, would be robbed of that with which they
 teem—
 High inspiration for a greater name,
 Ambition's guide to a patriot's fame?
 Laska, Virginia, each with other vied,
 To train a race, fitted to rule the wide

Hemisphere, of which they should be the heirs,
With discretion, and not with pompous airs,
All unfit to grace the high station, where
The lowly ones must come to make their prayer.
The Autocrat, on European throne,
To self-importance by flattery grown,
Should learn from stalwart men, a man's a man,
Made so of God—d'spoil him no other can.

LXVIII.

Time, the river which is in constant flow,
And on whose bosom all things floating, go
But never come, bore on its running tide,
The two lives, from which more than all beside,
A peaceful Tribe its happiness obtained,
And whose kind hands but little blood had
stained.

Laska, as Chief, not only ruled, but taught,
His Tribe useful arts, which contentment
brought,

And by example of a useful life,
Enforced the wrong of needless, vicious strife,
The venomed foe of man, as well as men,
In all the past, and should be hence again.

'Twas well for them they had one ever wise,
Their laws to give, and ready to devise;
One whose unselfish life was perfect seal,
Of proud devotion to their highest weal.

LXXII.

One word the musty records of the past—
 One word—it was the first, as 'twas the last,
 Graven deep in the wood of living tree,
 Was all there was to tell thy friends of thee.
 But thou didst live, though hidden from their
 sight,
 And none could tell of thy mysterious flight.
 "CROATAN"! The ages hold th' secret now,
 And in a fearless race they tell us how,
 The lamp whose flame was lost in darkest night,
 Did reappear to shine, not red, but white.
 As seeds are dropped from a far-distant clime,
 And nurtured by a generous soil, in time,
 Spring boldly from the place where they were
 cast,
 And fruit more luscious than in ages past,
 May this engrafted tree its fruitage show,
 As time, and seasons, on their circuit go,
 Till time has run its course, and seasons o'er,
¹²Their weary feet shall touch the endless shore!

LXXIII.

Liberty! Liberty! For thy dear sake,
 What costly sacrifices men do make;
 Yet who has faintly tasted of thy good,
 And would not wisely buy thee, if he could?
 David had paid exceeding price for this,
 But thought it naught compared with freedom's
 bliss *L. of C.*

To walk the earth, and feel himself a man,
And free to do for self the best one can.
And she to whom as partner of his life,
Did prove herself to be a trusty wife,
Deserves, as fully as himself to be,
Held in rememb'rance by posterity.
The whited stone which marks historic place,
Where first the dwellings of those pale of face
Were raised, shall tell the story of a birth,
¹³Whose life, though lost, is found in endless
worth.

THE END.

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