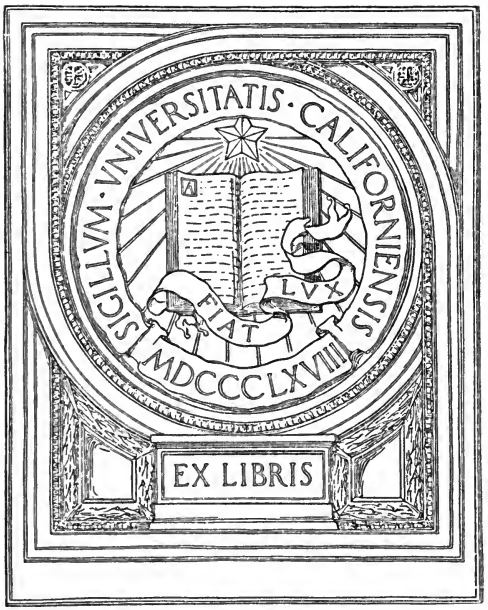


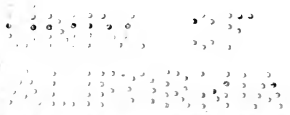

Joseph Mollis
New York

POWHATAN;

A METRICAL ROMANCE,

IN SEVEN CANTOS.

BY SEBA SMITH.



"He cometh to you with a tale, that holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-STREET.
1841.

Stereotyped by
RICHARD C. VALENTINE,
45 Gold-street.

TO THE

YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN THE HOPE THAT HE MAY DO SOME GOOD IN HIS DAY AND GENERATION,

BY ADDING SOMETHING TO THE SOURCES OF RATIONAL

ENJOYMENT AND MENTAL CULTURE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"Poetry is a mere drug," say the publishers; "bring us no more poetry, it won't sell."

"Poetry is a terrible bore," say a majority of the dear public; "it is too high-flown; we can't understand it."

To all this, we are tempted to reply in the language of doctor Abernethy to one of his patients. The good old lady, when the doctor entered the room, raised her arm to her head, and drawing her face into a very painful expression, exclaimed, "Oh, oh! O dear, Doctor, it almost kills me to lift my arm up so; what shall I do?"

"Well, madam," said the doctor, gravely, "then you must be a very great fool to lift your arm up so."

Leaving the reader to make the application, we hasten to deny the premises assumed by the publishers and a portion of the public. What they say, is not true of *poetry;* it is in direct contradiction to the experience of the world in all ages and all nations, for thousands of years. But it may be true, and *is* true, of endless masses of words that are poured forth from the press under the *name* of poetry. But we do not believe, that genuine poetry, that which is

worthy of the name, is either "a drug," or "too high-flown" to be enjoyed and understood by the mass of the reading public.

> "The budding twigs spread out their fan,
> To catch the breezy air;
> And I must think, do all I can,
> That there was pleasure there."

Poetry like that, will always find readers and admirers among all classes, whether high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned. True poetry is the unsophisticated language of nature—so plain and simple, that he that runs may read. In proof of this, it is found, that among the writings of popular authors, those poems most marked for simple and natural language, other things being equal, are always the most popular. There must be taste and judgment in the selection of subjects, for many subjects are in their nature unsuited to the true spirit of poetry.

The author of Powhatan does not presume to claim for his production the merit of good and genuine poetry; nor does he pretend to assign it a place in the classes or forms into which poetry is divided. He has chosen to call it a metrical romance, as a title of less pretension than that of poem; and he is perfectly willing that others should call it by whatever name they please. Whatever may be its faults, they must rest solely upon the author. They cannot be chargeable to the subject, for that is full of interest, and dignity, and poetry. Nor can they be palliated by the plea of hasty composition; for he has had the work on his

hands at intervals for several years, though to be sure something more than half of it has been written within the year past. Of one thing the author feels confident; but whether it may be regarded as adding to, or detracting from, the merit of the work, he knows not; he believes it would be difficult to find a poem that embodies more truly the spirit of history, or indeed that follows out more faithfully many of its details. Of the justness of this remark, some evidence may be found in the notes attached to the work.

Finally, with regard to its merits, the test by which the author desires to be tried, is the common taste of *common readers*. If *they* shall read it with pleasure, and if the impression made by its perusal shall induce them to recur to it again with renewed delight, he will care little for the rules by which critics may judge it, but will find satisfaction in the assurance that he has added something honorable to the literature of his country.

New York, January, 1841.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF POWHATAN.

As Powhatan may be regarded as the most prominent personage in the poem, the author has thought proper to give the following well-drawn sketch of his character a place at the commencement of the work, rather than among the notes at the end. It is extracted from Burk's "History of Virginia," and will serve to show that grave and sober history assigns to the Indian chieftain a rank no less elevated and dignified than is given him in the following poem.

"The greater part of his life was passed in what is generally termed glory and good fortune. In the cant of civilization, he will doubtless be branded with the epithets of tyrant and barbarian. But his title to greatness, although his opportunities were fewer, is to the full as fair as that of Tamerlane or Kowli Khan, and several others, whom history has immortalized as conquerors; while the proofs of his tyranny are by no means so clear and unequivocal.

"Born to a slender patrimony, in the midst of numerous tribes more subtle than the Arabs of the desert, and whose independence spurned even the shadow of restraint, he contrived, by his valor and address, to unite them in one firm and indissoluble union, under his power and authority; giving his name to the new empire which his wisdom had erected, and which continued to flourish under his auspices and direction.

"As a warrior, bold, skilful, and enterprising, he was confessedly without rival or competitor; inspiring with respect or terror even the formidable enemies who dared to make head against his encroachments. The powerful confederacy of the Manakins and Manahoacks, and the more distant inhabitants of the lakes, heard the name of Powhatan with uneasiness and alarm.

"At the coming of the English he had reached the advanced age of sixty years, and enjoyed in the bosom of his family the fruits of his long and glorious exertions. The spectacle of men who came from beyond the sea, in floating and winged houses, and who fought with thunder and lightnings, could not fail to strike him by its grandeur and novelty. The intent of the strangers appeared, at first view, to be friendly; and he received them with courtesy. But his sagacious mind quickly developed the motives, and foresaw the consequences, of their arrival. He looked forward with regret to a renewal of his labors; and, at the age of sixty, he resolved to fight over again the battles of his youth. He might have lived in peace. He was aware of the superiority of his new enemy in the machines and instruments of battle, as well as in their discipline and experience; but these cold calculations vanished before his sense of honor and independence. Age could not chill the ardor of his heroic bosom.

"In the private circle of his family, who appears to greater advantage than Powhatan?—what affection for his brothers! how delicate and considerate his regard for his children! what moderation and pity does he not manifest towards

Captain Smith, when, subdued by the tears of Pocahontas, and touched, perhaps, with compassion for the bravery and misfortunes of his captive, he consented to spare his life!

"Powhatan comes before us without any of those mortifying and abasing circumstances which, in the eye of human respect, diminish the lustre of reputation. History records no violence offered to his person; no insulting language used in his presence. Opechancanough had been dragged by the hair, at the head of hundreds of Indians; but never had the majesty of Powhatan been violated by personal insult.

"In all disputes and conferences with the English, he never once forgets that he is a monarch; never permits others to forget it. 'If your king,' said he to Smith, 'has sent me presents, *I too am a king, and I am in my own land.*' No matter who the person is whom the partiality of the historian may think proper to distinguish as his hero; we never lose sight of the manly figure and venerable majesty of the Indian hero. He is always the principal figure in the group; and in his presence, even the gallant and adventurous Smith is obliged to play a second part; and all others are forgotten.

"Owing to that obscurity in which, unhappily, every thing relating to this people is involved, we know little of the dawn of Powhatan's glory—little of his meridian. Those particular traits which would have enabled us accurately to estimate the character and capacity of his mind, have felt the fate of oral record and remembrance. The exploits of his youth and his manhood have perished, for the want of a poet or historian. We saw him only for a short time, on the edge

of the horizon; but, from the brightness of his departing beams, we can easily think what he was in the blaze of his fame.

"If we view him as a statesman, a character which has been thought to demand a greater comprehension and variety of talents, where shall we find one who merited in a higher degree the palm of distinction and eminence? 'Tis true the theatre of his administration was neither wide nor conspicuous. He is not set off by the splendid machinery of palaces and courtiers, glittering with gold and precious stones; or the costly equipage of dress. He had no troops in rich uniform; he had no treasury; he maintained no ambassadors at foreign courts. Powhatan must be viewed as he stands in relation to the several Indian nations of Virginia. To judge him by European ideas of greatness would be the climax of injustice and absurdity."

PROEM.

THERE's a warrior race of a hardy form,
Who are fearless in peril, and reckless of storm;
Who are seen on the mountains when wintry winds blow,
And, in midsummer's blaze, in the valleys below—
Their home is the forest, the earth is their bed,
And the theme of their boast is the blood they have shed;
With a spirit unbroken by famine or toil,
They traverse the rivers and woods for their spoil;
With a soul that no terrors of nature appal,
They dance on the verge of the cataract's fall;
They chase the huge crocodile home to the fen,
They rob the wild bear of the cubs in her den,
They weary the deer in her rapidest flight,
And they sleep with the wolf on the mountain's height.

Yet the gentle affections have found an abode
In these wild and dark bosoms, wherever they dwell;

And nature has all the soft passions bestow'd
On her favorite children of mountain and dell.
Though they fall on a foe with a tiger's fangs,
And joy and exult in his keenest pangs,
The least act of kindness they never forget,
And the sin of ingratitude ne'er stain'd them yet.
They weep o'er the graves of their valiant dead,
And piously reverence the aged head;
Of parent and child feel the tenderest ties,
And the pure light of love glances warm from their eyes.

But the warrior race is fading away;
The day of their prowess and glory is past;
They are scathed like a grove where the lightnings play,
They are scatter'd like leaves by the tempest blast.
They must perish from earth with the deeds they have done;
Already the pall of oblivion descends,
Enshrouding the tribes from our view, one by one,
And time o'er the straggling remnants bends,
And sweeps them away with a hurried pace,
Still sounding the knell of the warrior race.

A vision is passing before me now—
The deeds of their chieftains come full on my sight,

And maidens of mildness and beauty bow,
As they faintly appear in the dim distant light.
That vision is fading—now fainter it seems—
Like a cloud on the wind, it recedes from the view—
And is there no power to rekindle its beams?
No pencil to picture its form and its hue?
O, spirit of poesy, parent of song,
Thou alone canst the light of that vision prolong;
Then let it descend to a distant age,
Embodied forth on thy deathless page.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The monarch rested from his toils,
Weary of war, and full of spoils.
His hatchet slept; his bow, unstrung
And shaftless, in his cabin hung;
His tomahawk was in the ground,
The wild war-whoop had ceased to sound,
And thirty chieftains, tall and proud,
To his imperial sceptre bow'd.
Far in their mountain lurking-place
The Manakins had heard his fame, [1]
And Manahocks dared not come down
His valleys to pursue their game;
And Susquehannah's giant race, [2]
Who feared to meet no other man,
Would tremble in their fastnesses
To hear the name of Powhatan.*

* Powhatan. This name, in the northern and middle states, has usually been accented on the second syllable. But in Vir-

From the broad James's winding side
To smooth Potomac's broader tide,
From Chesapeake's surf-beaten shore
To where the mountain torrents roar,
His powerful sway had been confess'd,
And thirty tribes one monarch bless'd. [3]

II.

The time-spared oak, that lifts its head
In loneliness, where those are dead,
Which once stood by it on the plain,
Soon sees their places fill'd again—
So stood the monarch, full of years,
Amid an undergrowth of men;
For since the sceptre first he sway'd,
Full two score years ago and ten,
Two generations had gone by,
And twice he'd seen his people die.
Yet from his eye there beam'd a fire,
Resistless as the warrior's lance;
And when 'twas lit with vengeful ire,
The boldest wither'd at its glance.
And still his step was quick and light,

ginia the accent is thrown on the first and last syllables, which is undoubtedly according to the Indian mode of pronunciation, and therefore the true one.

And still his arm was nerved with might,
And still 'twas death to all, who dare
Awake the vengeance slumbering there.
But now with joy the monarch view'd
His realm in peace, his foes subdued,
And calmly turn'd abroad his eyes
O'er the wide work of warfare done,
And hoped no coming cloud would rise
To shroud in gloom his setting sun.

III.

Deep in a sea of waving wood [4]
The monarch's rustic lodge was seen,
Where brightly roll'd the river down,
And gently sloped the banks of green.
No princely dome that lodge appear'd,
No tall and shapely columns rear'd
Their finished architraves on high,
With cornice mounting to the sky;
No foreign artist's skilful hand
Had shed Corinthian graces there:
That simple dwelling had been plann'd
By workmen under nature's care.
The sun by day, or moon by night,
Had never sent a ray of light
Upon a lovelier spot than this,
Or seen a home of purer bliss.

Beneath the tall elms' branching shade
The eye might reach a fairy glade,
Where sprightly deer were often seen,
In frolic sport, on plats of green,
From morning's dawn till noontide heat
Invited to some cool retreat;
Then away to the sheltering grove they fled
With a high-curved neck and a lofty tread.
Beside the open glade there grew
Green clustering oaks, and maples tall,
Forming a native bower, whose view
Was more enchanting far than all
The stiff embellishments of art,
That human culture could impart
To garden, grot, or waterfall.
Within that bower a fountain, gushing,
  Babbled sweetly all the day,
And round it many a wild-flower, blushing,
  Drank the morning dew of May.

IV.

But one sweet floweret flourish'd there,
Beneath the aged monarch's care,
Whose bloom that happy bower had bless'd
With brighter charms than all the rest.
'Twas his loved daughter—she had been
The comfort of his widowhood

For twelve long years; through grove and glen
She roam'd with him the pathless wood,
And wheresoe'er that old man hied,
Fair Metoka* was ever at his side.
She was the gem of her father's home,
The pride and joy of his forest cell;
And if alone she chanced to roam
To pluck the rose and gay hairbell,
The rudest savage stopp'd and smiled,
Whene'er he met the monarch's child.

V.

Mild was the air, and the setting rays
Of the ruddy sun now seem'd to blaze
On many a tree-top's lofty spire,
When May-day's tranquil evening hour
Beheld the daughter and the sire
Together in their summer bower.

VI.

'Come hither, child,' the monarch said,
'And set thee down by me,
'And I'll tell thee of thy mother dead,
'Fair sprout of that parent tree.

* Metoka, or Metoaka, which was the original name of Pocahontas, is adopted in preference to the latter throughout this poem, on account of its greater euphony.

'Twelve suns ago she fell asleep,
'And she never awoke again;
'And thou wast then too young to weep,
'Or to share thy father's pain.
'But wouldst thou know thy mother's look,
'When her form was young and fair,
'Look down upon the tranquil brook,
'And thou'lt see her picture there.
'For her own bright locks of flowing jet
'Are over thy shoulders hung;
'In thy face her loving eyes are set,
'And her music is on thy tongue.
'But Okee call'd her home to rest,
'And away her spirit flew,
'Dancing on sunbeams far to the west,
'Where the mountain tops are blue.
'And often at sunset hour she strolls
'Alone on the mountains wild,
'And beckons me home to the land of souls,
'And calls for her darling child.
'And I am an aged sapless tree,
'That soon must fall to the plain;
'And then shall my spirit, light and free,
'Rejoin thy mother again.
'And thou, my child'—But here a sigh
Had reach'd the aged chieftain's ear;
He turn'd, and lo, his daughter's eye

Was beaming through a trembling tear,
And she was looking in his face
With such a tender, earnest grace,
The monarch clasp'd her to his side,
And thus her childish lips replied.

VII.

'Oh, do not say thou must be gone,
'And leave thy daughter here alone,
'Like some poor solitary bird,
'To live unseen and mourn unheard.
'Who will be left for me to love?
'And who will lead me through the grove?
'And when sweet, fresh-blown flowers I find,
'Around whose brow shall they be twined?
'And who, when evening comes along,
'Will sit and hear my evening song,
'And smile, and praise the simple strain,
'And kiss my cheek, and smile again?
'The sun would never more be bright,
'Joyless would pass the darksome night,
'The merry groves and murmuring stream
'Would all so sad and lonely seem,
'That I could here no longer stay,
'And thou in the spirit-land away.'

VIII.

Then Powhatan, to sooth to rest
His daughter's agitated breast,
Bethought to make some kind reply,
When sudden toward the east his eye
Caught the glimpse of a warrior form:
Swift as an eagle wings the storm,
He sweeps along the far hill-side,
Dimly mid dusky woods descried.
Uprose the monarch nimbly then,
And sternly sent his eagle ken
Through opening grove and o'er the glen,
And watch'd the form that now drew near,
Bounding along, like a mountain deer.
He marvell'd if the warrior came
With foeman's brand to light the flame
Of ruthless war; for sure his speed
Might well portend a foeman's deed.
But as he gain'd an open height,
That mark'd him clearer to the sight—
'I know him now,' the monarch said,
'By his robe of blue and belt of red;
'He bears a quiver and a bow,
'His plume is a raven wing—[5]
'Our brother, Opechancanough,*

* This name is sometimes pronounced by throwing a strong

'Pamunky's wily king.'
As summer breezes, quick and strong,
Hurry a fleecy cloud along,
We see the shadow softly creep,
Fast as the following eye can sweep,
Darkening blade, and bough, and leaf,
O'er grassy mead and woody dell;
So flew that raven-crested chief,
And reach'd the monarch's cell.
And now the day is closing in,
And one by one the stars begin,
Around an unbeclouded sky,
To hang their glittering lamps on high;
Chilly and damp the night dews fall,
And brightly in the monarch's hall
The evening torches glow;
Thither the royal group repair,
The monarch sage, the daughter fair,
And princely Opechancanough.
Mutely the monarch eyed his guest,
For on his brow there seem'd impress'd

accent on the fourth syllable. The pronunciation adopted in this work throws a slight accent on the first, third, and fifth syllables, which is believed to be more agreeable to the usage of the Indian tribes. In pronouncing long words they seldom give much accent to any one syllable, but utter each syllable with nearly the same intonation.

A more disturb'd and ruffled air
Than e'er before had mantled there.
At length with questions, few and brief,
He gravely thus address'd the chief.

IX.

'What tidings, brave Pamunky's king,
'Dost thou to our high presence bring?
'What tribe has dared to hurl the brand
'Of rebel war across our land?
'Have traitorous warriors dipp'd in gore
'The tomahawk, and rashly swore
'The peace-tree's leaves are struck with blight,
'And they will drink our blood to-night?
'Or have the Manakins conspired
'With the fierce nations of the west,
'By the vain hope of conquest fired,
'Our sceptre from our hands to wrest,
'And from their mountain homes come down
'To meet the vengeance of our frown?
'For by the swiftness of thy flight,
'And by the lateness of the night,
'And by thy darken'd brow, 'tis clear
'Thou'rt on no common errand here;
'And be it wo, or be it weal,
'Thy message, warrior, now reveal.'

X.

'Whether weal or wo betide,'
He of the raven plume replied,
'Or whether war or death be near,
'Monarch, I neither know nor fear.
'My soul ne'er trembled at the sight
'Of foeman yet in bloodiest fight,
'Though many a chief, in battle slain,
'This arm has stretch'd upon the plain.
'And in thy conflict's darkest hour,
'Who rush'd amid the arrowy shower,
'And met the foremost of the foe,
'So oft as Opechancanough?
'And though my nerves may tremble now,
'And looks of terror clothe my brow,
'Yet I protest, and may great Okee* hear,
'These signs, that in my looks are blent,
'Are marks of wild astonishment,
'But not the work of fear.
'And wouldst thou know what makes me pale,
'Monarch, listen to my tale.

* Okee was the name of one of their principal gods, a rude image of which was kept in most of the tribes.

XI.

'Soon as the morning sun was seen
'On bright Pamunky's banks of green,
'The silent groves, where sleep the deer,
'Waked with our hunters' merry cheer.
'With echoing whoop and loud halloo
'We startled soon a nimble doe;
'And forth she sprang from her darksome lair,
'And tossing high her head in air,
'With springing bound, and forward flight,
'Was soon again beyond our sight.
'But still, as fleetly on she flew,
'From hill to hill we caught a view,
'Nor lost her course, till on the shore
'Where Chesapeake's white surges roar,
'We stood—and saw a sight display'd,
'That fill'd us with amaze;
'The deer unhunted sought the shade,
'And we were left to gaze.
'Spirits that dart athwart the sky,
'When forked lightnings gleam and fly;
'And gods that thunder in the air,
'And cleave the oak and kill the bear;
'And beings that control the deep,
'Where crocodiles and serpents sleep;
'And powers that on the mountains stand,
'With storm and tempest in their hand;

'And forms that ride on cloudy cars,
'And sail among the midnight stars;—
'The whole dread group that move in might,
'Unless some spell deceived our sight,
'We surely saw in league to-day
'On the bright bosom of the bay.
'Whether for sport, in social mood,
'They met to sail upon the flood;
'Or bent on deeds of high design,
'They sought their forces to combine;
'Whether they came to blast or bless,
'We did not learn, nor could we guess.
'Their shallop was a stately thing,
'And gaily moved in lofty pride,
'Like a mountain eagle on the wing,
'Or swan upon the river tide.
'And three tall spires the shallop bore,
'That tower'd above our forest trees,
'And each a blood-red streamer wore,
'That floated idly on the breeze.
'And thrice in awful majesty
'They sail'd across that deep, broad bay;
'And as they turn'd from either shore,
'We heard the heavy thunders roar,
'And saw the lightnings flashing wide
'From out their mammoth shallop's side;
'And then a cloud of smoky hue

'Around her waist arose to view;
'And rolling on the wind away,
'It floated slowly down the bay.
'And while in ambush near the beach
'We watch'd the course the shallop took,
'She came within an arrow's reach;
'And then it seem'd as though she shook
'Her white wings, like a hovering bird
'That stoops to light upon a spray;
'And sounds of voices now were heard,
'But motionless the shallop lay.
'And then a little skiff was seen,
'And some were paddling toward the shore;
'Their form was human, but their mein
'Semblance of higher lineage bore;
'And one might read upon their face
'Pale proofs of an unearthly race.
'And when they brought their skiff to land,
'They knelt them down upon the sand
'Of that smooth beach; and on the sky
'They fix'd a thoughtful, gazing eye,
'And long they look'd, and long they knelt,
'And loud they talk'd, as though there dwelt
'Some viewless spirits above their head,
'Who listen'd to the words they said.
'And when they rose from bended knee,
'They stood beneath a birchen tree,

'And tore up a turf, and a branch they broke,
'And utter'd strange and uncouth names;
'But all we learn'd, of the words they spoke,
'Was "England and King James."
'Then back as they came we saw them glide
'O'er the rippling wave in their painted skiff,
'And they clomb up the mammoth shallop's side,
'That darken'd the wave like a mountain cliff.
'And soon she was moving away on the flood,
'Like a cloud which the mountain breezes fan,
'And with wings of white and streamers of blood,
'She bent her course to Kecoughtan.*
'Then up the wave that bears thy name
'Along by the winding shore she swept;
'And crouching low, as if for game,
'Through thickets watchfully we crept;
'Till by that jutting point of land,
'Where the weary waters lingering go,
'And Paspahey's† tall forests stand,
'And their shadows on the eddy throw,
'We saw that shallop moor'd and still,
'And a throng so awful lined the shore,

* Kecoughtan was on the west side of Chesapeake Bay, where Hampton now stands. James River was called, by the natives, Powhatan.

† Paspahey was the place on James River where the English first effected a settlement, and gave it the name of Jamestown.

'The very blood in our veins run chill.
'No longer we staid, nor witness'd more,
'But fled, great werowance,* to thee,
'To make this strange adventure known;
'For warriors brave, and subjects free,
'And courage, and power, are all thine own.
'The thoughts that in thy bosom flow,
'Monarch, now bring before the light;
'Thy will and counsel I would know,
'But I may not tarry here to-night,
'For back to Pamunky my hunters have gone,
'And I must be there by the morning's dawn.'

XII.

Thus spoke Pamunky's wily king;
The torch-light high was flickering;
On Powhatan's stern face it gleams,
But from his eye shot fiercer beams,
That told the fire, which vigor lit
In his day of strength, was burning yet.
The monarch rose in musing mood,
And silent for a moment stood,
Wrapp'd in himself, as though he sought
To grasp some hidden, vanish'd thought,
Which, rayless, vague, and undefined,

* King, chief, or head man of a tribe.

Still seems to flit before the mind,
A form unseen—But now a glow
Of animation rose, as though
That vanish'd thought in brightness broke
At once upon his view; and then,
Turning toward his guest again,
Thus to the chief he spoke.

XIII.

'Brother, a mist is round my head,
'And darkness in my path is spread;
'Thy tale is like the clouds of night;
'My thoughts are stars that shed no light;
'And much I marvel what may mean
'This wondrous vision thou hast seen.
'That pale-face throng, with forms like ours,
'Are not the band of secret powers,
'Which thou hast fancied them to be;
'This would not solve the mystery,
'For spirits of fire and spirits of flood
'Are foes that seek each other's blood.
'My thoughts are bent another way;
'I hear a voice, that seems to say,
'They are but men, perchance, who seek,
'Along the shores of Chesapeake,
'To plant a tree whose roots shall spread,
'Broad and deep as that ocean bed,

'And whose tall branches shall expand,
'Till they o'ershadow all the land.
'I hear a voice that says, *beware*,
'Or thou wilt tread upon a snare;
'There is a way thou must not pass,
'A serpent lieth in the grass;
'There is a fountain thou must shun,
'For streams of poison from it run;
'There is a shade thou must not seek,
'For round it plays the lightning streak.
'I hear a voice in whispers low,
'That speaks of carnage, death, and wo,
'Of injured rights and ruthless power,
'And tempest-clouds, which soon shall lower:—
'Some pestilence infects the air;
'I hear a voice that says, *beware*.
'Hast thou not heard our fathers tell
'What once, in ages past, befell
'Our race, what time Missouri's tide
'Beheld them sporting by its side?
'While they in fearless quiet slept,
'A secret foe among them crept,
'And, ere they dream'd of coming scath,
'Had wellnigh struck the blow of death.
'Harmless at first he seem'd to be,
'And weak as helpless infancy;
'His face was bright with friendship's smile,

'But in his heart was blackest guile;
'And soon to giant strength he grew,
'And thunderbolts around him threw,
'And many a death and many a wound
'Among our sires he dealt around,
'And drove them from their peaceful home,
'Through forests deep and wild to roam.
'But o'er his head a murky cloud
'Came down upon him as a shroud,
'And vengeance seized upon her prey
'And hid him from the light of day.
'The stubborn oak that stood in pride,
'And all the thunderer's wrath defied,
'By one red lightning stroke was riven,
'Like mist before the tempest driven.
'The tribes collected in their might,
'To glut themselves with wreakful fight,
'And swift their darts of bloody vengeance hurl'd,
'And Madoc and his host were wither'd from the world. [6]
'Some race of men like these, I ween,
'Those beings are, which thou hast seen;
'And something whispers in my ear,
'Those beings must not linger here.
'And, chieftain, list now what I say;
'Hear my direction, and obey.
'When first to-morrow's golden light

'Beams on the sable brow of night,
'What time the wild-birds wake the glen,
'Collect thy wisest, bravest men,
'And with them straight to Paspahey repair,
'And learn both who and whence these strange intruders are.
'Unto their pale-face leader show [7]
'The pipe of peace and warlike bow;
'Nor fail withal to let them plainly know,
'We've calumets for friends, and arrows for a foe.'

XIV.

Here paused the sage, and waved his hand,
The fiat of his high command—
'Monarch, thy will shall be obey'd,'
Was all the plumed chieftain said,
As round his brawny limbs he drew [8]
His feathery mantle, broad and blue,
And left the hall with lofty mein,
Plunged in the grove, nor more was seen.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Softly and light the moonbeams fell
Upon that forest-cinctur'd cell,
Whose wicker walls were mottled brown
Where shadows of the trees came down,
And gently moved and quiver'd there,
Like spirits dancing in the air.
A stout and trusty guard was placed [9]
Around the lodge, whose hands embraced
The battle-axe or bended bow,
Ready to meet a coming foe;
And silent as the stars of night
They watch'd from dusk till dawning light.
Hush'd were the echoes of the grove,
Where feeding deer in quiet rove;
The softly whispering zephyr's breath
Came by with a stillness next to death,
And silence hover'd with noiseless wing
Over the monarch slumbering.

Slept Powhatan? Why think it strange?
Terror in him could work no change;
For he had seen too much of life
To heed the approach of toil or strife;
In perilous vicissitude grown old,
He now could calmly rest though thunders round
him roll'd.

II.

But o'er the monarch's child, in vain,
Sleep sought to hold her wonted reign.
With active thought she ponder'd o'er
The plumed chieftain's evening lore,
Till half it seem'd before her view
Appear'd the strange unearthly crew;
And that wild tale on her had wrought such power,
That she with sleepless eye had pass'd the midnight
hour.
Forth in her airy summer dress,
With footsteps light and echoless,
All-unperceived she left the cell,
By servant, sire, or sentinel.
In such divine apparel seem'd
That lovely night, you would have deem'd
It had its bridal vesture on
To wait and wed the coming dawn.
Its moonlight robe flow'd rich and free,

Thick set with star-embroidery,
And round the earth and o'er the sky
Hung like a garb of Deity.
The pageant of that glorious night
Might well be gazed on with delight,
But still the loveliest object there
Was that lone maiden, young and fair,
Gliding abroad at such an hour,
By forest tree and summer bower.
On the distant groves of Paspahey
  Her eye was brightly turn'd,
And to be where that land in dimness lay
  Her bosom as warmly burn'd.
What though the way was lonely and far?
  The dread of the stilly night,
Nor dark morass, had power to bar
  That maiden's romantic flight;
And when from the east the azure tide
  Of day came over the wild,
There stood alone by the river side
  The monarch's artless child.
And she was gazing in wild surprise
  On a barque majestic and proud,
Whose masts appear'd, to her wondering eyes,
High towering up to the vaulty skies,
  And as deep in the waters bow'd.

III.

Not long she gazed on those masts so tall,
And that ship so gallant and trim,
For a hero's form eclipsed them all,
And her eyes were fix'd on him.
And peering forth from a friendly screen
Of spruce and darkling fir,
She plainly beheld the stranger's mein,
But the stranger saw not her.
With martial cap and coat of red,
And bright sword at his side,
He paced the deck with a princely tread,
And the dark woods calmly eyed.
But soon o'er forest, glade, and stream
Darted the sun's bright morning beam,
And, glancing through her sheltering tree,
Awoke that maiden's revery.
She started, for 'twas now the hour
When Opechancanough would come,
And thrice in haste she left the bower
To trace her pathless journey home;
But thrice return'd, she knew not why,
And, lingering, look'd with soul-lit eye
Upon that stranger still;
Nor wist she what should make a sigh
Her throbbing bosom fill.
But hark! a voice is on the breeze,

The raven-crested chief is near,
And, moving through the distant trees,
His train of warriors now appear;
And like a wild and startled fawn,
Lightly that forest child has gone,
Through dark morass, and grove, and glen,
To seek her father's home again.

IV.

At dawning Powhatan arose
From calm and undisturb'd repose,
And when his brief repast was done
He summon'd forth his valiant son,
Dark Nantaquas, of manly form,
And soul with native courage warm,
So nimble of foot and stout of limb,
That few could wrestle or run with him.
'List, Nantaquas—hear our command;
'Take bow and hatchet in thy hand,
'And a full quiver at thy back,
'Lest foes may chance to cross thy track,
'And haste thee to our chieftains all,
'And each unto our council call.
'Call Chesapeakes and Nansamonds,
'And broad Potomac's warlike sons,
'And rouse the chiefs of every clan,
'From Orapakes to Kecoughtan.'

Fleet Nantaquas his sire obey'd,
And, in his warrior arms array'd,
His quiver over his shoulders threw,
And away on the wings of morning flew.

V.

Now Powhatan, in musing mood,
Abroad upon the hill-side stood;
Deep thoughts in his stern bosom burn'd,
His eyes toward Paspahey were turn'd,
Watching each quivering tree and bird,
As if mysterious foes had stirr'd
His calm old woods, where he had reign'd
For years, despotic, unrestrain'd,
And none had dared, or friend or foe,
Against his will to come or go.
His left hand clasp'd his bow new-strung,
His hatchet from his belt was hung,
Keen shafts his wolf-skin quiver press'd,
And on his war-club lean'd his breast.
Sudden a form glanced on his sight,
At distance where the warm sun-light
Pour'd through the trees its mellow ray,
And flowers rejoiced at the coming day.
And swiftly as that sun-light went
His springing bow was up and bent:
An arrow leapt into its place;

The strain'd string almost touch'd his face,
And every muscle, fix'd and still,
Waited to do the monarch's will.
Again that form broke on his view,
But ere the deadly arrow flew,
His eagle eye had told him well
'Twas his loved daughter—Nerveless fell
His brawny arm, and o'er his frame
A cold a sickly shuddering came,
And reel'd his brain, and o'er his sight
Came darkness like the depths of night.
He rested on a fallen tree,
And soon his child, on bended knee,
Had clasp'd and kiss'd his aged hand,
And met his eye with look so bland,
It made the clouds from his brow depart,
And quicken'd the life-blood in his heart.
'Speak, semblance of thy mother, speak,
'And tell where thou hast been;
'I saw thee beyond the old oak tree,
'On the farther side of the glen.
'This is no time for a child like thee
'To wander away from home;
'Thou canst not tell what dangerous foes
'Through our dark, deep forests roam.
'So soon hast thou forgotten, child,
'The tale of yesternight?

'That shallop, and the pale-face men,
'Who may in blood delight?
'A thousand trophies of my power
'Hang up in my council hall,
'But sooner than trust thee abroad alone,
'I'd sacrifice them all.
'Dear Metoka, where hast thou been
'Through woods so dark and wild,
'Beyond the reach of thy father's arm
'To guard his gentle child?'

VI.

She lean'd against the monarch's knee,
And again she kiss'd his hand—
'I've been to Paspahey, to see
'That strange mysterious band,
'That in the mighty shallop came,
'Loaded with thunder loud,
'And roll'd it out upon the bay,
'As Okee rolls it from a cloud.
'And in the river I beheld
'Their shallop dark and tall,
'And their werowance so stately stepp'd,
'I knew him from them all.'
These words roused up the monarch's blood,
And made it quicker flow;
He rose instinctive from his seat,

And firmly clasp'd his bow—
'Thy spirit came from mine, my child,
'As light comes from the sun;
'None but a Powhatan would dare
'To do what thou hast done.
'Go, girl, arrange our council hall;
'Prepare the fires to light,
'For a deep and solemn council-talk
'Our chiefs must hold to-night.'

VII.

The summer day glides slowly by;
Now golden gleams the western sky,
And twilight gray each valley fills,
And softly creeps upon the hills;
Now deep and deeper shadows fall,
And now within that trophied hall,
Flashing abroad on the brow of night,
The monarch's council-fire burns bright.
The grim and murky spoils of war,
That hung in rude disorder there,
Glared out from pillar, wall, and nook,
And wild and hideous semblance took.
Some were bequeath'd from sire to son,
But Powhatan the most had won—
Huge tomahawks, and war-clubs stout,
And wampum belts, hung round about,

And mantles of skin, and robes of feather,
Piled in promiscuous heaps together.

VIII.

Aloft in stern and regal state,
Upon his throne the monarch sate;
His war-club rested in his hand,
The ensign of his high command;
His trusty bow, against the wall,
Lean'd, ready at a moment's call;
Over his shoulders, lightly flung,
His feathery mantle graceful hung;
Rich skins beneath his feet were spread,
And eagle plumes waved o'er his head.
His chiefs and warriors soon were seen,
Like silent spectres, gliding in,
And, ranged in circle round the room,
Each dark brow knit in threatening gloom,
With blade in belt and bow in hand,
Like sculptured monuments they stand.
There waved full many a lofty crest,
But a raven-plume o'ertopp'd the rest,
For first and tallest in the ring,
Like giant, stood Pamunky's king.
No word in that still hall was spoke,
Till Powhatan the silence broke,
And call'd a guardman to his side,

His faithful Rawhunt, true and tried,
And bade him the rites in order set,
And bring the lighted calumet.
Then through that long and mystic reed, [10]
Emblem of many a sacred deed,
Three solemn draughts the monarch drew,
And the smoke in three directions blew.
The first curl'd high above his head,
In homage of that spirit dread
Who ruleth in the upper air,
And maketh every man his care.
The second gently sunk to earth,
Where food and fruits and flowers have birth,
A thankful offering to that power,
Who both at morn and evening hour,
Opens his bounteous hand to bless
With life and health and happiness.
The third abroad on the air was blown,
A solemn token to make known
Unbroken faith to all who fain
Would still be bound in friendship's chain.
Then, one by one, that warrior train
Smoked the long calumet again,
And gravely pass'd it round the ring,
Till, last of all, Pamunky's king
Thrice drew the reed in princely pride,
Then laid it silently aside.

IX.

To Powhatan now every chief
Turn'd his dark eye, while slow and brief,
As monarch speaketh to a man,
The council-talk he thus began.
'Chiefs and warriors! let your ears
'Be open to the words we say;
'The cloud, that rests upon our land,
'Portends a troubled day.
'Chiefs and brothers! come what will,
'Keep ye the chain of friendship bright,
'And if the hour of conflict come,
'Then hand to hand, like brothers, fight.
'Chiefs and brothers! ye have heard
'The strange events of yesterday,
'The mighty shallop, full of men,
'That thunder'd on our ocean bay,
'Then boldly up our river went,
'And stopp'd at Paspahey;
'Now listen while Pamunky's king
'Reveals the tidings of to-day.'

X.

Like heavy cloud, portending storm,
Slow rose Pamunky's giant form;
And laying bow and war-club by,
On Powhatan he turn'd his eye,

And while the chiefs in silence hung
On every accent of his tongue,
With flashing eye and bearing bold
He thus the day's adventure told.
'Ere left the lark her grassy nest
'To pour her song upon the air,
'I call'd my warriors from their rest,
'And bade them for the woods prepare.
'Each one his stoutest war-club took,
'And each his trustiest bow;
'His hatchet above his girdle hung,
'His scalping-knife below;
'And well prepared for deadly fight,
'If foes should cross our way,
'Through forests dark we bent our course
'To the groves of Paspahey.
'And when we came to the river side
'The sun was shining bright,
'And the arms of a hundred pale-face men
'Were gleaming in the light;
'And thick upon the shallop's deck
'Like forest trees they stood,
'And a hundred faces, pale as death,
'Look'd out upon the wood.
'But bravely to the river's brink
'I led my warrior train,
'And face to face, each glance they sent,

'We sent it back again.
'Their werowance look'd stern at me,
'And I look'd stern at him,
'And all my warriors clasp'd their bows
'And nerved each heart and limb;
'I raised my heavy war-club high,
'And swung it fiercely round,
'And shook it toward the shallop's side,
'Then laid it on the ground.
'And then the lighted calumet
'I offer'd to their view,
'And thrice I drew the sacred smoke
'And toward the shallop blew;
'And as the curling vapor rose,
'Soft as a spirit prayer,
'I saw the pale-face leader wave
'A white flag in the air.
'Then launching out their painted skiff,
'They boldly came to land
'And spoke us many a kindly word,
'And took us by the hand,
'Presenting rich and shining gifts,
'Of copper, brass, and beads,
'To show that they were men like us,
'And prone to generous deeds.
'We held a long and friendly talk,
'Inquiring whence they came,

'And who the leader of their band,
'And what their country's name;
'And how their mighty shallop moved
'Across the boundless sea,
'And why they touch'd our great king's land
'Without his liberty.
'They say that far beyond the sea
'A pleasant land appears,
'And there their sires have made their graves
'For many a hundred years;
'And there the men are numerous
'As leaves upon the trees,
'And a thousand mighty shallops there
'Are moved by every breeze.
'They call this bright land *England*,
''Tis surrounded by the sea;
'*King James* they call their werowance,
'And a mighty chief is he;
'And *brave Sir John* is the name they give
'To the leader of this band,
'Who only ask to rest awhile
'On Powhatan's wide land,
'To trade with us for skins and furs,
'And corn to make them bread,
'And a space to build their cabins,
'And a spot to bury their dead.
'If Powhatan will grant them this,

'We have no cause to fear,
'But loads of shining treasures
'Shall enrich us every year.'

XI.

Here paused Pamunky's giant king,
And slowly left the council ring,
And cross'd the hall to the outer door,
And soon returning, gravely bore
A loaded quiver—'twas not fill'd
With barbed shafts that blood had spill'd,
But gorgeous toys of English art
To captivate the savage heart.
While Powhatan with searching eyes
Survey'd the strange and glittering prize,
The chiefs and warriors gather near,
And wait their sovereign's voice to hear,
And gazing eagerly, meanwhile,
Pour their whole soul upon the pile.
At length the monarch waved his hand,
The warriors backward farther stand,
And turn their ready ear and eye
To catch the words of his reply.

XII.

'Chiefs and warriors! still to me
'Our troubled sky looks dark;

'How often a wasting fire has raged,
'That sprung from a single spark!
'This English tree, that shows so fair,
'Must not in my realm take root,
'Nor till I better know its stock,
'Will I partake its fruit.
'These strangers come in friendly guise,
'And may for a time prove true,
'But the day we give them a footing here
'I fear we long shall rue.
'Remember Madoc, and beware;
'Guard well our council-fires,
'Lest we be doom'd to meet the fate
'That once befell our sires.'

XIII.

The listening throng, with awe profound,
Of every word drank in the sound;
The voice of Powhatan was law;
But in that glittering pile they saw
A charm that had a magic power
They never felt before that hour.
The monarch saw their kindling fire,
And yielded to their strong desire,
And when again they form'd the ring,
He gravely bade Pamunky's king
Dispense the gifts, and see with care

That each received his proper share.
The chiefs, in dazzling toys array'd,
Each other with delight survey'd,
And turn'd their trinkets in the light,
And danced for joy at the very sight.
The war-cloud from their brows was chased,
And the pale-face foes had been embraced
As friends and brothers, had they been
But in that hall of council then.
But Powhatan's dark eye of flame
Their ecstacy began to tame,
And when again his voice was heard
No word was spoke, no foot was stirr'd,
While he made known his sovereign will,
And bade them every word fulfil.
He charged them all to sleep at night
On tomahawk and bow,
And to watch by day with eagle eye
The footsteps of the foe;
To keep their arrows pointed well,
Their bow-strings strong and sure,
And see that among them friendship's chain
Was ever bright and pure:
And then with royal majesty
His mantle around him threw,
And cross'd the hall with stately step,
And silently withdrew.

XIV.

The warrior train soon sunk to rest
On deer-skins spread around;
Each sleeper's bow was in his hand,
But his sleep was deep and sound.
And now along the eastern sky
The day begins to dawn;
Now twilight breaks upon the hills,
Now on the dewy lawn;
And now across the brightening groves
The sun has pour'd his ray,
And now those warrior chiefs are up,
And each is on his way,
Through rugged woods, by the winding stream,
And across the tangled moor,
Each threading alone the track that leads
To his own cabin door.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Of all the knights of England,
That ever in armor shone,
The boldest and the truest heart
Was that of brave Sir John. [12]
He had pass'd through perils on the land,
And perils on the sea,
And oftentimes confronted death
In Gaul and Germany;
And many a Transylvanian
Could point to the spot and show
Where the boldest of the Turkish knights
Were by his hand laid low.
And when confined in dungeons,
Or driven as a slave,
The rescue that his own arm brought,
Proved well Sir John was brave.
But now he was a pioneer
In a new world's solitude;

The first to tread his pathless way
Where frown'd the wild old wood;
And wilder still, the savage tribes
Like fiends look'd fierce and grim,
But they stirr'd not the blood of brave Sir John,
For nothing daunted him.
To plant a British colony
He had cross'd the wide, wide sea,
And found thy future heritage,
O sacred liberty!
Now, infant Jamestown, smiled the morn,
That should behold thy christening;
That gallant band have lined thy shores,
And named thee after England's king;
And well might English hearts beat high
When first they breath'd thy virgin air,
For never to them seem'd sky so bright,
Nor ever a land so fair. [13]
Young hope was hovering o'er thy groves
With her banner wide unfurl'd,
And on it a mighty empire shone,
The glory of the world.
And fancy saw the wilderness
Like magic melt away,
And tender blossoms of the earth
Spring to the light of day;
And streams, that through the solemn wood

Their ancient courses run,
Felt the fresh breath of mountain airs,
And brighten'd in the sun;
And far along the ocean shore
The sails of commerce flew,
And up a thousand shelter'd bays
Bright cities rose to view;
And all the wide-spread continent,
That slept in dark repose,
Awoke to life and loveliness,
And blossom'd as the rose.

II.

Now crack'd the woodman's axe full loud,
And fast the sturdy forest bow'd:
Tall trees, that waved like fields of grain,
Came crackling, crashing to the plain;
Their green leaves faded in the sun,
And flashing fires across them run;
And openings spread, and fields were clear'd,
And rustic huts and cabins rear'd.
A picket fort by the river side
The battle-axe and bow defied;
And the mingled hum of the busy throng
Echo'd the hills and woods along,
And joyous shoutings, wild and free,
Rose from the infant colony.

III.

But Jamestown saw a darker day,
When months of toil had pass'd away,
For wailings sounded through the air,
And sorrow made her dwelling there.
The summer sun, now riding high,
Pour'd down the rays of hot July;
The woodman scarce his axe could wield,
Fainted the laborers in the field,
And pale disease began to spread, [14]
And scowling famine rear'd her head,
And many an exile droop'd and died
Along the lonely river side,
Where wearily he went to roam,
And weep unseen for his English home.
Great Powhatan had been obey'd—
No Indian now would come to trade;
But hovering round the settlement
With bow in hand and ready bent,
And peering out from his covert wood
On the fields where the English cabins stood,
Exulting saw pale-faces fade,
And often in the graveyard laid.

IV.

Why perish thus the exiled band,
Where plenty teemeth in the land?

For one abides among them there
With hand to do and heart to dare,
And in his eye and on his brow
Are deeds of daring written now,
That to the fainting band shall be
Warrant for their high destiny.

V

A gallant barge is on the tide,
And stoutly twelve good oars are plied,
Sir John the guiding helm commands,
His loaded gun beside him stands,
His broadsword glistens on his thigh,
The woods are pierced by his beaming eye,
As down by the river shore they sweep,
Where the shadows of the forest sleep,
Till their weary oars they rest awhile
On the fragrant banks of Cedar Isle.
Not long they rest, but onward soon,
Beneath the fervid glow of noon,
In the glassy flood their oars they bend,
And the vessel forward swiftly send,
Till nearing now they clearly scan
The groves and beach of Kecoughtan.
As nearer to the shore they drew,
A warrior train appear'd in view,
And each a bow and war-club bore,

And now they reach the winding shore,
And stand like statues, mute and still,
Waiting to learn the bargemen's will.
Like rider reining in his steed,
The oarsmen slacken now their speed,
And slowly floats the barge along
Close to that wild and warlike throng,
And as it grates upon the sand
Each rower's gun is in his hand.

VI.

Sir John in friendly accents spoke,
And ask'd their king to see;
They pointed to a shelter'd lodge
Beneath a giant tree;
And when away where the old oak grew
They moved with haughty strides,
Sir John and his little band march'd up
And follow'd their grim guides.
And here a village rose in sight,
Where the woods look'd dark and wild,
But silence reign'd in every lodge,
Nor saw they man or child.
Then spoke Sir John to his guides again,
And ask'd their chief to see.
They answer'd not, but away to the woods
They pointed silently;

And into the woods with quicken'd step
They silently withdrew,
And in their village left Sir John
Alone with his vessel's crew.
But soon from the forest came again
Dark warriors with their bows,
And painted men on every side
From brake and bush arose;
And a warlike throng came up the path,
That led from the river shore,
And, moving quick, with hideous shouts,
Their sacred Okee bore—
Great Okee, whose mysterious power
Is in the earth and air,
In fire and flood and stormy winds,
And worketh every where.
Great Okee, dress'd in painted robes,
And shining chains and beads,
Who in the silent night performs
Unutterable deeds,
And safely through the darkest hour
His faithful people leads—
Great Okee cometh in the van
With war-plume on his head;
His brow is striped with black and white,
His cheeks are gory red;
And to the pale mysterious throng

They now are pressing near,
But Okee cometh in the van,
Why should his people fear?
A sudden war-whoop, wild and fierce,
Rings upward to the sky,
And a hundred warriors draw their bows,
And a hundred arrows fly.
But answering muskets quick give back
To the woods a roaring sound;
Each bowman flies, and Okee falls
Alone upon the ground.
Sir John the painted idol took,
And bore it to the shore;
And soon a suppliant priest came down
Its ransom to implore.

VII.

The barge is on the tide again,
And rapidly it flies,
For long its coming has been watch'd
By anxious waiting eyes;
And now those eyes are brightening,
And hearts are beating light,
And hope's dim fires are lit anew,
For plenty greets their sight.

VIII.

The monarch was feasting in royal state,
And many brave chiefs at the banquet sate:
His hunters had brought in their choicest store,
His fishers came loaded from Chesapeake's shore;
His menials hasten a feast to prepare
From the mingled spoils of earth, ocean, and air,
And a merry hum circled round the board,
That so simply was spread and so richly was stored.
Fair Metoka sat at the monarch's right hand,
The waiters stood watchful to do his command, [16]
And while on his left his younger child,
The gay Matachanna, look'd on him and smiled,
And amid the guests, that graced his hall,
His own valiant son was the pride of all,
The patriarch monarch gave thanks from his heart,
That the Spirit such blessings to him did impart.
But a messenger comes from the spying scout,
Which Powhatan's caution kept constantly out,
To watch every movement the pale-faces made,
And see that his people went not there to trade.
'What tidings from Jamestown?' the monarch inquires;
'Do the pale-faces thrive by their council-fires?
'Are their hearts as light as the wild-bird's song?
'Do they walk like a people who feel they are strong?
'Do our tribes still obey our imperial command?'

'Or has food been bestow'd by a traitor's hand?'
—'The tree of the pale-face is sapless and dried,'
The messenger spy to the monarch replied;
'Its branches are wither'd, and sear'd is its leaf,
'And the reign of the pale-face is harmless and brief.
'No hand brings them food, their own fountain is dry;
'A blight is upon them, they fade and they die,
'And soon Powhatan will be rid of his foe,
'Without wielding the war-club or drawing the bow.'
When the tale of the colonists' woes was done,
A smile sat on every brow save one:
A murmur of joy spread the hall throughout,
The warriors gave a triumphant shout;
But while other hearts with delight beat high,
Fair Metoka's bosom still heaved with a sigh.

IX.

In the midst of that shouting and joyous uproar
A Kecoughtan warrior rush'd in at the door;
His visage was haggard, and flying his hair,
From his restless eye shot a fiery glare,
His breathing was quick, and his mantle was torn,
His tough skin moccasins muddy and worn,
And the only weapon he wielded or wore
Was a war-club stout, which he dash'd on the floor.
Every sound in that hall in a moment was hush'd,
And the semblance of joy from each visage was brush'd.

Not a word nor a whisper escaped from the crowd,
Till Powhatan order'd that warrior aloud,
His message, whate'er it might be, to make known,
And declare why he came in such haste and alone.
'I come,' said the warrior, 'from Kecoughtan's king,
'And appalling and sad are the tidings I bring:
'A cloud full of blackness is over us spread,
'And the thick bolts of heaven leap awful and red;
'Our god is dishonor'd, and soon will his ire
'Sweep the realm of the monarch with thunder and fire,
'Unless the foul insult be wash'd from the land
'By the hateful blood of the pale-face band.
'Sir John and his warriors have been to our shore,
'And their coming we long shall have cause to deplore;
'Our children no longer can quietly sleep,
'The wounds of our people are bloody and deep;
'With smoke and with fire, and a thundering sound,
'Great Okee was hurl'd like a chief to the ground,
'And dragg'd like a captive, and borne from the plain,
'And barter'd and sold like a deer that is slain.'

X.

The messenger ceased, his voice was still;
But from that hall a war-cry shrill
Roll'd over river, grove, and hill,
So loud, so sharp, so piercing clear,

For miles around the startled deer
Raised high their heads and snuff'd the breeze,
Gazed through the distant opening trees,
And arch'd their necks, and raised their feet,
Then clear'd the ground with step so fleet,
That soon the dark and silent glen
Secured them from pursuit of men.
Grim warriors smote their breasts, and cried,
'Vengeance shall humble pale-face pride;
'Away, away, to Jamestown's shore,
'Our scalping-knives all thirst for gore.'
Stout Nantaquas with furious look
Aloft his knotted war-club shook;
His bosom panted for the strife
Of war-club, battle-axe, or knife.
Pamunky's iron visage glow'd
With passion's fire, as round he trode,
And cross'd the hall from side to side,
And shook it with his giant stride.
Raged and foam'd Nemattanow,
Rattled his quiver and strain'd his bow,
And vow'd no sleep his eyes should know,
Till he had tasted English blood,
And avenged the insult to his god.
But Powhatan sat like a rock,
That moves not mid the tempest shock;
And while he watch'd his people's rage,

Which he alone had power to assuage,
Passions that his own visage wrought
Show'd equal fire, but more of thought.
Sternly the monarch look'd around,
And waved his hand: hush'd was each sound;
The warriors bent a listening ear
Their sovereign's high behest to hear,
While with rebuke and counsel bold
He soon their fiery mood controll'd.

XI.

'Chiefs and warriors! why so high
'Are raised the shout and battle-cry?
'Why meet this strange mysterious foe,
'Before his power and arms ye know?
'In darkness would ye rush to fight,
'Or wait till ye can see the light?
'Why would ye grapple in his den
'The fierce and strong-arm'd panther, when,
'By waiting patiently awhile,
'He'll surely fall within your toil?
'Calm your fierce rage, let reason show
'The way, the hour, to meet the foe.
'Great Okee's wrongs must be repaid,
'But be the vengeful blow delayed.
'Meantime let scouts through grove and glen
'Watch every step of the pale-face men;

'Creep cautiously through bush and brake,
'Beside their path, like noiseless snake,
'And watch till the certain moment come,
'Then strike the death-blow deep and home.'

XII.

The feast was o'er, the guests were gone,
Soon came the tranquil evening on,
The bright moon rose above the trees,
Soft blew the cooling summer breeze,
And forth to enjoy the tranquil hour
The sisters sought their greenwood bower.
Sweet wild-flowers grew around their seat,
A fountain sparkled at their feet,
On whose bright bosom trembling lay
The dark tree-top and moon's pale ray.
Young Matachanna's eye shone bright
With joy at all this lovely sight,
But when on Metoka's sweet face
The moonbeam found a resting-place,
It met a look of sadness there,
That told her heart was press'd with care.
'Dear Metoka,' her sister said,
'A tear is in your eye;
'Why are you sad when I am glad?
'Dear sister, tell me why.
'And when I smile and kiss your cheek,

'You answer with a sigh;
'There is a trembling in your voice;
'Dear sister, tell me why.'

XIII.

'O, Matachanna, o'er my life
'A dark cloud spreads its shade,
'And willingly would Metoka
'Be in the green earth laid.
'For then to that fair land where dwells
'My spirit-mother, I should go:
'But here abides no joy for me—
'I cannot love Nemattanow.
'And though rare presents he has brought
'To win me for his bride,
'And though he talks me very fair
'When sitting by my side,
'And though our father likes him well,
'And says that I must wed,
'I cannot love Nemattanow,
'I rather would be dead.
'They say that none among our tribes
'Can draw so true a bow,
'And none brings home so many scalps
'As does Nemattanow;
'And when the hunters' spoils are shared,
'His is the largest part;

'But I cannot love Nemattanow,
'He has a cruel heart.
'I love to hear the wild-bird sing
'Unharm'd in the leafy tree,
'I love to see the gentle deer
'Through the forest running free;
'But 'tis Nemattanow's delight
'To slay them with his dart:
'I cannot love Nemattanow,
'He has a cruel heart.
'He cares not for the sweetest flowers
'That grow beside the spring,
'He never saves a captive's life,
'But a scalp will always bring:
'How could I live with such a man
'In his cabin away alone?
'His heart beats not with tenderness,
''Tis hard as any stone.'

XIV.

'O, sister, do not grieve thee so,'
Young Matachanna said,
'Our sire will never compel thee, dear,
'Against thy will to wed.
'*He* is not *cruel*, who else may be;
'His love we oft have tried;
'And what we both have ask'd of him

'He never yet denied.
'I'll put my arms about his neck
'And tell him of sister's wo,
'And sure he'll never compel thee, love,
'To wed Nemattanow.'

XV.

Now in the monarch's quiet lodge
Sleep comes its balm to bring,
And o'er the young and innocent
Spreads out its angel wing,
And fans the trembling tear away
From the closed lids at rest,
And steeps in soft forgetfulness
The day-dreams of the breast.

XVI.

Where rests Nemattanow the while?
Is sleep to him as kind?
And has it calm'd the passion-flame,
That preys upon his mind?
On his deer-skin soft, full six miles off,
He has pillow'd his restless brain,
And has turn'd himself from side to side,
And tried to sleep in vain;
For over his deep and burning thoughts
His will has no control;

He only thinks of Metoka,
Whose beauty has fired his soul.
Hour after hour he watch'd the moon
Steal over his cabin floor,
And the more he look'd upon its light,
He thought of her the more;
And if his fancy stray'd abroad
In the chase o'er plain and hill,
Or wander'd by the moon-lit stream,
Her image met him still.
He rose and left his sleepless couch,
And into the woods has gone;
He crosses meadow, grove, and glen,
And still he wanders on;
And when on Metoka's abode
First glanced the morning beam,
Nemattanow was in the bower
Beside the fountain stream.
And round that bower and through the grove
He linger'd all day long,
To catch a glimpse of Metoka,
Or listen to her song;
And when her form glanced on his sight,
Or her voice through the air rung clear,
It sent a sun-light to his heart,
And a joy upon his ear.
But oh, how soon that sun-light fled,

How quick that thrill of joy was dead,
When recollection came again
And whirl'd the thought across his brain,
That since he brought with anxious care
His choicest presents to the fair,
Four suns had risen and four had set,
But his gifts were not accepted yet!

XVII.

'Twas now the early twilight hour,
That kindly comes with soothing power
To calm the day's tumultuous strife,
And smooth the stormy waves of life.
Nemattanow, with thoughtful eye
Fix'd on the changeful evening sky,
Lean'd him against an aged tree,
Whose top for many a century
Had bathed in the earliest beams of day
And felt the sun's last setting ray.
Out on a gentle hill-side stood
This aged monarch of the wood,
Whence Powhatan's gray lodge was seen,
His fields, and groves, and valleys green;
And the younger trees on the sloping brow
Around this old trunk seem'd to bow,
As if it had a right to be
The ruler of their destiny.

The monarch loved this relic old
Of other days; perhaps the hold
It had upon his heart arose
From the charm similitude bestows,
For the scenes of life around it thrown
Seem'd but the shadowing of his own.

XVIII.

Now walking his accustom'd round
At closing of the day,
Old Powhatan the hill-side clomb,
And look'd toward Paspahey,
Where the English band had marr'd his groves
And made his forest bow,
And bitter was the curse he breathed,
And dark his frowning brow.
And here beside his old loved tree
Reclined Nemattanow,
Whose sadden'd eye and heaving breast
Betray'd his secret wo.
'Let not the warrior's eye grow sad,'
The monarch gravely said,
'Because his gifts are not approved
'By a young light-hearted maid.
'It is not meet that Powhatan
'Should bid his daughter love
'The warrior, or receive his gifts,

'Unless her heart approve.
'But let the warrior bring to me
'The scalp of brave Sir John,
'And Metoka shall be his bride,
'And he the monarch's son.'

XIX.

New fire lit up the glowing eyes
Of sad Nemattanow;
He smote his war-club on the ground,
And firmly grasp'd his bow;
And tomahawk and scalping-knife
He buckled to his side,
Gave one fierce look toward Paspahey,
And down the valley hied.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

The moon look'd down with loving light
On river, grove, and hill,
And Jamestown slept in quietness,
Her homes were closed and still;
The evening prayer from pious lips
Had been address'd to heaven,
And for relief from famine's power
Had many thanks been given;
And while his people were at rest
Sir John was out alone,
And walking by the river bank,
Where the moon-lit waters shone,
To see his vessel well secured
Against the chafing wave.
Fear not for him; Sir John was arm'd—
And more, Sir John was brave.
But as he turn'd him from the shore,
His homeward route to trace,

An arrow swift as light flew past—
So near, it fann'd his face;
And quick upon his pathway rush'd
An Indian, stout and tall.
Sir John his faithful carbine drew,
Well-charged with shot and ball;
But though a squirrel he could bring
From the highest forest bough,
And though he took deliberate aim,
His carbine fail'd him now.
On came the savage, dark and fierce,
Fire beaming from his eye,
Leaping like tiger on his prey,
His war-club raised on high;
But when within ten feet he came,
He made a sudden stand,
For now Sir John's bright sword was out,
And flashing in his hand;
And firm he stood and sternly look'd
Upon his savage foe,
In readiness, at every point,
To give him blow for blow.
A moment's pause, and then again
The Indian forward sprang,
And now against his falling club
Sir John's keen broadsword rang;
And thrice the clash of club and sword

Echo'd the woods around,
And then the weapon of Sir John
Fell broken to the ground.
At once he rush'd with desperate power
And grappled with his foe,
And, face to face, he saw and knew
'Twas fierce Nemattanow.
More deadly grew the conflict then;
It was no feeble strife,
When two such warriors, hand to hand,
Were struggling, life for life.
The hatchet of Nemattanow
Bore a well-sharpen'd blade,
And now to draw it from his belt
His hand was on it laid;
But quick the strong arm of Sir John
Clasp'd the stout Indian round,
And with a mighty effort brought
His foeman to the ground.
And as they fell, Nemattanow
Clutch'd fast his flowing hair,
And twisted it about his hand,
As if he would prepare
To cut away his living scalp
Before he took his life;
And now with vigorous gripe he seized
His deadly scalping-knife.

Again Sir John with iron nerve
Summon'd his utmost strength;
Their grapple, from the river side,
Was scarcely twice his length;
The grassy bank was smooth and steep,
And dark and deep the flood—
A moment more, that scalping-knife
Would surely drink his blood—
With wiry spring and giant power
A sudden whirl he gave,
And over and over, down they roll'd,
And plunged beneath the wave. [17]

II.

Now stealing through the forest trees
The ruddy morning broke,
And, pouring in its dewy light,
The slumbering monarch woke.
He rose, and in his morning walk,
To the sloping hill he hied,
And there again by his old loved tree
Nemattanow he spied.
Weary and worn the warrior seem'd,
His temple show'd a wound,
And dripping water from his hair
Was moistening the ground.
No quiver now was at his back,

Nor war-club by his side;
Nor battle-axe nor scalping-knife
His enemies defied.
But though all weaponless he stood,
His look was bold and free,
And proud his bearing was, like one
High flush'd with victory.

III.

'And hast thou met,' said Powhatan,
'The foeman of our race?
'Methinks the joy of triumph now
'Is beaming from thy face.
'But wherefore art thou weaponless,
'And wounded, worn, and weak?
'And where's the scalp of the mighty chief,
'Thou wentest forth to seek?'

IV.

'I met that chief, and proved him well,'
Nemattanow replied,
'And I left him down three fathoms deep
'Beneath the sluggish tide.
'Our people now through all our groves
'Their accustom'd walks may take,
'Nor start and cry, "There comes Sir John!"
'If a twig but chance to break.

'Our fight was bloody, long, and fierce;
'The moon alone look'd on,
'And none but the river-god can tell
'Where sleeps the brave Sir John.'

V.

'The daring deed was bravely done,'
The joyful chief replied;
'For this, henceforth thou art my son,
'And Metoka thy bride.
'Three days a merry festival
'Thy triumph shall proclaim,
'And every grove through all our tribes
'Shall ring aloud thy name;
'And when these joyous days are past,
'Fair Metoka shall go,
'In all our choicest gifts array'd,
'To bless Nemattanow.'

VI.

Now through the halls of Powhatan
The voice of gladness wakes,
And ringing out from hill to hill
The shout of triumph breaks.
Stout warriors come with wampum belts
And robes of blue and red,
And many a chief in rich attire,

With war-plume on his head;
And men and maidens in their joy
The hall of council throng,
And every lodge and every grove
Echoes with dance and song.
And rich and plenteous is the feast
On every board spread out;
Joy sparkles from a thousand eyes,
High peals the merry shout;
And loud and often in their glee
They bless Nemattanow,
Whose powerful arm had overcome
Their strange and mighty foe.

VII.

And now, to appease great Okee's ire,
The priests with solemn care
Enter the sacred temple halls,
And mystic rites prepare—
Those sacred halls where priests perform
Their fearful mystery,
Places by far too holy deem'd
For other eyes to see—
Temples that shield from vulgar sight [19]
A thousand holy things,
Their idols, tombs, and images
Of great and ancient kings.

Out on a grassy, open spot,
Are fagots piled on high,
And leaping flame and rolling smoke
Are towering to the sky;
And there, to wait the priest's return,
Hundreds are gather'd round,
To join the mystic revelry,
And dance on holy ground—
When lo! the solemn man comes forth [19]
With slow and measured tread;
A crown of snakes and weasel skins
Is borne upon his head;
Atop a tuft of feathers serves
To bind them in their place,
And serpent heads and weasel claws
Hang round his neck and face.
His naked shoulders and his breast
Are stain'd a blood-red hue,
And grim and blood-red is the mask
His fiery eyes look through.
The sacred weed is in his hand, [20]
That Okee's favor wins,
Whose grateful odor hath the power
To expiate all sins;
He hurls it forth with sinewy arm
Into the hottest flame,
And thrice aloud in solemn tone

Invokes great Okee's name.
At once they leap and form a ring,
With shout and hideous yell,
And round the flames they whirl and scream,
Like a thousand fiends of hell.
With strange contortions, flashing eyes,
And long and flying hair,
Around and round, for six long hours, [21]
They battle with the air.
And then again through every hall
The feast and song renew,
And all day long and all the night
Their festive mirth pursue.

VIII.

The third day of the festival
Now drawing to its close,
Promised the weary revellers
Cessation and repose.
Nemattanow with joyful eyes
Beheld that sun go down,
Whose setting hour would give to him
Earth's richest, fairest crown.
But though the time had joyous pass'd
Since first the feast began,
One circumstance there was, that still
Disturb'd old Powhatan.

His favorite chief, Pamunky's king,
Though call'd with special care
To grace these glad rejoicing days,
Had never once been there.
Why he came not, no one could tell;
A messenger each day,
Had been despatch'd to learn the cause
Which kept that chief away;
The first reported he had left
With fifty of his clan,
At dawning of the first feast-day,
For the halls of Powhatan;
And those who follow'd, day by day,
No other news could bring,
And great the marvel was, at this
Strange absence of the king.

IX.

The sun is low, and lodge and tree
Long shadows now impart,
But a sadder, deeper shadow fell
On Metoka's young heart;
For now the dreaded hour had come
When she abroad must rove,
Away from childhood's happy home,
With the man she could not love.
She took her sister by the hand

To bid a sad farewell,
And these the soft and tender words
From her trembling lips that fell.

X.

'O, Matachanna, must I go
'From this loved spot away?
'No more among these green old trees,
'With thee, dear sister, play?
'No more upon the hill-side run,
'And chase the butterfly,
'Or down the shady valley see
'The nimble deer dart by?
'A pleasant thing it is to see
'The lovely light of day,
'When gentle Matachanna is
'Companion of my way!
'But away alone with a cruel one,
'My day will turn to night,
'And never more will Metoka
'Behold the pleasant light.
'But when, dear sister, I am gone,
'Still love our greenwood bowers,
'And plant around our lovely spring
'The pretty summer flowers.
'And love our father fervently,
'And bless him every day,

'And sometimes gently speak to him
'Of her that's far away—'

XI.

But hark! a shout comes on the air,
A war-cry loud and shrill;
It seems a shout of victory—
Again, and louder still.
Old Powhatan rush'd from the hall
With war-club in his hand,
And a hundred warriors seize their arms,
And round the old chief stand,
And listen to that coming shout,
That now rings loud and clear;
And soon from out the darkling grove
A warrior train appear.
'Pamunky's king!' cried Powhatan,
''Tis Opechancanough;
'I see his raven-plume on high,
'His giant form below.
'Now let a cry of welcome rise
'Till hill and forest ring,
'For a truer chief no tribe can boast,
'Than brave Pamunky's king.'
At once with one united voice
Their answering shout rose high,
And loud and long the echo swell'd,

Like an army's battle-cry.
Pamunky led his warriors up,
Form'd in a hollow square,
With bowstrings drawn and arrows notch'd,
All pointing in with care,
To guard a prisoner, who with arms
Tight-pinion'd might be seen
Advancing with a stately step,
And calm and noble mein.
On either side three warriors stout
Held fast upon each arm,
With weapons ready for the death
Upon the least alarm.
'Why come so late,' said Powhatan,
'Our festive rites to share?
'And what brave captive hast thou brought
'Amid thy warriors there?'

XII.

'True, I am late,' Pamunky said,
'But my lateness to atone,
'I bring you here a captive bound,
'The mighty chief, Sir John.'
A moment, struck with deep surprise,
Each warrior held his breath,
And a stillness reign'd through all the crowd,
Like that in the halls of death.

First Powhatan at the prisoner glanced,
Then at Nemattanow,
Who look'd as though he'd sink to earth
With wonder, shame, and wo.
And when the first surprise was o'er,
The gathering throngs drew round,
And a mighty swell of triumph rose,
That shook the very ground.
Warrior and chief, and old and young,
Pour'd their full voices out,
And never did woods give echo back
To such a ringing shout.
When silence was again restored
The old chief waved his hand,
And with imperial look and tone,
To all gave this command.
'The evening shades begin to fall,
'Let noise and revel cease;
'Our three days' feasting now requires
'A night of rest and peace.
'The captive to the inner hall
'Convey with special care,
'And forty of our bravest men,
'Till morning, guard him there.
'To-morrow let our feast again
'With double rites be crown'd,
'And a double song of victory

'Through all our tribes resound;
'Then solemn council shall decide
'What fate shall be prepared
'For this proud chief, that in our realm
'Our sovereign power has dared.
'And thou, Nemattanow, shalt be—'
Here turn'd the monarch round,
But lo! the fierce Nemattanow
Was nowhere to be found.
His name was shouted on the air
A thousand times in vain,
And runners flew this way and that,
O'er rugged hill and plain;
And hall and lodge were search'd throughout,
And grove and glen explored,
But all the search till night set in
No tidings could afford.

XIII.

Again the day is dawning,
And the revellers are out,
And their whooping and their cheering
Might be heard for miles about;
And the day is spent in feasting,
And 'tis joy and music all,
Save where the mighty monarch,
In his great council-hall,

In his royal robes is sitting,
And his war-chiefs round him wait,
To decide in solemn council
Their illustrious captive's fate.

XIV.

Though many honor'd brave Sir John
For his spirit bold and high,
The solemn council now decide
That brave Sir John must die;
For this alone, they deem'd, would serve
To appease great Okee's wrath;
And safety to the monarch's realm
Required the strange chief's death.
So great a foe and terrible
Their tribes had never known:
Hence 'twas decreed, that in his fall,
Great Powhatan alone
Was worthy to inflict the blow
This mighty chief to slay;
And all demanded that the deed
Be done without delay.

XV.

The monarch sitteth on his throne,
In his dignity array'd;
Mysterious power is in his eye,

That maketh man afraid;
The women of his court stand up
With awe behind the throne,
But his daughters in their beauty sit
On either hand alone;
While all around the spacious hall
Long rows of warriors stand,
With nodding war-plume on each head,
And each with weapon in his hand;
And scalps and trophies line the walls,
That fifty wars supplied,
And richest robes and shining belts
Appear on every side.
And all is placed in fit array
To take the captive's eye,
When he should come within the hall
To be condemn'd and die—
For 'twas not meet to take the life
Of so great and strange a man,
Till he had seen the greatness too
Of great King Powhatan.

XVI.

Now through the festal crowds abroad
Heralds aloud make known,
That soon the great Sir John must die,
Before the monarch's throne.

Hush'd is the song and ceased the dance,
And darkening throngs draw near,
In awful silence round the hall,
And bend a listening ear,
To catch the floating sounds that come,
Perchance the fatal blow,
Perchance the death-song of Sir John,
Or his dying shriek of wo.
A private door to that great hall
Is open'd slow and wide,
And a guard of forty men march in
With looks of lofty pride,
For in their midst that captive walks
With tightly pinion'd arm,
Whose very name had power to shake
The boldest with alarm.
The captive's step is firm and free,
His bearing grave and high,
And calm and quiet dignity
Is beaming from his eye.
One universal shout arose
When first Sir John appear'd,
And all the gathering throng without
In answer loudly cheer'd.
And then the monarch waved his hand,
And all was still again;
And round the hall the prisoner march'd,

Led by the warrior train;
And thrice they went the circuit round,
That all might see the face
That bore such pale and spirit marks
Of a strange and mighty race.

XVII.

In the centre of the hall is placed
A square and massive stone,
And beds of twigs and forest leaves
Are thickly round it strown;
And there a heavy war-club stands,
With knots all cover'd o'er;
It bears the marks of many wars,
Hard, smooth, and stain'd with gore.
It was the monarch's favorite club,
For times of peril kept,
'Twas near him when upon the throne,
And near him when he slept.
No other hands had ever dared
That ponderous club to wield,
And never could a foe escape
When that club swept the field.
Now slowly to this fatal spot
They lead Sir John with care,
And bind his feet about with withes,
And lay him prostrate there;

And look and listen eagerly
For him to groan or weep;
But he lays his head down tranquilly,
As a child that goes to sleep.
The monarch with a stately step
Descendeth from the throne,
And all give back before the light,
From his fiery eye that shone.
He raiseth that huge war-club high;
The warriors hold their breath,
And look to see that mighty arm
Hurl down the blow of death—
A sudden shriek bursts through the air,
A wild and piercing cry,
And swift as light a form is seen
Across the hall to fly.
The startled monarch stays his hand,
For now, beneath his blow,
He sees his lovely Metoka
By the captive kneeling low.
Her gentle arm is round his head,
Her tearful eyes upturn'd,
And there the pure and hallow'd light
Of angel mercy burn'd.
Compassion lit its gentle fires [22]
In the breast of Powhatan;
The warrior to the father yields,

The monarch to the man.
Slowly his war-club sinks to earth,
And slowly from his eye
Recedes the fierce, vindictive fire,
That burn'd before so high.
His nerves relax—he looks around
Upon his warrior men—
Perchance their unsubdued revenge
His soul might fire again—
But no; the soft contagion spreads,
And all have felt its power,
And hearts are touch'd and passions hush'd,
For mercy ruled the hour.

XVIII.

The monarch gently raised his child,
And brush'd her tears away;
And call'd Pamunky to his side,
And bade without delay
To free the captive from his bonds,
And show him honors due,
And lead him to the festive hall
Their banquet to renew.

XIX.

The day is past, and past the night,
And now again the morning light,

With golden pinions all unfurl'd,
Comes forth to wake a sleeping world;
And brave Sir John, with footsteps free,
And a trusty guard of warriors three,
Through the deep woods is on his way
To greet his friends at Paspahey.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

December's sun is pale and low,
Chilly and raw the north winds blow,
Dark threatening clouds are floating by,
And Jamestown's sons with sadden'd eye
Look out upon the dreary wild
Of woods and waters, where exiled,
And distant far from friends and home,
They see the storms of winter come.
One half their number they had lost,
Since on this wild and desert coast
They first set foot; and ere the spring
Fresh fruits and flowers again would bring,
They felt that others too must fall:
For though their number was but small,
Their store of food was smaller still;
And oft this thought a deadly chill
Sent to each heart: they saw the hour
Was coming soon, when famine's power

Must sweep them off, as leaves are cast
On the cold earth by autumn's blast.
But mid this gloom and prospect dread,
That o'er all hearts a sadness shed,
No matter by what foe assail'd,
Sir John's brave spirit never quail'd.
Early and late he knew no rest;
He nursed the sick, sooth'd the distress'd,
Cheer'd the despairing, and anon,
With gun in hand, away has gone
To seek the wild duck on the wave,
Or game within the darksome wood,
The famish'd colonists to save,
And spread their common board with food.

II.

One morning early, while the gray
And sleeping mist on the river lay,
Ere yet the sun from his ocean bed
Had tinged the distant hills with red,
In quest of game Sir John had gone
Far down the river vale alone;
And standing on a gentle height
He view'd the silver winding James—
What vision glances on his sight?
What sudden fire his cheek inflames?
Is that a sail? Is that a ship,

Glides slowly round the headland dim?
With straining eye and parted lip,
He breathless stands, with moveless limb,
And throws his eager look afar,
Like the quick shooting of a star.
A sail? a ship? He looks again—
It is, it is—he sees it plain;
He sees the sails, he sees the hull,
An English flag at mast-head flies:
And now his throbbing heart is full,
And tears are crowding to his eyes;
Those eyes which had not known a tear,
Before this hour, for many a year.

III.

With a light heart, and step as light,
He soon retraced his homeward route,
And there the ship was full in sight,
And all the colonists were out
And gazing off upon the river.
With pious thankfulness some lift
Their eyes and hands to the great Giver
Of every good and perfect gift;
Some, wild with joy, run here and there,
Grasping each other's eager hand;
Some with quick motion beat the air,
And some like moveless statues stand.

Slowly the ship comes sailing on,
And now she rides abreast the town;
The sailors up the shrouds have gone,
The ponderous anchor plunges down,
And curbs her gently to the breeze,
Like a proud steed that feels the bit;
And now she heads the rippling seas,
And her furling sails on the long yards flit.
A light boat launches from the shore,
Each oarsman nimbly plies his oar
Across the waters, bright and clear.
The tall ship rapidly they near,
And soon, half lost to view, they glide
To the deep shadow of her side,
Where the rocking boat seems but a speck;
Man after man mounts to the deck,
And here Sir John with joyous smile
Greets Newport from Britannia's isle.

IV.

A thousand questions now are ask'd,
And a thousand answers given;
Sir John tells how with savages,
And famine, he has striven;
How in his light and open barge,
With scarce a dozen men,
He had scour'd the mighty Chesapeake,

Round all her shores had been,
And up the rivers from the bay
To where the waters fall,
And seen the wild and warlike tribes,
And dared the power of all.

V.

Then Captain Newport told what joy
King James's heart had known,
That such a goodly land as this
Was added to his throne;
And that to make the savage tribes
With English power content,
To their great chieftain, Powhatan,
King James by him had sent
Rich, royal presents, such as kings
Of power and dignity
Might to a royal brother make;
Gold rings, rich cutlery,
A robe of state of finest woof
And of a scarlet red,
And a sparkling crown thick-set with gems,
Fit for a monarch's head.
And as the kings had worn no crowns
As yet in this new land,
It was King James's special will,
And thus he gave command,

That Captain Newport and Sir John
This kingly crown should see
Placed on the head of Powhatan
With due solemnity.
Now on the shore in merry bands
Light-hearted sailors roam,
And listening ears of colonists
Are fill'd with news from home.

VI.

The council-hall of Powhatan
In quietness was closed;
And in his warmer winter lodge
The aged chief reposed:
And when the piercing northwest wind
The crevices came through,
He closer drew his robe of fur,
And fed his fire anew.
And when upon his cabin wall
His glowing fire grew bright,
And brighter still, betokening
The coming on of night,
The monarch took his usual round
Through hall and lodge and yard,
To see that all was well secured,
And set his nightly guard.
First to the east and then the west

He glanced his restless eye,
The trees were rocking in the wind,
Dark clouds were in the sky,
And well the experienced monarch saw
In their motion and their form,
And heard along the groaning hills,
The spirit of the storm.

VII.

And as he look'd, and as he turn'd,
He saw a pale-face man—
How quick the leaping blood went through
The veins of Powhatan!
Changed in an instant was his form,
From a feeble man and old,
Slow moving in his furry robe,
To a warrior stout and bold.
His outer cloak was dash'd aside,
And left his shoulders bare;
No more he heard the whistling wind
Or felt the biting air;
His buskin'd feet were planted firm,
His heavy club swung light,
And had a thousand foes been there,
He was ready for the fight.
That pale-face man came out alone
From the moaning woods' deep shade,

And still alone approach'd the lodge,
Nor hostile sign display'd;
But with a fearless air came up,
And with a stately stride,
And Powhatan and brave Sir John
Were standing side by side.
And now within the inner lodge
Together they retire,
And on the monarch's furry couch
Sit by the glowing fire.
No word or look from Powhatan
Betray'd his secret thought,
Nor deign'd he to inquire what cause
His visiter had brought;
But sat and look'd him in the face
His guest's deep thoughts to scan,
Until Sir John the silence broke,
And thus his speech began.

VIII.

'Great werowance, I come to bring
'A greeting kind and true
'From great King James beyond the sea,
'Who sends good-will to you.
'He is a king all terrible,
'With ships and wealth and power,
'Sufficient to o'erwhelm your tribes

'And slay them in an hour.
'Let Manahocks and Manakins
'And Powhatans combine,
'They could not stand one day before
'This mighty king of mine.
'But yet his love to Powhatan
'Is brotherly and pure;
'And as a token that it will
'Forever warm endure,
'He sends you rich and royal gifts,
'A robe of scarlet red,
'A sparkling crown thick-set with gems,
'Fit for a monarch's head,
'And other presents rich and rare,
'As you shall see and know,
'When to be crown'd in solemn form
'To Jamestown you shall go.
'He sent them in a mighty ship
'By a captain of the sea,
'Who has commission from our king,
'In company with me,
'To place the crown upon your head,
'A deed to great kings done
'In all the lands beyond the sea
'To the rising of the sun.
'And Captain Newport waits to know
'What day you will be there,

'That all things for the solemn rite
'We duly may prepare.'

IX.

Proudly the monarch raised his head,
And proudly turn'd his eye
Upon the spoils of many wars,
And scalps that hung on high;
And then his trusty bow and club
He haughtily survey'd,
And thus with stately air and tone
His brief reply he made.
'If such rare presents have been sent
'From your great king to me,
'Remember too, *I am a king*,
'And all this land you see,
'And all these woods and groves are mine,
'And the mighty rivers too,
'That pour down from the mountain sides
'And glide these valleys through.
'And thirty tribes with all their chiefs
'Their homage pay to me,
'And fight my battles when I call—
'Your captain of the sea
'Should better know the place he fills:
'His presents to bestow,

'He may, when suits him, come to me;
'*To him I shall not go.*'

X.

Sir John knew well the monarch's pride
And firm unbending will,
And well he knew 'twere vain to seek
His purpose to fulfil;
He therefore urged his suit no more,
But at the chief's request,
Consented to abide till morn,
And in his lodge to rest.
And soundly slept Sir John that night
Upon his deer-skin bed,
With hand upon his broadsword hilt
And pistol by his head.
And the first red morning ray that came,
Bright gleaming o'er the plain,
Beheld him on the forest route
To Jamestown's homes again.

XI.

A week of winter storms had pass'd,
And brighter days now shone,
And Powhatan no longer sat
In his winter lodge alone,

But in his council-hall appear'd
Among his warriors bold;
And all his chiefs were gather'd there,
A council-talk to hold.
And long about those royal gifts
They talk'd with solemn air;
Gifts from a land beyond the sea,
Which only kings might wear;
And many questions had been raised,
And many doubts remain'd,
What secret charm for good or ill
Those wondrous gifts contain'd.
But ere those doubts were half resolved,
While yet the talk went on,
One of the outer guard rush'd in,
Exclaiming that Sir John
And fifty of his pale-face tribe,
All marching in a file
Across the woods, with shining arms,
Were now within a mile
Of the council-hall. An instant fire
Flash'd from each warrior's eye,
But there was no tumultuous rush,
No shout or battle-cry;
With knitted brow and silent step
Each seized his club and bow,
And girded on his scalping-knife;

And now in one grim row,
A hundred warriors arm'd for death,
And led by their great king,
Before the council-hall appear,
And wait what fate may bring.

XII.

And soon the pale-face men came out,
And halted by the wood,
Their bright guns gleaming in their hands,
Facing the hall they stood,
While brave Sir John, like an armed knight,
March'd forward and alone,
And his errand and his company
To Powhatan made known.
He told him that his men had come
King James's gifts to bear,
And that the captain of the sea
Stood with his warriors there;
And all things were in readiness,
If it pleased his sovereign will,
The high behest of great King James
In the crowning to fulfil.
A sharp glance then the monarch sent
To the borders of the wood,
And ask'd Sir John to point him out
Where that sea-captain stood.

And on him long and steadily
He fix'd his eagle ken,
To learn if that strange captain look'd
Like other pale-face men.
At last the monarch gave consent
For the gifts to be convey'd
To the council-hall: but only four
Of the armed men should aid
The captain and Sir John; the rest
Should strictly be compell'd
To stay beside the distant wood,
While the royal rite was held.

XIII.

And now within the council-hall,
And by the monarch's throne,
Around in rich profusion spread,
The royal presents shone.
There stood Sir John with four arm'd men,
And the captain of the sea,
But the monarch's warriors in the hall
Were a hundred men and three.
The queens of twenty tribes appear,
And in their midst they bring
Two maidens bright to grace the scene,
The daughters of the king.
And there in his great dignity

Sat Powhatan alone,
In the broad circle that was made
Around the monarch's throne;
And while his people peer'd and press'd
Those splendid gifts to see,
He never moved his princely eyes,
But kept his dignity.
And when Sir John the signal gave
For the monarch to come down,
And, standing by the throne, receive
The robe of state and crown,
With motion slow and lofty air
He stepp'd upon the floor,
And as he pass'd, with careless eye
He glanced the presents o'er.

XIV.

Then took Sir John the robe of state
And gave it to the king;
And now with look of majesty
He eyed the curious thing;
And felt it o'er and o'er again—
As soft and fine it seems
As any beaver's fur that lives
Beside his woodland streams.
And much the color fills his eye;
A shade so pure and bright,

In any work of art before,
Had never met his sight.
And now the captain and Sir John
The robe of state unfold,
With outstretch'd arms and lifted hands
Aloft the fabric hold;
And while the monarch's noble form
They wrap the vesture round,
Its many broad and shining folds
Sweep gracefully the ground.
Stately the monarch walks the hall
And turns from side to side,
And all his men and warriors stand
And look with awe and pride.

XV.

Then Newport lifted up the crown,
With sparkling gems that shone,
And told the monarch to kneel down
With hand upon the throne;
For this mysterious, sacred thing
Was a type of sovereignty,
And all great kings that had been crown'd,
Were crown'd on bended knee.
A strange look then the monarch gave
To the captain of the sea,
As though he comprehended not

This type of sovereignty;
And Newport long confronted him
With arguments profound,
To make him understand that kings
Must kneel when they are crown'd.
But still the monarch could not see
The force of what he said,
And to his labor'd argument
He gravely shook his head.
His iron knee had never learn'd
To any power to bow,
And 'twas not all the kings on earth
Could make him bend it now.
But glancing round upon his men,
Unbending still he stood, [23]
Upright in native dignity,
Like an old oak of the wood.
This trouble vex'd exceedingly
The captain of the sea,
Who tried by every art to gain
Some slight bend of the knee,
That he on his return might tell
King James, and tell him true,
That Powhatan unto the crown
Had paid the homage due.
But all in vain; the more he strove,
The firmer stood the king:

Example or persuasive skill
Could no compliance bring,
Till on his shoulders both his hands
With gentle force he laid,
And pressing forward, thought he saw
The monarch bend his head.
'It is enough,' the captain said;
'To bow the head, or knee,
'With equal honor vindicates
'The type of sovereignty:'
And then upon that lofty brow
He placed the glittering thing,
And in King James's stead pronounced
A blessing on the king.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

The warm spring came, and the opening flower
On the sloping hill was seen;
And summer breathed on the waking woods,
And dress'd them in their green;
The wild-bird in the branches sung,
The wild-deer fed below;
Far up the river side appear'd
The hunter with his bow;
And on the fresh and sunny field,
Hard toiling through the day,
The weary colonist was out
By the groves of Paspahey.
Ship after ship came o'er the sea,
Laden with fresh supplies,
And men by hundreds came to join
This new world's enterprise;
And up and down the noble James
Were settlements begun,

And many an opening in the woods
Look'd out upon the sun.
The busy tradesman ope'd his store
Of goods and wares for sale,
And blithely by the barnyard sang
The milkmaid with her pail;
The stout mechanic in his shop
Whistled the hours away,
And sturdily his labor plied
Through the long summer day.
With boding and uneasy mind
The thoughtful Indian view'd
The fatal signs of English power
Spread o'er his solitude;
And oft he brooded many a scheme,
And much he long'd to see
A withering blight or death-blow given
To this wide-spreading tree.

II.

At evening sat King Powhatan
Beside his daughter fair,
To watch the far-off lightning's flash,
And breathe the cooling air:
'Twas by the door of his summer lodge;
His guards stood round in sight,
The moon between the flying clouds

Sent down a paly light,
When Opechancanough arrived,
With an air of kingly pride,
And greeting great King Powhatan,
Sat thoughtful by his side.

III.

'What tidings, Opechancanough?'
Said the monarch to his guest;
'Has the tree of these pale-faces spread
'So wide thou canst not rest?
'And hast thou come in sadness now
'To tell thy thoughts to me,
'And to pray the spirit of yonder fires
'To blast the pale-face tree?'

IV.

Then spoke Pamunky's king, and said,
With half triumphant mein,
'True, strongly grows the pale-face tree,
'Its boughs are fresh and green;
'But I have found a secret fire,
'That will at my bidding go,
'And, creeping through the pale-face tree,
'Lay its tall branches low.
'My priest a subtle poison keeps,
'From deadly weeds distill'd;

'A single drop, where the red-deer feeds,
'A red-deer oft has kill'd.
'Rich venison and wild fowls, imbued
'With this dark drug, have gone
'To feed the famish'd pale-face foe,
'A present to Sir John.
'And ere to-morrow's noonday hour
'They'll droop, and fade, and die,
'And strew the ground, like autumn leaves
'When the storm-god passes by.
'The breeze all day across the land
'Shall bear their dying groans,
'And the river-god shall many a year
'Behold their whitening bones.'

V.

He paused and look'd at Powhatan
For some approving word;
But a bitter sigh from Metoka
Was the only sound he heard.
'If it is done, then be it so,'
The monarch said, at last;
'Though rather would I see them fall
'By the spirit's lightning blast;
'Or that our arms in open fight
'Might hurl the deadly blow,
'And show them Powhatan has power

'To conquer any foe.
'But if the deed is done, 'tis well—
'The agent or the hour
'We will not question, if it serve
'To crush their growing power.
'Come, let us to the lodge retire;
'Thou'lt rest with us to-night:
'The clouds rise dark; the lightning fires
'Flash with a fiercer light.'
Now sitting in the lodge, they talk
Of their mighty pale-face foe:
Pamunky broods with secret joy
Upon the impending blow;
But Powhatan walks up and down
With sadness in his eye;
For though it was his settled will
The pale-face foe should die,
Yet still he feels 'twould better suit
His prowess and his pride,
If warriors' arms in the battle-field
The deadly strife had tried.

VI.

And now all silent in the lodge,
The chiefs are both at rest;
But, oh! what wild and harrowing thoughts
Fair Metoka oppress'd.

She loved her sire, she loved his land:
She loved them as her life—
What feeling in her heart is now
With that pure love at strife?
'Tis pity, pleading for the lives
Of those who soon must fall—
It pleadeth with an angel's voice,
And loud as a trumpet-call.
Mayhap another feeling too
Its secret influence wrought
In her pure heart; but if 'twere so,
She understood it not—
But true it was, that since Sir John
First pass'd before her sight,
Something was twining round her heart;
She felt it day and night.
Her heart is sad, her bosom bleeds
For the cruel fate of those,
In whom she knows no crime or fault,
Nor can she deem them foes.
Alone and restless she looks out
Upon the fearful night;
The warring elements are there,
The lightning fires gleam bright;
She hears the muttering thunders growl
Along the distant hills,
And many a pause the thunders make

The wolves' wild howling fills.
The awful clouds roll high and dark,
The winds have a roaring sound,
The branches from stout trees are torn
And hurl'd upon the ground;
And now the rain in torrents falls—
How her feeble limbs do shake!
Such gloom without, such grief within,
Her young heart sure must break.

VII.

But Jamestown's death-devoted sons
In conscious safety rest;
The natives, months before, had ceased
The pale-face to molest;
Pamunky's rich and generous gift
Their confidence increased,
And on the morrow all would share
In joyfulness their feast.
'Tis now the darkest midnight hour,
But yet Sir John sleeps not—
He listeth to the storm without;
The rain beats down like shot
Against the wall and on the roof;
The wind is strong and high,
And bellowing thunders burst and roll
Athwart the troubled sky.

A moment's pause—what sound is that?
A light tap at the door—
Can mortal be abroad to-night?
That feeble tap once more—
He opes the door; his dim light falls
Upon a slender form—
The monarch's daughter standeth there,
Like a spirit of the storm!
Through dark wild woods, in that fearful night,
She had peril'd life and limb,
And suffer'd all but death to bring
Safety and life to him.
And now, her object gain'd, she turns
In haste her home to seek—
Sir John such strong emotion feels,
At first he scarce can speak:
But soon he urged her, while the storm
Was raging, to remain;
But she with earnestness replied,
'I must not heed the rain.'
'But the night is dark, the way is rough,
'Till morning you must stay—'
With tears she said, 'I *must* return
'Before the break of day.'
'Then I will go with a file of men
'To guard you on your way—'
But still her eyes with tears were fill'd,

And still she answer'd nay—
'Through woods and rain to my father's lodge
'I must return alone,
'And never must my father know
'The errand I have done.'
And away she flew from the cottage door,
To the forest wild again:
Sir John upon the darkness look'd,
And listen'd to the rain;
And still he look'd where the pathway lay
Across the distant field,
Until the lightning's sudden flash
Her flying form reveal'd;
And still with sad and anxious thought
And moveless eyes he stood,
Till he saw her by another flash
Enter the midnight wood. [24]

VIII.

Day came and went—another pass'd—
And now a week has gone—
The dark-brow'd chiefs are puzzled much,
That the pale-face men live on.
Early and late had Powhatan
Been out on the calm hill-side,
But on the air no death-wail came
At morn or eventide:

And when his spies, returning home
From Jamestown day by day,
Told him the pale-face tree was green,
Nor blight upon it lay,
The doubting monarch shook his head,
And on his daughter cast
A look more chilling to her heart
Than winter's dreary blast.
But not a word the monarch spoke;
His thought he never told;
Though she could often in his eye
That dreadful glance behold.
And though in all his troubled hours
To give him peace she strove,
And though she tried all tender ways
To touch his heart with love;
And though sometimes he smiled on her,
As once he used to smile,
Yet in his eye that cheerless look
Was lurking all the while;
And Metoka for many a day
His lost love did deplore,
And felt that her sweet peace of mind
Was gone forevermore.
Lonely and sad one day she sat
In her bower beside the spring,
When coming from the woods she saw

Approach Pamunky's king.
He was her uncle, and though rough
To others he might prove,
To Metoka he nought had shown
But tenderness and love.
Then with a sad confiding look
She towards Pamunky ran,
Who told her he had come to bring
Great news to Powhatan;
And straightway to the council-hall
He led her by the hand,
Where chiefs and warriors eagerly
Around the monarch stand,
In deep debate, devising means
To crush the pale-face race;
But all, when came Pamunky's king,
Stood back to give him place.

IX.

'Your deep debate,' Pamunky said,
'Ye may no longer hold,
'Nor longer fear our pale-face foe;
'His days at last are told.
'Their mighty werowance, Sir John,
'Who exercised such skill,
'That all the poison of our land
'Could not his people kill,

'His death-wound has received at last—
'From their strange fire it came;
'That fire which thunders in their hands,
'And burns with a lightning flame—
'That fire they brought across the sea,
'To hunt us from the earth,
'Has turn'd on them its serpent fang,
'And stung them to the death.
'I saw Sir John with his bleeding wounds,
'And his muffled face and head,
'Creep slowly to their tall ship's deck,
'Like one that was near dead.
'And away that ship is sailing now
'Across the ocean wave,
'To carry Sir John to his English isle
'To rest in his English grave.
'And now this land is ours again;
'The rest of the pale-face crew
'We'll brush away from our forest home,
'As we brush the drops of dew.' [25]
Great joy then felt King Powhatan,
Great joy felt all his men,
And wild and loud were the shouts that made
Their forests ring again.
No more in long suspense and fear
They lay like a strong man bound,
But light and free, the feast and song

Through all the tribes went round;
And every hunter freely breathed
Along by the winding shore,
And warriors trod their native woods
In conscious pride once more.

X.

But where's the straggling colonist,
Who came not home last night?
His friends are out in search of him
By the earliest morning light.
At last away in a lonely spot,
His bleeding corpse is found;
His scalp is off, and his gory head
Lies weltering on the ground.
His wife in yonder graveyard sleeps:
She long before had died;
They feel it were a pious act
To place him by her side;
And slow they bear the corse along
Where the homeward pathway leads,
But a deadly arrow cleaves the air,
And another victim bleeds.
They see no foe, they hear no sound,
But they know that death is nigh;
They fly, and leave the death-stricken one
Alone with the dead to die.

XI.

Now deep the sorrow, pale the fear,
That fell on Jamestown's sons;
New forts are built, their swords new sharp'd,
And loaded are their guns;
And all their homes are picketed,
And all their doors are barr'd,
And fifty men with loaded arms
By day and night keep guard.
And now they sadly wish Sir John
Were there again to throw
The terror of his valiant arm
Around their savage foe.
But where they could, and where they must,
They still their labor plied,
And in the field the farmer toil'd
With musket by his side.
Oh, these were sad and fearful days;
Death lurk'd in every sound;
And English blood was often spilt
Like water on the ground;
And eagerly revenge and fear
Watch'd every dark wood-side,
And the sound of many a musket shot
Told where an Indian died.

XII.

Where rests the monarch's daughter now?
Can she such scenes abide?
She's gone a far and weary way,
To bright Potomac's side.
The coldness of her father's eye
Has made her eye grow dim—
Sir John has gone beyond the sea,
And her heart is gone with him;
And the sound of war, and the sight of blood,
That stain'd her native wild,
Have thrown a gloom on the weary life
Of the fair and gentle child.
She could not rest in her father's lodge,
Nor bide in her summer bower,
But wander'd alone about the woods,
And droop'd like a fading flower.
The monarch watch'd her changing hue
In sunshine and in shade,
And the father's heart within him yearn'd
When he saw her beauty fade.
For fifteen years her joyous heart,
And smiling cheek and eye,
Had been the light of the old man's life,
And he could not see her die

XIII.

He call'd her to his side, and said,
With kind and gentle tone,
'Why does my daughter weep all day,
'And wander thus alone?
'These days are evil days, my child,
'But long they will not last;
'I would thou hadst a safe retreat
'Till the raging storm be past.
'Potomac's skies are bright and blue,
'Potomac's groves are green,
'And brightly roll Potomac's waves
'Her lovely banks between;
'And gladly would King Japazaws
'All friendly rites extend
'To the daughter of King Powhatan,
'His sovereign and his friend.
'Then go, my child, and rest awhile
'On fair Potomac's side;
'There will thy days glide gently on,
'As the peaceful waters glide;
'And there young health will come again
'And kiss thy fading cheek,
'And in thy cheerful voice once more
'Thy mother's soul will speak.
'No sound of war will there disturb
'Thy silent rest at night,

'Nor wilt thou wake to the sight of blood
'When comes the morning light.
'And when from our dark-shadow'd land
'The clouds shall all pass o'er,
'And all these strange and dreadful foes
'Are driven from our shore,
'Thou'lt come again, all life and love,
'In thy father's lodge to rest,
'And the closing days of Powhatan
'Will yet be bright and blest.'
Thus spoke the monarch, and away
His gentle child has gone,
A weary way through pathless woods,
Like a lost and lonely fawn;
And now, a sweet transplanted flower,
She breathes the balmy air
On fair Potomac's sunny banks,
And sheds her fragrance there.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

CANTO SEVENTH.

I.

Still far along the winding James
War's muttering thunders ran,
And dark and gloomy clouds hung round
The hills of Powhatan;
And, as the storm more threatening seem'd,
The savage fiercer grew,
And thick around the settlements
His hurtling arrows flew.
As Powhatan in council sat
Among his warriors brave,
And for the coming night's campaign
His bloody orders gave,
Old Japazaws, who came not there
For many months before,
With hurrying step and haggard look
Came tottering to the door.
Each voice was hush'd, and every eye
Look'd anxiously about,

For well they knew no light affair
Had brought the old chief out.

II.

'Speak, Japazaws,' with sadden'd tone,
The anxious monarch said;
'Another cloud of blackness now
'Is settling o'er my head—
'Soon as I saw thy steps approach,
'I felt it in the air,
'I felt it in my aching heart,
'I felt it every where.
'I see it now in thy speaking eye,
'So sorrowful and wild—
'Speak out thy thoughts, and tell what blight
'Has come upon my child.'

III.

'Oh, sad the tale I have to tell,'
The trembling chief replied,
'And gladly to have saved thy child,
'Would Japazaws have died.
'Like a beam of light fair Metoka
'Went dancing through our grove,
'Her voice was like the nightingale,
'Her spirit like the dove,
'And every thing was happier,

'On which her brightness shone;
'Such innocence and love were hers,
'We loved her as our own.
'But, oh, the cruel pale-face came,
'In his shallop dark and tall,
'And he seized her on the river bank—
'We heard her feeble call,
'And ran to rescue, but in vain;
'They bore her from the shore,
'Away, away, and much I fear
'Thou'lt never see her more.' [26]

IV.

The aged monarch bow'd his head
In bitterness of wo;
In all his long eventful life
This was the deadliest blow.
In manhood's prime he had look'd on
And seen his kindred die,
Without one muscle quivering,
Without one tear or sigh.
Two generations he had seen
Swept from his wide domain;
And war, and peace, and lapse of years,
Had battled him in vain;
But when this last, this brightest hope
Was torn from him apart,

It shook the strength of his iron frame,
And pierced him to the heart.
The eyes of his fierce warriors glow'd
And flash'd with living fire;
And leave to fly and leave to fight
Is all they now require.
Pamunky rises in his might,
His voice is loud and high—
'This instant let us seek the foe,
'And cut him down or die.'
Like an angry tiger, Nantaquas
Sends fiery glances round,
And clutching his huge war-club, growls,
And fiercely beats the ground;
And a hundred warriors seize their arms
And foam like a raging flood;
And a hundred voices cry with thirst
For a taste of English blood.
But while they raged with furious heat,
And long'd for the coming fight,
A swiftly flying messenger
From the forest came in sight.
'Twas faithful Rawhunt—six long days
At Jamestown he had been,
A captive in the picket fort—
How came he free again?
He rushes to the council-hall

And stands before the king,
And listening warriors bend to hear
What tidings he may bring.

V.

'O, sire,' the faithful servant said,
'Would that the pale-face foe
'Had sent his lightning through the heart
'Of Rawhunt long ago;
'Then had I never lived to see
'The sorrow and distress
'Of that sweet child, whose life has been
'All love and tenderness.
'They led her to the inner fort—
'I saw her as she pass'd;
'Her head was bent like a dying flower,
'And her tears were falling fast.
'And then their council bade me bear
'This message to my king,
'And ere the setting sun goes down
'His answer back to bring.
'The pale-face now, of Powhatan,
'Demands that war shall cease,
'And holds his daughter as a pledge
'That he will live at peace;
'But if another white man falls,
'Or a drop of blood is shed,

'That instant shall the monarch's child
'Sleep with the sleeping dead.
'Twelve circling moons a captive bound
'Must Metoka remain,
'And if good faith be kept till then,
'She shall be free again.
'And more than this, great Powhatan
'His royal word must give
'To keep the truce, if he would have
'His daughter longer live;
'And I must fly with the monarch's pledge,
'As swift as the eagle flies,
'For if the pledge come not to-night,
'*This night his daughter dies.*'
He ceased, and silence fill'd the hall,
Like midnight deep and still;
All eyes were bent on Powhatan,
Waiting the monarch's will.

VI.

Then slowly look'd the old chief round;
In his eye a strange light shone,
And slowly these brief words he spoke
In a strange and solemn tone.
'The Spirit wills it—we must yield—
'For vain the power of man
'To strive against the Spirit's power:

'Gladly would Powhatan,
'Alone, unaided, meet the foe,
'And all his host defy—
'But the Spirit wills it—we must yield—
'*That daughter must not die.*'
Fair wampum-belts of shining hue
Were hanging on the wall;
The monarch took from its resting-place
The richest one of all;
And placing it on Rawhunt's arm,
He bade him speed his flight,
And bear it to the pale-face chiefs
Ere fall the shades of night;
And tell them, 'Powhatan accepts
'The proffer they have made:
'If they are faithful to the truce,
''Twill be by him obey'd.'
Swiftly the faithful Rawhunt flew
Away through the distant wood;
But the monarch still among his chiefs
Like a solemn statue stood.
At last, with sadden'd look and tone,
The chiefs he thus address'd:
'The old tree cannot always last;
'The monarch needeth rest.
'While twelve fair moons in quietness
'Shall run their circling round,

'No war-whoop will awake the woods,
'No blood will stain the ground.
'Till then, to a solitary lodge
'Will Powhatan depart,
'And rest his head from weary cares,
'And rest his weary heart.
'Meantime let brave Pamunky's king
'Our sovereign sceptre sway,
'And him, instead of Powhatan,
'Let all the tribes obey.'
He said—and slowly round the hall
A sober look he cast;
A lingering, doubting, troubled look,
As though it were the last;
And taking up his bow and club,
That lean'd against the wall,
The monarch turn'd with stately step
And left the silent hall.

VII.

Far up the Chickahominy
The banks are green and fair,
And through the groves of Orapakes
There breathes a balmy air;
And there beneath tall shady trees
A quiet lodge is found;
Bright birds are darting through the boughs

And hopping on the ground;
Refreshing waters from the hills
Through groves and valleys glide;
And gentle deer come down to drink
By the cool river-side;
And there among the stout old trees,
From toil and conflict free,
The aged monarch moves about,
And muses silently.
He sighs to think of his distant child
At night on his bed of fur:
And if he sleep in the lonely hours,
'Tis but to dream of her.
And he thinks of her in his sunny walks,
With the sportive deer about,
And he thinks of her by the bending brook
Where glides the golden trout.

VIII.

Long time had Opechancanough
A burning hatred borne
Against the pale-face, who had caused
His native land to mourn.
Sir John had led him by the hair, [27]
With pistol at his breast;
The rankling thought was a raging fire,
That never let him rest.

And the insult offer'd to his god
He never could forget,
Till the sun of this whole hated race
In night and blood should set.
Sage Powhatan knew well the power
The English arms possess'd,
And made his warriors keep aloof,
And their rash fire repress'd.
But now Pamunky is the chief,
Whom all the tribes obey,
And vengeance its hot strife for blood
No longer will delay.
He boldly goes to the white man's lodge,
And talks of friendship's chain,
And tells how strong and bright it is,
And long shall so remain;
And all unarm'd his warriors roam
The colonists among,
And words of peace and kindness flow
From every Indian tongue.
But in his deep and gloomy wilds,
Where white man never came,
He breathed into his warriors' hearts
His bosom's burning flame.
And round and round, from tribe to tribe,
Through many a summer's night,
He whisper'd dark words in their ears

Beneath the dim starlight:
And a thousand times those mutter'd words
In his low breath were said,
And a thousand hearts their secret kept,
As voiceless as the dead.
He bade them think of Powhatan,
An exile sad and lone;
And the pleasant light of that lovely star
That once among them shone;
He bade them think of Okee's wrongs
Received from the pale-face crew;
And the deadly shade that the pale-face tree
Far over the land now threw.
The secret fire is kindling well;
A thousand hearts are strong,
And a thousand eager warriors wait
To avenge their country's wrong.

IX.

The day of blood arrives at last,
When vengeance shall be hurl'd
On every pale-face in the land,
And sweep him from the world.
Through the silent night, in the upland groves,
And down by the murky fen,
And deep in the solitary wood,
There's a mustering of men—

Old Chesapeake sends forth the tribes
That live along the shore;
Potomac's warriors, arm'd for death,
Are on the march once more;
Fierce Kecoughtans and Nansamonds
Creep noiselessly along;
Pamunky's valiant tribe sends out
A band five hundred strong;
And a hundred silent winding streams,
By the twinkling stars' dim light,
Beheld dark warriors whispering
Along their banks that night.
Each band knew well its pathless route
In darkness or in day:
Each had its several task assign'd,
And panted for its prey.
They came where the outer settlements
Were skirted by the wood,
And waiting for the appointed hour,
In breathless silence stood.
The gray tops of the cottages
Gleam'd in the misty air;
They look'd and listen'd eagerly—
No light, no sound was there.
No watchful guards with loaded arms
In field or fort appear;
There lay the slumbering colony
Without defence or fear.

X.

The morning-star is in the sky—
The signal word is given,
And a hundred blazing torches flash
In the starry vault of heaven;
And from a hundred blazing homes
Rings out a piercing cry,
As the sleeper wakes, and the flames of death
Glare on his waking eye.
But a wilder scream, a fiendish yell,
Comes back to his ear again,
As he rushes out, and a savage blow
Has crush'd him to the plain.
When morning came, the sun look'd down
Where many a cottage stood;
But he only saw black smouldering heaps,
And fields that smoked with blood. [28]
In all the outer settlements
The work of death was o'er,
And full three hundred colonists
Lay weltering in their gore.

XI.

But Jamestown show'd another sight
To that bright morning sun—
Three hundred hostile men stood there,
All arm'd with sword and gun,

And breathing out a stern resolve
To hunt the savage race,
With fire and sword and ceaseless war,
Till not a single trace
Of all the tribes of Powhatan
Should in the land be seen,
To cry for blood, or tell the world
That such a race had been.
How these were saved from blood and death
On that red night of wo,
The Indian never knew, and now
It matters not to know.
Enough, that timely warning came
For them to up and arm;
That when the gleam of the Indian torch
Flash'd out its first alarm,
A dozen muskets blazed at once,
And torch and bearer fell,
And the foe fled swift when he heard the roar
Through the echoing forest swell.

XII.

Henceforth the course of war is changed—
In one devoted band
The desperate colonists march forth
In arms to scour the land;
And the flying savage, looking back

From the hill-top, often sees
The flames of his burning lodge dart up
Above the forest trees.
The blood of old and young alike
Is pour'd upon the plains,
And through the realm of Powhatan
Wide desolation reigns.
Like hunted deer through grove and glen
The bleeding victims die,
And villages by the river banks
In smoking ruins lie.
At last the broken, flying tribes
In many a rallying band,
Meet round the home of Powhatan
For one more desperate stand.
And here an oath each warrior swears,
To fall—if he must fall—
With face to the foe, and hand to his bow,
And his back to the council-hall.

XIII.

The fearful battle soon grows warm
Between the opposing foes—
Three hundred muskets in the field
Against three thousand bows.
And thickly flew with deadly aim
The Indian arrows then;

But where one man by an arrow fell,
The musket slaughter'd ten.
Pamunky, wounded, leaves the field,
Stout Nantaquas is slain,
And many a brave and valiant chief
Lies stretch'd upon the plain;
But still the battle fiercer grows
Till near the close of day,
And neither side the victory gains,
And neither side gives way.
And now with sword and bayonet,
Their ammunition gone,
With firmness toward the faltering foe
The colonists press on,
And hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Their deadly weapons ply—
The white man takes the ground at last,
The Indians fall or fly.

XIV.

That instant, bounding from the wood,
A furious warrior came;
His weapon was a huge war-club,
His eye a living flame—
And as he rush'd to the battle-field
He shouted with his might—
The old woods leapt at the well-known sound,

As if they felt delight.
He paused a moment to survey
The dying and the dead:
His fallen warriors strew'd the ground;
The living few had fled;
And now before the conquering foe
There stood but a single man—
But fierce the conflict yet must rage,
For he was Powhatan.
The monarch's back to mortal foe
Had never yet been given,
And, come what will, he meets it now
In the face of earth and heaven.
Swinging his knotted war-club high,
To the thickest ranks he press'd,
Where fifty swords and bayonets
Were pointed to his breast,
And up and down, this way and that,
His ponderous weapon threw,
And broken muskets strew'd the ground,
And swords like feathers flew.
In vain the rallying forces came
To aid the falling band;
Numbers, nor arms, nor courage could
The monarch's rage withstand.
At last, pale-faces in their turn
To the sheltering forest fly,

Nor longer hold the king at bay,
For, they that linger, die.

XV.

The aged monarch stood alone,
By his council-hall again;
The unbending monarch, unsubdued,
King of his bloody plain.
But what was that red plain to him?
His groves? his country? all?
In his lodge there were no loved ones now,
No voice in his council-hall.
The old man's heart was desolate—
His warriors all were dead;
He knew the pale-face tree had root,
And far and wide would spread.
And sadly toward the western sky
He turn'd his weary eyes,
Where mountains blue are dimly seen,
And the land of spirits lies;
And he thought, could he lay his aged bones
In that peaceful land to rest,
Where the pale-face foe could never come,
The red man to molest;
Where his gather'd tribes might hunt the deer
Through the forest wilds again,
And plant their corn in peace once more

Upon the sunny plain;
And where by the shadowy mountain's brow,
He in his quiet cot
His wife and children might behold,
'Twould be a blessed lot;
And casting one long, painful look
On his lost land and home,
Ere through the western wilds afar
A pilgrim he should roam,
He took his war-club for a staff,
And his footsteps westward turn'd,
And sought for rest in the far-off land,
Where the ruddy sunset burn'd.

END OF THE LAST CANTO.

NOTES.

NOTE 1—CANTO FIRST, SECT. I.

Far in their mountain lurking-place
The Manakins had heard his fame,
And Manahocks dared not come down
His valleys to pursue their game.

The Manakins and Manahocs, or Manahoacs, dwelt in the hilly country above the falls of the great rivers which empty into Chesapeake Bay; while the dominion of Powhatan extended over the whole of the flat country below the falls. The Manakins dwelt on the head waters of the James River, and the Manahocs on the head waters of the Potomac and Rappahannock. They were subdivided into several nations or tribes, and formed a sort of league or confederacy of the upland and mountain Indians against the power and tyranny of Powhatan. The Manakins consisted of four or five tribes, and the Manahocs of eight, and the whole, being combined in firm league against the empire of Powhatan, must have constituted rather a formidable foe.

NOTE 2—CANTO FIRST, SECT. I.

And Susquehannah's giant race.

This powerful tribe, dwelling along the valley of the Susquehannah, bearing the name of that noble stream, and commanding its waters even to the head of Chesapeake Bay, is represented by the early adventurers in Virginia to have been a race of gigantic stature. The romantic spirit of Captain Smith, delighting as he did in the marvellous, probably may have given some coloring to his descriptions in matters of mere opinion, but where he describes facts that came within his knowledge, his truth and candor may always be relied upon. He says, "Such great and well-proportioned men are seldom seen; for they seemed like giants to the English, yea, and to the neighbors, yet seemed of an honest and simple disposition, with much ado restrained from adoring us as gods."

The following curious account of this tribe is from the grave and matter-of-fact historian Stith; borrowed however principally from Smith.

"Their language and attire were very suitable to their stature and appearance. For their language sounded deep and solemn, and hollow, like a voice in a vault. Their attire was the skins of bears and wolves, so cut that the man's head went through the neck, and the ears of the bear were fastened on his shoulders, while the nose and teeth hung dangling down upon his breast. Behind, was another bear's face split, with a paw hanging at the nose. And their sleeves coming down to their elbows, were the necks

of bears, with their arms going through the mouth, and paws hanging to the nose. One had the head of a wolf, hanging to a chain, for a jewel; and his tobacco pipe was three-quarters of a yard long, carved with a bird, a deer, and other devices at the great end, which was sufficient to beat out a man's brains. They measured the calf of the largest man's leg, and found it three-quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limbs were in proportion; so that he seemed the stateliest and most goodly personage they had ever beheld. His arrows were three-quarters long, headed with splinters of a white crystal-like stone, in the form of a heart, an inch broad, and an inch and a half long. These he carried at his back, in a wolf's skin for a quiver, with his bow in one hand and his club in the other."

NOTE 3—CANTO FIRST, SECT. I.

And thirty tribes one monarch bless'd.

"He had under him thirty werowances, or inferior kings, who had power of life and death, but were bound to govern according to the customs of the country."—*Stith's Virginia.*

All accounts agree that Powhatan had under his dominion thirty tribes, and some of our chronicles locate them as follows. Ten tribes between the Potomac and Rappahannock, five between the Rappahannock and York, eight between the York and James, five between the James River and the borders of Carolina, and two on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay.

NOTE 4—CANTO FIRST, SECT. III.

Deep in a sea of waving wood
The monarch's rustic lodge was seen,
Where brightly roll'd the river down,
And gently sloped the banks of green.

Powhatan's principal place of residence at the time of the arrival of the English, was on the James River, a little below the spot where Richmond now stands. He resided, however, a part of the time at Werowocomoco, on York River, about ten or a dozen miles from Jamestown; and a part of the time at Orapakes, up the river Chickahominy.

NOTE 5—CANTO FIRST, SECT. VIII.

His plume is a raven wing.

"Some on their heads wear the wing of a bird, or some large feather with a rattel. Those rattels are somewhat like the shape of a rapier, but lesse, which they take from the taile of a snake. Many have the whole skinne of a hawke or some strange foule, stuffed, with the wings abroad."—*Smith's History of Virginia.*

NOTE 6—CANTO FIRST, SECT. XIII.

And Madoc and his host were withered from the world.

"The chronicles of Wales report, that Madoc, sonne to Owen Quineth, Prince of Wales, seeing his two brethren at debate, who should inherit, prepared certaine ships, with men and munition, and left his country to seeke adventures

by sea. Leaving Ireland north, he sayled west till he came to a land unknowne. Returning home and relating what pleasant and fruitful countries he had seene without inhabitants, and for what barren land his brethren and kindred did murther one another, he provided a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietnesse, that arrived with him in this new land in the year 1170; left many of his people there and returned for more. But where this place was no history can show."—*Captain John Smith.*

"On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A. D. 1169, his children disputed the succession. Yorwerth, the elder, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel obtained possession of the throne for awhile, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc meantime abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the west in search of some better resting-place. The land which he discovered pleased him. He left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more." —*Preface to Southey's Madoc.*

"*Welsh Indians.*—Father Reichard, of Detroit, from whom I received the facts just stated, informed me at the

same time, that in 1793 he was told at Fort Chartres, that twelve years before, Capt. Lord commanded this post, who heard some of the old people observe, that Mandan Indians visited this post, and could converse intelligibly with some Welsh soldiers in the British army. This is here given, that any person, who may have the opportunity, may ascertain whether there is any affinity between the Mandan and Welsh languages."—*Dr. Morse's Indian Report.*

NOTE 7—CANTO FIRST, SECT. XIII.

Unto their pale-face leader show
The pipe of peace and warlike bow.

"As they proceeded up the river, another company of Indians appeared in arms. Their chief, Apamatica, holding in one hand his bow and arrows, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, demanded the cause of their coming."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 8—CANTO FIRST, SECT. XIV.

As round his brawny limbs he drew
His feathery mantle, broad and blue.

"For their apparell they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hayre, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantels of deer skins, not much differing in fashion from the Irish mantels. Some imbrodered with white beads, some with copper, other painted after their manner.

"We have seen some use mantels made of turkey feathers,

so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing could be discerned but the feathers. That was exceeding warm and very handsome."—*Smith's History of Virginia.*

NOTE 9—CANTO SECOND, SECT. I.

A stout and trusty guard was placed
Around the lodge, whose hands embraced
The battle-axe or bended bow,
Ready to meet a coming foe.

"About his person ordinarily attendeth a guard of forty or fifty of the tallest men his country doth afford. Every night upon the four quarters of his house are four sentinels, each from other a light shoot, and at every half hour one from the *corps du guard* doth hollow, shaking his lips with his finger betweene them; unto whom every sentinel doth answer round from his stand. If any faile, they presently send forth an officer that beateth him extremely."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 10—CANTO SECOND, SECT. VIII.

Then through that long and mystic reed,
Emblem of many a sacred deed,
Three solemn draughts the monarch drew,
And the smoke in three directions blew.

"When they smoke, the first puff is upward, intended for the Great Spirit, as an act of homage to him; the next is to their mother *earth*, whence they derive their corn and

other sustenance; the third is horizontal, expressive of their good-will to their fellow men."—*Dr. Morse's Indian Report.*

NOTE 11—CANTO SECOND, SECT. XIII.

The voice of Powhatan was law.

"He nor any of his people understand any letters whereby to write or read; only the laws whereby he ruleth is custome. Yet when he listeth, his will is a law and must be obeyed. Not only as a king, but as half a God they esteme him. His inferior kings, whom they call werowances, are tyed to rule by customes, and have power of life and death at their command in that nature.

"They all know their severall lands, and habitations, and limits, to fish, foule, or hunt in, but they hold all of their great werowance Powhatan, unto whom they pay tribute of skinnes, beads, copper, pearle, deere, turkies, wild beasts, and corne. What he commandeth they dare not disobey in the least thing. It is strange to see with what great fear and adoration all these people doe obey this Powhatan. For at his feete they present whatsoever he commandeth, and at the least frown of his brow their greatest spirits will tremble with fear: and no marvell, for he is very terrible and tyrannous in punishing such as offend him."—*Captain John Smith.*

NOTE 12—CANTO THIRD, SECT. III.

Of all the knights of England,
That ever in armor shone,
The boldest and the truest heart
Was that of brave Sir John.
He had pass'd through perils on the land,
And perils on the sea,
And oftentimes confronted death
In Gaul and Germany;
And many a Transylvanian
Could point to the spot and show
Where the boldest of the Turkish knights
Were by his hand laid low.
And when confined in dungeons,
Or driven as a slave,
The rescue, that his own arm brought,
Proved well Sir John was brave.

The following brief biographical sketch of Capt. John Smith is quoted in Burk's Virginia, as from "a late American biographer;" [probably Belknap.]

"He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire [England] in the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-nine. From the first dawn of reason he discovered a roving and romantic genius, and delighted in extravagant and daring actions among his school-fellows. When about thirteen years of age, he sold his books and satchel, and his puerile trinkets, to raise money, with a view to convey himself privately to sea; but the death of his father put a stop for the present to this attempt, and threw him into the hands of guar-

dians, who endeavored to check the ardor of his genius, by confining him to a compting house. Being put apprentice to a merchant at Lynn, at the age of fifteen, he at first conceived hopes that his master would send him to sea in his service; but this hope failing, he quitted his master, and with only ten shillings in his pocket, entered into the train of a young nobleman who was travelling to France.

"At Orleans he was discharged from his attendance on Lord Bertie, and had money given to return to England.

"With this money he visited Paris, and proceeded to the Low Countries, where he enlisted as a soldier, and learned the rudiments of war, a science peculiarly agreeable to his ardent and active genius. Meeting with a Scots gentleman abroad, he was persuaded to pass into Scotland, with the promise of being strongly recommended to King James. But being baffled in this expectation, he returned to his native town, and finding no company there, which suited his taste, he built a booth in the wood, and betook himself to the study of military history and tactics, diverting himself at intervals with his horse and lance; in which exercises he at length found a companion, an Italian gentleman, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, who drew him from his sylvan retreat to Tattersal.

"Having recovered a part of the estate which his father had left him, he put himself into a better condition than before, and set off again on his travels, in the winter of the year one thousand five hundred and ninety-six, being then only seventeen years of age. His first stage was Flanders, where meeting with a Frenchman, who pretended to be heir

to a noble family, he with his three attendants prevailed upon Smith to go with them to France. In a dark night they arrived at St. Valory, in Picardy, and by the connivance of the shipmaster, the Frenchmen were carried ashore with the trunks of our young traveller, whilst he was left on board till the return of the boat. In the mean time they had conveyed the baggage out of his reach, and were not to be found. A sailor on board, who knew the villains, generously undertook to conduct him to Mortain, where they lived, and supplied his wants till their arrival at the place. Here he found their friends, from whom he could get no recompense, but the report of his sufferings induced several persons of distinction to invite him to their houses.

"Eager to pursue his travels, and not caring to receive favors which he was unable to requite, he left his new friends, and went from port to port in search of a ship of war. In one of these rambles near Dinan, it was his chance to meet one of the villains who had robbed him. Without speaking a word, they both drew; and Smith having wounded and disarmed his antagonist, obliged him to confess his guilt before a number of persons, who had assembled on the occasion. Satisfied with his victory, he retired to the seat of an acquaintance, the Earl of Ployer, who had been brought up in England; and having received supplies from him, he travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, and from thence crossed over to Marseilles; visiting and observing every thing in his way, which had any reference to military or naval architecture.

"At Marseilles he embarked for Italy, in company with a rabble of pilgrims. The ship was forced by a tempest into the harbor of Toulon, and afterwards obliged by a contrary wind to anchor under the little island of St. Mary, off Nice, in Savoy. The bigotry of the pilgrims made them ascribe their ill-fortune to the presence of a heretic on board. They devoutly cursed Smith and his queen, Elizabeth, and in a fit of pious rage threw him into the sea. He swam to the island, and the next day was taken on board a ship of St. Malo which had also put in there for shelter. The master of the ship, who was well known to his noble friend the Earl of Ployer, entertained him kindly, and carried him to Alexandria in Egypt; from thence he coasted the Levant, and on his return had the high satisfaction of an engagement with a Venetian ship, which they took and rifled of her rich cargo.

"Smith was set on shore at Antibes, with a box of one thousand chequins, (about two thousand dollars,) by the help of which he made the tour of Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and travelled into Stiria, to the seat of Ferdinand, archduke of Austria. Here he met with an English and Irish Jesuit, who introduced him to Lord Eberspaught, Baron Kisel, and other officers of distinction; and here he found full scope for his genius; for the emperor being then at war with the Turks, he entered into his army as a volunteer.

"He communicated to Eberspaught a method of conversing at a distance by signals made with torches, which being alternately shown and hidden a certain number of times, designated every letter of the alphabet.

"He had soon after an opportunity of making the experiment. Eberspaught, being besieged by the Turks in the strong town of Olimpack, was cut off from all intelligence and hope of succor from his friends. Smith proposed his method of communication to Baron Kisel, who approved it, and allowed him to put it in practice. He was conveyed by a guard to a hill within view of the town, and sufficiently remote from the Turkish camp. At the display of the signal, Eberspaught knew and answered it; and Smith conveyed to him this intelligence: 'Thursday night I will charge on the east; at the alarm, sally thou.' The answer was, 'I will.'

"Just before the attack, by Smith's advice, a great number of false fires were made in another quarter, which divided the attention of the enemy, and gave advantage to the assailants; who being assisted by a sally from the town, killed many of the Turks, drove others into the river, and threw succors into the place, which obliged the enemy next day to raise the siege. This well-conducted exploit produced to our young adventurer the command of a company, consisting of two hundred and fifty horsemen, in the regiment of Count Meldrich, a nobleman of Transylvania.

"The regiment in which he served, being engaged in several hazardous enterprises, Smith was foremost in all dangers, and distinguished himself by his ingenuity and by his valor: and when Meldrich left the imperial army and passed into the service of his native prince, Smith followed him.

"At the siege of Regal, the Ottomans derided the slow approaches of the Transylvanian army, and sent a challenge,

purporting that the lord Turbisha, to divert the ladies, would fight any single captain of the Christian troops.

"The honor of accepting this challenge, being determined by lot, fell on Captain Smith; who meeting his antagonist on horseback, within view of the ladies on the battlements, at the sound of music began the encounter, and in a short time killed him, and bore away his head in triumph to his general, the lord Moyzes.

"The death of the chief so irritated his friend Crualgo, that he sent a particular challenge to the conqueror, who, meeting him with the same ceremonies, after a smart combat, took off his head also.

"Smith then in his turn sent a message into the town, informing the ladies, that if they wished for more diversion, they should be welcome to his head, in case their third champion could take it.

"The challenge was accepted by Bonamalgro, who unhorsed Smith, and was near gaining the victory; but remounting in a critical moment he gave the Turk a stroke with his falchion, which brought him to the ground, and his head was added to the number.

"For these singular exploits he was honored with a military procession, consisting of six thousand men, three led horses, and the Turks' heads on the points of their lances. With this ceremony Smith was conducted to the pavilion of his general, who, after embracing him, presented him with a horse richly furnished, a scymetar and belt worth three hundred ducats, and a commission to be major in his regiment.

"The prince of Transylvania, after the capture of the place, made him a present of his picture set in gold, and a pension of three hundred ducats per annum; and moreover granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield.

"The patent was admitted and received in the college of heralds in England, by Sir Henry Segar, garter king at arms. Smith was always proud of this distinguished honor, and these arms are accordingly blazoned in the frontispiece to his history, with this motto, '*Vincere est vivere.*'

"After this, the Transylvanian army was defeated by a body of Turks and Tartars near Rotention, and many brave men were slain, among whom were nine English and Scots officers, who, after the fashion of that day, had entered into this service, from a religious zeal to drive the Turks out of Christendom.

"Smith was wounded in this battle and lay among the dead. His habit discovered him to the victors as a person of consequence; they used him well till his wounds were healed, and then sold him to the Basha Bogul, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda at Constantinople, accompanied with a message, as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

"The present proved more acceptable to the lady than her lord intended. She could speak Italian; and Smith in that language not only informed her of his country and quality, but conversed with her in so pleasing a manner as to gain her affections. The connection proved so tender, that to

secure him for herself, and to prevent his being ill-used, she sent him to her brother, the bashaw of Nalbraitz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars on the borders of the sea of Azoph. Her pretence was, that he should there learn the manners and language as well as religion of the Tartars.

"By the terms in which she wrote to her brother, he suspected her design, and resolved to disappoint her. Within an hour after Smith's arrival he was stripped, his head and beard were shaven, an iron collar was put about his neck, he was clothed with a coat of hair-cloth, and driven to labor among the Christian slaves.

"He had now no hope of redemption, but from the love of his mistress, who was at a great distance, and not likely to be informed of his misfortunes. The hopeless condition of his fellow slaves could not alleviate his despondency.

"In the depth of his distress an opportunity presented for an escape, which to a person of less courageous and adventurous spirit would have been an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing at a grange in a large field, about a league from the house of his tyrant; who in his daily visits treated him with abusive language, accompanied with blows and kicks.

"This was more than Smith could bear; wherefore watching an opportunity, when no other person was present, he levelled a stroke at him with his threshing instrument, which dispatched him.

"Then hiding his body in the straw, and shutting the door, he filled a bag with grain, mounted the bashaw's horse, and

betaking himself to the desert, wandered for two or three days, ignorant of the way, and so fortunate as not to meet with a single person, who might give information of his flight.

"At length he came to a post, erected in a cross road, by the marks on which he found the way to Muscovy, and in sixteen days he arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don; where was a Russian garrison, the commander of which, understanding that he was a Christian, received him courteously, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters to the other governors in that region.

"Thus he travelled through part of Russia and Poland, till he got back to his friends in Transylvania; receiving presents in his way from many persons of distinction, among whom he particularly mentions a charitable lady, Callamata, being always proud of his connection with that sex, and fond of acknowledging their favors. At Leipsic he met with his colonel, Count Meldrich, and Sigismund, prince of Transylvania, who gave him one thousand five hundred ducats to repair his losses.

"With this money he was enabled to travel through Germany, France, and Spain, and having visited the kingdom of Morocco, he returned by sea to England; having in his passage enjoyed the pleasure of another naval engagement.

"At his arrival in his native country, he had a thousand ducats in his purse, which, with the interest he had remaining in England, he devoted to seek adventures and make discoveries in North America."

Reader, if thou hast perused the preceding sketch of the life of Captain Smith, pause one moment, and reflect, that all that is here recorded, he performed, passed through, and suffered, before he came to the wild shores of the new world. And that here he entered upon a new field of enterprise, and of suffering, and of daring, not less remarkable than the scenes which had already given such wonderful interest to his eventful life. Follow him to the wilderness of Virginia, and witness the toils and struggles he went through to plant the first European settlement in these states. Behold him the guardian spirit of the little colony, in repeated instances and in various ways protecting it by his single arm from utter destruction. When the colony was sinking under famine, the energy and activity of Smith always brought them food; when beset by the subtle and ferocious tribes around them, the courage and skill of Smith never failed to prove a safe and sufficient shield for their protection. When traitors among them sought to rob and abandon the colony, they were detected by his penetration and punished by his power. It mattered not what nominal rank he held in the colony, whether vested with office, or filling only the humble post of a private individual, it was to him that all eyes were turned in times of difficulty and danger, and it was his name alone that struck terror to the hearts of the hostile savages.

With a dozen men in an open boat, he performs a voyage of a thousand miles, surveying the shores of the great Chesapeake Bay and exploring its noble tributary streams, with thousands of the wild sons of the forest ready to meet

him at every turn. When, in the cabin of the powerful chief Opechancanough, five hundred warriors, armed with bow and club, surrounded him with a determination to seize him and put him to death, who but Captain John Smith would have extricated himself from his perilous situation? Nothing daunted, he seized the giant chieftain by the hair of his head with one hand, held a pistol to his breast with the other, and led him out trembling among his people, and made them throw down their arms.

In short, for romantic adventure, "hair-breadth escapes," the sublimity of courage, high and honorable feeling, and true worth of character, the history of the world may be challenged to produce a parallel to Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia.

NOTE 13—CANTO THIRD, SECT. I.

And well might English hearts beat high,
When first they breathed thy virgin air;
For never to them seem'd sky so bright,
Nor ever a land so fair.

"Every object that struck their senses, as they sailed up the Chesapeake, was well calculated to awaken hope in the minds of the adventurers. They were almost enclosed in one of the most spacious bays in the world; whilst the rich verdure, with which a genial and early spring had clad the forest, ascending from the edge of the shore to the summits of the hills, presented a prospect at once regular and magnificent. It was a sort of vast amphitheatre, the limits

of which were the horizon; and when to the real beauty of the landscape, be added the ardent spirit of adventure, which delights in the marvellous, and kindles and dilates itself by the enthusiasm of fancy; there is little cause for our surprise at the glowing descriptions of the first settlers, who represented it as a kind of earthly paradise or elisium." —*Burk's History of Virginia.*

There is a simplicity and an occasional richness in the original descriptions of Captain Smith, which cannot fail to be relished by the reader.

"There is but one entrance by sea into this country, and that is at the mouth of a very goodly bay eighteen or twenty miles broad. The cape at the south is Cape Henry, in honor of our most noble prince. The land white hilly sands, like unto the Downes, and all along the shores great plentie of pines and firres.

"The north cape is called Cape Charles, in honor of the worthy Duke of Yorke; the isles before it, Smith's Isles, by the name of the discoverer. Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places knowne, for large and pleasant navigable rivers; heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation. Here are mountains, hills, plains, valleys, rivers, and brookes, all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land.

"The mountains are of divers natures; for at the head of

the bay the rockes are of a composition like millstones. Some of marble, &c. And many pieces like christall, we found, as throwne downe by water from those mountains. These waters wash from the rockes such glistering tinctures, that the ground in some places seemeth as guilded, where both the rockes and the earth are so splendent to behold, *that better judgements than ours might have beene persuaded they contained more than probabilities.* The vesture of the earth in most places doth manifestly prove the nature of the soyle to be lusty and very rich.

"The country is not mountainous, nor yet low; but such pleasant plaines, hils, and fertile valleyes, one prettily crossing another, and watered so conveniently with fresh brooks and springs, no less commodious and delightsome. By the rivers are many plaine marishes. Other plaines there are few, but only where the savages inhabit; but all overgrowne with trees and weeds, being a plaine wilderness as God first made it.

"The windes here are variable, but the like thunder and lightning to purify the air, I have seldome either seene or heard in Europe."—*Smith's Virginia, published in London,* 1629.

In the same work, giving an account of an earlier voyage of discovery to the western continent, under the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh, the author says, "The second of July they fell with the coast of Florida in shoule water, where they felt a most delicate sweete smell. They found their first landing-place very sandy and low, but so full of

grapes, that the very surge of the sea sometimes overflowed them; of which they found such plenty in all places, both on the sand, the greene soyle and hils, as in the plaines, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars, that they did thinke in the world were not the like abundance." * * * *

"Discharging our muskets, such a flocke of cranes, the most white, arose by us, with such a cry as if an army of men had shouted altogether."

The woods contained "the highest and reddest cedars of the world, bettering them of the Assores, Indies or Libanus; pines, cypress, saxefras, the lentish that beareth mastick, and many other of excellent smell and quality."

"The soyle is most plentifull, sweete, wholesome, and fruitfull of all other; there are about fourteen severall sorts of sweete smelling tymber trees; such oaks as we, but far greater and better."

NOTE 14—CANTO THIRD, SECT. III.

And pale disease began to spread,
And scowling famine rear'd her head,
And many an exile droop'd and died
Along the lonely river side,
Where wearily he went to roam
And weep unseen for his English home.

Though the colony were several times threatened with famine while Captain Smith remained with them, yet the activity, talents and vigorous exertions of that remarkable

man never failed to bring them a timely supply of provisions.

But after Smith was compelled, in consequence of a wound received from an explosion of gunpowder, to return to England, the sufferings of the colony were almost unparalleled. The following sad picture of the extremities to which they were reduced, is given by one of the writers in Smith's History of Virginia.

"Of five hundred, within six months after Captain Smith's departure, there remained not past sixtie men, women, and children, most miserable and poor creatures; and those were preserved for the most part, by roots, herbes, acorns, walnuts, berries, now and then a little fish. They that had starch in these extremities made no small use of it; yea, even the very skins of our horses. Nay, so great was our famine, that a savage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and eat him, and so did divers one another, boyled and stewed with roots and herbes. And one among the rest did kill his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was knowne, for which he was executed, as hee well deserved. Now whether she was better roasted, boyled or carbonadoed, I know not, but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard of. This was that time, which still to this day we called the starving time."

NOTE 15—CANTO THIRD, SECT. VI.

Sir John the painted idol took
And bore it to the shore;
And soon a suppliant priest came down,
Its ransom to implore.

"Being six or seven in company, he went downe the river to Kecoughtan, where at first they scorned him as a famished man, and would in derision offer him a handful of corn, a peece of bread, for their swords and muskets, and such like proportions also for their apparel. But seeing by trade and courtesie there was nothing to be had, he made bold to try such conclusions as necessitie inforced, though contrary to his commission; let fly his muskets, ran his boat on shore, whereat they all fled into the woods. So, marching towards their houses, they might see great heapes of corne. Much adoe he had to restrain his hungry soldiers from present taking of it, expecting, as it happened, that the savages would assault them, as not long after they did with a most hideous noyse. Sixtie or seventy of them, some black, some red, some white, some party-coloured, came in a square order, singing and dancing out of the woods, with their Okee (which was an idoll made of skinnes, stuffed with moss, all painted, and hung with chains and copper) borne before them. And in this manner, being well armed with clubs, targets, bows and arrows, they charged the English, that so kindly received them with their muskets loaden with pistoll shot, that downe fell their god, and divers lay sprauling on the ground. The rest fled into

the woods, and ere long sent one of their priests to offer peace, and redeeme their Okee. Smith told them if only six of them would come unarmed and load his boat, he would not only be their friend, but restore them their Okee, and give them beads, copper, and hatchets besides; which on both sides was to their contents performed. And then they brought him venison, turkies, wild-foule, bread, and what they had, singing and dancing in signe of friendship till they departed."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 16—CANTO THIRD, SECT. VIII.

The waiters stood watchful to do his command.

"When he, [Powhatan,] dineth or suppeth, one of his women, before and after meat, bringeth him water in a wooden platter to wash his hands. Another waiteth with a bunch of feathers to wipe them instead of a towel, and the feathers, when he hath wiped, are dryed againe."—*Captain Smith.*

NOTE 17—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. I.

And over, and over, down they roll'd,
And plunged beneath the wave.

Burk says that on one occasion Captain Smith, "whilst he walked unattended in the woods, was attacked by the king of Paspahey, a man of gigantic stature;" and Stith adds, that "the Indian, by mere dint of strength, forced him into the water with intent to drown him. Long they struggled,

till the President (Smith) got such hold of his throat, that he almost strangled him."

NOTE 18—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. VII.

Temples that shield from vulgar sight
A thousand holy things,
Their idols, tombs, and images
Of great and ancient kings.

"In every territory of a werowance is a temple and priest; two or three or more.

"Upon the top of certaine red sandy hills in the woods, there are three great houses filled with images of their kings, and devils, and tombs of their predecessors. Those houses are near sixty foot in length, built arbor-wise, after their building. This place they count so holy as that but the priests and kings dare come into them; nor the savages dare not go up the river in boats by it, but they solemnly cast some piece of copper, white beads, or pocones, into the river, for fear their Okee should be offended and revenged of them."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 19—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. VII.

When lo! the solemn man comes forth
With slow and measured tread:
A crown of snakes and weasel skins
Is borne upon his head.

"Their chief priest differed from the rest in his ornaments, but inferior priests could hardly be knowne from the common people, but that they had not so many holes in

their ears to hang their jewells at. The ornaments of the chief priest were certaine attires for his head, made thus. They took a dozen or sixteen or more snakes' skins, and stuffed them with mosse, and of weazles and other vermines' skins a good many. All these they tie by their tails, so as all their tails meet on the top of their head like a great tassell. Round about this tassell is as it were a crowne of feathers; the skins hang round about his head, necke and shoulders, and in a manner cover his face. The faces of all their priests are painted as ugly as they can devise; in their hands they had every one his rattle, some base, some smaller."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 20—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. VII.

The sacred weed is in his hand,
That Okee's favor wins,
Whose grateful odor hath the power
To expiate all sins:
He hurls it forth with sinewy arm
Into the hottest flame,
And thrice aloud in solemn tone
Invokes great Okee's name.

"They have also another superstition, that they use in storms, when the waters are rough in the rivers and on the sea-coasts. Their conjurers runne to the water sides, or passing in their boats, after many hellish outcries and invocations, they cast tobacco, copper, pocones, or such trash into the water, to pacify that god, whom they think to be very angry in these storms."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 21—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. VII.

Around and round, for six long hours,
They battle with the air.

"The manner of their devotion is sometimes to make a great fire, in the house or fields, and all to sing and dance about it with rattels and shouts together, four or five hours. Sometimes they set a man in the midst, and about him they dance and sing, he all the while clapping his hands, as if he would keepe time; and after their songs and dancings ended, they go to their feasts."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 22—CANTO FOURTH, SECT. XVII.

Compassion lit its gentle fires
In the breast of Powhatan;
The warrior to the father yields,
The monarch to the man.

After Captain Smith had been taken prisoner by Opechancanough, he was led in triumph through several of the tribes and witnessed many of the strange ceremonies of the Indians, till at last he was brought to the residence of the Emperor Powhatan. The scenes which occurred there, are described as follows, by John Burk in his History of Virginia, a work of which only one volume was completed, bringing the history down no later than 1624. This volume is highly valuable as far as it goes, and exhibits so much ability as to make it a matter of much regret that the author did not live to complete his work.

"On the entrance of Smith, Powhatan was dressed in a cloak made of the skins of the racoon. On either hand of the chief sat two young girls, his daughters. His counsellors, adorned with shells and feathers, were ranged on each side of the house, with an equal number of women standing behind them. On Smith's entrance, the attendants of Powhatan shouted. The queen of Appamattox was appointed to bring him water to wash, whilst another dried his hands with a bunch of feathers.

"A consultation of the emperor and his council having taken place, it was adjudged expedient to put Smith to death, as a man whose superior courage and genius made him peculiarly dangerous to the safety of the Indians. The decision being made known to the attendants of the emperor, preparations immediately commenced for carrying it into execution by means as simple and summary as the nature of the trial.

"Two large stones were brought in and placed at the feet of the emperor; and on them was laid the head of the prisoner. Next a large club was brought in, with which Powhatan, for whom out of respect was reserved the honor, prepared to crush the head of his captive. The assembly looked on with sensations of awe, probably not unmixed with pity for the fate of an enemy whose bravery had commanded their admiration, and in whose misfortunes their hatred was possibly forgotten.

"The fatal club was uplifted; the breasts of the company already, by anticipation, felt the dreadful crash, which was to bereave the wretched victim of life; when the young

and beautiful Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the emperor, with a shriek of terror and agony, threw herself on the body of Smith. Her hair was loose and her eyes streaming with tears, while her whole manner bespoke the deep distress and agony of her bosom. She cast a beseeching look at her furious and astonished father, deprecating his wrath, and imploring his pity and the life of his prisoner, with all the eloquence of mute, but impassioned sorrow.

"The remainder of this scene is honorable to the character of Powhatan. It will remain a lasting monument, that, though different principles of action and the influence of custom have given to the manners and opinions of this people an appearance neither amiable nor virtuous, they still retain the noblest property of the human character, the touch of pity, and the feeling of humanity.

"The club of the emperor was still uplifted; but pity had touched his bosom, and his eye was every moment losing its fierceness. He looked round to collect his fortitude, or perhaps to find an excuse for his weakness in the faces of his attendants. But every eye was suffused with the sweetly contagious softness. The generous savage no longer hesitated. The compassion of the rude state is neither ostentatious nor dilatory; nor does it insult its object by the exaction of impossible conditions. Powhatan lifted his grateful and delighted daughter, and the captive, scarcely yet assured of safety, from the earth."

NOTE 23—CANTO FIFTH, SECT. XV.

But glancing round upon his men,
Unbending still he stood,
Upright in native dignity,
Like an old oak of the wood.

Powhatan having refused to go to Jamestown to receive the royal presents which Newport had brought from King James, it was decided that Newport and Smith should go to his residence with a file of men, and invest him with the robe of state and crown agreeably to King James's request. A brief account of the ceremony is given in the quaint language of Captain Smith, as follows.

"The presents were sent by water, and the captains went by land with fifty good shot. All being met at Werowocomoco, the next day was appointed for his coronation. Then the presents were brought in, his bason and ewer, bed and furniture set up, his scarlet cloak and apparell with much adoe put on him, being perswaded by Namontack they would not hurt him. But a foule trouble there was to make him kneele to receive his crowne, he neither knowing the majesty nor meaning of a crowne, nor bending of the knee, endured so many perswasions, examples, and instructions, as tyred them all. At last, by leaning hard on his shoulders, he a little stooped, and three having the crowne in their hands put it on his head."

NOTE 24—CANTO SIXTH, SECT. VII.

And still with sad and anxious thought
And moveless eyes he stood,
Till he saw her by another flash
Enter the midnight wood.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF POCAHONTAS.

"The character of this interesting woman, as it stands in the concurrent accounts of all our historians, is not, it is with confidence affirmed, surpassed by any in the whole range of history; and for those qualities more especially, which do honor to our nature—a humane and feeling heart, an ardor and unshaken constancy in her attachments—she stands almost without a rival.

"At the first appearance of the Europeans, her young heart was impressed with admiration of the persons and manners of the strangers. But it is not during their prosperity that she displays her attachment. She is not influenced by awe of their greatness, or fear of their resentment, in the assistance she affords them. It was during their severest distresses, when their most celebrated chief was a captive in their hands, and was dragged through the country, as a spectacle for the sport and derision of her people, that she places herself between them and destruction.

"The spectacle of Pocahontas in an attitude of entreaty, with her hair loose, and her eyes streaming with tears, supplicating her enraged father for the life of Captain Smith,

when he is about to crush the head of his prostrate victim with a club, is a situation equal to the genius of Raphael. And when the royal savage directs his ferocious glance for a moment from his victim, to reprove his weeping daughter; when, softened by her distress, his eye loses its fierceness, and he gives his captive to her tears, the painter will discover a new occasion for exercising his talents.

"In Pocahontas we have to admire, not the softer virtues only; she is found, when the interest of her friends demands it, full of foresight and intrepidity.

"When a conspiracy is planned for the extermination of the English, she eludes the jealous vigilance of her father, and ventures at midnight, through a thousand perils, to apprise them of their danger.

"But in no situation does she appear to more advantage, than when, disgusted with the cold formalities of a court (in England) and the impertinent and troublesome curiosity of the people, she addressed the feeling and pathetic remonstrance to Captain Smith on the distant coldness of his manner. Briefly she stated the rise and progress of their friendship; modestly she pointed out the services she had rendered him; concluding with an affecting picture of her situation, at a distance from her country and family, and surrounded by strangers in a strange land.

"Indeed there is ground for apprehension that posterity, in reading this part of American history, will be inclined to consider the story of Pocahontas as an interesting romance; perhaps recalling the palpable fictions of early travellers and navigators, they may suppose that in those times

a portion of fiction was deemed essential to the embellishment of history. It is not even improbable, that considering every thing relating to Captain Smith and Pocahontas as a mere fiction, they may vent their spleen against the historian for impairing the interest of his plot by marrying the princess of Powhatan to a Mr. Rolf, of whom nothing had previously been said, in defiance of all the expectations raised by the foregoing parts of the fable.

"It is the last sad office of history to record the fate of this incomparable woman. The severe muse, which presides over this department, cannot plant the cypress over her grave, and consign her to the tomb, with the stately pomp and graceful tears of poetry. She cannot with pious sorrow inurn the ashes and immortalize the virtues of the dead by the soul-piercing elegy, which fancy, mysterious deity, pours out, wild and plaintive, her hair loose, and her white bosom throbbing with anguish. Those things are placed equally beyond her reach and her inclination. But history affects not to conceal her sorrow on this occasion.

"She died at Gravesend, (England,) where she was preparing to embark with her husband and son on her return to Virginia. Her death was a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian submission, affecting all those who saw her, by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which marked her latter moments."—*Burk's Virginia.*

NOTE 25—CANTO SIXTH, SECT. IX.

And now this land is ours again;
The rest of the pale-face crew
We'll brush away from our forest home,
As we brush the drops of dew.

"The savages no sooner understood Smith was gone, but they all revolted, and did spoil and murther all they encountered."—*Smith's Virginia.*

NOTE 26—CANTO SEVENTH, SECT. III.

We ran to rescue, but in vain;
They bore her from the shore,
Away, away, and much I fear
Thou'lt never see her more.

Whatever account Japazaws may have given of the capture of Metoka, or Pocahontas, history attributes the incident altogether to his own treachery. She was carried away by Captain Argall, who was up the Potomac with his vessel for the purpose of trading with the natives. The following account is copied from Burk.

"By the means of Japazaws, king of Potomac, he discovered that Pocahontas was concealed in the neighborhood, and he immediately conceived the design of getting her into his power; concluding that the possession of so valuable an hostage would operate as a check on the hostile dispositions of the emperor, and might perhaps be made an instrument of peace and reconciliation. The integrity of

Japazaws was not proof against the seducing appearance of a copper kettle, which was fixed as the price of his treachery; and this amiable maiden, whose soul nature formed on one of her kindest and noblest models, was betrayed by her perfidious host into the hands of a people, whom her tender and compassionate spirit had often snatched from famine and the sword.

"For the causes of this princess's absence from her father, we are left to bare conjecture. Her avowed partiality for the English had probably drawn down on her the displeasure of this high-spirited monarch; and she had retired to avoid the effects of his immediate resentment."

NOTE 27—CANTO SEVENTH, SECT. VIII.

Sir John had led him by the hair
With pistol at his breast;
The rankling thought was a raging fire,
That never let him rest.

"The president, (Smith,) some time after this, being on a visit to Pamunky, an attempt was made by Opechancanough to seize him; for which purpose he beset the place, where they had met to trade, with seven hundred Indians, well-armed, of his own tribe. But Smith, seizing him by the hair, led him trembling in the midst of his people, who immediately laid down their arms."—*Burk's Virginia.*

NOTE 28—CANTO SEVENTH, SECT. X.

When morning came, the sun look'd down
Where many a cottage stood,
But he only saw black smouldering heaps,
And fields that smoked with blood.

The great massacre of the Virginia colony by the Indians in 1622, is thus described by Burk.

"Whilst the colony was thus rapidly advancing to eminence and wealth, she carried in her bosom and about her an enemy which was to blight her budding honors, and which brought near to ruin and desolation her growing establishment. Since the marriage of Pocahontas, the natives had lived on terms of uninterrupted and apparently cordial amity with the English, which daily gained strength by mutual wants and necessities. Each had something beyond their wants, which the other stood in need of. And commerce, regulated by good faith, and a spirit of justice, gave facility to the exchange or barter of their superfluous productions. The consequence of this state of things was, a complete security on the part of the English; a total disregard and disuse of military precautions and martial exercises. The time and the hands of labor were considered too valuable to be employed in an idle and holiday array of arms; and in this situation, wholly intent on amassing wealth, and totally unprovided for defence, they were attacked by an enemy, whose resentment no time nor good offices could disarm; whose preparations were silent as night; to whom the arts of native cunning had given a

deep dissimulation, an exterior so specious, as might impose on suspicion itself.

"Opechancanough (who succeeded Powhatan in the government) possessed a powerful recommendation in the eyes of his countrymen. His hatred of the English was rooted and deadly. Never for a moment did he forget the unjust invasion and insolent aggressions of those strangers. Never did he forget his own personal wrongs and humiliation.

"Compelled by the inferiority of his countrymen in the weapons and instruments of war, as by their customs, to employ stratagem instead of force, he buried deep in his bosom all traces of the rage with which he was agitated.

"To the English, if any faith was due to appearances, his deportment was uniformly frank and unreserved. He was the equitable mediator in the several differences which arose between them and his countrymen.

"The intellectual superiority of the white men was the constant theme of his admiration. He appeared to consider them as the peculiar favorites of heaven, against whom resistance were at once impious and impracticable. But far different was his language and deportment in the presence of his countrymen.

"In the gloom and silence of the dark and impenetrable forest, or the inaccessible swamp, he gave utterance to the sorrows and indignation of his swelling bosom. He painted with the strength and brilliancy of savage coloring the tyranny, rapacity, and cruelty of the English; while he mournfully contrasted the unalloyed content and felicity of their former lives, with their present abject and degraded

condition; subject as they were to the capricious control and intolerable requisitions of those hard and unpitying task-masters.

"Independence is the first blessing of the savage state. Without it, all other advantages are light and valueless. Bereft of this, in their estimation even life itself is a barren and comfortless possession. It is not surprising then, that Opechancanough, independent of his influence as a great Werowance or war captain, should, on such a subject, discover kindred feelings in the breasts of his countrymen. The war-song and war-whoop, breaking like thunder from the fierce and barbarous multitudes, mingling with the clatter of their shields, and enforced by the terrific gestures of the war-dance, proclaimed to their leader their determination to die with him or conquer.

"With equal address the experienced and wily savage proceeded to allay the storm which invective had conjured up in the breasts of the Indians. The English, although experience had proved them neither immortal nor invincible, he represented as formidable by their fire-arms, and their superior knowledge in the art of war; and he inculcated, as the sole means of deliverance and revenge, secrecy and caution until an occasion should offer, when, by surprise or ambush, the scattered establishments of their enemies might at the same moment be assaulted and swept away.

"Four years had nearly elapsed in maturing this formidable conspiracy; during which time, not a single Indian belonging to the thirty nations, which composed the empire of Powhatan, was found to violate his engagements, or be-

tray his leader. Not a word or hint was heedlessly or deliberately dropt to awaken jealousy or excite suspicion.

"Every thing being at length ripe for execution, the several nations of Indians were secretly drawn together, and stationed at the several points of attack, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in history. Although some of the detachments had to march from great distances, and through a continued forest, guided only by the stars and the dubious light of the moon, no instance of mistake or disorder took place. The Indian mode of march is by single files. They follow one after another in profound silence, treading nearly as possible in the steps of each other, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they have displaced. This is done to conceal all traces of their route from their enemies, who are equally sagacious and quick-sighted. They halted at a short distance from the English, waiting without impatience for the signal which was to be given by their fellows, who, under pretence of traffic, had this day in considerable numbers repaired to the plantations of the colonists.

"So perfect was the cunning and dissimulation of Opechancanough, that on the morning of this fatal day, the straggling English by his direction were conducted in safety through the woods to their settlements, and presents of venison and fowl were sent in his name to the governor and counsellors, accompanied with expressions of regard and assurances of friendship. 'Sooner,' said the wily chieftain, 'shall the sky fall, than the peace shall be violated on my part.'

"And so entirely were the English duped by these professions and appearances, that they freely lent the Indians their boats, with which they announced the concert, the signal and the hour of attack to their countrymen on the other side of the river.

"The fatal hour having at length arrived, and the necessary dispositions having every where taken place; on a signal given, at mid day, innumerable detachments setting up the war-whoop, burst from their concealments on the defenceless settlements of the English, massacreing all they met, without distinction of age or sex; and according to custom mutilating and mangling in a shocking manner the dead bodies of their enemies.

"So unexpected and terrible was the onset, that scarcely any resistance was made. The English fell scarcely knowing their enemies, and in many instances by their own weapons. In one hour three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children, including six of the council and several others of distinction, fell without a struggle, by the hands of the Indians. Chance alone saved the colony from utter extirpation.

"A converted Indian, named Chanco, lived with Richard Pace, loved by his master on account of his good qualities, with an affection at once Christian and parental. The night preceding the massacre, the brother of Chanco slept with him; and after a strict injunction of secrecy, having revealed to him the intended plot, he commanded him, in the name of Opechancanough, to murder his master. The grateful Indian, shocked at the atrocity of the proposal, af-

ter his brother's departure, flew to Pace and disclosed to him the information he had received. There was no time to be lost. Before day a despatch was forwarded to the governor at Jamestown, which with the adjacent settlements was thus preserved from the ruin that hung over them.

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"From this time the number of the plantations and settlements, which before amounted to eighty, was reduced to six, and their strength concentrated by order of the governor about Jamestown and the neighborhood. All works of public utility, as well as the exertions of private industry, were entirely suspended; and the whole attention of the colonists was bent on the means of defence, and on projects of vengeance. A bloody and exterminating war ensued, in which treachery and cruelty took place of manly courage and generous warfare. The laws of war, and that humanity, which in the moments of victory give quarter to the vanquished, were forgotten amid the suggestions of craving and insatiable revenge. But the opportunities of retaliation, owing to the swiftness of the natives, were not frequent enough to appease the boiling spirit of vengeance. The Indian, pressed by hunger, or stimulated by the hope of plunder or revenge, would on a sudden burst from his concealment on his enemy, and if outnumbered and pursued, he vanished amid the eternal midnight of his forests. Whole days he lies on his belly in breathless silence, his color not distinguishable from the earth on which he lies, and every faculty wound up to attention. He watches the

moment when he can strike with certainty, and his aim is as fatal and unerring as destiny.

"At last the Indians were invited from their fastnesses by the hopes of peace and the solemn assurances of safety and forgiveness. That inhuman maxim of the Roman Church, 'that no faith is to be kept with heretics,' appears to have been adopted by the colonists in its fullest force.

"The habitations of the unfortunate people were beset at the same moment; and an indiscriminate slaughter took place, without regard to age, sex, or infancy. The horrid scene terminated by setting fire to the huts and corn of the savages."