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*The Story
of
Capt. Smith and
Pocahontas*

By J. T. LITTLETON

A Souvenir of the Jamestown Exposition

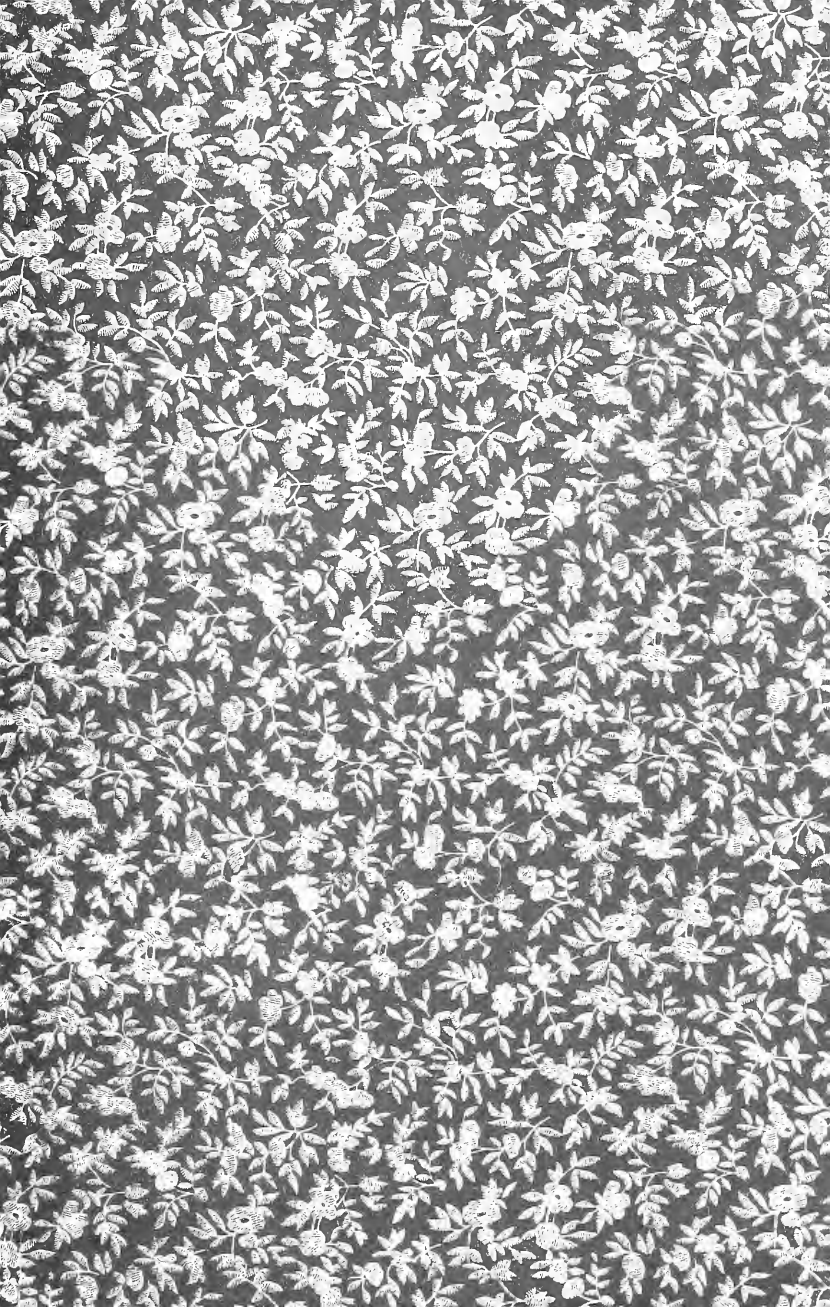


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THE STORY OF
CAPT. SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

THE STORY OF
CAPTAIN SMITH AND
POCAHONTAS

A Souvenir of the Jamestown
Exposition

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BY

J. T. LITTLETON

FOREWORD.

VIRGINIA, motherland, breeder of men, whose rivers and seas, forests and fields, mountains and clouds first taught me to love God's handiwork that men call nature, whose story charmed the days of youth and inspired manhood's endeavor—to thee, O homeland, this legend of thy first heroine, who seemed dimly to foresee the passing of her people before the plowshares of thy more gifted children, I gratefully dedicate, in the fond hope that thy sons who read it may feel therefrom one-half the joy that came to me as its parts took final form in rhythmic words.

J. T. LITTLETON.

Greensboro, Ala., December 6, 1906.

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PRELUDE.



AS IT WAS.

The earth seemed asleep 'neath the watch of the stars,
While night's kindly mantle enfolded the scars
Of years on the hillsides, and nothing revealed
Of the phantom-winged owl as she harried the field,
Or the fox's light step as he crept on his prey
That recked not the danger of innocent play.

This hush of the night at the rise of the moon
Like a dream was gone as the cry of the loon,
Which floated from over the water so still,
Evoked the wild laugh of the bird on the hill
And the howl of the battle-scarred wolf as he stood,
Awaiting his mate on the edge of the wood.
The hearts of the sleepers beat fast at the sound,
And trembling the fawn sought its dam with a bound.

AS IT WAS.

O beautiful night! with thy shadows of rest,
Alike to each sleeper thou yieldest his quest;
But the lyric bursts forth into tragedy wild,
As the cougar's fierce fangs hush the cry of a child.
O the passions of Nature, untrammled and free,
Roll on till they burst like the waves of the sea!
The forest that never the ax's ring heard,
The home of the savage, the beast, and the bird,
All gloomy and gray, with its secrets untold,
Stood silent, impassive, enchanted, and old.

INTRODUCTORY SONNETS.

I.

O red man of the days when thou wast king,
Where slowly wound the stream through forest
range,
Where purple mist wrapped mountain top in haze,
From sea to sea of every living thing,
The story of thy life we fain would bring
Within the range of modern search-light's blaze
And know the secrets of those bygone days,
Bereft of legend and of passion's ring!
But like a child that sporteth on the lea,
Or bird that flieth from the autumn's cold,
Or beast that liveth only in the hour,
Thou child of nature ever wild and free,
No law of past thy will had strength to hold
And shield thee from thy passion's wanton
power.

INTRODUCTORY SONNETS.

II.

O thou disdainer of the broken clod,
Thou laidst the burdens on thy womankind,
Whose lot it was to plant and reap and grind
The scanty grain that grew from grassy sod,
As servile slaves obeyed thy every nod,
Gave thee the flesh and ate themselves the rind,
O Indian brave, thou didst but dwarf the mind,
Estop thy growth, and break the law of God!
And yet sometimes above the herd
Of instinct-driven men was seen the gleam
Of one strong soul that burst its inbred bands,
As from the creeping crowd a wingèd bird
Uprose, and so forever did thy race redeem,
And as the earnest of its future stands.

III.

Sweet Pocahontas, Indian maiden born,
With thine we rank thy noble brother's name,
Full worthy each of an immortal fame;
For when our nation in its lurid morn,

INTRODUCTORY SONNETS.

A weakling in the wilderness forlorn,
Was feebly struggling, swift to help ye came
Impelled by innate virtues, put to shame
The haughty Christians who thy people scorn.
Thy life, sweet Indian maid, is fitting theme
For poet's pen or sage's puissant brain ;
Its beauty lures us, and we fain would know
Its source. Thought-baffled, as before a dream,
We ope our hearts as earth to summer rain,
Nor seek to know, but gladly drink and grow.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Over the hilltops the ospreys glide,
 Silently searching the darksome stream,
 Where in the sunlight the fishes gleam;
Deep in the thicket the red men hide,

Wonderingly watching the white man's craft,
 Threading its way as a sleuthhound slow
 Silently trails where the swift prey go,
Nervously holding the arrow's shaft.

Wary, they waited with careful hush,
 Eager as panther on moss-grown bough,
 Deer underneath, for the white man's prow
Nearer to glide ere the fatal rush,

Straight from the cord, of the deadly dart.
 Once and again as the painted yawl
 Glided in range did the red men crawl
Farther ahead; for they lacked the heart

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Strong to attack such an unknown foe,
Till at the last, when the leader's hand
Waved to the rowers to turn to land,
Prone on the earth they laid them low.

Springing ashore with his Indian guide,
Bravely the captain his men addressed,
Bidding them anchor in stream and rest,
Till with his comrades at eventide

He should return unto them again.
Into the forest's calm depths he passed,
Silent as shadows that cloud-isles cast,
Once and forever from boat and men.

HIS CAPTURE.

They sought not their rest at anchor,
Those men in the painted boat,
 For they thought no more
 Of their leader gone
As they leaped to the longed-for shore.

Like children they carelessly wandered
And strayed near a darksome copse.
 As the arrows sped
 For their living marks,
Fear-struck they turned and fled.

The terrible war cry followed
And rush from the friendly cover,
 And the white men, caught
 Like beasts at bay,
In desperation fought.

HIS CAPTURE.

The whiz of a wingèd arrow,
And yell from a savage foe,
 And a white man lay
 On the virgin sod,
And bled his life away.

A roar from an iron musket,
A cry from a skulking foe,
 And a red man's soul
 In that lonely wood
Had reached forever its goal.

Together then rushed the fighters
As bees in their death embrace,
 While with keen-edged knife
 Or with club of stone
Each sought the other's life.

And there in the wood primeval,
Grim food for the vulture and wolf,
 Lay the Indian's prey
 By the streamlet's brink
Awaiting the judgment-day.

HIS CAPTURE.

The combat was quickly over ;
Outnumbered, the white men fell
 To a man, save he
 Who had fought with death
And won across the sea.

Pursued by the savage trailers,
He knew that the game was lost ;
 So he gave his gun
 To the nearest brave
In token of victory won.

Forthwith in revengeful spirit
For those of their number slain,
 And to assuage their grief,
 They resolved to burn
Alive their captured chief.

VICTORY.

Calmly gazing at his captors
Dressed in bear skins and raccoon,
On their features doubly frightful,
Painted with the red puccoon,
More like creatures of the forest,
With the beast above the mind
(Still the feelings in their faces
Linked them surely with his kind);
Seeing in them superstition
Throttling with uncanny hand
Every impulse of their bosoms
Till it be as weak as sand—
Quickly, as by intuition,
Reckoning thus with reason clear,
Captain Smith, Virginia's father,
Casting off all marks of fear,

VICTORY.

Drew from underneath his doublet
Slowly forth his compass-case,
Which he opened, deftly showing
How beneath its crystal face

Ever northward points the needle.
Childrenlike, they fain would clutch,
Feel the force that moved the magnet
Which they saw but could not touch.

Wondrous strange! It was a spirit!
Was it gracious? Was it wroth?
Though afraid, they hovered 'round it
As the fire the evening moth.

Gone their wrath for very wonder;
They forebore to strike him down.
In an open council standing,
They preferred to lead him round

To their wigwams for their sachems,
Squaws, papooses—all to see,
As some wizard son of evil
From beyond the mighty sea.

VICTORY.

So they led him with great triumph
To their tepees here and there,
While their fears were softly fleeting
As doth happen when the air,

Moisture-laden, filled with specters,
Haunting forest pool and fen,
In the wonder of the starlight
Bringing fear to forest men,

Slowly while the morning dawneth
Passes from the pool and fen,
Bearing strangely and so weirdly
Dread and doubt from hearts of men.

Then the tide began its turning,
First with eddies, ebb and flow,
Rippling here and resting yonder,
Hardly knowing how to go.

Blood of kindred crying vengeance,
Savage justice crying death,
And the savage love of prowess
Softly and with bated breath

VICTORY.

Whispering to adopt the white man,
Paint him red and spare his life,
Struggled daily with each other
In a crafty, subtle strife.

Though the odds were sore against him
And the stakes his very heart,
Yet the doughty English captain
Calmly played his fearful part—

Calmly, for the red papooses,
For the girls and for the boys,
From the fragrant wood of cedar,
With his penknife fashioned toys.

Winning thus the hearts of children,
Softening thus the mothers' hate;
Trusting God, he simply waited
The unfolding of his fate.

MATOAKA APPEARS.

Beneath a gnarlèd oak the captive lay,
And dreamed of hours ago beyond the blue
Atlantic's restless sleep, when life was new—
Brimful of promise as an April day

That breaks in glory from the clinging night.
As rosebud breaks from sepal's close embrace
And blushes with the dew upon its face,
So was the dream, as fair and sweet and bright—

A boy at mother's knee; her fingers curled
The ringlets on his brow; a mother's kiss
Upon his upturned lips; a thrill of bliss
And peace unknown to boyhood's careless world.

While warriors of the wild their vigil kept
As bronzèd statues in the darkness grim,
Until the dawn's full tide above the rim
O'erflowed the twinkling stars, the sleeper slept.

MATOAKA APPEARS.

When sought the prowler some day-sheltered nook,
The matin welcome from the forest rill,
From river's bosom and from crest of hill,
Awaked the sleeping braves beside the brook ;

And from the wigwam peered a brawny squaw,
Repulsive in her woman's form and hard,
And sly and cruel as the savage pard
That nature fashioned from the first for war.

A lissome figure, graceful as a fawn
In autumn time, slipped from the wigwam's shade
And softly on the sleeper's doublet laid
Her hand, and gently pointed to the dawn.

A soldier of the proud Caucasian race,
Undaunted as the knight of old who knew
No fear and no reproach, he brushed the dew
From doublet which he tossed with courtly grace
Upon a mossy trunk. With wave of hand
He bade her sit thereon, while at her feet
Upon the leaves he stood, as seemèd meet
Before the princess of the forest land.

MATOAKA APPEARS.

As when the landsman first upon the deep
Awaits with awe the lifting of the cloud
That veils the silent sea as with a shroud,
The mighty sea that seems to breathe asleep,

So waited she with puzzled brow and mien
The further movement of the stranger brave,
Who seemed as pale as petals of the cave
Untinted by the sun-ray's glorious sheen,

And yet completest type that her rude brain,
For æons dwarfed by savage life's ideal
That reached not up to know the great unreal,
Could grasp by dint of effort fraught with pain.

As now he looked upon this maiden rare,
A forest floweret blowing rich and wild
With beauty all her own, an old chief's child,
With eyes like stars of jet and raven hair

That shone upon her cape of snow-white down
Plucked from the wild swan of the Chesapeake,
Her arms as shapely and her air as meek
As any Old World maid's in velvet gown,

MATOAKA APPEARS.

Straightway they passed, those dreams of long ago,
Sweet solace to the tired, restless brain,
And fierce, wild thoughts came back to him again
How to outwit the cruel, crafty foe.

THE TRIAL.

As when in Rome, on some great day of state,
The people girded with full rings the sands
To see the slaughter of some strange wild beast
That hitherto had ever slain his foe,
So round the wigwam of the forest king
The red men gathered, silent as the trees,
Grim watchers, winter-stripped of tenderness,
That lifted limbs bejeweled with the frost
And pointed upward to the snow-flecked blue.
Within sat Powhatan, the Indian king,
In savage splendor, solemn, still, and cold.
About him buxom squaws of copper hue,
His queens, in eager expectation bent
Their glittering ferret eyes, now on the king,
Now on the waiting braves who stood as stone,
And now upon the stalwart captive's form
Who stood sublimely bold, a sculptor's dream,

THE TRIAL.

And searched the stolid faces turned to him
To catch the faintest gleam of sympathy.
But in the impassive features of his foes
Fierce hatred waiting to avenge a wrong,
And superstitious fears, the homage of
The lower to the higher, stronger race,
And admiration, struck as glittering sparks
From stone and steel by clash of brave and brave,
Was all his quickened vision could divine.

Then from the solemn circle slowly rose
An aged warrior, like some stately pine
That winter's winds and snows had simply bent,
Not broken. Silent as the lurking lynx
Before his fatal leap, he stood until
All sound was laid, all ears were keyed to catch
His words; then looking at the king, he spake:

“The strong young oak is low upon the ground
To pass as leaves that fall into the tide.
The hand that slew the leaping panther ere
His white teeth closed in throat of sleeping child
No more shall draw the bowstring, hurl the spear.
The hand that always from the hunt brought back

THE TRIAL.

Red flesh to feed the wigwam's hungry ones
Lies cold and still beneath the glittering snow.
A few more winters and my feet shall lose
Their swiftness and my hand its strength, mine eye
Grown dim shall fail to track the deer,
And I shall hungry lay me down to sleep.
The warrior of my wigwam is laid low,
And he who stands before us there, O chief,
Hath killed my son, and liveth to my shame.
I ask his life, a last sweet boon of thee;
And thou art just who never spared a foe.
The white man is the Evil Spirit's friend,
Who shoots with thunder, not with bow and thong.
My warrior brave, my hunter boy is cold
As stone. I beg his slayer's life—that's all."

Then Powhatan, with stately wave of hand:
"Thy asked-for boon is thine. The white man dies,
Unless thou'lt take him as thy son instead
Of him now gone to happier hunting grounds."

He paused and looked about him as to find
Some better means of meting justice out
Than shedding blood for blood that had been shed.

THE TRIAL.

But silence grim and vengeance-looking eyes
Gave not the seeming wished alternative.

“Go bind him,” spake the king, “and lay his head
Upon the stone beneath the oak that shades
My tepee from the burning summer sun.
Myself, your chief, shall crush the white man’s skull.
For ’tis no private wrong we right to-day:
The quarrel is between the red and white.
Give me the heavy war-club, black with blood.
Sometimes the red man’s club can louder speak
Than white man’s weapon, though it spitteth fire
And roareth like the summer thundercloud.
His life is forfeit who hath taken life.”

Two brawny braves the captain bound, and laid
In solemn silence on the stone his head;
But ere his eyes forever closed on life
They searched again the faces looking on
In savage expectation of his end,
Save one, a maiden’s, which was strangely stirred.
One moment, and the light was flashed from soul
To soul (we know not how), and then he closed
His eyes and calmly waited for the blow.

THE TRIAL.

But ere the cruel club, which oft before
Had spattered human brains and blood upon
The rugged oak tree's gnarled and twisted roots,
Now held aloft in Powhatan's right hand,
Now swung in circle by his sinewy arm,
Again had sought its goal of human gore,
A girlish form had glided from the crowd,
And swift and silent as the mother bird
That, frightened, slips upon her nest again,
Had lain itself upon the prostrate man
And with a stifled cry encircled him
With clinging arms about the neck and head.

The weapon ceased its twirling in mid course,
Stood poised awhile, then slowly sank to earth.
Amazed, the savage king in silence gazed
Upon his victim shielded by his child.
Then seeing in the faces of his braves
A gentler light o'ercome their cruel eyes,
As admiration for the noble girl
Supplanted lust for blood and greed of gore,
He turned and, stooping, lifted her and said:

“Matoaka, arise. Thou'lt have it so?”

THE TRIAL.

'Tis well. At thy request I grant him life.
Thou shalt no more be called Matoaka,
Snow feather, light and lovely as thou art,
And silent in thy tread as fall of snow ;
But Pocahontas must thou be henceforth ;
For as a rivulet between two hills
Thou art unto the red man and the white.
Go now, unbind and give him meat to eat ;
Henceforth he is my brother and my friend."

The trembling maiden uttered not a word ;
But brushing tears away, she softly smiled,
Unloosed the thongs, and with a gentle touch
Bade him arise and follow her into
Her sire's wigwam, where she gave him food.
And sunlit smiles played o'er her happy face,
While he as in a dream ate meat and maize,
Not knowing yet that he was wholly free.

And so the savage council broke in peace—
Its fruit seemed friendship sealed instead of blood
And all the sickening horrors that belong
To racial hatred, conquering but to kill.
And wonder of a wise and noble foe,

THE TRIAL.

Whose wisdom and undaunted courage stirred
Their simple hearts with admiration not
Unmixed with superstitious awe, had won
Against the baser passion's innate cry,
And savage man for evil rendered good

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

On a bluff above the river,
Where the cedars, dark and green,
Stand like sentinels in winter,
Sighing for the summer sheen,
Stood the maiden Pocahontas,
Fairest floweret of the wood,
Young in years but rich in spirit,
Rounding into womanhood,
In her cloak of fur and swansdown,
Simple-hearted, true, and mild,
All unconscious of her beauty,
Innocent, sweet nature's child.
She was giving all her being
To the lesson of the hour,
To her teacher whom she rescued
From the avenger's vaunted power.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

When from maze of word and gesture
One clear meaning she had drawn,
As the specters of the starlight,
In the growing light of dawn,

One by one, and fast and faster,
Passing into clearer view,
Lay aside their weird suggestions
And assume a well-known hue,

Quickly came another meaning,
And the words began to grow
Clearer, as the light of knowledge
Broke upon them all aglow.

Apt the pupil, apt the teacher,
Each to learn the other's art:
He to her for life stood debtor,
She had given him her heart.

But she did not e'en in dreamland
Whisper to herself the truth;
And she seemed another being
From the maidens of his youth.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

So he never guessed her secret
While he wandered by her side
Through the forest by the river,
Where the wild things love to hide.

She was teaching him her woodcraft,
How the red men track the deer,
Tread the pathless forest boldly,
Guided by the eye and ear.

So he learned the life primeval
Of the Indians wild and free—
Peace to-day and war to-morrow,
Changeful as the restless sea.

THE SQUAW MAIDENS' SONG.

When the wintry breath
Of the wild east wind
Fills the air with snow,
Then the squaw maidens know
That the hunter will find
Where the geese fly low,
By the driving snow
And the sleet made blind
To the swift-flying arrows of death.

When the winds are still
And the white drifts lie
In the shimmering light
Of the stars by night,
Then the squaw maidens vie
With the men of might,
While they, silent and light
As the owl's wings fly,
Seek the turkey asleep on the hill.

THE SQUAW MAIDENS' SONG.

But to hear the call,
In the first dim dawn,
Of her lover near
With an antlered deer
Or a tender fawn—
Of the sounds that cheer
To the squaw maiden's ear,
At even or morn,
Is the gladdest and dearest of all.

With a lightsome dance
And a gladsome air,
In their robes of loon
And the rich puccoon,
The squaw maidens bear
For his feast at noon
The flesh of raccoon
And of turkey and hare
To the wisest and best werowance.

*SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO
HILLS.*

And so these savage maidens of the wood,
Unlearned save in nature's sternest school,
Unto their foes were freely bringing life.

At first the men of Jamestown, when they heard
The strange, wild Indian song at edge of wood,
Rushed madly for their arms to sell their scalps
As dearly as they could. For tired though
They were and weak for lack of wholesome food,
Those pioneers were brave to recklessness,
And little recked the lives of savage men.

But lo! instead of painted warriors, armed
With bows that drave the arrow through the deer,
And tomahawk of stone and spear of flint,
With deer-thongs bound to shaft of toughened wood,
There issued from the forest's depth a troop
Of merry, dancing Indian nymphs arrayed
In skins of beasts and birds—a comely band.

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

The puzzled white men, as the wood nymphs
danced

And, singing barbarous words to music crude,
Drew near, looked half amused and half in fear
Some wily stratagem was being played,
Until he who had late their captive been
The leading maiden recognized and spoke:

“Art welcome to our town, Matoaka;
Art welcome, thou and all thy merry train.”
Thereat with hand extended Smith advanced
To greet them, took the hand of her to whom
He owed his life; and, smiling on the rest,
He led her to his men and made her known.
She gave him then the baskets that they bore,
Neat woven of the willow of the mead,
And filled with meat and maize and tuckahoe,
The simple food the wild men feed upon.
And then the maidens, all with right good will,
Began preparing for an Indian feast;
The men looked on, not knowing what they said,
Save him who from Matoaka had learned
By signs and mixing tongues to talk somewhat.

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

As children's recess hour, so the time
Sped swiftly by; for minutes lag not when
The hand or brain is busily employed.
And then they feasted like those master men
Of old, who fought and died on Homer's page;
And those gaunt men beside the Powhatan,
Like hungry wolves that after feasting play,
Forgetting sternness, sported with their guests.
But ere the pine tree's shadow twice its length
Toward the east lay pointing, all the maids
Had slipped away like swallows when the frost
Begins to tip the leaves of gum with fire
And turn the maple into sapphire, gold,
And burnt sienna shaded wondrously,
As only God's own brushes ever do.
But ere they passed away within the wood
Some precious trifle each possessed now stood
For treasures in their simple hearts, as men
Who boast a higher wisdom often hold
That dearest which another values least.

And afterwards those maidens came again,
Until Matoaka alone feared not

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

To linger long among her new-made friends.
But of them all the captain was her chief.
And he who ne'er had dreamt of woman's love
Was led about by this sweet Indian maid,
By river's brink or in the forest's gloom,
Together wandering until the older heads
Began to shake and idle tongues to wag.
But she was pure as brooklet from the snow,
And he, so strong and noble, loved the child
Whose life had risked itself to save his own,
And meant no harm—nay, to shield from hurt
He would have brushed his life away, nor thought
One moment that he did a noble thing.
And like to children playing on the tide,
That swift and noiseless in its mighty flood
Is bearing them resistlessly to where
The seething billows gnashing wait their prey,
They innocently sport and do not know
The meaning of the quicker pulse-beat when
Two hands are clasped and eyes look into eyes,
As if they fain would see the soul itself.

Illusion, howsoever long it lasts,

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

Shall pass some day before the light of truth,
And two cannot be alway ignorant
That time-defying chains have linked their hearts,
E'en though they never outwardly confess.

As when a garden seen is left to grow
In foreign soil unaided in its fight
For light with plants whose lives have ever been
The prize that nature giveth to the strong,
It suffereth much and wins, if win it may,
By forcing food from root and light from leaf
Of native plants. So Jamestown suffered sore
In those first days, and had, in self-defense,
To levy on the red men of their store.

The law of grasses is the law of men:
Relentlessly the fittest live and push
With glacial force the weaker from the way.
'Tis naught to cry the brotherhood of man,
The fatherhood of God; for he who wrapped
The trees in barks that mark their several kinds,
And made the pine and oak wage ceaseless war,
Set men apart and marked them in their skins,

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

And in their hearts race instinct planted deep
That brooks no social plane nor mingled blood.

Now Powhatan was but a savage king,
And hungry Englishmen would have his bread.
So Captain Smith, with men and guns and swords,
To Weromoco sped, intent on food.
The crafty king would trap the entire band,
But Smith's life at his court was not in vain:
He trusted only two of Indian blood.
So aided by these two, Matoaka
And Nantaquas, he deftly sprung the snare,
And trapping trapper, freighted, all returned.

Thereafter came alone or with her maids
To struggling Jamestown Pocahontas oft
With open gifts of food or secret words
Of warning, knowledge gained of planned attack
And bloody death to every Englishman.
So deftly did she whisper in the ear
Of him whose courage, tact, and wisdom marked
Him first and chief of all, that when the foe
Was greeted with the roar of culverins

SHE WAS A RIVULET BETWEEN TWO HILLS.

Like skulking wolves that find instead of sheep
An armed band of shepherds waiting them,
They slunk away among the forest trees,
And vengeance hushed its cry before the love
Of Pocahontas, and there followed peace.

SHE LEARNS THE CHRIST STORY.

Swiftly sped the wingèd hours,
Till upon the eventide
Of her setting out from Jamestown,
With her people to abide,

Pocahontas gently touched him,
Pointed to the river's bend,
Where they oft had stood together,
Whispered: "Come with me, my friend ;

For when we are not together,
When the days are passed for us,
And my heart is of you thinking,
I shall ever call you thus."

So they passed unto the river,
Where the stately cedars sighed
To the breeze that curled the waters
Of the slowly creeping tide.

SHE LEARNS THE CHRIST STORY.

“Tell me once again,” she asked him,
“Of the God the English love;
Stronger than the summer lightning,
Gentler than the mourning dove.”

Then he told the wondrous story
Of the Christ on earth with men,
At whose word disease departed
And the dead had life again.

Loved to-day, despised to-morrow,
Hated as an evil thing,
On the cross he prayed forgiveness,
From the grave arose a king.

Passed above to reign forever
In the lives of men below,
Helping them to down their passions,
More and more like him to grow.

THE VEIL RENT.

As the stars looked down from their wondrous height
On the earth enwrapped in the arms of night,
With its darksome seas and its mountains old,
With its tropic warmth and its arctic cold,
O they saw no sight by their twinkling light
That could half compare with the maiden there,
As the finger of God touched her clouded brain
And the murky mists, that forever had lain
As a chilling shroud o'er the soul within,
Seemed to stir and lift when the light broke in.

DREAMS.

Down beside the silent river,
Where the fishes love to hide,
In the pool below the shadow
Of the beech tree by its side,
Stood our stalwart captain musing
'Gainst the tree at eventide—

Thinking of the task before him,
Like a mariner at sea,
Short supplies and tired seamen,
Winds adverse, a rocky lea,
Struggling bravely till the turning
Tide should bear the vessel free.

O the tide seemed slow in turning!
Winds and waves would never cease,
Red and white men ever watching
For a breaking of the peace.
Now his burthen seemed too heavy,
And he fain would seek release;

DREAMS.

Now the future's vista opened,
And he saw his people strong,
Sternly disciplined by nature,
Grown into a mighty throng,
Building well a noble nation,
Loving right and righting wrong.

Now he saw by jealous factions
Progress tangled foot and hand,
Wisdom gagged and Ignorance leading
In the councils of the land,
While the only one that knoweth
Will not boldly take command.

Take command and risk the anger
Of the lords beyond the seas
Drinking wine, the fruit of labor
Offering to the vintner lees ;
Taking ruthlessly the honey,
Leaving comb for working bees.

Take command and from the idle
Hold his dole of daily bread

DREAMS.

Till he set himself to win it
By his hands or by his head,
Holding firm unruly natures,
Leading all who can be led.

Schooling thus the weak and wayward
Grown-up children, till they know
Conquering self is life's great battle.
Giving, granting as they go,
Scattering beams of living sunlight,
Luring life's sweet buds to blow.

And he saw the untutored red man,
Cruel, crafty as the pard,
God's own handiwork from growing
Vainly trying to retard,
Narrow-skulled and superstitious,
Brushed aside as useless shard.

Still there came another vision,
As he gazed upon the wave,
Of the peerless Pocahontas,
Daughter of an Indian brave,

DREAMS.

With her arms about him praying,
Risking life his own to save.

Later coming as the mother
Bird unto her hidden nest,
Bearing of the forest storehouse
Food the choicest and the best
Unto men disheartened, weary,
Dying of a fruitless quest.

Then his fevered fancy fashioned,
As he gazed upon the marge
Of the snow cloud in the blue, a
Picture of some dreamland targe,
And its beauty seemed to mock him
Like some desert-born mirage.

For, he saw the Indian maiden
Linked with him in real life,
Helping to the true solution,
As his legal, loyal wife,
Of the things between the races
That engender bitter strife.

DREAMS.

And the picture held him spellbound,
Dreaming of its beauty long,
Till he caught from out the forest,
Wonderfully sweet and strong,
From the lips of her he dreamed of,
The wild music of her song.

HER SONG.

Over the river the wild fowl fly ;
Over the west hills red's in the sky ;
Home hies my brave one with love in his eye,
Unto me, unto me!

Flyeth the white swan high in the blue ;
Sparkleth the green leaf wet with the dew ;
Whispereth my brave one words that are true,
"I love thee! I love thee!"

Whispereth my brave one, soft and low :
"Breath of the winter wind's white with snow,
Bright in my wigwam red coals glow ;
Come with me, come with me!"

When the day dawneth the wild things hide ;
On to the sea moveth strongly the tide ;
Into my brave one's heart softly I glide,
Happy me! Happy me!

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

So near as English words can catch it ran
The song, and he who heard it flushed and went
To greet the singer, wondering if she sang
Of some young brave whom he had never seen.

“How cam’st thou hither singing blithely as
The spring bird when the dogwood is in bloom?”

“The news that bringeth Pocahontas thus
Is good. She will not hide it from her friend.
Matoaka naught hideth from the one
Who knoweth more than wisest werowance.

She found him not among her tribe, and came
To seek him, having heard that soon the ship
Would bear him from her eyes beyond the sea.”

“And wouldst thou miss me, should I go?” he asked.

“Go ask the fawn if it would miss the dam;
Go ask the vine if it would miss the oak.”

“But he thou sangest of will heal the miss.”

“I thought not of the song; I simply sang.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Matoaka thinks not of Indian braves ;
But tell me, art thou going hence to leave
Alone thy people, who will surely die
If thou art gone? Why go away?"

They stood

Beside the leaning tree, and then he spake
So low and earnestly as ne'er before
To any woman, and the Indian maid
With wonder heard: then mingled doubt and joy.
He told her how some people loved him not,
Would take his life; that he must go a while
And then come back to spend his life among
The red men and the white, to help them each
To dwell in peace and help each other with
The gifts that God had given unto each.
As sweet narcissus after sudden rain,
Refreshed but stricken, drooped her pretty head,
Unable all to comprehend.

"But if

Thou goest, my people like a hungry pack
About a bison herd, the leader lost,

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Will strew the grass with bleaching English bones.”
“Not so; for Pocahontas still shall keep
Apart the red and white until I come
And take her to myself, that in us two
The white and red united as two streams
That stronger flow as one into the sea.”

“I know not what thou sayest,” she said, “except
That after many days thou’lt come again,
And I must buried keep the tomahawk
Till then. Those other words I do not know.”

“When I come back thou’lt sing again the song,
And slip into my heart and be my own,
My wedded wife. This hand that rests in mine,
This little hand is strong and true and dear
Unto my heart, that pulses full its blood
Responsive to its touch, as life is dear.
Will Pocahontas bless her captain thus?
He awaits her answer now before he goes.”
Her fingers tightened ’bout his palm. Her eyes
Sought his in one swift, penetrating glance,
And then in dreamy wonder rested on
The western rim that seemed to part the world

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Of shadows from the eternal world of light,
While slowly passed from parted lips the words:

“Matoaka hath loved thee long. She is
Thine own to take when thou shalt think it best.”

“’Tis well,” the man replied; “but see thou tell
To no man aught of this until I come.”

And then, as in a revery, they turned
And walked toward the lonely settlement,
Almost as silent as the watching hare.

As by some magic touch, the radius of
Each life had grown to twice its former length;
Adown the broader vista beckoning hands
Seemed calling, gently calling on to where
The broader, richer fields were waiting, ripe
With rarest green, for their swift garnering.
But when their comrades greeted them no words
Betrayed their hearts, and yet a keen-eyed friend
Their secret plainly read in eyes of each;
But held his peace until they both had passed.

That eve the English captain bade farewell
To her who loved him, little dreaming that
No sun would ever shine on him again

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

With half the glory of the one just set.
For shortly, burnt by powder, envy's work,
'Tis said, he had forthwith to England sailed ;
And then the bruit came back that he was lost :
His stormy, checkered life had passed in wrath
Of wind and wave, and now mayhap at rest
Where roar of surf nor wind nor wave can fret,
He was at peace beneath the Southern sea,
Where flowers of the deep about him lend
A weird beauty to the eternal calm.

So ran the tale that Pocahontas heard
From lips of Rolfe, a pious gentleman,
And friend to each. As cast in bronze she heard
The cruel words ; then turned and walked away,
No more of her sweet will to come again.

SHATTERED HOPES.

O Indian maid, with thy dream so fair,
Like a wintry blast
When the winter's past
To blushing buds in the sweet spring air,
The cruel words with their tale of woe,
In a heartless way
In thy heart that day,
Its budding hopes with their breath laid low.

O day when hope, like a weary child,
Lies down to sleep
On the great, great deep
Of time untossed by passion waves wild!

Immortal day, with thy somber light
And thy dreadful gloom
Of forecasted doom,
More fearful far than the darkest night!

SHATTERED HOPES.

Thank God! Thou canst not forever last;
For the tide moves on,
And thou'lt soon be gone
Unto thy niche in the pictured past.

But still thy mark, as a living scar,
On the cheek abides,
Whate'er betides,
May still be seen by the light of a star.

For the days that dawn shall ne'er be fraught
With the sheaves of gold
That in the days of old
Full-handed once to thy garner brought.

Ah! maiden—child—thy dark shall pass
And thy gloom shall go
As the winter's snow—
Beneath dead leaves are roots of grass!

HER CAPTURE.

And so from Jamestown Pocahontas passed,
As summer bird before the autumn frost ;
And men, remembering at the twilight hour,
When resting from the care and toil of day,
The Indian maiden who had brought them meat
When starving, saved them from her people's hate
And with her simple truth had won their hearts,
Spake oft of her in tones of sweet regret :
So strong and mighty is the mystic power
Of one rare life that lifts itself above
Environment, as lily from the marsh :
So strange and strong the mystic power of one
Rare life that simply seeks its highest known
Ideal to touch the hearts of common men !

The shifting zephyrs that forerun the storm
And fill with dread the stoutest sailor's heart
Seemed toying now about the quiet town,

HER CAPTURE.

And thinking men took note of danger signs
Too slight for breeding aught than dark unrest.

The Powhatan his yellow waters bore
In sullen silence to the Chesapeake,
And sullen silence held the forest depths;
And men lived on in daily dread lest now,
Those two away that stood between the white
And red and held them strongly each from each,
The pent-up passions of mad racial hate,
Like waters freed by breakage of the dam,
Would sweep in one wild rush each vestige of
The English from beside the Powhatan.

But days went by. The white men courage gained
And fortified themselves 'gainst savage foes,
And yet the dreaded war cry was not heard.
Like cocks that spar and walk away and crow,
The red men and the white but skirmished here
And there, some wigwams burnt, some captives made,
While each with bluster kept his foe in awe.

At last one Captain Argall bravely sailed
On cruise of terror to the savage tribes,
Perchance to effect release of captive men

HER CAPTURE.

And further respite gain from certain war,
For one cannot two masters serve; no land
Two peoples so diverse in blood maintain.

Like some huge monster, neither fish nor fowl,
The vessel wafted by the breeze's breath
Majestic stemmed Potomac's ebbing tide.
As cloud in silence floating o'er the blue
By unseen hands propelled and piloted,
The white-winged ship sublimely glided on
The placid bosom of the peaceful stream.

As God flung out upon the western skies
The pledge and promise of a morrow fair,
His scrolls of colors blending into tints
Transcending e'en imagination's ken,
The sails were furled, the anchor dropped to hold,
With flukes of iron buried in the sand,
The ship at rest just where a lesser stream
Its waters poured into the river's flood.

When silver sheen of day lay on the waves,
From out the shadows of the cove there crept
Toward the ship an Indian's bark canoe.
All eyes aboard were bent upon the man

HER CAPTURE.

Whose easy strokes the ticklish craft impelled
With scarce a ripple as the otter swims.
While making fast his deerhide painter to
The anchor-chain, the morning guest was seen
To be a friendly Indian—Japazaws—
A gudgeon quick to rob the baited hook
And leave untouched the deftly hidden barb.

When others later came to see the great
Canoe and pale-faced men who slew
Their foes with thunder, shy among them stood
Matoaka, disguised among the maids.
But Argall, keen of sight, and quick of wit:
“Behold Virginia’s Nonparella, men!
A bird worth trapping; see you know her not.”

And so for copper kettle and gay beads
Old Japazaws, together with his squaw,
Enticed the bird into the snare and wailed
Aloud when Argall, with her safely trapped,
Set sail. With such a talisman he had
An under grip upon the forest king
That wisely used would set his craft at naught
And give the wearied English breathing time.

'TIS BUT NATURE.

As the ship let go her anchor
Close beside the crowded pier,
On her deck stood Pocahontas
Calmly listening to the cheer,—

Gladsome greeting of the people
She had left some months ago,
Though the inward strife was mighty
With the tears that longed to flow.

Like the tide by east wind driven,
Swiftly flooding all the marsh,
Rose the tide of recollection,
Overborne with memories harsh.

All the gentler feelings gendered
By the welcome warm and strong,
Memories of her sad leave-taking
And of him who did the wrong.

'TIS BUT NATURE.

Vengeance bade her seek the coward
Who had sought her captain's life,
Keep upon her bosom ever
For his heart the keen-edged knife,

Unto her for gentler uses
Given by her absent chief,
Destined now in awful calmness
As the avenger of her grief.

Learning later that the dastard
Too had passed beyond recall,
Stoiclike she calmly suffered
Passion's whitest heat to pall.

Just as rosebuds sorely bruised
By the sudden summer rain,
When the storm has passed beyond them
Slowly lift their heads again,

Pocahontas, wildwood blossom,
When the storm had spent its wrath,
Lifted slowly drooping petals,
Scattered fragrance on the path.

'TIS BUT NATURE.

For the bud was now a blossom,
Rich and sweet as summer air,
Rain and sunshine ever nourish
In God's garden wild and rare.

Indian maiden, now a woman,
Gone thy merry, childish ways,
Fled before the face of sorrow,
Ere had passed their rightful days.

Pure as snow upon the mountain,
Sweet as lily of the glen,
Stronger than the stone the magnet
Drawest thou the hearts of men.

When the mocker sings his vespers
In his honeysuckle bower,
Soft and low the music floating
Stirs, with strange and mystic power,

Hearts of lonely men to longing
For themselves a sheltered nest,
For a little mate to love them,
Help them win life's very best.

'TIS BUT NATURE.

While the trees by night were sleeping,
Dimly lighted by the beams
Of the half moon slowly rising,
Sang the mocker in his dreams.

Sang so sweetly that the sleeper,
Pocahontas, dreaming heard
Whispered words of deep emotion
Sweeter far than voice of bird—

Words that quivered with devotion,
Sought and found her very soul,
Such as once before had stirred her
When she dreamed sweet love her goal.

Pocahontas! Pocahontas!
Canst thou thus thy heart's hurt heal?
With another link thy life and
To the old be loyal, leal?

Yes, thou mayst when love hath left thee,
When his first sweet song is sung,
Set thee down and weep thy sorrow,
With thy harp on willow hung.

'TIS BUT NATURE.

Though thy tears may cease their flowing
And thy harp may voice anew
Love's old song in plaintive minor,
Soft and tender, sweet and true ;

For its soul is oft the memory
Of those first enchanting chords
Of life's music, felt most surely
When lips gave love's first reward.

Indian maiden, 'tis but nature
In thee crying for her own ;
If she cannot have the major,
She will take the minor tone.

HER SUPREMEST ACT.

How often we persuade ourselves that God
Hath twined the tendrils of our hearts about
Our fondest hopes, and nourished them, until
They are grown into desires that bear his stamp,
And passion's fruit becomes the will of God!

So Master Rolfe in Pocahontas saw
The hand of God to lead into the light
Her savage people through the crucial test
Of healing racial hate by mingling blood.

Though she were beautiful as Sharon's rose,
And pure as snow upon the peak's bald crag,
And rich in female charms as she that came
From foam that flecked the blue Ægean wave,
No lesser power could draw a Christian man
Unto a daughter of a heathen race.

But first the heathen stain by Christian rite
Was washed away, and Pocahontas knew
Her Indian name no more. Rebecca hight
At christening, My Lady now she was
To all who spake to her in English tongue.

HER SUPREMEST ACT.

The future lay beyond her power to guide ;
The forces she had set in motion soon
Would gather strength to overcome the lust
And pride of blood, or in the mighty tide
Of immigration of the higher race
Be lost forever 'neath the stormy waves
Of passion, fierce, relentless as the sea
When lashed to wrath by adverse driven winds.

'Twas meet that it be so ; for she was changed.
The menial station of the savage squaw,
Her life of hardship and her narrow lot,
In all their naked ugliness appeared,
And made henceforth to her the Indian life
Impossible ; and yet she loved her kind.

So she who oft had cast herself between
Two snarling peoples now would link them fast,
"And make them friends," as softly whispered Rolfe
Beneath a great oak's boughs, where once before
From other lips had come the same sweet tale.
But now the plaintive minor found her heart
Half open and slipped in, and they were wed.
Matoaka's supremest act was done.

O CRYSTAL STREAM!

O crystal stream from the mountain high,
Where the ozone dwells in the land of the sky,
Thou hasteneth down o'er thy pebbly bed,
With laugh and leap as thou art led
In the track that was shaped when the crust of earth
Took final form from her fearful birth,
By the hand that made from the molten mass
The rocks and the hills and the blades of grass,
To mingle thy life so pure and sweet
With the yellow stream at the mountain's feet!
Ah! rushing stream, thou wouldst make like thee
The river that creeps with its slime to the sea!

The murky waters of racial hate
Flow on unchanged by the pitiless fate
Of the futile efforts of one or two.

Ah! Master Rolfe, with thy heart so true,
Thou wouldst hush the cry of the white and red—
An Indian princess loyally wed—

O CRYSTAL STREAM!

The heathen thus lead into Christian faith!
Thy dream was fair as a beautiful wraith
Of cloud. Thou bravely didst thy part;
The rest was God's. Thou gavest thy heart;
But the brooklet was, alas! too small
To cleanse the stream, though it gave its all.

THE HONEYMOON.

It waxed and waned, the honey-dripping moon,
And with its magic mist enfolded grief,
As moonlight doth the palm on coral reef—
Not fierce and withering as the sun at noon—
Which stands so still beside the waves that croon
And sucks in life through every root and leaf.
It waned and passed, and seemed a thing so brief,
And yet so full of life, sweet nature's boon,
That in the noontide glare of after days
And withering light of truth unveiled, no blight
Of fruit, no stint of faithful service due
From heart to heart revealed to vulgar gaze
The settled calm to live within the right,
Make most of life, and to her heart be true.

MOTHER LOVE.

O woman heart, that leaped when fell the chime
Of wedding bell upon thy listening ear,
And trembled with sweet joy and secret fear
Lest hope find not its own in that new clime;
The joy that filled thee in the after time,
When to thyself thou pressed thy baby near,
Beyond compare more precious and more dear
With deeper thrills made life appear sublime!
O mother love! save love to God himself,
Sublimest feeling known to human breast,
Instinct the strongest that the beast may know,
O gift of God! beyond the greed of self
Thou bidst arise and dare achieve the crest,
Although it lie beneath the eternal snow.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

“Blow gently, winds, upon the Atlantic, blow
And swiftly waft unto fair England’s isle
The Princess of the West, the Nonpareille,
And bring her safely back to us again.”

So sang the crowd at Jamestown from the pier,
As slowly filled the great ship’s sails and rose
The flukèd anchor from the river’s bed,
While water gently curled about her prow,
To rest no more until beyond the sea
Her wings were folded in the English port.

The breath of spring had burst the buds and brought
The birds and bees. To northern parts had flown
The winter wild fowl with their clanging notes,
And in their stead the laughing gull and tern
With call and scream pursued their finny prey.
The April sunshine through a mist of rain
Against the sky the bow of promise hung;
On board about brave lips like sunbeams played
Glad smiles, while teardrops mingled with the rain.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

At last the weary weeks had slipped away ;
The anchor dropped, the sea with all its moods
Of calm and storm, its vastness and its might,
Became a dream, and busy human life
With wonder held the simple minds of those
Accustomed only to the western wilds.

The Indian princess bore herself at court
With quiet dignity and grace, and wrung
From haughty English lips sweet words of praise.

The daughter of a king, the nation's guest,
Must see the best of busy London life,
And join the idle, pleasure-seeking throng
That ate and drank and danced and rode and played.
So, when the flaring flambeaux lit the Globe,
The assembled nobles whiled away the hours
In listening to the actors mouth and prate
Sometimes the loftiest verse ere penned by man.

One eve the Princess of Virginia sat
Near to the Queen beside a trusty friend,
Who in the days agoe had known her well,
And him whom now she thought above the stars ;
By common impulse both, between the acts,

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Across the noisy seats aweary looked,
And lo! Virginia's Captain calmly stood
Half-shaded by the tapestry and gazed
Into their startled eyes profoundly sad.
She trembled as a fawn at sight of wolf,
And turning as to go she saw that he
Beside her saw him too, and softly said:
"They told me sure that he was dead; but see!"
Thereat she hid her face and saw no more
The stage nor heeded how the dressed-up boys
Made ludicrous the female rôles they played.

That night beside a sleeping husband, with
Her boy in arms, she lay awake and told
The laggard hours off in puzzled thought.

But now the life of London palled on her;
She wearied of its farce, and longed again
To rest from rush and roar of city streets
And heartless pride of drawing-room parade,
Beneath the giant oaks of her own land,
Beside the Powhatan's impassive stream,
And live once more a life sincere and true.

A few days passed. At eventide alone

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

She wandered down a garden's shaded walk,
As was her wont. The perfume-laden air
Was still. In undertones the city's din,
Subdued, invited secret thought and rest.
She turned with eyes upon the pebbled walk
Into a bower hid by climbing vines,
And started like a frightened thing when he
Within arose and spake with bow profound:

“My lady, pardon, that I see thee thus;
I go away and wished to speak with thee.”

She looked into his eyes intently, then:
“Why callst me thus? Thou must not call me thus.”

“Thou art a princess, wife of Rolfe; I must
Do honor to thy wifhood and thy rank.”

“Thou call'dst me Nonparella and thy child
When I was in my people's land. Dost fear
To call me so in thine own land? I tell
Thee I'm the same. I know not how to change.”

“And yet thou canst forget!”

“They told me thou
Wert dead. I waited long. And then by force
They brought me captive, made me live among

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Thy people, till I thought it right to wed
And thus my promise keep to keep the peace
Between the red and white. Thy people lie
As dead leaves fall in autumn to the ground."

"O hadst thou waited!"

Then the strong man looked
Away unto the cloudland, mountains high,
Above the soiled city, pure and white,
Until it seemed his troubled spirits drank
From them the needed strength, and then he spake :

"This hour is precious. Let us brush away
This once the cobwebs of the world's wise ways,
In sight of God speak truth, and then farewell,
And live our lives as best we may until
We pass above yon cloud, where all is right."

He took her hand and led her to the seat ;
Her dark eyes shone with tears, and he went on :

"I tried to come to thee, but angry seas
Forbade me. Wrecked, a passing ship took me
To France. At last I came to England, where
I found, ere I could go to thee, I must
Refute by life and deeds the evil tales

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Of wicked men in chains to selfish lusts.
I could not bring my Nonparella's heart
To grief; and so I worked and waited for
The hour that cannot come. 'Tis but the truth
To say: 'Thou canst not give me back my heart.'
The broken shell can ne'er be whole again;
I shall not see thee more, no more return
To those old haunts of ours! 'Twould be too hard.
I'll mingle now with action, stern, severe,
Nor turn aside unto that sweeter life
That I have known in dreams since last thy hand
I felt responsive to my own pulse-beats.
Be brave, Matoaka, be brave; go back
And lead thy people in a better way,
And know that when our hearts are free again
Above yon cloud, mayhap, we'll know 'twas best."

She closed her fingers on her knees, and said:
"Sith thou'rt alive, I would that I were dead!"

The silent moments passed, and then the call
Of some street arab to his fellow broke
The spell. They both arose. "Matoaka"—

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

He used the name by which he knew her first—

“I owe thee more than life ; be brave. Farewell!”

One moment, and his lips her forehead pressed,
And he was gone ere she could lift her own.
And in the days that came he kept his word,
Explored New England's coast and turned men's minds
Unto that waiting land. Too noble and
Too just to covet wealth or seek reward
Of honor due, he made his bitter foes
The crowd that followed in his wake like daws
Behind the plow to seize the upturned feast.
And so he died unhonored by his own.
Within her burned his parting words until
The day approached to sail unto her own
And do her part to bring his words to pass,
When ruthless fever seized her tired frame,
And ere the vessel sailed her heart was free.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

How strange we often know not when life's tide
Is flood or when the golden moment holds
The brimming chalice of life's rarest wine
And bids us drink the quickening draught and rise
To do God's will! How strange that two strong lives
Should touch, then steer apart to leave undone
What only their united strength might do,
And miss the natural fruitage of their lives
As lovely flowers that nor bee nor breeze
Hath quickened with the golden dust of each!

Shortsighted men may nobly dare their all
To bring to pass what man can ne'er achieve,
And die unconscious that they've left behind
The noblest legacy of man to man—
Sublime devotion to the soul's ideals
That shall not fail to reach the hearts of men

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

And quicken them to nobler aims and acts
So long as love and truth can master men.

So from the conflict of that earlier age,
As from volcanic stress and seismic throes,
Sometimes the rarest gem is brought to light.
The story of the Indian girl survives,
More precious far than rarest gem of earth,
To charm us with its beauty, and to touch
Us with the pathos of its woe and lift
Our thoughts above our selfish lives to Him
Whose ways are often past our finding out ;
And yet through blinding mist and dreary gloom
The unseen hand doth sometimes throw athwart
The way a gleam to guide us into right.

GOD OVER ALL.

Into the blue the condor ariseth
Strongly and boldly above the world;
Over the blue the whale-bird abideth,
Resting securely upon the waves;
Over the whole the Lord God presideth;
Creatures and elements feel his hand.

AFTERWORD.

I.

Full three hundred times the willows
Have been stripped by winter's hand
Since the maiden, Pocahontas,
Pressed the yellow river's sand.

Just below a snowy islet,
Drifting in cerulean blue,
Floats an eagle, hoary-headed,
Like a mote upon the view,

Gazing on the panorama
Of the earth and sea below,
As his father's father floated
Full three hundred years ago.

Then the dark and tangled forest
Hid the crouching cougar's lair;
Now the field of corn is waving
Gently in the summer air.

AFTERWORD.

Then the highlands and the lowlands,
Pierced by lines of burnished gold
Radiate from a silver mirror,
Virgin pictures of the old,

Lay as they had lain when England
First by foot of man was trod,
Changed alone by nature's fingers
Working with the tools of God.

Now upon the older picture
Touches of another hand
Greet the hoary-headed flier
From the sea and from the land.

White sails glisten on the waters,
And a smoky trail of black,
Cloudlike vapor, upward rising,
Marks the throbbing steamer's track.

Where of old the ospreys nested
In the barren arms of pine,

AFTERWORD.

High above the darksome tangle
Of the myrtle and the vine,

Now the city spire o'erlooketh
Crowded piles of brick and stone,
Crossing streets and tangled alleys
Webbed with wires of telephone.

Gone the dreams of Pocahontas,
Like the mists of early dawn,
Driven from their homes her people
By the white man's brain and brawn.

Fiercely fought, then passed forever
From the forest and the glen,
With their legends and their language,
From the memories of men,

Save that still on land and river,
Here and there, an Indian name
Holds our storied past more surely
Than could chiseled shafts of fame.

AFTERWORD.

II.

O thou mother State, Virginia!
Teeth of time shall ne'er efface
Record written by thy children
From the story of the race.

From the days of Jamestown to the
Exposition of to-day,
Sons of thine through virgin forests
Steadily have blazed the way.

Warriors, statesmen, educators
To the world have shown a light
That has lighted millions groping
In a medieval night.

Washington and Lee, immortal,
Stand like peaks in matchless glow,
In the glare of summer sunshine,
In the glint of winter's snow.

First in war and first in peace, they
Scorned to abuse the people's trust;

AFTERWORD.

Glorious standards set forever
High above unholy lust.

Jefferson and Patrick Henry,
Giants each without compare,
Brave and thoughtful, true and loyal,
Eager each to do and dare;

Jefferson, the deep-browed thinker,
Wielder of a mighty pen,
Statesman, seer, freedom's champion,
Formed and fashioned minds of men.

Henry, gifted child of genius,
Caught the spirit of the hour;
With his wingèd words of passion
Swept away tradition's power.

In thy modest halls of learning
Sons of thine, O mother State!
Ushering in another epoch,
Set themselves to guard thy fate.

AFTERWORD.

In a small Virginia college
English first took rank with Greek ;
Soon Columbia bade the master
Fly his ensign from her peak.

III.

Evolution is the watchword ;
Onward, upward is the cry ;
Dig from earth her idle treasures,
Wring the secrets from the sky.

Resting not in past achievement,
While perfection is not here ;
Shaping, molding soul and body,
We would bring perfection near.

Closer would we bind together
North and South and East and West ;
Down the petty politician,
Selfish pilferer of the best ;

Make the good of all supremest
In the council halls of state ;

AFTERWORD.

Choose our leaders from the wisest
Steerers of the wheels of fate ;

Choose a President that feareth
Not to break a barren sod,
Strenuous leader of the people
In the way that leads to God.

Democrat? Nay. "Is he fitted
Best to serve?" the voters ask ;
Party shall not usurp conscience,
Trick the people with a mask.

True to lofty aspirations,
Heritage of worthy sires,
From the altars that they builded
Shall ascend our altar fires.

Freed from Old World superstitions,
Ancient habits, barren creeds,
We have built a temple worthy
Of our fathers' glorious deeds—

AFTERWORD.

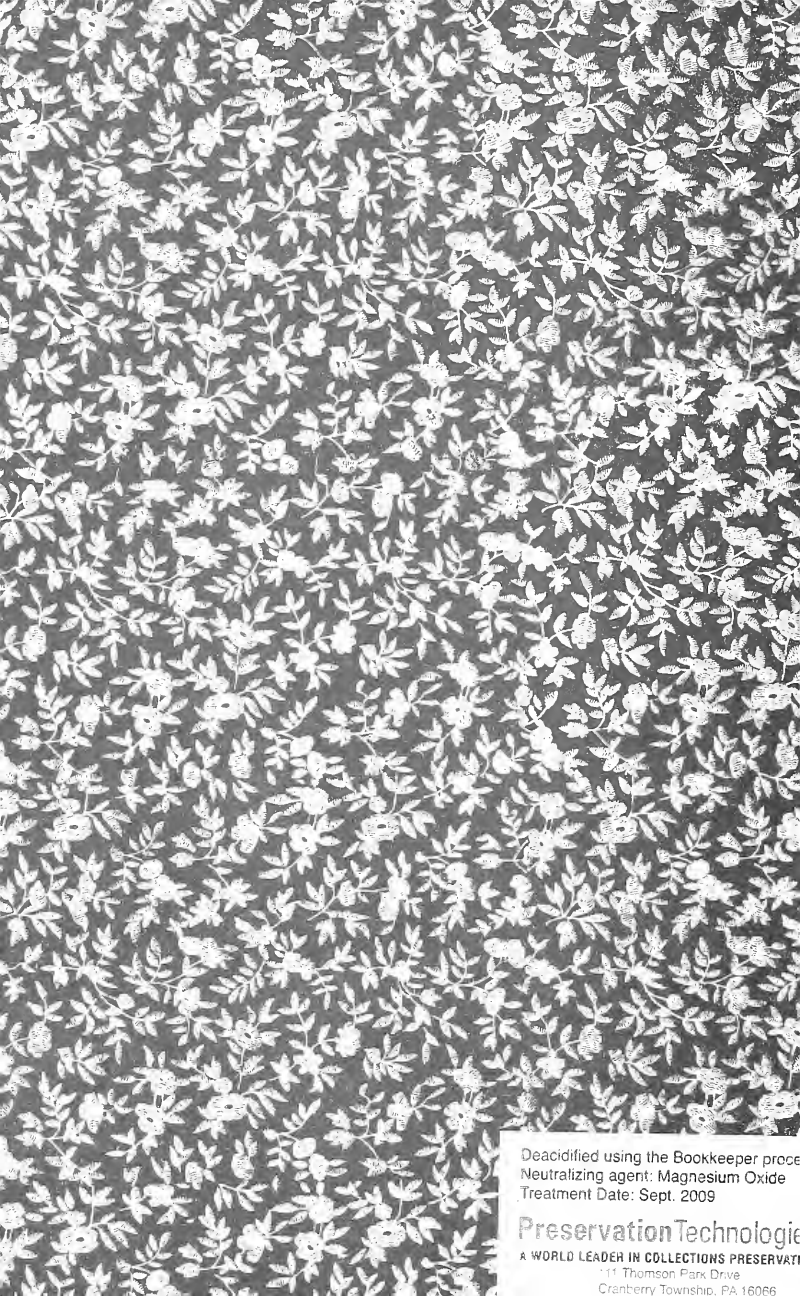
Where all men may come and worship
In the form that suits them best;
Where the flag of freedom waveth
Welcome to the stranger guest.

O, my country, like the eagle
Flying in cerulean blue,
Spread thy wings in brave endeavor
Aye to gain a higher view!

Aye, to lift earth's struggling millions
From their squalor by thy might,
Leader of earth's leading nations,
Onward wing thy upward flight!

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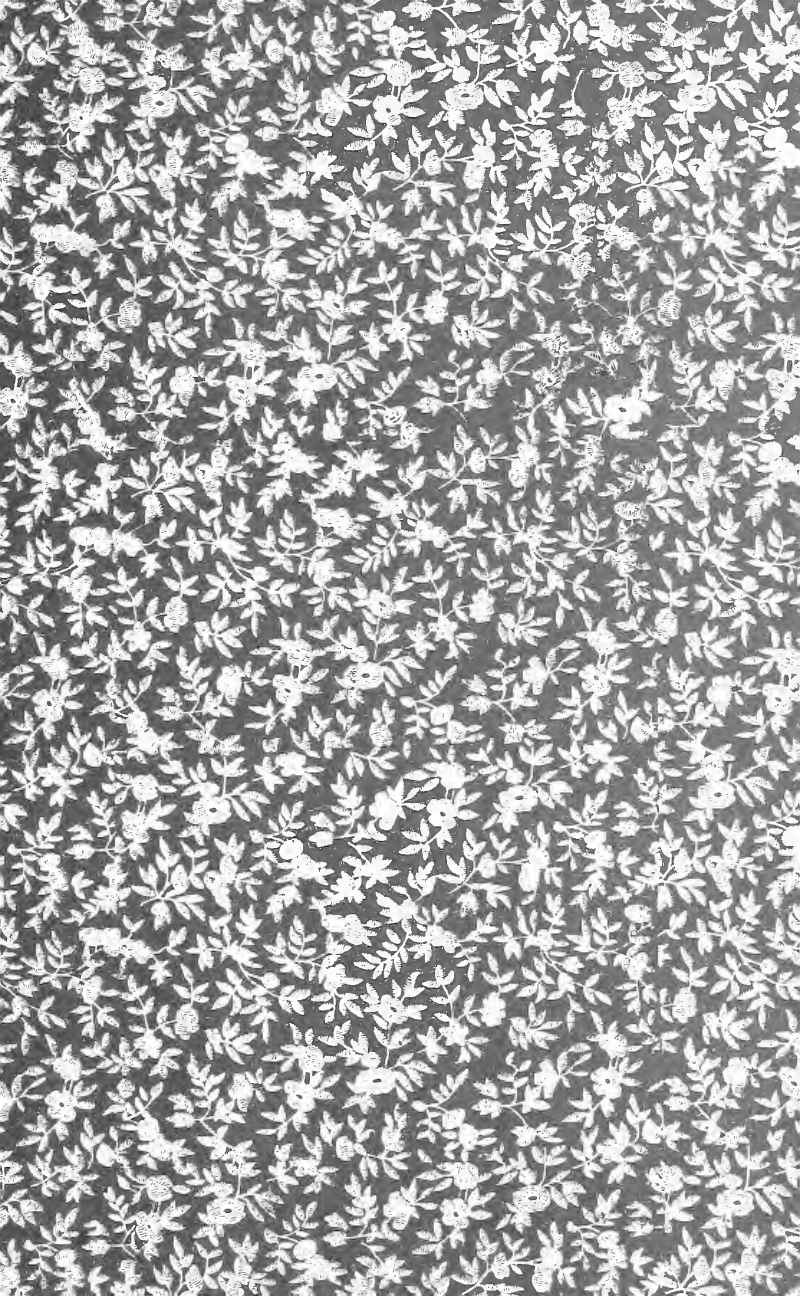


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