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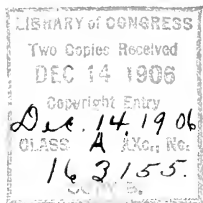
Matoka als Rebecka daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of Allanauhkomong, at Virginiae. Converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and Wife to the Wor.th M^r John Rolfe.



PORAHONTAS

Virginia Semisteads Carbon

ILLUSTRATED
BY THE JOURNAL



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A. S. G. Dec. 15 '06
A. M. B., 23 Nov., 1932.

To The
ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION
OF
VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES
whose patriotic work it has been to rescue from
oblivion and decay the landmarks
of Virginia's historic past.



The Three Ships

That brought the First Permanent White Settlers to
the United States, landing at Jamestown, Va.,
May 13th, 1607.

[EXTRACT]

“Susan Constant, 100 tons; Goodspeed, 40 tons;
Discovery, 20 tons.”

“One hundred and five emigrants sailed from the
Downs, England, destined for Virginia, December, 19,
1606, entered Chesapeake Bay, April 26, 1607, and landed
at Jamestown, May 13, 1607.”—*Harper's Book of Facts*,
page 912, Virginia State Library.

POCAHONTAS.

[Princess of the White Feather.]

Indian name—Matoax.

Christian name—Rebecca.

PREFACE.

The frontispiece water color of Pocahontas was painted from a photograph of the only life portrait of her, in Barton Rectory, Norfolk, England, owned by Mr. Elwyn, one of the Rolfe family. It was photographed by one of the best English photographers, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Herbert Jones, author of Sandringham. She gives the following description of the portrait:

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT OF POCAHONTAS IN
BARTON RECTORY, NORFOLK COUNTY,
ENGLAND.

"2 ft. 6½ x 2 ft. 1," enclosed in an oval. The painting of the face and details of the dress are clear and finished and show great delicacy and beauty of execution. The whole effect of the coloring is rich, mellow and deep-toned. She looks at once royal in birth and in nature. The features are handsome and well formed and the lips bright red—the skin dark, smooth and vel-

lum-like, with a suspicion of copper tint. The eyes are remarkable, prolonged at the corners, more meditative than brilliant, like still pools rather than flashing water—colour a rich, decided, undeniable brown, with very blue tints on the white eye-balls. Eyebrows straight and black. The short hair by the ear throws out a glistening pearl earring. The deep lace ruff rising behind defines sharply the shape of the face which shows high cheek bones, the outline narrowing abruptly below them, so characteristic of her race. The hat she wears on her head sinks unnoticed into the scarcely less dark background, while the richly chased broad golden band around it gives the effect of a coronet, and is in happy combination with the colouring of her face. She wears a mantle of red brocaded velvet much ornamented with gold—the under-dress dark blue, buttoned with gold buttons. A small taper hand holds a fan of three white ostrich feathers.”—JONES’ “SANDRINGHAM.”

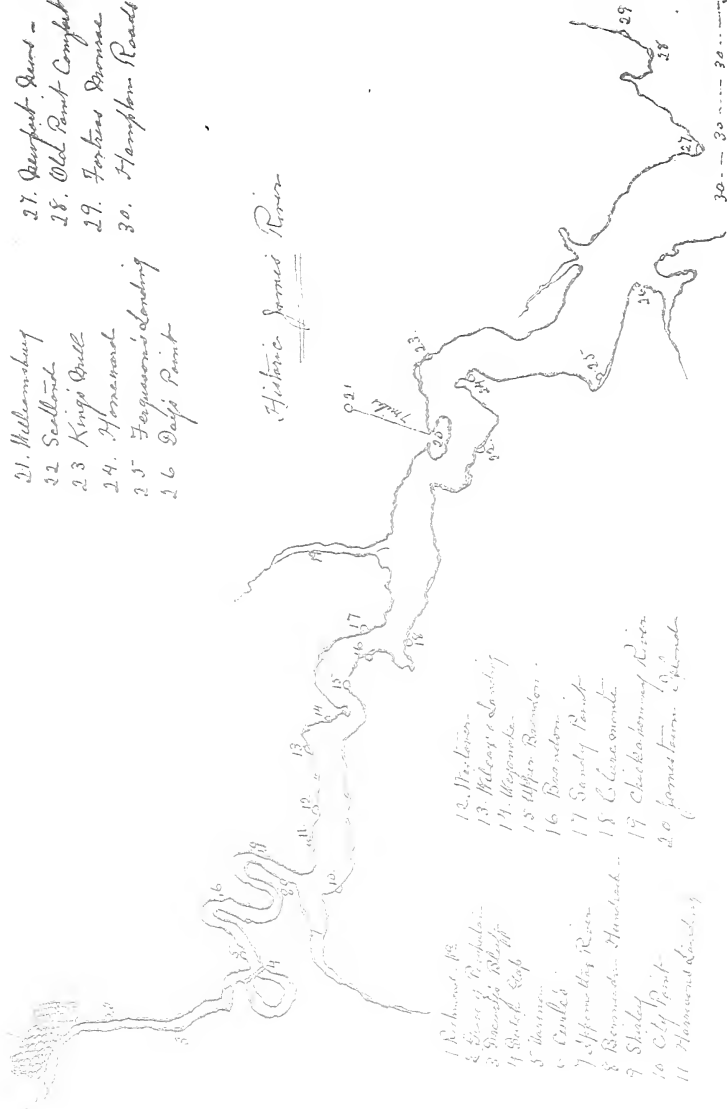
Pocahontas was married to John Rolfe in April, 1614; died at Gravesend, England, March, 1617, at the age of twenty-one. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, remained in England, where he was educated under the care of his uncle, Henry Rolfe, until manhood. He returned to Vir-

ginia and settled on his patrimonial estate, Varina, near Henricopolis, sixteen miles below Richmond. It is known that he visited his Indian kinsfolk and inherited land from his grandfather, Powhatan. Thomas Rolfe's daughter, Jane, married in 1675 Robert Bolling of Kippax, a fine seat on James River. For continued descent see records at Virginia Historical Society.

- 21. Mellenburg
- 22. Sealford
- 23. King's Quill
- 24. Hornward
- 25. Ferguson's Landing
- 26. Dais Point

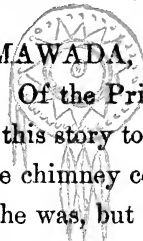
- 27. Westport River -
- 28. Old Point Comfort
- 29. Fortras Runnae
- 30. Hampton Roads -

Historic James River



- 1 Richmond, Va.
- 2 Base of Potomac
- 3 Dumfries Bluff
- 4 Quaker Camp
- 5 Warrenton
- 6 Dotted
- 7 Appomattox River
- 8 Bennington Hamlet
- 9 Shady
- 10 City Point
- 11 Hornward Landing
- 12 Westover
- 13 Miley's Landing
- 14 Wagoner
- 15 Upper Bennington
- 16 Bennington
- 17 Sandy Point
- 18 Claconite
- 19 Chickahominy River
- 20 Jamestown Island

STORY OF POCAHONTAS.



Q MAWADA, Indian handmaid
Of the Princess Pocahontas,
Told this story to me sitting
In the chimney corner smoking.
Old she was, but always thinking
Of her mistress, of Matoax.
Of their youthful days together,
When they wandered through the forest,
Through the thickets, by the river,
And would frequent skim the water
In the long canoe, and bring back
Roots of musquaspen, with which they
Dyed their mats and targets crimson.
Roots of healing, roots of balsam,
Roots of pocones, good for swellings.
And they peered into the wildwood,
Knew the haunts of fox and squirrel.
Of her Weroance, she told me,

Powhatan, great king and ruler.
Fifty of the tallest warriors*
Always near to guard and warn him.
How his robes were made of deer skins,
Of the mink, the bear and beaver,
Fringed with many tails of raccoon.
On his head he wore the feathers,
From the lofty eagle plundered.
His endurance, wisdom, valour
Far surpassed all other chieftains.
On the roof of every dwelling*
Where he lived a guard was stationed,
At each corner was a watchman,
Every hour through the darkness,
One who was their captain whistled,
And each in his turn would answer,
Which did far and wide re-echo.
Said that in his house of treasures
None save Priests would dare to enter.
Told of Okee, King of evil,
Whom they worshipped, whom they feared;

*Captain John Smith's History.

And to keep them from all evil,
Even human life was taken.
Of their Pawcorances, altars,*
Placed to mark some deed of valour,
Or deliverance, or some blessing.
Whereon sometimes blood was offered,
Sometimes deer fat, or tobacco.

Omawada's face grew softer
When she spoke the name Matoax
Dearest of her Chieftain's children.
How this baby was invested
With a state, and care, and loving,
That exceeded all the others
Even Mantaquaus—the noble
Kingly son of Powhatan.
Then said Omawada to me,
Twelve times had the forest branches
Dropped their leaves of many colors,
Since Matoax came among them,
When this Princess had a vision,

*Smith's History.

Had a dream, a passing strange dream
Of the coming of the white man,
Of his riches, of his wisdom,
Of his ships, and frightful thunder,
Of the blood and cruel slaughter.
This she said, that as her Princess
Lay asleep one summer evening,
All about her shone resplendent,
All the air was soft and fragrant,
One appeared in shining garments
There before her in the wigwam.
Took her hand and led her gently
Down the slope unto the river.
Pointed to the shining water,
Bade her look upon its surface.
Then she saw reflected in it
Boats, with giant wings spread outward,
Boats with crowds of strange white faces.
As she stood and gazed with wonder,
From the sides of all the vessels,
Clouds of smoke came, flash of fire,
Followed instantly by thunder.

Terrified she started backward—
When the vision slowly vanished.
Then the white robed one spake to her
Whispered soft like breeze of evening,
That the God who made the heavens,
And the earth and all things therein,
Wished her to befriend the white man,
She, the little Indian maiden,
She, the guardian of the white man
Who was coming o'er the ocean.

Omawada well remembered,
How the women and the children
Ran with swift and eager footsteps,
When 'twas said that Opechancanough*
Had a prisoner, a white man.
All the Indians danced about him,
Wild with shoutings, wild with leapings.
When they circled close about him
With their clubs aloft to strike him,
Pocahontas with swift motion

*Smith's History.

Sped to him, his head encircling
 With her arms—and thus she saved him.
 Powhatan, unto his warriors,
 Spake—their clubs were quickly lowered—
 Spared the white man for Matoax.
 Said that he should be her servant,
 Make her bells, her beads, her copper.*
 After this, with sweet entreaty
 She besought her mighty father
 To give up this man of wisdom,
 Who had told them things so wondrous.
 Who had showed to them a toy
 By the which his way he could find
 Over waters, through the forest,
 By a straight and quivering needle
 That forever pointed northward
 To the star in Manguakaiau.
 Then the mighty King her father
 Let him go back to his people.



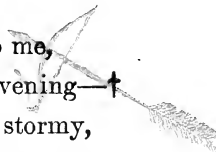
*Smith's History.

†Stith's History of Virginia.

‡Neill's Virginia Carolorum. Thorpe, in visiting the Indians, learned that they understood about the constellations, had observed the North Star—Manguakaiau—meaning Great Bear.

And forever, always after,
She was called the friend of white man.
And she never feared nor tarried
Them to warn, and them to nourish.
When hard pressed, and weak and famished,*
She, attended by her followers,
Into Jamestown went with baskets
Filled with corn and hams of venison.
Captain Smith was always kindly
Unto her, and called her daughter.

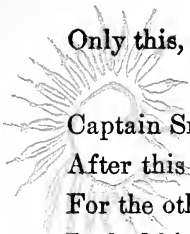
Then said Omawada to me,
I remember well that evening—†
Bitter cold it was, and stormy,
But her Princess bade her follow
Come with stealth, and cautious footsteps
Through the forest, dark and dreary,
For her father had determined,
That night, Captain Smith to slaughter.
And she fast, must, by the short way,



*Smith's History.

†Letter to Queen Anne.—Smith's History.

Through the dense woods, through the marshes,
Go and tell the warrior Captain,
He should quickly go to Jamestown.
When she reached the place, the opening
Where the eighteen men were sitting
'Round the bright fire, roaring, crackling,
Quick she told them, close behind her
Were a band of warrior captains
Bearing in their arms great platters
Filled with goodly, tempting victuals;
Just a make believe of kindness.
For, when they their arms would lay down,
They would seize, and instant slay them.
As she stood there, in the firelight,
With her great eyes full of pity,
There was one who sprang up quickly,
Grasped her hand, and friend did call her
And with haste, did bring her trinkets
Such as all the Indians fancy.
Strings of beads, and toys, and copper.
But she waved them back, and answered
Haste! go, leave here! death is coming!



Only this, then turned and vanished.

Captain Smith soon left Virginia.

After this naught prospered fairly.*

For the others lacked his wisdom,

Lacked his wit, and lacked his goodness.

After this, said Omawada,

Pocahontas was then helpless.

Had no one to trust in Jamestown.

They said one thing, did another.

Would not work, and frequent quarreled.

Then the Indians revolted,

Those they met were spoiled and murdered,

Those who came to trade were butchered,

Though Matoax did endeavor

To protect them, and to warn them.

Once, thereafter, they to please her,

Spared a boy, one Henry Spillman.†

And she kept him by her efforts

Safe, for many years she kept him,

*Stiths' History.

†Smith's History.

'Mong the tribes of the Potowmacs.
Where, when she was sick and weary
Of the awful carnage, bloody,
To them fled she, and lived quiet,
Till, as captive, Captain Argall*
Took her in his ship to Jamestown,
Hoping, thereby with her father
To make terms of peace and trading,
And, hereafter, force the Indians
To restore their men and firearms,
And the tools which they had taken
From their fields, and forts and houses.
Omawada, true and faithful,
Went at once to seek her mistress,
Begged Sir Thomas Dale to let her
Be a prisoner with her Princess.
So it happened, at Bermudas
Favorite home of good Sir Thomas,†
Omawada found her Princess
Placed in comfort and contented,

*Stiths' History.

†Bishop Meade's Old Churches and Families of Virginia,
Vol. I.

Free in palisades to wander
Back and forth where e'er she willed it.
For, she pledged her word and honor
Not to go back to her father.
So, the trusted Pocahontas,
Followed by her faithful servant
Up and down the river wandered,
In the woods, and in the meadows.
As she walked all eyes would follow
Watched her graceful step and motion,
Watched the plumes that waved and nodded
All about her raven tresses.
And the band of burnished copper
Caught the rays of brilliant sunlight,
Caught and held them, like a halo
Resting on her head so queenly.
On her nimble feet were moccasins
Which, with colored beads were broidered,
And across her instep banded
Was a narrow strip of buckskin,
That went round her slender ankles,
Where, with fringed ends 'twas fastened.

And a jerkin of fair deer skin,
And a skirt of yellow buckskin
Clad the willowy undulations
Of her figure lithe and supple.
Both the jerkin and the kirtle
Broidered were with rich designing.
And the fringe that shone and tinkled
As she stepped, of quills was fashioned,
White and glistening, and a'tween them
Were the shining copper pieces.
All about her throat did circle
Strings of white beads, strings of blue beads.
At Bermudas, good Sir Thomas*
Did instruct his page to publish
That the Princess Pocahontas,
Daughter of the mighty Chieftain,
Should, by all, as such be treated,
And, to her, be paid due homage.
Soon her own grace, and her nature
True and kindly, good and gentle,
Won from all respect and homage,

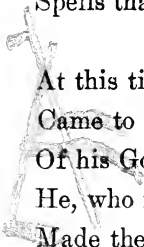
*Smith's History, Vol. II., p. 19.

Won from all a kindly feeling
For the captive, Indian maiden.
And they marveled when they heard her
Speak their language with such freedom.
She had learned it, so she told them,
From a white boy, Thomas Savage,*
Who was given to her father.

Soon there came to fair Bermudas
One, of manly face and figure.
One, who was a noble Christian
And who did espouse with fervor
All the interests of Virginia,
And was likewise friend of Indian.
Rolfe, an English gentleman,
Frequent came, and often tarried,
For he took delight and pleasure
In the lovely Pocahontas,
And, in divers ways endeavored
To beguile her as a captive,
And to teach her as a heathen.

*Smith's History.

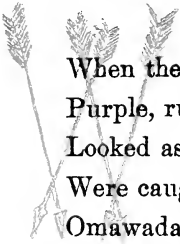
Soon he loved to watch her glances
Flash and gleam with keen discernment.
Soon her eyes so calmly trusting
Kindled in his heart a yearning
For this pure and guileless maiden
For this "nonpareil of women."
And, unconscious, she was weaving
Spells that made him prisoner, captive.



At this time the saintly Whittaker*
Came to tell her of his Master.
Of his God, the great Creator,
He, who made the sun that warms us,
Made the earth, the sky, the ocean.
Told her of his Son, Christ Jesus,
Who, to save all, left high heaven,
Came to earth to dwell a season.
Of his wondrous words of wisdom,
Marvelous words of loving kindness
That doth all mankind encircle.
How His blood was shed to save us,

*Stiths' History.

Gives eternal life unto us,
And to all, pure hearts, who ask Him
And the grace to keep them holy.
All her face was fraught with feeling,
And her eyes with tears were gleaming,
As she listened to this teaching,
Peace on earth, good will to all men.



When the woods in dazzling crimson,
Purple, russet, green, and golden,
Looked as if the sunset colors

Were caught there in masses brilliant,
Omawada and her mistress

Sat them down beside the river.

She was weaving her a mantle*

Made of feathers, deftly fastened,

Woven in and out with flax threads.

And her maid was likewise busy,

Twisting in and out the rushes.

And the mat was nearly finished

When, beside the Princess standing,

*Smith's History.

Came the one whose step she well knew:
But no sound she gave, save only
That her lips did quiver gently.
When he spoke, her heart was throbbing,
And her cheek was dyed with crimson.
In his hand he held a quiver
Full of arrows, and a long bow.
When she saw them, lightly sprang she
To her feet, and close beside him
Glad once more, to touch, to handle
Bow and arrows, and the quiver.
Then he told her if she wished it
They would wander through the forest
And would match their skill together,
She with arrows, he with rifle.
So, in sport, and work and pleasure
Passed the days, until the springtime.

When the tender buds unfolded
And the fringed tree plumes, so feathery,
Tossed and nodded by the brooklet,
And, within the woods and byways

Were the snowy dogwood blossoms,
And the purple Judas, blooming,
When the limpid brook was gurgling,
Telling of the warm days coming,
To the church they led the maiden
Yearning for the solemn service,*
For the holy rite of baptism.
Omawada told with reverence,
How the holy man of heaven
Softly dropped the crystal water
On her head, and face upturned.
Then, with finger dipped in water,
Laid the cross upon her forehead,
Set on her the seal of Christian,
First of all the Indian nation.
Soon thereafter, good Sir Thomas
Planned to take her to her father,
To exchange her for the white man
Held in bondage,—and utensils,
Swords, and firearms they had stolen

*Sir Thomas Dale's letter to the Bishop of London.—
Meade's History, Vol. I., p. 79.

Often when they came to Jamestown,
When the sweet spring breeze was filling
All the sails of those brave vessels
Omawada and her Princess
Went in state, up the bold river,*
Till they reached the Indian village
Werowocomoco called,
Whereupon, with scornful manner
They demanded what was wanted.
Then Sir Thomas told them plainly
He had brought their worthy Princess,
Daughter of their royal master,
To receive the promised ransom.
But they would not heed and told him
To depart, or they would shortly
Make them sorry they had come there.
Whereupon the boats were started
For the shore, in dauntless fashion.
And when near, we saw the Indians
Lift their arms and spring their bows back,
And the whizzing arrows darted



*Smith's History.

In a shower all about them.
But they landed, and the Indians
Fled before them to the forest.
And the flaming torches shortly
Made a ruin of their village.
On the morrow, higher sailed he
On Pawmunkey, up to Matchot,
Where four hundred warriors crowded
To the water's edge, and dared them
Come ashore; none hesitated;
Onward sped their boats, they landed,
Parleyed, and a truce arranged,
Till their chieftain was consulted.
All this time, said Omawada,
When they landed, when they parleyed,
Pocahontas stood and watched them,
Head erect, and nostrils quivering,
Parted lips, and bosom heaving;
For, in one of the boats that landed,
And the first to step ashore there,
Was one, who was kind unto her,
Whom she loved and whom she trusted,

Faithful Rolfe, her friend, her lover.
And her eyes, with fierce intentness,
Followed wheresoe'er he lingered.
For, she feared some treachery lurking;
Feared, until there stood among them,
Royal, loyal, Mantaquaus.
Mantaquaus, her noble brother,*
He, who scorned deceit and trickery.
As she looked, another brother
Stood among them by the river.
And the boat returning to them,
Brought the two—but left the other,
On the shore, they left him standing,
With the Indians all about him.
Then, with far off gaze, and yearning,
She seemed lost to all about her,
Thinking, wondering, why he stayed there.
Then, did Omawada make her
'Ware, that someone stood beside her
Who would speak a word unto her.

*"He was the most manliest, comellest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage."—Smith's History.

Turning, with a wild free motion,
She beheld there close beside her
Clarence, page, of kind Sir Thomas.
On his bended knee he told her,
That his master would acquaint her
That her brothers two were waiting
Now on board to see their sister ;
Should he bring them there unto her ?
In the gun room where she lingered
Looking through the port-hole spaces ?
All forgotten were her brothers
In her heart throbs for that other ;
But, she joyful gave them greeting,
When they shortly came unto her.
And, they joyful were to see her,
In fair health and well contented.*
As they gazed upon their sister
They discerned a look, a something
That from them, did seem to part her.
She, to them, did look superior,
Loftier, nobler, far above them.

*Stiths' History.

She was dressed in straight trim garments
Like unto the English women.
But they draped her lissome figure
With a stateliness and bearing,
That did make them both to wonder.
Then they questioned her full closely,
How it was she was contented
To give up her wild free customs,
To give up her home, her father.
Standing there before her brothers,
With her fingers laced together,
She did speak, said Omawada,
Unto them of all the changes
That had come upon her lately,
When she told them that the white man,
Had a written law from heaven
From the God, the great Creator
Of the universe, vast, mighty,
Upturned was her face and pointing
Upward, with her hand, she told them
In his hand he held the North wind
East wind, gentle South, and West wind.

For man, He created all things.
Everywhere He scattered flowers,
Everywhere He breathed sweet music,
Everywhere with colors gorgeous,
Did He clothe the earth with beauty.
For, He loved His earthly children,
And He loved to make them happy.
Then she told with reverence, softly,
Of her Father up in heaven,
Who would have is earthly children
Pattern all their lives and actions,
Like unto the life, and teachings
Of His son, the well beloved.
Much they marvelled, much they questioned
All these strange things that she told them.
Then she asked them of her father,
Begged that they would cease their warfare
'Gainst the whites who wished to treat them
Kindly, wished to make them Christians.
Whilst she spake thus to her brothers,
Came one, whom to see was gladness!
Whom she feared might now be circled

With some cunning, cruel treachery,
When she saw him coming to her,
From her eyes there leapt a welcome,
Though she stood without a motion.
Then he came up close beside her,
And with courtly grace bent near her,
Took her hand, and said "My Princess,
Tell your brothers that forever
You have linked your life, your loving,
Unto one, who by the blessing
Of our Father up in Heaven,
Will with tender love and reverence,
Keep thee, hold thee, from this day forward,
For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,
In sickness, in health, to love, to cherish
Until us death do part, Amen."
When these solemn words were ended,
For a moment there was silence—
His face upturned, hers bent lowly,
And a benediction holy
Seemed to breathe upon the two there,
He, a scion of far England,

She, a Princess of Virginia,
Both, the children of one Father.

Well was pleased the mighty Chieftain*
When he heard this nuptial story,
And he straitway planned to further
All the wishes of his daughter.
And, it followed that Matoax
Brought about the peace she longed for,
Brought about a friendly feeling
Twixt the white man and the Indian.

Just before his troth he plighted,
Master Rolfe was sorely troubled,
And he wrote a long epistle†
To Sir Thomas Dale, and told him
He had written, had not spoken
So his friend might think and ponder
And might better judgment render.
This he told him, in his letter,
How his heart was caught and tangled,

*Stiths' History.

†Rolfe's letter to Sir Thomas Dale.—Meade's History,
Vol. I., p. 126.

In a maze of tender loving
For the Indian, Pocahontas.
And he asked his true opinion,
His wise counsel, admonition.
Told him he had brought this matter
To his God in prayer incessant,
To direct, and aid and govern
All his thoughts, and words and actions.
When Sir Thomas read this letter
Straight he sought this noble Christian,
And most gladly bade him God speed!
In this wise and tender matter.
Whereupon went Rolfe right swiftly
To Matoax, now Rebecca,
And in presence of her brothers,
Did their troth pledge each to other.
After this, said Omawada,
Her sweet Princess lived and acted
Like to one in trance or dreaming.
She was happy, but not gladsome;
And whenever Rolfe did leave her
She would gaze far o'er the river,

And a look pathetic, wistful
On her face came like a shadow.
One fair evening, in the gloaming
As she walked beside the river,
She, to Omawada mentioned
That a dream had irked her sorely,
Haunted all her waking moments.
Dreamed that o'er the boundless waters
They had borne her to a strange land,
To the land whence came the white man.
Where the people passed in thousands,
Like the stars in countless numbers.
And through all this crowd of strangers,
Through the tumult, they had led her
To a place, so still, so lonesome,
Where were mounds in countless number,
And as countless stones and marbles.
That her eye amongst the number,
Saw her name cut in a sandstone.
Night by night, to her the dream came,
Did it mean that she would die there
In that land across the big sea,

In that lonely land of strangers ?
Omawada straightway told her
She would put a stop to dreaming
She would tie three withes of hazel,
Hang them just above her pillow,
Restful sleep would come down softly,
On her eyelids, and her spirit
Would be joyous, as was fitting
One to be a bride so shortly.

When the sweet and balmy south winds,
Rustled in the tender foliage,
When the violets were blooming
All along the woodland pathways,
Forth there came across the forest,
Decked in plumes and gay in color,
Opachisco, aged warrior,*
Uncle of the Indian maiden.
And her brothers stepping proudly,
In their beads, and robes and feathers,
Came to Jamestown, sent by Powhatan

*Stiths' History.

In his stead to do the honors
That became the royal Princess,
Fairest woman of their nation.
There in Jamestown did they tarry
Since from Werowocomoco,
They returned, and it was planned
She and Master Rolfe should marry.

In the house of good Sir Thomas
In her wedding gown they robed her,
Not one of her kith or kindred
Was beside her, save her handmaid,
Faithful, loving Omawada.
When the midday hour was striking,
Forth they led the Indian maiden,
To the Church of God they took her.
When she stepped within the doorway,
Through the fair wide open windows
Came the soft breeze, and the sunshine.
All the air was sweet with odours,
All the house was fair with flowers,*

*Strachy's account of the Church at Jamestown.

They had gathered from the forest,
From the hedges, and the thickets.
Then there rushed across her vision
Tender memories of childhood.
Of the times, she oft had laid her
Down among the sweet wild flowers.
On she stepped, up to the chancel,
With her native grace and freedom.
One side walked her stalwart brother,
Mantaquaus, of kingly aspect.
On the other was the white man
Noble Rolfe, her chosen husband.
There, within the choir seated,
Was the Governor with his counsellors
And his guard of stout Halberdiers
Robed in fair, red cloaks of livery.
Pressing near were swarthy faces,
Eager, curious, looking, thinking,
Wondering, much the Indian Princess
Would give up her home and kindred.
Towering high above all others,
Opachisco stood attentive,

Wrapt up closely in his mantle.
Near to him stood Omawada.
As her uncle gave her to him,*
As she listened to the service,
All her soul was stirred within her
With the thought, that now, forever,
Severed from her were her kindred.
But the love that filled her being,
With its yearning, and devotion,
With its sanctity and pureness,
Seemed to her to be the shadow
Of that heaven born love that filled her,
When the holy rite of baptism
Sealed her Christian, child of heaven
So that, when their troth was plighted,
And their hands were clasped together,
And the benediction, holy,
O'er their heads was softly spoken,
Then her heart, unfolding slowly,
Now was opened wide in gladness,
To drink in the warmth, the sunshine,

*Str Thomas Dale's letter.—Meade, Vol. I., p. 79.

Flooding all her life, her being,
Sent in loving kindness to her,
From her Father, her Creator.

They were settled at Henrico,*
Rolfe's plantation, situated
Five miles higher up, and opposite
To Bermudas, where she first lived.
All the days thereafter followed
Full of duties, full of learning
All the strange ways of the white man,
All his various needs and customs.
But through all she passed serenely,
For her heart was filled with music
Rhythmic tone of wondrous melody,
At the touch of love awakened.
Heavenborn echo, earthward sounding
In the heart of loved and loving
Pleasant were the days and seasons,
Each by other passing quickly,
Till twice burst the tender spring buds,

*Meade's History, Vol. I.

Twice the cherry trees had blossomed,
Since the two were joined in wedlock,
Since the two had hither journeyed,
When her husband planned to take her
To his home beyond the ocean.
She was willing, but not eager
To go to the far off England.
And when over ocean sailing
They had reached the land of strangers,
Omawada, like a sister,
Watched and waited on her mistress
And, not far behind the mother,
Was in loving the dear baby,
Child of white man, child of Indian,
That, to them came shortly after.

When the mighty King of England,*
And his wife, the good Queen Anne,
Sought to give unto the Princess
Of Virginia, royal welcome,
She, with dignity and calmness,

*Stiths' History.

With a modest, sweet demeanor,
Passed through all that dazzling splendor,*
Through the lines of knightly courtiers,
Through the crowds of stately ladies,
Who, with eager eyes and manner,
Scanned her looks, her words, her actions.
Much they marvelled that a savage
Wild, untutored Indian woman
Could demean herself so queenly.
In her heart, so true and trusting,
Fresh from nature's sweet refining,
Was a fountain, pure and limpid
That could only send forth waters
Sweet and wholesome, clear and sparkling.
Though an Indian, she was woman—
Then her pride uprose within her,
Was she not of royal lineage?
But beyond this was the longing,
Was the wish to please her husband—
Bear herself before his people
In a way that he would like best.

*Purchas's Pilgrims.

This she did, and far exceeded
All he ever thought or wished for.

When the great Lord Bishop of London,*
Doctor King did entertain her,
Through the pomp, the state, the feasting,
She, with regal step and manner,
“Bore herself with great civilitie,
As the daughter of an Emperor.”
One day in the midst of courtiers,†
And a goodly English companie,
Sudden! in her presence entered
Captain Smith whom she had saved.
Low in deference bowed before her,
Called her Ladye, and Her Highness,
Which confused her much, and added
To this was the fixed impression
He had died and long been buried.
Then those times of blood and treachery,
She had put so far behind her,
Overcame her with their memory,

*Purchas's Pilgrims.

†Smith's History.

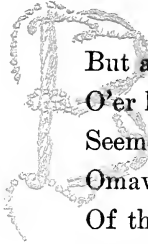
And sometime she sat there silent.
But this passed, and smiling sweetly,
She did chide him for forgetting
That he once had called her daughter—
That none other name forever
“Should he call her, should he think her,
And she then would feel that she was
Of his kindred, of his nation.”
Then, with grace and coyness blended
Did she tell him that her father
Doubted much that he had died.
“Since your people in Virginia*
Frequent are to lying given.”

London smoke, and fog, and dampness
Irked her body and her spirit,
And they soon to Branford took her,
Where the sea and air were pleasant.
With her baby nestling softly
To her bosom, she was happy,
And to none save Omawada

*Smith's History.

Did she speak her weary longing
For her home beyond the ocean.
Home—where in the forest fragrant,
And beside the flowing river,
She would bear her precious baby
In her arms, and lay him softly
Down among the purple violets,
Down among the little blue-eyes
And upon the waving grasses.
Through the forest, she would bear him
To her father, and would lay him,
Child of white man, child of Indian,
In his arms, then never! never!
Could his race do aught but kindness
To the people of his grandson.
But this wild flower of the forest
Drooped and faded; then her husband
To'd her they would soon start homeward
In the Admiral's ship, and shortly
Would they sail back to Virginia.
Where the air was soft and balmy
Where the sunshine and the odours

Soon would make her well as ever.



But a sadness, softly stealing,
O'er her face, and o'er her spirit
Seemed to settle down upon her.
Omawada guessed the reason;
Of that dream she was e'en thinking,
But no word unto her Princess
Did she speak—but when she noticed
That she gazed far o'er the waters,
She would straightway fetch the baby,
And would lay him gently, softly
In her arms, and straightway leave her—
For her heart was nigh to breaking
At the thought of such an ending,
To a life so full of promise,
To a heart so true and loving.

When the goodly ship was ready,*
And would soon set sail from England,
And at Gravesend she was waiting;

*Stiths' History.

Sudden—then, a swift disorder
Came upon the Indian Princess,
Came upon this wife and mother.
Then, a still small voice whispered
That her youthful days were numbered,
That her life was ebbing, flowing,
That she shortly would be drifting
Outward from her earthly moorings.

* * * * *

In the Church, beneath the chancel,
There in Gravesend sleeps Matoax,
Proudly owned by honored lineage;
In Virginia still "Our Princess."

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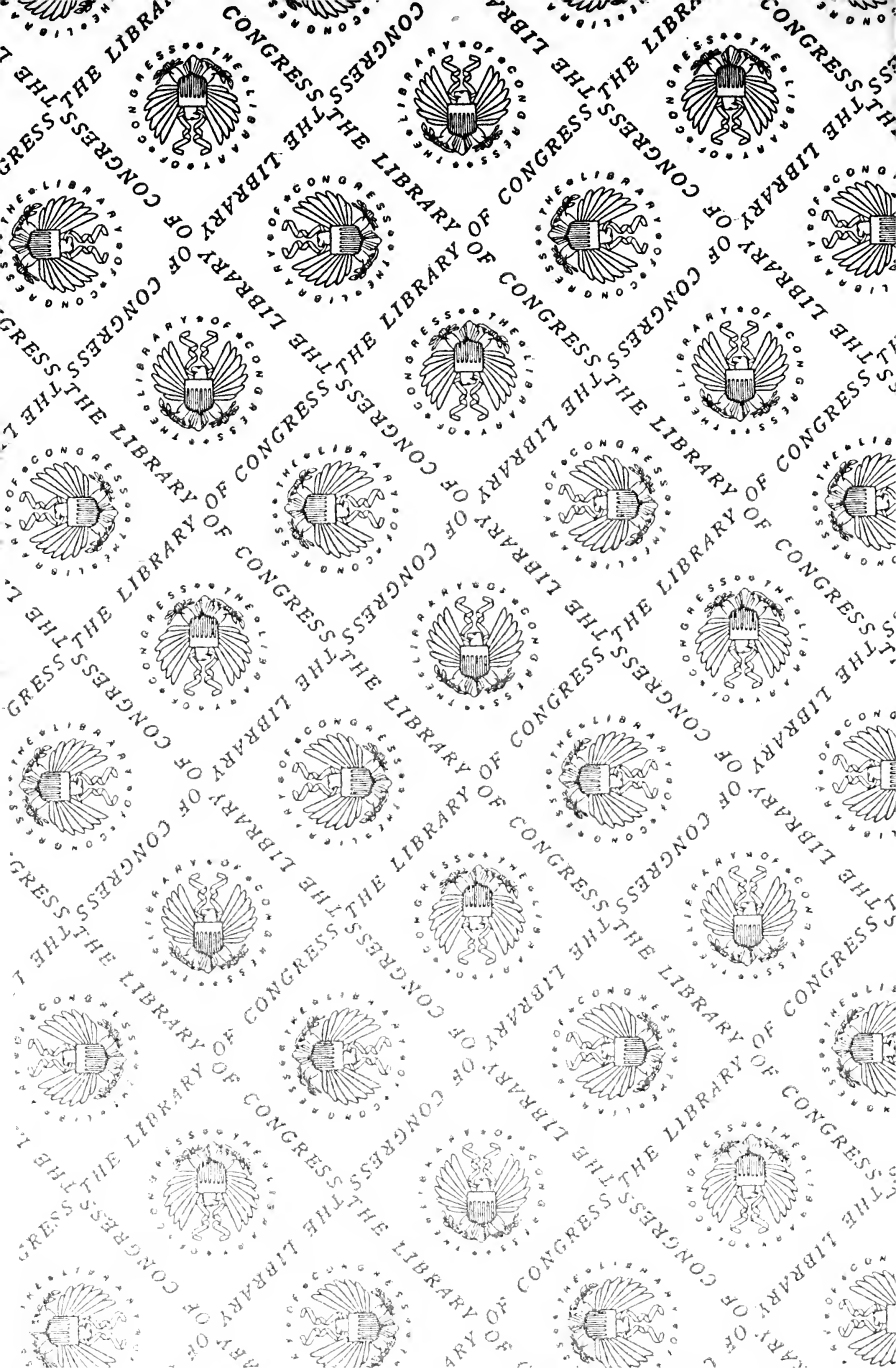


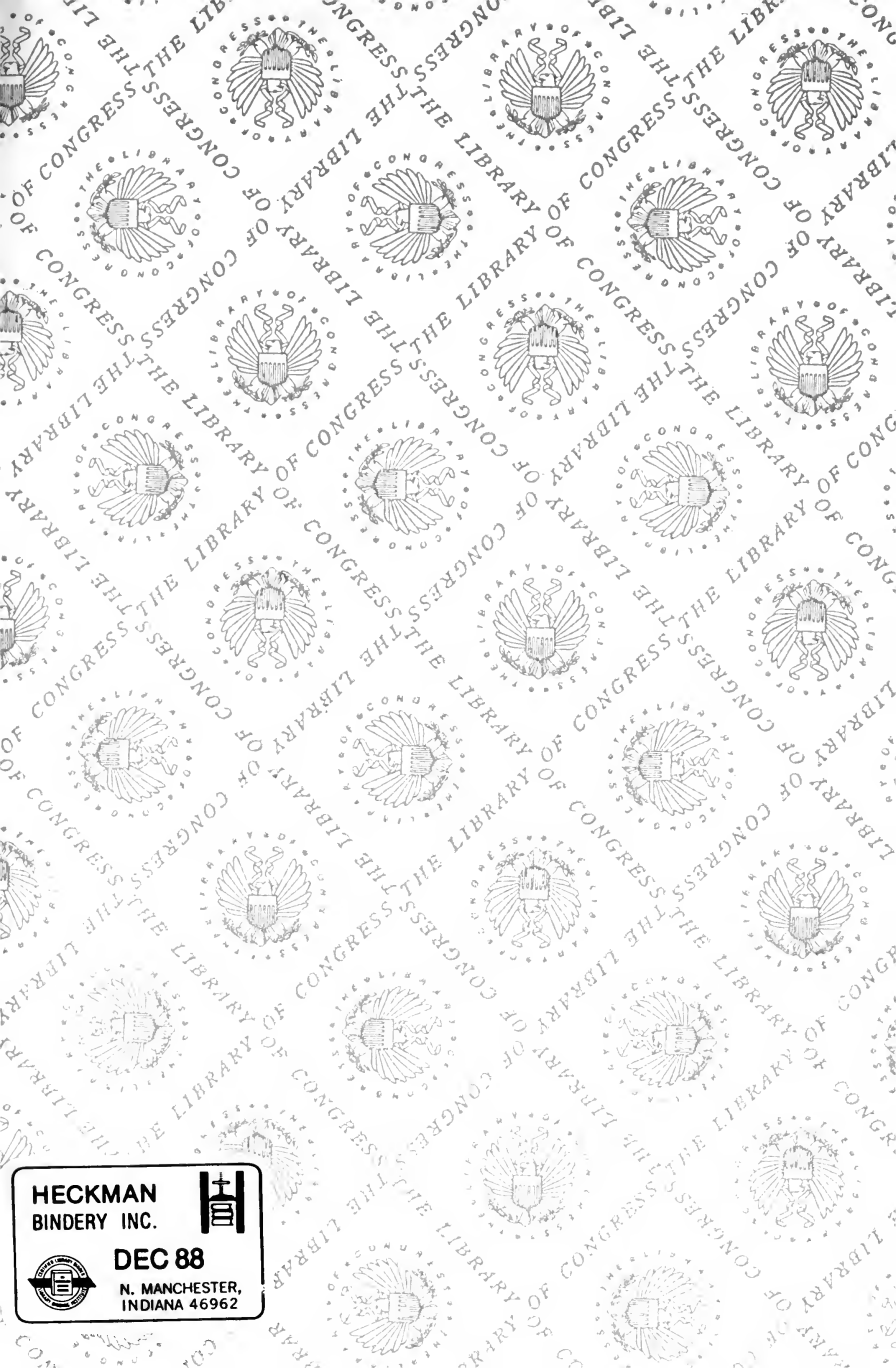




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