

This historic and deeply interesting book has had a phenomenal sale. It was written especially for the Jamestown Exposition and was read by GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, who pronounced it a most interesting story—

“ Which would be a fine advertising flyer for the  
Ter-Centennial ”

—accepting and recommending it as such to the Company.

It was published under these auspices, and the author is now reaping the benefit of her accomplishment of its original design and purpose.

Orders for this Jamestown Souvenir are being received from all directions—North, South, East and West, and from across the water, from Old England, whose people love a clear-cut tale of the happenings of long-ago, in the Colony of Virginia, which she gave up with sorrow and regret.

Recent readers and critiques have sent to MRS. GREEN letters of praise and high encomiums.

DR. GREY LEE, of the *Baltimore Sun*, who is an exquisite reviewer of literary productions, says in that widely popular paper:—

“The evergreen story of CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH and the Indian Maid has had expended upon it by its talented author much research and care. Advancing new theories concerning historical persons and events, her presentation is well made, convincing the reader of the soundness of the sentiments and conclusions contained in the book. Aside from these historical features, the manner in which MRS. GREEN recites the love-story of CAPTAIN SMITH and the worthy maid, few can resist the appeal to the sentiment as this story presents it.”

PUTNAM, of New York, says it is a most interesting monologue, and historically correct.

MRS. W. AFFLECK, of Sussex, England, writes to MRS. GREEN fine commendation of her work, saying:

“This story is told in the clearest style, redolent, as it is, with the maximum of fact, its minimum of compass becomes ‘a multum in parvo’ addition to the available historic knowledge of the Old and New World.”

VERA TYLER, a gifted authoress of Virginia, now in England, says of it:

"The dramatic interest is wonderful, the atmosphere compelling, the literary style perfection. You have given to the world a flawless gem which should be in every private and public library."

The HON. DANIEL B. LUCAS, a distinguished legal light of Virginia, a poet and writer of note, says:—

"It is full of interest, the artistic standpoint fine. It's a chef d'œuvre, reminding one of the early masters of the art of story-telling in its simplicity of style. Its illustrated life-like pictures are individually striking—especially the supper given to CAPTAIN SMITH at the famous old hostelry of London, 'The Mermaid'—where BEN JONSON, BACON and SHAKESPEARE are entertaining the Captain before his departure for the Colony of Virginia. Then, too, the theatre-scene, at the 'Old Globe,' when POKAHUNTAS sees in a box across the theatre, the Captain, her lover, whom she had thought dead."

These pictures were made by JESSE FOSTER, of Ithaca, New York, now of Hampton, Virginia, whose art of portraying the pen-pictures of the story, are most vividly striking.

From "Harper's Magazine," November, 1860:—

"It is a singular fact that no records of the events of the death of CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH have ever been found. It is strange, that one who was so conspicuous in public affairs, should have received so little notice at the hands of chroniclers at the time of his death."

This magazine goes on to copy from an old poem on the subject, the following:

"If France or Spain or any forren soile  
Could claime thee theirs  
For these, thy praise and toile,  
Thouds't get reward and honor. Now a'days  
What our nations doe, we seldom praise."

JOHN SMITH's death exciting so little comment at the time, is great proof to the claim of the descendants of SIR FRANCES DADE that he came back to Virginia under an assumed name, but in taking up his lands in Stafford and Northumberland he put also the JOHN SMITH name after SIR FRANCIS DADE, in the records now existing in those counties.



"THE FAREWELL SUPPER"

*POKAHUNTAS*  
*MAID OF JAMESTOWN*

BY

*ANNE SANFORD GREEN.*

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY

*J. W. FOSTER, HAMPTON, VA.*

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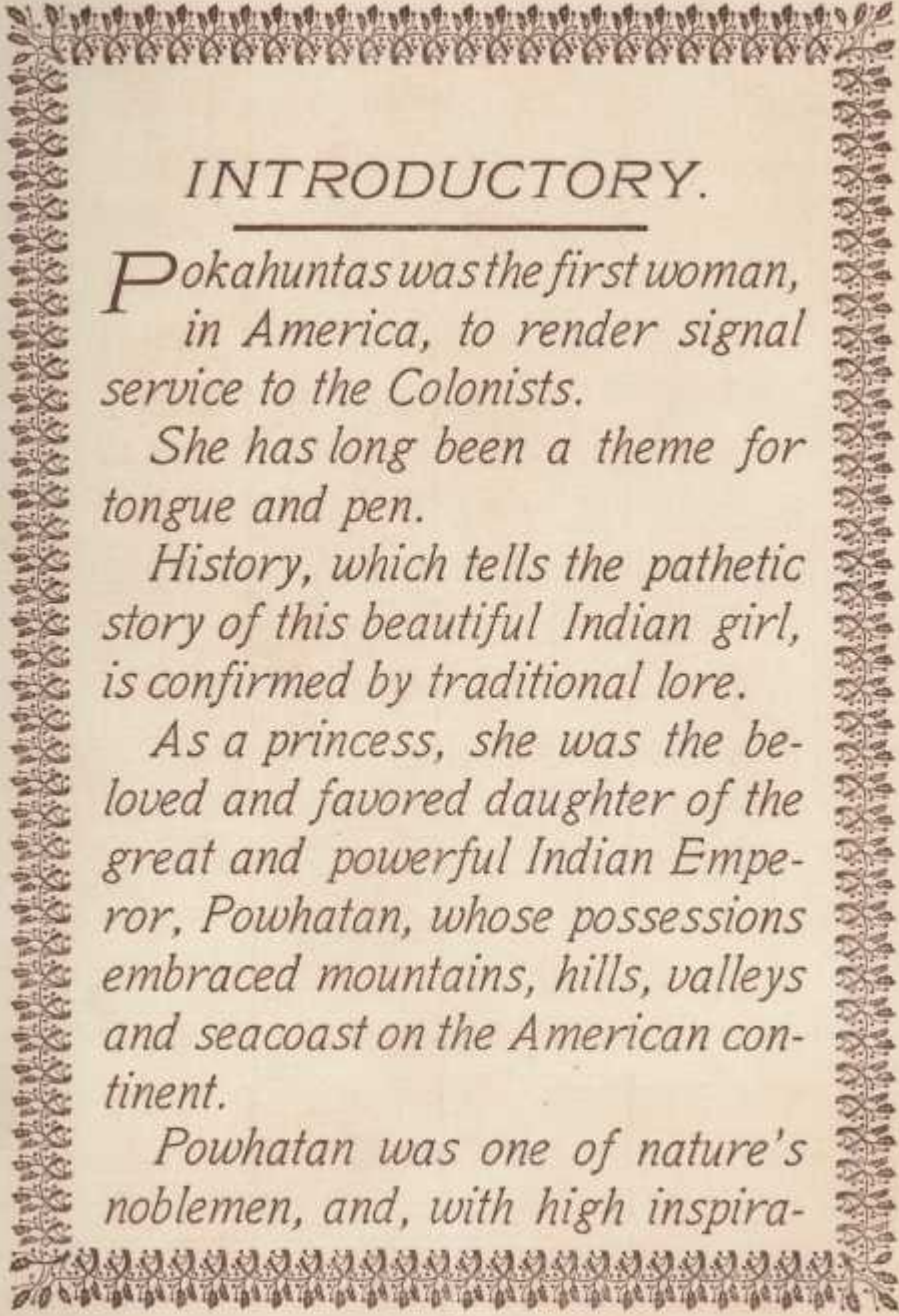
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## INTRODUCTORY.

*Pokahuntas was the first woman, in America, to render signal service to the Colonists.*

*She has long been a theme for tongue and pen.*

*History, which tells the pathetic story of this beautiful Indian girl, is confirmed by traditional lore.*

*As a princess, she was the beloved and favored daughter of the great and powerful Indian Emperor, Powhatan, whose possessions embraced mountains, hills, valleys and seacoast on the American continent.*

*Powhatan was one of nature's noblemen, and, with high inspira-*

tion, he maintained the dignity of a great Indian chieftain, but was ever jealous, and wary, to guard his domains from the encroachments of the English settlers, whom he looked upon as usurpers.

"*My Lady Pokahuntas*," which was published early in the seventeenth century, furnishes the data for a most interesting love story, that of Captain John Smith and Pokahuntas.

Annas Todkill, the author of "*My Lady Pokahuntas*," is regarded by some as none other than Captain John Smith himself, the name having been thought to be a *nom-de-plume*, assumed by Captain Smith, for reasons best known, most probably, to himself.



*Therefore, there have been many people who have regarded Captain Smith as the veritable author of "My Lady Pokahuntas."*

*Tradition, to a large extent, is borne out by facts from the records of Northumberland and Stafford counties, Virginia.*

*From the records of Stafford county, it is learned that Francis Dade, the first, of that name, to settle in Virginia, was also known as "Major John Smith."*

*Tradition and history both lead one to the conclusion that this Francis Dade, or "Major John Smith," was, in fact, our Captain John Smith, who assumed the name of Dade when he returned to Virginia.*

*This Francis Dade, or "Major John Smith," married the widow of a Major Andrew Gibson, a merchant. Her maiden name is unknown.*

*Francis Dade was alive, and purchased lands in 1654, to the extent of fifteen hundred acres, adjoining the Townsend patent, the date of the latter being 1650.*

*Dade died in 1662.*

*His will is recorded in Northumberland county, Virginia.*

*He left one son who always bore the name of Francis Dade.*

*This son died in 1698. His will is also recorded in Northumberland county.*

*This son of Francis Dade, or "Major John Smith," married an*

heiress, the daughter of Colonel Townsend, and left four sons.

The mother of Colonel Townsend was a Glassthorn, of Northumberland county.

His wife was Mary A. Langhorne.

A daughter of Colonel Townsend married a John Washington.

The Hooes and the Joneses, the Dades, the Alexanders, and the Massies are all descendants of this Francis Dade, or "Major John Smith."

One of the Massies was named Sigismund.

Langhorne Dade graduated at the college of William and Mary in 1811.

The foregoing facts are taken



*from the records of Stafford and Northumberland counties.*

*The widow of "Major John Smith," was the relict of Andrew Gibson first, and bore the christian name of Bethlehem.*

*We give these facts as a prologue to the story of Pokahuntas and Captain John Smith, in order that reliable records may be called upon to verify the facts upon which we rest the authenticity of the historical portion of our story. We have expended great pains, and much time and thought, to demonstrate that the whole story of Pokahuntas and John Smith was mainly true, and not mythological, and unfit to be told, as some Vir-*



ginia historians have been at pains to prove.

But really, that it was true that Captain John Smith loved the Indian maiden, and that he was the one love of her life.

Also that our hero did return to Virginia, but not as Captain John Smith.

Annas Todkill begins his story by calling himself a Pilgrim and a Puritan, and professing himself to be a great admirer, and follower, of Captain John Smith, whose motive in coming to Virginia, he says, was not for plunder and profit, but to Christainize and convert the "Red Men of America."

Todkill says he first knew Captain John Smith in the English

war against the heathen Turk, and that it was during those campaigns that they became so intimately acquainted.

It was then that Smith, for his gallant and valorous services, was knighted by the Duke Sigismund, for, in single handed combat, he slew three barbaric Turks.

Todkill tells of the leave taking, of himself and Smith, prior to their departure from London for Virginia, of their old friends and companions, Shakespeare, Bacon, Ben Jonson, and other great lights of that bright and intellectual period of England, and most entertainingly recites events that transpired on the eve of their sailing from "Merrie Old England." He describes

a farewell supper at "The Mermaid," a famous hostelry of that day, and their adjournment to the "Globe" theatre. This was at a time when Shakespeare was at the zenith of his career.

His brilliant genius was then conceiving, appreciating, and portraying humanity in every phase and form, building for himself an imperishable monument in sculptural literature, whose forms show a basic strength, more enduring than marble, or iron.

Yes, Shakespeare had a contemporary and close friend in Captain John Smith.

They held communion in after years, though the seas divided them, as this story will prove.



*Captain Smith was a self made man, and it was this class of men whom the great bard loved to recognize, help, and have companionship with.*

*Todkill says that, though he was a Puritan, and a Pilgrim, he could not resist the fascination of "sweet Will Shakespeare," as he calls him, and gives this as his main excuse for frequenting the "Globe" theatre.*

*When Captain Smith and his little company started for Virginia, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Ben Jonson went down with the party to the vessel, and gave them their God-speed and best wishes.*

*Captain Smith and his party landed at Jamestown, near to the*





COAT OF ARMS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



*mouth of the York river, and there founded the first Virginia Colony, just thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.*

*Sir Richard Greville had previously founded a settlement at Roanoke, and while it existed there was born, upon American soil, the first English child, Virginia Dare.*

*The land first sighted by Smith was Old Point Comfort, though he selected the site of Jamestown as a landing, which he called for King James, then ruler of England.*

*It was the summer of 1607. The colonists endured great hardships, almost to the point of starvation.*

*Captain Smith was not in command of the expedition. But, his courage, talent, and self reliance rallied around him men, who followed him as a leading spirit, and in whom they placed unlimited confidence.*

*Smith was rashly brave, but ever alive to responsibility and duty.*

*He despised the selfish laggard, and his advice and example were enthusing and most useful to the Colonists.*

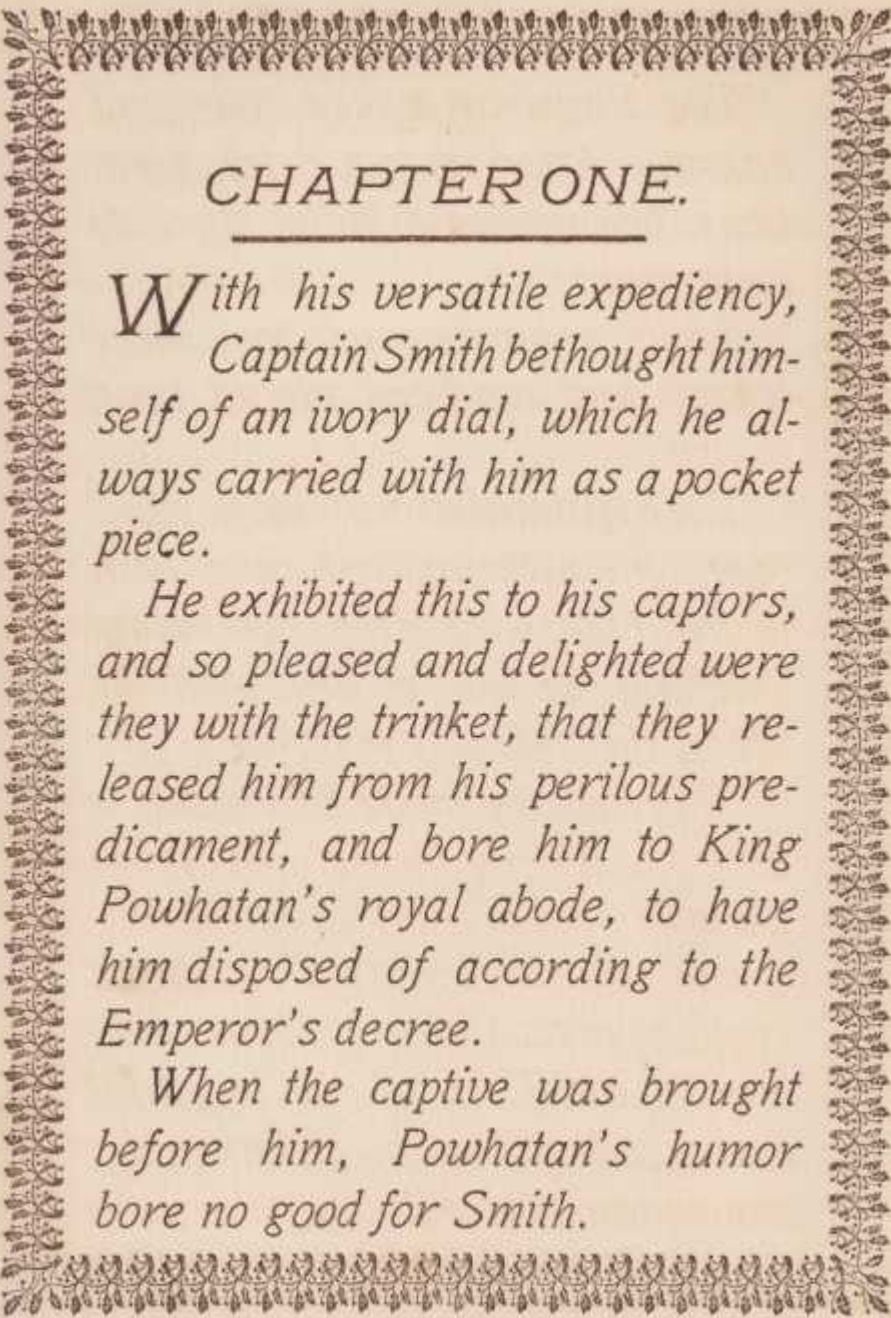
*The people grew sick; miasmatic fever became prevalent, and there were few left to do service, as guards, to protect the heroic little band from the attacks of the savages.*



The Indians possessed a bountiful store of supplies, but they feared and hated the white faces, and suspecting them all the while, refused to supply them with the much needed necessaries of life.

Smith, with his matchless courage, soon devised the ways and means to procure sustenance for the starving Colonists. Otherwise, it seems certain that the Jamestown band would have met with the fate that overwhelmed the Roanoke colony.

Captain Smith determined to go upon an expedition up the Chickahominy river, where he was captured by Powhatan's warriors, who bound him to a tree with the intention of shooting him to death with poisoned arrows.

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## CHAPTER ONE.

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*With his versatile expediency, Captain Smith bethought himself of an ivory dial, which he always carried with him as a pocket piece.*

*He exhibited this to his captors, and so pleased and delighted were they with the trinket, that they released him from his perilous predicament, and bore him to King Powhatan's royal abode, to have him disposed of according to the Emperor's decree.*

*When the captive was brought before him, Powhatan's humor bore no good for Smith.*

The Emperor looked sour and angry. After a few brief questions, he ordered a large stone to be brought.

Smith's hands and feet were bound, and his head placed upon the stone.

The appointed executioner stood over him with uplifted club, with which at the word of the cruel Indian chieftain, he was to crush out the life of the unhappy prisoner.

This was the mode of execution in vogue among the Indians of that period.

But, an ever ruling Providence brought rescue to this gallant soldier in the form of the beautiful and good Princess, *Pokahuntas*, Powhatan's favorite daughter, who



*threw herself upon the stone, and, taking Smith's head in her hands, besought her father to spare the white man's life.*

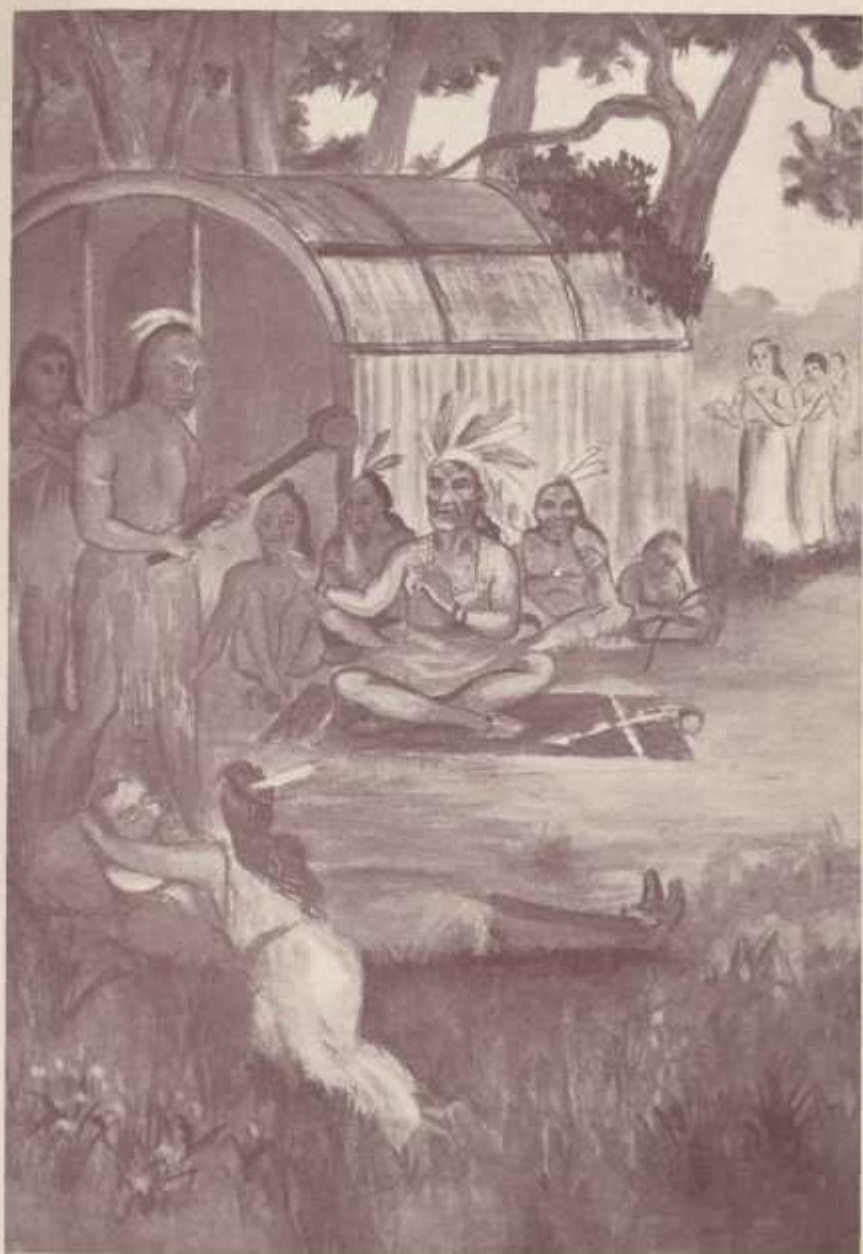
*Powhatan rests his head upon his hands, and muses long and intently.*

*Then, raising his powerful and brawny red arm, he stays the club.*

*Pokahuntas clasps Smith in her arms and murmurs: "Your life is saved."*

*Smith inquires as to her name, which she gives as Pokahuntas Amonate Matoaka, the last name not being given, according to the Indian custom, which held it back for fear that an evil spell might be cast upon the holder.*

*Powhatan soon became quite*



RESCUE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH





friendly, and invited Smith to remain at his home, to make toys for, and amuse his favorite child, *Pokahuntas*, who was then only thirteen years of age.

Thus was given to these two, who were destined to become lovers, an opportunity of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

These incidents were afterwards described, by Smith, in glowing words of love for, and gratitude to, the young Indian girl, who had rescued him from a terrible death.

"*Todkill*," says Smith, "I love her as my life. But, what time have I for such pastime? I am a man of work. I cannot think of love. I must return to take up my burden of duty and responsibility."

Nevertheless, he could not brook absence from her, and when she would appear before him, decked out in pigeons' breasts and princess' feathers, he was forced to admit his admiration and to exclaim:

"Was ever a fallow deer more graceful and tender than this young fawn?"

Her dress modestly high upon her shoulders, and around her neck, her soft black hair encircling her lovely face, she presented a picture that fast grew upon Smith's mind and heart.

The Indian maiden's interest in the white man increased daily, and after he returned to the settlement, she made frequent visits to James-



town, crossing the river, which was two miles wide, in a canoe.

Nantaquas, the brother of Pokahuntas, was sympathetic, and kind to his sister, being always ready to lend a helping hand whenever she went on her expeditions to tryst with the Captain. For Smith had become the absorbing, passionate love of her life.

But, the poor Indian maiden little knew the machinations of those, who were endeavoring to destroy Smith, and drive him away from the scene of his usefulness, nor that she was soon to be most cruelly separated from him.

Her destiny was to be other than what she and Smith wished so ardently, or hoped, to have it.



*Smith said to his confidential friend many things he was too prudent to say to her.*

*"These dusky maidens are of earlier bud and bloom than our English lassies," he said to Todkill. And then:*

*"Todkill, you should have seen me making those toys, and her slim graceful arms reaching out to take the trinkets, as I fashioned them."*

*"So you love her. Do you not?" asked Todkill, of Smith. The latter, laughing and coloring up, said:*

*"What time have I to love or marry any woman? Poor soldier that I am."*

*"To marry this dusky maiden,"*

replied Todkill, "would be a deadly sin. You, a christian."

"A sin?" queried Smith solemnly.

"Yes. A heathen woman, who belongs to a cursed generation."

The Captain was silent; musing to himself. Finally, he replied:

"Set your mind at ease, Annas. She is such a child. She cannot come to me, and I shall see her no more."

Then turning his head, his face became all aglow at the sudden and familiar noise and movement of grass and bushes. Then to Todkill.

"She is here now, with her wild train, who bring food for our hungry."

*"The angel!" exclaims Todkill, looking at Smith, whose eyes are beaming with a pleasure that he could not disguise.*

*The Captain meets her, taking both of her hands in his. She, looking straight into his eyes as if to read him, in askance at his long continued absence.*

*But, she speaks no word, and, with her train, stays until noon.*

*In speaking of this scene, Todkill says: "As she and Smith parted hands, which they had joined together, I could not tell whether, or not, the Christian man loved the heathen girl. But I could see that she loved him, and, Puritan pilgrim that I am, I could not help but recognize this blessing,*







POKAHONTAS BRINGS FOOD TO THE COLONY

sent to our poor starving people, who were perishing for food, at the hands of this beautiful and good Indian Princess.

Afterwards, Captain Smith, in reporting the incident to the Queen, said: "But for Pokahuntas, the Colony would have perished."

Pokahuntas fed them until a sail hove in sight upon the broad waters of the mighty Chesapeake.

In command of the relief expedition was Captain Newport, who had ever been the enemy of Smith, continually reporting to the Virginia Company, in London, all the mishaps and misfortunes of the Jamestown Colony, and seeking to make the impression that everything undesirable was due to



*Smith's bad management, and alleged interference with the direction of the affairs of the Colony.*

*Pokahuntas, from her association and contact with the whites, soon learned to understand and speak the English language.*

*From Todkill it is learned that "their love making progressed."*

*The only drawbacks were the increasing cares that fell to the Captain's lot.*

*Men began to grow dissatisfied, and to divide into factions. Those who were unfriendly to Smith were busily engaged in sowing seeds of discord and discontent, and it was all that he could do to prevent mutiny.*

*Newport, before he returned to*

*England, did all in his power to encourage this discontent.*

*Radcliff, the president of the Colony, was selfish, and unmindful of the heroic efforts of the people, who, finally, indignantly deposed him, and chose Smith as their president.*

*Thus were Newport and Radcliff prompted to conspire to deprive the Captain of the favor of the London Company.*

*All this eventually impelled Captain Smith to renounce the whole thing and withdraw from the Jamestown Colony.*

## CHAPTER TWO.

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*When an order came from King James that Powhatan should be crowned Emperor, the latter was sent for to come to Jamestown for the coronation ceremony.*

*This he flatly refused to do, considering it beneath his dignity to go to them. The Colonists went to him.*

*He, reclining upon a bed of mats, received them with scant cordiality.*

*At his head sat a handsome squaw. Surrounding him were his warriors and wives.*

*He said: "This is my land."*

*Captain Newport had with him*



*a scarlet cloak, a present from King James to Powhatan.*

*The latter at first refused to accept and wear the cloak, but later yielded.*

*And when the moment for his coronation arrived, Powhatan declined to bend his knee to receive the crown upon his head.*

*After much persuasion he acceded and was crowned Emperor.*

*When a volley of guns was fired in his honor, thinking that he had been entrapped, he rushed for his hatchet.*

*But, when convinced that it had been done in his honor, and did not mean war, he spoke kindly to Newport, giving the latter his old moccasins, and his raccoon robe,*

*which he desired to be carried to King James as a present from him.*

*But, his distrust of the whites was continual, and his desire to destroy them perpetual.*

*Upon one occasion he sent platters of venison and bread to the Colony. Before it could be partaken of, Pokahuntas appeared upon the scene with the warning that the food was poisoned.*

*Whereupon, said Smith to Todkill: "What think you of her, now, Annas? Is she not our guardian angel? Know you any Court lady who would have risked and suffered as much to serve her friends? It is thus that God*

*watches over us, and sends the little Princess to our rescue."*

*Smith, having many onerous duties devolving upon him, left Todkill within the Indian limits.*

*He was speedily captured and taken before Powhatan, who sentenced him to die. Again, Pokahuntas intercedes and stays the death dealing club. His life is spared, but he is imprisoned.*

*Pokahuntas clandestinely goes to Todkill in prison to apprise him of the fact that her father's changeable mood has really given him only one day's respite.*

*She begs him to escape, offering to guide him beyond danger.*

*Nantaquas, her brother, again renders valuable aid to Pokahun-*



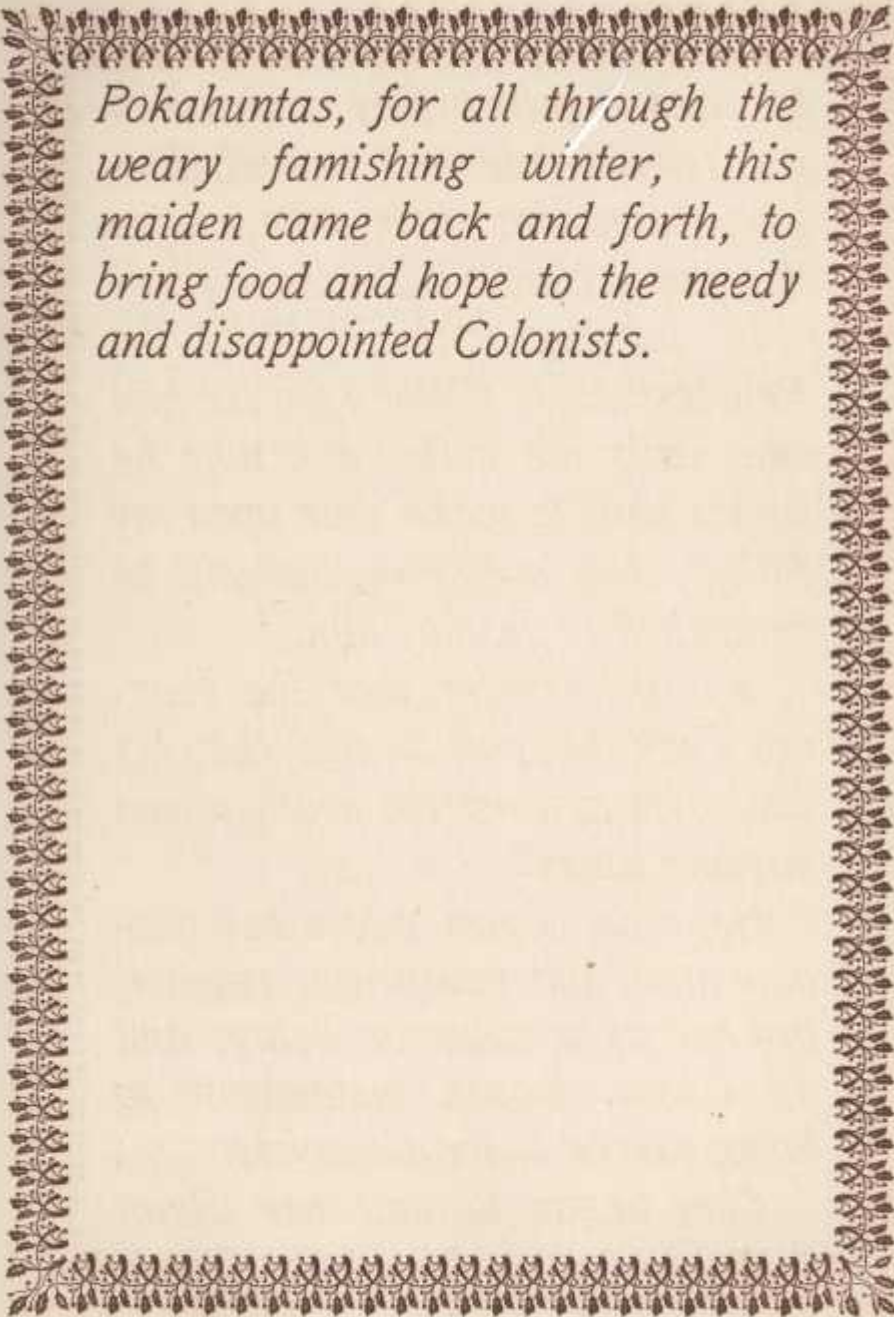
*tas, and together they contrive to get Todkill free and beyond danger, themselves giving the alarm that the prisoner had escaped.*

*In parting with Todkill, the Princess said: "When you see him who calls me child, ask why he comes here to make war upon my father, who loves him, but will be compelled to destroy him."*

*Is it any wonder that the Puritan Todkill began to feel that his prejudice against the heathen was passing away?*

*He, also, began to love her with adoration and reverence, regarding her as a superior being, and as God's chosen instrument to bring succor to the Colonists.*

*They began to call her Saint*

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*Pokahuntas, for all through the weary famishing winter, this maiden came back and forth, to bring food and hope to the needy and disappointed Colonists.*



## CHAPTER THREE.

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*Captain Smith came to America to find a home for those suffering from religious persecution in England, and he was exceedingly conscientious in doing all in his power to this end.*

*But, there were with him many, who came with no other motive than one for plunder and profit, and this fact constituted a great deal of the difficulty that seriously handicapped his purpose.*

*His self control was great, but his work was continually hindered by Newport and Radcliff, who were constantly sending slanderous reports to the Virginia Company in London.*



*He was called cruel because he forced the laggards to work. He was reported to be not on friendly terms with the Indians, when, as a matter of fact, he enjoyed the most cordial relations with Emperor Powhatan, and was able to influence the latter to a far greater extent than was any one else.*

*However, these continued charges made his heart sick with discouragement, and he finally resolved to leave Virginia.*

*When in this state of mind he would often wander, in solitude, among the wild woods.*

*The Indian girl, seeing him thus distressed, would come upon him unannounced, and placing her hands upon his shoulders, look un-*

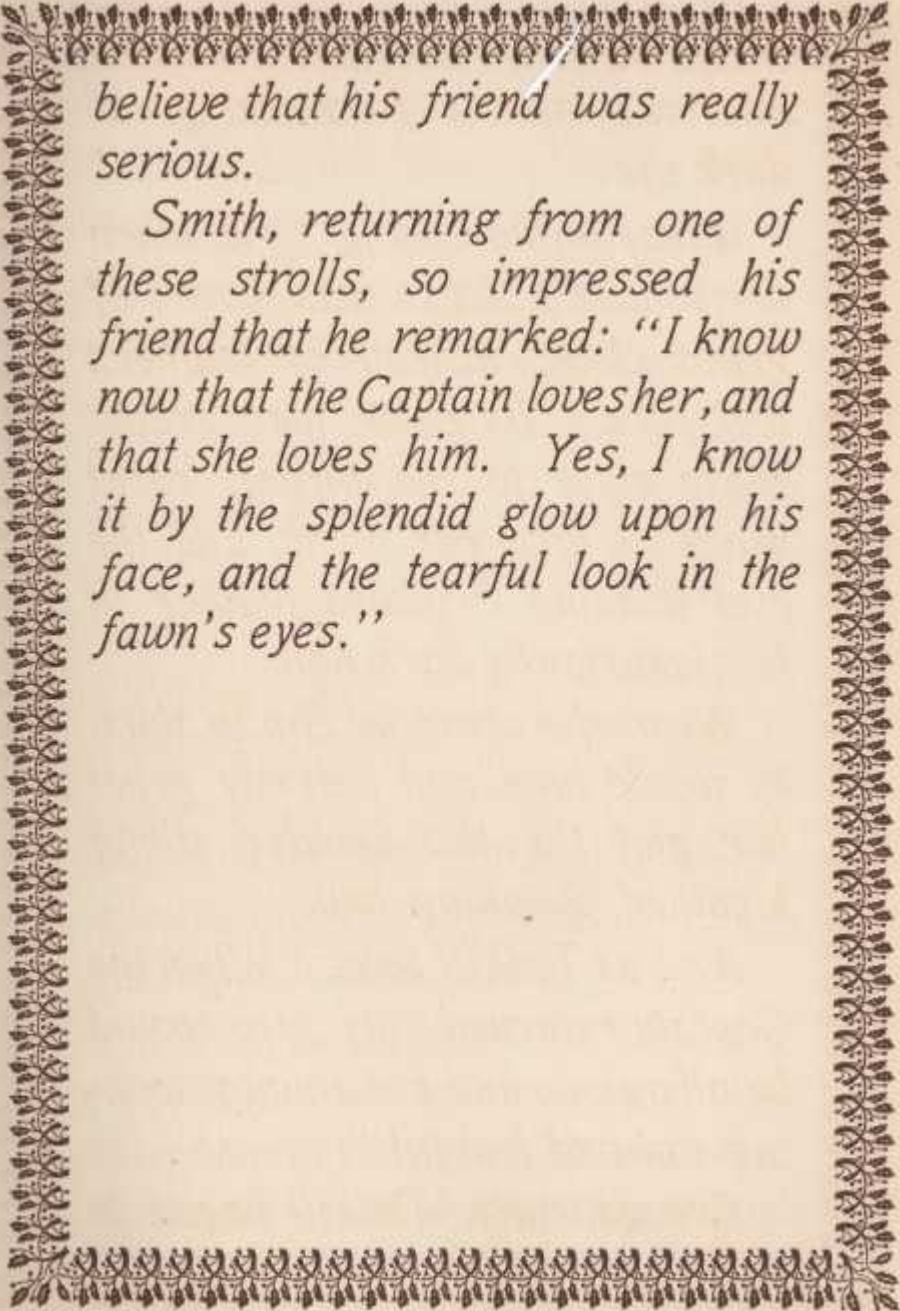
*uttered sympathy from her great dark eyes.*

*It was in the spring time when her season's dress was woven of grass cloth, instead of feathers and furs. Its color was green. Made close to the throat, coral bracelets upon her arms, and the ever nodding Princess feather in her luxuriantly dark hair.*

*When she came to Smith thus, he would turn and warmly greet her, and the two wander along together, speaking low.*

*And as Todkill says: "When the Captain returned, his face would be all aglow, and Pokahuntas looking sad and tearful."*

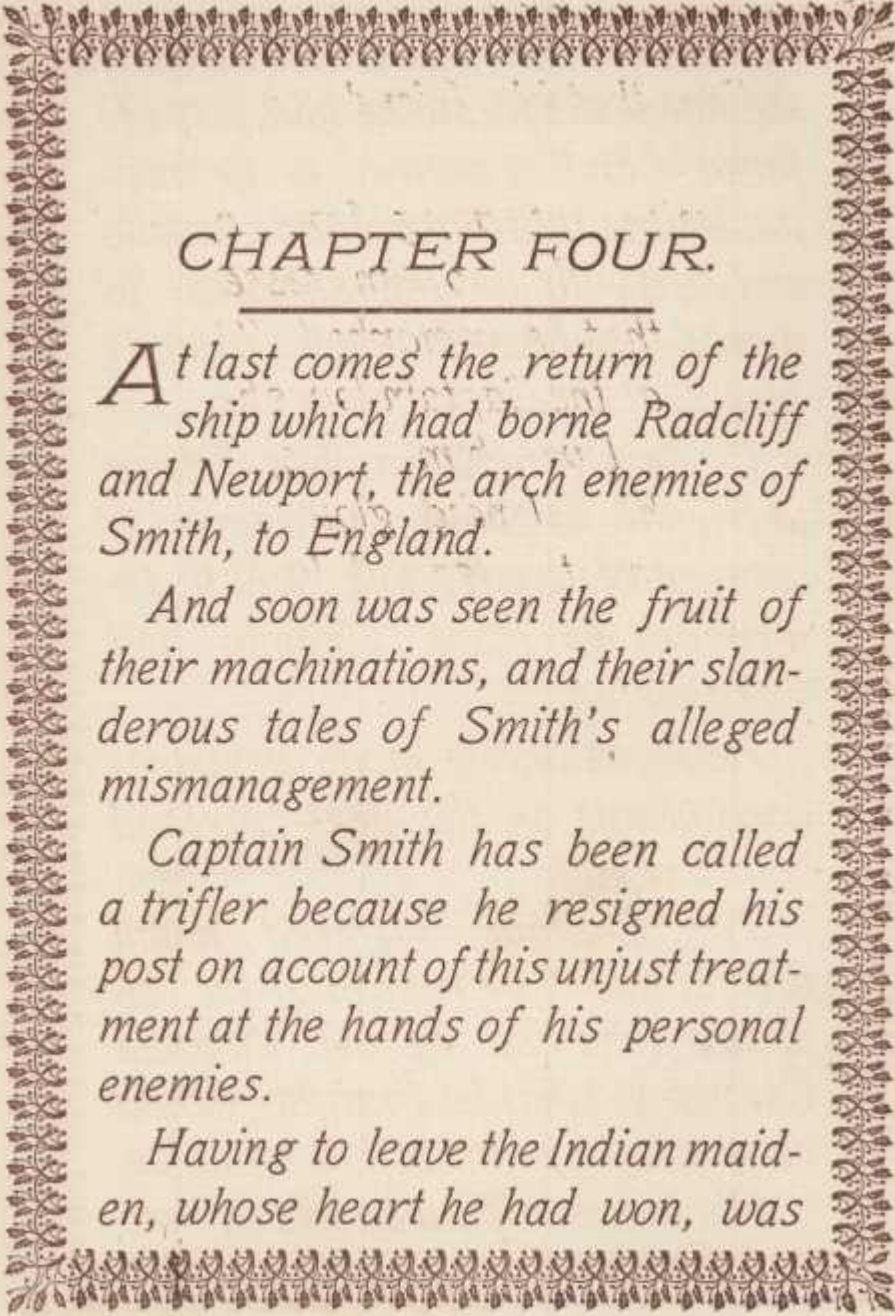
*Consequently, Todkill begun to*

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*believe that his friend was really serious.*

*Smith, returning from one of these strolls, so impressed his friend that he remarked: "I know now that the Captain loves her, and that she loves him. Yes, I know it by the splendid glow upon his face, and the tearful look in the fawn's eyes."*





## CHAPTER FOUR.

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*At last comes the return of the ship which had borne Radcliff and Newport, the arch enemies of Smith, to England.*

*And soon was seen the fruit of their machinations, and their slanderous tales of Smith's alleged mismanagement.*

*Captain Smith has been called a trifler because he resigned his post on account of this unjust treatment at the hands of his personal enemies.*

*Having to leave the Indian maiden, whose heart he had won, was*

*the deepest sorrow he had yet suffered. But, it seemed to be inevitable fate that Pokahuntas, in the end, was to be the sacrifice to man's ambitions and worldly plans.*

*Captain Argall, another of those unfriendly to Smith, came over to succeed Newport, and Smith determined to leave Virginia and Pokahuntas.*

*He immediately made preparation to leave on the next England bound vessel.*

*The Captain suffered much mental agony by reason of the injustice done him by the Virginia Company, who, he thought, should have stood by him in his troubles.*

*His indignation was great, and*

yet mingled with sorrow over the breaking of ties dearer to him than he was willing to admit to himself, or to any one else.

This new authority, of Argall, placed over him, without knowledge, or consultation, upon his part, by the Company he had served so faithfully, was a staggering blow to him.

Displacing him without so much as acquainting him with the fact that such a matter was being considered, was more than he could bear.

The Colonists were in a wild state of disorder over the news. In the interval previous to his departure, he was in a veritable tumult of indignation.



*While on board a boat a bag of gunpowder exploded, with terrible consequences. Among the wounded was Captain Smith, who suffered great agony from his wounds.*

*But so determined was he to leave Virginia at once, he had himself carried on board the vessel, which was to depart on the following day.*

*Pokahuntas, hearing of the accident, and of Smith's decision to leave, determined to see him.*

*She came to the Fort where the Captain was first taken, but was not admitted to his presence, he not even being told of her visit.*

*She went away, sobbing, and crying: "God! God! God!"*

*Todkill, when he heard her cry-*

ing out in such agony, felt sure that she had been christianized by Captain Smith.

It was in the month of September. Pokahuntas came again, wrapped in a robe of furs.

She went aboard the departing ship to take her leave of the Captain, her heart aching, and her eyes streaming with tears.

Going to Smith's couch, she knelt down, and taking his thin hand in hers, she pressed it to her cheek.

The Captain's face flushed, and Todkill withdrew to leave them alone. They spent nearly an hour together.

When the signal to weigh anchor was given, Todkill went in and



PARTING BETWEEN CAPTAIN SMITH AND POCAHUNTAS





*found Pokahuntas with her arms clasped around Smith.*

*Todkill could never forget the scene. His head was upon her shoulder, and he was as pale as death, and when, at last, the time came for the final farewell, their lips met in one long greeting, which parted these true loving hearts forever.*

*Then the maiden, heaving a great final sob, buries her face in her robe, and is lead from the ship that holds all that is dear to her simple loving heart.*

*Todkill says: "I then took leave of the Captain myself. Our great leader! Who was ever guided by truth and justice, and never called upon his men to go where he did not lead."*

## CHAPTER FIVE.

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*T*odkill gives a gloomy account of Jamestown after the departure of Captain John Smith. He says that immediately following Smith's departure came "blows and bloodshed."

*Pokahuntas came no more to the settlement, bringing her train, laden with osier baskets, filled with food for the Colonists. Every one asked about her, and wondered what had become of their guardian angel, St. Pokahuntas. To see her again the reader will have to go to her.*



*Radcliff was a crafty, cruel man, wholly ignorant of the good effects of Smith's kindly dealing with the Indians.*

*When the Colony was on the verge of starvation, he demanded of Powhatan, in an insolent and haughty manner, a store of supplies and provisions, to which the latter paid but scant attention.*

*Radcliff then notified Powhatan that he would send a body of men to procure the necessary supplies. Powhatan apparently acceded, but stipulated that arms should be left behind.*

*To this Radcliff agreed. Todkill says: "I go with him on his expedition, but I carry my knife in my bosom."*

*At dawn, Radcliff, with his picked body of men, marches to the York River, and falls into an ambush that Powhatan had laid, in which affair many of the Colonists lost their lives.*

*Captain Smith would never have been deceived by this ruse of Powhatan. All shared in this opinion, and many were the murmurings of discontent with Radcliff's leadership.*

*At the massacre the Indian Emperor spared the life of a youth named Spilman. Todkill also passed through the ordeal uninjured, and afterwards met the lonely Pokahuntas.*

*She looked at him with her sorrowful eyes, saying: "Will he*




*come back some day? All is heavy here, and I would like to go hence."*

*At Jamestown, the people were heaping curses upon the head of the cruel Radcliff, saying that he had driven away Captain Smith, who, they felt, was the only man that could save them from starvation and death.*

*Now commenced an awful time for the people at Jamestown. During the course of the winter, hunger, want and disease reduced their number from five hundred to sixty, counting women and children. For a number of months their subsistence had been composed chiefly of dried grass and roots.*



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*Spring and summer, with their warm sunshine and bursting buds, found the Colony in a sorry plight. The people sat around in listless and mournful groups, talking of, and longing for their England homes.*

*In such a mood of loneliness and sadness the pitiful remnant were all huddled upon the palisade, when a cry goes up: "A sail is in sight." Then is seen another, making a fleet of two vessels, "The Sea Venture," and "The Patience," commanded by Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates.*

*The people gathered around. Imagine their joy and surprise. And the dismay of the commanders to find only this remnant of the*

*Virginia Colony, and in such distress and want.*

*All begged for food, and the women pleaded to go home. Admiral Somers put his hand to his head, in distress over the spectacle. From his heart he pitied them.*

*The men who had succeeded in driving Captain Smith away, had by their bad management, well-nigh destroyed the Colony.*

*They began to realize the mistake they had made in their treatment of Smith; but it was too late, for he was beyond recall.*

*Food was given to all. The Admiral comforts them, and says they shall go back if they wish.*

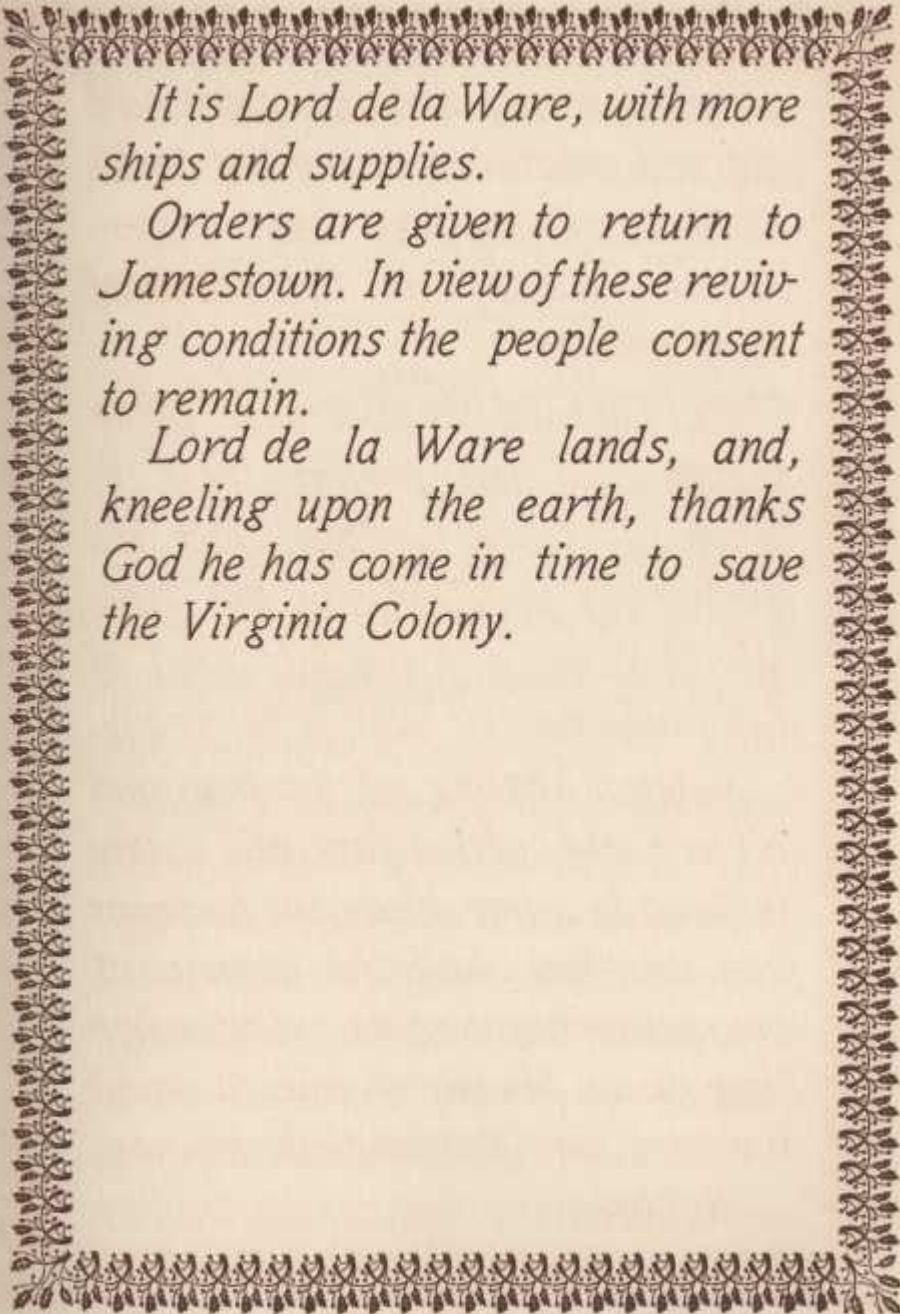
*The women and children pre-*

*pare to leave, and the poor half starved creatures crowd the decks of the two vessels in their eagerness to escape from the scene of their misery.*

*But God, in his ever wise providence, did not permit them to leave his work undone, nor his anchorage for Christ in the New World riven, nor the fair land of Columbia turned over to savagery.*

*After a beating of drums, and all are on board, a farewell salute is fired to Jamestown, the anchors are weighed, and the homeward bound journey begins. But when they reach Mulberry Isle, a swift barge, flying the English pennon, is sighted.*

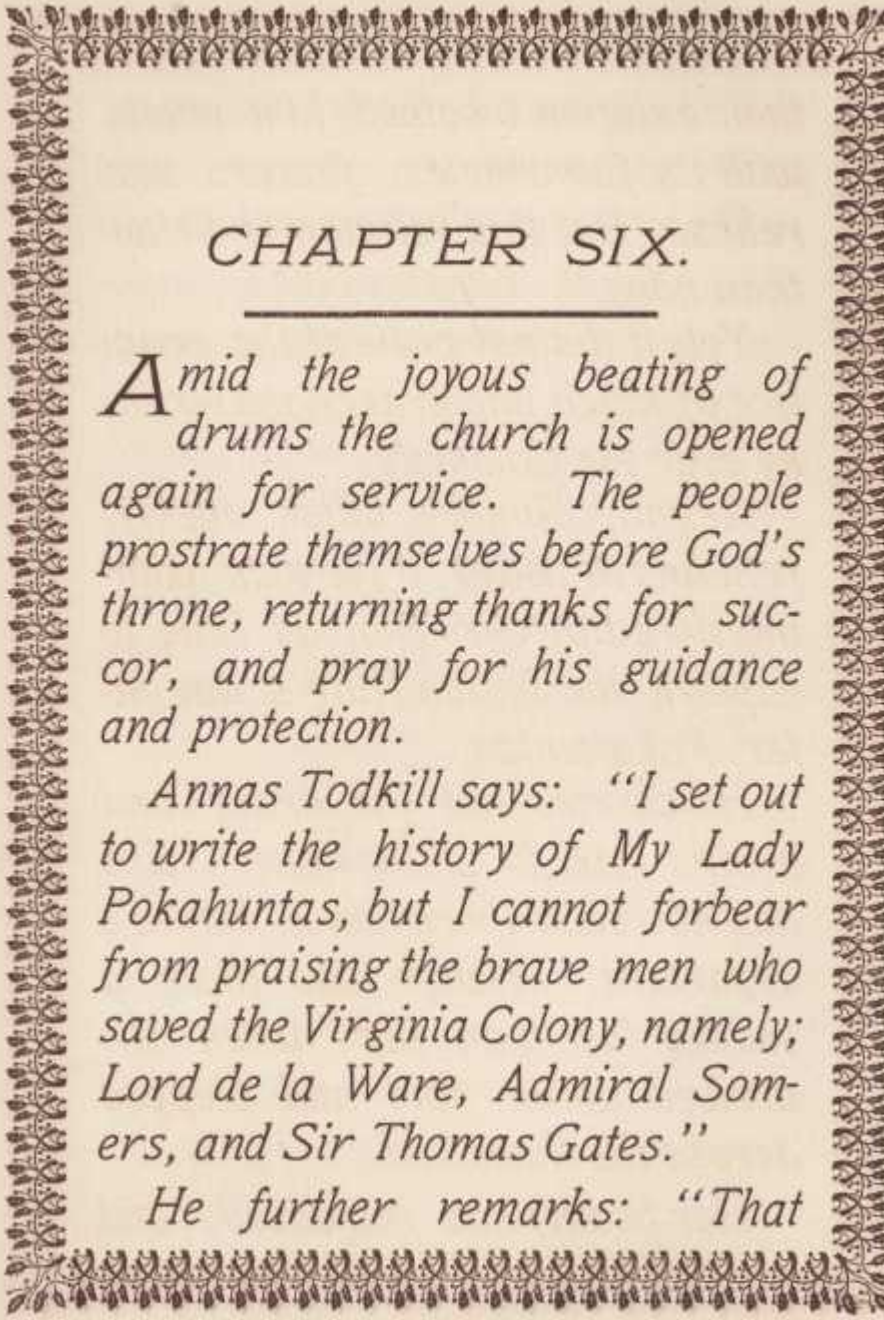


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*It is Lord de la Ware, with more ships and supplies.*

*Orders are given to return to Jamestown. In view of these reviving conditions the people consent to remain.*

*Lord de la Ware lands, and, kneeling upon the earth, thanks God he has come in time to save the Virginia Colony.*



## CHAPTER SIX.

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*Amid the joyous beating of drums the church is opened again for service. The people prostrate themselves before God's throne, returning thanks for succor, and pray for his guidance and protection.*

*Annas Todkill says: "I set out to write the history of My Lady Pokahuntas, but I cannot forbear from praising the brave men who saved the Virginia Colony, namely; Lord de la Ware, Admiral Somers, and Sir Thomas Gates."*

*He further remarks: "That*

*their religion irkethed him much, with its flummeries, flowers and relics. But this religion is better than none."*

*Yet, it did not prevent the practice of much intolerance and tyranny over the Colonists.*

*Argall, Smith's bitter enemy, remains in power. He was commissioned by Sir Thomas Dale to capture the Indian King's daughter, Pokahuntas.*

*He carries out the order and brings her to Jamestown. She had not been there since Smith's departure. Never was there a sadder face than hers when she arrived at the fort and stepped across the threshold.*

*Her beauty had increased, and*



her bearing was majestic. She looked neither to the right or left, but, with stately tread, passed through the crowd who came to see her, calling her their "guardian angel."

She had become a princess indeed. She was held as a hostage. Todkill attaches himself to her at once. To wait upon and to watch over her. And to guard her from danger as a loving father. An English maid is provided for her. Her greatest delight seemed to be in talking to Todkill about Smith.

When the report of his death comes, she and Annas weep together.

But, time, the great pacificator of human woes, especially with the

*young, gifted, beautiful, and admired, dealt with her kindly.*

*Life is sweet to the young, and the sun of hope is ever for them.*

*It could not be expected that the beautiful maiden would remain impervious to the love and admiration which was lavished upon her. Suitors followed her.*

*She began to participate in the games of the Court, and, as Tod-kill expresses it, "threw side glances at the gallants," resuming her natural vivacity, though at times sad thoughts would come to mar her pleasure, when she would heave a deep sigh for him, whom she mourned as dead.*

*In time, she was given liberty to*



leave the fort. Todkill was often her companion, in her walks. Once, standing on the shore, where she and the Captain had their last long talk, and bade each other that sad farewell, and from which she had returned weeping, she said:

“Annas, we remember him.” Yet, her spirits would revive. For nature had been generous to her with gifts of person and mind.

Todkill thought then of “sweet Will Shakespeare,” saying: “If only he could be here to see and know how this woman’s heart mourns for her dead love, before taking on the new. Oh! What a play he could write.”

At this time, Mr. Rolfe was be-



*coming Pokahuntas' most ardent wooer.*

*He had lost his wife and child in the wreck of the "Sea Venture," on the shores of the Bermudas.*

*His attentions to Pokahuntas were becoming more marked.*

*A great fear came over Todkill, lest this Mr. Rolfe should steal the heart of His Lady away from his dear Captain. He wondered to himself whether he, Mr. Rolfe, had started the rumor of Smith's death for a purpose.*

*He seemed so willing to believe that Captain Smith was killed "off the Azores."*

*One day Todkill said to Rolfe: "You think it is a great sin to marry a heathen?"*

*"Yes," said Rolfe, "the Scriptures forbid men to marry strange women."*

*Then Todkill, the Puritan, thought better of Mr. Rolfe for his conscientious qualms.*

*"So, you love her," said Todkill, "but only hold back because of this command."*

*"Yes," said Rolfe, "and a mighty storm has been raging in my heart by reason of this conflict between love and duty. I can scarce sleep for thinking of her, but I do not know what she thinks of me."*

*Todkill looked at Rolfe intently, but said nothing, while Rolfe raved about the beautiful Indian girl.*

*Then Todkill grew sympathetic.*



*When Rolfe asked him what he should do, he replied: "Why not marry her, and make her a Christian?"*

*Rolfe replied: "That is just what I wish to do. But many will laugh and jeer, suspecting and misunderstanding my intentions. I have prayed, day and night, for guidance. She is, I believe, pure in soul, and in person. She is capable of being taught the knowledge of God in its highest perfection."*

*Todkill was weakening under the earnestness of his newly made friend. For he was a zealot in making converts for his Master. Yet, he could not free himself from doubts of Rolfe's disinterestedness.*




*But, Rolfe's words, he could not but admit, were worthy of a true man and a Christian.*

*Rolfe, seeing the balance turning in his favor, said: "But I cannot believe that she will look upon me with favor, though, verily, I do believe that Smith is dead. And I would love and cherish her. What would you advise me to do?"*

*To which Todkill replies: "You will have to ask advice from some other than myself."*

*Upon which Mr. Rolfe writes to Sir Thomas Dale.*

*When Todkill heard of this, his comment was: "He had better wait until he learns whether the young lady will have him."*



## CHAPTER SEVEN.

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*Time wears on. Spring grows into summer and "leaf-fall," as the Indians term the autumn season.*

*In this while our Lady Pokahuntas is learning English ways and fashions.*

*Her pretty ruffs and stomachers became her pride. Her gaiety is more continuing, her laugh more careless, save when some one, by chance, calls the name of her dead lover. Then shadows steal over her face, bringing sadness to her manner, when she turns to Todkill*



*for sympathy with her sorrowful memories.*

*Mr. Rolfe is her constant attendant. Her lisping words are sweetly spoken in her newly learned English accents. She smiles often upon him, for he is kind and considerate of her.*

*Todkill, for a long time, could not, in his mind, decide whether, or not, his dear lady would yield to Mr. Rolfe's persistent importunities. But it was Mr. Rolfe, who, he thought, would prevail over all others.*

*Very cunning looked Pokahuntas, her hair done up in cushions, and with clocked stockings and high-heeled slippers of red and green morocco. She had wonderfully*



*small feet, with a willowy form. Her shapely arms bare, wearing the coral bracelets, which Smith had made for her.*

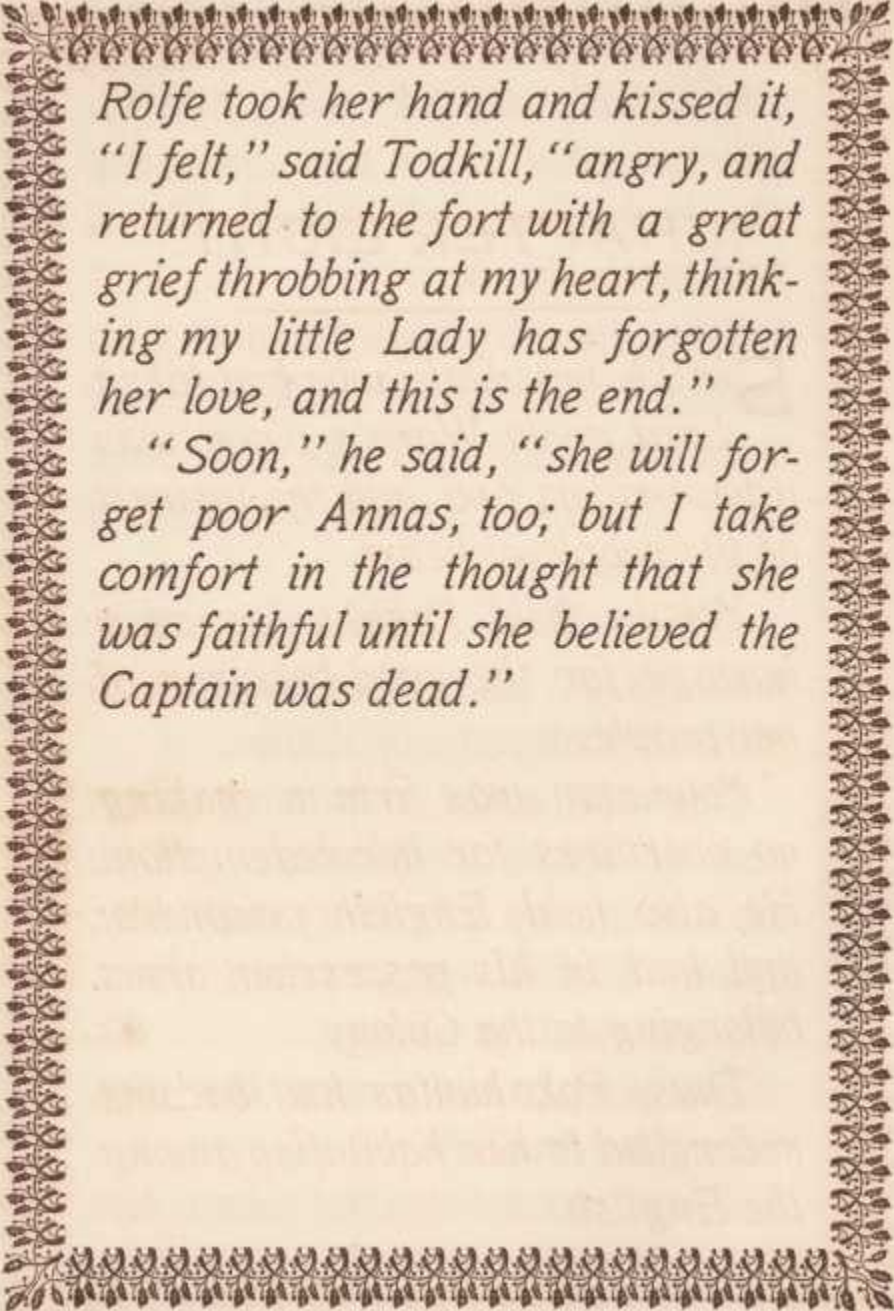
*Her love for Rolfe became prevailing. She would walk with him upon the shore as she had done with Captain Smith, frequenting the old haunts.*

*This, all to Todkill, was very harrowing. She finally ceased to seek the company of Annas.*

*One day, upon returning from one of these wanderings, Rolfe was earnestly pleading with her, when Todkill approached them. They ceased speaking.*

*But Annas had heard her say: "Do you, really?"*

*They passed on, but when Mr.*

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*Rolfe took her hand and kissed it, "I felt," said Todkill, "angry, and returned to the fort with a great grief throbbing at my heart, thinking my little Lady has forgotten her love, and this is the end."*

*"Soon," he said, "she will forget poor Annas, too; but I take comfort in the thought that she was faithful until she believed the Captain was dead."*

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

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*Sir Thomas Dale, who had taken Lord de la Ware's place, was a wise ruler, and had the interest of the people at heart.*

*Yet he held Pokahuntas as a hostage for the good behavior of her people.*

*Powhatan was firm in making no overtures for her redemption. He also held English prisoners, and had, in his possession, arms belonging to the Colony.*

*Thus, Pokahuntas had become reconciled to her habitation among the English.*



*Sir Thomas Dale finally concluded to send an expedition to recover these prisoners and arms, believing that Powhatan would be glad to exchange them for his daughter.*

*Pokahuntas goes with the party; she is very sad, and evidently averse to returning to her former life.*

*A great crowd met them as they landed. Powhatan demanded, scornfully, their business.*

*Rolfe escorted Pokahuntas to the palace of the Chief.*

*At first, Powhatan refused to parley with Dale, saying grimly: "All is well. What brings you here?"*

*Dale is affronted at the surly*



POKAHONTAS REPROACHES FOWHATAN





manner of the Emperor, and proceeds to give orders to lay waste the settlement.

Pokahuntas comes up to her father, dressed in her English garb, and putting her arms around him, said: "Does my father refuse to see his daughter? If he is not willing to exchange old swords for me, I will return to the white men and dwell with them always."

Annas Todkill smiles as Rolfe nods his head approvingly at her words, for Sir Thomas Dale had received Rolfe's letter, and turning to Annas, said: "We must stop this destruction, because these people are all of Mr. Rolfe's kindred."

Whereupon, *Pokahuntas* comes forward blushing, and embracing her brother, *Nantequas*, tells him that she was soon to become the bride of *Mr. Rolfe*.

*Nantequas* clasps her hands with pleasure. She said: "I would. Would you?"

And they laughed and cried together.

*Sir Thomas Dale* said: "Peace is coming to our land, for the English are begging to marry these red beauties. But what will *King James* say when he finds that one of his subjects, *Mr. Rolfe*, has taken to himself a wife of the Royal family, without his leave?"

But, addressing himself to *Mr.*



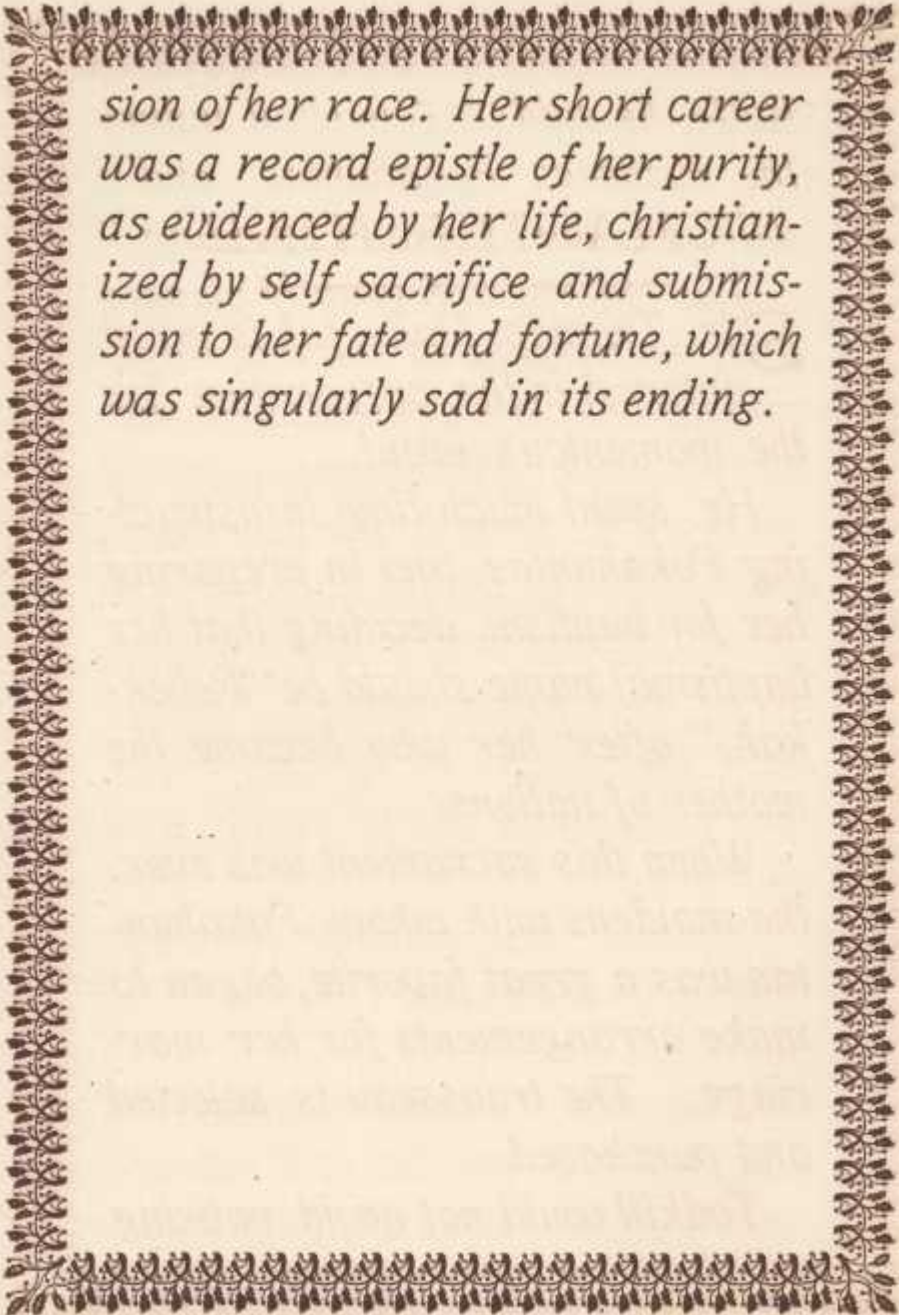
Rolfe, he said: "You shall marry the Princess Pokahuntas, and I will give you a grand wedding."

The Indians are greatly pleased with the thought of the marriage, and loaded Dale's vessels with supplies, while Pokahuntas invited them all to come to the marriage, and said that she wished her sisters, Cleopatra and Matachanna, to be her bridesmaids. "For," said she, "I am to be the bride, and the church will be decked with flowers."

Bidding them goodbye she steps upon the vessel and returns to the fort.

Thus may be seen the hand of God bringing into his fold one who was to be potential in the conver-



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*sion of her race. Her short career was a record epistle of her purity, as evidenced by her life, christianized by self sacrifice and submission to her fate and fortune, which was singularly sad in its ending.*

## CHAPTER NINE.

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*Sir Thomas Dale takes great interest in the preparation for the momentous event.*

*He spent much time in instructing Pokahuntas, and in preparing her for baptism, deciding that her baptismal name should be "Rebekkah," after her who became the mother of nations.*

*When this sacrament was over, the maidens with whom Pokahuntas was a great favorite, began to make arrangements for her marriage. The trousseau is selected and purchased.*

*Todkill could not avoid noticing*

*the proceedings with earnest and jealous eye, for, down in his heart, there was a great and grievous conflict, which he could scarce control or conceal, as he would pass the window, to and fro, while listening to the maids, as they laughed, discussing whether this, or that ruffle would be better here, or there. "Jibber, jabber, click, clack," went their tongues.*

*This was more than Todkill could stand, and he would pass quickly by, as he did not wish to hear it.*

*"However," says Todkill, "my Little Lady talked little, and did not seem to care much for the finery. I do not go near and she stays apart from me, often alone,*



holding her needle in her hand, and looking far away."

All are happy, save poor Todkill, who, when Rolfe smiles and is happy, scowls upon him.

"One day," says Todkill, "I be-thought myself to go to the retreat which had been a favorite tryst for the Captain and my little friend. I catch a glimpse of her. She looks wan and sad. The limbs crackled under her feet as she flies by." At last she stops, saying:

"Is it you, Annas?"

She hides her face in her hands, and begins to cry.

He comforts her, for it smites his heart to hear her.

But she cries out: "Oh! Let me.

*It is for him that is dead. I cannot forget."*

*It was hard for Annas to comfort his Little Lady, and advise her to marry Mr. Rolfe, and at the same time keep faith with his Captain.*

*"Must I, dear Annas?" she said.*

*"Yes," said Annas.*

*She holds his hand and smiles. Annas kissed the little brown hand, and the compact was sealed, Todkill adding: "I will serve you always."*



MARRIAGE OF POKAHUNTAS AND MR. ROLFE





## CHAPTER X.

*The wedding day dawned bright and fair.*

*“The church, by the demoiselles and others, had been dressed with flowers, ferns, pines, clematis and Virginia creeper, field daisies shining, like stars, over the happy event.*

*The bells ring out merrily to announce the hour. Crowds file into the church, and fill the aisles, the cedar pews, and all space up to the walnut altar.*

*Todkill describes the various costumes: The soldiers, with their buff jerkins and gold laced doub-*

lets, rubbing against the bare shoulders of the dusky warriors, who, with their nodding plumes, have come, from far and near, to witness the imposing ceremony, which was to be the first marriage between the English and Indian races. The Emperor Powhatan could not be prevailed upon to lend his presence to the occasion.

The bride enters, her old uncle, the conjurer, as he is regarded, Appachisco, being on one side, and her brother Nantequas on the other.

Her robe is pure white. Her long veil trails the ground concealing her face and shoulders. Her eyes are cast down, tearful and blushing as she passes up the aisle.



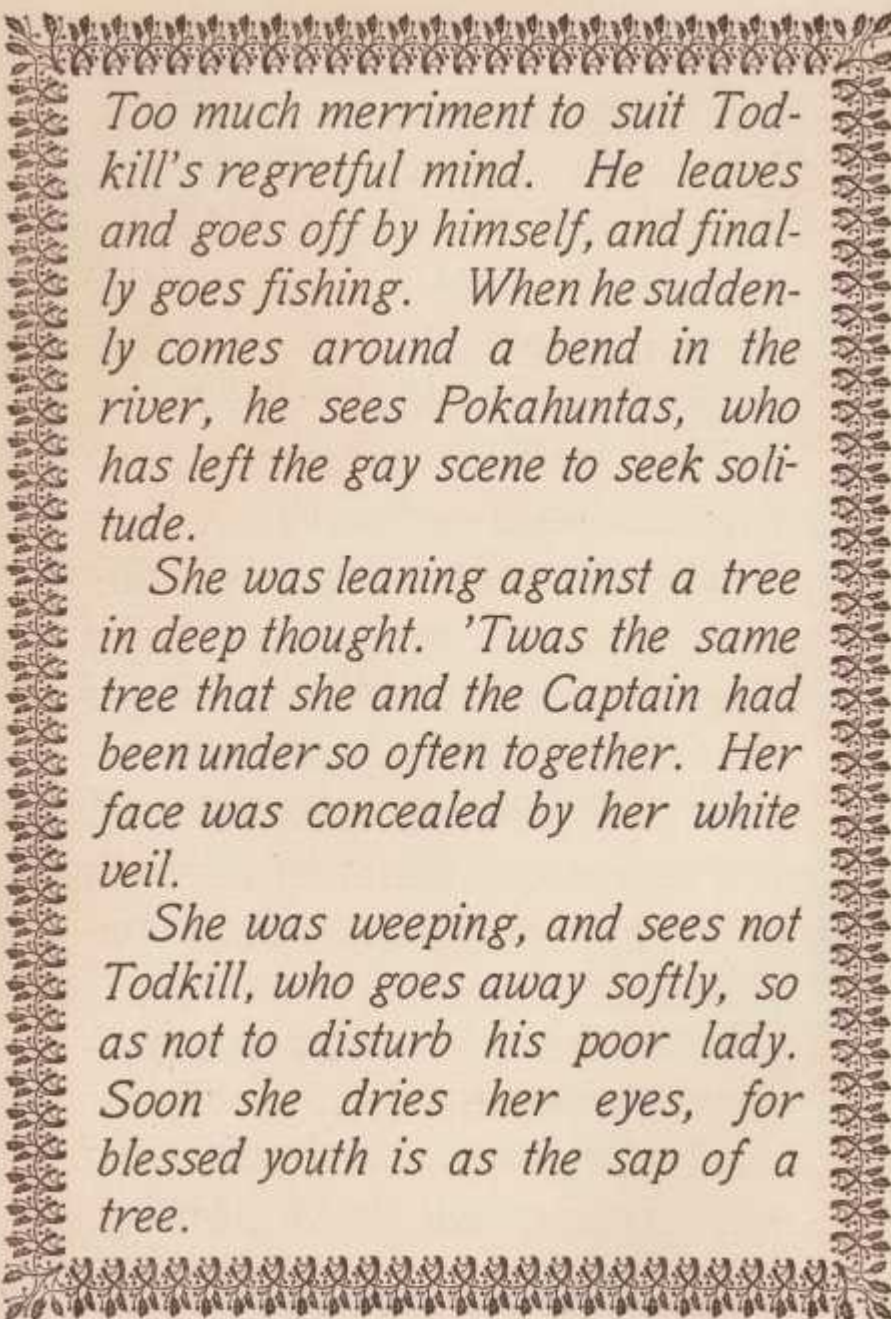
Mr. Rolfe is nearby, looking brave and happy. "Seeming," says Todkill, "to have no religious compunctions in marrying this heathen woman."

The Reverend Master Whitaker, of Rock Hall Parish, stands ready to perform the ceremony.

When he said: "Who giveth this woman to this man?" old uncle Appachisco, the conjurer, shoves the bride so suddenly that she almost falls over the chancel rail, and uttering such outlandish sounds that the congregation became convulsed with laughter.

After the ceremony, many greetings take place.

The bells ring out again, and there is a great hand shaking.

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*Too much merriment to suit Todkill's regretful mind. He leaves and goes off by himself, and finally goes fishing. When he suddenly comes around a bend in the river, he sees Pokahuntas, who has left the gay scene to seek solitude.*

*She was leaning against a tree in deep thought. 'Twas the same tree that she and the Captain had been under so often together. Her face was concealed by her white veil.*

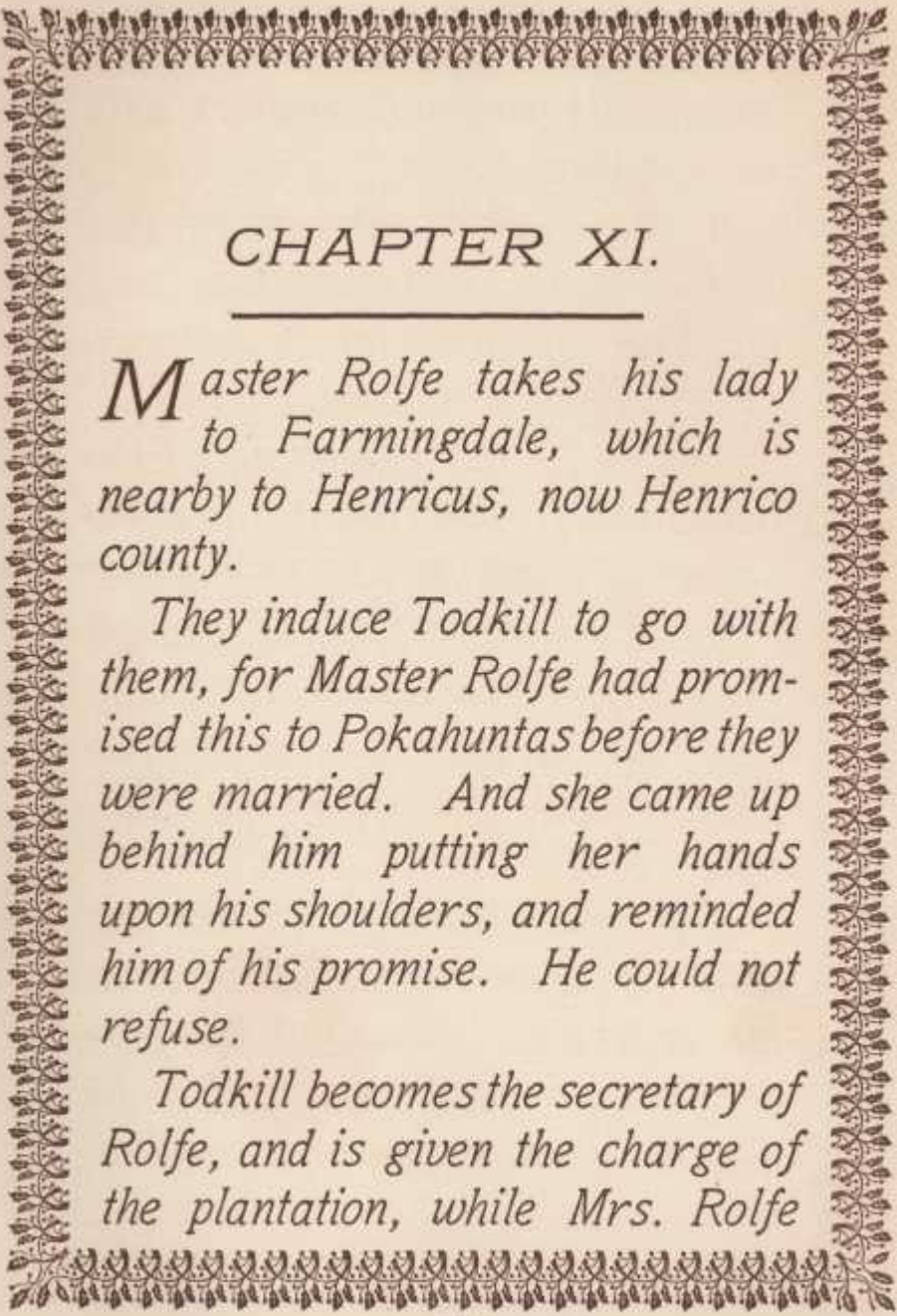
*She was weeping, and sees not Todkill, who goes away softly, so as not to disturb his poor lady. Soon she dries her eyes, for blessed youth is as the sap of a tree.*



UNDER THE TRYSTING TREE





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## CHAPTER XI.

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*Master Rolfe takes his lady to Farmingdale, which is nearby to Henricus, now Henrico county.*

*They induce Todkill to go with them, for Master Rolfe had promised this to Pokahuntas before they were married. And she came up behind him putting her hands upon his shoulders, and reminded him of his promise. He could not refuse.*

*Todkill becomes the secretary of Rolfe, and is given the charge of the plantation, while Mrs. Rolfe*

*sees to his personal comfort with the greatest pains.*

*It was Todkill, who, upon this plantation of Farmingdale, was the first Englishman to successfully cultivate the tobacco weed.*

*This was the beginning of the habit which afterwards became one of so much solace to a great many of the Colonists, and through them to a great majority of Englishmen, who, in turn, transmitted the habit to other peoples of the civilized world.*

*Sir Walter Raleigh, in his last days of agony, and just prior to his execution, called for his pipe of tobacco, having carried the practice from the Colonies back to England.*



*It soon became to be of very general use, being one of the luxuries of the day. The most careful preparations were gone through with in the curing of the weed. What was accepted to be the proper method was to cut the leaves upon a maple log, and keep them in a "Lilly Pot," a jar made of white earth. The pipe had to be lighted with a juniper splinter, or a coal of fire held in a pair of silver tongs, which were made for the purpose.*

*King James was much opposed to the use of tobacco, on which he wrote a book, called "The Counterblast to Tobacco," in which he said the habit was a "shameful imbecility."*

*After awhile a baby was born to Pokahuntas.*

*A young Master Rolfe, who began to love Annas.*

*"Is he not a beauty?" said his mother to Annas.*

*"I should like to have him called 'John Smith,'" said Todkill.*

*But the baby was christened "Thomas," and a merry christening it was. Todkill and Pokahuntas talked together a long time afterwards.*



THEIR HOME AT FARMINGDALE





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## CHAPTER XII.

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*After the marriage of Pokahuntas, Powhatan kept aloof from the whites.*

*The marriage was not displeasing to him, but he had immense ideas of his great dignity, considering that all concessions should be given him.*

*He said she had chosen her home, and must live there, though he frequently sent her venison and game, while she would send him beads, stuff and other trinkets, which always proved a source of great delight to the Indians.*

*Sir Thomas Dale was a peace-maker, and intent upon promoting good will between the white and red men. He bethought himself of another alliance, and sent Master Harmon on a friendly mission to Powhatan.*

*Harmon asked for a private interview, whereupon Powhatan dismissed his attendants, save his two Queens, and his interpreter, who was the same Henry Spilman, whose life Pokahuntas had also saved, and who, ever afterwards, remained with the Indian Emperor.*

*Powhatan commanded Harmon to make known his business.*

*Mr. Harmon said: "Sir Thomas Dale desires to have your second daughter, Cleopatra. He has*



*sent beads, knives and many other valuables in exchange for her. He has learned that the charms of your younger daughter, Cleopatra, exceed those of Pokahuntas, and asks that she may return with us."*

*"Return?" said Powhatan, suddenly.*

*"Yes," said Master Harmon, "and Pokahuntas also desires it?"*

*"What other end has he in view?" asked the Emperor.*

*Harmon replied: "It is his purpose to make her his wife."*

*Powhatan can scarcely hear Master Harmon through, so great was his indignation. He rises and kicks the fire furiously; pulls the ears of one of his Queens. Then sits down looking very irate.*

*Harmon takes no notice of these uncivil signs.*

*The Emperor leans back on his seat, closing his eyes as if asleep.*

*"His reason," said Master Harmon, "for making this request, is to promote peace and harmony between the white and red men. Sir Thomas Dale declares that it is his intention to remain in Virginia always, and he thus desires perpetual peace with your kingdom."*

*Powhatan rises again, and, re-kicking the fire, says: "My daughter, of whom you speak, is already sold to a great werowance, who gave me two bushels of roanoke, and she is now three days journey from here. She was, in fact, within call and hearing."*



*Harmon, however, was not to be so bluffed, but continued his entreaties for Sir Thomas Dale.*

*He suggested to Powhatan that a great monarch, like himself, should have the power to change his mind and recall his decrees.*

*At this the Emperor trembles with emotion, saying, in great agitation, having forgotten his first excuse: "I love my daughter as I love my life. I delight in none of my children as I do in her. I could not live if I could not behold her. If she went to live with Sir Thomas Dale, to be his wife, I could not see her when I desired. You have one of my daughters. You can have no other. Tell me about my daughter, Pokahuntas,*

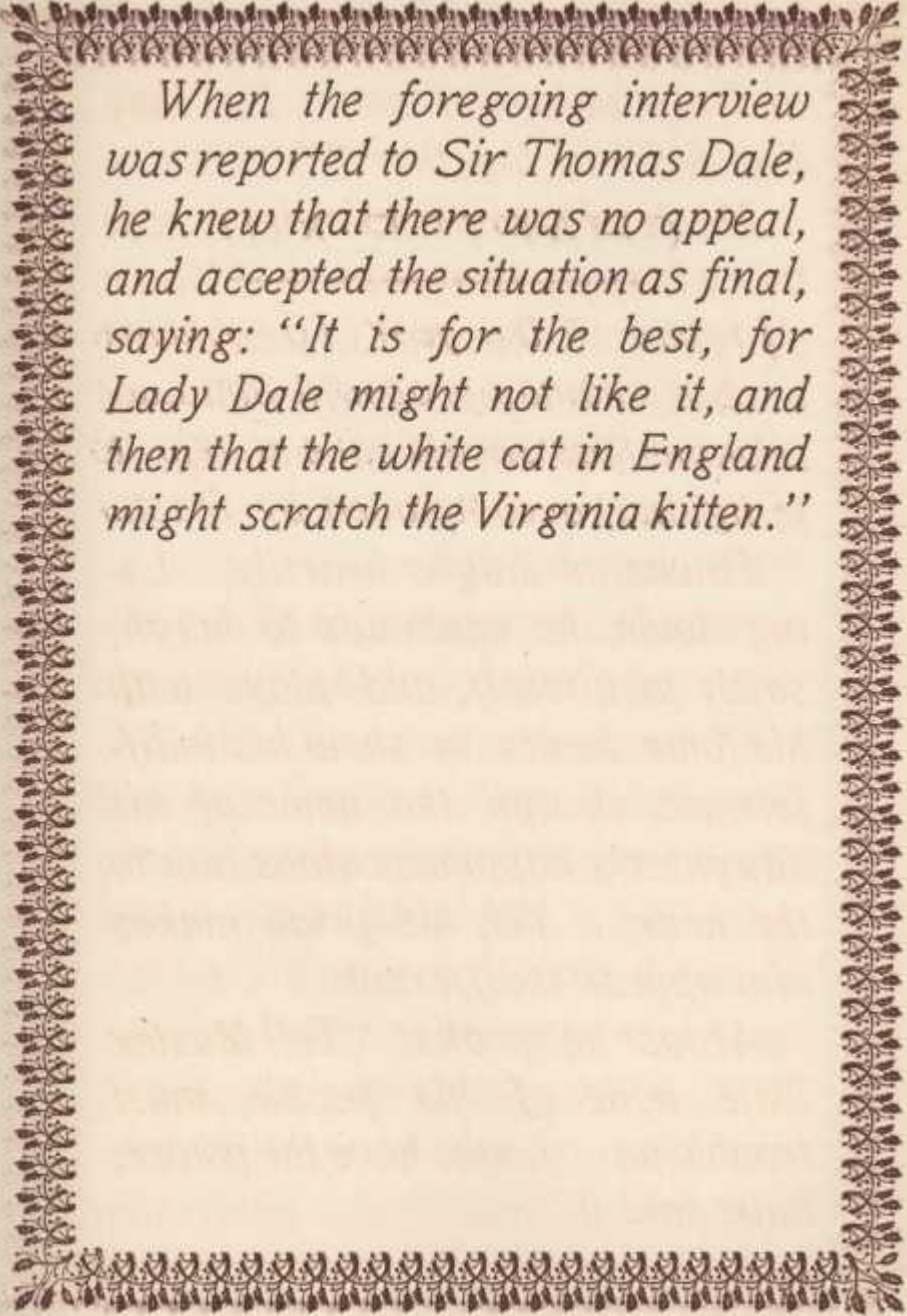


*and my unknown son. Do they live and love together?"*

*Master Harmon tells him how very happy they are: "Your daughter, Pokahuntas, would not exchange her present life for any other. She would not come again to live with you."*

*Powhatan laughs heartily. Lying down, he continues to laugh, softly to himself, and plays with his blue beads to show his indifference, though the news of his daughter's happiness stabs him to the heart. Yet, his pride makes him appear indifferent.*

*At last he speaks: "Tell Master Dale none of his people must trouble us. I, who have the power, have said it."*

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*When the foregoing interview was reported to Sir Thomas Dale, he knew that there was no appeal, and accepted the situation as final, saying: "It is for the best, for Lady Dale might not like it, and then that the white cat in England might scratch the Virginia kitten."*

## CHAPTER XIII.

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*It was in the year 1616, when Sir Thomas proposed that Lady Pokahuntas should take a trip to England, accompanied by Master Rolfe and his son.*

*Powhatan, when told of this contemplated trip, said that he wished Uttomatonikan, one of his distinguished chiefs, might go with them. And that he should carry with him a long stick, upon which to cut a notch for every Englishman he might meet after landing.*

*Dale acceded to this request of the Indian Emperor, and Uttomatonikan was one of the party that*



shortly sailed for England. However, as may be easily surmised, he was, soon after landing, compelled to throw away his stick of record.

Annas Todkill was loth to leave Virginia. But he could not persuade himself to give up the guardianship of his beloved lady. So he, also, was one of the party.

After their embarkation upon the vessel that was to take them back to England, they stand upon the deck to watch the land disappear from their view.

Todkill says: "Many thoughts rush through my mind, of the old days and starving times, from which our good Lord delivered us, through the hands of our most

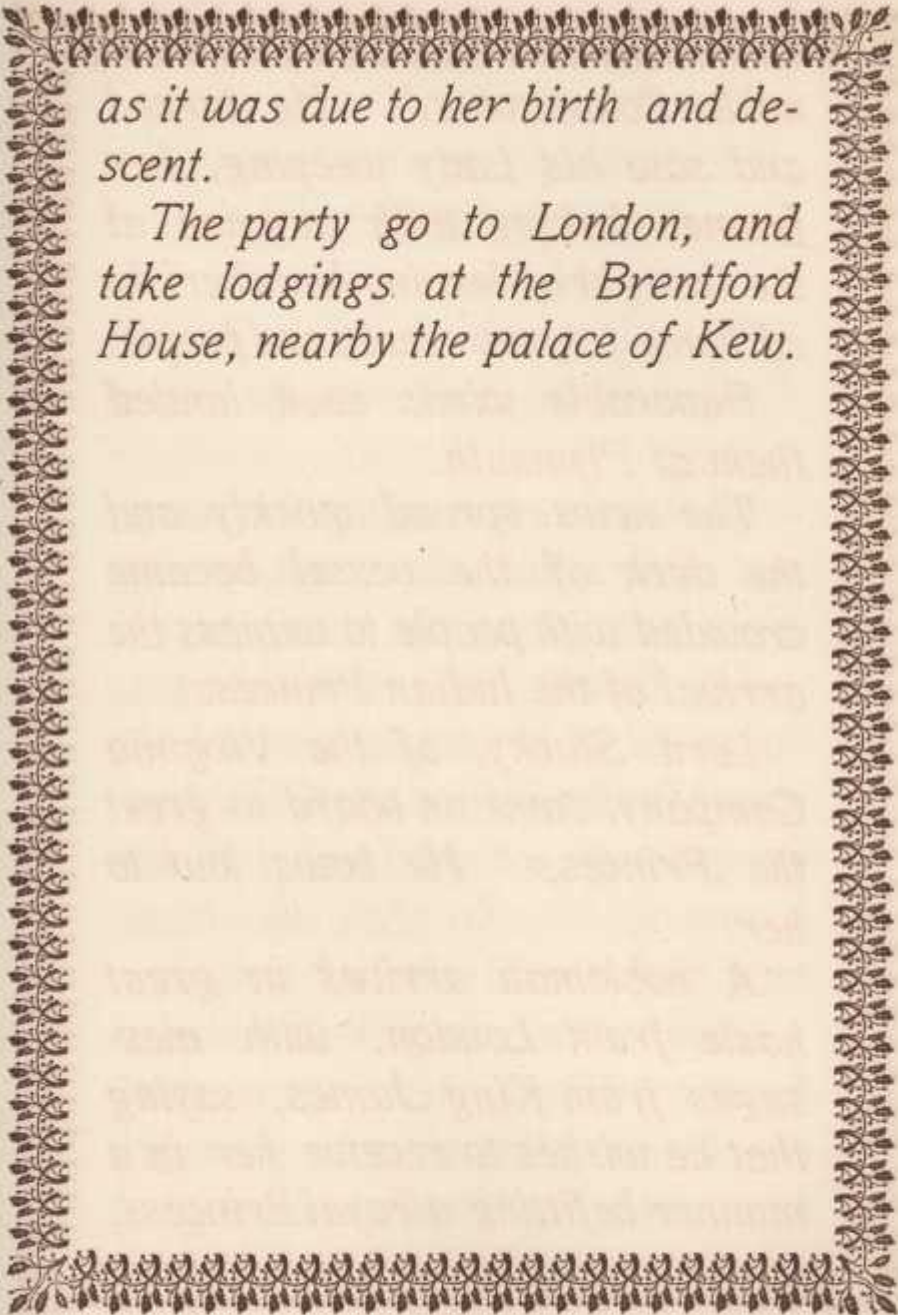
noble Pokahuntas." He turned and saw his Lady weeping, her frame shaking with anguish at the thought of leaving her cherished home for new scenes and people.

Favorable winds soon landed them at Plymouth.

The news spread quickly and the deck of the vessel became crowded with people to witness the arrival of the Indian Princess.

Lord Stucky, of the Virginia Company, came on board to greet the Princess. He bows low to her.

A nobleman arrives in great haste from London, with messages from King James, saying that he wishes to receive her in a manner befitting a royal Princess,

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*as it was due to her birth and descent.*

*The party go to London, and take lodgings at the Brentford House, nearby the palace of Kew.*



## CHAPTER XIV.

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*The King sends for Pokahuntas to come to the royal palace.*

*He receives her with great pomp, and orders that she shall be royally placed at all the masques.*

*The Bishop of London, who was delighted at the conversion of the young Indian Princess to Christianity, gave an entertainment in her honor, which Purchas, the historian, describes as full of splendor.*

*Queen Anne, in greeting Pokahuntas, kisses her upon both cheeks, so pleased was she with her gentle and modest bearing.*

*At the first reception given her, when the King meets Master Rolfe, he accosts him abruptly, asking him how he dared to marry a Princess without his leave, when he is only a subject, and then turns his back upon him.*

*Master Rolfe seems much confused, and falls back into the crowd, while his wife, the Princess, receives admiration and ovations on all sides.*

*My Lord de la Ware was heard to say to his Lady: "She carries herself with the air of a Queen."*

*Soon after, the Queen arranges to have for Pokahuntas a theatre party at the old Globe Theatre.*

*She invites the Princess to be her guest in the royal box, and*



tells her that *Shakespeare* was to put upon the boards his new play, the scene of which is laid in *Virginia*.

*Todkill* goes with her. She, in her persuasive way, overcoming his prejudices against the wicked place, as he regarded a theatre. Then too, on account of "sweet *Will Shakespeare*," the author, considering that it was his play and also that it was said to have been founded on *Virginia*.

When *Pokahuntas* entered, the Queen again saluted her cordially kissing her upon both cheeks.

The royal coach had brought them.

As they were sitting in the Queen's box, *Pokahuntas* smiled





AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON

sadly, saying: "Annas, if I could but go away, and be in Virginia but for one hour, for, Annas, they tell me that he is not dead.

"Who told you this?" asked Annas."

"Oh! I have learned the truth," she said with a convulsive sob. "Oh! Why am I not dead, since he liveth?"

Annas turned his head to conceal his emotion, while both struggled for composure.

The play was "The Tempest."

The scene was laid in the Bermudas, which then comprised a part of Virginia.

Annas felt that he was in the abode of sin, but the play was "sweet Will Shakespeare's," and

that reconciled him to all, for he had not beheld his old friend since the farewell supper at "The Mermaid," the night before he and "his Captain" had sailed for Virginia.

"The Tempest" was Shakespeare's last play, and he was there to see it put upon the boards for its first appearance.

There was a jammed house.

The presence of Pokahuntas, which had been previously announced, lent an additional attraction.

Conspicuous in the audience sat Lord Southampton, who had ever been the friend and patron of the "Bard."

The play proceeds.



*It is the story of the wreck of the good ship "Sea Venture," off the Bermudas.*

*The subject had been given to Shakespeare by Captain John Smith, and was woven into a thrilling drama.*

*Thus Todkill soliloquized: "Oh! Annas Todkill! A frequenter of the abode of sin? But I am far away from home in great London, where my bad example will not be known. And when the days of preaching and praying cometh again, I will know, and truly repent."*

*The stage was full of gallants. As the youngsters passed the royal box they would throw kisses at the Indian Princess, who was*

greatly shocked, and remarked upon their bad manners.

But the Queen's maids of honor told her that they were just mad-caps, and would do the same to any one.

The house was bright with lights and flambeaux.

The crowd below were shouting for "Callaban."

Immediately, attention became riveted on Pokahuntas.

When "Ferdinand" calls "Miranda" his "little Nonpareil," the Princess turns deadly pale. Her bosom heaves beneath her ruff. She catches her breath, and nearly swoons away.

"What aileth my Lady?," asked Todkill, in alarm. But he knew



that she was thinking of the one who had, in Virginia, called her his "little Nonpareil."

For, long ago, she had told Todkill, in Virginia, that she had dropped the name of Matoaka for that of Nonpareil.

Todkill leans over, and says to her: "He has been talking to Shakespeare."

My Lady grew more serious saying: "He is not dead. They told me a lie. There he is. Do you not see him? Look? He sees you?"

There before them sat Captain Smith, partly concealed by the drapery of the box in which they sat.

The same white high brow, upon which care and disappointment had



*traced many lines since he had departed from his Virginia friends. The same frank mouth and long moustache.*

*"Annas," said Pokahuntas, "go to him. Speak to him. Tell him. But, no, tell him nothing."*

*With a heartrending sob she leans back into the shadow.*

*Todkill crosses over. Touches him, saying: "Your old soldier and henchman."*

*"Never was there one truer," says Smith.*

*"I see you are here with My Lady Rebeka," he adds coldly.*

*"Why call you her this, my Captain?" said Annas. "She is your blessed Pokahuntas."*

*Smith groans, and replies: "It*

*is the same, but I am not to her. But this is no time for speech. I wrote the Queen of her great merit when you were at Brentford. There is a hubbub here now, and later we will walk home together. I am going away soon, but I would like to have one farewell look at her before I go."*

*Shakespeare, who was in the same box with Smith, recognized Todkill.*

*The "Bard" was dressed in his usual slashed doublet and ruff, with a pointed beard and moustache. He was growing old and care-worn.*

*But, as said Todkill: "Never man had a more sweet and kindly*



manner. His courtesy still the same."

Shakespeare said that he had wished to go to Virginia, that fountain of youth.

"So that is the Lady Pokahuntas," he remarked. "Smith has told me about her. How she had saved his life, as well as the lives of others. And how good she had been, telling me that she was, in truth, the 'guardian angel' of the Colonists."

"Miranda," he continues, is her prototype as she begs 'Prospero' to spare the life of 'Ferdinand,' who is the 'King's' son. She represents Pokahuntas. And 'Callaban' is the Indian, of whom Smith has often told me. Duke

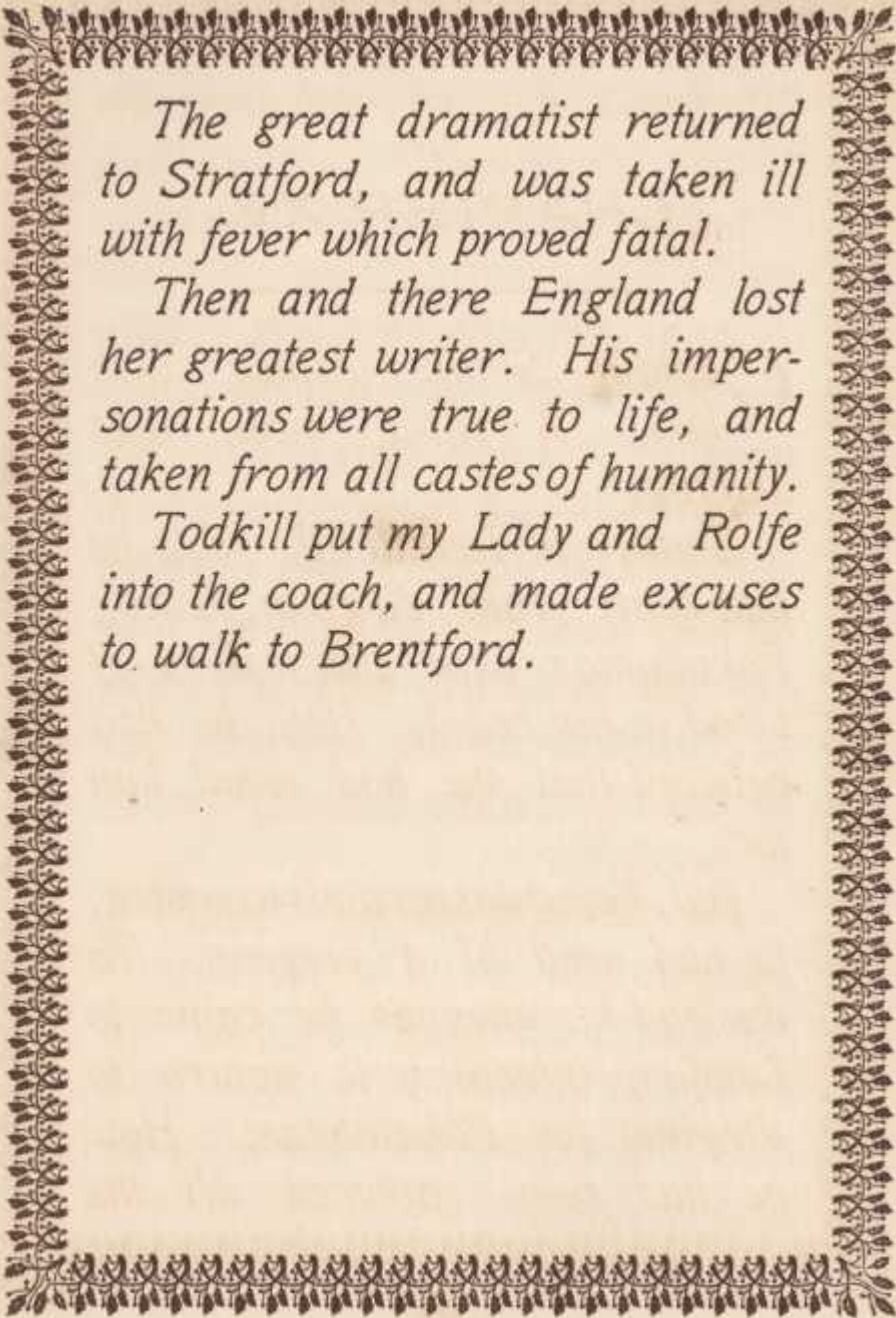


*'Prospero' too calls 'Miranda' his 'little 'Nonpareil,' which was Smith's pet name for Pokahuntas.'*

*After delivering himself of these explanations, Shakespeare leans back as if weary, though smiling.*

*When one of his men came to consult him about stage matters he tells them that he has no time for that, as he will have to return to Stratford on the morrow, for he has there some blooded calves to look after.*

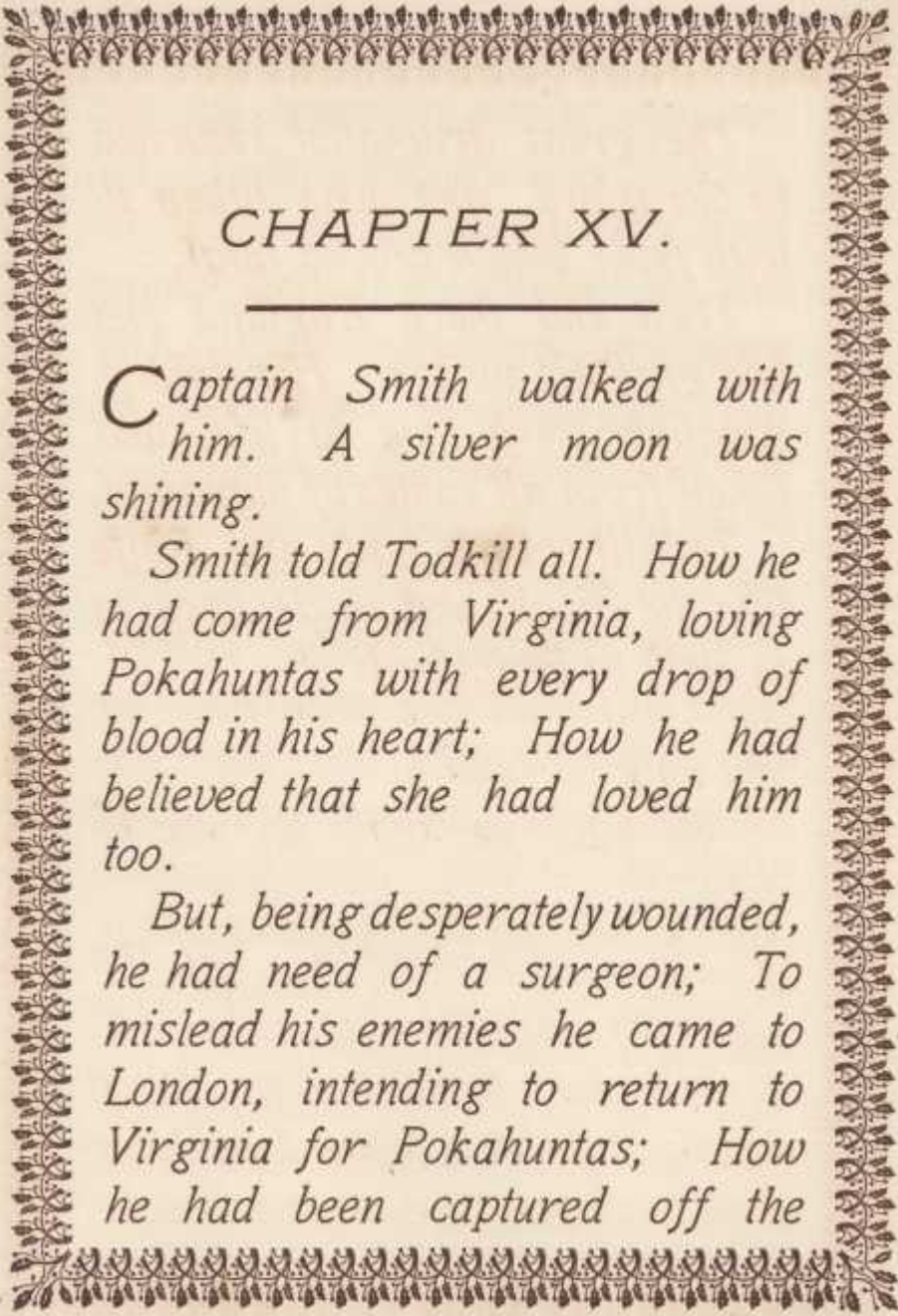
*He cordially invites Todkill to go with him to "The Mermaid," but Annas declined, which he, afterwards, bitterly regretted, as it was Shakespeare's last appearance in London.*

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*The great dramatist returned to Stratford, and was taken ill with fever which proved fatal.*

*Then and there England lost her greatest writer. His impersonations were true to life, and taken from all castes of humanity.*

*Todkill put my Lady and Rolfe into the coach, and made excuses to walk to Brentford.*

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## CHAPTER XV.

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*Captain Smith walked with him. A silver moon was shining.*

*Smith told Todkill all. How he had come from Virginia, loving Pokahuntas with every drop of blood in his heart; How he had believed that she had loved him too.*

*But, being desperately wounded, he had need of a surgeon; To mislead his enemies he came to London, intending to return to Virginia for Pokahuntas; How he had been captured off the*



*Azores, taken prisoner by the French, and reported dead; Of his escape to England; That he had been fearful lest Pokahuntas should hear of his death; And how anguished he was when he learned that she had not waited.*

*"Why could she not wait?" said the Captain.*

*"Oh! Heavens!" said Todkill, "she did wait and mourned for you long as dead."*

*"He made her think so. Did he not?"*

*"No," said Todkill," all the Colonists thought so. She hid herself for a long time, when finally Dale captured and held her as a hostage to obtain supplies.*

*"Was she a willing captive?"*  
*anxiously asks Smith.*

*"She had left Machot, the home of her father, to whom she had not become reconciled, and gone to visit some relatives upon the Po-to-mac. Captain Argall, on one of his roving expeditions, there found her, and, appreciating the opportunity, bribed her relatives with a copper kettle, to surrender her into his hands. She was brought to the Fort, and when associated with others, in time, listened to the pleadings of Mr. Rolfe.*

*"Ah!" said Smith. "Is that true, Annas?"*

*Todkill then tells him of her love for him, and how he found*



*her going to their retreat before and after her marriage.*

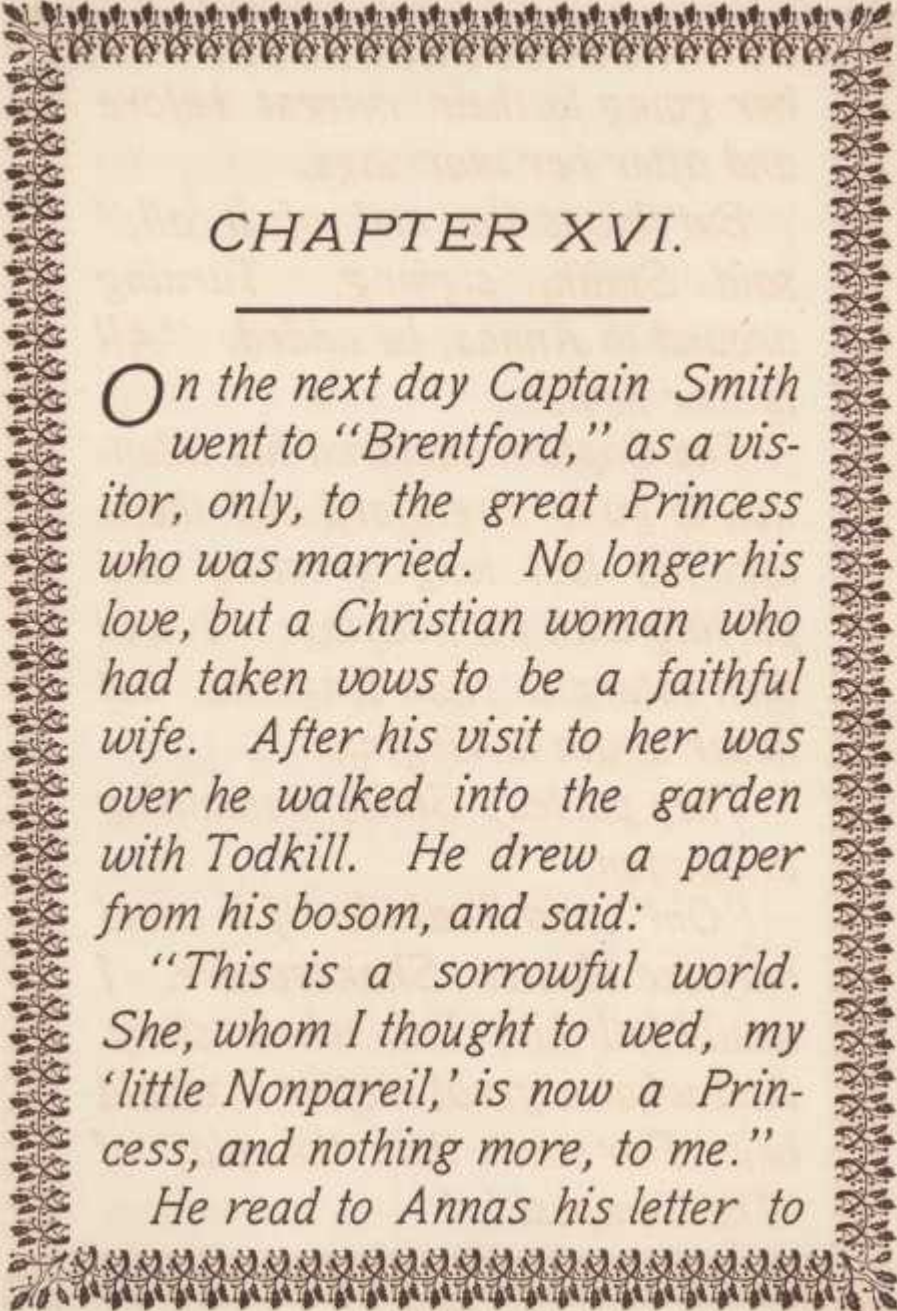
*But this is the end of it all," said Smith, sighing. Turning around to Annas, he added. "All is over now."*

*The Captain declared his intention to go to Brentford and there take his last long greeting and parting with her, saying: "I will then return to New England, but never again to Virginia."*

*They parted, Smith remaining in London.*

*"Oh!" said Todkill, "If I could only see Master Shakespeare. I would tell him this whole story. And what a great matter it would be? Far more than the play of 'The Tempest.' "*



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## CHAPTER XVI.

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*O*n the next day Captain Smith went to "Brentford," as a visitor, only, to the great Princess who was married. No longer his love, but a Christian woman who had taken vows to be a faithful wife. After his visit to her was over he walked into the garden with Todkill. He drew a paper from his bosom, and said:

*"This is a sorrowful world. She, whom I thought to wed, my 'little Nonpareil,' is now a Princess, and nothing more, to me."*

*He read to Annas his letter to*

*the Queen, in which he commended Pokahuntas to her, because of the great service she had rendered to the Colonists.\**

*Smith, after reading the letter to Todkill, said: "Annas, I think it is best that I should not see her again. But, you show her this paper."*

*"You, yourself, can show it to her, for here she is now."*

*My Lady, having grown weary*

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(\*Written by Captain John Smith in 1616.)

TO THE MOST HIGH AND VIRTUOUS PRINCESS, QUEENE ANNE,  
OF GREAT BRITTANIE:

Most Admired Queen,

The loue I beare my God, my King and Countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honestie doth constraîne mee [to] presume thus farre beyond my selfe, to present your Majestie this short discourse: if ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltie of that crime if I should omit any meanes to bee thankfull.

So it is,

That some ten yeeres agoe (i. e., Jan. 1608.] being in Vir-



*of the Court, had wandered into the garden. Smith, seeing her, rises, in great agitation, to meet her. She covers her face with her hands, but tears force themselves through her fingers.*

*The Captain bows low, and calls her: "My Lady Rebeka!"*

*"No, no, no. Call me not that," she said, "but what thou didst call me in Virginia."*

*Smith grows pale and trembles,*

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ginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King, I receiued from this great Saluage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaquaus, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I euer saw in a Saluage, and his sister Pocahontas, the Kings most deare and wel-beloued daughter, being the childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age [therefore Smith, in June 1616, estimated Pocahontas to have been born in 1595, or 1596; and consequently, in 1616, to be 21 or 20 years old; but in June 1608, he looked upon her as a child of 10 years of age, or born in 1598; which would make her only 18 in 1616. But that she was the older of these two estimates, is euident from the inscription on her picture;] whose compassionate pitiful heart, of my desperate estate, gaue me much cause to respect her: I being the first



as he said: "I owe my Lady too much respect to make so familiar with her. I must treat her as a Princess. I must forget the old time, and live contentedly in the new. The King forbids you to be treated other than as a Princess."

She wrings her hands in agony, and cries piteously: "No, no, no. Thou didst call me 'child' once. Call me that again. For you did promise Powhatan that what was

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Christian this proud King and his grim attendants euer saw: and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to preuent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks [or rather about three weeks, Smith was, altogether, away from James town, from 10th. Dec., 1607, to 8th. Jan., 1608, i. e., four complete weeks and portions of two others,] fattig amongst those Saluage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to saue mine; and not onely that, but so preuailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Iames towne: where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of Virginia; such was the weaknesse of this poore

*yours, was his. You called him 'Father.' Then, with a great blush, she added: "Were I married to him, my father would be his, and my father's child would be his wife."*

*Smith draws a long breath and says: "But the child forgot the one who loved her."*

*Pocahuntas, with a low wailing sob, replied: "But, they told me you were dead, and I knew nothing*

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Commonwealth, and had the Saluages not fed vs, we directly had starued. And this reliefe, most gracious Queene, was commonly brought vs by this Lady Pocahontas.

Notwithstanding all these passages, when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit vs, and by her our iarres haue bene oft appeased, and our wants still supplied; were it the policie of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our Nation, I know not; but of this I am sure; when her father with the vtmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee [at Werowocomoco, about 15th Jan. 1609], hauing but eightene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods,



*else till we landed at Plymouth,"*  
*and her great earnest brown eyes*  
*filled with tears.*

*Suddenly Annas disappeared,*  
*and Smith and Pokahuntas were*  
*left alone. They walked away*  
*together.*

*What they said to one another*  
*no one knows. The words and*  
*explanations were sacred to them-*  
*selves.*

*Annas sees them returning an*

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and with watered eyes gaue me intelligence, with her best  
advice to escape his furie; which had hee knowne, hee had  
surely slaine her.

James towne with her wild traine she as freely frequent-  
ed, as her fathers habitation; and during the time of two or  
three yeeres [1608-9], she next vnder God, was still the instru-  
ment to preserue this Colonie from death, famine and vtter  
confusion; which if in those times, [it] had once been dissolved,  
Virginia might haue line [lain] as it was at our first arriual to  
this day.

Since then, this businesse hauing beene turned and varied  
by many accidents from that I left it at [on 4th Oct., 1609.]  
it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome warre after  
my departute, betwixt her father and our Colonie; all which  
time shee was not heard of.



*hour later, and saw that My Lady's eyes were red with weeping.*

*The Captain looked sorely troubled. The Princess goes to her apartment and is seen no more that day or night, while Mr. Rolfe played "chuck farthing" with a friend.*

*Annas goes and looks up to the Princess' window and prays that "sweet Will Shakespeare" will*

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About two yeeres after [April. 1613] shee her selfe was taken prisoner, being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the Colonie by that meanes was relieued, peace concluded; and at last reiecting her barbarous condition, was married to an English Gentleman, with whom at this present she is in England; the first Christian euer of that Nation, the first Virginian euer spake English, or had a childe in marriage by an Englishman: a matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well vnderstood, worthy a Princes vnderstanding.

Thus, most gracious Lady, I haue related to your Majestie, what at your best leasure our approued Histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your Majestie's life; and howeuer this might bee presented you from a more worthy pen, it cannot from a more honest heart as yet I neuer

*write out this great drama from real life.*

*After this there is little to relate.*

*Pokahuntas pined, and grew paler each day. Her thoughts were turned to another world, and upon the comfort of her new found religion.*

*She prayed for the conversion of her people, to whom she longed to return.*

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begged anything of the state, or any; and it is my want of abilitie and her exceeding desert; your birth, means and authoritie; her birth, vertue, want and simplicitie, doth make me thus bold, humbly to beseech your Majestie to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so vnworthy to be the reporter, as my selfe, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your Majestie. The most and least I can doe, is to tell you this, because none so oft hath tried it as my selfe, and the rather being of so great a spirit, however her stature, if she should not be well receiued seeing this Kingdome may rightly have a Kingdome by her meanes; her present loue to vs and Christianitie might turne to such scorne and furie, as to diuert all this good to the worst of euill: where [as] finding so great a Queene should doe her

*Her true faith prevented her despair. But she could not but feel sorry, and regret what was not her fault, and what might have been.*

*She at once announced her desire and intention to return to Virginia.*

*It was arranged for her to go, and her little son was to accompany her.*

*She was soon to embark, bear-*

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some honour more than she can imagine, for being so kinde to your seruants an subjects, would so rauish her with content, as endeare her dearest bloud to effect that, your Majestie and all the Kings honest subjects most earnestly desire.

And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands.

JOHN SMITH.



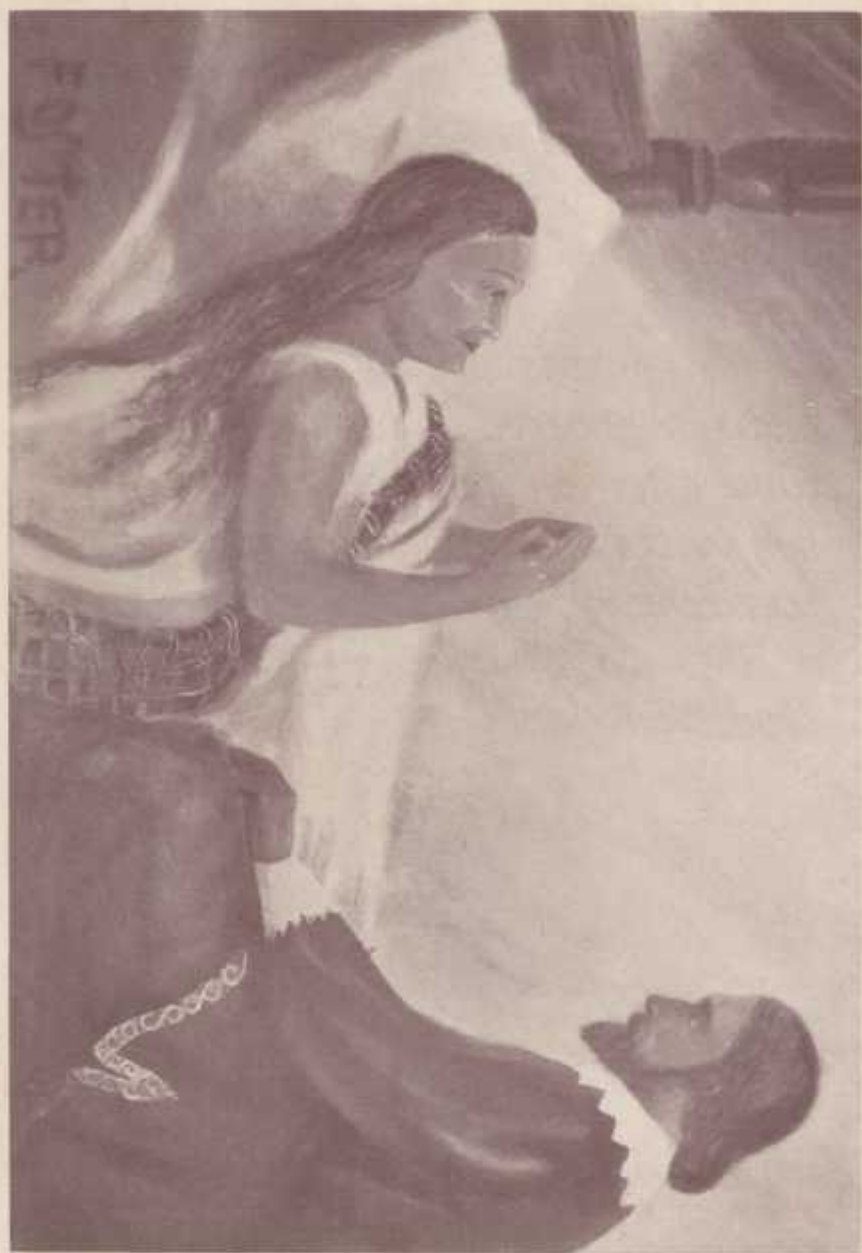
ing with her the blessing of the Bishop of London, and his prayers for the conversion of her people.

It was in April she was to have sailed, when she fell sick with fever.

The fair land of her birth, that she loved so well, was never again to behold her.

She sank rapidly. Before the end, she motioned all to leave the room, save her faithful friend, Annas, to whom she said: "Annas, you will love my boy. Will you say to some one, whom thou knowest, that he must love and cherish him, for his poor mother's sake?"

Then, joining her hands together, her prayer was: "Blessed Jesus, wilt thou have me."



DEATH OF SORAHUNTAS

*And with this, her gentle spirit  
took its flight.*

*All was over. And thus a life  
was ended, of one whose few years  
accomplished great good for her  
race.*

*Her name is cherished, honored  
and remembered by all who have  
come after her, many of whom are  
her most honored and worthy de-  
scendants.*

*She was buried at "Grave-  
send," England.*