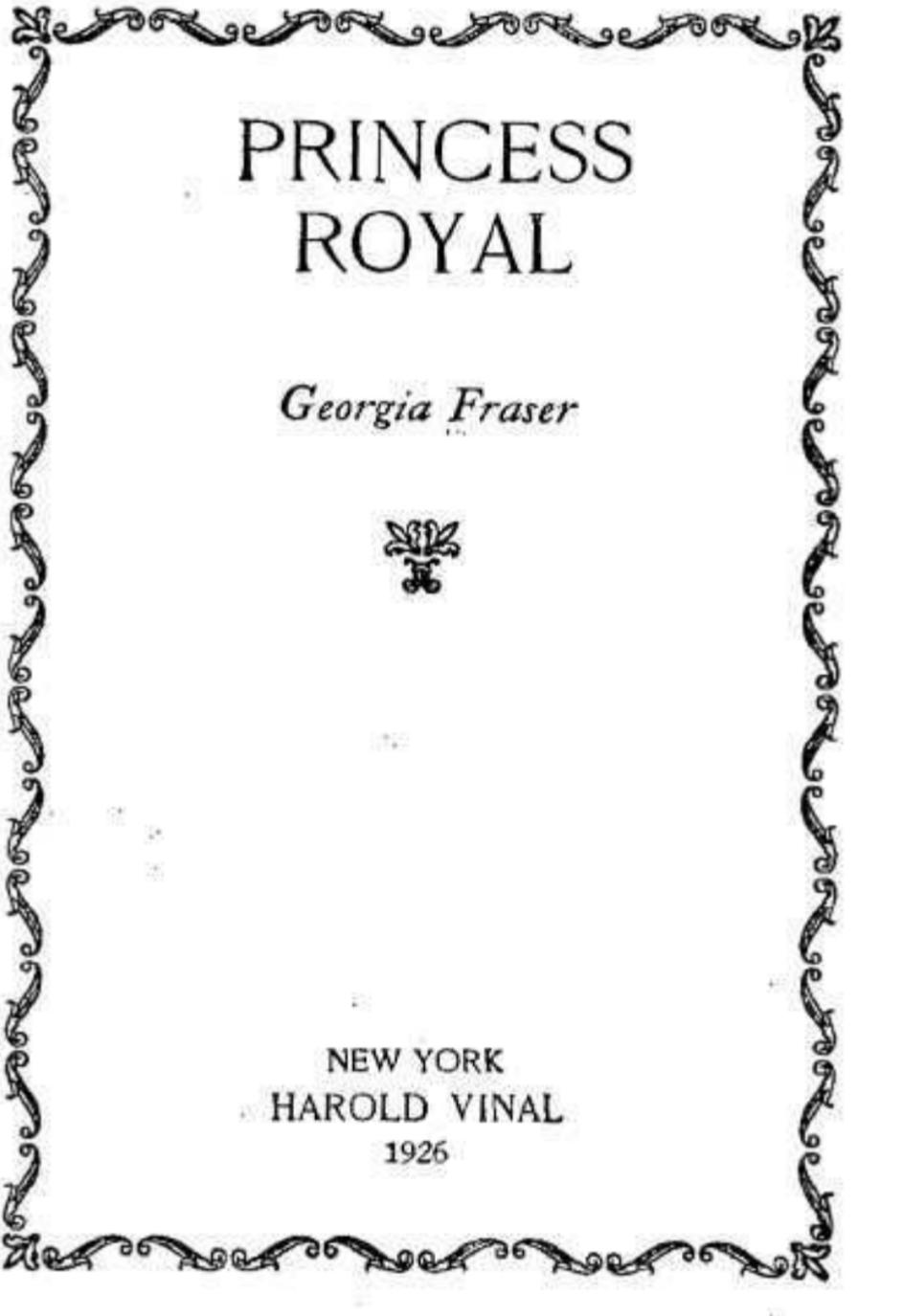


BY GEORGIA FRASER

CROW-STEP

THE STONE HOUSE AT GOWANUS

WISHES COME TRUE



PRINCESS
ROYAL

Georgia Fraser



NEW YORK
HAROLD VINAL
1926

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

PRINCESS
ROYAL

PRINCESS ROYAL

I

Misfortunes which had pierced the neighboring tribes
Had not descended on the Potomac's banks.
The white men who had visited had gone
Away, and left but wonder in their stead—
For much fine furs, had given marvellously
Of needles, cloth, of pewter spoons, of bits
Of iron, and that strange gaud, a looking glass.
So, thus the visits of white men for trade
Were more exciting than mere calls from distant
Indian tribes. Wherefore, one afternoon
Of festal week, a shout of joy went up
When, from a hill, was viewed a winged canoe
Approaching. All crowded to the sandy shore.

On board his ship of full an hundred tons,
One Captain Argall viewed such crowds of braves
With some concern. What was this gathering?
Meant peace or war? But soon he saw the joy
Upon the faces; as well, the fine adornment,
All speaking of a merry, festive time.

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He ordered anchor dropped, the boats unloosed,
But, ere their manning, canoes came darting from
The shore.

Then Argall scanned the nearest brave.
"Ah, ha!" he cried, "my old friend, Japizaws."

"'Tis Captain Argall. Once before he came.
Hail, Captain Argall!"

"Hail, friend Japizaws!"

"The week of games is just about an end.
My braves would have departed ere the sun
Rose on the morrow. And with them go their
women.

But now they'll stay to see what wonders thou
Hast brought them, friend of the Potomac tribes."

"Then climb the ladder, Japizaws. My decks
Await thy presence."

"Japizaws is coming."

So, up the ladder, to the quarter deck,
Came now the dusky figure, his face abeam
With pleasure and good will. "And comest thou
From o'er the water, where big fishes swim?"

"Nay, friend, I come but from Virginia,
The land, ye ken, of all the Powhatans."

"The Powhatans! Ah, one we have with us
From those same tribes. The greatest; daughter to
The Powhatan himself."

"The one you call
Matoka? Who, in fun, we call The Tomboy—
The Princess Pocahontas?"

"'Tis the same.

She still may claim that name, for she hath won
The races from the men, and that upon
A journey long, from out her father's country."

"She is full well belovèd by her father."

"From earliest days she pleased him with her wit,
Her spirits, and her high dexterity.
But she is modest. Aye, we love Matoka."

Argall a moment stood in deepest mood.

At last: "My good friend, Japizaws, I would
Invite the Princess to my ship, that I
May entertain her with the sights aboard,
And give her English marmalade and tea.
Wilt bring her?"

It was now for Japizaws
To muse. And thus he answered, speaking slow:
"But, Captain Argall, did I come unto
Thy ship with this fair maiden, Pocahontas,
My Queen would be right angry."

"Bring thy Queen
 As well. And see, my friend, I still possess
 The kettle which your Queen admired, the kettle
 For making tea. I'll give it thee, if but
 You'll bring thy Queen and Pocahontas too."

"Show me the kettle, Captain Argall, please."

So Argall led the way unto his cabin.
 From out his cupboard's store he brought the kettle,
 Which shone as bright as all the other things
 Upon the ship.

The eyes of Japizaws
 Gleamed with expectancy. "I'd be full pleased,
 My Captain, to possess a thing like this."

"'Tis thine if straight you bring the Princess to
 The ship."

The other now again looked grave.
 "Chief Japizaws would have the Powhatan
 And all his tribes upon him, did hint of wrong
 Unto his favorite daughter reach his ears."

"No wrong's intended, sire. In proof of this
 I ask your wife upon the ship with her.
 But well you know she likes the white man's town,
 And if I take her there, 'tis her delight.

For aye she keeps the peace between our peoples.
 Just now a little rift hath come. Some men
 Went to the Powhatan for corn. He thought
 That their intention was to take the corn
 Sans pay, and fired upon them in his storehouse.
 So, ever since, the country's been on fire.
 And now the men of Jamestown wish for peace.
 They think Matoka'll bring it; oft she did,
 Before, when Captain Smith was ruling there."

Some time it took the Indian Chief to get
 The story straight, for Argall did not speak
 The red man's tongue as well as Captain Smith.
 At last he said:

"And thou wilt give to me
 The copper kettle for visit of Matoka,
 While swearing nothing ill shall her befall?"

"I swear it, Japizaws, by my own Bible."

"I'll talk, then, with my Queen."

"Within an hour,
 We serve the English tea. Confections too.
 And many gifts I'll make you at the time."

"I'll be here, Captain, straight." His stunted form
 Went down the ladder nimbly, like an ape,
 Whose face his much resembled. Thereupon

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The ship was soon surrounded by canoes
In which were braves who clamored loud for trade.
They'd brought all sorts of things, and soon the deck
Was littered with their stock. An hour's time
And all were off, well pleased with what they'd
bought.

Then, Argall looked toward the shore. It rose
Abruptly at this point, a horseshoe strip
Of sand below. Beyond, a line of trees,
Some hickory and oak. Between the trees
Were houses of the village, with Japizaws'
The largest, ornamented with the arbors
For drying meats and fruits and skins, as in
The villages of Powhatans. But soon
A group of three came down the incline from
The high plateau. The Captain smoothed his vest,
Pulled at his beard, and smiled in great content.
Then, to the ladder, to help the ladies up,
As gallantly as any lord to any
Fair peeresses. "Ah, welcome to our ship,
Wife of a Chief, and daughter to a Chief."

Matoka stood quite silently, then placed
Her hand within his hand as she had learnt
In Jamestown. The wife of Japizaws was far
Less calm. She put forth hand, then drew it back.

Her husband laughed quite loudly, but Matoka
 Paid little heed. She was at once intent
 On things around; the polished deck, the masts,
 The crosstrees and the lowered sails.

“We’ll have

Tea served within the cabin.”

Matoka took
 The arm he offered. She wore her deerskin dress
 Of white, encircled with her wondrous girdle
 Of interlaced, rich beads. About her head
 Ran band as beautiful, with slanting feather.
 The Captain thought her exquisite. Oft he
 Had heard about Matoka, but ne’er till now
 Had he set eyes upon her. The other’s garb
 Was motley, though she the woman of a Chief.
 But she was old as well, with wizened skin
 And sly, out-peering eyes. In fact, the women
 And many men of the Potomac tribes
 Were not as handsome as the Powhatans.
 Yet the wife of Japizaws but lent distinction
 Unto Matoka, though she was ill at ease,
 Refused the tea and cakes; but at the end
 A jar of golden marmalade entranced her.

Beneath the table, Japizaws stepped on
 Her foot, and winked toward the copper kettle.

But she, full plain, was frightened, so he stopped.

When tea was o'er, the Captain to Matoka:

"Hast ever seen a gunroom on a ship?"

"Nay, sire. I've been on boats but ne'er on ships."

"Come thou with me."

A dismal sight, in truth:

Ten mighty instruments of death, these guns—
 Their noses pointing toward the holes within
 The big ship's sides. How many times she'd seen
 The puffs of smoke emerge, as on the day
 Her father was emperor crowned, and they had fired
Salute: but never close to them till now.

Argall explained their workings, showing how
 No harm could come to one who was without
 Their range. Full quick at comprehending, she
 Began a circuit of the awesome room,
 Examining not only guns, but stores
 Of ammunition; powder, shot and balls.

Then tiers of muskets; pistols, each in rack.
 She took a musket in her hands; looked well
 Upon its every part; then turned to speak
 To her companion, but none, forsooth, was there.

She returned the weapon to the rack, and walked
 Toward the gunroom door. The door was locked.

Upstairs, within the Captain's room, the wife
 Of Japizaws shed tears. The Chief himself
 Was nervously a-kicking on the floor.

"Thy men are coming with some maize, my friend.
 Leave thou the lady to her tears, and see
 To lading. The Princess quite enjoys herself
 Within the gunroom; and, she will be given
 A royal reception at Jamestown. 'Twill be as good
 As any presentation at the Court
 Of England, for an Indian maiden. Come.
 You know that Captain Argall hath no time,
 In his adventurous life, to court the ladies;
 And if he had, he'd not be fool to choose
 Such shining mark as this great red Chief's daughter.
 So, stop your scuffling, sir, and come along;
 Here is the copper kettle, and here are yards
 Of scarlet cloth. As well, a pair of scissors
 For your lady to amuse herself withal."

The Captain flashed a smile upon the pair.
 So, in the end, the Japizaws were off.
 The tears had turned to pleasure in her toys,
 And Japizaws was full content as she.

That night, Matoka ate dinner with the Captain.
 The ship was on its way. He entertained
 His guest with stories of his wanderings,

Then, spoke about her father; all his tribes;
At last, about the killing of the white men;
Of Mister Ratcliffe in particular;
Explained it from the English point of view,
Deploring consequences. Wanted peace.
To all of which she answered not at all,
But gazed at him with serious dark eyes.

So, finally: "I'll show thee to thy cabin."

'Twas furnished with a bed and little seat.
And through the porthole she could hear the lap
Of water 'gainst the ship. She turned the key
Within the lock, so glad to be alone.
She did not fear this Captain as she had
John Ratcliffe. He had other eyes and ways;
She found some water in a pitcher. A mirror.
Was soon undressed and in the narrow bed,
The movements of the water and the ship
Lulled her to sleep. And when she opened lids
At dawn, she was in Jamestown's well-known port.

Matoka had been many moons in Jamestown.
 No bars, nor bolts, nor iron locks had held her,
 Yet she was getting restive. She yearned to see
 Her father.

Her home was with the humble soul
 Who pens this tale; the Bishop Whittaker,
 The minister of Jamestown church; his charge
 She had been made the morn she did arrive.
 Each day she'd ask me: "When shall I return?"
 I knew, but could not tell. 'Twould be the day
 Imprisoned men and stolen weapons should be
 Returned by red men to the colony.—
 As yet, the Powhatan had shown no thought
 Of doing this. Matoka, thus, was hostage.

The white men were surprised at this result;
 But well the Powhatan knew his daughter was safe
 In Jamestown. Also, that she was light of foot
 And quick of brain, so could save herself if put
 To it.

But, now that Ratcliffe was out of the way,
 Matoka liked the town as before he came;

PRINCESS ROYAL

Though missed she Captain Smith, and this it was
Which made her restless. Oft she asked of him.
Each person seemed to answer differently.
One thing was certain: He was not in England
When the last supply of men from there had come.
The Captain of one vessel told of Smith
On crutches in a street of London; but
That he looked ashy ill, nigh unto death.
Another certainty: he'd ne'er return
To Jamestown; for, could he sail far again,
He'd go much farther north, unto a land
Which had as yet no settlement.

At times

I'd talk to her of Christianity,
Believing e'er that she would be the means
Of leading all her people from the depths
Of heathenism; but for a long, long time
All that she'd have of it was Bible stories.
Alas, these were for her the merest tales,
Such as her Captain White had often told.
Rebecca was of these her favorite.
She seemed to think the name was like her own,
Matoka.

At times, I thought I'd found the way
To grace in her through some old Bible tale;

But, after morning prayer, she would but ask:
 "Is this the day on which Matoka goes
 Unto her people?" And, each day, I'd say:
 "Not yet art thou a child of grace, Matoka.
 God keeps thee here till thou hast found the Light,
 Received communion, and belong to Christ.
 Then mayest thou go to thy father's land,
 And preach the gospel of the Lord to them."

"'Tis not for that they hold me here," she'd say.
 "But that my father may return the guns
 And captive white men. Such is not of Christ."

"Nay, 'tis a man's decree, but often God
 Doth work in curious ways; and it may be
 He works in this same curious way for thee."

Matoka met my gaze unflinchingly.
 Within her heart was other knowledge quite.
 Of this she'd speak to no one, neither me,
 But well I knew it: Nearer here she felt
 To Captain Smith, and passing news of him.

One eve, there came unto my humble house
 A messenger, from our new Governor,
 By name, John Rolfe. Full young he was. His eyes
 Were blue and very sad. 'Twas this, I think,

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Which drew Matoka's rare regard to him.
He stayed the even, talking of his home
Up near the Falls. All things were changing in
Virginia. The men were owning land
Abroad, instead of in the town. Each man
Could hold one hundred acres for himself,
And there could build a home and fence it round;
Keep cattle, horses, hogs; have men for hire.
But while he talked of these, there seemed no joy
In it.

That eve, at braiding of her hair,
Matoka thought on him; and wondered at
His sadness. Could it be that he, too, mourned
A loved one's absence? In the morn she asked.
I answered:

"Aye, he mourns a loved one gone,
Lost on the way to these Virginia shores.
A bride. Small wonder that he's sad, alone
In his one hundred acres."

"John Rolfe. John Smith."
She said the two names o'er. Then silence fell.
Was likeness in the names? Perhaps to her,
For Indians are keen at likenesses.

John Rolfe came often now unto our house.
At first he scarce took notice of the maid;
But last, he asked her out upon the river—

A row. And next it was upon a horse
 He placed Matoka, that she might learn to ride.
 She took to this, as to all other sports.
 I heard her laugh a bit, and felt much pleased.
 But in the house, she aye seemed shy of him,
 Low bending o'er her beads, and learning how
 To sew with needle of steel and silken thread.

She wore her deerskin dress as in the forest;
 Though much I urged her to discard the same;
 And kept her many Indian ways. At morn
 She'd plunge within the river, be it hot
 Or bitter cold the time. Would splash around
 Like any fish, at home within the waves;
 Stay hours in, no breakfast; and, unlike
 To Indian women, grew handsomer as she
 Grew on in years.

But, 'twas the ways she had
 Which made her loved. A sudden look of light
 Which no mere eyes of English girls seemed e'er
 To hold. It pierced a man's frail armor like
 The sharpest arrow from her lightest bow.
 And then her laugh: 'twas low at first, like water
 Upon small pebbles; then a rush, like breeze
 Within the trees; and at the last, the note
 Of some rare bird. And like a bird as well
 She was in all her shifts. One minute still,

As thou hast seen a bird upon a bough;
 The next, as swift as any flashing wing,
 Although I urged her woman's dress to wear
 As better fitting Christianity
 And English eyes, yet did I know full well
 That never English maiden moved like her,
 With supple grace, and freedom in her limbs
 And in her thighs. Yet, too revealed it was
 For Christian eyes.

Once she and Rolfe did come
 Up from the stream. She ran on far ahead,
 As tantalizing. He tried hard to catch
 Her arm. At last he did, and they stood, laughing
 And talking. Well she spoke the English now,
 As well as I have heard a French girl speak.
 My heart grew warm as thus I heard John Rolfe:

"Ashamed am I to let a woman win."

"But not upon a horse. There thou art fleet."

"But how about the paddles?" answered he,
 "So swift thou goest in thy slim canoe;
 More swift than I within my boat."

"Thine oars
 And boat are heavy. In my light canoe—"

"Then I must build me one. Wilt teach me how?"

"Aye. First a log. You burn the inside out;
Then scrape it smooth with shells."

"But, better still,
I'm told by traveller that in the North
The Indians build boats from bark of birch—
All white, and light, and graceful, just like you."

"Ah, with your English nails, they could."

"I will.
And then 'twill match your whitest deerskin dress."

"You'll do so much my people will be doomed."

"Not doomed, Matoka."

"Aye, and I feel sad.
I love my people, and I fear for them.
The white man's God will chase the red man o'er
The mountains, where his enemies do dwell."

"Nay, nay. The red man can ever stay with us,
Be brother to the white. The white man's God
Will thus be his."

"So Captain Smith hath said.
Is't possible his spirit speaks through thee?"

A moment thus, then into tears she burst.
I looked not longer. But, another day,
I heard her speak to Rolfe within the house.

She told him much about her people; what
They thought.

“Ah, many things are beautiful
Within the Indian's life. He takes delight
By day, and loves as well the things of night.
The sun and moon and stars: he worships them.
And what you call the Milky Way is but
The red man's bridge across the spirit world,
Across the land of shades. The winds have voice
Unto the red man. And, within the waters,
There dwell great spirits; many things they do—
They throw the foam upon us as we pass.
In songs of birds we hear rare beings sing.
And others look from out the eyes of deer,
And many shy creatures of the wood.
The white man knows but little of such things.
To him, the sight is just a bird, or deer.
Also, we have much joy within our lives.
We sing so much, and dance and play at sports.
And in the dance, there are expressions; we
Show anger as well as joy. We dance before
The battle, and we dance when it is o'er.
We pray our gods for victory, and praise
Them when we get it.

“Then, we have much work;
Our homes; the red man loves his wife and children.

Full kind he is to them. No Indian strikes
 A child. A child, in truth, must aye be happy."
 She was silent for a while. And he. At last
 She spoke again: "But there are many things
 Within the red man's life more terrible
 Than yours. Of these Matoka fears to speak.
 But once she told her Captain—Captain Smith—
 About the god, Okee, and what he asked
 Of us. And how he takes the boys to be
 The priests within his temples." Matoka shuddered.

Rolfe watched her with his fascinated eyes.
 And she went on. "My people think them good—
 The frightful things they do—believe them right."

"But not thyself, Matoka."

"Once I told
 Your Captain Smith about the sacrifice
 Of children; and he told me it was wrong.
 And I believed him, but it was because
 I wanted to—that I might save my brother;
 For all the time, within my heart, was fear
 Of what would happen did I not believe
 The way my people did. And so it proved:
 Okee hath ever followed me with wrath.
 All that I loved and then possessed, I've lost."

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She looked at him most mournfully, and for
 A moment he seemed to see another soul
 Than hers within the darkness of her eyes.
 But, soon: "Matoka, not in god Okee
 Do I believe, yet I have loved and lost
 What I as sure possessed as ever thou.
 In dreams, this wilderness was Paradise
 Because a loved one was to walk with me.
 When she was gone, I saw no beauty in't.
 Yet it was not your god Okee who took her,
 But One who's over all. They say that she
 Is happier, so I must think of her,
 Prefer her joy to sorrow deep of mine.
 And so must thou.

"Aye, long ago, before
 The day of Christians, white men thought as thou;
 Were pagans who made sacrifice in names
 Of many gods. They aye saw things in nature
 As well as thou; saw Spirits in the wood.
 When but a brook did murmur o'er a stone,
 It was the voice of some shy, woodland god.
 And when a bird sang merrily, they thought
 It certain was some elfish sprite from out
 Another world. But such are childish thoughts.
 Hath not a bird the right to be a bird
 As thou to be a maid?"

She mused a while.

"John Rolfe, thou speakest with the very voice
Of Captain Smith."

He rose impatient then,
And walked away. She smiled.

"John Rolfe, return."

He did not come. She looked at his straight back;
Thought it the straightest back of all but Smith's;
Yet now she knew she should not say as much.
Instead: "Why art thou angry with Matoka
For speaking but the name of Captain Smith?
Didst thou not speak but now of one you loved?"

He came back to his place beside her chair.

"Matoka, I would like to see thy people—
The mighty Chief whom I have heard about.
As well, thy brothers, and the Chieftain's wives."

"My father?" She mused. "He careth not to see
The white man. One he loved and would adopt
Within his tribe; but he, alas, would not."
She rose and walked about the room, her arms
Upraised as if in prayer.

"My father, Chief
Of many tribes, thy daughter loves you well.

PRINCESS ROYAL

To make sweet peace for you, Matoka would
Abide forever with the white man. She,
Your little Pocahontas, would give you sleep
At night, aye quiet sleep! Your sentinels
To call the hours about your house so still;
For, oh, my father, thou art getting old.
Thou lov'st thy country and thy people well.
Wish aye to spare them white man's bullets and
His devastating sword. My father, for thee
And for my people I would dwell for aye
Within the white man's town."

Then, down she fell
Upon her knees, her dark hair sweeping round.
Rolfe took her hands and, like that other John,
Raised her unto her feet. Then dried her eyes
And led her gently to the waiting chair.

But youth is not all sadness, and at times
She'd wake from reverie and start to chant.
I scarce could call it "sing," as we with our
Sweet English tunes and hymns; but chant it was;
A story told, mayhap, of Indian brave
Who went to war. Sometimes 'twas but a mix
Of lightsome things, like flowers she'd gathered in
Her youth. Of winds. Ah, how she loved the winds
That blew at midnight through the forest trees;

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Or just an owl, that called as 'twere a brave
 And lured some Indian maid without the door.
 Or e'en a warwhoop. She could curdle blood,
 The little heathen that she was, in truth,
 And fright our serving maid.

Old, she was,
 This serving maid. She'd cry out at a stroke
 Of lightning in the night. I scarce could blame
 The wench for that: Virginia hath storms
 As England never knows. But, at Matoka's
 Weird chants, I'd still the woman's cries. Just say:
 "The little one is heathen yet. But wait.
 The God above hath e'er mysterious ways
 His wonders to perform; but when performed
 She'll sing the hymns as sweetly as the birds
 She chants about.

Matoka next would dance
 About the room. Around and round she'd go,
 Her eyes afire, her face aglow. Ah, ah,
 But she was beautiful! Matoka, maid.
 But blind she was, and deaf, till all the breath
 Was taken from her. Round and round and wild,
 Head bending down, then thrown straight up; and
 stamp!
 And stamp! As if a pony pawing at
 The turf. Then round and round!

The serving maid

Would stand enthralled, though frightened, bent to
see

This savage grace and passion, witchery.

But all the night I'd pray, pray for Matoka.

And God was good, for at the end, the end—

But, ah, there's more to come ere this, alas!

III

John Smith came nigh to death. Yet did not die.
The English doctors did so much for him.
At last, he felt like voyaging again.
The men of Eastern England were agog
With newest tales of Virgin land. In London
One heard but of Virginia Company;
How shares of it would make men rich; how still
They talked of gold, of mighty wealth at least.
Within the theatres was "Eastward, Ho"—
For East they thought it was, Virginia—
Fantastic with its dreams of avarice.
As Spain had gained such wealth from her estates,
So would old England from Virginia.

But Smith thought not, so well he'd plumbed the
depths
Of Indians' store as well as Indians' lore.
No knowledge had the red man of the white man's
Rare gold. Of silver knew he not at all.
Of glistening gems, a scarcity there was
Among the Powhatans. No need to search.
And so, John Smith did not accord with London.

PRINCESS ROYAL

Would settle full the land, aye, that he would;
 But those in charge just now did want far more
 Than settlement and fair reward for work;
 Were treasure mad, and wanted quick return—
 One hundred fold. For every pound invested
 One thousand pound was not a fantasy.
 So, now that he could hobble with a cane
 And take his mind from enervating pain,
 John Smith turned eyes toward another part
 Of England, where were men both wise and rich.

So: *Men of Plymouth, men of Bristol town
 And men of Exeter, now listen to
 The words of Captain Smith.* "Across the sea
 Lie leagues of land as yet untouched by man.
 How far it stretcheth South to North, or East
 To West, hath been in manner vague conjectured.
 Doth waterway give channel from the sea
 Of England, France and Spain unto the sea
 Of Francis Drake? Doth North give gold as doth
 The South to Spain's explorers? Cannot say.

He knows that there is goodly land across
 The sea from Plymouth, Bristol, Exeter,
 Land just as good as any English soil,
 Which foot of white man ne'er as yet hath trod.
 Shall England take it for her colony?

Or shall it be the property of France?
 Already, France hath land far to the North,
 As Spain hath to the South. But, in between?
 Of gold there may be mines. As well may be
 A passageway to India. John Smith
 Once said to Henry Hudson: *There may be.*
 But Captain Smith is but a maker of maps.
 He takes delight in work of voyaging
 That he may make more maps. In such a way,
 New land is brought unto the eyes of England."

John Smith is young; his youth counts not as favor
 When forth he goes to interest the men
 Of Western England; but his earnestness
 Gains ear, and in the end he conquers. So:
 Is given two ships to make a voyage.

"I

Will bring you fish and furs, if nothing else,
 To pay for it," he tells. And they believe.
 So, forth he goes upon his way. 'Tis Spring.
 The gales are fierce. But yet the outward ships
 Keep close together. Make the coast of Maine,
 As yet quite nameless. But his ships are large
 To make the inmost harbors, so he leaves
 The ships without, to fish, while he takes boat
 With several men, and scours the inner coasts.

Incredible! Before the summer's past
 He's taken his little boat to every bay
 And river, round each headland from Penobscot
 Unto Cape Cod.

Of Indians he sees

Great numbers, and he maketh friends with them.
 They tell him of the land as well they know.
 His compass and his instruments are used
 To get the latitude and longitude.
 Takes soundings; maketh notes of everything.
 Then, with the autumn, back he hies to England,
 And bears the furs and fish as he hath said.
 And sells them in the market. Quite a price
 They bring. Then, in his London lodginghouse
 He works upon his notes and makes a map
 Of all that he's discovered. He must name
 This land. What better than *New England*? And,
 The Indian names to places bother him.
 They must be other-named.

Already he

Hath fair acquaintance with the young Prince
 Charles.

He sends to him a copy of his map
 That he may English give for Indian.
 For maps and pamphlets, fish and furs, were not

Quite all that Smith desired to see from out
 New England. A colony was what he wished.
 The men of London wanted him to lead
 An expedition of their own, but he
 Had fear, in truth, of their fine lust for wealth.
 Too near were they to that gold-lusting Court
 For him, for Smith is not at all a courtier.
 He does not ask for royal gifts. Goes not
 Unto the Masques. Because of this, his head
 Is safe from pleasure as displeasure. He's
 Too busy in his lodge for Court intrigue.

But well his fame hath gone abroad. Upon
 The stage are acted dramas from his life.
 The *Three Turks' Heads* are ever favorite.
 Most noble ladies liked to meet the one
 Who wears such curious emblem on his shield.
 They wish to see the hero of the Turks.
 In country homes he sometimes tells the tales
 To please them; but not Smith to bend the knee.
 Beside, 'twas those of Plymouth and the West
 Who'd helped him to New England. They should
 have

What further 'vantage might in time accrue.

They gave him two more vessels. Spring again!
 What hopes leaped in him as the goodly ships

PRINCESS ROYAL.

Made from the Channel to the open sea,
But this time there were gales which tore the sails
To ribbons; cracked the masts. Impossible
To go in such condition. Sadly he
Turned back to Plymouth.

Glorious men of Plymouth!

Another ship was got. A smaller one;
However, boasting fully sixty tons
And thirty men.

'Twas June by now. The skies
Were clear. But other dangers were afoot.
Pirates there were, both French and English, as well
As those of Spain. Small pirates small esteemed,
But one so big to bring a prize into
His country from an enemy, or one
Not yet an enemy but of great wealth,
Was openly proclaimed a hero. Such
Was lauded at the Court and greatly praised.
So, pirating was popular upon
The seas.

Ships to and from the newer world
Held treasure of a sort, if but provisions
Which could be sold in markets of the world.
The world of pirates knew that Captain Smith
Now carried goods for half a year or more;
So they pursued him. And the first, 'twas pirates

Of old Penzance, his dear West Country too.
 They held a parley, the pirates and Captain Smith:
 And, at the end, the pirates agreed to leave
 The Captain just enough for him to go
 Upon his way. Themselves, they'd take the rest.
 And all the store of gold there was aboard.
 Yet such was merciful, and all because
 Some sailors on the pirate ship had once
 Sailed under Smith.

Nought else but to agree.

The bargain made and carried out; but this
 Had caused delay, and being near to land
 Attracted then attention of some others.
 They'd heard much of the fame of Captain Smith,
 What better than to have him for a mate?
 A ship of France it was this time. They asked
 Him for a parley. He looked on their ship,
 With bristling guns, so many more than his;
 The craft much bigger, more the men, Alas!

But while he parleyed with these French aboard
 Their ship, a gale arose. His men took fright
 And steered them back to Plymouth, leaving him
 Among the French, whose prisoner he was.
 On pain of death, he had to navigate
 Their ship; when sea was clear. In times of strife

PRINCESS ROYAL

A prisoner was kept within the gunroom ;
And there two men held pistols at his head.
At other times, he walked the deck, and could
Enjoy the cabin. Such the way of things
When there a storm arose, so terrible
That all got under hatches. But in midst,
Smith stole upon the deck, unloosed a boat,
And went adrift upon the heaving sea.

All night he was adrift, drenched near to death.
With day, the boat was cast upon the land—
A little reedy isle, where he was found
Half-dead, by friendly natives, hunting fowl.
They took him to their home. Was warmed and fed.
From there he made his way to old Rochelle,
And entered a complaint with Admiralty.
But weeks went on before his case was tried ;
And they in England thought him dead, because
His men reported such on reaching Plymouth—
The ones who'd stolen ship and sailed for home.
Such word went quick to London.

“At last,” they said.
“John Smith is dead. At end is his career.”
And talked again of his adventurous life ;
And last, of that New England found and mapped.
Already there were those who thought on it,

PRINCESS ROYAL

Conjectured it as haven to their faith;
Spread out the Captain's map and studied well.
Had he accomplished nothing more than this!—
'Twas said, between their candles' flickering gleams.

IV

In Jamestown, I was walking home from church
With Master Rolfe. He had been speaking to
The men from off the ship that just arrived
From England. Now he turned to me.

"John Smith
Is dead. And not from burns or wounds, but
drowned.

Was taken prisoner, by pirate ship,
When then a storm arose and all went down."

While telling this sad tale, John Rolfe stood still
As any Indian. But now he started
To walk, so fast a gait I scarce could match.
I mumbled: "John, why such a pace? Slow thou
A bit." He slacked, and as he did he looked
Deep in my eyes. I saw then that he knew
Whereof I spoke referred to more than gait.

And in his eyes, a thought. A thought of how
Matoka now must know, and he must haste
To tell. For well he knew the image of

John Smith was ever in her gaze, and hid
 The sight of him, John Rolfe. Now Smith was gone,
 Hope leaped within.

But it was I who took
 The news to her. I knew, from other lips,
 Matoka might have argued doubt; but now
 She read conviction in my face as in
 My words.

Awhile she nothing said at all.
 Her head she bent. I could not see her face.
 At last she spoke in just the tone and way
 I'd heard her father; measured 'twas, and slow.

"John Smith has gone unto the white man's Heaven.
 Matoka too would go. She'd like to be
 A Christian, baptized in Mister Whittaker's church.
 And when 'tis done, she'll marry Master Rolfe.
 Thus she will be of English blood and name.
 Not long she'll live, and when she dies she will
 Be buried in the white man's grave; and thence
 She will ascend unto the white man's Heaven
 To meet her Captain Smith."

I could not speak,
 As thus this maid revealed her heart to me.
 At last I muttered: "Best for her, mayhap,
 And best for Master Rolfe."

I went to her.

"Matoka, thy resolution filleth me
With joy. So long I've waited for conversion."

She put me from her. "Matoka will go unto
The white man's Heaven, but now she thinketh but
Upon the grave. Her Captain White is gone.
She too would go. But, ah!" Was swift alive.
"I heathen am, the pagan of whom you spoke.
I'd rather be alive within the woods,
As once I was, and worshipping the god
Of all my fathers; the time the white man first
Came on our streams, and came unto our town
In search of corn from out my father's store."

Her voice had risen till t'was near a scream.
Then off she flew across the room, flung wide
The door, and up the stairs.

For hours I sat
In thought: "The savage strain. Scarce can it be
Obliterated all at once. But now—
A husband, home and children. They will make
The change, will blot the face of Captain Smith
From out her mind. The first of Indian blood
To be a Christian. Ah, at last! At last."

But, for a time, Matoka would not see
John Rolfe. At his approach, she'd fly unto

PRINCESS ROYAL

Her room, or to the garden or the river;
The last, she'd enter her canoe and take
To paddling up and down the Jamestown stream.
One week she stayed away. The first time e'er
She did. And, lost to Christianity
And Master Rolfe, I thought her. How I grieved
For poor Matoka, her lost soul as well
As my torn heart. And strange the house without
Her lively ways. For e'en in grief she'd rant
And rage, and make the rafters shake. Or else
As silent as her father's woods when no
Wind blew.

At last, I said: "She's broken pledge
To stay within the sight of Jamestown Fort."
Pledge to the Governor, who'd pointed out
What ill would sure befall her people did
She stray. Such war, he said, and heavy ransom.
And she had promised; and, on this, her word,
Was given freedom of the town and stream.

Now I was glad the Governor and Rolfe
Were at the Falls that week. I dreaded sore
To tell them of the maid's desertion, of
Her broken vow. As for dear Master Rolfe,
He never knew about it. 'Twas this wise:
The weather had been very cold but clear.

The ground was frozen hard. Toward the end
 A chill, thick mist crept from the Chesapeake.
 It seemed to penetrate the thickest walls.
 I piled wood on the fire. 'Twas supper time,
 But not quite dark. I felt so lone and full
 Discouraged. All my plans had failed. I thought
 I scarce had done the Word of good at all
 By coming to Virginia. For ne'er
 A heathen soul had saved been. But sudden
 I felt a draft of air upon my back.
 I turned, full sure it was my serving maid,
 And in the doorway stood Matoka maid,
 All dressed in winter furs of raccoon skins.

"I'm back, dear Father Whittaker," she said.
 "The devil within Matoka hath taken wings,
 Not to return. I left him in the wood.
 Now she will choose thy God, and in a time
 Will marry Master Rolfe."

My heart was fire,
 So that it seemed the blood showed in my face,
 For through my mind there rushed: *Her immortal*
soul.

*The good of the Colony. Conversion of
 The Indians.* But, aye, 'twas good to live!

And then I saw how shaken she was, and pale.

PRINCESS ROYAL

Where had Matoka been? I'd never know.
I told the serving maid to fix a bath,
And get Matoka into bed. Make tea.—
She must not rise till dawn.

That eve, the mist
Had turned to snow. And, with the rising storm
John Rolfe came riding in. His face was gay.
He shook the flakes from off his heavy coat.

"But just escaped the blizzard. Wind's to north
And there will be a drift 'fore many hours.
As 'twas, the way was clean, and horses good.
But, how's Matoka?" He threw him in a chair.

"She is in bed."

The young man's brightness fell.
"But better than I've known her for a time.
She told me, John, this night, that she was come
To be baptized at church, and marry thee."

Instant the glow returned, redoubled quite.
"Dear friend, how can I thank thee for this good?"

"She did it willingly. No word of mine."

He jumped up from his chair and walked the room,
Flash after flash across his handsome face.

"This storm, I think, is last of winter. With
The first, faint peep of spring, we shall be wed.

Full glorious will up the river be
 With spring and dear Matoka." He turned to me.
 "And what a friend, thou, Master Whittaker!
 Can e'er repay?"

"By being good to her."

"As if I could be else."

"She may, at times,
 Be strange. Remember she hath loved before."

"And so have I."

"And she hath blood not of
 An English maid."

"I love her wild impulse."

"But promise me one thing."

"I promise, free."

"She hath been long with me. I've seen her in
 Full many moods. She can be passionate;
 As well, serene. Be terrible as gentle.
 And yet I love her."

"So shall I. And do."

"And now a letter to the Governor;
 Must ask him for permission to be wed.
 'Twill take some time. So, first, a snack of food.
 There's turkey in the cupboard, jam and tea."

"Thy pantry's aye well-filled."

"I'll call the wench.

Then to the script. It must be done this night."

PRINCESS ROYAL

So went we to the board, and then to task
Of telling the Governor the good results
Of such a union: *Matoka's conversion*. Then
Conversion of the red men through the maid.
All to the glory of God and of King James,
Whose subject now she'll be. Subject for aye.

V

A year and more have passed; and passed, as well,
Strange doings in the Colony, for men
Had come in e'er increasing numbers to
Virginia. New towns were built. At last
Was peace. Matoka's marriage brought a truce
To all hostilities. Yet she, herself,
Had not so thrived within the marriage state.
I thought her like her own wild flowers I'd tried
To cultivate within my little close,
But never could. Oft I would mount my old
Gray mare and ride to Rolfe's plantation. At first,
She'd meet me at the door with hands outstretched
And smiling eyes; but, later, she would be
Within the room in her long chair, her gaze
Some miles away. I thought o'ermuch of this:
Mayhaps she pined to see her people's face,
Though she had Indian maidens with her—serving.
John Rolfe sent for her brother. This inspired
Her for a while. And, last, a child was born.
Ah, she would be full different now! *A child!*
But, from its birth she scarce did seem to rally.

The baby's weight appeared to crush her strength.
So then the Indian maidens tended it.

One morn, John met me just before the house.
"Come to the stable, I'd have word with thee."

So neat in everything was this Plantation,
'Twas aye a pleasure to the eye. His home
Was large and well proportioned. One great hall
Stretched lengthwise through the place. Away from
it

Were sleeping rooms and kitchen. Servants slept
Without. The laborers, along the pale
Which bound the place, some distance from the
house.

Rolfe turned my horse o'er to an Indian.
"Aye, Master Whittaker, always you've been
A friend to me. Now tell me what to do."

So much I'd been concerned with this man's wife,
I scarce had noticed him at all. Now I
Was much astounded at the change in him.

"Why, John, thou art not well."

"Aye, truth I'm not,
But that needs little heed. 'Tis of Matoka
That I would speak. I fear she's going to die."

I looked at him and tried to seem at ease.
"But now that spring is here—"

Yet he went on:

She will not leave the house. But yester morn
I took her to the door, held in my arms;
And she but begged me to return within.
The sight of spring hath no effect but ill."

"Nantauquas did not cheer her?"

"For a while.

And then 'twas just the same as 'twas before.
But, 'tis the other thing that's killing her."

"What other thing?"

A moment faltered he.

"I might as well tell all; though aye I hoped
That it would pass. You know just how her people
Do think so much of dreams. Matoka may
Be Christian, but the Indian blood is there.
She hath rare visions of a future world.
She sees John Smith and holds communion with him.
All night she lies awake, and this of course
Brings weakness in the morn. And so she rests
Upon the settle, quite unfit for ought.—
But that's not all."

His frank, fine eyes grew bright.

"When'er I talk with her about this thing
She flies into a passion; says that I
Am interfering with high dreams from Heaven.

She's got so she dislikes to feel my touch."

"Dear John, I'm true amazed. I thought at first
It was the little one a-coming. And true,
She seemed right well contented when it did.
But not for long. And further back, canst see
Her walking up the aisle with you in church;
And going off, her lips and eyes all smiles
Because the horse kicked up and made a show.
I thought her just the sweetest maid that e'er
Had wedded been within our Jamestown church."

"I thought so, aye but now I think 'twas but
The exaltation of her dreams. She ne'er
Did love me. Matoka loved John Smith, and loves
Him yet, although so long he's known as dead."

"John Rolfe!"

"'Tis truth. I might as well admit.
She thinks to die that she may go to Heaven
And meet the Captain there. Such is her dream."

"We must do something, John, and this at once."

"That's what I ask." No hope was in the gaze
He bent on me, yet confidence was there.

"But if her child is not enough, what is?"

"She is too weak to know the joy that's hers.
 But such will come, I pray. We must arouse her.
 And what, thinkst thou, amusest her the most?"

He thought: "'Tis when the Governor arrives
 And tells her what is happening in England.
 The ocean, too. She often thinks of it.
 Its bigness doth attract her. Once she said:
 'The sea must be the sky turned upside down,
 So big and blue is it. The clouds are foam.'
 At first, she was quite gay, e'en danced and sang;
 But ever times of mirth grew short and few,
 Until one mournful night she asked of me
 What she should do with our child in Heaven, for
 there
 She'd not be wife to me. Wouldst take it, I?"

I looked at Rolfe, not thirty years of age;
 Bereaved once of a wife and babe, and now
 So soon, mayhap, to lose another wife.
 "When doth the Governor sail?"

Next month, I think."

"Then go thou John, and take Matoka too.
 The sea may do great wonders for the maid;
 And she'll see England, meet thy family.
 And thou, friend John; thou needst a change as well."

"I should not leave this place. It just begins
To show the labor I have put on it."

"Get someone in thy place; a trusty soul;
And I'll ride over every week and keep
An eye on him."

"And planting time just here."

"Dost think of thy Plantation more than wife?"

A swift, dark glance.

"Then get thou ready now.

Matoka tell at once. 'Twill turn her thoughts."

And did. She began to show some signs of life—
Of interest in what was going on.

At last the month was sped. The ship dispatched.
Matoka lay at ease and watched the sea.
John Rolfe sat, still, beside.

"You like the sea,

Matoka?"

"Aye, the water is so fine—

All white and blue; or, mayhap, it is green.
The God above doth everything so well."

"He'll make you well, Matoka, if you wish."

She looked at him quite steadily. And then:

PRINCESS ROYAL

"Where is my child? I wish to have him near."

Full glad he went in search. And soon he stood
Before her with the child within his arms.
She looked upon them. Handsome man and boy.
She raised her arms.

"Thou scarce art strong enough."

"Soon shall I be. Tomorrow I may walk
About the deck."

And so, in truth, it proved.

The voyage was the most remarkable
Within the memory of sailing men.
Just weeks and weeks of finest sailing time.
A morning gray would break, but then would change
To blue by noon or night. And when, at last,
Appeared the Scilly Isles, the mighty spray
Against their shining breasts, the sun was clear
Within a sky of blue.

But now—old England!

The birthplace of John Smith. Matoka leaned
Against the rail and gazed and gazed on it.
John Smith. His birthplace. But, where was his
grave?

O'er in that mighty wave at farthest right,
Where men said "France"?

PRINCESS ROYAL

To outward eye it seemed

Matoka was in wondrous health. Was slim
And supple, clear of eye and fresh of skin.
She walked with old-time grace and gentle poise;
Spoke little, for the merry Pocahontas
Was gone. Instead, was dignified composure,
Such as her father might have envied her.
Her husband stood beside. All happy he
At this high change in her, and thankful too
That they had reached Old England. England!

Scarce

He knew what there awaited her and him.

VI

For long I'd kept a writing with my friend,
 The Bishop o' London, Doctor King, who dwelt
 In Lambeth Palace. Him I told about
 Matoka; how she journeyed now to England;
 And he, in turn, sent word of it about.

From ship she went to Brentford, eight miles from
 London,

For there the ship had sped to leave its freight.
 This Brentford was a pretty spot, with more
 Than lumber yards and factories to lure
 The Londoner from town. It had a bridge
 Built o'er the river Brent, designed by that
 Great man, Hugh Clopton, knighted for his skill;
 Fair gardens too, and pretty cottages;
 And in the midst the inn, Three Pigeons, called.

Matoka loved this Tudor inn. She begged
 John Rolfe to stay awhile, nor haste to London,
 Though there the great Virginia Company
 Was beckoning, and there the Bishop was
 Inviting to his palace. London might
 Be wonderful, Matoka thought, but this

PRINCESS ROYAL

Quaint little town of Brentford was entrancing.
Such rooms she certainly ne'er saw before;
So large, so full, so sweet of tint and scent.
And oh, how clean and well set-up the town!
The wood and plaster walls, the steep, thatched
 roofs,
Surrounded by the spreading elms and ash,
With willows bending o'er the sparkling stream.
And then the hedges! The darling inn itself!
The colored windowglass enchanted her.
Those leaded panes! How were they made as one?

She opened doors in tiny oaken cupboards,
And counted things within. Ascended stairs.
Quite lost her way in passages. All this
Was finer far than Jamestown. Wonderful!

And all were pleased, but told her greater things
Awaited her in London. As to Rolfe,
He was as nothing in Matoka's eyes,
For this was England, where John Smith was born,
And near as wonderful as Smith himself.
At last Matoka looked through John Smith's eyes.
By now she spoke the English language well.
She walked with poise, and though a matron, she
Had still the figure of a girl. Men thought
Her royal in demeanor, and her garb

Outbore such notion quite. The Governor,
 On hearing that Matoka would sail for England,
 Had seen that such a visit much might mean
 Unto the Colony; so he had sent
 The richest silks, and velvet gowns and hats,
 And fans of ostrich, with jewels the handles set;
 As well as shoes and slippers of brocade.
 The London Company had paid for this
 And thought it well invested. They wanted her
 In London straight. But still Matoka tarried.

John Smith was walking in his favorite
Green Park, when news of her arrival came.
 Another week, and he would start for Bristol
 To have a talk with friendly men out there.
 The winter he had spent at Willoughby,
 His boyhood home; was working on his maps.
 And books, the latter argumental works
 Anent importance of the great New World.

True, other ships had now been sailing o'er
 The course that he'd laid out; and four o' them
 Had sailed from Plymouth, four from London wharfs
 That very year; but these had been for trade,
 For furs and fish that Smith had brought before;
 While it was settlement for which he yearned.

His pen and tongue would never still, until
He saw New England claimed by Englishmen.

While Smith was not as strong as when he saw
Virginia first, yet had he strength enough
To work and plan in winter for a voyage
When summer came. So, soon he now would meet
His friends: Sir Ferdinando Gorges and
The Dean of Exeter, great Doctor Sutcliffe.
These were to introduce him to the men
Of substance in the towns of Western England,
Some towns he'd not been in before. These friends
Of his had something more than trade in view;
To them there loomed the vision of a world,
An English world upon New England's shores.
And they would work with him to such an end,
Of these he thought when walking in Green Park.
But, sudden, interruption, and a voice:

"Ah, Captain John, why art thou not at Brentford?
With thy fair Indian Princess, Pocahontas?"
The speaker jumped from off his horse within
A near-by bridle path, and made his way
To where John Smith was standing, waiting him.
He was a youth of genial mien, one whom
John Smith had met at Ferdinando's house.

The Captain stared. "What Princess do you mean?"

"Why, thine, the daughter of the Powhatan."

"Thou art mistaken. She is not in England."

Aye, is. The news is now on every tongue.
 All London is afire at thought of her,
 But still she tarries. Brentford is her love.
 And I am come to ask your company;
 We start at one o'clock for Brentford Inn."

"The Princess here? I cannot credit it."

"Then you comes Saltonstall to prove the tale."

A well-built man of Smith's own age approached,
 And said: "I've been unto thy lodgings, John;
 They told me you were here. Hast heard the news?—
 Aye, aye, I read it in thine eye."

"We've made

A little party for the trip, and you,
 Friend John, must be of it,"

The youth put in.

"We start at one."

"Must be there on the minute,"

Sir Saltonstall went on: "For nothing now
 Would keep me from't; nor thou, I think, dear John."

"Then I'll be off." The youth put spurs to horse,

Waved gaily with his crop, and sped away.

A strange blue light broke in the Captain's eyes,
 And color surged beneath his tawny skin,
 "Matoka now in England? Husband too?—
 That brave of the Potomac tribes I heard
 She'd wed?"

"Nay, nay, friend John, her husband is
 An Englishman; by name, John Rolfe, a Rolfe
 Of Heacham Hall. The King is very sore
 That one, not royal, should have wedded her."

"I'll swear Matoka wed an Indian brave
 Of the Potomac tribes."

"Oh, John, you've been
 So in the West, or buried down there in
 The woods o' Willoughby, since thy return
 From watery grave—as we all thought—in France,
 That you've heard nought. Why, all of London's
 mad
 With this great news."

"What, wed an Englishman!
 John Rolfe! But when, and where?"

"Virginia.

He's great within the Colony. I hear
 Was in the *Venture* when it wrecked on that
 Bermuda Isle. His wife—the first—was drowned.

He's favorite of Dale, the Governor.
His Majesty is incensed at the marriage;
Will not receive John Rolfe at Whitehall palace."

"Matoka must be well received at Court.
'Tis but her due. The Queen must see to it."

"What James hath said is law at Court for all."

"I'll write the Queen, and tell her what Matoka
Did mean to our young Colony. Why, oft
She saved us from starvation, death as well.
No one deserves the royal favor more.
But—friend—I scarce believe it yet."

"You will
When you have seen her." Saltonstall linked arms
With his great friend, and drew him for a walk.

"A glorious day to canter out to Brentford.
We can get there and back again in time
To sup. We've ample leisure."

"But I must
Send writing to the Queen before I start."

"Ah, then, I'll bide with thee till it be done."

And so it was. The letter of John Smith
Gained what the London Company could not—
The favor of the Queen for his Matoka.

VII

The master suite within the Brentford Inn
Had been reserved for Master Rolfe. Quite fine
It was, with sitting room and bedroom, the last
Changed to a rose boudoir, from which a stair
Ascended to some sleeping rooms above.
The Company had seen to all details;
Sent furnishings from London, tapestries
And things for woman's use—mirrors and combs
And cushions made of satin, silk and lace—
To welcome her, for it was known the ship
Would stop at Brentford first. The Company
Had then but little thought Matoka would
Prefer to stay and stare in that small place.

An English wench was added to the suite
Of Indian maids. She coiled Matoka's hair
In fashion of the day; and everything
Was done as if it were for Princess of
The house of England.

This day, Matoka stood
Arrayed in silk of gray, with golden flounce
About the hem, and on her bouffant sleeves.

PRINCESS ROYAL

Rich jewels gleamed from out her dusky hair,
And lay upon her breast. What likeness here
To Pocahontas of the wilderness?
And e'en her face was changed. Instead of full
Rich-tinted curve, her cheeks were ivory.
Her lips were pale. But in her lustrous eyes
Was semblance of Matoka. Aye, the same
Dark witchery.

The Lady Rebecca now;
Chosen and given the time she was baptized
In Jamestown church.

Each day from London came
A company of those were bent on seeing
The unknown Princess of America.
As yet the day was early. Rolfe advanced:

"Shall we to walk awhile within the garden?"
For well he knew her fondness for the flowers,
The hedges and the fountain, the many birds
Which lit upon its rim.

She looked at him.
Ah, not to be despised by Courtiers was
John Rolfe. He wore fine silken hose and doublet,
Of wine, the hue. He wore a stock of lace.
A well-turned hat was on his head, and at
The side a plume, in fashion of the day.
Ah, handsome, truth; and as Matoka looked

She wondered why she could not be content
 With such a graceful figure, so fine a face.
 This drew a veil of sadness o'er her own;
 And, seeing which, John Rolfe had sudden wish
 To be returned to Jamestown, which he'd been
 Not keen to leave. For e'en Matoka's dreams,
 Her wild hallucinations and ill-health
 Had not come full between them as had now
 These strained formalities. And so he said:

"Shall we to walk awhile within the garden?"

And she was just to answer when there came
 A knock, and then a man in livery.

"Your Highness, a company doth now await
 Thy pleasure; Sir Samuel Saltonstall and friends
 Of his from London wish to pay respects."

She bowed with dignity, and moved toward
 A curtained window, which she stood before—
 And Rolfe one side a bit. Upon her fell
 The light from mullioned panes. These gave the hue
 Which yet her cheeks had lacked. Ah, beautiful!

Beneath her feet a wondrous carpet spread,
 Gift from the London Company. About
 Were vases full of flowers of sweetest scent,

Fit setting for a queen.

The door was thrown.

"Sir Samuel Saltonstall. Lord Ramabeau.

The Earl of Marcy. Master Herbert Dunster."

And then, the last, "The Honorable Captain Smith."

Matoka's gaze became a sheet of flame;

The fire of it went flashing o'er her face.

But, Captain Smith! Another one, mayhap.

Ah, no, for now her eyes were on his eyes.

But Indian women do not faint. Too trained

Are they for matters of intense surprise.

So, now, her eyes met his unflinchingly.

He dropped upon one knee and kissed her hand.

A moment—silence. Then, she turned her back.

All looked askance, her husband most of all.

Then he right gallantly outspoke. "The Princess

Hath been so often told John Smith was dead,

His living presence now o'ercomes her. Pray,

Go thou unto the garden, gentlemen."

With courteous mien they passed from out the room.

John Rolfe then called the English maid.

"Get thou

Some smelling salts; and, too, a glass of wine.

Thy mistress now is discomposed." Then he

PRINCESS ROYAL

Went out unto the others in the garden.
And there he ordered wine and some tobacco,
Fresh-brought from his Virginia estate.
And so they smoked and talked about the voyage;
Then of Virginia and what there went.

As for Matoka: For a time the maid
Could not refresh her mistress. Down she lay
Among her lacy pillows and would not rise.
But afterwards she changed, decided that
She'd see the gentlemen once more.

They came,
And found her quite composed. Again she stood
Before the mullioned window, its rosy hue
Upon her face. And they, full gentlemen,
Fell each upon his knee, as though, in truth,
They had but seen her now. And she as royal
As any of those who met at Whitehall's board.
And with the same prerogative. At last
She called John Smith aside. Slow were her words,
Yet sweet, and dear her glance.

"Ah, Captain Smith,
One day they told me you were dead; and this
I did believe unto this very hour."

"Nigh unto it I was, my Princess. Not strange
The world should think me so."

But she went on:

"The day my father adopted you as son,
 He promised all he had should then be yours;
 And yours should be as his. You were to call
 Him father, being in his land a stranger.
 Now I am in your land a stranger, so
 I must you call my father too." Her gaze
 Was on his face, as if she there would brand
 The thing she said.

He saw it all: her blood,
 Her need. Within him, gratitude; but fear
 Soon chased the first away. What, he to call
 Himself the father of a Royal Princess?
 Ah, well the Court might roar with anger and
 Derision. Aye, full gratitude, and more—
 Affection. Sweet she was in else than looks.
 Aye, now, those looks! A woman beautiful;
 And gazing, he saw her, a maid, within
 Her father's house. . . . Her father's store of corn.
 The struggle on't . . . The James, The Falls, Nan-
 tauquas!
 Vivid and yet confused these visions were,
 And loved. Whatever came from out New England,
 'Twould never be as was Virginia.

But here was still Matoka, standing, asking,

And planning, as so oft she had for her
 And him. And now, as then, refused. He flushed
 With his great feeling. *In this stranger land*
She would be aye his child.

She saw the warm
 Illumination of his face. Her blood
 Began to leap. Now she could rest within
 His arms, and claim him as her very own.
 All loneliness would pass away. She'd be
 At peace, as once she was so long ago.
 So her small hand stole softly out to his.

He took it. Pressed it. Raised it to his lips.
His child. Ah, both were dizzy at the word.
 Forgotten, quite, the others. Of all the women
 Whom he had known, she was the nearest, dearest.
 What, after all, were his ambitious dreams,
 His plans, his maps, his writings, voyages?
 What were these to a home, and love? Forgot
 Was Master Rolfe, and all her present state,
 And now, with joy, Matoka read his heart
 Within his eyes. Her own went bounding like
 A doe that once she chased within the wood.
 Her Captain White! *He loved her.*

Then awoke
 John Smith to those within the room. A glance

He cast . . . Sir Samuel stept forth a pace
 As if to say: "The day draws on. I sup
 Tonight with Villiers, the favorite of The King."
 'Twas then Smith saw the movement. Understood.
 Came back, both England, England's Court and
 King.

That King was angry that John Rolfe had dared
 To marry into Royalty. What then
 Would say to such as Smith for calling her
 His child? And what about her husband? Fool!
 To think he could unroll the years and flout
 At destiny. Matoka was another's,
 John Rolfe's, of Heacham Hall, a gentleman
 If hardly Royal.

Light fled from his face.

A sort of sickness smote him. Yet he braced:
 "Matoka: Here in England there are laws
 Quite different from those in thy father's land.
 In eyes of England and her King thou art
 An Emperor's child. 'Twould be presumptuous
 In me to call thee mine."

At once she'd seen

The change upon his face, and hers changed too,
 But 'twas to anger. Ah, as savage would!
 And savage blood she had, if Christian faith.
 Hard, hard, to make them mix at times like these.

"So, so!" She cried. "Thou fearest King of England

Who never knew such word when thou wert in
 My father's country, where he too is King.
 Thou! Thou who caused such fear in all his people!
 I tell thee, then, if I am daughter to
 A King, I'll have my will; I'll be thy child,
 And you shall call me such."

Ah, call me such!

The daughter of a king, in truth. Then spoke
 He low: "Whate'er, whate'er thou art, Matoka,
 Thou art full dear to me, thy Captain."

Again

He kissed her hand; then, like a courtier true,
 Retreated from the room. But, ah, a courtier
 Who banished was from court of her he loved.

VIII

The daughter of the Indian Emperor
Was housed in Lambeth Palace, the Bishop of London

Her host. All London was entranced with her.
The Princess Matoka, Lady Rebecca, La Belle
Sauvage, were names they gave her. Only Smith
And a few of the settlers of Virginia
Remembered her and spoke how she was called
The little tomboy; Indian, Pocahontas.

Queen Anne had read the letter of Captain Smith,
And she had sent for Lady Delaware,
Whom well she liked, commanding that Matoka
Be brought to her at Court. So, in a stiff
Brocade of ivory, with pearls embroidered,
With plumes of ostrich in her hair in place
Of eagle's feather, she went unto the Court
Of James.

Queen Anne was straight delighted with
The Indian Princess: her speech, her stately mien—
Matoka could scarce be else in such a garb.
So stiff it was, and long, and heavy too,

PRINCESS ROYAL

She scarce could carry it with all its weight—
So, on the minute, was invited to
The theatre, to see the players of
The King. And then, for her sole benefit,
Was Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest*, based upon
The wreck of that same ship where Rolfe had lost
His youthful wife, bound for Virginia.
Then dances, and receptions, wonderful Masques
At Whitehall Palace and at Hampton Court.
Matoka was received and entertained
Like foreign, royal guest; but added quite
Was zest engendered by the curious.
Both high and low, just everyone was daft
To see the Princess from America.

The toast, she was, to all of London. Painters
Vied with each other in making portraits of her.
The Court engravers limned her features, and,
'Twas said that Royal ladies fought for these
To send to friends afar. Small wonder that
The pit arose when entered she her stall—
The *Globe* or at the *Friars*, whether in
The company of King or Queen or not.
Small wonder that the London populace
Did shout when she passed in the Bishop's coach
Of gilded wood, or that sent from the Court
At Whitehall, with silver-mounted harnesses

And gay outriders in the Queen's own hues.

Matoka looked at all of this, and felt
 As if within a dream. It seemed a show,
 An endless pageant, where she scarcely was
 A part. It was not long before she came
 Aweary of't, aweary while she marvelled;
 Yet seemed no way to stop. And all the while
 John Rolfe was absent quite—no royalty
 Was he. The King would not receive him, though
 He lived at Lambeth Palace with his wife.

The London Company made up to him
 By giving him the place of Secretary;
 And kept him busy getting ready for
 The ship's return, when would be sent more men,
 More cattle, chickens, horses, luxuries,
 Which last the settlers could afford to buy.
 The Company was satisfied; so well
 It now had done to bring Matoka from
 Virginia, its shares took upward trend.

But Rolfe was not so satisfied, although
 So many entertained him at their homes
 The while Matoka was with the Court; and oft
 He sighed for her and wished her back within
 His hundred acres, thinking that her dreams

Of Captain Smith were over now for aye—
 Seeing he lived and was no longer in
 The Heaven of her so high imaginings.
 That day at Brentford seemed not ill to Rolfe,
 For he had seen the anger in her eyes
 And not the love before. Since then, he'd longed
 To have her for himself, away from London.
 At last there came announcement of a Masque
 Writ by the great Ben Jonson for the Court
 At Christmas. Something splendid it would be.
 'Twas staged by Jones, that Inigo they called
 The wizard of stage scenery, of light
 And management.

Upon this great occasion
 Matoka sat upon the King's right hand.
 Doth wish to view this King, who was to men
 But next to God, and ruled by right divine?
 Ah, King he looked by show of vestments fine
 Such as but he dare ever wear, for he
 Must aye outshine the lesser lights, just as
 The moon, the stars. So now he wore a vest
 Embroidered o'er with pearls and emeralds
 And rubies too, all set by threads of gold
 On velvet ground. From shoulder to the hip
 It ran. Around his neck, a ruff of lace
 Venetian. Fine. On this his beard, cut short
 And square, did rest. The same Venetian lace

PRINCESS ROYAL

Was at his wrists; and from his shoulders hung
A velvet cape with rarest ermine bound.
Ah, royal he!

His hat, which rested on
His head a bit tip-tilted, so the gem
Upon the side, afoot the feather, could gleam
The more, was of the like rich, crimson hue
As was the cloak, but made of satin stuff.
And satin too the hose, but purple hue
As were the stockings and the shoes, the last,
Adorned with jewels like the hat and vest.

Ah, fine, yes fine! But finer than the face
'Twas meant to grace, or form 'twas meant to set.
In gait, he lounged, and stood on one foot stead
Of two, to make him straight like those around.
And he the offspring of a beauteous mother,
Whose lovely form and face proved her undoing—
Queen Mary of the Scots. Yet such, her son.
Full gracious he could be, howe'er, at times,
And now was to Matoka. The Queen? Ah, she
Was in the Masque, chief Masquer of them all.

Around the King sat royalty and nobles:
Sly Sarmiento, just created Count,
Ambassador from Spain was he. Full oft
He'd look at small Matoka in her cloak

PRINCESS ROYAL

Of royal blue and gold; would look and smile;
But in himself was wrath that he should live
To see the day that England claimed a ward
In any New World land. And who could tell
What wealth might come from it to England's
Court,—

A Court nigh bankrupt, as he knew.

The Count's

Small gaze went all along the row of chairs
Within the royal box. There sat the man,
Named Villiers, aye, the favorite of the King.
Was handsome, aye, and charming too his ways;
And oft the King's fond look went out to him.
Next, Digby; young, he was, though Chamberlain
And Privy Councillor. Then next a line
Of notables, well known to all the world.
And back of them, their daughters and their wives.

Beyond, came Courtiers of lesser rank,
Attached to embassies; and such as could
By hook or crook gain entrance to the set
So near the King.

But, oh, the Christmas Masque!
'Twas whispered that upon it had been spent
Full Twenty Thousand Pounds, of Sterling worth.
A sum, in truth, for one short night's delight!
And this Court poor to verge of bankruptcy.

Matoka's eyes were on the stage where now
 Came passing such a sight as any eyes
 Could rest upon in wonder. A pageant, aye!
 Were women with scant clothes, in Grecian style,
 In step showed to the thighs; while from the neck
 To waist was scarcely any dress at all.
 In truth, some had much longer skirts, but tight,
 With nought beneath; so, as they pranced along
 Their length of legs drew out.

But all were masqued,
 Though all were known. Greece, Rome. Rome,
 Greece. They passed.

And stranger ones to come! But now, the Queen!
 Aye, rare she was; none must outshine the Queen;
 A dress with diamonds down every seam,
 And strings of these upon her hair and breast.
 They sparkled as no moon on any sea.
 Yea, beautiful!

Matoka sat enthralled—
 Enthralled, till she grew dizzy with the sights,
 Yet hours went on. At last, she wished for home.

'Twas over now, and came a fearful crush.
 On to the banquet hall within the palace!
 And there they moved in mass until the King
 Grew cross. 'Twas then Matoka spoke to him:

"Your Majesty, the people of thy Court
 Are numerous as leaves upon the trees
 Within my father's woods in the New World."

"Ah, just a handful in a wind." He smiled
 Amidst his frown.

"Your Majesty, I did
 Not dance within the Masque, yet I am weary.
 If I should flee—"

"I'll flee myself before
 Such rush as this. I'll eat within my suite,
 And call the master of these ceremonies
 To explain this press. Escape then if thou wilt,
 And God be with thee."

"Then, Your Majesty,
 I bid goodnight. And to the Queen, please say
 I was entranced with her great Masque to such
 Extent I'm wearied quite, and must to sleep."

"I'll speak the Queen."

"Ah, then, Your Majesty,
 Again goodnight." She swept a courtesy
 As one might envy who'd been born to such.

He called to Digby. "See the Lady Rebecca
 Unto her coach. Goodnight, my Princess sweet,
 Sleep thou full well."

As Digby gave his arm
 Unto Matoka, the King took that of Villiers
 And told him to conduct unto his chambers.

Away Matoka went. The coach of gilt,
 The gay outriders, fine as any coach
 That fairy fancy could up-conjure; yet,
 Within, was weariness of soul and flesh.

Without, the world was dark, except for some
 Wall-hanging lamp about an ancient gate.
 Ah, London, London! But where was Captain
 Smith?

And why at none of these festivities?
 In all Virginia, the President,
 Was always first at such affairs as these.
 Again returned that old impression that
 John Smith was England; England was John Smith.
 Then where was he?

Just after his departure
 From Brentford Inn, had come her own. And with
 The wonders of London her days had been engrossed;
 The rounds of dazzlements; nights turned to day.
 Unlike the Royal ladies, Matoka could
 Not sleep the morning through to get relief.
 Instead, awake at dawn, as all her life
 She had. But up to this, her powers of

Endurance stood her strangely well. But, now, Matoka was conscious of intense fatigue.

John Rolfe was waiting her within their suite At Lambeth. Oft she'd tell him of the day, Its happenings, its sights; but now tonight She wished for nothing but her bed and sleep.

John Rolfe advanced to meet her when she entered. He took her cloak, then took her in his arms And held her close, to look within her eyes. She struggled to be free.

"What wonders did Ben Jonson have for thee tonight, Matoka?"

"Can scarcely tell of them, I am so tired And would to bed."

"I'll make thee snug upon This bench. Rest here thy feet, and 'neath thy head These pillows soft and fair; while over thee This silken coverlet I'll spread."

"But, nay!" She pushed him quite away, and sat her down. "When go we home? I wish to see my people."

But he was cross. Yet in good voice he answered: "Not till the Spring arrives. 'Twould not be safe To make such journey in the winter."

“Spring?”

And when comes Spring in this strange land of England?”

“Almost as in Virginia.”

“And now

But middle winter. Scarce can stand such time.”

He gazed at her. “What woman in the world Would not be dazed with happiness at such Amusements and concern as King and Queen Have furnished thee. Aye, be delirious with’t.”

“Delirious! Ah, that I am, in truth.”

She fanned herself, as if consumed with heat Of which she spoke.

John Rolfe then saw how flushed Her skin and bright her eye. He was alarmed. “Thou must a leech,” he cried, and moved as to The bell beside the door.

Then up she jumped.

“’Tis not a leech I want, nor potions. I want Virginia, my father’s land, far more Than any English Court, or palace such As this. Am tired of London, want the wilds—”

“We’ll go to Heacham. Woods are plenty there. My people long to greet thee in their home.”

She sprang unto her feet, her eyes aflame:
 "Dost understand? I wish no more of England,
 Nor thee. I wish my father's house and people,
 My father's woods. I'd build a little fire,
 And don my deerskin dress, my moccasins;
 I'd wash me in the brooks, feed of the herbs.
 Canst do all this at Heacham?"

"Nay, Matoka."

Then care I not to go to Heacham." She turned
 Toward the door of her own sleeping room;
 But ere she reached it, Rolfe came, walking fast,
 Put shoulder to it. Spoke. A little stern:

"Thou art no longer Indian, Matoka.
 Thou art a white man's wife, a Christian, too.
 Hast thou forgotten Bishop Whittaker,
 And what thee swore in Jamestown church, to honor
 And to obey?"

A time their eyes did meet.

Her own first dropped. Her voice was very low.
 "The peace I thought those vows would bring is far
 Away. Matoka will never know that peace
 But in the grave."

"My darling!" Rolfe had caught
 Her form to his, and held her close. "Has something
 Tonight affrighted thee? Hath one so dared—"
 She raised her head full royally: "But nay.

No one presumeth with Matoka. Not e'en
Her husband, Master Rolfe."

He drew away.

She swept from out the room; and he stood by
And watched her pass.

Alone, she threw herself
Upon a chair. "Now, what is left Matoka?—
Since life holds naught. For life without the love
Of loved one is but hateful. She loves her Captain,
And he loves her. She read it in his eyes.
But something keeps him. He cannot have his will
In this white country. So there's nought but death.

A moment passed of silence. Then her mind
Began to rove: Her country. People. Home.
And suddenly her face grew white. "Okee!
'Tis he who now pursues me with his wrath,
For aye he hates the white man. Now I am
Of these, and he pursues me with his vengeance."

She crouched upon her knees, her hands against
Her breast. Low, stifled sobs. "I must return
Unto my kin. Okee must have his own."
Stood up, looked round. Beyond one door, John
Rolfe;

Beyond the other, her English tiring maid.
Alone the windows spoke of an escape.

Tight-closed they were against the chill of night,
 And heavy-draped in crimson, with the sign
 Of the Lord Bishop in a plaque of gold.
 She walked toward them, pulled the curtains wide.

Within, three steps led up to mullioned panes—
 These steps, the thickness of the massy walls.
 The floor of stone was icy cold. A chill
 Struck through her; for, so thinly clad her feet
 In shoes made for the Masque. A moment she
 Looked back into the glowing room; its lights
 In crystal chandeliers; its crimson carpet;
 Its warmth; the next, drew close the draperies,
 Flung wide the windowpanes into the night.
 A bleaker chill assailed her. A heavy fog
 Came from the Thames. And she as scanty clad
 As were her feet. But little of this she recked.

Around the moon a giant circle ran.
 It made full clear the gravel walks within
 The palace grounds; as well, the fountain's rim,
 The water, dark by contrast, catching not
 The moonbeam's gleam. Some shady shrubs and
 trees.

The walk beneath the window was of flags.
 The flags were hard. 'Twould easy be to lean
 Far out, and then— Was only Okee to see,

PRINCESS ROYAL

To know how she'd made sacrifice of self?
Ah, but, her father! Would he know as well?
For always, with the Powhatans, it was
The Chief who ordered sacrifice.

The small

Pale hands upon her breast moved restlessly.
She drew her gaze from off the flags and raised
It to the stars. So few there were could force
Their light because of moon and mist. But one
There was, the Northern star, could hold its own.

So often Captain Smith had pointed this.
'Twas guide to all upon the sea or in
The wilderness. And that strange instrument
Which followed stars—the compass. Ah, that she
Had but a compass which would draw to her
The Captain, as the star the magnet.

She leaned

Upon the window's ledge; went over scenes
With him: Within the house of bark and willow
At Wer-o-woc-o-moc-o; Jamestown; on
The river.

Hours passed. She was a-chill,
But heeded not these warnings. The mist retired
And left the world in brightness; came again
And left it all confused. At last, a sound

Within the room behind. Matoka stirred.
How stiff she was, and cold; stepped down, and back
Into the lighted chamber.

Her tiring maid
Was scared. "My Lady looking at the moon?
She hath not long returned?"

"Ah, nay, not long."
She walked as she were lame. "I would to bed."

There soon she was, beneath the canopy
Of crimson, like the curtains at the panes.
With golden plaques above her head; and she
Full covered by the silken coverlets
Well lined with eiderdown. Yet was she not
At rest. What she had dwelt upon returned
To plague her in her sleep, if sleep it was;
Half-dreams, half-fever; hot, then icy cold.

When came the day, Matoka could not rise,
Nor drink the English tea from out the cup
Of gold and blue from Germany. Nor did
She leave her bed that day; nor many days.

IX

Now, arm in arm with Doctor Sutcliffe, dean
 Of Exeter, John Smith walked down the street
 Of that most ancient town. Upon its walls
 There fell the sun of February, warm
 Upon one side, while cold lay in the shade.

"Methinks, friend John, thou scarce art well enough
 To make such voyage now." The Doctor spoke.
 "Best let the others take the ship from Plymouth,
 And stay thou here with us in Exeter.
 The air of Western England is what thou needst—
 A summer of't, and you'll be well again."

"'Tis not of self I'm thinking." Smith spoke slow.
 They'd come to where the sight of Exeter
 Cathedral was in view. A lovely sight
 It was. The two men paused; then, Smith again:
 "I'm thinking of the time when churches such
 As this will rise within another world
 Across the sea."

The Dean drew off a bit,
 And, with a smile, looked in the other's eyes.

"But you are sure a dreamer, John, my boy.
 'Tis that, small doubt, which forces money from
 My coffers to thy ships, and keepeth on
 When coffers, if not ships, are sunk beneath
 The waves of ocean. Well I know 'tis my
 Advantage that you sail the ships; but 'tis
 My conscience bids you stay in Exeter.
 I thought thy strength picked up, anent that sweet
 Adventure with the pirates; but I see
 It never did. And you're not fit to go."

"I'm grateful for the chance. What comes o' me
 Is little consequence. I may be left
 In some great, frozen, inland sea, as was
 Our Henry Hudson. Every time I leave
 The ship and take to boat for inland ways,
 For soundings and explorings, I think I ne'er
 May see the ship again. 'Tis cause for thanks
 To God whene'er I do. 'Tis strange; I pray
 To Him the most when I am safe and well."

"That's like thee, John. Thou asketh not of God,
 But thank Him when thou'st got a bed and bite."

"I ask a lot of all you men out here
 In Western England, though." Smith's look was rue.

"And givest much in turn. Our gold, in truth,

Hath been expended well. If not a groat
 From off the ship, thou hast enlarged our view;
 Made us see visions of far lands and worlds.
 You've been a book to us, as well as thou
 Hast written books for us. Thou art the priest,
 The Apostle of New England to the men
 Of Western England. Whate'er comes o' that
 Far land out there, is due to thee, thy books
 And maps. Already I hear the Puritans
 Are scanning such. They see in your New England
 The hope of an abiding place for them."

"I care not who it is who goes, so long
 As they be peaceful, busy citizens.
 The Puritans are that. Too well I love
 The aisles of this Cathedral, statues there,
 And clustered columns, to be Puritan."

"I've heard it said how thou art Puritan
 At heart. I don't dislike the saying, John."

"Am not so sure 'tis true." Smith's burning gaze
 Fell to the pavement at his feet. Between
 The stones, the grass was thrusting slender blades.

"Something disturbs thee, Captain. Thou art not
 Thyself. Is't disappointment o'er the failure

To colonize New England? Though I scarce
Connected you with such a word as *fail*."

"And don't. New England will be colonized,
If not by me, then by some worthier.
'Tis only that it's done by Englishmen.
I've seen its shores. And some are like the shores
Of Devonshire; but there be every sort:
Some rocky, tree-topped bluffs, with woods and plains
Beyond. Some sandy stretches, miles of it,
But always fertile fields behind. Why should
It not be settled by men of English blood—
And not adventurers like in the South,
With thirst for gold, but of a solemn mind,
Who want a home where they can live in freedom.
I don't intend to drop the project, sir,
As long as I do live and land remains.
But I have talked till weary you must be."

"Ne'er weary with it, John. You fair have dyed
Me with thy vision. I'll be sorry too
If ne'er I see thy vision's consummation.
Again I here proclaim thee, *Apostle to
New England*."

"But I'm called its *Admiral*
By men of Plymouth, and of Bristol too."

"Then Exeter proclaims thee both." The Dean
Was smiling. "So stay with us awhile as such;
The winds are bad." He cast an eye about.

The other's followed. "True thou art. I'll stay
Awhile, just long enough to walk up there
To yonder Castle, while the sun is bright
And you attend to duties in the church."

"Then you will stay to dine at one o'clock?"

"Aye, sir, at one o'clock."

The Dean then left

For his Cathedral close, and Smith turned up
Some narrow, crooked ways until he reached
The city wall, from where a path struck off
Unto the Castle grounds. The sun shone on
The ancient Norman gate and tower. He
Began to count the centuries since they
Were built; imagined England then, and thought
That it took time to build a nation. He,
John Smith, bethought to make one in a day.
Perhaps he was too hurried; he should wait.
What difference a thousand years hence
Did he sail now or twenty months from now?

He sat him on a mossy ledge quite near
The Norman gate, and looked along the slope

Unto the smiling river and the town.
 Upon him came dislike of books and maps
 And lecturing. His friend, the Dean, was right;
 Something, in truth, there was the matter with
 John Smith. The expedition was complete;
 Three ships were ready, laden, lying now
 In Plymouth Harbor. He had thought to come
 But for a day to Exeter to see
 The Dean ere he was off. This day should be
 The happiest within his life. Ahead
 Stretched endless expectations of the kind
 He loved the most. But he was restless. Well
 He knew the reason, though he could not tell
 His friend, the Dean.

Matoka was the cause;

Matoka in England, married to John Rolfe.
 Before, he'd thought of her in gratefulness;
 Imagined her the wife of Indian Chief,
 Full happy in the rôle of mother, wife.
 His heart had swelled always at thought of her;
 But, now, something had happened. What was it?—
 At Brentford; that which ne'er had happened in
 Virginia. 'Twas he, John Smith, in love;
 And with a wife. Another's. How, and how?

Was it the sight of love within her own

Dark eyes? He'd seen it there before without
 Responding thus to it. And he had loved her;
 But as a brother, friend, protector. She
 Had seemed so young; but now she was a woman.
 Aye, was no doubt o' that! And she a woman
 More wonderful, more glorious than e'er
 The maid had been. Such ivory was her cheeks!
 Fine pearl her teeth! And, more, she loved him;
 while
 He was in love with her at last. How long
 It took! Why, this was purest tragedy.

He jumped upon his feet; walked to and fro.
 The scene about, below, was all forgot.
 The sunlight fell unnoticed on the walls.

He had not seen her since the day at Brentford.
 He had no right; she was the wife of Rolfe.
 Yet see her now he must. Just once. Before
 He went upon his voyage; say farewell.

He stopped. Looked round, as if the sight were new.
 'Twas getting Spring in England; time for all
 Good ships to leave their ports. Well, he would see
 Her once, that so he might efface the look
 She'd given him at Brentford, when she spoke
 In anger.

Then unto himself he made
Excuses for the going: Ships were not
Quite filled; the winds were wrong. He would take
horse

Right instantly. Fast down the hill he went,
His face filled with the fire of ripe adventure.

X

Sir Thomas Smith was no relation to John;
 But he was President of the Company
 Which ruled Virginia, of which John Rolfe
 Was now the Secretary. Rolfe was speaking.

"If, Sir, in any way the sailing of
 The good ship, *George*, could be advanced, I'd hold
 Such thing a favor."

Sir Thomas Smith looked at
 The younger man with keenly pointed gaze.
 A settled-looking figure, yet his ways
 Were business. So, now, in such-like tones:

"A number of the Indian maids, who came
 To England with thy wife, seem to be ill.
 What is the cause? Is't London fog, or what?"

"Not only maids are ill. My wife as well.
 'Tis for that cause I would be sailing soon.
 The ocean once did good to her, and may
 Again. I'm hoping for't."

"The London air
Doth not agree with people of the wild."

"And with the Princess worst of all; I fear
That if I do not get her soon away
She'll die."

Sir Thomas looked at him, concerned:
"Mayhap the London houses are too close
For those who lived in leaky ones of bark."

"Mayhap they are. And always she complains
Of how her dresses hurt her; and the stays,
So long and tight and stiff, they stop her breath.
The skirts as well; they do fatigue her limbs.
And then her head: it aye doth seem to ache.
Her hair is thick and long, and when 'tis piled
Atop her head, 'tis like a leaden weight
To one who's used to wear it hanging down.
I now am led to think that no man yet
Can make a white maid from an Indian."

Sir Thomas looked away a goodly while
Before he said: "I'll send the maidens to
The Summer Isles. There they will soon be well—
Live out of doors, eat juicy fruit. This fruit
Hath cured a number of acute distemper.
Bermuda is in need of women, too."

"As Secretary to Virginia,
 I scarce can stay within the Summer Isles;
 Yet, from the voyage, I am hoping much.
 I know the winds of March are justly fierce,
 But Argall's willing to essay the trip.
 If no good comes of it, I'll send my wife
 Unto her people for a spell. Mayhap
 The wilderness will be a cure for her.
 If not, God help us both!"

Sir Thomas's hand
 Went to the other quick. "Let's hope the best."
 Then he went on: "I'll hasten things a bit;
 Get goods straight down to Gravesend. With the
 first
 Fair spell o' weather, you'll be off."

"Ah, thanks,
 Sir Thomas. Scarce can I express my thanks."

"I'm grateful, friend, to thee; and so is all
 The Company for bringing her to London.
 The reception of the Princess hath been more
 Than ever we expected. It hath put
 New life into our enterprise."

"But such
 Is due to her and not to me. She's aye
 The daughter of a chief, and I did wrong
 To wed with her. The King was right, Sir Thomas."

"Thou art downhearted, friend. Wait till you get
Upon the sea. . . . She's willing now to start?"

"Aye, was; but yet she seems too ill to wish
For anything. She coughs. Hath fever. Chills
Lay hold of her at dawn. She's now in bed."

"The English are that way at times, and have
To seek a warmer clime. We're but an isle
Up North. The winds and fogs assail us from
All points. But now I'll hasten well the ships
And get the Princess on her healing way."

"This morn, she had a strange desire. She wished
Her back in Brentford Inn. She's tired o' London."

"There's little harm in that; but why not go
To Gravesend, near the ship? The air down there
Might be a tonic too. 'Tis salty air,
And she could watch the lading."

Rolfe's face grew bright.

"A goodly thought. I'd like it well myself.
Again I thank thee for thy grace, Sir Thomas."

Sir Thomas rose. "And London won't forget
The visit of *La Belle Sauvage*. Good-day."

When word was sent to Court, a royal barge
Was bid to make the journey for Matoka.

Right royal she'd be treated to the end.
 And in the full to this, a house was now
 Prepared for her at Gravesend; a summer house,
 'Twas called *pavilion*, faced the water, and
 Was used by Royalty in times of heat.

Adown a goodly slope, Matoka's eyes
 Could wander to the shipping, scattered o'er
 The great, wide bosom of the Thames; and then
 Far out to where the mighty North Sea lay.
 Full sharp had been the winds as yet, and so
 The windows and the doors were closed. Such were
 The leech's words. To be obeyed, in truth.

Matoka looked through leaded panes of glass
 In windows stretching to the floor. She longed
 To be without—her chair upon the walk.
 Full right, mayhap, this shut-in life for such
 As lived in England; but, for her, all wrong.
 Matoka knew this. Scarcely could she breathe
 Within the room.

She looked to where her son
 And Indian nurse were playing on the floor.
 Such toys he had, sent by the ladies of
 The Court, and by the Lady Delaware!
 Were Punch and Judy, figures brought from France,

And soldiers in bright uniforms, in rows.
 They lay upon the costly, deep-piled rugs
 All scattered o'er the finely polished floor.
 For everything was French within the room
 And in the house, and out. It copied well
 A villa of the French on France's coast.

Matoka looked with wonder in her eyes
 Upon the Indian nurse. This one of all
 The maids who came with her, was strong and well.
 Perhaps because she'd kept her Indian ways
 And clothes, and lived out in the parks with her
 Young charge.

Ah, strong and well she was, indeed;
 Would pick the husky youngster up, and swing
 Him on her shoulder, as if he were a toy
 Like those upon the floor. Because of this,
 The boy well liked his nurse, preferring her
 To that frail mother, whom he saw so seldom,
 Who was too weak by far to play with him,
 Or hold him in her arms. But looking now,
 Matoka spoke in Indian unto
 The nurse:

“Nepowta, well thou lovest the boy.”

“Aye, well, My Lady.” Thus she'd heard the rest
 Address Matoka.

PRINCESS ROYAL

"Wouldst stay with him, Nepowta?"

"Aye, aye, My Lady."

Long she gazed upon
Her child, then closed her weary eyes. A look
Of pain stole o'er her face. Next came a cough.

The Indian sprang unto her side. "I'll call
The English maid to wait on thee."

"But nay;

I wish to be alone. The cough is gone.
I'm now at rest. Say to the English maid,
Her Lady would to sleep. The cord is near;
If aught I want, I'll ring the bell. Go thou,
Nepowta. Lift the child, that I may kiss
His brow."

A moment more, the two had left
The room. The door was shut. Matoka looked
Toward the windows, shut as well. She drew
Herself upright. Put foot to floor. Then walked
Toward the casement, step by step. At last
She gained the sill, and threw the window wide;
Stood breathing deep the air. Ah, it was good!

But she was weak, and soon was slipping down
Upon the floor. Her breath came panting, hard.

She crawled upon her hands and feet to where
 She'd lain upon the chair. Pulled covers up.
 But, ah, she had the wind upon her face!
 How fresh it was, how good! She breathed, then
 coughed,
 But smothered it beneath the robe of lace
 Above the eiderdown.

She looked without.

Along the terrace ran a balustrade.
 All white it was, white marble. Here and there
 An urn stood on it. Flowers in it. White
 And yellow. Pink. So fragrant! Flowers of
 Spring
 Sent from the English palaces to her.

A way along, some marble steps led down
 Unto a walk of flags, which went around
 The house to where the great door opened wide.
 This side, toward the sea, but few there were
 Who passed. Most came in coaches to the door.

But, oh, a rider now! He'd left his horse
 To gaze upon the sea, as if he loved it
 And scarce could draw away from sight of it.
 At last he did, and now came walking on
 The flags. A moment more, and he would be
 Before her window. Ah! She leaped unto

Her feet. Then ran across. Called out. He
stopped.

"My Captain!" Faint the call but well he heard,
And turned. Beheld her face, her hands upon
The window frame.

"Matoka!" In few steps
He was within the room, and holding her,
Forgetting else than he was there, and she.
And she forgetting all. No need for strength!
He held her.

So long they stood, they did not know;
But sudden whiteness of her brow, he saw,
Drew back to view her. Was alarmed. "Matoka!"

He carried her to where she'd lain before;
Sat down beside, and took her hands in his.
He pressed them close against his face, his heart.
"Matoka!"

"My White Captain!"

"Thine. Ah, thine!"

Without the door, the English serving maid
Embroidered her a cap. At sight of boy
And Indian nurse, she'd started up straightway.
The Indian restrained her.

"Nay," she said,
"Our Lady wishes for repose. She'll ring

When she awakes and hath a need of thee;
So leave her. 'Tis her wish—nay, her command."

"If such it be—" The woman looked in doubt.
And then, somewhat assured: "'Tis true, she needs
Much sleep. And, mayhap, best I wait awhile."

"Aye, wait; 'tis her command." The Indian
Went with the boy, who trailed a length of toys;
He looking back at them so smilingly.

Time passed. The Englishwoman ceased her work.
"She's sleeping long. Poor Lady, how she sleeps!
And yet, 'twas her command. A little more
I'll do of my embroidery," she said.

She talked then to the *maitre* of the house
Whom well she liked, though he was born in France—
Detested nation, then, to Englishmen;
But so the time did pass without her ken.

Within, John Smith arose, pulled up the lace
And silken covers to her breasts. How long
He'd held her in his arms, he scarcely knew;
But what he'd said should he remember till
The last warm drop of blood grew cold within
His veins: How never one but she should lie
Upon his breast, meet lips with lips; no one
In this great world of pain and joy. Ah, joy!

They knew it now unto the full. The full!
 And some day they would meet in world beyond.
 Aye, now she knew. Was sure: *The world beyond.*

So oft she'd thought on it in wonderment;
 But now she knew. 'Twas sure. 'Twas sealed for
 aye.

The life which was beyond. She'd meet him there.
 Be happy there as now she was. Content.
 So he had pulled the covers up. Then stood.
 How beautiful she was! Too beautiful
 And still, it seemed, to touch again. His child!
 He'd called her that; as well, his Love, his life.

How still she was! He bent to hear her breathe.
 Her lips just moved. "Kiss me again, my Captain."

Ah, well he would! Though, strange, too beautiful
 He felt her, to be touched. Upon his knee.

Her voice just reached: "Matoka is so tired.
 Lift me, my Captain, in thine arms. So would
 I sleep for aye."

So slept she, little maid,
 To that far dawn where all shall wake and know—
 No one to see and grudge her that last bliss
 Within her lover's arms.

Outside the sill
 The serving maid put by her work at last,

And hastily laid hand upon the door.
 She knocked. No answer. Pushed it fearfully.
 Someone was coming cross the room. The light
 Behind made seeing difficult. A stranger.
 Ne'er had she seen before.

"Thy mistress sleeps.
 No need to wake. But call thy master. Haste!"

He was away. And she, alarmed, sought out
 The *maitre* of the place. Then, all alarm!
 Commotion. Servants running. Men to horse!

But one rode on at steady, even pace;
 His gaze ahead, though seeing naught was there.
 Instead, he saw Virginia soil. The woods
 Were high and sparse. A river by his side.
 He rode and rode. Then home. The table set.
 Now enter Charlo, holding the pasty high.
 Matoka. Mantauquas. Then, just she and he.
 "Matoka'll wait for him; for he is of
 Her tribe. Her father hath adopted him.
 Matoka'll wait until her Captain's heart
 Calls out for her."

Calls out for her. And so,
 That day had come at last. Had come at last!