



The SAGA of CAP'N IOHN SMITH

Being an account of

His Service in the Warre in *Hungaria*
with the *Turks*; his Single Combats with
three Turkish Champions, wherein he was
victorious, and how he was taken Prisoner
by the *Turks* and Sold for a *Slave*
and of his Escape therefrom.

Also his Expedition into *Virginia* and
his Adventures there among the *Salvages*;
being in Peril of his Life, but saved by an
INDIAN PRINCESS.

Furthermore

his Observations in NEW ENGLAND.

All written by *Christopher Ward*

And adorned with Sculptures by F. C. B.

NEW YORK and LONDON

Printed for and sold by HARPER & BROTHERS

ANNO. 1928

Copyright, 1928, by HARPER & BROTHERS

Made in the United States of America

First Edition

D - C



To

B. C. D. B.

CONTENTS

The First Book: *In Europe*

P A G E I

The Second Book: *In Virginia*

P A G E 63

The Third Book: *In Boston*

P A G E 129

The Second Book: *In Virginia*



CHAPTER ONE

*Of Smith his Going to Virginia and his Struggle with
the Salvage Names*

IN FAIR VIRGINIA, world-re-
nowned,
The Mother of the Presidents,
A friendlier scene at last he found,
And there took up his residence.
He built a fort beside the James,
And, resting from his labours,
He tried to learn the funny names
Of all his nearest neighbours
And those bestowed on various places
By ignorant and savage races.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

He started out with Pow-ha-tan.

He was a first class fighting man,

Who lived at—Lord! What's this?

At We-ra-wo-co-mo-co.

He dipped again in "Who is Who,"

And found one O-pe-can-can-ough,

Who lived close by Pa-yank-a-tank

Which is beyond O-pis-co-pank.

"But this don't show the way to go.

I'd better try this new book."

It was a handsome folio,

The Automobile Blue Book.

And there he found Route 42

"O.O. Jamestown, west with trolley.

At 2.5, iron bridge, straight thru.

3.6, bear left at pump and folley

Line of poles to Co-ca-co-la.

Climb a tree at 6, Vic-tro-la.

Bear left to fork to Lucky-strike.

9, Hal-i-to-sis, left oblique,

Up grade to church at Lis-ter-ine

Go in, shake hands, come out. 13,

Monument ahead, sharp right,

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Avoiding cemetery.

At 14, Pep-so-dent, sit tight,

16, Go under ferry

Swim out, cheer up and go to bed.

For western points, take car ahead."

It seemed to him a turbid sea

Of heathen terminology.

He shook his head, his hair he tore,

And fervently a swear he swore.

"It's not a bit of use, I vow,

To try to learn all these infern-

Al heathen names just now!

I'll write them down upon a map,

And then I'll take a restful nap,

And so forget them all and each,

Excepting this old Pow-ha-tan,

For he's a first class fighting man,

And they do say his girl's a peach."

Of the courteous Invitation of Powhatan, the King of the Country, and Smith his Acceptance thereof

ONE pleasant day in early June,
 At just ten minutes after noon,
 A letter came from Powhatan.
 "To Captain Smith," the missive ran,
 "Come down to Werawocomoke.
 It's lilac time, it's lilac time.
 Come down to Werawocomoke.
 It isn't far from Jamestown.
 We'll take a drink and crack a joke,
 In lilac time, in lilac time.
 And then we'll have a cozy smoke.
 (It isn't far from Jamestown.)
 And dance and frolic all the day.
 (It's lilac time, it's lilac time.)
 And sing a merry roundelay.
 P. S. I most forgot to say
 It's lilac time."

Did he accept? He did, you bet!
 It wasn't easy to regret.



The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Three hundred warriors brought the bid.

And did he go? You bet, he did.

He left the house at twelve-fifteen.

Three hundred men he walked between.

For twice one hundred marched before

And aft came once one hundred more.

CHAPTER THREE

*Of the King Powhatan his Castle and his Reception
of Smith*

AT WOCOMOKE did Powhatan
 A stately pleasure dome decree,
 Where wild Pamunkey's torrent ran,
 Through channels all unknown to man,
 Down to a silent sea.
 (Pamunkey's but a muddy creek
 That empties into Chesapeake.
 That pleasure dome was nothing but
 A very ordinary hut,
 Composed of wattled sticks and twigs,
 Where Powhatan, his dogs and pigs,
 His children, chickens, goats and wives
 Led rather complicated lives.
 Bare facts like these are not supposed
 In poetry to be exposed.
 In poetry, you must admit,
 One has to doll them up a bit.
 So, if you please, I shall again
 Resume the high heroic strain.)

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Day set on that high castled steep,
Beside Pamunkey, broad and deep,
On battled towers and donjon keep
Of We-ra-wo-co-mo-co,
Where Powhatan was used to sleep,
When he at eve had drunk his fill
(To counteract the evening's chill)
Of soporific cocoa.

But, ere the haughty chieftain's nose
Had trumpeted his sound repose,
A deep-mouthed Indian's savage yell,
Resounding loud, had broke the spell.
It was not "Murder!" "Thieves!" nor "Fire!"
Nor "All is well!" nor "You're a liar!"
That loud premonitory shout
But served to introduce a stranger,
Propelled by forces from without
So forcibly as to endanger
His arms and legs and his attire.

Then Powhatan sat up in bed
Prepared to bust th' intruder's head.

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'TN JOHN SMITH

And did he so? Oh, no! Oh, no!

Instead he smiled politely.

“Why Captain Smith, I’m glad you came.

’Tis Captain Smith? Smith is the name?

I hope I have it rightly.

My memory for names is poor.

It is dear Captain Smith, I’m sure.

Or is it not? Or is it?

Dear Captain Smith, how do you do?

Please take a chair, I beg of you.

And take another, yes, take two.

To what good fortune do I owe

The honour of this visit?”

*Of the King Powhatan his Treachery and his Attempt
to murder Smith*

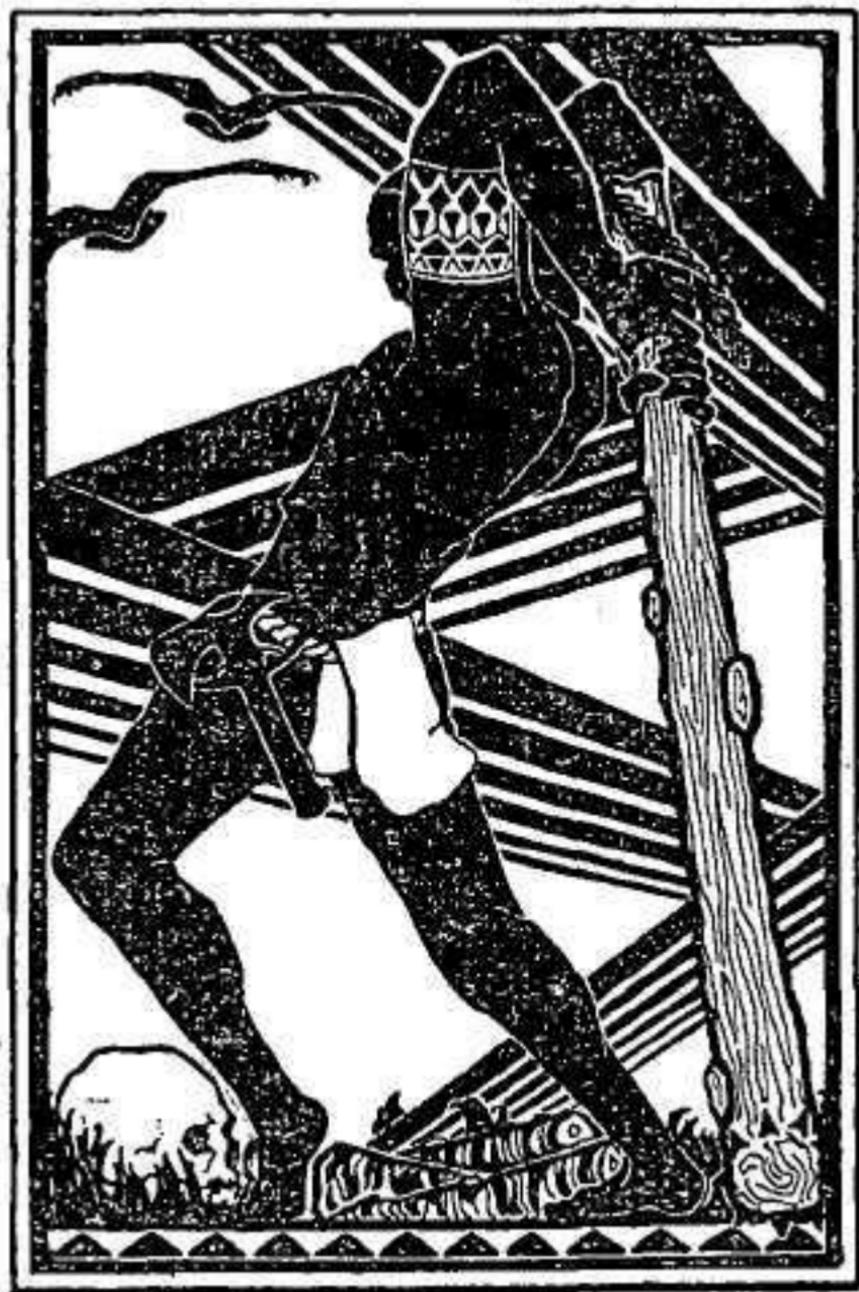
SMITH saw behind the chieftain stand
 A six-foot janissary.¹
 A mighty club was in his hand.
 His countenance was very bland.
 It made Smith think of this and that,
 It made him think about a cat
 Regarding a canary.
 He felt he must be diplomatic.
 And thus addressed the autocratic
 Royal dignitary:
 "O Emperor and Grand Tycoon!
 O Only Son of Mars!
 O Brother of the Sun and Moon,
 And Father of the Stars!
 O Chieftain of a Mighty Nation
 And Overlord of all Creation!
 In short, O Powhatan!
 It's merely an informal call

¹If you had scraped away the dirt, you
 Had found the model of Civic Virtue.

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

To wish good luck to one and all.
I really haven't time to stay.
I really must be on my way.
So, too-ra-loo! Tol-lol, old man!"

"Tut-tut!" The chieftain waved his hand.
"Your modesty is most engaging.
But, look around. You'll understand
A civic welcome we are staging.
You see the town is all turned out.
They're throwing ticker-tape about
And telephone directories
Are tossed in shreds upon the breeze.
These demonstrations all attest
You are our city's honoured guest.
This joyful welcome we've rehearsed
To celebrate a man so spunky.
Of all the English you're the first
To swim across the wild Pamunkey.
No obstacle sufficed to down you,
Hence this joyful celebration.
I see 't's exactly eight o'clock,
The time for the—ah—coronation.



THE *SAGA* OF CAP'TN JOHN SMITH

Please lay your head upon the block.

My chamberlain will promptly crown you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Smith. He laughed, "Ho!
ho!"

(I must admit it sounded hollow
I must confess he seemed to swallow
His Adam's apple once or twice)

"It's good of you. It's very nice
To let me help you with the show.
It is, I think, a little pleasantry,
Got up to please the local peasantry.
A sort of pageant or parade?
Perhaps a kind of—ah—charade?"

"Oh, no," said Powhatan.

"But—do you really, truly mean
To bounce that club upon my bean?"

"I do," said Powhatan.

"I must protest—" "Have at him, men!"
They had at him, with sudden shock,
And down he went. They counted ten,
And laid his head upon the block.

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

"Exactly so!" said Powhatan.

"Exactly so! Be quite at ease.

The chin a little higher, please.

Your eyes this way. A little smile.

Now turn your head. That's very nice.

A little trouble's quite worth while

So we don't have to do it twice.

Exactly right! Now hold it! SHOOT!!"

He signalled to the husky brute,

Who swung his heavy club on high.

Came from the crowd a long-drawn sigh,

Of sweet anticipation.

CHAPTER FIVE

*Of the Arrival of the Lady Pocahontas and her
Deliverie of Smith from his Peril.*

BUT hark! What is that noise without?
A sort of rhythmic rub-a-dub,
Like apples poured into a tub.
And why that loud united shout
Of cordial acclamation?
Why does each one turn his head
And look the other way instead?
Old Powhatan's bright face grew grim.
The crowd was walking out on him.
With gesture harsh and angry frown
He curtly rang the curtain down.
He turned and to the door he strode.
A moment gazed adown the road.
He cocked his ear and plainly then,
He heard resounding up the glen,
The sound of hoofs like beating drums.
He heard the cry "She comes! She comes!"

As when upon the silver screen
The direst peril threatens Pauline,

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

The people, as the rescue nears,
Give vent to loud and louder cheers,
So, as the horseman came in view,
The wild applause more deafening grew,
And everyone seemed much relieved
That Captain Smith should be reprieved.

Not so their chieftain, great and grim.
The rescue had no kick for him.
His voice rang over all.
"Up, drawbridge, grooms! What, warder ho!
Let that portcullis fall!
Now are we mice or are we men?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!!
Pay no attention to that chorus.
This meeting is convened again.
Unfinished business is before us.
The coronation will proceed!"¹

¹ One hates to censure Powhatan
And say of him "This was a man
Devoid of pity and of ruth."
But 'tis the godforsaken truth.



The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

But no, again! Not yet, not yet
Thou'll do that bloody deed!
For, ere the drawbridge was upset,
That fast approaching steed,
A gallant little western hoss,
A stallion of the Ukraine breed,
Had borne his rider clear across!

All silenced now was every tongue.
All eyes upon th' intruder hung.

She was a girl of sweet sixteen,
The kind in movies often seen.
All golden was her golden hair,
Her cheeks like Georgia peaches,
And on her legs she wore a pair
Of English riding breeches.
A Stetson hat was on her head.
Her eyes were blue as bluing.
Her nose was white, her lips were red,
But needed some renewing.

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Her manner, people might be led
To think, was autocratic,
For "Stick 'em up!" was all she said,
And waved an automatic.
Then every hand went up before
That very dangerous tool.
Did every hand? No, there were four
Exceptions to the rule.
And two of these were Powhatan's,
No rule could ever bind him,
And two of them the Englishman's,
For his were tied behind him.

Blazed Powhatan's dark cheek like fire,
And shook his voice for very ire,
And unafraid, that man of men,
Bespoke the fair equestrienne.
His voice was as the voice of ten
Because his rage was great.
Fierce broke he forth, "And darest thou then
To stay out after dark again,
And, blowing in at half past ten,
To crash thy father's gate?"

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'TN JOHN SMITH

The maiden smiled all unafraid,
She did not seem offended,
And "Stick 'em up!" she softly said,
"Or else I'll fill you full of lead."
The chieftain's hands ascended.
Deep in his beard he muttered low
A fearful imprecation.
His words came fitfully and slow,
And mostly they were apropos
Of the Younger Generation.

"Release this man!" the maiden cried,
And twenty willing braves complied,
And sprang to loose him.
They stood him up. He wiped his brow.
She blushed and softly murmured, "Now,
Please introduce him."
"Meet Captain Smith," the chieftain said;
"Shake hands with Pocahontas.
And now we'll seek our royal bed
If you no longer want us."

Of the Myserie of the Lady Pocahontias her Origine

“A N’ T please your majesty,” she said,
 “Before you seek your well-earned bed,
 There is a little mystery
 On which I wish some light you’d shed.
 I have an idea in my head
 That hitherto I’ve been misled
 About my personal history.”

The chieftain shook. His face grew pale
 And beads of sweat broke from his brow.
 No stoicism could avail
 To cover up his anguish now.

“So, if you please,” the girl went on,
 Dismounting from her pony,
 “E’en though I keep you here till dawn,
 (Her voice grew hard and stony)
 I’ll have the truth without evasion.
 This seems a suitable occasion,
 While I’ve the means at hand
 To use the kind of mild persuasion

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'TN JOHN SMITH

You seem to understand."

And, with a gesture quite emphatic,

She poked the deadly automatic

In the startled chieftain's ribs.

"Come, father, come, let's have the truth

About my infancy and youth,

Without forgetfulness or fibs!"

"I'll tell you all, upon my oath,"

Her anxious father promptly quoth.

"For godsake, child, remove that gun!

Of course, I know you're but in fun.

It tickles me exquisitely,

And, though the feeling is delightful,

If I should laugh, it might go off.

The consequences would be frightful. . .

That's better. Now, my fairy fay,

Come tell me, in your childish way,

What makes you think (as lawyers say)

There's any cloud upon your title.

"But first, ere we the closet ope

Wherein our skeleton hangs grinning,

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Or we get out the scented soap
To wash our family's dirty linning,
Please mark these friends, who are beginning
To cherish hope to get the dope
About my private personal sinning.
Although I'm grateful to them for all
Their interest in my every action,
(Especially when it's immoral)
I must deny them satisfaction
Of listening to our family quarrel.

"And in this crowd, I rather guess,
Are representatives of the press.
Perhaps two camera-men or three.
Now that is where I draw the dead-line.
I've no desire to read a headline,
'RED CHIEF COMES CLEAN IN 3D
DEGREE!'

And so I crave a moment's grace,
While I clear out the whole darn place."
He looked for answer to his child.
"Excepting Smith," she said and smiled.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

The vigor of the doughty chief
Made subsequent proceedings brief,
Both very brief and very snappy.
He proved himself a perfect host.
Indeed, his manner was most happy
And though at last there was, I fear,
Unfortunate confusion
He gave to each, as souvenir,
A laceration or contusion.

When all had gone, he smiled and said,
"I hope I haven't killed them dead.
But, now I've chased that bunch of 'Turks,
Procced, my daughter. Shoot the works!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

*Of the Lady Pocahontas her Demand for the Solving
of the Mystery*

“WELL, when I go to bed at night
And nurse puts out the candle-light,
I lie awake and think and wonder
If there has been some awful blunder.
It does not seem to me just right
That I should be so pink and white,
While you are coloured like a copper.
How can you be my lawful popper?

“Then, here’s this handkerchief of silk,
As light as down, as white as milk,
And broidered with a posy.
Nurse tells me my dear dead mamma
Once used this very same *mouchoir*
To wipe my little nosy.

“Now, in this corner here, I see
A great initial letter E,
Th’ initial of my mother.
A lion stands on its left hand

THE SAGA of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

A unicorn on t'other,
And, all around are curlicues
The kind that royal families use.

“And here are certain *billets doux*,
That seem to be addressed to you.
(I pilfered them when you were busy.
I've read them, and they made me dizzy.)
The writer sends her best to you
'Your loving friend and playmate, Lizzie.'”

“And now, your royal highness, please,
(I am not seeking to unmask you)
But when was what? And what was who?
And who am I? And which are you?
With all due deference, I ask you.
For I'm determined now to know
Of these events of long ago,
(Her voice was steel, her face was ice)
And, most of all, how came I so?
And am I here incognito?
Or am I really one of these
Degraded aborigines?”

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

"I've asked you once. I'll ask you twice.
Without the least equivocation,
What is my name, my rank and station?
Without debate, without evasion,
Am I Indian or Caucasian?
And now, I think, I've asked you thrice.
So answer quick! Take my advice!
For on your answer may depend
My present matrimonial chances."

She paused and turned her eyes to send
To Smith the archest of her glances.
He stirred uneasily. He tried
To look unconscious, when she sighed
'And took his little hand in hers.
He felt her clasping fingers burn.
One arm around his neck she twined,
And more than once she kissed him.
Though 'twas a trifle unrefined,
He sure admired her system.
He'd known the girls of every land,
In gallantry himself no shirker,

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

But almost lost his self command
Before this fast and willing worker.

Awhile a heavy silence hung.
Awhile the chieftain bowed his head.
But, pretty soon, he found his tongue,
And cleared his throat, and this he said:

*Of the King Powhatan his Disclosure of his true
Nativity*

“**M**Y CHILD, if you'd been more
devoted

To papa's welfare, you'd have noted
How he differs from these ginks
In his taste for food and drinks.
Their only breakfast is a little
Garbage stewed up in a kittle.
But deviled kidney pleases me,
With marmalade and toast and tea.
To these poor wretches drink means water.
For me, it's brandy, stout or porter.

“If you had ever done your duty
By sweeping underneath my bed,
You'd have found a lot of booty
Would have made you scratch your head.
You'd have found some cricket bats,
A monocle, a pair of spats,
And three or four old bowler hats

THE *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH
And, also, quite a proper topper
Belonging to your dear old popper.

“And now I venture to inquire,
With all this evidence at hand,
What kind of man you think your sire?
Which is his own, his native land?
Could anyone take me to be
A lowdown aboriginee?
Or even think, by any chance,
I came from Holland, Spain or France?
No! Underneath this coat of tan
I am as white as any man,
And in old England was I born,
That little isle beyond the sea,
And, as an Englishman, I scorn
To hide my true nativity.
To that Great Nation I belong.
I'll prove it by a little song.”

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Song: "I am an Englishman"

I

Although 'tis true I seem to you
A wild untutored savage creature,
A being strange, uncouth, taboo,
Of hardly human form and feature.
Although you find I am inclined,
As you, my child, have often told me,
To actions rude and unrefined,
I am an Englishman—behold me!

Chorus:

He is an Englishman?
It is indeed surprising
And quite beyond surmising,
That he is an Englishman.
For you might think him Armenian
Or Scotch or Welsh or Fenian
Or perhaps A-mer-i-can.
Why, I'd bet all the money I
Ever had this funny guy
Was not an Englishman.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

II

Although to you my outward view
Un-English seems and, therefore, silly,
Although my clothes, not being those
Of Regent Street or Piccadilly,
To all true Britons give offense,
That's not my fault, so please don't scold me.
In spite of my habiliments,
I am an Englishman—behold me!

Chorus:

He is an Englishman!
Although his bonnet's droller
Than a topper or a bowler,
Still he is an Englishman.
Though his blanket would look silly
In Pall Mall or Piccadilly
Or perhaps in Ken-sing-ton.
Yet, in spite of paint and feathers
And of leggings on his nethers,
He remains an Englishmun.

III

My outward guise I do despise,
Oh, how I hate this savage clothing!
The feathers, wampum, paint and dyes,
They all inspire me with loathing.
I curse these moccasins and beads.
I curse the blanket that enfolds me.
I long for bowler hat and tweeds,
For I'm an Englishman—behold me!

Chorus:

He is an Englishman!
Although his savage clothing
Inspires us with loathing,
Still he is an Englishman.
Though he may dress like a Pawnee,
Or a Sioux or Crow or Shawnee
Or any In-di-an.
Since he nourishes a passion
For to dress in English fashion,
He must be an Englishman.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

IV

Although I eat of uncooked meat,
Of deer meat, bear meat, raw and bloody,
I'm really keen for a good cuisine
And British cook-books are my study.
I want my food cooked in the rude
And hearty fashion of which they've told me,
No sauce—plain boiled or roast or stewed.
I am an Englishman—behold me!

Chorus:

He is an Englishman!
For no other Christian nations
Would enjoy the kind of rations
That delight an Englishman.
No Spaniard, Frank or Grecian,
Nor Roman nor Venetian,
Nor other I-tal-i-an
Would express such hearty wishes
For the simple wholesome dishes
Of the true born Englishman.

But I suppose when I disclose
 My name, my rank, my high connection,
 That you'll forget my funny clothes,
 My manners and my dark complexion.
 You'll bow to me, you'll take me in
 And to your bosom you'll enfold me
 For rank will cover every sin.
 I am a Nobleman! Behold me!

Chorus:

He is a Nobleman!
 With his manners and his morals
 We won't have any quarrels,
 For he is a Nobleman.
 Though he may be a bounder
 A roué, rake and rounder
 Or perhaps a ruf-fi-an.
 What is shocking in the steerage
 Is amusing in the peerage,
 And he is a Nobleman!

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

The chieftain ceased. His hearers heaved
Two long long sighs that softly blended,
And plainly showed how much relieved
They were to find his song was ended.
A few deep breaths the chieftain drew,
To fortify his lungs anew,
And then he spoke. "Now, please attend
I've more disclosures yet to make,
To you my child, and to your friend,
This soft seductive parlour snake."

CHAPTER NINE

*Of the King Powhatan his Storie continued and his
Disclosure of the Parentage of Pocahontas*

“**M**Y STORY, then. I’ll make it
short.

I’m nobly born. I went to court,
And there I dared to love one higher
Than any noble might aspire
To win—the daughter of a King!
And she loved me—two little fools!
But we were young and it was Spring,
And love in springtime heeds no rules.
All secretly, at midnight dread,
By Friar Laurence we were wed.

“Her father died. Her elder sister
Ascended to the English throne.
Still secretly I clipped and kissed her.
Still secretly she was my own.

“But, when her sister hopped the twig
And she put on the royal rig,

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

She wrote me one farewell epistle,
In which she gave me my dismissal.

"I'll say no more. I'll name no names.
I gave her up. I made no claims,
To hold her 'gainst the needs of state.
I was too small and she too great.
For though I was of high degree,
The eldest son of belted earl,
The highest in the land was she,
My loved, my lost, my only girl.
I, broken hearted, crossed the sea
And you, my baby came with me,
God bless your bonny face!
For in its lineaments I trace
The features of a royal race.
Enough! Enough! Perhaps, too much.
If this were known, I'd be in dutch.¹

¹ This explanation, one might judge,
Should show how baseless was the grudge
The Queen's admirers held against her
Because she would remain a spinster.
But, when we figure out the date
Of Poca's birth, it then appears
Elizabeth was fifty-eight
And had been Queen for thirty years.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

A sad discrepancy, so vital
It vitiates the whole recital
And makes one think this Indian chief
Perhaps unworthy of belief,
And that his story's but a libel.
It makes one doubt his rank and station,
His daughter's right to registration
In the Tudor Family Bible.

*Of the King Powhatan his Confession that he was an
English Earl*

BUT still I've not to you confesed
My name, my noble title.
'Tis fitting that I first be dressed
More suitably to my recital.

He paused a moment and he took,
From out a near convenient nook,
An iron shirt with iron sleeves,
A breastplate, backplate, cuirass, greaves,
A pair of gauntlets and a casque,
A mudguard and a catcher's mask,
A brigandine, a bassinet,
A monkey wrench to fasten it,
A morion, vizor, greaves and cuisses,
A helmet, hauberk, habergeon,
And many other little pieces
Of iron weighing quite a ton,
And with their help he put them on.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

'Twas quite a job to make secure
And screw each nut and bolt up tight,
And, when 'twas done, they were not sure
They'd got the blooming thing on right.
The parts that wouldn't go together
They hung about him, so they'd rattle.
He seemed equipped for rainy weather,
Fire, earthquake, flood or battle.

His shield they leaned against his tummy,
Making him look rather rummy.
But when his sword and firelock,
His mace and lance and alpenstock
Were decoratively assembled,
With bludgeon, battle-axe and halbert,
In certain lights he quite resembled
The Queen's Memorial for Prince Albert.
With vizor down, his swart complexion
Was soon effaced from recollection.
He stood, an emblem of the power
Of English Knighthood in its Flower!

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

He spoke, and they recoiled in wonder,
Because his voice resembled thunder.
For, like the Grecians' tragic mask,
The hollows of his iron casque,
Re-echoing his natural tone,
Now served him for a megaphone.
"CAN YOU HEAR ME?" Yes, they could.
They couldn't help it if they would.
Compared with that inhuman bellow,
Old Stentor's voice was mild and mellow,
And Boanerges' like a cello.
"Oh, very good," the chieftain roared,
"Then listen to my last confession.
When all my soul I have outpoured,
I hope I'll make a good impression."

Song: "The Earl of Upper Tooting"

I

Though I was born in *haute noblesse*,
My life has been quite checkered.
It will be found that I possess

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

An extraordinary record,
But when I tell you who I am
'Twill be beyond disputing
I am a rightful,
Rather frightful,
Quite delightful Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

Chorus:

His rank and his prestige, ha, ha!
Ignored *noblesse oblige*, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

II

When but a child, my conduct wild
Played havoc in the nursery.
My governess I oft reviled
In language very cursory.
From school I was expelled. They said
My presence was polluting.
Yes, yes, they fired,

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

As undesired,
A much admired Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

Chorus:

And even as a child, ha, ha!
He was profane and wild, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

III

From early youth I valued truth
And tried not to abuse it,
And, since I've cut my wisdom tooth,
I very seldom use it.
How much I've saved it wear and tear
There's really no computing.
I am that gracious,
Though mendacious,
Unveracious Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

THE SAGA of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Chorus:

He's never so uncouth, ha, ha!
As e'er to speak the truth, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

IV

A bet I'd place on any race,
With this reserve I'd lay it,
If my horse won, I turned up ace,
If not, I didn't pay it.
A profitable system, though
It leads to some disputing.
For I'm a forgetful,
Never fretful,
Nor regretful Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

Chorus:

A system he has got, ha, ha!
That's made him quite a lot, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting.

V

I never yet have paid a debt.
I ne'er was such a ninny.
For in the bankrupt court they get
But twopence on the guinea.
And every little trick at cards
I'm skilled in executing.
For I'm a flighty,
Very sleighty,
High and mighty Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

Chorus:

He deals the cards with skill, ha, ha!
They fall just as he will, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

VI

In gallantry, a *bel esprit*,
I loved the married ladies.

THE SAGA of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Their husbands all consignéed me
To the hottest hole in Hades,
But I always made a safe escape
Before they started shooting.
I'm that flirtatious,
And audacious,
Though fugacious Nobleman,
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

Chorus:

He broke the ladies' hearts, ha, ha!
Then left for foreign parts, ha, ha!
The Earl of Upper Tooting!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

*Of the Discoverie by the Lady Pocahontas that She
was a Lady indeede*

THE singer ceased, but yet the song,
For many minutes after,
Resounded loud, re-echoed long
From wall and floor and rafter.
Amid its fierce reverberations
The maiden almost lost her patience.
“Mon doo!” she cried. “Don’t sing no more.
You make my very ear-drums sore!”

“One moment, child!” the chieftain quoth,
And then he swore oath after oath,
A flood of picturesque profanity.
His monstrous voice, in that small room,
Resounded like the Voice of Doom,
And made them doubtful of his sanity.
“Take off this ironmongery!”
At last they understood him,
And, with the aid of two or three
Monkey wrenches, they unscrewed him.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

And, while he mopped his streaming brow,
Up spoke the maid: "Yes, yes, but now
If I may ask quite earnestly
And with all due composure,
Just what effect on little me
Has this bizarre disclosure?
For, since my royal mother's dead,
Why ain't I monarch now instead
Of James the First, my cousin Jim?
Why can't I ride in state like him?"

The chieftain simply answered, "No,
There were no witnesses, and so
We could not prove a lawful marriage.
I'm sorry that your fate's agin you,
But cousin Jim will still continue
To exercise the royal carriage."

"Aw, shucks!" exclaimed th' impatient girl.

"But, anyways, you *are* an Earl."

"Your quick perception's to your credit,"

Replied her pa. "You sure have said it.

And, if it any help affords,

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH
A Member of the House of Lords.
And though your conduct's somewhat shady
Officially, you are a Lady."

CHAPTER TWELVE

*Of the Lady Pocahontas her Deniall of Smith his Suit
and of the Song she sang to requite him*

THE maid stood staring into space.
A mantling flush o'erspread her face.
'Twas not the timid rosy flush
Of shyness, naught demanding.
It was the proud imperious flush
Of new-born social standing.
She turned about, bestowed on Smith
(He showed a certain apprehension)
A smile of pity mingled with
Much kindly condescension.

“Dear Mister Smith—or should it be
Dear Captain? Yes? You’ll pardon me.
It’s very stupid of me.
Of course, I fully understand
That you’re a suitor for my hand.
Of course, I know you love me.
That’s very nice. I always say,
However mean, no man could pay
A higher compliment to woman,

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Though she's a queen. We all are human.
And, when you first proposed to me,
There seemed a possibility
That even I might look with favour
Upon your suit, that Cupid's dart
Might find a lodgment in my heart,
And you might be my fond enslaver.
I knew I was a princess then,
The daughter of a king, but, when
You think in all sincerity
What kind of king my papa's been,
You'll see why I was not so keen
To censure your temerity.

"But now—(Her voice was sweet yet chill,
The kind of voice that shows good-will,
Yet bids you keep your distance)
But now I'm daughter of a peer,
A Lady, and, you'll find, I fear,
Increasing Sales Resistance.

"Don't think me trifling. I'm but trying
To get this over without crying.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

A Lady of the high noblesse
Must all such tendencies repress.
No matter what her inward aching,
Must smile although her heart is breaking.
But, a common man may voice his grief,
In flowing tears may seek relief.
So weep, if you must. Go right ahead.
I'll wait until you're through," she said.

The Captain said, "Although I fear
I may appear remiss herein,
I can't produce a single tear.
I haven't any glycerine."
The maiden cried, "Ain't you the stoic?
Your self control is real heroic,

Magnificent to contemplate.
You do not wince nor cry aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of fate,
Your head is bloody, but unbowed.
It's funny, but it's true.
You give me courage to proceed.
Indeed, you do. You do, indeed.

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'TN JOHN SMITH

I mean, you really do.

Our broken hearts may never mend.

But, 'tis our duty to the Nation!

I call on you, my dear, dear friend,

To make the Great Renunciation!"

She held him with her glittering eye,

The while she waited his reply.

He nonchalantly lit a Murad,

And said, "I must admit that your ad-

vancement in the social scale

Some complications will entail.

But do you mean that you expect me

To understand that you reject me?"

"My meaning's this," the girl replied,

"That I can never be your bride."

("Thank God!" said Captain Smith, aside.)

"My pa will reassume his station,

And make the laws that rule the nation.

A duty he's entrusted with."

("God help the nation," murmured Smith.)

"My duty then, so plain and clear

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

That I could see it in the dark, is
That I must wed an English peer
And at the very least a Marquis."

So proud her look, her head so high,
That maiden, just before so skittish,
Seemed nobly now to typify
Those Sterling Virtues strictly British,
Swift Submission to the Law,
Obedience to the Voice of Duty,
Loyalty without a Flaw,
And Pride of Race in all its Beauty.

"My lady," Smith replied, "'tis yours
To fix the fate of our amours.
You've said the word, and I agree.
What's right by you's all right by me
And never would I interpose
My most unworthy carcass
Between you and the peer you chose,
This hypothetical Marquis."

THE SAGA of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

"And now," said she, "a song I'll sing
So we shan't part so sadly."

"I'm sure," said Smith, "no other thing
Would make me go more gladly."

Song: "The Little Girlie and the Big Man"

I

There was a little girlie
Loved a great big man,
Such a lusty, husky, burly
Proletarian!

She loved him very dearly,
And, it made her feel so queerly,
She could think of nothing clearly
But the great big man.

Sing hey! Lackaday!

So it all began,

For the pretty little girlie and the great big
man.

The *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

II

But she found she was the daughter
Of an English peer,
And it seemed to her she oughter
Be much more austere.
Yes, this reckless little cutie
Quickly recognized her duty
As a Lady to be snooty
To this Commoneer.
Sing ho! What d'ye know!
That was the end
For the very haughty Lady and her former
friend.

Of the King Powhatan his Proposal to form an Anglo-Saxon Union

“WELL, that is that,” said Captain John.
 “’Tis very late, I must be gone.”

“I wish you’d stay,” said Powhatan,
 “For I’ve been thinking of a plan
 To join Old England and the States,
 To bridge the gulf that separates
 Them so unkindly from each other,
 This childish country from its mother,
 Who should be joined in close communion.
 Let’s form an Anglo-Saxon Union.

“And then, when notabilities,
 Princes, say, or Dukes or Earls,
 From Albion come overseas,
 We’ll introduce ’em to our girls.
 We’ll dine ’em, wine ’em, make ’em speeches,
 Showing them that history teaches
 The Revolution was a blunder,
 Started by the Yankees under
 Unfortunate misapprehensions

THE SAGA of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

As to England's real intentions,
Which were wholly philanthropic.
That would make one pleasant topic.

“Another text for such a sermon—
‘George the Third was Really German,’
Just as German as the Kaiser,
Neither more humane nor wiser—
That throughout the whole proceeding,
All True English Hearts were bleeding
For the Colonists, and pleading
With his Majesty to let 'em
Have their rights—if they could get 'em.
‘Look at Chatham, Fox and Burke!’
Boy! O boy! say that won't work!

“Then, let 'em know we understand,
Obedient to divine command,
Blue Blood's Thicker Far Than Red,
And only peers are thoroughbred.
Make it plain as plain can be
How noble titles are adored

THE *SAGA* of CAP'N JOHN SMITH

By all these Hands Across the Sea,
Republicans that love a lord.

“And we could show them all the sights,
Broadway and th' electric lights,
The Subway, Main Street, Ku Klux Klan,
Books in Boston under ban.
And Hollywood, Palm Beach and Dayton,
Chicago's Mayor and Reverend Straton,
All those things that put this Nation
Right on Top of All Creation.

“I'm sure my plan, if it were tried,
Would send them home more satisfied
To put up with a lot of things
That people suffer, ruled by Kings.
What say you, Smith? Shall this be done?”

He paused for answer. There was none.
He looked for Smith, but Smith was gone.
For, during Powhatan's oration,
While Pocahontas soundly slept,
Smith had through the doorway stepped,

THE *SAGA* OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH

Smith had made a clean evasion.

The Chieftain sighed, and shook his head,
Switched off the lights, and went to bed.

