

THE POEMS
OF
JOHN YALLER CAT.

(WRITTEN IN INDIAN DIALECT.)

A complete collection of the poems of John Yaller Cat as they appeared in the Colony Courier, including a few not previously published,

AMONG WHICH IS

POCAHONTAS,

A HISTORICAL POEM OF EARLY VIRGINIA.

Published 1924, by H. P. Gibbs, proprietor,
Colony, Oklahoma.

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POCAHONTAS,
A HISTORICAL POEM
OF
EARLY VIRGINIA.

CANTO THE FIRST.
Time—Aboriginal.

"I would your princess were alive," I said presently.

"So do I," he answered softly, "so do I." Locking his hands behind his head, he raised his quiet face to the evening star. "Brave and wise and gentle," he mused. "If I did not think to meet her again, beyond that star, I could not smile and speak calmly, Ralph, as I do now."—Mary Johnstone, in "To Have and to Hold."

The speakers in the above quotation are Ralph Percy and John Rolfe.

This little historical poem, "Pocahontas," I dedicate to my wife as a token of sincere love.

Virginia, the "Grand Old Dominion" of God
and King James of Old England,
Blessed by Nature, sublime, aye, beyond every
power of man to describe it,
Behold it in all of its beauty! in all of its pri-
meval grandeur!
Here it is in its virgin condition, untilled by the
hand of a human!

Virginia, the blessed of heaven! Virginia, the
home of the free!
Virginia, the home of the noble! Virginia, the
home of the brave.

Let us go to the wilds of Virginia, turning
backward three centuries of time,
When Nature, virgin pure and unblemished,
frolicked free in God's own chosen clime,
Let us follow the fox and the roebuck, the squirrel,
wild turkey and hare,
Let us climb to the eyries of eagles, and watch
the wild cat in his lair,
Let's examine the beauties of Nature through
woodland and mountain and glen,
The habits of birds and of fishes and the habits,
likewise, of wild men,
Let us camp in the wild, rugged woodlands by
the side of some pure crystal stream,
And, while hunting, let's court Virgin Nature,
and think of and study and dream.
Here 'neath the vast dome of the heavens, let us
stand up with uncovered heads,
Contemplating the works of creation, the power
of an infinite God,
The fresh, verdant tints of the meadows, the
brilliant-hued clouds and the sea,
The somber expanse of the forest, the serpentine
curves of the river
And the gay, vernal blossoms unnumbered,
adorning the valleys and hillsides.

There were broad-spreading elms and oak trees
with mistletoe crowned to their summits,
There were sycamores, chestnuts, and beech-
woods, sassafras, walnuts and pines,
Birches, persimmons and gum trees, cypress,
ash, hickory and vines,
Cotton-woods, poplars and fox-woods and others
which are known very well,
With birds to inhabit their branches and wild
beasts to creep in their shade,
And eat of the rank growing grasses, and drink
the spring water so cool.

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Fierce savages roamed through the forests as
did they for centuries past,
Fighting and fishing and hunting, by cool wa-
ters building their towns,
Holding pow-wows and councils of war, then
smoking the long pipe of peace,
Dancing and chanting and playing, eating and
gambling and sleeping,
Running and shooting their arrows, and throw-
ing their tomahawks straight,
While the squaws made the wigwams and bas-
kets, cultivated tobacco and maize,
Beans, vegetables, potatoes and pumpkins, and
also dried venison and bear's meat,
And stored them away for the winter when the
landscape was frozen and cheerless.

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Thus passed on for ages and ages, who knows
or can find out how long?

How many the centuries that passed in the same
old monotonous song?

Were they once, perhaps, great as a nation and
now retrograding in life?*

Or had they seen slow evolution, and now were
just ready for strife?

Their medicine men had traditions of a great na-
tion long, long before,

Which a future big chieftain or prophet, soon to
come from the east, would restore.

In Powhatan's tribe in Virginia, there were
medicine dances galore,

And very great stress there was given to the
prophesy mentioned before,

And all were expecting a big chief, just as in the
east the wise men

Had expected King Immanuel, Our Savior, to
restore David's kingdom again,

But, of course, their ideas were crude ones, of
spirits almost everywhere,

Who could help the Great Spirit in heaven, and
when He came down through the air.

These traditions were, that a great nation
somewhere to the northwest or southwest,

In the ages long past had existed, whose inhabit-
ants were most truly blessed,

Being happy, industrious and peaceful, kind-
hearted, brave, noble and great.

J. C. Ridpath, the historian, says they were retrograding.

A prosperous and civilized country, with factories,
 large towns, rich estates,
 With commerce and churches and rulers. Traditions—
 but were they not proven
 By ruins and relics of Mound Builders, Cliff
 Dwellers, Aztecs, Montezumas?

When their prophets desired information from
 the spirits who ruled the whole earth—
 From the spirits supernal, who inhabit the happy
 hunting grounds, Indian heaven,
 Concerning some future event, like the certain
 success of their tribe,
 The downfall! of those who opposed them, the
 success of their warriors in battle,
 And e'en the result of the chase, or the welfare
 of some chosen chieftain
 In whom the success or advancement of their
 nation, as they thought, depended,
 They would eat a, so called, mescal bean,*
 whose poison produced a most pleasant
 Delightful sensation and delirium, in which it
 was said that their spirits
 Would part from the medicine men and go in an
 instant of time
 To the happy hunting ground, Indian heaven,
 to the presence of the Mighty Great Spirit,
 Receiving while there the desired information
 direct from the spirits,

* Mescal, any intoxicant. Mescal bean, a poisonous wild bean often spoken of at Colony, but, I believe, not positively identified by white people.

Then, returning to consciousness, they would
relate the events of their visit.
But to some the gay hunt was so pleasant that
they chose to remain there forever,
And came not again to their loved ones with
news of good cheer from the spirits
Who inhabit the regions above—from the spirits
of the God of Mescal,*
But remained derelict to their duty, to engage
in the great feast forever.

Other medicine men, or great prophets, had
different methods of gaining
The desired information from the spirits who
rule in the heavens above
Concerning the things before mentioned, espe-
cially the rise of their nation
To the station told of by tradition, and believed
by Powhatan's prophets.
For instance, that wonderful pow-wow, the med-
icine dance to the sun,
Which was often appealed to, it being a move-
ment contorting and violent,
Accompanied by torture and anguish, self-inflic-
ed quite often, but always
A blood-curdling sight to behold, and continued
without intermission
For days at a time, and until the dancers fell
down in a swoon,

* God of Mescal, same as Bacchus.

And their spirits, as before, would part from them
to the happy hunting ground, Indian heaven,
To commune, as aforesaid, direct, and bring
back good news from the spirits
Who inhabit the regions above—from the spirits
of the God of the Sun,
If so be that they, too, might elect not, to re-
main with the Sun Sprites forever
And take part in the dance of the Sunbeams
that makes this world smiling and bright.

And others as oft employed charms and prayers
and long incantations,
With rattles of gourds and large pebbles, and
other performances weird
And uncanny, with snake skins and bones and
skulls with bright phosphorus inside them,
With head gears of horns and deer antlers and
masks that resembled fierce monsters,
All dancing in circles round a fire in the dismal,
dark forests till midnight,
And until wearied out and asleep, their dreams
would have power prophetic,
That is, their spirits, likewise, in their dreams
would depart from their bodies
To the happy hunting ground, and they, too,
thus obtained the desired information
Which ofttimes would point the true path lead-
ing on to their tribe's destiny,
Or that of some chief of deliverance, or else to
some enemy's downfall.

And others, perchance, overcome in the water,
and rendered unconscious,
Would send out their spirits to visit the happy
hunting ground, Indian heaven,
And they, too, returning, could prophesy, if so
be that they, also, should choose
To return to their friends and their kindred, and
relate the events of their journey,
Instead of remaining forever with the dear,
charming sprites of the water.

Some rendered unconscious by falls, by acci-
dents, bruises or wounds,
Especially those self-inflicted or received in some
heroic battle,
Could send off their spirits to heaven, to visit
the Mighty Great Spirit
And talk to Him there face to face, and return,
(should they not choose to stay)
With a message of cheer for the people—a proph-
esy of good times approaching.

Other ways there were also of gaining interviews
with the Mighty Great Spirit
To find out His pleasure and wishes, but not
through the common delirium
That was caused by diseases and fevers, for that
was the work of the spirits
Of evil, who wrought for destruction, and not of
good spirits who blessed them.

But by whatever method they gained it, it was
certain their prophets agreed

That a promised great nation should rise up,
right there in the land where they dwelt,

To exceed the traditional nation as far as east is
from the west,

And wondered, perhaps, "Wasn't their tribe the
elect ones, the chosen of God?"

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But King Powhatan was in trouble, for, al-
though all his wise men agreed

On the prophesy mentioned above, "That a
great nation soon should arise,"

Yet they seemed to be greatly divided as to how
best to bring it about,

They believed, as do we, that their service could
assist the Great Spirit in heaven

In bringing about this great happy condition
which we call millennium.

Some claimed that the very best method was
through industry, virtue and peace,

But others demurred and asserted that only
through war could they rise

In the world and attain the renown that their
fathers had known in the old days—

In the days of their prowess and glory, and Pow-
hatan listened intently

To the eloquence of all, but still doubting rather
favored the advice of the former,

And strove to keep peace with his neighbors,
but oftentimes without great success.

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CANTO THE SECOND.



Time—Just previous to, and including, a part of 1607.



The first Virginia charter, from April 10th, 1606, to May 23rd, 1609, provided a Superior Council, residing in London, and an Inferior Council of seven, residing in Jamestown, both appointed by the King, and holding office at his royal pleasure. The King's authority was supreme and absolute.



Up the river now known as the James, near
the first of its grand waterfalls,
Was Powhatan's capital, Orapax, a beautiful,
picturesque town,
Near a mound* in the heart of the forest, con-
sisting of a dozen bark houses
And a neat little village of wigwams that were
made in the usual form,

Perhaps the site of Richmond.

And covered with buffalo skins stretched over a
frame-work of poles,
Which served as crude homes in the summer and
protected from cold in the winter.

Beautiful, picturesque capital? Well, hardly,
to your taste or mine!
Though Nature had surely done her part to
measure it up with the best,
To make this crude capital as grand as any the
world ever knew,
As magnificent even as Athens, Babylon, Cairo
or Rome,
Or Jerusalem, that is, if we take the unaided ef-
forts of Nature.
Here King Powhatan with his statesmen and
warriors and prophets resided,
And, though crude was the town and its build-
ings, yet, really, a vast population
Was under the sway of his kingship, and pro-
portionally great were his edicts,
So that neighboring tribes were confederates in
war, as they thought, to their profit
Against common enemies to both, but it added
to Powhatan's greatness.
They loved their great country and called it
"Wing-an-da-co-a," good land.

Here often occurred the great pow-wow, the
appeal to the spirits of heaven

For information on various subjects, and among these was one of importance—

Powhatan very greatly desired an heir to the throne of his kingdom,

A male heir, of course, and a chieftain, to succeed him and lead up his nation

To still greater eminence and glory, but no children were born to the old king.

But at last they received a great message, a child should be born in their old age,

Who for ages and ages and ages, should be heard of and loved and respected

For many great, noble, good qualities, whom the spirits had named "Mat-o-ak-a,"

The great one, the hope of the nation, the beloved of their God, the revered

Of tribes yet to come in great numbers—by millions and millions of people.

But Powhatan laughed at his prophets, for his age was now near fifty years,

And, as yet no papoose had arrived to cheer up and brighten his pathway

Through life with its manifold trials and hardships and worries and battles,

And now 'twas incredible quite that an heir should e'er come to their fireside.

But the word of his prophets was true, and
in due length of time from above
An angel flew down in the night time and left in
the village a wee one.
But great was the king's disappointment, the
young chief, his heir, was a girl—
Mat-o-ak-a, the chieftain, the honored, the hope
of the nation—a girl!
Disappointment the worst the most bitter, but
strange is the way of the world,
Few remember the name Mat-o-ak-a, but we all
know the name of the girl.

But, as time passed away, the stern chieftain
became reconciled to conditions
Which he had no power to change, and there
even slipped into his heart
A deep love for the innocent creature, who, after
no manner of reasoning,
Could ever be held as responsible, even if his
great prophets had lied,
Or erred in transmitting the message which the
spirits had sent from above.
The coos and the smiles and the dimples, and
the wee little papoose caresses
Were soft'ning the heart of the savage—a hist'ry
which repeats itself often.

So Powhatan loved Pocahontas and wished,
as most all parents do,

To gratify every desire of the little, imperious,
wild creature,
Until, in the language of today, 'twould be said
that the wee one was spoiled,
Yes, spoiled very badly in truth, but wasn't she
a very great princess,
The hild of a very great chieftain, who could
humor her whims if he chose to?
So the court of his majesty soon learned that a
key to the chieftain's good will
Lay in humoring the whims of the princess, so
that, from her earliest childhood,
She was always accustomed that people should
regard her least word as the law.

But this state of affairs could not last, in due
time came other papooses,
A sister (some writers say two little sisters, and
furnish their names.
The oldest was named Mat-a-chan-a and the
other was called Cleopatre.)
There also were two little brothers, one had the
name of Nantaugas,
But the other one's name is not known, to share
the affections of the chieftain,
Of the squaws and the warriors and courtiers,
and it might be that one of these sons
Was the prophesied heir, the great chieftain, to
restore that great kingdom again,
So, that Pocahontas, though still loved, had to
share her dominion with others,

And, at times had to yield to their wishes,
which is oft for the good of the child,
And, as often, perhaps, for an adult, though it's
hard for us always to see it,
Or grant it after we see it. It's easy to accede
to the yielding
When it's others who must yield, but if us, oh,
how often we're prone to rebel!
So the training of the princess grew better, not
by anyone's choice, but necessity
Caused a change for the good of the princess, so
she grew up more lovable and pretty,
And held her own place with the others in the
love and esteem of the people,
But while she had learned the great lesson of
yielding to the rights of all others,
There still were imperious moments when she
knew her position was right,
It was then she was hard to be conquered. She
would sometimes maintain she was right,
Then trouble arose, but the princess most always
had her way in the end.

In the days of her childhood, she played on the
banks of the beautiful James,
Running wild like the hare or the roebuck,
'mongst hazels, rhododendrons and vines,
And joined in the games of wild childhood, an
equal in strength with the boys,
Sometimes she would go with the boys and fish
as skillfully as they,

Or else, with a strong bow and arrows, shoot
squirrels from out of the tree tops,
And, when they were weary and worn out,
would carry their game to the village.

One day, when engaged in this pastime in
company with two or three boys
About her own age, and while walking along
single file round a bluff
Overlooking the James, they beheld a very
strange sight in the river—
A monstrous strange-looking canoe, with great
white wings like a bird,
In which were some strange-looking men, with
white faces half covered with hair.

Just imagine how strange this would look to
her who never had seen
A man in full beard, and a white man—a sight
very strange to the princess—
Who had never seen hair that was blond, much
less an immense sandy beard,
For John Smith in all of our histories always is
pictured in full beard.
Yes, the sight was quite strange to those Indians,
a sight never yet seen in Virginia,
At least not by many of her tribe, but for time
far remote, immemorial,
Indians have always been beardless. If stray
hairs appear on their faces

They at once pull them out by the roots, until
they refuse to return,
And that is an Indian shave. You people who
growl if a razor
Is e'en felt as it glides down your visage, be pa-
tient, don't grumble too much,
Don't call down your barber too strongly, just
think of an Indian shave*
And be silent and happy and cheerful and glad
that you aren't an Indian.
But the Indian rejoices that, when he is shaved,
the job is completed,
And is not a continued performance, repeated
perhaps twice a week,
And, still worse, in some cases, extreme, where
the shave is a daily performance.

But we have digressed from our subject, were
telling of a memorable event

In the life of the girl, Pocahontas, in the glori-
ous month of May,
In sixteen hundred and seven, when she was
about ten years old—
Or, as some historians think, perhaps she was
twelve years of age.

When the princess and the hunters arrived at
the village, the strangers were there,

* Just a few days before this "Indian Shave" story was written, the author saw a Cheyenne Indian sitting on the counter of the "Wauchope & Paulsen" store pulling out his beard. He would get a firm hold between the nails of his finger and thumb, then jerk them out quickly and never wince.

Consisting of John Smith and Newport and
twenty more followers like them,
And her father was receiving them kindly, and
using his power to prevent
His warriors from killing the intruders, he would
learn something more of these people,
Who could know, might there not be among
them the prophesied chieftain, or ruler,
The great medicine man who should come to re-
store their great kingdom again?
He would learn something more of these people,
from whence they had come and where going,
Whether they were great spirits from heaven, or
medicines sent by the spirits.

So he showed them a most hearty welcome,
and learned many things from their leader,
Which pleased the great chieftain immensely.
Smith had made a most favored impression,
For he taught them by signs and by motions
and showed many curious trinkets,
His watch that kept time and ticked loudly,
very crude when compared with our watches,
With only one hand on its dial, and had to be
wound twice a day.
They were not small and delicate things, noth-
ing at all like wrist watches,
But were made in strong, ample proportions, di-
ameter three or more inches,

His compass that always points northward, and
trembled but could not be touched.

Pocahontas, likewise, was much pleased, her
heart had gone out to the white men,
She was sure that John Smith was the chieftain,
the medicine man prophesied
By all of their great, mighty prophets, to restore
their great kingdom again.

But at last John Smith told Powhatan that he
must return to his people,
So the end of the grand month of May, he let
them return where they came from.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Time—Just previous to and including a part of 1607, up to the end of May.

Speculation in regard to these strangers, was the talk of the capital, Orapax,
And momentous debates were engaged in by prophets and warriors and speakers,
Regarding the probable origin of these curious, mysterious beings,
Or angels or spirits or Gods, and also their probable mission.
But diversity of opinion was such that, though eloquence held sway in their councils,
And much abstruse wisdom was shown forth, yet no conclusions were come to.
Thus several weeks were consumed, but the question remained "statue quo,"

Except that, now and then came a traveler with reports of the doings at Jamestown,
But they were conflicting and confusing with small satisfaction about them.

While they were thus battling with words, without reaching a sign of conclusion,
The king, by his royal prerogative, sent spies out to follow the strangers
Wherever they went through the forest, or if they went back to the village.
A new set of spies at each moon change, was sent out and those thus relieved
Should bring their report to the capital for discussion by the wise men and warriors.
They should learn all they could of these strangers, were they spirits come down out of heaven,
Or some sort of medicine men? Were they puny and timid and squaw-like,
Or powerful, strong and athletic? Were they peaceful and friendly or warlike?
If warlike, were they fierce and aggressive? What kind of artillery had they?
Could there be that great chieftain among them to restore their great kingdom again?
These questions and others of import, they were urged to investigate closely,
And make full reports as above, when relieved at each change of the moon.

The first group of spies that came in told how
the great king's faithful braves
Had entered the village, or rather, the place that
the white men had chosen
On which to establish their village. Several weeks
had passed by,
But still they had done very little, for the weather
was warm and the settlers
Did not require houses to live in. They believed
the white men had erected
Between two great wide-spreading elms, a church
because there was daily
Some rites which they thought were religious, and
in worship of the Mighty Great Spirit.
This church, our historians tell us, was only an
old, rotten tent,
With the elms up through it as tent poles, and
some boards nailed across for a pulpit.
It was open in front and the people sat down on
the grass in the forest.
Without any chairs, pews or benches like Indians
do here even yet.
For this style they could give a good reason other
than that of just catering
To the style of the Indians to please them, good
reason, they did not have any,
That is, not at this early date, but later they made
some crude benches.

Their number was not very great, only one hundred and five

Had landed from three mighty vessels—compared
with their birch-bark canoes.
The largest was called "Susan Constant," and
they told of its wonderful size,
And the wonderful load it could carry, and the
great, white, wide-spreading wings.
The other two vessels were smaller and were nam-
ed the "Godspeed" and "Discovery."
They observed that the men were divided into
three or four different classes,
A preacher, Reverend Hunt, and his helpers, also
fighters and workers and idlers.
They tried to be accurate in reporting, and told
them the number of each,
Twelve laborers, four carpenters, some fighters
whose number could not be found out—
Which secret it seems, they took pains to withhold
from the brave Indian spies—
Six or eight masons and blacksmiths, and fifty-two
gentlemen idlers.
Among them was one not grown up, the white
people called him a lad.
The fighters, they said, fought like demons, the
workers, though few, worked like squaws,
The gentlemen idlers did nothing and acted like
drones in a bee-hive.
They thought, as a class, they were weaklings, too
lazy to fight if they had to.
But in this they were badly mistaken, every man
was both strong and a fighter,

This the Indians found out to their sorrow in conflicts that came in years after.

You're sure they were lazy? But wait! Just watch them wash gold in the sand banks!

The next group of spies that came in, made report that a number of tents
Were erected, and several houses were being constructed of logs,

And also palisades and a fort were being constructed, though slowly.

They said that they felt almost certain these were meant for protection in war.

The rulers of the white people's village consisted of a council of seven,

And they learned that the names of these men were Wingfield, Ratcliffe, Martin,

Gosnold, Kendall, and also their two good friends Newport and Smith,

Who both had been visitors at Orapax and both were big braves in the council.

They chose as first president Wingfield, but he was not good for the office.

The next group reported that Newport, who with John Smith had visited the king,
Though not the big chief in the council, was yet a strong man and a brave one,
Had sailed on the mighty salt water far off to the place where they came from.

The white men could not say for certain, but
thought that he meant to return.

Other groups reported much sickness and fever
inside of the fort wall,

That Bartholomew Gosnold, a council-man, had
died, so they could not be spirits

For spirits are surely immortal, but, that this man
had died, they were certain,

They could not be wrong, they had seen him
borne away amid sorrow and mourning

To his last resting place in the churchyard and
buried with rites very solemn.

Reports came that Wingfield and Kendall were
impeached and were put out of office,

Ratcliffe was then chosen president but he was
not good and resigned,

And then they elected John Smith and the spies
thought him able and brave.

The spies thought this good, they believed that
John Smith was a friend to the Indians.

Others reported their weapons of a strange and
a most deadly sort,

Consisting of tubes that spit fire killing enemies or
game in a moment

With invisible arrows, or else so swift that they
could not be seen

As they sped on their course with precision no
Indian arrow could equal.

And one set of spies that came in, reported a
very strange fact,
That these people had a bright colored water
which was drunk by most all of the men,
And they stopped to describe it minutely, as the
white men had pictured it to them,
And boasted its wonderful powers—what a fine
taste it had to the drinker!
How it sparkled and foamed as they drank it! How
it stirred up the spirit of weaklings!
How it drove away sorrow and sadness and gave
quick relief to the sick,
How it made warriors brave unto rashness and
caused them to fight like the panther.
But this fact they also had learned, that the per-
son who drank it too freely
Wanted more and still more till it rendered him
thoroughly vicious and crazy,
Till he wanted to fight everybody and sometimes
would kill his best friends.

These reports were received and discussed, till
the warriors in silence sat back,
Their eloquence almost exhausted. On these points
they continued to argue,
That Newport most surely had left them and Gos-
nold a council-man was dead.
The guns, they admitted, were powerful, what
chance had their arrows against them?
Yes, they were still brave but to fight them, these
guns they must get from the white men—

They must have them by some means or other,
must steal them if no other way.

But when they discussed the report in regard to
the curious water,

The brave-crazy water, they knew not whether
they should desire it or not.

But these fire spitting guns, they must have
them must get them by some means or other,
And Powhatan also desired to obtain these great
weapons to fight with

'Gainst tribes from the north who made inroads on
the hunting grounds of his people,

They being much fiercer and stronger, a people of
stature gigantic,

But with fire-spitting guns he could whip them
and drive them all out of the country.

The desire for these weapons grew stronger, the
more the big warriors learned of them,

Till pistols and muskets were stolen now and then
by the most daring warriors.

But President Smith was determined to compel
them to cease from their thieving.

A noted historian has told us this story concern-
ing their thievery.

"Two brothers were tried and convicted for steal-
ing a pistol and one

Was put into prison, while the other was ordered
to bring back the weapon.

The one who was cast into prison was allowed a
small fire made of charcoal
To drive off the chill from the prison. When the
free man came back with the pistol,
The brother in jail as the hostage, was found on
the floor in the jail room
Unconscious, suffocated by gas. Believing his
brother was dead,
The one who returned was heart-broken, till John
Smith succeeded at last
In restoring respiration by methods he had learned
from the soldiers in Holland
In case of those strangled in water till unconscious
and thought to be dead."
Thus having succeeded in reviving this "dead"
man, the Indians concluded
That Smith was, really and truly, a very great
medicine man
Who could bring dead people to life, besides being
a very great brave.

Another report was like this, that the spies had
discovered a fact
Which they thought of weighty importance, that
these beings were surely not spirits,
But human-like themselves with a chieftain, with
medicines, warriors and speakers,
But had not any squaws in their village—and how
could they prosper without them?

And how could they get any corn and dried pumpkins to eat in the winter

Without squaws to raise them? (for with Indians the men weren't expected to work.)

What need could there be to war with them? The tribe would die out of itself.

This helped the peace party still further,—helped the king in his promise of peace.

Some reported that these foolish people were gathering sand by the ship-load

To send back across the salt water—sand must not be known in that country.

They were working like squaws on a wager, so eager were they in their sand work,

But the kind of sand that was wanted was that that was yellow and sparkling.

Not lazy, nor give them due credit. E'en the idlers were working like squaws.

How foolish to toil so intensely with the valueless sand of the river!

But if MEN HAD to labor like squaws, why not cultivate crops that should grow

Into value, into food for the winter when the landscape was frozen and cheerless.

Reports came that sickness continued, that many had died of the fever

And were carried away to the churchyard and buried with rites very solemn.

But they thought many others had died and been
given a mariner's grave,
That is, had been sunk in the river, in this case at
night, to keep secret
The great number of those who had died. They
also thought the people were starving,
But the orators thought no! why just watch them
wash out the bright gold in the sand banks!

The king had appointed one group to go down
to Jamestown and stay there
Until they could understand English and talk to
the white men at Jamestown
Especially in regard to the prophesy concerning
the future great nation,
And return, now and then, to report, when they
learned anything of importance.

At last they came back to their king with re-
ports that they surely had learned
The great mission of Newport and Smith and
those who had visited Orapax.
Preacher Hunt, the white medicine, they said, had
taught them his language and told them
That the white men, in ages long past, had been
visited by God and the spirits,
Who came down from heaven to this world, and
told to the people his wishes,
Especially to a man known as Moses. Then God
sent his son to this world

To make known his more recent desires. And
 then, in order to keep them
 A blessing to all men forever, a blessing to all
 tribes and nations,
 Men inspired had preserved it in books and these
 books, he said, make the Bible,
 He called it God's law to the people, not only to
 white men, but all men.

Very strange was the thought to these Indians,
 that God would come down out of heaven
 And visit his people, or even send his son whom
 he loved very dearly.
 To show men the pathway to heaven. They had
 always sent their spirits to him,
 To the Mighty Great Spirit in heaven to find out
 his wishes toward men.
 God must love the white people much better to
 come down from his throne up in heaven
 To visit them down here on earth, and give them
 the Bible to guide them.

Reverend Hunt and his helpers had told them
 many interesting stories from the Bible,
 That God wanted all men on earth to know the
 sweet story of Jesus
 And be saved from their sins and, at last, go to
 heaven forever with God,
 And that he had commanded his disciples to go
 teach his word to all nations.

In short, that the mission of these men, of New-
port and Smith and the preacher,
Was to bear to God's children, the Indians, God's
word as revealed in the Bible,
But Smith, at that time, could not tell it because
of confusion of language.

With Reverend Hunt this was true, for that was
his calling in life,
That was his mission and purpose, that was why
he had come to Virginia.
But we all know today that the quest of most of
the men was for gold.

Very sad is the thought that the sinner can null-
ify the work of the spirit,
That those who were vicious at Jamestown could
undo so much work of the mission,
(And this is brought home here so plainly at the
Colony mission for Indians,)*
And the Indians slowly learned that the white
men were not the "Fair Gods" they had
thought them!

* The Colony Mission for Indians is located 12 miles south and 2 miles east of Weatherford, Oklahoma, at the Government Indian Reservation, for the Seger Indian Training School. Here, Reverend Walter C. Roe and Reverend Arthur P. Brokaw, literally gave up their lives in the mission work for the Indians. They were very dearly loved by the Indians and by all who knew them. See poem "Indian Sadness," on page 131.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

—o—
Time—Fall and winter, 1607.
—o—

Thus passed on events in Virginia till the middle, perhaps, of September,
When the spies saw six persons from Jamestown
sail down toward the mighty salt water,
And land at the end of the big bay near what is
now called Hampton Roads,
And visit the Indians that lived there, and tried
to trade trinkets for corn,
Trinkets of hatchets and crockery and knives and
blankets and beads,
But Powhatan's spies had advised them to trade
only for pistols and muskets,
So the Indians just laughed at these trinkets and
insulted the traders until
They finally clashed, and the white men grew desperate
and fired upon them,
With an awful result to the Indians who at once
ran off to the woods.

Then sixty or seventy great warriors led by a priest
with an idol,

(Or something of that sort, though an Indian sel-
dom worships what is known as an idol,
But worships the Mighty Great Spirit and only
uses charms and enchantments)

Very bravely assaulted six white men, but their
guns were too strong for the Indians

Who fled back again to the forest with their
strongest Palladium captured,

With the Mighty Okee of their priesthood in the
hands of the whites and dishonored.

Then they filled up the boat of the white men
with corn in order to get

Their idol or luck-bringer back. Then the white
men gave numerous presents

To all of the numerous warriors and the same to
the crest-fallen priest.

This made the big warriors feel happy and cheer-
ful and the big friendship dance*

Was performed to the whites, after which the great
calumet was passed round,

The great pipe of peace circulated for a peace to
endure while the sun shines,

And was smoked by both whites and by Indians,
and Smith then sailed off back to Jamestown,

With plenty of corn for the settlers, and great the
rejoicing at Jamestown.

* Called "gift dance" at Coloso, Oklahoma. See note on page 17 and next to the
last stanza in said poem on same page, describing a gift or friendship dance.

After said dance and the peace-pipe, the Indians
grew braver again
And visited their white friends, the English, and,
rich from their harvests abundant,
Began trading their corn and wild venison for
hatchets and mirrors and kettles
And knives and blankets and beads and dishes
and glassware and so forth,
And some still more brave and more daring bought
some of the brave-crazy water—
Though John Smith the chief of the white men
advised all the Indians against it—
To try its effects on the system, according to ad-
vice of the scripture
“To prove everything and hold fast unto that
which is good.” This advice
Glibly quoted by those who desired the profit, is
still glibly quoted,
And for reasons exactly the same, and they fool-
ishly drank it to test it,
A beginning of woes to the Indians more effective
than muskets and cannons
In driving their race from the country, but slow
were the red men to learn it,
Still the white race have nothing to brag of, we’ve
had since the days of old Noah
Who planted a vineyard—you’ve read it—and as
yet, friends, we haven’t half learned it,
So censure them not too severely unless we our-
selves had done better.

Thus passed on the season of autumn of sixteen
hundred and seven,
And the winter began to set in with the colonists
more hopeful and cheerful,
When Smith, the adventurous white man, with six
other whites and two Indians
Who'd been hired as guides for the journey, began
to explore any waters
In search of a very rich country, somewhere in a
northwest direction.
The guides had learned this from the whites, and
it seemed to confirm the traditions
Of their forebears, the glorious Algonquins, who
came from a northwestern country
In a time many long years before them, from
wealth and magnificence and grandeur.
So these savages went with the white men, hope-
ful, rejoicing and cheerful,
And began to ascend, in their journey, the small
Chickahominy River.
Smith had orders from his majesty, King James,
to explore any streams from the northwest
In search of the mighty Pacific, over which they
could sail on to China,
That country of fabulous riches. How foolish we
think it at present!
But Smith, much more wise than his ruler, was
exploring the bays and the rivers.
He went at the work as per orders, but HE had
a much wiser purpose,

The rest might dig sand in the river and waste all
their time and their chances,
In a vain search for gold in the river, and would
not attempt any work
That was useful, like working in fields, or building
up homes for the winter.
They would have to find out their own folly, and,
while they were learning this lesson
He would learn more of the country and map out
its streams and its inlets.

They sailed up the stream with their large boat
until they ran it aground
In the sand of the now shallow river, dwindled
down to scarce more than a creek.
Here to guard it were stationed four whites, and
the others proceeded still farther
In the birch-bark canoe of an Indian, till this no
longer would float.
The remaining two white men were left there, and
Smith and his two Indian guides
Proceeded still further on foot a-winding through
forests and meadows,
But dark figures incessantly followed the serpen-
tine curves of the river
Unseen by the men in the vessel, concealed by the
dense, leafy umbrage.

Awful is the vengeance of an Indian, when he
catches his foe unprepared,

And now that Smith's men were thus scattered,
 could they ask for a chance any better
To avenge the disgrace of their god, their fallen
 Palladium or mascot?

But these were not Powhatan's warriors nor those
 who had smoked the long peace pipe,
But were warriors whom the priest had persuaded
 from the great Opecanough's people,
To help him avenge the disgrace, when John Smith
 had captured his idol.

So when the big boat ran aground after two
 very good, well spent days
Of favorable winds and full sails, the dark figures
 had dropped in the rear
A day or two's journey for footmen, but they on-
 ly need follow the river,
So, when they arrived at the place, they besieged
 them on every side,
But remained still concealed in the forest awaiting
 a good chance to strike.

At last the four men on the vessel, grew lone-
 some and weary of watching,
And took up their guns to go hunting, not far
 from the boat they were guarding,
In plain disregard of the orders of president, Cap-
 tain John Smith,
And were hunting in sight of the vessel, at least of
 the mast and reefed sail,

When, suddenly, the war whoop resounded, and
arrows flew thick all around them.

They rushed to their boat as their stronghold,
while clearing their path with their muskets,
But one of their men, named George Casson, was
wounded, though slightly, and captured.

John Smith was the man that they wanted, and,
finding that he was not with them,

They compelled him, their captive, by torture, to
tell them where John Smith had gone,
And, wasting no time on the others, proceeded on
the trail of their leader.

The two in the birch-bark canoe were quickly dis-
covered and murdered.

Then Smith and his two Indian guides were soon
overtaken and fiercely

Raged the battle, but John Smith was game, and
fought like a wild cat or panther,

While using the two guides as shields, so that nev-
er a chance was there open

To shoot Smith without killing an Indian—a war-
rior of king Powhatan,

One whom they personally knew to be high in the
councils of state.

Thus his fight was a fierce running battle down
the stream toward his birch-bark canoe,
While every shot from Smith's gun brought the
nearest by red man to earth,

Till at last in this fighting retreat, Smith sank in a
swamp to his waist band,
And, helpless, was forced to desist and laid down
his gun in submission,
But they still were afraid to approach him until
he made signs of surrender,
And until the two guides loudly shouted surrender
as Powhatan's subjects.

Smith showed no alarm at his capture, but asked
to be taken at once
To see the head man of the country, the great
Opecanough, chief,
And brother of King Powhatan, and, when brought
there before him quite calmly
Exhibited his watch and his compass, and began
explaining their uses.

But, in course of an hour or two, they began to
make ready to kill him,
When Smith raised his compass in air, and, like
Paul, who stood up before Festus
And appealed his case unto Caesar, so Smith,
through the mouth of his guides,
Appealed to the great Powhatan, as a subject of
that king's dominion.
Opecanough knew that the guides were subjects
of king Powhatan,
But, when Smith also plead this allegiance, which
claim was affirmed by the guides,

He feared then to kill him and, reluctantly, granted
his appeal to be tried
Before the great Emperor of all the Virginias on
the grave charge of murder.
And so he was taken once more, back to the capital,
Orapax,
Before the great king and his council of medicine-
men and of warriors,
Whose expressionless faces said nothing, but cheering
was the smile of Pocahontas
To John Smith because it said to him just as plain
as could words "Welcome back."

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Time—Winter 1607.

At once the great trial proceeded, as stated, in
Orapax, the capital,
In what was known there as the "long house" con-
structed in the shape of an oblong
With vertical poles in the ground set across from
each other in pairs,
And arched with long, slender bent poles like wag-
on bows, with cross pieces lengthwise,
Tied up with stout thongs of the deer skin, form-
ing a frame work of good size,
and covered with large strips of birch-bark, ex-
cepting a hole for an entrance,
And one in the top as a smoke-hole, and perhaps
a few others as windows.
A platform was built at the far end and a great fire
was lit in the center

Around which were warriors and priests and the
women of rank, and between it
And the platform the captive and accusers. In the
center of the platform, the king,
And on each side a beautiful daughter. This form-
ed the magnificent court scene
Of the ancient empire of Virginia into which Smith
was taken for trial.

The trial was irregular but exciting without sum-
mons, arraignments or pleas,
But with plenty of pleadings on both sides. Smith
handled the case for himself
Without attorneys or counsel, and confessed to the
killing, but claimed
That he did it in self defense solely, when attacked
by three hundred vile warriors,
While off on a peaceable mission in search of a rich
far-off country
Away off in a northwest direction, without provo-
cation on his part,
And within the bounds and the limits of his maj-
esty's dominions,
To which the two guides gave assent and testified
strong in his favor,
Both mighty great speeches of eloquence, strong
and convincing in logic.
They also grew eloquent in regard to Smith's
bravery and prowess in battle,
To which even his enemies, the warriors—admit-
ting the bravery for itself—

Shouted loudly, "ugh ugh,"* meaning yes in every part of the court room.
So Smith won his appeal, for the great king dismissed the case in a moment,
And discharged the mysterious great brave, but retained him awhile as a guest.

Soon he learned from the guides who had served him, and loved him as a friend and a brother, That the braves with consent of their king, were preparing to destroy the young colony
At Jamestown, and at once John Smith went to the king in behalf of his town,
And plead with him there in his "long house," like Esther before Ahasuerus,
Determined to plead for his people, and, "if he perished, he perished."

King Powhatan answered, "Oh, great bravel thy people have broken their treaty,
Have vilely mistreated our warriors, have dosed them with brave-crazy water,
After which they have robbed them and shot them, and now they must die for their vileness."
He then extoled Smith for his bravery and many great qualities, and added,
"I'm sure you're too good to approve of such vile acts as they have been doing."
And then he offered to Smith, to make him his son and the leader—

* This Indian "ugh ugh," yes yes, has become the modern slang word "uh-huh."

A position of glory and honor—to destroy those
vile beings at Jamestown.

Smith politely declined the great offer and made
a great speech to the king,

Describing the weapons and cannons and power of
the white men, the English,

In language, though broken, yet thrilling, and of-
fered to prove every statement

By sending a letter to Jamestown by some of the
king's trusty warriors,

And averred that the whites were his friends'and
would send him a great copper kettle,

Which, of all things desirable to an Indian, such
kettle was, perhaps, the most longed for,

And the blame for all of the trouble, he placed on
the brave-crazy water,

Just the same as is done to this day—an excuse for
every short-coming.

The warriors were sent with the letter, and, in
due time returned with the same.

Those mysterious lines, very crooked, that carried
a message exactly,

Was a thing which they looked at with wonder,
and caused greater dread of the writer.

They reported that they found things exactly as
John Smith had told them they were.

The warriors then held a great council, some fa-
vored advance, others not,

For how could they conquer these people, when
the spirits had lent them to fight with
The thunders of heaven which knock down the
great immense trees of the forest?
So the most of them voted for peace, and John
Smith was linked with the spirits,
Was considered a powerful medicine, and was look-
ed on with wonder and awe.

Curiosity to see him at once grew so great that
they took him about
As a museum freak or a side show, from village to
village while constantly
Increased the excitement, until they came to Pa-
munkey on the York,
The great and wonderful capital of Chief Opecan-
cannough's land,
And here was the priest of Okce and trouble again
for John Smith.

Smith came as a recognized medicine over which
the priesthood should have power,
So the priests of the idol demanded a medicine
trial by pow-wow.
Take notice, they demanded that priests should
have ecclesiastical trials
Because on both sides of the case, both complain-
ant and defendant, you know,
Belonged to the medicine class, and, therefore a
trial by pow wow

Could not be denied by the king, because it was
unwritten law.

Opecanough favored, of course, he was always
against the "vile" white men,

For encroaching on the land of the Indians and
Powhatan could not refuse

With even the least show of justice, although he
was always for peace,

With only a few short exceptions, so at once he
was placed upon trial.

Then for three days and nights they all danced
and yelled and shook the gourd rattle,

And pounded the tom-tom and shouted and made
a most horrible din,

The object of which was to find out the wish of
the Mighty Great Spirit

Concerning the proper disposal of the medicine
known as John Smith,

Till many priests falling in trances, sent their spir-
its away from their bodies

To the happy hunting ground, Indian heaven, and
came back reporting unanimous,

The wish of the Mighty Great Spirit that Captain
John Smith should be killed,

But Powhatan still was the emperor, and he must
approve of their judgement.

Just like Jesus before the Sanhedrin, they could
judge him as "guilty of death,"

But couldn't execute the vile sentence without the
approval of Pilate.

So Smith went again on a journey to meet the
great King Powhatan
In his new winter capital, from Pamunkey, full
twenty-five miles down the river.
Powhatan here reviewed the great case in his "long
house," in his raccoon skin robe,
His daughters to his right and his left, and before
him great files of his warriors,
And, finding no evidence whatever, excepting the
awful disgrace
To the priest and the Mighty Okee by Smith,
down near Hampton Roads.
Powhatan wanted to free him, but the priests were
so certain of God's will,
That he took off his war-bonnet from him and con-
sented to the will of the spirits.

So Smith was at once seized and bound hand
and foot until helpless, by a number
Of fierce, painted warriors and dragged to a stone,
his head placed upon it,
And a warrior was ordered at once to execute the
sentence of death
And stood with his war club upraised, when for-
ward sprang good Pocahontas
Between the big club and Smith's head, and,
clasping his head in her arms,
She plead for the life of the white man till, at last,
the king granted her wishes.
Some say that this story is false, but we have
no right to dispute it,

'Twas as natural as life in the wild land, and why
should we call it in question?

Smith again was retained as a guest, and received
with especial good favor,

Into Powhatan's household and family, making
hatchets and playthings and toys,

For the warriors and for the king's children, and
quickly learned most of their language,

(Being daily at play with the princess, the beautiful
child, Pocahontas,)

And also the method of talking by sign language,
known to all Indians.

E'en today the sign language is used everywhere
in the great western country

When tribes of a different language desire to converse
with each other.

In this one respect, they're ahead of us and our
boasted advancement,

We can talk round the globe with our wireless,
but, often, we cannot converse

With a neighbor who stands at our elbow, because
we're of different language,

A ridiculous state of affairs when compared with
our other achievements,

This ought to be changed, and it could be, "Esperanto"
would make us like brothers,

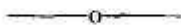
* * The object of Esperanto is to fill exactly the same need in civilization that the sign language fills with Indians. The Indians do not need to learn a dozen or more languages, all they need to converse with any Indian is the sign language. Instead of all nations learning all languages, why not make it easy and all nations learn Esperanto? M. C. 1918. I am hoping. The author of this book is Christian Endeavor Esperantist No. 1157.

It would change the distrust of the nations, if we
only understood one another,
And would be a long step in advance toward a
perpetual peace.

CANTO THE SIXTH.



Time—1608.



But, as soon as the new year returned, in sixteen
hundred and eight,
They let him return to his people with a treaty of
peace while the sun shines,
But with the condition that Smith should send
back, as ransom to Orapax
Two cannons of brass and a grindstone, then there
should be friendship forever,
But, of course, they did not call it ransom, just
only a small friendship gift.
Twelve guides should go with him to get them,
who were noted for bravery and prowess,

To carry them back to the great king, but they
 were instructed, quite wisely,
To learn how to use them and aim them, so that
 they could easily conquer
Their enemies, certain tribes of the forests, who
 were making inroads in their country
From farther to the north, mighty warriors, Dela-
 wares or perhaps Susquehannas,
Good advice, for of what use are cannons and not
 know a thing how to use them?

At last they reached Jamestown in safety—John
 Smith had been gone for three months,
And the settlers all thought he was dead—there-
 fore great was the gladness and joy
Of the disheartened men of the village, who, out of
 one hundred and five,
Had left only just thirty-eight and they were both
 sick and half starved,
No, the Indian guides never must know it! Smith
 somehow was fearful of treachery—
They must go and hunt wild game and feast them,
 and make a parade in their honor,
And make them feel big and important, as ambas-
 sadors sent by a king,
And bring out the big cannons and show them the
 manner of using the same,
Then have a big picnic and let them return to
 their king feeling good.

So the cannons were loaded with stones, and
aimed at the huge massive tree tops,
All loaded with glittering ice, till the branches
bent almost to breaking,
And their discharge produced such a roar, such a
shatter and crashing and falling,
That not one of the braves would consent to
touch the "weird weapons of spirits."

While thus they were urging each other—like
bantering boys to go swimming
In water too cold for that purpose—to go up and
handle the weapons,
Some vessels sailed into the harbor at Jamestown,
'twas Newport returned
With settlers one hundred and twenty, and stores
of supplies and provisions.

So the Indians never learned of the weakness of
the town, or their real condition,
And, at once bidding Smith a farewell, they re-
turned to their king, Powhatan,
And reported the arrival in big ships of Newport
and many new settlers,
But said nothing of cannons and grindstone, till
Powhatan asked them about them,
Then they answered, "We're brave yet, but who
could touch the weird weapons of spirits?"

The guides had rushed off, but they knew the re-
sults of the chase in their honor,

Which consisted of a bountiful supply of venison,
opossum and turkey,
A feast of flesh only, but suitable, exactly, to the
taste of an Indian,
Though white folks would think the feast want-
ing, without other viands and seasonings.

Now you wonder, why should they be starving
with all that good game round about them?
But remember that the winter was one of the aw-
fullest known in Virginia,
Accompanied by terrible fevers and un-needed fear
of the Indians.
They thought that John Smith had been killed
and they might be killed any moment.
But the very worst cause for the famine was their
indolent do-nothing habits,
That is, (let's be fair in our statements,) they
chose to dig gold or do nothing,
Till, all unprepared came the winter, which result-
ed in sickness and famine,
You see they were workers all right, but it had to
be a gentleman's job,

As soon as the newcomers learned of the big
feast to honor the Indians,
And that they, much excited, had left it, without
even tasting the food,
And saw the enfeebled condition of those prepar-
ing the victuals,

They all gave unanimous vote to go on with the
intended feast,
So they added to the fare of flesh only, all kinds of
supplies from the vessel,
And the dinner prepared for some fifty, soon be-
came a magnificent feast
For at least a hundred and fifty, and great was the
good cheer that reigned there,
And great was the joy and the gladness, inspiring
and helpful to others,
Till those disheartened and sick, were made well
with the prospects of plenty,
Till those who were clamoring to desert the village
of Jamestown forever
And sail off nobody knew where, and become no-
body knows what,
Perhaps pirates on the commerce of Spain, to cap-
ture great shiploads of gold,
And go back to England and peerage—there'd be
a good chance for a fortune.
But if they were killed? Well, they'd risk it.
But, seeing the stores of provisions,
The good cheer and prospects of plenty, they de-
cided to remain in Virginia.

After eating salt meats in the vessels for a peri-
od, perhaps, of three months,
The fresh meats were very delicious, some praised
the venison extremely,
and some thought the flesh of the turkey the best
meat they ever had tasted,

While some thought the juicy opossum precisely
the right kind of meat.

The season of spring soon approached of sixteen
hundred and eight,
But instead of preparing their gardens, and clear-
ing off fields for the plow,
The newcomers made the same error that was
made in the preceding spring
By the colonists who first came to Jamestown,
these profited not by their folly,
But they rushed off at once to the rivers and hunt-
ed for gold in the sand banks
And found some "fool's gold," iron pyrites, and
sent a shipload back to England.
Even Martin and Newport, both councilmen,
took part in the popular frenzy,
But John Smith was wiser and thought that "The
gold hunt could 'bide' for a season."

Thus they wasted three months of the spring-
time in search of these glittering grains
That were worthless, that burned up in fire, and
none of them knew how to prove them,
Which could have been done very quickly by any
one versed in the Bible,
For it tells in several places a way to tell gold
from "fools gold,"
And here is a reference well known, Revelation,
chapter three, verse eighteen.

This would have proved beyond doubt, that iron pyrites is not gold.

But they knew very little of God's word for the Bible was not very common.

They had laughed at their president, Smith, in his plea for the planting and tilling

And caring for crops for the winter, those were trivial things of small import,

Compared with the scramble for gold, and for wealth and for peerage and grandeur.

Smith seeing his authority ignored, if not superceded by others,

Looked about and selected companions and made up a company of fifteen,

Who went out on a great expedition to explore the big bay and its inlets,

The Chesapeake Bay and its rivers with estuary mouths that flow in it,

Making two expeditions of research, with a rest of three days intervening,

And drew a good map of the big bay and sent it with Newport to England.

Their gold had all vanished and likewise the summer with its chances for crops,

But John Smith's advice was remembered, and, soon after his return from the voyage,

They elected him formally as president, although he already was such

And had been for more than a year, so then this
election was only
An expression of confidence in him. Reforms were
carried out in the village,
Useful work took the place of gold hunting, and
all went to work in good earnest,
To build up their homes for the winter, and lay
out new fields for next season,
The people had come to their senses, 'twas un-
popular quite to hunt gold.

Other emigrants also arrived, about seventy,
making more than two hundred.
The Indians also were friendly and visited the
settlers quite often.
And among them most always was seen the beauti-
ful child, Pocahontas,
Who loved to be with the white people, especially
with Captain John Smith,
And talk with him in her own language—the only
white person in the world
With whom she thus could converse and teach
him still more of its phrases—
The Powhatan dialect of Algonquin, which is one
of the many linguistic
Divisions, or groups, into which the Indian race is
divided.*

* The Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians are the two most numerous tribes in and around Colony, Okla. They are of Algonquin stock. Authority—Joseph B. Thoburn and Isaac M. Holcomb, authors of a history of Oklahoma, the state text book, adopted 1906.

Smith always was playful and joking and pleased the young princess immensely.
Of course, Smith had a purpose in view, he desired to keep peace with her people,
But, never-the-less, be it said, he also was very much pleased
With the princess and her great naive charms, which rendered him cheerful and happy.
Thus passed by the autumn and winter of sixteen hundred and eight.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

—○—
Time—Going back to the Autumn of 1608.

—○—
But let us describe more minutely the events of that autumn of hope,
Especially in regard to the doings of the princess and Smith and their friendship.
Pocahontas had always admired the great man since the first time she saw him,
And, his stay at the home of her father—though really Smith was a prisoner,—
Had strengthened the ties of their friendship, till she seemed to be lonely without him.

Their playdays at Orapax, and the good times
they had while at play and at study,
Each trying to master the language of the other so
as to be pleasant,
Were glorious times for the princess, and Smith
most assuredly enjoyed them—
The hide-and-seek games of his childhood 'mid
"Jimson" weeds, laurels and sumacs.

But after the writing of that letter, that mysteri-
ous letter to Jamestown,
That crooked-line-talking which carried a message
exactly as stated,
On bark or the skin of some animal, that was the
greatest of mysteries
Which she, ever since, longed to learn, and she ask-
ed Smith to show her the method
Of crooked-line-talking, and how to decipher the
same, should she see it.
Smith had been much too busy exploring the
country to start with these lessons,
Until the time stated above, the autumn of sixteen
and eight,
But he knew he would then stay in town, so the
lessons at once might begin.

Pocahontas made known to her father the great
desire she had cherished
To learn this mysterious writing, and visit James-
town for this purpose.

Powhatan pondered and studied, and thought quite
awhile, but was fearful
And doubtful and anxious not knowing what eventually
might come of the matter,
And thought to refuse. It might take their dar-
ling child out of their home life
To evils they could not foresee, and advised her to
stay with her mother.
But she urged still more strongly and plead till
the following plan was adopted,
To move the whole family and wigwams down the
river and closer to Jamestown,
And canoes with great braves at the paddles could
take her and her sister and brothers
To the wonderful teacher at Jamestown—the man
who commanded the spirits—
To learn the mysterious writing, and attain what
Smith called "education,"
And they did not suppose it would take very long,
perhaps two or three weeks.

One beautiful morning in autumn, when the
frosts had adorned the great forests
In beautiful colors artistic, in crimson, gold, yel-
low and brown,
Some canoes started out with a pupil to enter the
very first school
Ever held in the state of Virginia with the teacher,
Professor John Smith
And just one single pupil, a girl with the well
known name, Pocahontas—

The sister and two little brothers cared nothing for school, they just played,

Children, how would this suit you today? Not a single school book to be seen,

But only an old-fashioned Bible, translation of Tyndale* or Cranmer,

For the King James translation had not yet appeared for all classes to read,

But that glorious event was to happen in sixteen hundred eleven,

Which was only three years from the date that the princess had started to school—

No slate and no ruler and satchel, no awful maps hung on the wall,

No straight backed desks and no blackboards, no table not even a chair,

No dunce cap or any such thing, no birch rod around anywhere,

* In the first half of the 16th century, England was on the verge of the Reformation. The English people wanted to read the Bible in their own language instead of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. But the king frowned upon the very thought, and issued dire decrees. William Tyndale was very zealous in believing that his countrymen, even the humblest of them, should have within his reach, the Bible in English. Burning with this desire, he translated the New Testament from the Greek, and published it in 1525. He was diligently engaged in translating the Old Testament, and had finished the Five Books of Moses and the Book of Job, when he was arrested for heresy and strangled and burned at the stake. His dying prayer was, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" In 1537, King Henry VIII yielded to popular clamor and named an authorized version. This translation was, virtually, the work of Tyndale, finished by his co-worker, John Rogers. In 1540, this Bible with a preface by Archbishop Cranmer was fully authorized to be read in all the churches: the "Cranmer Bible." In 1611, the King James version appeared. The translators admit using all previous translations. To Tyndale a large amount of credit is due.

But love led both teacher and pupil, and the time
glided pleasantly by.

But you teachers, of course, have your trials,
vexations and worries and cares
To endure in your chosen profession, and, if you've
a conscience exacting,
Your troubles seem almost to double. But when
your good work is successful,
There's gladness and pleasure and joy, and the
thrill of accomplishing something,
Of helping some one in this world to step up to a
life that's more worthy,
Until they can yield without fear, with "Detur
digniori" their motto,
Until they can shout like the Kansan their motto,
"Ad astra per aspera."

And this school had likewise its trials. The ad-
venturous Smith could not settle
Right down to the work of a teacher, not knowing
the pedagog's business,
Not knowing the methods to follow, himself scarce
remembering his school days,
With a pupil likewise free and restless and active
of body and muscle,
With a mind grasping all things in Nature, but ap-
parently zero at bookwork,
Made progress necessarily slow, till enthusiasm in
both pupil and teacher
Waned like a full moon to a crescent, from school
work to playing like children.

From a great college down to a play-house, and
the period of time about equal.
And, even in this age, some people think to get
education as quickly,
And waste a bright future depending on tachydi-
daxical methods
To get them prepared for life's battles, and conse-
quently are not prepared.
One cannot become a professor of a college in a
single semester.

But, under direction of Smith, this play was to
be of importance.
First on the program each day was to be a book
lesson of value
From the Bible, as stated before—the translation
of Tyndale or Cranmer—
After which the day should be spent in games and
in learning our language.
Pocahontas was handicapped somewhat in her
study of reading and writing,
By a deficient knowledge of English, but this she
was conquering swiftly.

In a short while this child's play was changed—
Pocahontas was now getting older—
From the hide-and-seek games of her child life and
other games romping and lively,
To quieter games with play-houses, visitors, real
feasts, lords and ladies,

With socials and court scenes where always Pocahontas was seated as queen,
And the others paid court and did homage more real, perhaps, than mere play,
For she wore in her hair of a right, the great eagle feather, a sign
Of royalty with Indians at all times, with a bearing quite queenly by nature,
And, further-more, she was a woman, or would be at some future time
Should she live but a few more years, and the only one then in the village,
So the homage thus given was real, and given like true cavaliers
To a woman of honor, and why not? gratitude was deserved by her good deeds.

This game increased daily in favor, and rough men felt new thrills of pleasure
From woman's influence at their heart-strings, and besides, soon after this event,
Other settlers arrived, brought by Newport, seventy in number, as stated,
And including among them the first two white women settlers of Jamestown,
Mistress Forrest and her maid, Annie Burras, and the princess soon met them and loved them.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

—o—
Time—Autumn of 1608.
—o—

Those who sow for the Master need patience;
it's often a long time till harvest,
And sometimes the harvest is reaped long after the
sower is dead.
Especially was this true in Virginia in the early
colonial days,
And this school needed patience to accomplish the
work and the mission intended.
Yea, early Virginia was bad, that fact we must
surely admit,
Though no place is ever so bad, but that some
good may still be found in it,
You may need a lantern to find it, or think, per-
haps, that you do,
But we ask you to look, let us show you, some
results in early Virginia.
Just look at our sweet Pocahontas, and the bright
little circle of influence
She wielded in early Virginia, due, mainly, to this
little school.

When all one's surroundings are good, and nothing at all the reverse,
Is it hard to be good? No, it's easy. But when all the surroundings are bad,
And all the environments evil, when the savage-born soul of a heathen,
All hampered with pagan ideas, and surrounded by vile, vicious criminals
Is able, like this sweet little Indian, to arise above her surroundings,
Arise and shine in her beauty, like a clear, brilliant light in the darkness,
We claim she is worthy of love, she is worthy of every affection,
As much as Evangeline is, or Priscilla, the puritan maiden,
Their surroundings were good in both cases, while those of Pocahontas were not.

Yes, indeed, it was wrong thus to judge, and call this school nothing but child's play,
For, though very slow seemed the progress, Pocahontas was really learning;
Not only to read but she, likewise, was learning to master our language,
Was absorbing great truths of the Bible in a mind that grasped clearly and strongly
And eagerly and zealously and firmly at truths that create great dissention
Among great divines and learned doctors. She delighted to hear John Smith read

Bible stories, the very same ones, that still delight
 children today,
 And explain them to her in her language, so plain
 that she could not help seeing.

Here is a favorite passage, one that she loved
 and read often,
 Where Jesus said to his disciples, "Let not your
 heart be troubled,
 Ye believe in God, the Creator, believe then also
 in me,
 For in my Father's house are many, many man-
 sions;
 If this were not the case, I would have told you so,
 I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go,
 I will come again, sometime, and receive you unto
 myself;
 That where I am, beloved, there ye may also be."

Smith also had read to the princess, and explain-
 ed it to her in her language,
 Of the glorious reign, the millennium, the thou-
 sand year reign of Our Savior,
 When Satan, that spirit of evil, should be chained,
 and the whole world be good,
 When the Lord shall descend down from heaven,
 with the shout and the voice of the archangel.
 The trumpet of God shall resound, and the dead
 in Christ shall rise first,
 And the saved who still live and remain, shall be
 caught up with those resurrected,

In the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so
be forever with the Lord.

It was glorious to her, this millennium, it was
just what her people were wishing,
It was just what their prophets were telling, it was
just what they longed for and prayed for,
There would be in that glorious millennium, no
more death, neither sorrow nor crying,
No hunger, no thirst and no pain, no sin and no
wars and no parting,
But all shall be joy, and "God shall wipe away
all tears."

Oh, how happy a day it would be! when King
Jesus ascended his throne,
When he sat on the throne of his glory with all
of his holy angels,
And would gather all nations before him, and
separate the sheep from the goats—
The good people from those who were bad—and
would set on his right hand the sheep,
But the goats would he place on the left, and say
unto those on his right hand,
"Come inherit the kingdom," but would say unto
those on the left,
"Depart into fire everlasting, prepared for the dev-
il and his angels.

Pocahontas, the princess, well knew, that in ev-
ery vein of her system

There was flowing and throbbing and pulsing, the
 genuine, true, royal blood,
 But, oh, how glad she would be to surrender it all,
 abdicate,
 And kneel at the feet of King Jesus. If you had
 the royalty that she had,
 Or only a part of it even, would you be willing?—
 now would you?
 To surrender it all, every bit, and bow at the feet
 of the Lowly?

To some, this would surely be hard, and who
 knows the struggle she went through,
 Before she could come to the point of surrendering
 the creed of her people,
 And changing to that of vile strangers, very wick-
 ed except a few good ones,
 And not only surrender her worship, but give up
 her royalty also,
 But she did it, she sacrificed all.* Who can know
 just how fiercely she struggled
 Before she gave up and surrendered, and made the
 important decision?

* In 1902, the author of this book first met Paul Good Bear, a "really truly" Indian chief, who was, at that time, a professed Christian. Shortly afterwards, in a Fourth of July parade, he was induced to ride at the head of the procession on his beautiful war-horse in his full complete trappings of royalty. It was a sight long to be remembered by the author. But, in a year or two, he felt the call to become a missionary to his people, and absolutely gave away his horse, bridle, saddle (a richly caparisoned mount) and also, all his trappings of royalty. He feared that he might be loving these things better than Jesus. When he had scarcely entered the great work of his Master, he was taken with tuberculosis and died.

She figured that no sacrifice, not even that of her
 queenship,
Could compare with that of Our Savior, who died
 on the cross for her.

Henceforth everything that she did was aimed at
 the moral uplift
Of her people and that of the white men, the set-
 tlers in the village of Jamestown,
And Smith, too, caught much of the spirit, but
 was really too busy with his duties
As president of the colony at Jamestown, restoring
 good order to the colony,
Enforcing the laws that, since spring, had been all
 but ignored by the vicious,
Correcting abuses by those entrusted with office
 and power,
Encouraging labor and thrift so essential to the
 welfare of all.

Trying to teach and help others to a life that is
 better and nobler
Is a good way to learn for one's self. He always
 had worked for the welfare
Of Jamestown, materially speaking, and still would
 keep up the great struggle,
But he saw that the moral uplift was the thing of
 importance supreme,
If the spiritual life could revive, the temporal
 would take care of itself.

Had he seen this before, do you think? Or was it
contagion from the princess?

There is reason to think that he saw it, for a no-
ted historian asserts

That Smith had the habit each day of praying and
singing a psalm,

Which shows very plainly that, though he was al-
ways adventurous and busy,

Yet, still, in spite of all this, he was truly devout
and religious.

So even her "school-play" and work hours
should be aimed at the uplift aforesaid

At every opportune chance that presented itself to
the princess,

And Smith, too, went into the good work and
made it a prominent part

Of the mimic play royalty at Jamestown: The
princess earned the title of "Goode Queene,"

And the moral uplift that was aimed at in time
displayed signs of good fruit.

Soon after this important decision of the prin-
cess "Goode Queene," Pocahontas

To try to do something worth while—to try that
her social play-royalty

Should assume that uplifting attempt, that was
needed so much by the settlers,

She studied and thought up a plan that, perhaps,
would be good and be helpful.

Profanity in Jamestown was awful. Smith had read in the Bible about it,
Where it said very plainly "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain."
It is said aboriginal Indians have no profane words in their language,
But today they know English and some can make the air blue like a sailor,
Though the Indians in Virginia at that time were scarcely proficient as yet.

But the white men while working and chopping down great massive trees in the forest,
Were profane to a shocking degree, and the princess was saddened about it,
And suggested in mimic play court that their oaths should be all kept account of
In a record on some sort of paper and, at evening, when labor was done,
Each one who had uttered an oath should be brought into court and, if guilty,
Should have a small cup of cold water poured down his sleeve for each oath.
At first, while the weather was warm, this was taken as fun and enjoyed,
And no well marked results could be seen, but later, in chill wintry days,
They cut out their vile oaths and cut wood and they made many massive chips fly.

Pocahontas, Mistress Forrest and Annie Burras
took turns at keeping the records,
And so, in a very short season, profanity seldom
was heard,

But some people jokingly added—"when a record-
er was near."

Some say in Virginia to this day, that the chival-
rous men of that state

Are never profane, never swear, never utter an
oath or a bad word,

But they add in a jocular way,—“in the presence
and hearing of ladies.”

Pocahontas soon learned this condition, and, some-
times, when the record was good,

She would graciously smile on the culprits, but
would say, as a gentle reproof,

“That is good, sirs, as far as it goes, but, if you
can quit in our presence,

“Then why can't you quit it completely?” And
the echo said, “Quit it completely.”

Our historians do not record it, but some people
quote a tradition

That every man in the village had gotten his name
on the record

Except just a very small number—Reverend Hunt
and some of his helpers,

And the other name not on the record was that of
the “good-man,” John Rolfe.

Yes, the story still goes in Virginia, that their
 people take pride in the boast,
 That all who are bred in Virginia, no matter how
 vile their profanity
 When out with the boys or alone, they abstain in
 the presence of ladies.
 We half way believe in this story, it had its begin-
 ning in Jamestown.
 It's good, too, as far as it goes, we admit with our
 friend, Pocahontas—
 You may be a well bred Virginian, a gentleman
 quite with the ladies—
 But you should not lay claim to a "dry-sleeve"
 unless you can quit it completely.

CANTO THE NINTH.

— o —
 Time—Fall and winter, 1608.
 — o —

This excellent conduct of Rolfe, this "dry sleeve"
 record as they called it,
 Was what first drew attention of the princess to
 the man the historians describe
 As a "worthy young man of the colony," to the
 man who in just a few years

Was destined to love and be loved by the coy little
prince s for life.

John Smith was a friend to John Rolfe from the
moment the two were acquainted,
Rolfe was therefore entrusted quite often with af-
fairs of especial importance
To the colony and all of the people, and had al-
ways been trusty and faithful,
Executing the president's orders with a zeal that
was worthy of mention.

Smith would sometimes on busy occasions turn
over his school to his friend.
This task, like all others he handled, was assumed
with a genuine zeal
That made his instruction of value, and his work
soon assumed such importance,
That, though Smith still remained Chief Adviser,
Secretary of State or Premier,
Or whatever you might choose to call his efforts
in the little play court,
They found that in this little school, they needed
more helpers and workers,
And so they elected John Rolfe to the office of
"Teacher of the Word,"
And decided to add to the school all others who
wished to enroll.
He accepted the task not as child's play, but went
at the business in earnest,

Till "Teaching the Word" soon became the real
occupation of life,
And, in order to make it more pleasant, he also
taught the singing of psalms,
Until, very often, this school would assume the
appearance of church,
Which pleased Pocahontas the more, especially the
songs and she learned them.
Till, on Sundays, quite often she assisted the Rev-
erend Hunt with the singing.

Many great lessons were learned, but one was of
special importance,
It was one of the great ten commandments, that
God had given to Moses
To give to his people, "Thou shalt have no other
gods before me,
Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image
or likeness,
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them or serve
them for I, the Lord,
Thy God am a jealous God." This command-
ment was surely important.
Rolfe strongly impressed this great lesson with
many an argument and reference,
And made all his points in the Bible quite plain to
the eager, young princess,
And, at last, he came down to the wickedness of
worshiping Okee and Kiwassa,
To the bowing down to and the serving of impo-
tent images and figures.

To this Pocahontas demurred, and held up her hands at the thought,

“Nay, you are wrong, dear friend John, we worship not Okee nor Kiwassa,

We worship the Mighty Great Spirit which Okee and Kiwassa represent.

Our prophets and warriors and medicines have gone in the spirit to heaven,

And have brought back these images for us, that is, they have seen there in heaven

The originals which these figures represent. The Mighty Great Spirit himself

Is invisible, being a spirit—invisible by all of us mortals,

But visible, of course, by a spirit—that is acknowledged by all,

But he manifests his wrath in tornadoes, the thunder, the lightning, the earthquake,

And his love in the beautiful valleys, the hills, the rivers, the flowers.

Nay, we do not worship the IMAGES of Okee, Kiwassa or the sun,

But the Mighty Great Spirit which Okee and Kiwassa and the sun represent.”

“Nay, dear Pocahontas, you’re wrong, if we grant Okee and Kiwassa,

Then Baal, Minerva and Jupiter, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva,

Diana, Osiris and Isis, Mercurius, Ashtoreth and Moloch,

And also a long list of others, who also were supposed to represent

The great God of Heaven, and those who bowed down to and worshiped these images

Also would claim, just as you do, that they worshipped the REAL not the image.

God is a spirit and he seeketh those to worship who worship in spirit.

Then he turned to the Bible and read "Thou shalt not make unto thee

Any graven image or likeness of anything in the heaven above,

Or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them; nor serve them, for I, the Lord,

Thy God, am a jealous God." This commandment was surely important.

Rolfe was full of the fire and the spirit and the zeal of his glorious religion,

And its greatly superior virtue over that of the untutored heathen.

His eloquence grew to a climax, and he ended the climax by shouting,

"We should worship God, the spirit, DIRECT, and NOT through an image or likeness."

Suppose now that you, all your life, had been taught to believe in your creed.

Had been led from your infancy up to a zealous
belief in the doctrines

And creeds of your land and your people—that
their spirits on certain occasions

Of religious or worldly importance, could part or
be sent from the bodies

Of good men and brave men and prophets, and go
to the presence of God,

Right up to his throne up in heaven, and talk
with him there of his wishes,

His promises, threats and decrees, and come back
and tell all about them,—

Until you believed in the story, until you imbibed
it completely,

And had made that creed part of your lives, and
then have strange people to come

And teach you a different creed, would you take it
right up in a moment,

And cast off the old for the new, or would you ex-
pect and demand

Some time to consider the change, before you give
up and accept?

Of course, any strong mind expects a reason before
it gives up

The old creeds and takes up the new. "Come, now,
let us reason together."

If my creed is wrong, I would know it. If your
creed is right, prove it so.

Like the people who live in Missouri, if my creed
is wrong you must show me,

And likewise if your creed is right, then, if honest,
one is bound to accept.

But how can you prove that the spirit of a per-
son unconscious has not
Departed and gone from the body, and if the said
spirit be gone

Temporarily off from the body, then where is it
during its absence?

Pocahontas would answer by saying—and how can
you prove it is false?—

That "it's gone to the presence of him to whom the
said spirit belongs."

False medicines, you claim, could make up all the
tales and deceive many people.

Yes, and there were false prophets in old times who
led many people astray.

Pocahontas may, perhaps, have been slow, but
she gave up at last and accepted

Our Christ as her personal Savior, and the change
when 'twas made was complete.

She saw that her creed's worst defect was that of
the worship of idols

Made of wood or of stone or of metal, impotent,
virtueless, man-made.

Compared with omnipotent God, the creator of
heaven and earth,

And all things therein, and all life, and the moun-
tains and valleys and forests,

And the thought that we all ought to worship Our
Savior, himself, in the spirit

Direct and without intervention of anything material or tangible.

She grasped this strong argument fully, but this new creed, was it any better?

Did they not do the same in their worship? She certainly thought that they did.

Pocahontas said, "Yes, I'm convinced. I believe you are right. I am sure

We should worship God, the spirit, DIRECT and NOT through an image or likeness,

But I'm puzzled, will you tell me, friend John, why the preacher in yon little church

Has the crucifix placed so convenient and worshippers bow as they pass it?

Why do you now have a crucifix tied to a cord round your neck,

And why do you do such obeisance to even a portrait of Jesus?

If the use of an image is wrong, then why do you, the enlightened,

You, who have God's word in a book, preach to us eloquent phrases

Of the sin of bowing to images of wood and of stone and of metal

And then you, yourself, why yes, John, you bow to the IMAGE of Jesus.

Why not worship Jesus in spirit? Take your own medicine, John.

Cast off every image and likeness and worship your God as a spirit."

"Nay, dear Pocahontas, it's different, WE do
 not WORSHIP the crucifix,
 The portraits, the rosaries, the statues. It is known
 every where by all men
 That we worship the trinity, God and his Son and
 the great Holy Spirit.
 We apparently bow to the crucifix, or, perhaps, to
 the portrait of Jesus,
 Yet, really, we worship Jehovah and his Son and
 the great Holy Spirit,
 And the images are only the types, the memorials,
 the figures, the symbols."

"Nay, friend John, that won't do, for if we ad-
 mit the crucifix, the portraits,
 The statues, the amulets, the rosaries, then Baal,
 Minerva and Jupiter,
 Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, Diana, Osiris and Isis,
 Mercurius, Ashtoreth, Moloch, and why not Okee
 and Kiwassa,
 The sun and the rattles and charms, and also a
 long list of others?
 For, as you just asserted yourself, they all were
 supposed to represent
 The great God of heaven and those who bow down
 to and worship these images
 Also would claim, just as you do, that they wor-
 ship the real not the image."
 And she also quoted the Bible from memory just
 as Rolfe read it.

Without taking the time to turn to it, "Thou shalt
not make unto thee

Any graven image or likeness of anything in the
heaven above,

Or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the
earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor
serve them, for I, the Lord,

Thy God, am a jealous God." Of course this com-
mand is important.

Why not worship Jesus in spirit? Take your own
medicine, John,

Cast off every image and likeness, and worship
your God as a spirit."

John was shocked, he was beaten completely.
Was he an idolater? Was he?

And John Rolfe, the high-churchman, right then
became a dissenter—ALMOST.*

You hold up your hands, my dear friends, at the
awfulness of Indian idolatry,

That is, of the worship of God through an image
or likeness or figure,

But you'll scarce' find a Sunday school today any
where in the country, I think,

That does not use pictures of Jesus—that is, so-
called pictures of Jesus,

But they're only some artists ideas. Here's a ques-

* For a high-churchman to become a dissenter, was inconceivable.

tion you may answer to yourself,
Is there not serious danger that the uninitiated, the
thoughtless,
And, perhaps, little innocent'children, may, later,
be led to the worship
Of God through an image, not direct? And
wouldn't you call that idolatry?
Or have you a picture of Jesus? You think so,
but how can you prove it?
There is no sure likeness extant, and to make a
pretension is wrong.
God has wisely kept his people without one that
they may, the better, worship in spirit.
Jesus, like God, is a spirit, and should, therefore be
worshiped as a spirit,
And every tangible likeness that people bow down
to, is wrong,
Is as truly idolatry as was the bowing to Okee and
Kiwassa.

John Rolfe meditated and pondered. Pocahontas
thought hard and she studied.
The struggle for both was quite fierce, but the sac-
rifice came in due time.
Pocahontas suggested this test. Some night they'd
go out to the river.
The estuary mouth of the James, broad and majes-
tic and lovely,
They would take an old, leaky canoe, fasten some
rocks in it firmly,

Then put in their idols, Ckee and Kiwassa, the
rattles and charms,

Crucifixes, statues and portraits, rosaries, amulets
and crosses—

Pocahontas would put in her head gear and trap-
pings of royalty also,

She decided that these might be idols, she loved
them, she feared, more than Jesus.

They would first pour out all of the water, then
gently place the idols within

Tied up in a skin and bound firmly to the frame
of the birch-bark canoe,

Then shove them out into the river. If God or the
Mighty Great Spirit

Cared aught for these idols he'd save them, if not,
they'd be left to their fate.

They did it, they sacrificed all. In silence, they
watched the canoe

Glide out in the waters majestic and vanish at
last in the darkness,

And then they went back to the village to worship
their God in the spirit.

Haven't we, almost all, at this day, some idols
we, too, might canoe?

CANTO THE TENTH.

—○—
Time—, 1609.

—○—
Second charter. Superior Council only, elected by the stock holders of the London Company. The king's authority was not so prominent.

—○—
The winter and also the springtime of sixteen hundred nine,
Was a very good, prosperous season with President Smith in control,
A time of good health and good feeling, and peace with their neighbors, the Indians,
Who, daily, were seen in the village, trading their furs to the white men
For kettles, knives, hatchets and trinkets. Some learned to converse in our language,
Their speech, to be sure, was quite broken, but still they could make their thoughts known.

And they visited the wonderful school of the good
Pocahontas, their princess,
Who spoke to them oft in their language of the
one theme so dear to her heart,
And some of them there became Christians, among
them her brother, Nantauquas.
There the good Indian, Chanco, it is thought, first
heard the sweet story of Jesus,
Which, afterward, made him a Christian and al-
ways a friend to the white men.
He it was, who years later, gave warning to his
white friends, the people of Jamestown,
Of the awful massacre of the whites in the year
sixteen twenty two.

Smith left Pocahontas and Rolfe to manage the
school by themselves.
Rolfe continued to put forth the effort that had be-
come part of his life,
And they learned some great lessons, among them
the teachings of the Bible on temperance,
And followed the references closely, "Look not
thou on the wine when it's red,
When it giveth his colour in the cup, when it mov-
eth itself aright.
At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth
like an adder." She knew,
She had helped Rolfe to nurse at the bedside of
men with delirium tremens.

At that time, the village of Jamestown was just
about two years of age,
Having only a small population, about two hun-
dred in number.
These all had been tested and tried. The worst
ones had dropped from the scene
By drunkenness and various diseases, and some by
the hands of the Indians.

That drunkenness always brings trouble, has no
exception with Indians.
Drunken Indians are crazy, if possible, more so
than white men.
This caused Pocahontas great sorrow, she feared
it might break up completely
The friendship of the whites and the Indians, and,
perhaps, cause a great war between them.
Other reasons she had for opposing the evils of al-
coholism,
She had watched it and knew its effects. Experi-
ence, therefore, had taught her
A perpetual fear of an outbreak, or riot between
white men and Indians.

What could she do? She was thinking. She
was studying. But what could she do?
She feared that she could do nothing, the evil was
so universal.
She thought and she would not give up. She
worked and she puzzled and prayed.

She thought the best way to combat it, was to
 keep the temptation away,
 Was to not allow people to make it, or keep it
 where no one could get it
 Excepting for medical uses where nothing else an-
 swered the purpose.
 These plans, she believed, might succeed. She
 thought that no ship or no person
 Should ever be allowed to transport it, or sell it for
 others to drink
 Any more than should folks be allowed to sell poi-
 son for others to take.
 She prayed that the rulers would forbid it. She
 worked and she earnestly prayed.
 Those who work for the master need patience, it's
 often a long time till harvest,
 And sometimes the harvest is reaped long after the
 the sower is dead.*
 Yes, three hundred years is a long time, but, were
 she alive at this day,
 Sho'd be with our great temperance move, she'd
 rejoice in the harvest at last.

While engaged in this good, moral effort, and
 seeing no sign of success,
 No hope, not a ray, not a promise of ever combat-
 ting the evil

* While struggling along, under very great difficulties trying to write this poem, the thought occurred to the author that his efforts might not be appreciated during his lifetime, but that some one else might reap the harvest. This idea was transferred to the poem in the lines, "Those who work for the Master need patience, it's often a long time till harvest. And sometimes the harvest is reaped long after the sower is dead."

So long as ever the drinker was able to get any
liquor,
There occurred two events of importance to James-
town and those who lived in it.

The first event mentioned occurred in May on
the twenty third day,
In sixteen hundred and nine, and it was considered
important,
For, without consulting the wishes of either the
London Company,
Or of the people of Jamestown, King James, by
his royal prerogative,
Granted to them a new charter, revoking the old
constitution.
It provided a Superior Council, elected by vote of
the company.
The Council elected the governor, and, when need-
ed, filled vacancies also.
They elected the Lord Delaware to the office of
governor for life,
With Gates, Somers, Newport and Dale high in
authority with him.

That spring the great company in England had
worked with great fervor and zeal
To strengthen their glorious venture, to build an
empire in Virginia,
A grand and a glorious empire, and also to carry
the gospel

Of Jesus to the Indians, whose souls were as precious to God, the Creator
As were souls of his civilized creatures—great sermons were preached on the subject.

At that time the zeal for religion was very high
back in Old England
And all over Europe as well, and right then the
force was at work
To bring out the whole Bible in English, translated at his majesty's order.
So the work of obtaining recruits was not all from
the jails and the prisons,
As some of the writers have hinted—some were, we admit, but of these
The most were but prisoners of debt and never
were crim'nals at all.
Let us not paint Virginia too darkly—but the missionary spirit was also
Employed in the hunt for recruits, and a few real,
true Christian heroes
Volunteered to go out to the heathen, and carry
the message of Jesus.

The methods, no doubt, were dramatic, as their agents with eloquent language
Portrayed all the glorious prospects of the beautiful, wonderful country,
Till, at last, a large fleet of nine vessels set sail for
the wonderful land,

And all were inflated with zeal by the prospects
as pictured unto them
By the agents of the great London Company, and
they left in a frenzied excitement.

All seemed to go well till a storm overtook them
out in the great ocean
And two of their vessels went down, as far as the
rest of them knew.
Delaware, the new governor for life, had not ac-
companied the settlers,
But sent Gates with Somers and Newport on
ahead to take charge of affairs
Till he should arrive there in person, and they, in
one vessel were grounded,
As most of our histories tell us, on one of the isles
of Bermuda,
And the other small vessel was shipwrecked and
disappeared out in the ocean.

The second event was the landing in the middle,
about, of July
Of the seven great vessels at Jamestown, bringing
some three hundred settlers
To strengthen and build up the village and make
it a permanent dwelling.
They started with five hundred settlers and a large
fleet of nine sailing vessels,
But, in making this estimate, remember that two
vessels did not arrive.

This gave them new faith in their town. Now,
Hope looked out to the future
And pictured a beautiful city, a grand and a prosperous city,
Its thoroughfares crowded with commerce and surrounded by thriving plantations.
Such ever is hope, but quite often it vanisheth quickly away.

All of the governor's deputies had shipwrecked back at Bermuda,
So Smith was still left in control. Some of the newcomers were vicious,
Yes, crim'nals, no doubt, from the jails, and some were ambitious and haughty,
Disregarding the orders of Smith, who claimed he was president still,
Until a successor arrived with a proper commission from the council,
And had to deal harshly with some to put down the riots and brawls.

John Smith at first thought to resign, but things soon began to go bad,
So most of the newcomers urged him to continue in office. They saw
That Smith's ruling was certainly right when he claimed he was president still
Until a successor arrived with a proper commission from the council,

Yes, most of the newcomers saw it and gave him a
vote of approval.

But some, as we said, were quite haughty and
spurned to accept a "provincial,"

Or, as we would say, a backwoodsman, to govern
them—sons of nobility.

But the president had a majority supporting his
claim to the office,

So, in spite of their haughty demeanor, the orders
of Smith were respected.

John Smith and the settlers then planned to
spread out from the village of Jamestown
And establish two other new towns, each of one
hundred and twenty.

One under Martin at Nansemond, the other at the
falls of the James

Under the good Captain West. Both of these col-
onies had trouble,

Especially the one under West, whose men had of-
fended the Indians,

Perhaps in some vile, drunken brawls. Smith
went to make peace but he could not,

And on his return back to Jamestown, occurred
the beginning of trouble.

While asleep in his boat a large bag of gunpow-
der lying near was exploded,

Burning and tearing his flesh so severely that he
leaped overboard

To extinguish the fire in his clothing. He was rescued and taken to Jamestown

Where he suffered in torment for weeks, being tenderly nursed by the princess.

Today with our medical treatment — antiseptics and the grafting of skin,

His case would have been very easy—but under the treatment afforded,

At last, he despaired of relief, and decided to go back to "Old England,"

Which he did in the month of September, after having delegated his power

As president of the land of Virginia to Sir George Percy, a man

Well liked by all of the settlers, he departed from Jamestown forever.

But was it despair? That is questioned. Some historians give us a hint

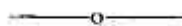
That, perhaps, it was mostly disgust at the gentlemen, the idlers, the gold hunters,

And the rum in the incoming vessels that should have been filled with provisions,

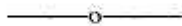
And, last but not least, was the system of holding all property in common,

Communism we call it today. He was sure the plan would not succeed.

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.



Time—Fall, winter and spring, 1609 and 1610.



John Smith was a natural leader. He left in the colony at Jamestown,
Settlers numbering four hundred and ninety, well armed, well supplied and well sheltered.
His departure was a blow to the colony, the beginning of awful disaster,
What the princess had feared now came true. Some of the newcomers were vicious,
And the Indians were wronged and ill treated until they began to resent.
Many outlying houses were burned and straggling white people were murdered,
The settlers with Martin and West were compelled to return to the fort.
No one could go out in the forest in search of wild fruits or of berries,
Or to hunt the wild game for its meat, and the skins of the same for their clothing,

So famine, desolation and cold soon brought on
diseases and fevers,
Like those that had swept, off the settlers, during
the previous autumn,
But many times worse than before and also it lasted
much longer.

The killing of whites by the Indians, though awful,
could not be called war,
Because Powhatan, the great chieftain, still wished
to keep peace with his white friends,
And the murders were done in such secret, that the
guilty ones could not be found out.
None could venture outside of the fort. The condition
was that of a siege.

But dear Pocahontas was true, her efforts were
grand and sublime,
Her worth to the settlers at Jamestown could never
be measured with gold.
Like a Red Cross nurse of today, she cared for
the sick and the wounded,
Like a lass of the Salvation Army, she furnished
them food and she fed them,
Like a priest, she would comfort the dying, and
tell them the story of Jesus,
Till the sufferers, not all in delirium, would look
at the beautiful face,
And declare it the face of an angel, the face of a
dear, loving angel.

That Jesus had sent to Virginia to succor the
wicked and vile,
The unworthy, the rebellious, the wayward, whom
he loved and still longed to redeem.

Quite often she went to her friends, her Indian
friends out in the forest,
Who loved her still as their princess, and plead
with them long for her white friends,
Starving by scores in the village, till, at last, they
would answer her pleas
By long human caravans with baskets, marching
in long single file
In the devious trails through the forest with ven-
ison and food for the settlers.
But, when severe winter arrived, these long cara-
vans of relief
Became shorter and farther apart, until they total-
ly ceased.

Thus, alternately, she procured food and served
as a "Red Cross" nurse,
And kept up the task unremitting. In and out,
here and there, everywhere,
So sweet and so tender and gentle she went and
she ministered to them,
Never seeming to tire, but, instead, inspiring all
others to effort,
Till, in gratitude, for ages they called her "The
bless-ed and deare, Pocahontas."

This suffering is called in our histories, "The Starving Time in Virginia,"
Ofttimes there were not half enough of the well
to take care of the sick.
All through the long winter it lasted, unusually
cold and severe,
A winter of terror and anguish and indescribable
horror.
The famine became so severe that they ate all their
food and, at last,
Ate their horses, their cattle, their poultry, their
swine and their sheep and their goats,
Their pigeons, their dogs and their cats, and even
mice, lizards and snakes,
And some historians state that they even ate corp-
ses of the dead.

For six months this terror continued, and made
many strong hearts to quail.
Grim Death was abroad in the village, every day
taking his toll,
Oft with too many corpses for burial, lying still
untouched as they died,
Frozen stiff with their eyes still unclosed, in a
ghastly stare at the dear friends,
Who wrapped them in sheets without coffins, to be
silently sunk in the river.

Such cases as this try the hearts. Smith had
left in the colony at Jamestown

Settlers numbering four hundred and ninety, about
the fifteenth of September.
By the last day of March, sixteen ten, there were
left only sixty alive,
Wan skeletons dying by inches, among whom
deathly sick of the famine,
Lay Rolfe with the princess beside him, a skeleton,
too, but still serving,
Despair written down on her visage, but with will-
power that still kept her going,
And had it not been for her efforts, all would have
been dead without doubt.
Some historians make the assertion, "All would
have been dead in ten days."

But just at this time, the commissioners, Gates,
Dale, Somers and Newport,
Whose ship had been wrecked at Bermuda and re-
paired with a great deal of effort,
Arrived at the scene in Virginia, but instead of a
prosperous village
To welcome and greet them and cheer them, just
think of their great disappointment,
Their despair and their anguish and sorrow, after
their own awful hardships,
To look at the scene just described where the grim
reaper, Death, was still swinging
And not even thinking of rest. The pestilence and
the fevers and the cold

Had, by this time, about run their course, it was starvation now that was stalking.

John Rolfe and full half of the others, too faint
and dilirious from hunger,
And too weak of starvation to know (among
whom were found Mistress Forrest
And her serving maid, Miss Annie Burras) could
only remain in their cabins,
While a few half starved wretches crawled out and
piteously begged for food.

The Bermuda newcomer had suffered. History
records not their trials
While left to their fate on the island. How they
longed to unite with their friends
And relatives who had gone on ahead to the beau-
tiful land of Virginia!
To the beautiful promised land that was flowing
with milk and with honey,
With everything needful for mankind to establish
a home and a country,
To build up their churches and schools, and live
lives independent and happy.
How they toiled day and night to rejoin them,
toiled long at repairing their vessel!
All through the long winter and spring with inces-
sant labor and effort,
Chopping down trees in the forest, and hewing
them down to ship lumber,

Exactly like Robinson Crusoe in making the planks for his houses—

One tree trunk was split through the middle and the round sides were hewed off to planks,

With infinite labor almost, each tree trunk made only two planks,

And all this with the one single aim—to unite with the colony at Jamestown.

Hope nerved them on to the effort, hope in the town they had chosen,

Hope in the future before them, hope to meet realization

Of the glorious promises made them to build up a glorious dominion,

To the honor of God and their country, hope to gain wealth and abundance,

Hope had those people enchanted, they pictured a beautiful city,

A grand and a prosperous city, its thoroughfares crowded with commerce,

And surrounded by thriving plantations. Hope wore a sweet smile all the voyage,

She smiled, Oh; how sweetly she smiled, all the way to the land of Virginia!

As onward they sailed full of joy, in those glorious, delightful spring days

On the very last lap of their voyage to the beautiful promised land.

Such ever is Hope, but quite often she vanisheth
quickly away,
For, as soon as they landed at Jamestown, Hope
looked on the horrible scene
Of sickness and anguish and sorrow, of famine,
desolation and death,
She looked on the heart-rending vision, and faint-
ed in the arms of Despair.

Provisions were scarce on the vessel, but what-
ever they had, they divided,
And Gates, Dale, Somers and Newport became the
new rulers at Jamestown.
But, Oh, what a realm they found instead of the
one they expected!
The newcomers caught the despair, like a loath-
some contagion, they caught it,
Neither argument, persuasion, remonstrance, nor
promise nor threat could avail.
All through those delightful spring days of April
and May, the commissioners
Plead with and appealed to the people and used
every power of persuasion.
Every appeal was in vain, the commissioners al-
most were driven
By the clamor, the grief, the despair, to yield to
the common desire,
To get out of the land of disasters and hardships
and sorrow and death.

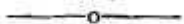
All were disheartened and weary, the Bermuda newcomers had suffered,
All longed for their homes in "Old England," and
what was there here in Virginia
But hardship, disaster and death? They resolved
to go back to their homes:
Have you been there? We have and we know that
it takes an incredible time
For the emigrant from home to forget, and quit
calling his old home his home.
The author, at the time of this writing, had lived
more than seventeen years
In the state of Oklahoma, and yet, many times,
Illinois was called home.

On the eighth day of June they embarked in
four vessels moored in the river.
None shed a tear at the leaving, but they raised a
great shout, "Homeward bound!"
Thus Jamestown with all of their suffering, was
abandoned, as they thought, forever.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.



Time—Going back to March 31, 1610.



On the last day of March, sixteen ten, when the
vessel from Bermuda arrived
And discovered the scene of starvation, there was
sorrow and mourning and trouble,
For many and many a loved one, a relative, per-
haps, very dear,
Who had sailed on that fleet of nine vessels from
England, the summer before,
Had, lately, crossed over the river "to that myste-
rious realm
From whence no traveler returns." Of course there
was sorrow and mourning,
But there also was work to be done. The sixty
who were dying by inches
Were cared for and soon found relief, for food was
the main thing they needed
To remedy bodily ailings, but the sorrow, the
grief, the despair

Remained, and in just a short time. Pocahontas
experienced a fear
That she scarce had dreamed of before. All of
her friends there at Jamestown
Were talking of going away, and, soon, every day,
every day,
That was the subject they talked of. What would
she do if they went?
After tasting of sweet Christianity and the joys of
civilization,
Could she again be a savage, and return to the life
of a heathen?

Their school work was drowned in their sorrow,
the sweet Bible stories likewise,
The songs they had sung were omitted, her teacher
was bowed in despair.
She clung to John Rolfe in his trouble, she tried
very hard to give comfort,
But he, like the rest, was infected, and longed for
his home in "Old England."
They tried, a few times, their old lessons, but the
spirit was gone from the teacher,
They tried once to sing a dear psalm, but both of
them choked at the effort.
Every day they were closest companions, but si-
lence killed out every joy.
Ever darker and darker and darker the ominous
clouds seemed to lower

Till the time was appointed at last, and the people began to get ready
And pack up their goods in great boxes, and provision the boats for the voyage.

Now Pocahontas was sad! What should she do?
Heaven help her!
All she could think of was this, that the choice of the ways was before her,
Like Ruth, the sweet Moabite woman, who made the wise choice of religions
And became the grandmother of Jesse, and he was the father of David,
SHE was right at the fork of the roads, she must now make the choice of her life
And go with her dear Christian friends, or stay to the life of a heathen.

Back in the forests were parents and many who loved her quite dearly,
Yes, many would welcome her home, and tenderly cherish and love her.
On the other side of the question, most all of the faces were new,
Only a few proven true ones, and Rolfe was just only a friend.
At last she brought it to Rolfe, laid all of her troubles before him,
Laid her soft hand upon his, and asked him how she should decide it.

He saw the deep conflict within her, saw that her
heart-strings were breaking,
But would it be right to advise her? No, she must
decide for herself.
He loved and would care for the princess, but
would it be right to entice her
Away from her people and country to a land of
strange people and customs?
To dwell there the rest of her life and, perhaps,
become very unhappy.

You know they were afterwards married, and
wonder, perhaps, why not now?
But just stop and think for a moment, Pocahontas
was only a girl,
She was only just thirteen years old, or fifteen as
some writers claim,
Too young to know aught of real love, and so he
dismissed it entirely.
No, she must decide for herself. If she went, he
would always befriend her,
Would always protect her and love her, but never
once thought of this fact,
That with Indian maidens it's different; they
sometimes mature very early.

On the sad day appointed for sailing, she and
Rolfe stood apart at the landing
Talking and waiting in sadness, to say the last
words of farewell,

The wind blew strong to the landward, the time
had arrived to decide.

Pocahontas said, "John, I've decided. See that
tree over there on the hilltop?

Its shape is like that of a hand. See how it sways
in the breezes!

It is beckoning me back to the forest, not to give
up my religion,

But to return to my people, a missionary among
them.

It not only seemingly beckons, but look, John, see
how it beckons!

Calling me back to the forest, a missionary of Je-
sus to my people."

They kissed and they said their farewells, Fate
seemed to push them apart,

And just at that moment shoved fiercely, and John
embarked on the vessel.

The ropes were unwound from the moorings, the
vessel dropped down with the tide.

Yes, the previous statement was wrong that "None
shed a tear at the leaving,"

For two shed great tears at the parting, as they
heard the great shout, "Homeward bound!"

Rolfe sank on a great oaken tool chest, and great
tears rolled over his visage,

Pocahontas raised her arms up to heaven, as if in
a last sad appeal,

Then buried her face in her hands and sank in a
heap on the sand

And wept bitter tears all alone. Before her, true
friends were departing,

Behind her in the forest was—what? And the vil-
lage was empty and cheerless.

Oh! how would her people receive her? She wept
a long time on the sand,

And she prayed, Oh she prayed to the Savior! "to
keep her forever and ever

In the hollow of his hand," and she prayed, Oh
God, if it be thy will,

Send back the dear white friends again to their
homes in the village of Jamestown."

Then she went to her room in the village, all de-
serted and dreary and silent,

Dropped down on her cot, wept for hours, and, at
last wearied out, fell asleep.

Sleep, sweet Pocahontas, sleep on, Grief is at rest
while we sleep.

*John Rolfe on the big oaken chest, wept long,
and the friends who were with him*

Respected his grief and his sorrow, for everyone
there on those vessels

Knew and loved Pocahontas, the princess, for
what she had suffered and done.

The vessels moved slowly down stream, for the
wind, as you know, was against them

And the sails were unhoisted. It was only the tide
that was bearing them homeward.

Was it the hand of their God retaining them there
for a purpose?

Why could they not move? Oh! why was the
wind at that time so contrary?

After hours and hours of such progress, with the
sun sinking down toward the hilltops,

They saw the great bay still before them and in it
a number of sails.

It was Lord Delaware, the new governor, with a
fleet of several vessels,

With many additional settlers, and clothing and
food in abundance.

The "Homeward bound" settlers, abandoning
the village of Jamestown "forever,"

Were urged to return to their homes. The excel-
lent Lord Delaware

Had abundance of everything needed, and made
promise of better times coming.

This was better than what they had planned. "To
go to the Newfoundland fisheries

And live with the good people there until they
could find transportation

On board of some sea-worthy vessel that would
take them all back to "Old England."

No, these vessels could not take them back on
their return voyage to England,

As that thing was strictly forbidden, for how could
they start a new country
By taking the settlers away? No, all should go
back home to Jamestown
And try to content themselves there. But in case
they MUST go back to England,
They could wait there at home amid plenty, for
some sea-worthy vessel bound homeward.

But these people were home-sick and heart-sore,
and had to be plead with quite strongly,
In spite of the fact that this plan was the sensible
course to pursue.

They were urged, strongly urged, they were plead
with to return to their homes in Virginia,

Till at last, one by one, they consented. John
Rolfe was the first one to yield,

And he used all his influence with others, till at
last the consent was unanimous.

They hoisted their sails to the breezes, favorable
now for returning,

And soon were the hearthfires rekindled in the vil-
lage of Jamestown again,

And the good Delaware on his knees, with uplifted
hands, thanked his God

"That he had arrived just in time to preserve the
great village of Jamestown."

John Rolfe did not go to his home, but he
sought out the home of the princess,

The room of the dear Pocahontas. He hoped
against hope that he'd find her.
No, she'd surely be back in the forest. He knock-
ed, but received no response,
So he quietly pulled on the latch-string, and enter-
ed the silent abode.
There lay the princess still sleeping, and the heart
of Rolfe bounded with joy.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

Time—1610 and 1611.

John stood there in rapture awhile and looked at
the beautiful sleeper,
A beautiful smile crossed her visage, she turned on
her cot very slowly,
And reached out her hand as in greeting. She was
dreaming again of the good days,
When John Smith and John Rolfe were both there
in the dear, little village of Jamestown,

And Indians and whites were together at peace en-
joying a feast,
Competing in games with each other, running and
jumping and rowing."

The great feast at last, as quite often occurs at
an Indian feast,
Became at the end a great marriage. She, herself,
was the bride to be,
They were leading her up to the bridegroom, they
had led her around and had stopped her
In front of her dear friend, John Rolfe; then the
beautiful smile crossed her visage,
She opened her eyes half awake; it was only a
dream, just a dream.

John spoke just one word, "Pocahontas," and then
she awoke with a start,
Threw her arms round his neck with a shout,
"God has answered my prayer! You are mine!
You are mine! You are mine! God has sent you
back to me! He has answered my prayer!

The voice of a woman thus shouting, attracted
a number of people,
Who rushed to the room of the princess, to find
out the cause of the outcry,
And, finding that nothing was wrong, they gave a
great shout for the princess,
And returned again to their duties to arrange for
the night that was nearing.

They arranged a bonfire on the common, had a
jolly good time and a feast,
With a spread on the beautiful lawn. They made
it a joyous occasion.

After the feasting was over they slept, and awoke
on the morrow,
To a day which the good Delaware had proclaim-
ed in the light of the bonfire,
To be held as a day of thanksgiving, to be spent
in religious devotion,
A thanksgiving service all day to be held at the
church house in Jamestown,
And, truly, they made it a day of thanksgiving,
and Rolfe and Pocahontas
Were as glad and as solemn and devout as any
who graced the occasion.
At the close of devotion in the evening, they sol-
emnly read the commission
Of the excellent Lord Delaware as "Governor of
the Land of Virginia."
Amid great rejoicing and at once, he entered the
discharge of his duties,
With Gates, Dale, Somers and Newport his able
and worthy assistants.

This ninth day of June, sixteen ten, this day of
devotion and prayer
And thanksgiving, marked a new era in the religi-
ous life of Virginia.

The first place of worship in Virginia was under
an old rotten tent.
That was when they first landed at Jamestown,
the second, soon after, was ship sail,
Then a log building covered with dirt was used as
a place of devotion,
But Delaware built them a good, large building,
twenty four feet by sixty,
Which was large for that time, and was, really, the
first English church in America.
Daily they met in the church house, and acknowl-
edged in all of their ways
The protecting hand of their God, and besought
him to direct their paths,
And lead them beside the still waters, and in the
paths of righteousness.

Delaware's goodness endeared him, and all were
inspired with new hope,
Hope again smiled on the village, hope in the
town they had chosen,
Hope in the future before them. They pictured a
beautiful city,
A grand and a prosperous city, its thoroughfares
crowded with commerce
And surrounded by thriving plantations. Hope
had revived in her beauty,
And her smile caused the giant Despair to fade and
to vanish away.

John Rolfe, when alone in the evening, pondered
long the events of the day,
Especially that in regard to the sleeping princess,
Pocahontas,
And how she awoke from her dreams, threw her
arms 'round his neck with a shout,
"That God had answered her prayers" and making
the excited assertion,
"You are mine! you are mine! you are mine! God
has sent you back to me."
Was it just only excitement, or was it a statement
of love?
Of a love that meant more than just friendship, of
course, he knew that she loved him
As a friend, but that light in her eyes was quite
strange, he could not understand it.
He pondered it long but at last he decided he surely
was wrong.
She was only a girl, only thirteen, or fifteen accord-
ing to some
Of the writers and students of history, too young
to know aught of real love.
It was doubtlessly just the excitement natural to
such partings and meetings.

Delaware, the just and good ruler, soon gained
the good will of the Indians,
And industry ruled the new village, so that, in a
very short time,
The village returned to itself, with added new zeal
and new vigor.

Pocahontas and Rolfe soon renewed their old times
and were happy again.

Thus went on affairs until fall and Lord Delaware
became sick,

He left his affairs with George Percy—the very
same man whom John Smith

Deputized when he left Virginia—and returned to
“Old England” again.

The settlers were greatly discouraged at the loss
of their excellent ruler,

But they labored and struggled till spring, when
the great Superior Council

Sent a large ship load of supplies and settlers un-
der Sir Thomas Dale,

Which arrived on the tenth day of May, and Per-
cy was succeeded by Dale,

Who bore a commission from the council. Sir
Thomas Dale at one time

Had served in the wars of the Netherlands as a
military officer, and hence

He adopted martial law, in the main, as his meth-
od of ruling, but, however,

He was always so just and so tolerant that very
few ever had cause

To complain of his rule although really his meth-
od was quite arbitrary.

In August six more ships arrived, this was in six-
teen eleven,

They carried three hundred new settlers under
Governor Sir Thomas Gates.

This added still more to their zeal, and helped
them be better contented.

With Gates came a change of importance. Com-
munism was abolished at once,

And property rights were established. Each per-
son received an allotment,

Was given three acres of land to hold as his own
and each family

Had their homes and their orchards and gardens
and gathered the fruits of their labor,

The workers were greatly encouraged by receiving
the rewards of their toil,

And soon became industrious and cheerful, and
the good of the change was apparent.

Plantations spread out all directions. Prosperity
was seen every where

During that summer or spring, there was brought
to the people at Jamestown

The Bible, King James's translation, and one was
given to the princess,

Pocahontas, by people who loved her because of
the work she had done.

Forty-seven learned scholars had just completed the
work of translation

In the name of His Majesty, King James, they
having begun the great work

In the year sixteen hundred and four. Pocahontas
was made very happy.

Rolfe, even before his allotment, unlike most all
of the others,
Went to work over-time in good earnest (under
communism, history says
They worked only six hours a day, if the efforts
that most of them made
Might be dignified by calling it work) and by the
advice of the princess,
He planted a patch of tobacco, for, you know Mis-
ter Rolfe, she asserted
That the Indians always would trade valuable furs
for tobacco,
And the English would purchase the furs, or trade
with the settlers to get them
Any goods that the people had need of." None
thought that tobacco is poisonous,
Or even injurious to health, in fact, many thought
it a medicine.
The Indians had used it for ages and never had
thought it a poison.
Its use among whites was quite new, but was rap-
idly coming in fashion,
So Rolfe and the princess were clear, they had not
the least trouble with conscience,
Because neither one of them thought, or knew, of
the danger of using
The plant by smoking the same—no one at that
time ever chewed it.

The land used by Rolfe was quite fertile, and,
the fact we have stated before,
That every task he accepted was assumed with a
genuine zeal
That made all his efforts praise-worthy, had also
made this task successful,
For history bears out the assertion, that, through
his great fields of tobacco,
he became in a very few years, a wealthy and
prosperous planter—
But how much of this, his success, was due to the
work and advice,
And the presence and smiles of the princess, histo-
rians have never related,
For, of course you will surely believe that the dear
Pocahontas went often
With Rolfe to his fields of tobacco, after their les-
sons were over—
For the lessons had never been made affairs of all
day any time—
And the scene was a constant delight. Instead of
the old Indian way,
The laborious use of the hoe, and that very crude
to be sure,
He used a great oxen and plow, and accomplished
more work in an hour
Than a strong squaw could do in a day, and even
that plow was quite crude
Compared with the plows of today and the imple-
ments used in our fields.

John Rolfe, it is said, was the first white man
in the world to begin
To raise the plant known as tobacco. His first
crop of sixteen eleven
(The same year that gave us our Bible, known as
King James's translation)
Was disposed of at such a great profit, that the
very next year he began
The systematic cultivation of the plant and again
made a wonderful profit.
This time on his private allotment, received so late
in the autumn
Of sixteen hundred eleven that the crops were then
ready to harvest.

Other settlers soon planted it also, and learned
they could sell every pound
They could raise at a wonderful profit, and buy
everything that they needed,
That the soil of the state of Virginia was the best
in the world for tobacco,
Till, soon, nearly every allotment was given to the
growth of the weed,
And, later, e'en the streets of the village were plow-
ed up and planted with tobacco,
Until it became the great staple, the leading pro-
duction of Jamestown.

So important became its production that it even
served sometimes as money,

And salaries wages and—wives, were paid for, not
in English pounds Sterling,
But in its equivalent, we're told, in so many
pounds of tobacco.

An English pound Sterling is something like five
American dollars,
So then, if the wife of a settler cost a hundred and
fifty such pounds,
Then the wives of that day were quite costly, as
expensive as wives of today.
They were not cheap affairs, not at all, and many
were worth what they cost.
But, perhaps we're not figuring right, the pounds
were, perhaps, not equivalent,
But the buyer of tobacco today is quite apt to be-
lieve that we're right.*

* Written October 10th, 1919 when prices had soared to about the highest point as
a result of the great "World War."

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

Time—1612 and 1613.

Third Charter. Superior Council abolished. Officers elected by the stock-holders of the London Company. Charter much more democratic.

The colony in sixteen and twelve was growing
and prosperous and hopeful,
And on good, friendly terms with the Indians, who
came to the village quite often,
And loved and trusted the white men since the
days that the good Delaware
Had regained the good will of their people by love
and just dealing and kindness,
Just after Jamestown was abandoned, the eighth
day of June sixteen ten,
But to which they returned at his pleading ere
sunset, and thus saved Virginia.

But in sixteen hundred and thirteen, the good,
 friendly terms with the Indians
 Were changed by a wicked and lawless seacaptain
 named Samuel Argall,*
 The very same man who, soon after, swept down
 on the pious French people
 Who had settled on Mount Desert Island, and
 those at the mouth of Saint Croix,
 And also the town of Port Royal, and scattered the
 innocent settlers,
 Some to the colonies of England and others were
 taken to France.
 Captain Argall was really bad, almost a real pi-
 rate, I fear,

But at the same time he was high in favor at the
 court of King James,
 And I'm sure that his vile, awful deeds were done
 at His Majesty's orders,
 Except that the awful results, that make the
 events so pathetic
 Almost like the Longfellow story "Evangeline, a
 Tale of Acadia,"
 Were, perhaps, not intended by the king. He had
 not planned the sad separations

* Argal instead of ergo by the pedantic but ignorant grave digger in Shakespeare's play "Hamlet" is a very amusing mistake. Argall the, at that time, famous seacaptain was in the mind of the clown and was amusingly substituted for the Latin "ergo" (therefore.) Compare the date when "Hamlet" was first played with the date of the above. The pun is very good and shows Shakespeare's acquaintance with human nature. It was as natural for the clown to remember the lawless seacaptain, Argall, as it is for us to remember Captain Kidd. The author presents this criticism for what it is worth.

That took many dear ones apart, separating the
parent and child,
And, perhaps, the bridegroom and bride, just like
the story "Evangeline,"
Except on a much smaller scale. That was the
vile, heartless doing
Of Argall, the pitiless seaman, lawless, tyrannical,
greedy.
The king's aim was to drive off the French from
territory claimed by the English.

Pocahontas, the princess, was making just then,
up the river Potomac,
A visit that was somewhat extended, to a very old
chief and his wife.
Japazaws was the name of the chief. They might
have been relatives of the princess,
At least, they must have been friends, or she must
have thought that they were.
The reason for the visit is uncertain. She might
have attended a wedding
Of some of her friends or relations. She might
have had trouble, as some
Of the writers of history say, with her father's
tribe and, in order
To escape some unpleasant occurrence, had left the
vicinity of Jamestown,
Her tribe might have refused her the right to stay
with her white friends at Jamestown,

And rather than leave she had chosen to run clear
away from her people,
Or else it may only have been what is known as a
visit of royalty.

Just preceding the Mount Desert voyage, Argall
had landed at Jamestown,
(Was it also at command of the king?) and not
finding what he wanted at Jamestown,
He sailed up the river Potomac, and landed at Jap-
azaws' town,
Where he traded for furs with the Indians, visited
Japazaws' home,
And, after a lot of vile flattery, invited them to
visit his vessel,
And promised to make them a present of a very
large, bright copper kettle
To bring Pocahontas along on board of his ship for
a visit,
To examine the wonderful ship that was sent by
the great English king,
So they coaxed her till she, unsuspecting, went
with them to visit the vessel.
Here's a question, did they really, or not, sell the
princess for a bright copper kettle?

Argall's trading was done in a hurry, he sailed
off for Jamestown at once,
But he kept Pocahontas on board, and carried her
a prisoner to Jamestown.

But, what were the charges against her? It may
have been treason. Who knows?
Were they making too much of the princess to suit
the great king back in England?
At least she was held there in Jamestown and re-
fused the right, even, to go
And visit her father and mother unless the great
king, Powhatan,
Would return some guns that the Indians had got-
ten by purchase or theft,
And the rulers, or authorities at Jamestown, no
doubt at vile Argall's demand,
Had demanded that king Powhatan pay a big
heavy ransom for his daughter.

Powhatan, the peaceful, was wrathful. He order-
ed his mighty, great warriors
To get ready for war, but in secret. Powhatan,
the first time in his life,
Became wrathful enough 'gainst the pale face to
make a speech really eloquent.
He pictured the case as an outrage that could only
be suffered by cowards,
That the guns that were claimed by the whites had
been purchased both fairly and squarely,
That the ransom demanded by Argall and by the
village of Jamestown,
Was nothing but robbery and greed. He pictured
the case as an insult,

Stinging like the bite of an adder, and one that
could not be condoned,
An insult to himself and the princess, to her mother
and sisters and brothers
And to all in the Powhatan tribe, and he ended
the fiery harangue
In a climax something like this, "We will pay
them the big, heavy ransom
Of coon skins and all kinds of furs, and return to
them some of their guns,
We will smoke the great, long calumet for a peace
as long as the earth stands,
As long as rivers flow through the valleys, as long
as the sun shines in the sky,
But as soon as Pocahontas is free, we will kill
every settler in Virginia."

Pocahontas had stayed there in Jamestown most
all of the time, but was free
To come and to go when she wished and her father
did not object strongly,
He did not forbid her the school work so long as
the princess was free,
But when she was there as a prisoner with a big,
heavy ransom demanded
That changed the affair in a moment—it was different,
of course it was different.

The huntsmen went forth on the chase to capture
the skins for the ransom.

It would take quite awhile to get ready, to hunt
up the muskets and pistols,

And capture the bears and opossums, the raccoons,
the minks and the otters,

The beavers, the muskrats, the weasels, enough
to meet all the demands.

It took till the following spring to procure all the
furs for the ransom.

Pocahontas all that time was a prisoner, but she
grieved not a moment about it,

But, of course, she did not know a thing of the im-
pending war that was ordered;

Furthermore she did not even know the demand
that was made for her ransom.

To her, it was just an attempt to get back some
guns that were stolen,

And, if they were stolen, why yes, she agreed resti-
tution was right,

Chanco, the good Christian Indian, was sad on
account of his white friends,

On account of his love for his white friends, and
studied long how he could save them;

How could he appease Powhatan, and save the
lives of his white friends?

He studied and pondered and thought; perhaps
'twould be wisest and best

To let divine vengeance descend upon the bad
people at Jamestown

And save just the good ones, his friends; and warn
them in time to escape.

Like the stockman who kills out the wolves,
 mountainlions, panthers and weasels,
And saves the good cattle and horses, the sheep
 and the swine and the poultry,
Would it not be an act, then, of wisdom to let war
 destroy the vile creatures,
As a punishment just, sent from heaven, and save
 his good friends the last moment.

 He knew well of Powhatan's plan, to secure all
 the furs for the ransom
And obtain the release of the princess before the at-
 tack should be made,
So no imminent danger was, therefore, to be feared
 till the skins were obtained.
He must tell his good white friends about it,
 though he knew he'd be killed if found out,
But if he could appease Powhatan without him-
 self being discovered,
And could find out some suitable plan to accom-
 plish this worthy intention,
He would do it, why yes, he must do it, must even
 risk his life for his friends.

 After studying hard many weeks, he suddenly
 thought of a plan,
The only scheme he could think of, and started at
 once on his mission.
He fixed up a pack on his back and started for
 Jamestown at once.

Now stop just a moment and think, what would
you do in this case?

How would you proceed to prevent the war, the
massacre, the bloodshed?

And don't laugh at Chanco too much, but what
would you do? Now, what would you?

He visited first Pocahontas, and chatted and
gossiped quite freely
About the affairs of the forest, about her friends
and relations,
About her father and mother, about her sisters and
brothers,
About the great school she attended, about the
grand lessons she learned,
About the new Bible they gave her, and about her
great teacher, John Rolfe.
Slowly, but adroitly, he led her, talking to her in
her language,
Till she told him the depth of her love, till she
told him much more than she meant to.
She told him about the strange dream she had had
about four years before.
How still she believed Rolfe was hers, that God
had sent him back to her,
In answer to her prayers that sad day when Fate
seemed to push them apart.

Next he went to his paleface brother, (they al-
ways, when talking together,

Had said "Brother Rolfe, Brother Chanco," and
both were pleased at the custom.)

And, after the usual greetings, they sat down and
chatted quite freely.

Chanco knew English quite well, but he had a
quaint brogue as he spoke it.

Chanco chatted of things of the forest, told tales
of the chase, and the home life.

Of King Powhatan and his people, of the mount-
ains, the streams, the canoe race,

Of the bay and the fish they caught in it, and of
ships he had seen on the ocean.

He talked of the village of Jamestown, of the
school and of the new Bible,

And of the princess, Pocahontas. Slowly, but
adroitly, he led him,

Till he told him his love for the princess, and what
a dear angel she was.

Chanco then came to the point. He told Rolfe the
love of the princess

In language both eloquent and flowery in spite of
the quaint Indian brogue.

Rolfe was rather confused, but he asked, "How
knowest thou this, Brother Chanco?"

Without even a smile on his visage, like this he
evaded the question.

"The little singing birds in big forest sure tell it
to me and I know it."

For a while Chanco still chatted on, and then
quite politely he left him.

On the next day after these visits, Chanco prepared a great feast,
And invited both white friends and Indians,
Among them Pocahontas and Rolfe,
And also the women Mistress Forrest and Mistress
John Laydon—Annie Burras,
And, just at the close of the feasting, he made a
great speech to the people.
He spoke of the good times before, when the Indians and white men were friends,
When they treated each other as brothers, when the Indians believed the palefaces
Were Gods or else spirits from heaven. He spoke of the blessings of peace,
How Powhatan always loved peace. But—and there was an omenous pause—
Argall had captured the princess, daughter of the great Powhatan,
Made her a prisoner in disgrace, and also, as every one knew,
Had demanded a big, heavy ransom of coon skins and all kinds of furs,
That the huntsmen all during the winter, had hunted and trapped for the furs,
And had the amount almost ready to pay off the ransom and take her.
But—with still a more omenous pause—Powhatan was stung with disgrace.
He had ordered his mighty, great braves to get ready for war, but in secret.

Powhatan, in his wrath, became eloquent the first time in his life 'gainst the paleface.

Here he quoted a part of the speech. Powhatan had said to his warriors,

"We will pay them the big heavy ransom of coon skins and all kinds of furs,

We will smoke the great, long calumet for a peace as long as the earth stands,

As long as rivers flow through the valleys, as long as the sun shines in the sky,

But, as soon as Pocahontas is free, we will kill every settler in Virginia."

He believed they could stop all this bloodshed, would they listen while he told them his plan?

"Brother Rolfe and Pocahontas should marry, he knew that they loved one another,

Then Powhatan would know that the princess was not a prisoner at all,

But was there of her own free will. That the settlers had annulled the demands

Of the greedy, tyrannical Argall. (They could nullify the ransom officially.)

Then when Powhatan learned of the marriage, he'd believe in his paleface brothers,

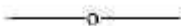
Then would the great Powhatan smoke the long calumet with the paleface,

Not as a feint and a war trick, Powhatan would smoke it in earnest."

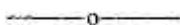
"Brother Rolfe," he then said, "will you do this?" Rolfe joyfully said that he would. Then he said, "Pocahontas, will you?" and she joyfully said that she would.

Then said the good Chanco, the Christian, "At once will I go to the forest,
And will take to the great Powhatan the news of
the great solemn marriage
Of the beautiful princess, Pocahontas, to the worthy young planter, John Rolfe,
And will ask him to come on a visit and smoke the calumet with the paleface."
Chanco had performed his great mission, so he took up his pack and departed,
And rushed to the mighty, great forests to tell
Powhatan the good news.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.



Time—1614.



An Indian wedding is simple, very often as simple as this.

All that is ever deemed needful is witnesses to the agreement,

So when Chanco had ended his mission and left with the joyful news,

When the great war excitement was launched, and the feasters had left in a hurry,

Pocahontas started off with her husband to go with him back to his home,

But Rolfe started with her to her home, at which she was greatly surprised,

And insisted on going to his home, that his home henceforth should be her home.

But Rolfe kindly spoke to the princess, and told her that would not be right,

That she should return to her room until they were rightfully married.

Pocahontas put her hands to her face and wept,
she thought she was married,
And according to Indian custom, she was, un-
doubtedly married.

From the Indian standpoint nothing further was
needed except that the groom
Should take the bride off to his home, permit her
to build all the wigwams,
Do the cooking and cut her own wood, dress all
the hides into leather,
Make all the clothing and moccasins, cultivate all
the corn and tobacco,
The pumpkins, the beans and potatoes, in fact, do
all of the labor.
The man was to hunt in the forests, and catch the
great fish from the rivers,
And carry the game to the wigwams, and then he
could sit down and smoke,
And no one would question his marriage. She
was willing to take her full part
In the duties and burdens of life, and perform all
the tasks that were hers,
For such was the lot of all squaws. She knew just
a very small number
Of white wives and they were good workers. She
was willing to be a real helpmeet.
She would do her full part in life's battle, and
would not become an encumbrance,

Then why did he drive her away? Why did he
refuse to accept her
After they had been publicly married before a large
concourse of people?
If the war came, then she would be with him, if
he died, she would also die with him.

Pocahontas was bitterly grieved, and Rolfe had
a time to explain,
That, in fact, this was only betrothal, that, so far,
they were only engaged,
That, as yet, they had only just promised to mar-
ry at some future time,
That they were not rightfully married according to
civilized custom,
According to the law that God, the Creator, had
given to Moses,
According to the rites and ceremonies of the glori-
ous High Church of England.

He had to explain at great length, that solemn
vows were required,
In the presence of several witnesses, and the mar-
riage written down on a record,
So that no one at all could deny it—she knew of
the value of records—
And the ceremonies themselves must be read by a
right and a proper official,
And, according to the High Church of England,
this official was the minister, the preacher,

That the bride was required to vow to cherish, to
love and obey
Her husband and always be true to him as long as
he lived—
She had heard of a number of squaws who did not
remain true to this promise,
But that would be easy for her, she meant to be
true anyway,
And the bridegroom also must vow to cherish, to
love and be true
To the bride as long as she lived—What! must he
be true to one woman,
Just the one as long as she lived? That surely was
nice—but incredible,
Of course she'd be married again according to the
law of the white man.*

When Chanco rushed off to the forest to take the
good news of the marriage
Of the beautiful princess, Pocahontas, to the wor-
thy young planter, John Rolfe,
To the great Powhatan, the great chieftain, the
emperor of all the Virginias,
He met in the forest not far off, the great Pow-
hatan and his braves
On the way to Jamestown with the ransom to pay
for the freedom of the princess,

* At Colony up to the time of this writing, tribal marriages were sometimes held followed later by the "white man" marriage. At first they had to be arrested before they would comply with the law, arguing that the old time custom of their ancestors was good enough.

But all of the weapons of warfare were carefully
hidden away
Where no one could see them beneath their great
fur robes made of skins,
And others in numerous bundles that looked like
huge packs of provisions
And tepees tied up for a journey, as if for erection
at night
As a shelter and protection from cold, innocent
looking affairs,
To be left in the rear with the warriors till the
great Powhatan and the council
Transacted the business of the ransom and return-
ed with the princess, and then——

When the good Chanco met the procession, he
at once hunted out the great king
And was graciously granted a hearing. He told
of the great, solemn marriage
Of the beautiful princess, Pocahontas, to the wor-
thy young planter, John Rolfe,
And he told how the white men would nullify the
ransom demanded by Argall.
The emperor listened in silence and then expressed
doubt of its truth,
Doubt that the marriage was real, and challenged
good Chanco to prove it.
Good Chanco then plead for a parley, and promis-
ed to furnish the proof.

The parley was granted at once, and witnesses
were brought of the marriage,
Who furnished satisfactory proof of the marriage
by Indian custom,
But they brought the great king information that
they would be married again
According to the law of Moses and the rites of the
High Church of England,
According to the white man's custom, and the cus-
tom of civilization.
The great king, himself, Powhatan, or any officials
sent by him
As witnesses of the occasion, were invited to at-
tend the great marriage,
And he learned that his war plans so secret, were
mysteriously known to the white men.
He tried hard to find out how they learned them,
but no one would tell who revealed them,
Would tell who revealed the great secret, but some
one suggested, perhaps
"The little singing birds in big forest had told
them and therefore, they knew it."

Powhatan was uncertain and pondered, and call-
ed his advisers to meet him
In council about the great matter, whether or not
to accept
The great invitation to the marriage, the civilized
marriage of his daughter,

According to the law of Moses and the rites of the
High Church of England.
This sounded quite high to the council, but still
they were fearful and doubtful
Of some sort of treachery, or scheme, to get the
great king in their power,
And so they decided to send some great high of-
ficials to the wedding.
They selected a very old uncle and also her two
younger brothers
To go to the wedding to witness the marriage for
King Powhatan,
And decided that he would now wait and hear the
report from the marriage,
Whether 'twas real or sham, and the truth in re-
gard to the ransom.

Chanco made a great speech to the council and to
the great King Powhatan,
He spoke of the good times before, when the In-
dians and white men were friends,
When they treated each other as brothers. He
spoke of the blessings of peace,
How that, in the good days before, Powhatan had
always loved peace.
And always had trusted the white men. He spoke
of the good Delaware,
Of the many good people of Jamestown, and that
now all the trouble was due

To the actions of one single man, and he a vile
robber and criminal,
That in no manner could it be right to judge the
entire population
By the deeds of just one single man, and that man
a wicked seacaptain,
By the standard of Samuel Argall, the privateer,
almost a pirate.
Then he plead with the great Powhatan to again
become friends of the white men,
To again meet the white men as brothers, to
smoke the calumet with the paleface.

Powhatan became grave and he studied and pondered
the case quite awhile,
And finally told the good Chanco that, if the great
marriage was real,
And not a pretense and a sham, if the ransom was
really nullified,
If the princess, his daughter, was free, he then had
no cause of a quarrel,
If the case as he gave it was true, then no cause of
a conflict existed,
Or as diplomats would say it today, "No casus
belli existed."
But he said he must wait and be sure, must await
the report of the witnesses.
Then, if the reports that they make should show
that the marriage is real,

And according to the law of Moses and the rites
of the High Church of England,
And the ransom of a truth nullified, then he would
meet with his white friends,
Then would he meet them in council, and smoke
the calumet with the paleface.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

—o—
Time—1614.

—o—
When Chanco rushed off to the forests to tell
Powhatan the good news
Of the marriage of the princess, Pocahontas, to the
worthy young planter, John Rolfe,
The banqueters quickly dispersed and, rushing
here and there through the village,
Soon scattered the news of their danger, the news
of their imminent danger,
And all was excitement and terror and hurrying
hither and thither,
And rushing their personal property inside of the
strong palisades,

And hunting up guns and munitions, and repairing
the breaks in the fort wall,
Which they knew was defective and weak, and,
when they soon afterward learned
That the braves of the great Powhatan were only
a few miles away
Intent on their murderous mission, their terror and
horror and fear
Amounted almost to despair, almost to a wish, at
first thought,
To submit and plead with them for mercy, but
who, when he thought of their methods,
Of the methods of vile, Indian warfare, would
think very long of surrender?
To think of their stake and their torture, would
nerve e'en the weakest to effort,
But they lacked not for strong-hearted heroes who
would fight to the last, if they must.

Governor Dale at once summoned his council
and declared very strict martial law---

You wonder how Dale became governor after be-
ing superceded by Gates?

Well Sir Thomas Dale became governor on the
tenth day of May sixteen eleven,

Was superceded by Sir Thomas Gates in August
that very same year,

Then Dale became governor again in sixteen hun-
dred fourteen,

A month or more preceding this excitement, and
 natural to the calling of a soldier,
As has just been asserted above, he declared very
 strict martial law,
But soon afterwards Chanco arrived from the
 camp of the great Powhatan,
With request that good witnesses go and furnish
 the proof to the king
Of the marriage by Indian custom of princess Po-
 cahontas and Rolfe,
And he also brought back to the village, the news
 of the great king's consent
To the marriage by white people's custom, and the
 king would send royal officials
To witness the great, solemn marriage, and then, if
 the marriage was real,
And not a pretense and a sham, and according to
 the law of Moses,
And the rites of the High Church of England, then
 he'd smoke the calumet with the paleface,
And there should be peace in reality and truth as
 long as the earth stands,
As long as rivers flow through the valleys, as long
 as the sun shines in the sky.

 This brought them relief and rejoicing. It, at
 least, would postpone the assault
Till the settlers had time to prepare, and, 'tis
 known by most-all Indian fighters,
That a battle to an Indian is half lost, unless it is
 made a surprise,

Unless they could fall on their victims unprepared,
or, still better, while sleeping,
And begin at their merciless slaughter with the
warwhoop and deathblow together.

So the settlers most all were agreed, that the
danger was greatly diminished,
And, perhaps could be wholly avoided by catering
to King Powhatan,
By granting to him what he wished, by granting
his righteous demands,
And this they were willing to do, for Argall was
certainly wrong,
In advising the settlers of Jamestown to demand a
ransom for the princess,
As a means of compelling Powhatan to be peace-
able, toward the whites,
(We should think anybody would know the effect
would be just the reverse,)
And the marriage by civilized custom of the prin-
cess, Pocahontas and Rolfe
Had already been arranged by the principals, that
part of the program was easy,
So the war scare was somewhat abated, but they
went on and strengthened the fort,
And Governor Dale, every day, called his advisers
in session,
And graciously permitted the people to take a
large part in the council.

Everybody in Jamestown had learned about the
betrothal of the princess
And their good, worthy townsman, John Rolfe,
and all were excited about it,
That is, as soon as their war scare had abated
enough to permit them
To think about anything else. They would make
it a noted event,
They would celebrate the nuptials in public in the
first church house in Virginia,
And make the occasion an event to be long remem-
bered in history.

Pocahontas agreed that the wedding should not
be delayed very long,
She'd leave the arrangements to others, she'd give
her consent to all customs
Of the law that God gave unto Moses, and the
rites of the High Church of England,
Anything that would please Mister Rolfe, and
make him believe he was married.

They must make a great show and display, and
the rites must be made quite impressive,
And followed in full and minutely, as near as could
be, to the letter,
In order to give the king's witnesses proper and fa-
vorable impressions.
First, the law that God, the Creator, had given to
Moses, his servant

Must be followed exactly, because so much had
been said on the subject.

But what were the rites that they used, the solemn
marriage rites of that day?

None could tell them, and no one could find it
anywhere in the lids of the Bible,

The translation of Tyndale or Cranmer, or even in
that of King James,

Just exactly what ceremony was used at a marriage
in the old times of Moses,

But they couldn't afford to omit anything so important
from the program.

Reverend Bucke then suggested this plan, that
they leave this affair to the governor,

And let him attend to the matter, let him decide
on these rites

To fulfill the great law that God had given to Moses,
his servant,

Because the affair had become a matter of importance
to the state.

Governor Dale was a military hero, had fought
many battles in the Netherlands,

And loved formality and display. He could furnish
ceremonials for them.

They needed no practice whatever, he'd carry them
out in good shape,

He'd carry them out to a finish, and make an impression
on the Indians.

There was one thing that ought to be settled,
Pocahontas was not in the church,
And Reverend Bucke thought it not well to be
"unequally yoked together
With unbelievers," so the princess was urged to
unite with the church in the village.
Pocahontas was a Christian, you know, but she
disliked the forms and the symbols,
And so had not joined with the High Church—
she had cast off her own idols from her—
But at last she, consenting to join, was baptized
with the name of Rebecca.

The day of the wedding arrived, a beautiful day
in the springtime,
All Nature was gay and rejoicing, the birds gayly
sang in the forests,
The squirrels frisked high in the tree tops, and
even the flowers seemed joyful,
As three Indians marched into Jamestown at day-
break the day of the wedding.
These Indians were the royal officials, witnesses
from King Powhatan,
To witness the great, solemn marriage of their sis-
ter and niece, Pocahontas,
To the worthy young planter, John Rolfe, accor-
ding to the law of Moses
And the rites of the High Church of England, and
they wanted to be there on time.
Their arrival was announced to the public, by a

royal salute with the cannons,
And then the officials were taken and feasted at
the governor's mansion,
A house quite impressive at that time, at least, in
the State of Virginia.
At nine they all marched to the common, and the
wedding party were seated
In places of honor with canopies, to witness the
martial display
Of Governor Dale and his soldiers, about five hun-
dred in number,
All dressed in their gayest attire of scarlet and pur-
ple and green,
And yellow and blue and vermilion and lavender,
and orange, and pink.
At that time, the colony at Jamestown had nearly
seven hundred population,
Remember that this population was nearly all
men, sturdy men,
Then you'll see this large army, five hundred, was
not an impossible number.

Soon the footmen marched out on the common,
all lined up in beautiful columns,
Not in uniform, for the great London Company
could not, or thought that they could not,
Afford them, but each in his best, in his gala-day
Sunday attire,
Which was not very grand to be sure but each
wore the best that he had.

Some had only a gaudy new hat, some had shoes
polished up with bright buckles,
A number had bright scarlet coats, others had
lavender hose,
Some had vests of bright green, there were head
gears of every description and shape,
And neckties and scarfs of all colors. Ridiculous,
of course, but no person
Can ever do more than his best, and they couldn't
have done any better
To make an impression with Indians, even if they
had been millionaires.

Soon after they lined up in columns, the gover-
nor, his council and attendants
On horseback with equipage brilliant, galloped in
'mid a fanfare of trumpets.
The footmen then drilled for an hour, went
through their whole manual of arms,
After which a procession was formed with the
bride and the groom in the front,
Led by pages in purple and gold to show them the
course, and then followed
Their attendants, Mistress Forrest and Mistress
John Laydon—Annie Burras—the witnesses,
The soldiers, the people, Reverend Bucke the Gov-
ernor, his council and attendants,
And they marched double file a long time through
the winding and devious paths
Of the governor's and minister's gardens and, when
they arrived at the church door,

The pages, the bride and the groom, the witnesses
and the attendants
Turned and entered an alcove, but the columns di-
vided and halted
In front of the door of the church, were ordered to
face one another,
And stood there with muskets "presented," and
lances with pennants at the top
In all sorts of colors, were crossed, while the gover-
nor's and minister's parties
Marched under, passed into the church and took
their positions in front,
So that those who were last became first and those
who were first became last,
And, entering the church very quietly, were seated
right and left in strict order,
And, last of all, entered the pages with the bride
and the groom and attendants,
And the witnesses sent by the king, and they
marched very slowly around
Up and down through the aisles of the church, till
the bride and groom met at the altar,
And beside them the witnesses and attendants, and
the minister solemnly read them
The rites of the High Church of England and pro-
nounced them to be man and wife,
And thus they were married at high noon in the
presence of the entire assembly,
After which all sat down while the minister preach-
ed a sermon for almost an hour,

after the grand benediction, they repaired
one and all to the feast,
Which they ate with a relish, of course, having
waited so long to begin it.

At the close of the feast, Pocahontas, with a
smile on her face, quite naively
Asked of the bridegroom this question, "Now,
John, do you think you are married
According to the law of Moses and the rites of the
High Church of England?"
John thought that he certainly was, and the dear
Pocahontas was happy,
But he hinted that she and the minister and the
governor and most of the people
Must have conspired against him to —keep him
away from his dinner.

CANTO THE SEVENTEENTH.



Time--1614 to 1619.



The allotments of land in Virginia, given free by
the great London Company,
Was three acres to each individual, and now that
Pocahontas was married
To Rolfe and became a real citizen of the thriving
village of Jamestown,
Three acres were given to her, which would make
six acres to both,
Then, later, each family could acquire a hundred
more acres by purchase*
From the great, aforesaid, London Company, to be
paid for in easy installments,

* The allotments of land to individuals had proven so beneficial to the colony, that Governor Dale induced the London Company to make other concessions. One was to grant a 50 acre tract of land to any one who would clear it, settle on it and pay a trifling rental to the king. Another offer was to sell to any settler 100 acres of any unoccupied land anywhere the settler chose for 12 and one half pounds, Sterling, but the purchasing power now would be three or four times as great, say about \$200. Any one who did a valuable public service to the Company or Colony was to be rewarded with a concession not to exceed 2000 acres.

And, it is presumed that the Rolfe took advantage of this proposition.

Two more years Pocahontas and Rolfe remained
in the state of Virginia
Raising tobacco at excellent profit, till, in fact, in
their six years of planting,
They became "well to do" and decided to visit
their friends in "Old England."
This they did just as soon as the crop of the year
sixteen sixteen was sold,
And the native princess, of Virginia, was treated
with highest respect,
As became a princess or a queen at the grand and
magnificent court
Of His Great Royal Highness, King James, and
they wondered at the grace, ease and bearing
In the most magnificent court in the civilized lands
of that day,
Of a little Indian princess, born and raised in the
wilds of Virginia.

By many this fact was accepted as proof of a
something in royalty
That gave it superior virtue, superior wisdom or
worth,
Superior insight and grace, God-given, divine and
infallible,
Far above anything that was given to the rest of
the common herd.

She was credited with all of the virtues, which royalty claimed at that day,
And, that was just at the time when "The king could do no wrong,"
Though some of them tried very hard, and some people thought they succeeded.
She was feasted and petted by royalty, who called her "The Lady Rebecca,"
And nothing is said in our histories to show that she did not deserve it.

King James was quite pleased with the princess, but at first looked at Rolfe with a frown
And asked how a man of his birth could presume to be wed to a princess,
A princess of true royal blood, without having the royal consent,
His consent, that of King James, for he had the consent, as you know
Of her father, good King Powhatan, to the marriage by white people's custom.

What might not King James, in this case, have done to the innocent princess
And Rolfe, if they only had had the Indian ceremony of marriage?
He might have annulled it, you know, as a clandestine marriage not binding
At all in the court of King James. But the marriage, you know, was official,

According to the law that God, the Creator had
given to Moses,
And the rites of the High Church of England. He
found not a flaw, so he blessed them.

But one day in the great royal court, she met her
old friend and the playmate
Of the days of her childhood, John Smith. She
could not believe her own eyes,
But, yes, there he stood and he knew her. She
thought he was dead years ago.
Had somebody lied to the princess? The report
of his death had most surely
Been received years ago in Virginia, after the gun-
powder burns
In the fall of sixteen and nine, which was then sev-
en years in the past.
But he did not die, we all know that he finally,
fully recovered
And was hired by the great Plymouth Company,
rivals of the company in London,
To explore the coast of New England, and the
great London Company no longer
Cared to follow the doings of Smith, or to keep up
his memory at Jamestown.

Why did they not tell Pocahontas? She was
very much grieved that they had not.
But news traveled slow in those days, and some-
times was entirely forgotten

Before it could get to Virginia. No doubt that
Smith's wounds had healed slowly.

Then the "Starving Time" came and the most of
Smith's friends had perished from earth,
That is, the most of his friends who had lived in
the village of Jamestown,

And the news of his final recovery, very likely, did
not reach Virginia.

The first report which was false—but had been re-
ported as true,

No doubt conscientiously, too, by those who made
the report,

Which sometimes occurs, as you know—had not
been corrected by the truth.

To say this was purposely done, is accusing with-
out any proof,

But the princess was grieved very much, and
would speak to no one for some time,

And then she announced her intention to call Cap-
tain John Smith her father.

Pocahontas was very much pleased with her vis-
it of one year in England—

She had been entertained in the highest circles of
society in the land,

But when they were ready to return, she was taken
with smallpox and died

In the year sixteen hundred seventeen and was
buried at Gravesend in England,

And left a small son who returned with his father
to Jamestown,
And afterwards took an important position in af-
fairs of Virginia,
And, since then, quite a number of people have
proudly traced lineage to him.

In the forests way back in Virginia, to the wig-
wam of King Powhatan,
At last came the news of the death of the dear Po-
cahontas, his daughter,
And there was great sorrow and grief. Powhatan
was quite old and infirm,
About three score and ten years of age, and the
blow was quite hard on the old man,
It broke down his spirit completely. He wandered
about through the forests,
From Orapax down to Pamunkey, and then from
Pamunkey to Orapax,
Wailing aloud through the forests when he thought
that nobody would hear him
"O wa-ay! O wa-ay! O wa-a-ay! O wa-ay!
O wa-ay! O wa-a-ay!
A pitiful wail of despair, Pocahontas! Pocahontas!
Pocahontas!
My bright stream between two hills! My bright
stream between two hills!"
Repeating it over and over, the heartbroken wail
of his sorrow.

The word *Pocahontas* translated is, "Bright stream
between two hills."

He had lost the great joy of his life, his bright
stream between two hills,

Pocahontas, his darling, his dear one, Pocahontas,
the joy of his life.

Heartbroken at the death of his daughter, he
surrendered all business to others,

Neglected his crown and its glory, remained chief-
tain only in name,

And wandered till death overtook him in the midst
of the grand virgin forest,

The forest primeval, beyond every power of man
to describe it.

Thus ended the reign of the great king, the peace-
loving, faith-keeping chieftain,

Emperor of all the Virginias and the real, true
friend of the white men.

He went to the Mighty Great Spirit and returned
not again to his people.



THE END.