



# POCAHONTAS

*"Bright stream that runs between the hills"*

By  
Helen W. Ludlow

Marginal illustrations by  
LABAN BAIRD (Te-yu-stel-la-te)

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE PRESS

TO  
THE INDIAN GIRLS OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE  
ON THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HELEN W. LUDLOW



*"A blithe little wandering forest maid!"*

# Pocahontas

*"Bright stream that runs between the hills."*



BLITHE little wandering forest maid,  
Named from the romping rills,  
Careless as they I sang and strayed  
Among our cradling hills.



But a pool I knew in a woodland nook,  
Where my face looked up and smiled:  
Clear, deep heart of the frolicsome brook—  
Such was the heart of the child.

Great was the day of the wondrous news,  
By our fleet-foot runners brought,  
Of the winged canoes, and their pale-face crews  
Who the Powhatans' welcome sought.



"They are gods!" we said, and our tribute gave,  
But they quarreled and quailed like men,  
And our warriors brave, our homes to save,  
Sped swift through the silent glen.



Oh, the terrible Feast of the Torture, held  
In the deep wood's midnight gloom;  
While the dancers yelled, and the war-drum swelled  
The chant of the prisoner's doom!

Did he cringe, as they led him forth to die  
For the flames' and the war-club's food?  
With courage high and dauntless eye  
The Great White Captain stood!



Then my maiden heart swelled strong as the sea,  
And I sprang from the women's ring—  
"Give his life to me! Set the White Chief free!  
Or mine with his death-chant sing!"



Oh, the silence!—"Lo, 'tis the god's decree"—  
Spake my Sire—"Our warfare ends."  
The White Chief's knee bent low to me,  
And they finished the feast as friends.

Through the starving-times of the white men's woe,  
I led my trains with food  
O'er the trail of snow where my brook below  
Crept slow to the River's flood.



When the solemn pact of the council-fire  
By wrathful hands was torn,  
I dared the ire of my mighty Sire,<sup>3</sup>  
The Great White Chief to warn.



Wounded and weary, sore bestead,  
He sailed for his native land:  
The Great Captain's dead," the false word sped;  
And I wailed with my maiden band.

By kindred betrayed to the nobler foe,<sup>4</sup>  
For hostage, my heart grew chill:  
Love's whisper low freed its pulses' flow,  
As Spring frees the ice-bound rill.





"—our home by the River's wave!"

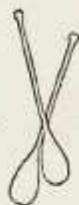
Oh, the day of days<sup>†</sup>, in the Moon of Rain,  
By the lordly River's side,  
When I knelt with my train in the Island fane,  
And left it the Christian's bride!

They christened me "Bond-of-Peace";<sup>‡</sup> the rule  
They read from their Holy Book;  
The drops felt cool on my brow, like the pool  
Of my childhood's namesake brook.

With peace profound the year went round  
In our home by the River's wave;<sup>§</sup>  
Then the brooklet's glee came back to me,  
In the voice of my baby-brave.

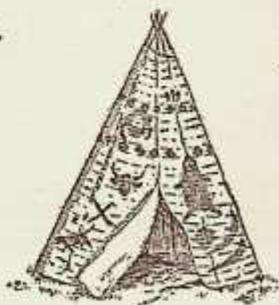


In the River's breast is a deep unrest,  
The tide of the surging sea:  
It swept us away through the Capes of the Bay—  
But still sang my brooklet to me:



“ Whither thou goest, I go,” it sighed,  
“ Never a drop is lost ;  
The Great Spirit guides the way of the tide,  
Till the wide, rough sea is crossed.”

Too weary the weight of my Princess state,  
In the white man's far-off home,  
With its countless bands like the white sea-sands,  
And I pined with my brook to roam.

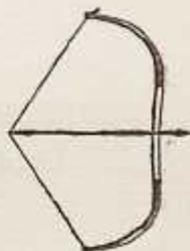




*"—the brooklet's glee came back to me  
In the laugh of my baby heaven"*

It was joy when my White Chief came to me,  
Living and grand as of yore ;  
But I paid the fee of my high degree :  
" Daughter " he said no more .

Now the good ship strains at her anchor chains,  
And her sails are set for home ;  
But earth-bands may not the soul delay  
When the Master of Life says " Come . ""



As my spirit freed fared forth with speed  
O'er the Rainbow Bridge of the Soul,  
In the glory a gleam from my sky-born stream  
Cheered it on to its sun-bright goal.



'Neath the dome of the many-mansioned Home,  
Time's centuries pass untold,  
In the Happy Groves where our heroes rove  
And the City with Streets of Gold.



In its unspent morn, to my soul new-born  
Came the voice of the Master fair,  
And my being thrilled like the pine's harp, filled  
With the song of the soundless air.

The bright drops that hie to their source, the sky  
Sends back with the blessing of Spring:  
So I haste once more to my native shore,  
The word of the Spirit to bring.





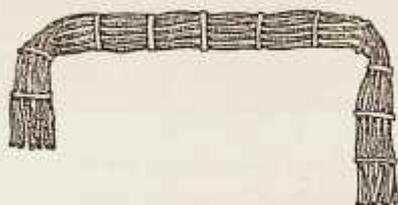
*"—a pool I knew in a woodland nook"*

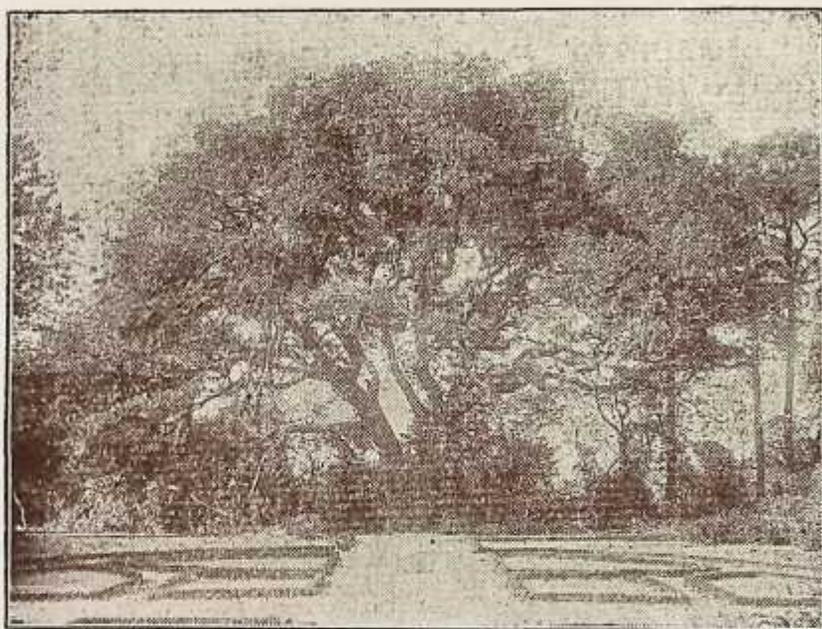
In the Powhatans' seat the world-tribes meet,"  
A great Nation's glory to swell;  
They blazon the fame of my White Chief's name,  
The deeds of the forest maid tell.



Will they hearken once more, as my people of yore,  
To the message I speak from above—  
That the Great Spirit sends?—"Let the Races be  
friends:

Let the bond of the Nations be Love!"





THE POWHATAN OAK AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION  
*"In the Powhatans' seat the world-tribes meet"*

*Note—The picture of the Powhatan Oak is copyrighted by the Jamestown Official Photograph Corporation.*

## NOTES

NOTE 1—The story of Pocahontas has been rescued from skeptical criticism by the closer researches of the Virginia Historical Society and such competent historians as John Esten Cooke and John Fiske, to stand forever among the most striking adornments of the Beautiful Gate of American history.

Says Fiske: "I have dwelt at length upon the question of Smith's veracity for three good reasons. First, in the interest of sound historical criticism it is desirable to show how skepticism, which is commonly supposed to indicate superior sagacity, is quite as likely to result from imperfect understanding. Second, justice should be done to the memory of one of the noblest and most lovable characters in American history. Third, the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas was an event of real historic importance. Without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony become incomprehensible. But for her friendly services on more than one occasion, the tiny settlement would probably have perished."

NOTE 2—"Bright stream that runs between the hills" is the literal translation, according to contemporaneous chroniclers, of "Pocahontas," said by them to be the pet name bestowed by Powhatan upon his favorite little daughter. Its other renderings, "tomboy" and "wanton"—the latter word a synonym of frolicsome in the speech of the day, so used by Shakespeare—were evidently the white settlers' condensed interpretation of the Indians' figurative speech, clipping the wings of its native grace and poetry.

The forest maid's first appearance at Jamestown is thus described by Capt. John Smith in his diary: "Powhatan, understanding we detained certain salvages, sent, in May 1608, with his most trusty messenger to protect her, his daughter, a child of tenne, which, not only for feature,

countenance and proportion much exceedeth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit is the Nonpareil of his country." One is glad that the Captain adds, "We gave them to Pocahontas, the King's Daughter, in regard of her father's kindness in sending his child whom he most esteemed to see me to ask liberty for their men."

NOTE 3—"Give his life to me." This daring interference by "a maiden of twelve or thirteen," and the instantaneous acceptance of it by her mighty father Powhatan, "at whose least frown," declares Smith, "the greatest spirits of his people tremble with fear," remarkable as they seem are not unique in Indian history. A captive thus rescued was usually adopted into the family of his rescuer. And indeed Pocahontas always thereafter called "the Great Captain," as the Indians named him, "Father." Contemporaneous chroniclers strongly assert that there was never any love affair between the man of twenty-eight and the child of thirteen, but only mutual respect and friendship. She is said to have been much grieved when in England he would no longer address her as "Daughter," fearing he says himself to offend their Royal Majesties who had recognized her father as an Emperor and herself as Princess, as he himself desired them to do in order to conclude a treaty with the colony's war-like neighbors.

NOTE 4—"Through the starving times" etc. These were not the great "Starving Time" so-called, which the colony underwent after Capt. Smith sailed for England, Oct. 4th, 1609, to seek medical treatment for wounds received from an accidental discharge of gunpowder on one of his boating trips. After his departure there was more friction than friendliness between the colonists and the Indians, and Pocahontas herself, it is said, was never once seen at Jamestown, not venturing there doubtless without her white "Father's" protection. But before this, he says, "Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely frequented as her

father's habitation, and during the time of two or three years (1607-09) she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion."

NOTE 5—"I dared the ire of my mighty Sire."

"When," says Capt John Smith, "inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, about the 15th of June, 1609, when her father with the utmost of his policy sought to surprise me at Werawocomoco—I having but eighteen with me—this tender virgin still did not spare; the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods and with watered eies gave me intelligence with her best advice to escape his fury, which had he known he had surely slaine her."

NOTE 6—"By kindred betrayed to a nobler foe."

Early in April 1613, while Pocahontas was visiting the kindred tribe of "Japazaw" Indians on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay, its chief was bribed, by the gift of a copper kettle, to treacherously persuade his guest to go on board an English trading ship with his wife, who pretended to be too shy to accept Capt. Argall's invitation alone. Thinking herself unknown, Pocahontas kindly consented to accompany her supposed friend, and found herself held as hostage for her mighty sire's good behavior and return of certain captured arms and white prisoners.

"Being so detained for nearly two years longer," says the chronicle, "the colony was by that means relieved and peace concluded with Powhatan." The grief of the hostage and her anxious family was assuaged by the respectful treatment she personally received from her captors, and still more, doubtless, by the wooing of "Master John Rolfe, a widower, an honest gentleman of good behavior, who," the chronicler assures us "had long been in love with Pocahontas and she with him."

NOTE 7—"Oh the day of days."

The marriage of Pocahontas in the church at Jamestown—predeces-

sor of the brick one whose ancient tower still stands in picturesque ruin— was witnessed not only by the worthy Master Rolfe's friends, but by a delegation from the wilderness in full feather. Powhatan sent his brother Opachisco, with two sons, "to see the manner of the marriage and do in that behalfe as they were requested, for the confirmation thereof as his deputies, which was accordingly done about the 1st of April, 1614."

NOTE 8—"They christened me Bond-of-Peace"—

Rebecca, the Bible name bestowed on Pocahontas at her baptism, which ceremony preceded that of her marriage, is variously translated from the Hebrew, as "Bands" (Century Dictionary) and "Quarrel-appeased" (Butterworth's Concordance.)

The stone baptismal font of the old church, was removed after the destruction of Jamestown, to the Bruton parish church in Williamsburg, Va., where it may still be seen. A drawing of it for the margin has been made by our Indian illustrator, a Hampton student.

NOTE 9—"Our home by the River's wave"—etc.

"John Rolfe and his bride lived civilly and lovingly together" we are informed, first at Jamestown, then on Rolfe's plantation near the infant "City of Henricus" on the river girt plateau within Dutch Gap, the centre of a fertile and picturesque domain called Varina. Here under her husband's careful instruction, the forest princess became says Captain Smith, "very formal in our English manner, *the first Virginian that ever spake English.*" Here was born their little child, Thomas Rolfe, "which she loved most dearly," says the chronicler. And here they continued to reside until, with Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor of Virginia, they sailed for England in Capt. Argall's vessel, on which she had once been a captive, landing at "Plimoth" on June 12, 1616.

NOTE 10—"Too weary the weight" etc. Received as a royal princess by their Majesties of England, her husband as well as her great Captain looked askance at for having presumed to intimacy with the

"Daughter of a King," it is no wonder that the "Lady Rebekah" pined in the artificial life and uncongenial climate to which she was transported. With her, Powhatan had sent one of his council, Utamatomakin, commissioned to count the white people in their own land, keeping the tally on a stick. On landing at Plymouth he started his notches, but, whether counting by units or hundreds, "soon threw away his stick in despair, (what would not the Historical Societies give for it?) and reported to Powhatan on his return that the only way to count the white men was to count the sands on the seashore."

NOTE 11—"But earth-bands may not the soul delay," etc.

"The Treasurer, Councill and (Virginia) Companie, having," says the chronicler, "well furnished Capt. Sam'l Argall, the Lady Pocahontas, alias Rebbecca, with her husband and others, in the good ship called the George, it pleased God, at Gravesend (where they were about to embark in April, 1618) to take this young Lady to his mercie; where she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to the beholders to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end. Her little childe, Thomas Rolfe, was left at Plimoth with Sir Lewis Stakly that desired the keeping of it." The bereaved husband went his lonely way to America from the grave of his wilderness bride, the exact position of which in the churchyard at Gravesend is unfortunately no longer known. The little son, carefully brought up by his paternal relatives, at the age of nineteen followed his father to America, becoming like him a man of prominence in the colony, the ancestor of the famous John Randolph of Roanoke and many other Virginians of aristocratic families proud of their descent from the Lady Pocahontas.

NOTE 12—"In the Powhatans' seat the world-tribes meet," etc.

The three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, celebrated by the concourse of all nations, seems a fitting time to recall both the gentle deeds and the inspired message of the Colony's, and therefore the country's, earliest heaven-sent friend, the forest princess, Pocahontas.

The drawing at the bottom of page 12 is from a sketch of an Indian "dugout" canoe recently discovered in the bed of the Appomattox River. Tidewater Virginia had no birch trees for canoes.