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C. Smith takes the King of Paspahogh prisoner A. 1609.

Pocahontas

By

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE

Author of "Lake George in History"

Assisted by EDWARD EGGLESTON



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PREFACE.

THIS book, like those that have gone before it in this series, is intended for popular use, and especially is it meant to attract young people to the early history of our own country. We have not sought, therefore, to confine our story to a personal biography of Pocahontas, for which the materials are not very abundant. The adventures of Smith in the Turkish wars, as related by himself, and the explorations, trials, and battles of the early settlers at Jamestown, serve to make a romantic passage in history. The story has not often been told so fully before, and we sincerely hope that the book will prove of interest even to those already acquainted with its general features, and that it will stimulate many young readers to go farther in the study of the history of their own country.

While we have sought to be interesting we have tried sincerely to be correct; at most, whatever romancing there is in the story is the fault

of the early writers. It is not easy to come at the truth about Jamestown. We have usually followed Smith's "General History of Virginia," consulting also the accounts of Newport, Wingfield, Strachey, and Smith's "True Relation," with Stith's "History of Virginia," and Neill's "Letters of the Virginia Company," besides many other works of less importance as authorities. Where we could preserve the very words of the old chroniclers we have done so, believing that it would add to the interest of the reader to see the quaint but vigorous English in use at that time. We have also reproduced some of the cuts which adorned Smith's General History.

The most important of the disputed questions we have discussed briefly in the Appendix.

THE AUTHORS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPLORERS AND GOLD-SEEKERS.

GOLD and a route to the East Indies were the dominant ideas in the minds of the early discoverers and explorers of the American continent. Columbus believed to the day of his death that the islands which he had discovered were but the outskirts of eastern Asia. He valued his discovery only as a means of opening a profitable traffic with the East. English commercial ambition long sought an easy route to the East Indies. John Cabot, a Venetian, undertook the first voyage of discovery sent to the New World from England.

In 1497, only five years after the first West Indian discovery of Columbus, Cabot reached the shores of America, or the territory of the Grand Cham in Asia, as he supposed, and returned home, the first discoverer of the American continent. In the following year, while the aged Columbus sailed to the mainland of South America, and the daring young Vasco da Gama of

Portugal rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed with streamers flying and trumpets sounding into the harbor of Calcutta, the Venetian discoverer's son, Sebastian Cabot, a young man barely twenty-one years old, explored the coast of North America from Newfoundland as far south as Chesapeake Bay. Nevertheless he considered his voyage a failure, since he had not discovered the shortest route to Cathay and Japan, which he reasoned would be by way of the far north. For many years after this, while Spain was making rich conquests in Mexico and Central America, England had no connection with the New World except through the fisheries of Newfoundland, which were frequented by her vessels.

In the sixteenth century the world's work seem to the men of that day almost accomplished. An English navigator, named Martin Frobisher, deemed the discovery of a north-western passage to Asia "the only thing in the world that was yet left undone by which a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." The making of this discovery was the desire of Frobisher's heart. For fifteen years he solicited help for his project in vain. He was at last aided by Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and in 1576, with a fleet of two small barks and a pinnace, he prepared to cross

the ocean. Queen Elizabeth sent a message of approbation to Frobisher, and waved her hand as the little fleet dropped down the Thames. The pinnacle of but ten tons burden was soon lost in a storm, and the frightened sailors in one of the other vessels turned homeward, leaving Frobisher to pursue his course alone. In his small bark he discovered Labrador, and reached an inlet north of Hudson's Bay. He imagined the land on the north to be Asia, that on the south to be America, and that the strait which he had discovered led into the Pacific. Frobisher landed on an arctic island, which he took possession of in the name of Elizabeth, and gathered some stones, with which he returned home. One of these stones was pronounced by the clumsy London refiners of that day to contain gold. Immediately there were men who desired to purchase these northern gold lands from Queen Elizabeth. But Frobisher was provided with a fleet for the purpose of securing the treasure. Volunteers were plenty for this expedition. The queen, who had vouchsafed only royal favor to the voyage of discovery, sent a large ship of her own on the voyage for gold. With "a merrie wind" they sailed from England, but they encountered much danger from icebergs before the shores of America were reached.

This great fleet did not penetrate so far as Frobisher had in his little bark. They contented themselves with an island where there were heaps of earth, which to their eyes plainly contained gold. More than this, the island abounded in spiders, and "spiders were true signs of a great store of gold." Admiral and men toiled like slaves to lade the vessels with common earth. But the faith of gold-dreamers was unshaken. A colony must be planted in this land of frost in order to secure so rich a country to England. Gentlemen's sons volunteered, Elizabeth bore part of the expense, and in 1578 fifteen vessels set sail—three to remain with the settlement and twelve to hasten back with the coveted ore. The fleet became entangled among great icebergs melting in the summer's sun and adorned with waterfalls. One vessel was crushed, though the men were saved. Bewildered among mists and icebergs, Frobisher lost his course and entered Hudson's strait south of the land of gold. Here the Admiral believed he could sail through to the Pacific. But he pushed on in a search of the golden island, "getting in at one gap and out at another," among many dangers from hidden rocks on an unknown coast. When he reached the Countess of Warwick's Sound the enthusiastic colonists

were discouraged, and the sailors were ready to mutiny. One vessel containing much of the provision of the expedition deserted and returned home. The disheartened gold-seekers discovered an island, however, containing enough of the supposed gold ore "to suffice all the gold-gluttons of the world," but no one proposed to colonize it for the benefit of England. The vessels were freighted and returned home. Neither the projectors of the expedition nor the adventurers who embarked upon it tell us how the lading was disposed of. Thus ended the first attempt of the English to colonize America.

In 1578 Sir Humphrey Gilbert procured from the queen a charter, which made him proprietary lord of whatever land he might discover and colonize within six years. In 1579 he set sail, accompanied by his half brother, Walter Raleigh. The loss of a vessel and various misfortunes defeated this venture. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fortune became too much reduced for him to undertake another expedition. He made various grants of land, but none of them resulted in a successful colony.

In 1583, before the patent had expired, Gilbert, assisted by Raleigh, fitted another fleet for settlement in America. On the eve of his departure

Sir Humphrey Gilbert received from the queen a token in the form of "a golden anchor guided by a lady"—whatever that may mean. Two days after leaving Plymouth, the largest ship of the fleet, which had been furnished by Raleigh, deserted under the excuse of infectious disease. The commander conducted his remaining vessels to the banks of Newfoundland. He took formal possession of the country, summoning the Spanish and Portuguese fishermen to witness the ceremony. The "mineral-man" of the fleet pronounced a certain ore to contain silver. Some of this was carried on board with great secrecy, in order that the Spanish and Portuguese might not suspect its value. A further voyage of discovery along the coast was undertaken, but Gilbert's men were unmanageable. Through the carelessness of the sailors the largest vessel struck, and nearly one hundred persons, were lost, with the "mineral-man" and the ore. It now seemed necessary to return home. Sir Humphrey Gilbert insisted on remaining in the Squirrel, the little bark in which he had sailed, on account of its convenience for exploring the coast. He said he would not desert the little crew with which he had encountered so many dangers. The voyage was rough. "A more outrageous sea" had not been seen by

the oldest sailors. Sir Humphrey was seen from the larger vessel sitting on deck with a book in his hand, and when she would approach within hearing he would call out, "Be of good cheer, my friends; it is as near to heaven by sea as by land." The little vessel labored painfully in the storm, and about midnight her lights suddenly disappeared, never to be seen again.

Raleigh was ambitious to be lord over lands in the New World. He now planned a settlement in a pleasanter climate than that of Newfoundland. From the queen he obtained as ample a patent as that of his half-brother. Two vessels were freighted with men and provisions. Under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow they followed the circuitous route of the day—by way of the Canaries and West Indies. When they neared the coast of North Carolina it was in all its midsummer beauty. The odor which reached them was "as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden." The smooth sea, dotted with islands, sparkled in the sun; the land was covered with noble trees festooned with vines. This land seemed a paradise to the colonists, who knew nothing of the terrors of the coast at a more unfavorable season. A settlement was made on the island of Wocokon, and the

time was occupied with excursions of discovery. The result of their observations of the savages were that "the people were most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age;" and yet, strange to say, in their wars they were cruel and bloody, entire tribes being sometimes almost exterminated, and they practised inviting men to a feast and then murdering them—as the English knew, for the Indians had offered them much booty to participate in such a stratagem against their enemies. After a short stay in the pleasant summer months, the expedition returned to England, with glowing accounts of the country. Queen Elizabeth named the new land Virginia, in honor of herself, "the Virgin Queen." A fleet of seven vessels with one hundred and eight colonists was next sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. The perils of the North Carolina coast were found to be very great. A settlement was made at Roanoke Island. Almost one of the first acts of the colonists was to destroy an Indian town and standing corn in retaliation for the theft of a silver cup.

Sir Richard Grenville sailed away and the colonists began to explore the country. Lane, the

governor, wrote : " It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven ; the most pleasing territory of the world ; the continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled, though savagely."

The wily Indians soon discovered the white man's twofold passion for gold and a passage to the " South Sea." One of them told the colonists that Roanoke River sprang from a rock so near the Pacific that the waves sometimes dashed into its fountain ; that the people who lived there understood refining gold, of which there was an abundance in the country, and that the walls of their city were made of pearls. This fable coincided with the preconceived notions of Europeans in regard to America. Lane and a band of followers undertook the ascent of the Roanoke in search of its wonderful fountain. Meanwhile the Indians, who were jealous of white settlements, prepared to attack the divided colony. The gold-seekers toiled up the rapid current of the Roanoke. Their provisions were soon exhausted. Still they persevered, killing and eating their dogs. When this resource failed them they returned home, just in time to frustrate the plans of the Indians. The savages now proposed to plant no corn in order to starve out the English, who

depended upon trade with them for their provisions. An old chief, however, objected to this plan.

The English had been in the New World nearly a year. They grew more and more fearful of the Indians. They believed that they were forming an alliance with intent to massacre them. They desired an audience of the most influential chief, Wingina, and when admitted to his presence they fell upon him and his principal warriors and killed them. The colonists were growing restless and homesick, and they had now indeed good reason to fear the Indians. In hopes of a better harbor they explored toward the north and reached Chesapeake Bay, long after it had been discovered by the Spanish and named Santa Maria Bay. One day many sails were seen on the horizon. It was Sir Francis Drake's great fleet of twenty-three vessels returning from a long privateering and exploring cruise. It came to anchor in "the wild road of their bad harbor." Sir Francis Drake readily supplied all the wants of the colonists, giving them vessels, persuading two experienced seamen to remain with them, and furnishing every means for them to make further explorations. A sudden storm nearly wrecked the fleet, which was only saved

by standing off from the dangerous coast. After the storm, nothing was to be seen of the vessels set aside for the colonists' use. Sir Francis Drake again offered, however, to supply their wants, but with one voice they begged to be taken back to England.

Through these colonists, who had learned to smoke in the New World, the use of tobacco was first introduced into England. Sir Walter Raleigh made the practice fashionable. It is related that a servant of his coming into the room with a tankard of ale saw Sir Walter intent on study, with clouds of smoke issuing from his mouth. The man immediately threw the ale in his master's face and ran downstairs, crying that Sir Walter was on fire.

A few days after the colonists left Roanoke Island vessels with provisions landed at the settlement to find it deserted. Grenville left fifteen men to hold the land for its lord.

Sir Walter Raleigh now planned to plant an agricultural colony of men with families, to be established at Chesapeake Bay. In 1587 he fitted out a fleet at his own expense, "Queen Elizabeth, the godmother of Virginia," refusing to contribute "to its education." As might have been expected, nothing remained of the little colony at

Roanoke Island but bones. The settlement was overgrown with weeds. The commander of the vessels refusing to carry them further, the colony was obliged to plant itself on this sad spot. There was naturally trouble with the Indians. The tribe of Manteo, the chief who had visited England, were friendly, and this Indian, according to the commands of Raleigh, was baptized and made a baron, with the title of Lord of Roanoke. It may be doubted whether he fully appreciated the honor. The colony was ill-fated ; a vessel was sent to England to ask for provisions. Raleigh freighted two ships for his colony, but in chasing after prizes, one vessel was boarded and rifled after a bloody battle, and both were forced to return.

England was in a state of intense excitement over the threatened invasion of Spain, and Raleigh, Grenville, Lane, and all those who had been most interested in colonization, were now entirely occupied with the prospect of war. Not until three years after the planting of the colony did the expected supplies arrive at Roanoke, which was then a desert. An inscription directed to the island of Croatan, the home of Manteo and the friendly Indians. No search was made further than the Island of Roanoke by this expe-

dition, and the fate of the colony is unknown. Raleigh sent many expeditions to search for his lost people, but nothing was discovered of them. There is one statement, though not perhaps to be trusted, that after twenty-one years of life among the savages they were murdered by Powhatan, at the instigation of his priests or medicine-men.*

In 1602 a direct voyage across the Atlantic was made by Bartholomew Gosnold in a small bark. He discovered Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bay, which he called Gosnold's Hope. On a beautiful island covered with grand forests, wild fruits, and sweet flowers a settlement was planned. On the island is a pond, in which is a little island. On this romantic spot the colonists built their fort, but the road before them appeared too dangerous; fearing starvation and dreading the Indians they resolved to return with Gosnold. They brought back from the New World a load of sassafras root, which was highly valued in the pharmacy of the day.

A second expedition was undertaken by Martin Pring in 1603. He explored much of the coast of North Virginia, as New England was then called, and traded trinkets with the Indians for sassafras.

Still another voyage under command of George

* See Appendix, Note 2.

Weymouth was made to the shores of North Virginia. All the early voyagers agreed in praising the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the scenery in the new land, and it was to the imagination of people in Europe like a land of romance and dreams—a “new world” indeed, as they called it.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE OF THE VIRGINIA COLONY.

IT is now nearly three hundred years ago that the first successful colony set out from Blackwall, a suburb of London, to effect a settlement in the "New-found-land of Virginia," as the whole coast of North America was at that time called. The failure of the colony on Roanoke Island had for many years damped the ardor of English adventurers, but the success of the Spaniards, their great rivals and enemies, piqued the pride of the English, as the wealth won by Spanish gold-seekers excited their cupidity. So that at the beginning of the reign of James I. it was resolved to have an English settlement in America, to win territory, and to freight ships with the precious metals. Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of the unhappy colony on Roanoke Island, and the life-long advocate of colonization, was at this time shut up in a dreary cell in the Tower of London, engaged in writing his *History of the World* to while away the hours of a long imprisonment. But Gosnold,

whose voyage to the New England coast is related in the previous chapter, had been very active in promoting the present undertaking. In this he had been joined by John Smith, a soldier of fortune who had voyaged about the world, getting out of one daring adventure into another, and who now, having returned from single combats and captivities among the Saracens, could find nothing to satisfy his appetite for danger and hardship so well as a colony in the wilds of America. A third promoter of the scheme was a London merchant named Wingfield, and a fourth was a clergyman, Mr. Hunt. The latter desired to plant Christianity, Wingfield no doubt represented the commercial desire for gain, while Gosnold and Smith were voyagers and adventurers pure and simple, loving a hard task for the very hardness of it and the honor of overcoming difficulties.

The traveller of our time feels some trepidation when he sails across the ocean in a staunch steamer of several thousand tons burden. But the little colony that left Blackwall and dropped down the Thames in the rough December of 1606 had for their largest ships the Sarah Constant, of one hundred tons, which ship carried seventy persons, and was commanded by Cap-

tain Newport. The second ship, the God-Speed, was commanded by the experienced Captain Gosnold, and was of forty tons, carrying fifty-two persons, while the smallest vessel of all, the Discovery, was of but twenty tons, a mere sail-boat, carrying twenty people on this long voyage, through little known seas, into unknown lands. The seeds of a great nation were here compressed into small space and entrusted to frail craft.

The people of England were very much interested in the little company that left Blackwall on the 19th of December, 1606. There was a clergyman, the Rev. Richard Hakluyt, who when he was a schoolboy had been shown one day some books of travel and a map of the world. He then and there resolved to devote himself to geographical studies, and he became in time better informed on all such matters than any man in England in his day. The great trading companies were accustomed to consult him about their undertakings. He, with other "heartily lovers of colonization," had petitioned for permission to send out this colony, and he was one of the corporators of it.

James I. was a pedantic man, priding himself on his learning, which was not so great as his

vanity. It is said that when George Buchanan, his preceptor, was censured for having made the king a pedant, he answered that it was the best he could make out of such a prince as he. King James was of a meddling disposition, full of over-weening self-confidence, and he unfortunately took great interest in the little colony now setting forth, and had something to do with the mischievous regulations and directions by which the enterprise was well-nigh brought to destruction.

There are still extant poems, sermons, and plays, that show the general interest of all classes of people in the colony on its setting out, and during the early years of its history. Michael Drayton, a famous poet of the time, who wrote abundantly about a great many things, gave utterance to the popular feeling in an ode full of fire. He begins :

' You brave heroic minds,
Worthy our country's name,
That honor still pursue
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue.

" Britons, you stay too long :
Quickly aboard bestow you

And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you."

He does not think that these voyagers in little ships need be afraid of shoals :

" Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee shores, nor shoals
Where Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep."

The dominant idea of the time was to find gold, and this finds place also in Drayton's verses :

" And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise."

He seems to have a premonition that the English race will come to greatness in the New World, for he sings of the heroes that shall be brought forth like "those from whom we came," and lastly he describes "industrious Hakluyt" as waiting to record their voyages.

But it was especially the finding of gold mines

that most concerned the English public. In a play, written the year before the colony sailed, while all England was agitated about it, there is a conversation between two characters who bore the significant names of Scapethrift and Seagull. The general expectation of gold from Virginia is shown up in the extravagant speech of the enthusiastic Seagull, who declares that all their dripping-pans are pure gold in Virginia, "and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streets are massie gold ; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold ; and for rubies and diamonds they goe forth in holy dayes and gather 'hem by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coates, and sticke in their children's caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron gilt brooches, and groates with holes in 'hem."

Not only in the poetry and the plays of the time, but in the sermons and prayers of the people, Virginia is remembered. One prayer of a few years later ends with the petition that God "may vouchsafe to go with us and we with him into Virginia. Amen and Amen. Be thou the Alpha and Omega of England's plantation in Virginia, O God."

The colony was to be governed under a charter, drawn up, no doubt, under the eye of the

fussy and foolish King James. It abounded in all guarantees for loyalty, but neglected many very important matters. There were also explicit directions about the manner of settlement and their mode of dealing with the "naturals"—that is, the natives of Virginia. These directions were good enough in their way, but the better policy would have been to have given military authority to some one competent man. This the projectors of the colony failed to do. The authority at sea was vested not in Gosnold, as we would have expected, but in Captain Newport, who was an experienced mariner, and who had had the wisdom the year before to make the king a present of two living young alligators and a wild boar, brought from the West Indies. Such trifles delighted James greatly.

From the beginning the little colony was beset with difficulties. Scarcely were they out of the Thames when they were met by rough weather, and were long beaten upon by the rough seas of the Channel. It was six weeks before they lost sight of the English coast. But something worse than bad weather overtook them in the jealousy and discord which immediately broke out among the leading spirits of the colony.

One would have supposed that while King

James and the rest were busy over charters and directions, they would have been at some pains to see that the colony should be made up of such as were suitable to the work in hand. But of the hundred or more who were first settled in Virginia, fifty-three ranked as "gentlemen," many of whom were dissipated young men sent off by friends who wished to be rid of them. Smith says they were afterward dissatisfied because they did not find "any of their accustomed dainties, with feather beds and downe pillows, tavernes and alehouses in every breathing place, neither such plentie of gold and silver and dissolute libertie as they expected." We do not wonder that "the country was to them a misery, a ruine, a death, a hell."

With all these gentlemen there was a small allowance of four carpenters. Twelve men are set down as laborers, but whether they were farm hands or personal servants we are not told. There was one bricklayer, one mason, one blacksmith, and one sailor. But there were also a barber and a tailor and a drummer, while there were four boys, and some others whose manner of life is not set down.

From the beginning, as we have said, this ill-assorted crowd divided into factions. Such skil-

ful and vigorous spirits as Bartholomew Gosnold and John Smith were no doubt outspoken against the ascendancy of incompetents among the emigrants. Such men the brusque and brave Captain John calls "meerely projecting, verball, and idle contemplators."

No doubt Smith was himself more of a soldier than a diplomatist, and that he stirred up a good deal of anger by his blunt speeches. But there was one patient and peace-making man in the ships, and that was Mr. Robert Hunt, "Preacher," as he is set down in the list. This good clergyman was so sick at the beginning of the voyage that his life was despaired of, and though the vessels lay for weeks off the Downs, in sight of his home, yet he never once proposed to give over his enterprise. "With the water of patience, and his godly exhortations (but chiefly by his true devoted examples), he quenched those flames of envy and dissension."

The ships loitered at the Canaries and in the West Indies, consuming their provisions, which were scant at the beginning, and losing the opportunity for spring planting. So high a pitch did their dissensions reach that at one of the islands it was even proposed to hang the impetuous and restless Captain Smith, who probably

showed much discontent at this waste of five months in a voyage for which two would have been sufficient. The accounts are conflicting, but there seems no doubt that a mutiny was intended, and that Smith was suspected of a share in it.

After the ships had three days passed their reckoning, without finding land, Captain Ratcliffe, of the smallest vessel, seriously proposed that they should turn about and sail back again, probably on the supposition that the continent was lost. While this proposition was under advisement there came up a lucky storm, which drove the ships to the mouth of the James River, and settled in the minds of the navigators any doubts concerning the whereabouts of Virginia. The first cape which they saw was named, for the Prince of Wales, Cape Henry. The northern cape they named Cape Charles, for the King's second son, afterward King Charles I. A landing was made on Cape Charles by thirty men, who were suddenly attacked by five Indians. Two of the white men were dangerously wounded in this first encounter with the "naturals." The country within the capes the voyagers found to be what they regarded as the pleasantest land known. "Here are mountains, hills,

plains, valleys, rivers, and brooks, all running most pleasantly into a fair bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land." We are assured that "heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manned and inhabited by industrious people." And indeed at the season of their arrival the banks of the James River are magnificent with the blossoms of the redbud and dogwood, so that after their tiresome voyage the land must have been indeed delightful to their eyes.

After much debate, the place ever since called Jamestown was selected as the sight of the colony. Gosnold strongly opposed this selection, while Smith favored it. The event has proved the wisdom of Gosnold's judgment. It was on low ground, and never wholesome. The inroads of the water have since turned the peninsula into an island, and there is now only a ruined church tower to mark the site of the first permanent colony in the United States.

As soon as they had landed they opened the box that contained the names of the members of the council, which up to that time had been kept secret from everybody. Captain Smith, who had been under arrest on suspicion for the last three

months of the voyage, was among those named, but he was formally excluded by the other members, on what pretext we are not told. Wingfield was chosen president by the council, and this tempest-tossed band of unlucky, unsuitable, and quarrelsome adventurers planted the germs of a great nation at Jamestown. The planting would have proved vain, indeed, had it not been for the one despised and excluded councillor, whose ready tact, valor, and indefatigable zeal were to save it from the mishaps and destruction which the folly and selfishness of its leaders so often invited.

CHAPTER III.

POWHATAN AND HIS PEOPLE.

RUMORS of a white people who came from over the sea had reached the Indians of Virginia from time to time. In 1573, a Spanish vessel had sailed into the Chesapeake, the mariners had taken soundings, admired the many rivers and good harbors, and sailed away again. The inhabitants, doubtless, heard also of the unsuccessful settlements of the English on Wocokan and Roanoke Islands. At first these strangers, who were not known to be sick, and who had no women with them, were believed to be immortals that had not been born of women; the Indians of the region, indeed, attributed all their ailments to wounds inflicted by the English with invisible bullets. Perhaps Hariot, one of the members of the first colony at Roanoke, had entered some of Powhatan's towns on those journeys in which he was accustomed to show and explain the Bible to the Indians, who would kiss the book and press it to their heads and breasts as an amulet, or "great medicine."

The dress of the Indians in the mild climate of Virginia was rather scanty. The aristocracy wore little else than moccasins and a mantle of skin, embroidered with beads, which was exchanged for one of fur during the winter. Pretty mantles were also made of turkey's feathers, interwoven with thread in such a manner that only the feathers showed. The women covered themselves with an apron of deerskin. The "common sort" had little but leaves and grass for clothing. In summer, nearly all covering was dispensed with by rich and poor. What the Indians lacked in clothing was made up in paint and ornaments. They colored their heads and shoulders a brilliant red, with a mixture made of powdered puccoon-root and oil. Women tattooed their skin with figures of beasts and serpents. But ear pendants were their most important ornaments. They had usually three large holes in each ear from which they would hang chains, "bracelets," and copper. Indian women were seen with strings of pearls hanging from the ear to the waist. A man would sometimes wear as an ear pendant a small green and yellow snake "crawling and lapping itself about his neck." He was "the most gallant that was the most monstrous to behold." What little beard the

Indians had was grated away with oyster-shells by the women. An Indian beau would spend hours plucking his whiskers out by the roots

The weapons, tools, and utensils of the aborigines were such as we do not see among the Indians of to day who trade with a civilized people. Tomahawks were made of a deer's horn, or of a long sharpened stone set into a handle somewhat like a pickaxe. Arrows were stone-pointed and winged with turkey feathers, which were fastened with a glue made from deer's horns. Their only armor was a shield made of sticks or bark, woven together with thread. The women made thread either of bark, deer's sinews, or of a kind of grass. Knives were made of stone, and sometimes shells and reeds were sharpened for this purpose. A file was made of the tooth of a beaver set in a stick. The Indians kindled a fire by chafing a dry pointed stick in a hole made in a piece of wood. Mortars were hollowed from stone, and in these corn was pounded into meal. An extensive quarry in which stone vessels and implements were made has recently been discovered in Amelia County, Virginia, and the method of work is shown to have been very ingenious.

Corn bread was the staple food among the

Indians. Bread was also made of wild oats and of sunflower seed. Fish, deer, turkeys, and other game were their meats. Grubs, locusts, and snakes were also included in the bill of fare. Potatoes and the tuckahoe root were eaten. Tobacco and corn were planted by the Indians. The manner of planting Indian corn was something new and strange to the English, and is thus described : “ The greatest labor they take is in planting their corn, for the country naturally is overgrown with wood. To prepare the ground they bruise the bark of the trees near the root, then do they scorch the roots with fire, that they grow no more. The next year, with a crooked piece of wood, they beat up the weeds by the roots, and in that mould they plant their corn. Their manner is this : They make a hole in the earth with a stick, and into it they put four grains of wheat [Indian corn] and two of beans. These holes they make four foot one from another ; their women and children do continually keep it with weeding, and when it is grown middle high, they hill it about like a hop-yard.” The corn harvest was celebrated by the festival of the green corn dance. The Indians delighted in roasted ears of corn.

They made a drink of dried hickory nuts,

pounded in a mortar and mixed with water. This liquor was called Pawcohicora. From the Indian cookery Americans have borrowed hominy, barbecued meat, and the Southern dish called "pone."

The Indians dwelt mostly on the river banks, and always in villages. Their cabins, or wigwams, were framed of saplings tied together and covered very handsomely with reeds, bark, or mats. Across the entrance a mat was sometimes hung for a door. In the centre of the cabins a fire was built, and, says Captain Smith, they were very warm, but also very smoky, notwithstanding the hole in the top to let out smoke.

Indian towns were fortified with palisades ten or twelve feet in height.

The Virginia Indians worshipped an idol, or Okee, which represented the evil spirit. They had also, like all of their race, some vague idea of a superior spirit or creator. Their priests or medicine-men controlled them through their superstition by means of divinations and conjurations, by which they professed to cure the sick, and thus lived a life of indolence themselves. The savages seldom dared steal from one another, fearing that their priests might reveal the thief through divination. The rude temple in

which they kept their Okee was surrounded with posts on which hideous faces were roughly carved or painted.

The Indians divided their year into five seasons—budding time, roasting ear time, summer, the fall of the leaf, and winter. Their rather unmusical instruments were a reed on which they piped, a rude drum, and rattles made of gourds or pumpkins. “These, mingled with their voices,” says Captain Smith, “make such a terrible noise as would rather affright than delight any man.”

The Indians amused themselves with “sham fights,” or war dances, accompanied with the war-whoop, which seemed quite infernal to the English. Captain Smith says that “all their actions, voyces, and gestures, both in charging and retreating, were so strained to the height of their qualitie and nature that the strangenesse thereof made it seem very delightfull.”

When the Indians had a distinguished visitor “they spread a mat, as the Turks doe a carpet, for him to sit upon. Upon another right opposite they sit themselves. Then doe all with a tunable voice of shouting bid him welcome. After this doe two or more of their chieftest men make an oration, testifying their love.”

The English invested savage life with all the dignity of European courts. Powhatan was styled "King," or "Emperor," his principal warriors were lords of the kingdom, his wives were queens, his daughter was a "princess," and his cabins were his various seats of residence. The extent of his conquests, his unlimited power over his subjects, and the pomp which he maintained, invest Powhatan with no little savage dignity. He was a "tall, well-proportioned man, with a sower looke, his head somewhat gray, his beard so thinne that it seemeth none at all, his age neare sixtie, of a very able and hardy body, to endure any labour."

In his younger days Powhatan had been a great warrior. Hereditarily, he was the chief or *werowance* of eight tribes; through conquest his dominions had been extended until they reached from the James River to the Potomac, from the sea to the falls in the principal rivers, and included thirty of the forty tribes in Virginia. It is estimated that his subjects numbered eight thousand. The name of his nation and the Indian appellation of the James River was Powhatan. He himself possessed several names. His proper personal appellation was said to have been Wahunsonacock. His enemies were two neigh-

boring confederacies, the Mannahoacs, situated between the Rappahannock and York Rivers, and the Monacans, between the York and James Rivers, above the falls.

Powhatan lived sometimes at a village of his name, near where Richmond now stands, and sometimes at Werowocomoco, on the York River. He had in each of his hereditary villages, if we may believe the stories of early explorers, a house built like a long arbor for his especial reception. When Powhatan visited one of these villages a feast was already spread in the long house or arbor. He had a hunting town in the wilderness called Orapax. A mile from this place, deep in the woods, he had another arbor-like house, where he kept furs, copper, pearls, and beads, treasures which he was saving against his burial.

Powhatan was attended by a body-guard of forty or fifty tall warriors, while, says Captain Smith, "every night upon the foure quarters of his house are foure sentinels, each from other a slight shoot, and at every halfe houre one from the corps on guard doth hollow, shaking his lips with his finger betweene them, unto whom every sentinell doth answer round from his stand; if any faile, they presently send forth an officer that

beateth him extreamely.” The war-whoop thus described by Captain Smith is still in use among certain tribes of Indians.

Powhatan was proud of his fleet. It consisted of a large number of the canoes called “dug-outs,” which are common among some tribes of Indians. The making of these boats was a laborious process. Trees were felled by fire, and from the trunks a boat was shaped by means of burning and scraping with shells and tomahawks.

Powhatan had twenty sons and eleven daughters living. We know nothing of his sons except Nanteguas, “the most manliest, comliest, boldest spirit” ever seen in “a savage.” Pocahontas was Powhatan’s favorite daughter. She was born in 1594 or 5. Of her mother nothing is known. Powhatan had many wives; when he tired of them he would present them to those of his subjects, whom he considered the most deserving.

Indians are frequently known by several names. It is a disappointment to learn that the name which the romantic story of this Indian princess has made so famous was not her real name. She was called in childhood Metoax, or Metoake. Concealing this from the English, because of a superstitious notion that if these pale-faced

strangers knew her true name they could do her some harm, the Indians gave her name as Pocahontas.

Powhatan's authority, like that of all Indian chiefs, was held in check by the severity of custom. "The lawes whereby he ruleth," says Captain Smith, "is custome. Yet when he listeth, his will is a law, and must be obeyed: not only as a king, but as halfe a god they esteeme him." Each village and tribe had its respective chief, or "werowance," as they were called among the Powhatan Indians. The affairs of the tribe were settled in a council of the chiefs and warriors of the several villages. Every town possessed its council-house, just as the villages of New England have a town-hall. Here the chiefs and old men assembled for consultation on any important matter. Powhatan was the great werowance over all, "unto whom," says Captain Smith, "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 care and adoration all these people do obey this Powhatan. For at his feete they present whatsoever he commandeth, and at the least frowne of his brow, their greatest spirits will

tremble ! and no marvell, for he is very terrible and tyrannous in punishing such as offend him.”

It was a barbarous life in which the little Pocahontas was bred. Her people always washed their young babies in the river on the coldest mornings to harden them. She was accustomed to see her old father sitting at the door of his cabin regarding with grim pleasure a string of his enemy's scalps, suspended from tree to tree, and waving in the breeze. Men in England in her time idealized her into a princess and fine lady ; in our time historians have been surprised and indignant at finding that she was not a heroine of romance, but simply an Indian maiden. Such as her life made her she was—in her manners an untrained savage. But she was also the steadfast friend and helper of the feeble colony, and that is why her life is so full of interest to us.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY DAYS AT JAMESTOWN.

THE colonists' hearts were buoyant with hopes of a bright future in this lovely land to which they had come in its loveliest season. All set to work in a holiday spirit. The council planned fortifications, the rest cleared the ground of trees, made nets, and prepared the "clapboards"—which in their speech probably meant cask staves—with which the ships were to be laden for their return voyage. Savages frequently visited them with friendly curiosity.

Cheerful activity had somewhat stilled the wrangles of the voyages. Captain Smith, through a domineering will and the reputation which he enjoyed for his adventures, excited the jealousy of those who were ambitious of leading. Smith, as an experienced soldier, although not admitted to the council, probably gave advice freely as to the necessity of drilling the colonists and building a strong fort. The president, who was a merchant, did nothing further than to fortify the new

town with "boughs of trees cast together in the form of a half moon." Captain Smith's bold spirit was too useful to be neglected. He and Captain Newport, with twenty others, were sent to discover the source of the James River. They ascended the river as far as the rapids, and planted a cross at the end of their explorations. They visited an Indian chief at the village named Powhatan, which was composed of about twelve cabins pleasantly situated on a hill surrounded by cornfields, and fronted by three fertile islands. Captain Newport presented the chief with a hatchet, with which he was much delighted. The Indians complained at the intrusion of the English into their country. The chief, concealing his own apprehensions, said, "They hurt you not; they take but a little waste land."

When, however, the exploring party had returned to within twenty miles of Jamestown, they began to suspect treachery. On reaching the colony they found that their suspicions were well founded. The colonists, while securely at work and unarmed, had been attacked by the Indians, and were for some time in danger of destruction. A cross-bar shot from the vessel struck off the bough of a tree in the midst of the savages, and so frightened them that they fled in

every direction. Had it not been for this timely shot, attributed by some authority to the presence of mind of the president, Wingfield, the colonists would all have been massacred by the savages. As it was, seventeen men were wounded and one boy killed, while Wingfield had a narrow escape, an arrow passing through his beard.

Warned by this attack of the savages, the president now had the town fortified with palisades, the guns mounted, and the men armed and drilled. The Indians hung continually around the white settlement, either making covert attacks, or in ambuscade awaiting an opportunity. Stragglers from the fort—and there were many such—were often hurt, while the Indians always escaped “by the nimbleness of their heels.”

Captain Newport, who had been hired only to transport the colony, remained six weeks. During this time the labor of the colonists was severe. With all the work which the immediate needs of the settlers called for, and the loading of the vessels for their return voyage, the settlers were obliged with their small force to watch at night and to guard the workmen by day.

Captain Newport at last prepared to set sail. Captain Smith had been for thirteen weeks under suspicion, awaiting a trial. His natural leader

ship had already asserted itself, while his earnestness and straightforward energy had gained him friends and respect. His enemies, probably fearing for the success of their plans, proposed, out of charity, to refer him to the council in England rather than to subject him to a public trial at Jamestown. Captain Smith "scorned" their kindness, and demanded a trial, which resulted very honorably to him. His accusers' witnesses confessed that they had been suborned; Smith was acquitted, and his chief enemy, the president, was condemned to pay Smith two hundred pounds. Captain Smith turned the money into the public store. The good minister came forward and made peace on all sides, and through his influence and that of Captain Newport, Smith was admitted to his seat in the council. The next day all received the communion together; on the day following the Indians presented themselves to desire peace, and Captain Newport set sail for England with good news from Virginia.

Left thus to their "fortunes, it fortun'd" that within a few days the colonists were nearly all sick. The site of Jamestown had been poorly chosen. The adjacent swamps of the Chickahominy made it very unhealthy. The colonists had not become acclimated, and unusual toil in a summer's

heat, to which they were not accustomed, with a scarcity of provisions, were the causes of this sickness.

The council in London believed that they had plentifully provided the colonists with provisions, supposing that the voyage would be made in two months, and that they would reach Virginia in time to plant for themselves. They had, however, been five months on the way, and had thus missed the chance of raising a corn harvest. While the ships remained, the settlers had traded sassafras, furs, and money for biscuits, which the sailors would pilfer from the ships' store. Now their food consisted of a half pint of wheat and as much barley to each man, boiled in a common kettle. This grain had lain so long in the ship's hold that it was full of worms, and could not have been very appetizing to the sick colonists, who had no drink but water, and no "lodgings" but "castles in the air." Still, as their narrative says, the council in England was not to be blamed, since "the fault of our going was our own."

Every day during the month of August fresh graves were dug. One day the cannons boomed in honor of the burial of Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, the explorer, and one of the first movers

of the expedition. To his loss no doubt some of the later misfortunes of the colony were due. At the end of the summer about fifty of the one hundred and five colonists had died.

There was naturally much murmuring and discontent in the smitten and hungry colony. "Had we been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness," says their story, "we might have been canonized for saints." They were evidently, however, not free from other sins. After the death of Captain Gosnold contentions increased. John Kendall was deposed from his seat in the council, and imprisoned for making trouble between the president and the other members of the council. Wingfield himself, accused of engrossing for his private benefit what delicacies there were, was also suspected of a project to flee to England with their little vessel. The "dead spirits" of the sick colonists were "so moved" that the president was deposed and confined upon the pinnace. He denied the charges against him in a statement written to the council in England, and it cannot be certainly known whether, as Captain Smith believed, there was truth in them or not. There is little doubt, however, that Wingfield was ill-fitted to fill the difficult office to which he had been elected.

Captain John Ratcliffe was appointed in his place.

Those men who had survived during the summer had lived mostly on sturgeon and sea-crabs. As autumn came on the sturgeon failed them, and their supply of provisions had come to an end. In their weakened condition they expected every day to be attacked by the savages. In this extremity the Indians, however, proved friendly, bringing them plenty of fruit and provisions.

Captain Smith's natural gift for leadership had asserted itself through the trials and dangers of the colony. From this time the real management of affairs fell into his hands. The new president, and Martin, the remaining member of the council, were content to stay at home. By dint of good words, promises, and his own example, Smith got the men to work to build Jamestown. Some cut, others bound thatch, some built cottages, and others thatched them. Among them all worked Captain Smith, taking always the most difficult task as his share. In a short time they all had homes except Smith himself.

The superfluity of the Indian harvests in the neighborhood of Jamestown was being used up. Captain Smith resolved to go on a trading expedition into the Indian country. The colonists had

no knowledge of the Indian language ; their force was small, they knew little about managing a boat without sails, and the men needed clothing and other necessaries. All these were difficulties in the way of the expedition, "yet no discouragement" to the bold spirit of Captain Smith ; with five or six men in a shallop they started down the river. They stopped at the Indian village of Kecoughtan, where Hampton now stands. The inhabitants scorned them as starving men. They would offer them a handful of corn in exchange for their swords, or a piece of bread for their clothes. These were Indian jokes. Captain Smith, soldier that he was, finding that "courtesy" had no effect, tried force, though contrary to his commission. He suddenly "let fly his muskets," and ran his boat ashore. The Indians immediately fled for the woods while this company of six or seven men marched into their town. Here were great heaps of corn, and Smith had "much ado" to prevent the hungry soldiers from helping themselves. He kept his men in readiness, expecting an attack on the part of the Indians. In a short time there was "a most hideous noise," and sixty or seventy Indians, formed in square order, came dancing and singing out of the woods. They were all

painted either black, red, white, or party-colored, and bore their Okee before them, made of skin, stuffed with moss, painted and decorated with beads and copper. They charged upon the English, armed with clubs, shields, bows and arrows. They were "so kindly received," however, with a volley of musketry, "that down fell their god, and divers lay sprawling on the ground." The rest of the Indians had disappeared again in the woods. They soon sent a priest with offers for peace and the restoration of their idol. Smith made answer that if they would send six unarmed men to load his boat he would not only return the Okee, but give them beads, copper, and hatchets, and be their friend. Accordingly they brought him venison, turkey, wild fowls, and bread, and were so pleased with the trinkets that he gave them in exchange that the last that the English saw of them they were dancing and singing in token of friendship, though they were no doubt glad when the English were gone.*

The sickly season had passed, and the colonists were all recovered by the time of the return of

* We have followed the account in the General History. But in the True Relation no mention is made of any fight with the Indians at this time.

the expedition. Captain Smith now fitted up the pinnace for a voyage in search of provisions for the following year. Meanwhile he made several short trips into the country. On one of these journeys he discovered the people of Chickahominy living on the river of that name. The president was a weak man, Martin was in ill-health, and when Captain Smith was absent all was confusion among the colonists. During one of his trips Wingfield and Kendall plotted with some others to sail for England in the pinnace. Captain Smith returned unexpectedly, the plot was revealed to him, and he forced them to "stay or sink" after a skirmish which cost the life of Captain Kendall (unless, indeed, Kendall was executed after a trial, as in some accounts). The president and Captain Archer entertained a similar project for abandoning the country not long after this, but Smith detained them also.

It is said of Smith that "the Spaniard never more greedily desired gold than he victual, nor his soldiers more to abandon the country than he to keep it." He had found an abundance of corn on the Chickahominy River. He made an excursion there, and was received by hundreds of Indians with baskets of corn.

Times of plenty had now come to the country.

As winter approached, the rivers were covered with swans, ducks, and geese. With these and an abundance of other game, fish, and fruit, the colonists were so feasted that Captain Smith no longer had to threaten the sinking of the little vessel to keep them in Virginia.

But their "comedies never endured long without a tragedy." The tragedy was soon to follow.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WE come now to consider the adventures and explorations of the chief hero of the Virginia colony, Captain John Smith. In an age when romantic adventures were in vogue he was the rarest of adventurers. From boyhood he led a roving life, wandering through Europe, fighting the Turks, enduring captivities, encountering pirates and shipwreck, and at last distinguishing himself by the ready stratagems and unfailing presence of mind with which he managed the savages in Virginia and delivered the colony from destruction.

At the early age of thirteen, like many another boy, he was "set upon brave adventures," as he says. But he did not, like the usual boy of modern story-books, achieve a brave career in an incredibly short time, and without any previous training.

This remarkable man had already attained great renown as an adventurer and soldier when he sailed for Virginia, being then under

twenty-eight years of age. He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in 1579. Never did a hero of romantic adventure come into possession of a more commonplace name than that of John Smith. His father came, it would seem from an old and well-known family of Smiths, and was a man of some means. John Smith attended the free schools of Alford and Louth. To him, as to all boys of a roving tendency, the sea seemed the only road to "brave adventures." At the age of thirteen he sold his school-books and satchel, and planned to run away to sea. The death of his parents at this time, however, checked his adventurous spirit for the moment. His father left him plenty of means, but his guardians cared more for the boy's estate than for the boy. Smith had liberty enough to do as he pleased, but lacked money. When he was fifteen years old his guardians apprenticed him to a merchant of Lynn. Because this merchant would not send him to sea, as Smith quaintly remarks, he saw no more of his master for eight years. John Smith had found a chance to attend the son of Lord Willoughby, who was going with his tutor to France. His guardians had found Smith a troublesome charge, and they gave him ten shillings, from his own estate, "to be rid of

him." At Orleans the young nobleman met his brother, and having no more use for Smith, he was dismissed. He had probably engaged to attend him for his passage, but the young gentleman gave him money to pay his fare back to his home. John Smith had no notion of returning to England, however. At Paris he became acquainted with a Scotch gentleman named David Hume, who, if we rightly identify him, was a Protestant minister, the author of several famous books in English and Latin. He seems to have taken a great fancy to the adventurous boy, for he gave him money and letters to friends in Scotland, who would refer him to King James VI., at that time reigning in Scotland, afterward James I. of England. Arriving at Rouen on his way to Scotland, and finding his money nearly gone, "he better bethought himself," and "down the river he went to Havre de Grace." Here he became a soldier. When peace was concluded in France, he went over into the Low Countries, where he served for three or four years under Captain Joseph Duxbury. He probably belonged to a corps of English auxiliaries who aided the Netherlands in the struggle in which they gained their independence. He next resolved to deliver his letters. On the voyage, with his

usual hard fortune, he suffered shipwreck and sickness. He at last arrived in Scotland, where he was most kindly treated, but he had not the means to make a courtier, nor indeed was of the kind of men that dwell in kings' houses. John Smith returned to his native town, where he was soon glutted with a society which was not to his taste. This young gentleman of nineteen resolved to become a hermit. He selected "a little woody pasture" surrounded by hundreds of acres of other woods, where he built him a "pavilion of bows." Here he studied Machiavelli's "Art of War" and the writings of Marcus Aurelius, while he exercised himself with a good horse, his lance, and ring, after the manner of that time. Like Shakespeare, he was guilty of breaking the game law, for he slyly remarks that "his food was thought to be more of venison than any thing else." This romantic hermit was much wondered at. An Italian gentleman, Signor Theadora Polaloga, rider to the Earl of Lincoln, visited Smith, and by his fine horsemanship and "good discourse" persuaded him to return to the outside world again. He staid for a time with his Italian friend, but could not long be content with such tame pleasures as this life afforded.

He had served his apprenticeship in the wars of France and the Netherlands. He now desired to see more of the world, and "lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another," he was ambitious to "try his fortunes" against those about killing whom he would have no compunction—namely, the infidel Turks. Smith first set out for the Low Countries. Here he met four French adventurers, one of whom gave himself out as a nobleman, Lord Dapreau, while the rest were his attendants. They formed a friendship with the young Englishman, and proposed to Smith to go into France, where they might procure letters from the Duchess of Mercœur to the Duke, her husband, who was a general in the Turkish war. They embarked for France, and on a dark night arrived at St. Valery in Picardy. The Frenchmen planned with the captain to put them ashore with their own and Smith's baggage, while he was to wait for the return of the boat. The captain did not return until the next night, saying that the sea was so high that he could not come, and that Lord Dapreau had gone to Amiens, where he would await the arrival of Smith. This young gentleman was now left without clothes except what he wore, and without money except one

small piece. The passengers were indignant at the villany of the captain, and with the lawlessness of the times would have killed him, and seized the ship had they known how to manage it. When Smith came to shore he was obliged to sell his cloak in order to pay for his passage.

One of the passengers, a soldier named Curzianvere, informed Smith that this great lord who had disappeared with his baggage and money was but the son of a lawyer in Brittany, that his gentlemen were three young citizens, and that they were all "arrant cheats." Curzianvere promised to go with Smith to their home, in order that he might get some redress. They journeyed through Normandy, stopping to visit the "ruinous tomb of William the Conqueror," and arrived in Brittainy, where they found the rascals. Curzianvere, however, could not help him, for he was a banished man, and dared not be seen by any but his friends. Smith was unable to recover his property, but his story became known, and some of the nobility supplied his wants and entertained him kindly.

This life did not suit the young man's independent spirit. He wandered on, from seaport to seaport, in search of a man of war. His money was at last all gone, and he lay down in a forest

by a "fair fountain," "near dead with grief and cold." Here he was found by a rich farmer and relieved of his wants.

Walking through the woods one day, he met one of the French robbers in a still more miserable condition than himself. Without a word they both drew their swords and fought until the Frenchman fell. He confessed his robbery, in the presence of the inhabitants, of "an old ruined tower" near by. Smith got his revenge, but that was all.

He now travelled to the castle of the Earl of Ployer, under whom he had fought in the French wars. This nobleman refitted him, and showed him the sights of the country. Turning out of his road many times to see places of interest, Smith at last reached Marseilles, where he embarked for Italy.

The vessel was crowded with Catholic pilgrims of all nations bound for Rome. They "cursed" Smith for a Huguenot, his nation for pirates, and "railed on" his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. Smith was always a good churchman, and a loyal subject, and being neither a very meek nor patient man, it is probable that he answered them in the same fashion. Stormy weather forced the vessel to put into the harbor of Toulon, and

again to anchor off the Isle of St. Mary, near Nice, in Savoy. The pilgrims concluded that they would never have fair weather so long as Smith was with them, so, like a second Jonah, he was thrown overboard.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN SMITH GOES TO FIGHT THE TURKS.

SMITH swam ashore to St. Mary's Isle, which he found inhabited only by a few cattle and goats. But he was not long destined to play Robinson Crusoe. The next morning he espied two other ships which had been forced in by the storm. He was taken on board a vessel, commanded by Captain La Roche, a neighbor of the Earl of Plover. "For the love" of this nobleman Smith was well entertained. The French vessel sailed to Alexandria, delivered her freight, and coasted the Levant "rather to view what ships were in the road than any thing else." In those days sailors were always on the watch for plunder. They met a Venetian argosy, richly laden. The French vessel attempted to bespeak her, but the captain answered them with a broadside, probably expecting no better treatment from such as he met. Captain La Roche immediately gave chase, giving her his broadside, then his stern, and then his other broadside, until the Venetian's sails and rigging were so

torn that she was obliged to stand and give battle "shot for shot." Twice in an hour Captain La Roche boarded her, and once the argosy fired him, with much danger to both vessels. The fire was quenched, however, and the battle continued until the Venetian yielded. The rich vessel, loaded with silks, velvets, cloth of gold, and gold and silver money, was rifled of the least bulky part of her cargo. Smith was set ashore in Piedmont with his share of the spoils, five hundred sequins, and "a little box, probably containing jewels, worth twice as much more."

Having now both the means and opportunity, he was glad "to better his experience by the view of Italy." At Rome he saw Pope Clement VIII. and his cardinals "creep up the holy stairs." Having "satisfied his eyes with the rarities" of the principal cities of Italy, he started from Venice for the seat of the Turkish war.

In 1601, Smith, then but twenty-two years of age, reached Gratz, in Styria. The feeble Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, was at this time waging war against the Turks, who had invaded Hungary and given the Emperor much trouble. Smith met two of his countrymen, who introduced him to Lord Eberspaught. This officer examined him, and presented him to Baron Kis-

sell, general of the artillery, who placed him in the regiment of the Earl of Meldritch.

The Christians had lost the strong fortress of Canisia, or Kaniska, in Hungary, and the Turks were ravaging the neighboring country. They now laid siege with twenty thousand men to Olympach, which was commanded by Lord Eberspaught. All intelligence and supplies were entirely cut off from the beleaguered garrison. Baron Kissell had come to the assistance of Olympach, and wished to send a communication to the commander. It was impossible for a messenger to pass the Turkish ranks. At this juncture John Smith appeared before the Baron, and told him that he had previously explained a method of telegraphy to Lord Eberspaught, and that if he would take him to some place where a torch might be seen from the town, he would undertake to communicate with him. He explained his plan to the Baron, who allowed him guides to take him on a dark night to the top of a mountain seven miles from Olympach. From this point Smith showed three torches at an equal distance from one another. After waiting a while he saw that Lord Eberspaught had guessed the meaning of this, for three answering lights appeared from the town. Smith's plan was to

show one torch a corresponding number of times to the place in the alphabet of the letter which he wished to designate. By this means he spelled out the words, "On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the east; at the alarm sally you." The answer came from the town, "I will." This mode of telegraphy is ancient, and Smith had probably found it in his reading. Smith also proposed that on the night of the attack several thousand matches should be fastened to strings, stretched suddenly upon a line on the plain, and fired, an instant before the alarm, in order to deceive the enemy as to the place of attack.

The night arrived. The Turks hearing the report of the matches, supposed it to be the firing of musketry, and their force was immediately directed to that quarter. So great was the confusion produced by the false alarm, the real attack in another quarter from Baron Kisseli, and the sally of Lord Eberspaught, that the Baron put two thousand good soldiers into the town before morning, and the besieged succeeded in procuring an abundance of provisions from the Turkish encampment. The result was that the Turks abandoned the siege. As a reward for these services, Smith was given the command of a body of two hundred and fifty horse.

Duke Mercury, as Smith calls him — more properly, the Duke de Mercœur, under whom Smith served, now undertook the siege of Alba Regalis, in Hungary, with a force of thirty thousand men. Smith, with characteristic readiness of resource, had invented a sort of bomb made of earthen pots filled with an explosive mixture, and thrown from slings. These were put in use at the siege of Alba Regalis, doing much execution, and firing the suburbs several times.

One suburb of the city was strongly defended by a muddy lake, and thought to be impregnable. Earl Roswarine, however, provided every man on a dark night with a bundle of sedge and reeds, which they threw before them, and thus crossed this lake, so surprising the Turks that they fled into the city. The inhabitants of the other suburb, not understanding the cause of panic, followed suit, so that it was readily taken by the Duke. The city, not being so strong as the suburbs, was battered with the ordnance which had been captured. The inhabitants were put to the sword after the barbarous custom prevailing in warfare between Turks and Christians.

The Sultan had raised an army of sixty thousand men under the command of Hassan Pasha to march to the relief of Alba Regalis. Hearing

that the city was lost, he still continued his march, hoping to retake it. He was met by the Christians, twenty thousand strong, on the plains of Girke. A fierce battle was fought, in which the Earl of Meldritch and his men were so surrounded by the semi-circular Turkish regiments that they were thought to be lost, but were relieved by other brave leaders in the Christian army. Captain Smith was severely wounded, and had his horse shot from under him ; but he was not long unmounted among so many riderless horses. Night closed the contest, and another action followed, in which the Turks were defeated with a loss of six thousand men.

The Duke de Mercœur now divided his army into three parts, that under the Earl of Meldritch being sent into Transylvania, whose Prince, Sigismund Bathori, was both contending with the Emperor of Germany, and, like the Emperor, was waging war against Turkey. The Earl of Meldritch was to join the Emperor's army against Sigismund. This service was distasteful to him, since he was himself a Transylvanian, and probably sympathized more with the Prince than with the Emperor. His men were mostly adventurers who had entered the service to fight the Turks, and were anxious to

serve where the most booty might be obtained. Their pay had been poor in the Emperor's service, and they were easily persuaded to follow their leader, who offered himself to Prince Sigismund to fight the Turks, then holding that part of Transylvania where the estates of his family were situated.

Earl Meldritch made incursions into the mountain regions infested with Turks, Tartars, robbers, and renegades. These were forced into the city of Regal, which was so surrounded by mountains that it was entered only by difficult passes and seemed impregnable. Meldritch with eight thousand men began the siege of the city, or, as Smith poetically states it, "The earth no sooner put on her green habit than the Earl overspread her with his armed troops." The Turks were so well fortified and garrisoned that they scorned this army. The Christian forces were soon augmented, however, by the arrival of Prince Moyses with nine thousand men. The strong fortress was so well situated that they could neither frighten nor hurt the Turks, who grew insolent while the Christians were preparing to plant their ordnance, saying they were at pawn, and grew fat for want of exercise.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN SMITH AMUSES THE TURKISH LADIES.

THIS challenge was one day received in the Christian camp from Regal: "That to delight the ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, the Lord Turbashaw did defie any captain that had the command of a company who durst combat with him for his head." So many were ambitious of fighting the Turkish lord that it was necessary to draw lots. The name of Captain Smith was drawn.

The day of the contest came. The ramparts of the town were "all beset with fair dames" and armed men. With the sound of hautboys, the Lord Turbashaw entered the field finely mounted, splendidly armed, and with a great pair of wings fastened upon his shoulders, "compacted of eagles' feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones." Before him went a janizary bearing his lance, while one went on either side leading his horse. Captain Smith entered the lists with a flourish of trumpets, attended only by a page who bore his lance. He

passed his antagonist with a courteous salute. At the sound of the trumpet the combatants met at full speed, and the Christian's lance pierced the visor of the Turk, who fell dead. Smith alighted and cut off the Lord Turbasha's head, leaving the body to his friends. The victor was received with triumphant joy in the Christian camp.

The death of this champion brought great chagrin into the Turkish fortress. His vowed friend, Gualgo, challenged Smith to single combat, to regain the head of his friend or to lose his own. The challenge was accepted, and the next day appointed. At the sound of trumpets the combatants met, their lances were shivered, and they passed each other unhurt, although the Turk was nearly unhorsed. They next met with pistols. Smith's armor was dented, but they again passed unharmed. At the third encounter Captain Smith wounded his antagonist in the left arm. Unable both to manage his horse and defend himself, the Turk was thrown to the ground, where he quickly lost his head. According to the terms of the challenge, horse and armor went to the victor, while the body and rich apparel were returned to the town.

The works of the besiegers progressed slow.

ly. A few unimportant skirmishes only took place. Smith now procured leave to send a challenge into the town on his part. The message was to this effect: that he was not so "enamored" of the heads of the ladies' servants that he would not afford any Turkish knight a chance to redeem them and secure his own if he could win it. This challenge was accepted by a Turk named Bouny Mulgro, who, having the choice of weapons, avoided the lance, in the use of which Smith had proved himself so skilful, and chose pistols, battle-axes, and swords. On the following day the champions entered the lists as before, and discharged their pistols at the first encounter without effect. Such heavy blows from the battle-axe followed as to nearly stun both Turk and Christian. Smith was not, however, so skilful with this weapon, and the Turk dealt him a blow that forced him to drop his battle-axe, and he came near following it to the ground. A great shout of triumph arose from the ramparts of Regal. But the battle was not yet won. The Turk followed up his advantage with heavy blows, which Smith, however, avoided by dexterous horsemanship, and, contrary to the expectations of the witnesses, he succeeded in piercing the body of his enemy with his sword.

The head of Bouny Mulgro followed those of his friends.

After this Smith was conducted to the pavilion of Prince Moyses with a guard of six thousand men, preceded by the three heads upon lances, and the horses of the conquered Turks. Captain Smith presented his trophies to the Prince, who received him with an embrace and presented him a richly caparisoned horse, and a scimitar and belt worth three hundred ducats, while the Earl of Meldritch made him major of his regiment.

The siege of Regal continued, and the place was at last taken after a fierce assault. The garrison was put to the sword in retaliation for the massacre of the Christian garrison from whom the Turks had taken the place.

Prince Sigismund, when he came to review his army, was informed of Captain Smith's valor and services, for which he gave him his picture set in gold, and a pension of three hundred ducats. He gave Captain Smith a patent of nobility, with three Turks' heads in his coat of arms. This patent was afterward accepted, and recorded in the Herald's College in England.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN SMITH'S CAPTIVITY.

PRINCE SIGISMUND at last gave up his unequal struggle with the Emperor. Transylvania became a German province, and Sigismund retired to the life of a private nobleman in Prague with an ample pension.

By this means the allegiance of Sigismund's armies was transferred to the Emperor, a master to whom they were so little attached that it became necessary to occupy them. The opportunity was not long wanting in those troubled times.

Wallachia was then in possession of the Turks. The inhabitants revolted against the tyranny of the Waywode, or prince, of this province, and applied for assistance to the Emperor. Lord Rodoll was appointed Waywode in place of the Turk, whose name was Jeremy. The Earl of Meldritch, with an army of thirty thousand men, was sent to support the new ruler. Jeremy met him with forty thousand Turks, Tartars, and Moldavians. A bloody battle ensued between

the two pretenders to the principality, which resulted in establishing Rodoll as Waywode.

Jeremy had, however, gathered together another army in Moldavia, and threatened trouble. The Earl of Meldritch, with thirteen thousand men, was sent against him. They were successful in several skirmishes, in one of which he was assisted by Smith's inventive genius. The latter manufactured fireworks, which were carried upon the tops of lances in a night attack, and so frightened horse and man that the victory was an easy matter.

The end was disastrous, however. The Earl of Meldritch was attacked by an army of forty thousand Turks in a mountain pass. He ordered his eleven thousand remaining men as best he could, planted sharpened stakes with their heads toward the enemy, with holes dug among them, as his defence, and bravely encountered the multitudes of the foe. When numbers became too much for them, the Christians retired behind their defence, and Captain Smith says "it was a wonder to see how horse and man came to the ground among the stakes." The Christians could not, however, long prevail. The Earl of Meldritch made one last effort. He formed all his men into a column, and attempted to cut his

way through the enemies' ranks. In this he succeeded for a time, but was at last overwhelmed; night came on, and the Earl escaped with some thirteen hundred horsemen by swimming the river. On this terrible battle field nearly thirty thousand men lay dead or wounded, among them Captain Smith. "Most of the dearest friends of the noble Prince Sigismund" perished in the battle. Smith tenderly recorded in his history the names of some nine of his own countrymen who fell on this forgotten battle field. Searching among the dead, the pillagers discovered Captain Smith, and judging by his rich armor and dress that he was a person of some importance, they saved him, hoping to get a good ransom. His wounds were healed, and he was taken with numbers of other prisoners to Axiopolis to be sold as a slave. Here, "like beasts in a market-place," they were viewed by the merchants, their limbs and their wounds carefully examined, and finally they were made to struggle together to try their strength. Captain Smith was purchased by the Bashaw, or, as we should say, Pasha, Bogall. A number of slaves were chained by the necks in groups of twenty and marched to Constantinople, where they were delivered to their several masters. Smith was presented by

the Bashaw to his fair young mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda. He wrote her that this slave was a Bohemian nobleman whom he had captured in battle.

The young lady immediately became interested in her fine-looking young slave. She understood Italian, and would make opportunities to speak with him. She inquired if he were indeed a Bohemian noble conquered by her lord. Captain Smith protested that he had never seen Bashaw Bogall until they had met in the slave-market. She had him examined by those who could speak English, to whom he told his story. Convinced of the truth of it, she took the more interest in him, and treated him with the greatest kindness. Charatza Tragabigzanda had formed a romantic attachment for her Christian slave. She had, however, no use for him, and fearing lest her mother, who may have suspected her love for him, should cause him to be sold, she resolved to send him to her brother Timour, Bashaw of Nalbritz in Tartary. With him she sent a letter to this lord, requesting him to use her slave well, since she intended him but to sojourn in Nalbritz to learn the language and become a Turk until she became her own mistress.

At the end of his journey Captain Smith was

brought before Timour in his "vast stony castle." The proud Bashaw read his sister's letter, and was incensed that she should look with favor on a Christian slave. He immediately ordered that his head should be shaven, a great iron collar riveted upon his neck, and that he should be dressed in a rough haircloth garment. Among hundreds of slaves he was slave to them all, though he said "there was no great choice, for the best was so bad that a dog could hardly have lived to endure."

Captain Smith now had a tyrant for a master, who took delight in beating and abusing the Christian slave. In all his hopeless misery Smith noted the manners and customs, religion and government, of the Tartars. Of their disgusting style of living he speaks in the strongest terms, but he praises their skilful horsemanship and endurance of hardship in war.

"All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thralldom," said Smith, "was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some Christians that had been there a long time slaves, they could not find how to make an escape by any reason or possibility. But God, beyond man's expectation or imagina-

tion, helpeth his servants when they least think of help as it happened to him." Captain Smith was put to thresh grain at a farm more than a league from the castle of the Bashaw. Timour was accustomed often to visit his various granges. One day he visited Smith at his work, and beat and reviled him so unmercifully that Captain Smith, "forgetting all reason," rose in defence and beat out the Bashaw's brains with the bat which the Tartars used for threshing. There was now no hope for him in remaining where he was; his condition could not be altered for the worse. He quickly hid the Bashaw's body under the straw, dressed himself in his clothes, and filling his knapsack with grain, closed the doors of the barn, and mounting his master's horse, fled into the desert. Here he wandered for several days, not knowing the way, and yet thankful that he met no one of whom he might ask it, since the Bashaw's clothes could not conceal the slave's iron collar, stamped with his master's sign.

He at last came upon a great road on whose crossings were sign-posts marked with a crescent for Tartary, a black man with white spots for Persia, a picture of the sun for China, and a cross for Christian lands. Captain Smith followed the grateful sign of the cross for sixteen days in fear

and trembling lest he should meet a Turk. He at last reached Ecopolis, a Russian fortress on the River Don. The governor listened to his story, relieved him of his irons, and treated him so kindly that "he thought himself new risen from death." Here he was a second time befriended by a lady, for he says "the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants."

The kindly governor furnished him with letters of recommendation, and he journeyed under the protection of convoys to Hermanstadt, in Transylvania.

The countries through which he travelled were so desolate that he says "it is a wonder any should make wars for them." Nevertheless, "in all his life he seldom met with more respect, mirth, content, and entertainment, and not any governor where he came but gave him somewhat as a present, beside his charges, seeing themselves as subject to the like calamity."

We do not know how long Captain Smith was in captivity, but it could not have been many months, for he was captured in 1602, and we find him again in Christendom in 1603. When he arrived in Transylvania he was received with joy by his friends as one risen from the grave. He says he was so "glutted with content and near

drowned with joy" that he would never have left his friends here had it not been for his desire "to rejoice himself after all these encounters in his native country." It may be doubted, however, if his roving disposition would have suffered him long to remain content in any quiet life. He next went to Leipsic, where he found the Earl of Meldritch with Prince Sigismund, who gave him a patent of the nobility which he had previously bestowed upon him, and fifteen hundred ducats to repair his losses.

Possessed of more money, Smith seems to have forgotten his great desire to return to England, for with this means he set out to see many of the "fair cities" of Germany, France, and Spain.

"Being thus satisfied," as he says, "with Europe and Asia," and hearing of wars in Barbary, he set sail in a French man of war for Africa. He went to Morocco, inquired into the causes of the murderous civil wars, and unable to decide which side was the most in the wrong, he refused to join either. He noted the manners and customs of the people, and returned to the vessel in which he had come, resolved to "try some other conclusions at sea."

Captain Smith added to his adventures yet one more, for the French vessel sustained a desperate

battle with two Spanish men of war, who boarded her and fired her. They fought thus for two nights and a day, the Spaniards once asking a truce to parley with the captain, but the desperate Frenchman, knowing there was but one way, "would have none but the report of his ordnance." They at last succeeded in beating off the Spanish vessels and making port.

Captain Smith returned to England about the year 1604. His restless temperament at last found an enterprise worthy of it. Captain Bartholomew Gosnold was endeavoring to awaken an interest in the colonization of Virginia. Captain Smith entered heartily into his projects, and these gentlemen, with Mr. Wingfield and the Rev. Mr. Hunt, by persistent agitation, at last succeeded in interesting men of influence, who formed a company, and obtained a patent from the king.

In two years more the energetic Captain Smith was on the way to a country with which he had not as yet satisfied his eyes—a land of promise to all bold spirits, a field for the bravest of adventures and the greatest self-denial.

CHAPTER IX.

SMITH'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS.

LET us now return to the colony at Jamestown, where the adventurous Smith was rapidly rising into prominence. But there were murmurings against him. He had not yet discovered the source of the Chickahominy. This river flows from the north-west, and the colonists had received directions from the council in England to explore such a river, since it was supposed that its head might be near the South Sea or Pacific Ocean, and a passage to the East Indies might thus be discovered. So little did the early settlers of America know of the extent of their continent.

Even the colony's council reprehended Smith for being "too slow in so worthy an attempt." Accordingly, in early winter Captain Smith and his men began the ascent of the Chickahominy. In a rude barge they penetrated to where fallen trees obstructed the passage. The discoverers only proceeded by dint of chopping away the obstacles. When at last the barge could penetrate no farther, Captain Smith moored her in a

wide bay out of danger, and commanded his men not to go ashore. Taking with him two Englishmen, and as many native guides, he pushed twenty miles higher up the narrow stream in a canoe. The river's head was found in swampy meadows, or "slashes," as they are called in Virginia, but the surges of the Pacific did not roll into it as in the fabled fountain of the Roanoke. Captain Smith was the only man in the colony who did not look for an ocean over the next hill, and a goldmine at every step. On reaching the source of the Chickahominy his first thought was of the present necessity for food instead of a chimerical opening for future commercial wealth. Leaving his two men, Robinson and Emry, with their match-lock guns lighted, in charge of the canoe, he went with an Indian guide in search of game.

Meanwhile the men in the barge made a tour of discovery on shore, and succeeded in discovering some three hundred Indian bowmen, under the command of Opechancanough, chief of the Pamunkey Indians, a tribe of Powhatan's confederacy. The savages attacked them, captured one of their number, George Cassen, and nearly succeeded in cutting off the other men with their barge. They drew the whereabouts of Captain Smith from their prisoner, and afterward executed

him in a most barbarous manner. The Indians then divided themselves into parties and searched the river banks. They crept upon Robinson and Emry, off their guard, or possibly asleep by their fire, and shot them through and through with arrows.

Captain Smith himself was suddenly beset by the Indians. With a garter he quickly bound his Indian guide to his left arm as a shield, and bent a pistol at his breast to enforce submission. Thus with one of their race between him and their arrows he defended himself with his musket. In the skirmish which ensued he killed three Indians and wounded several others. Their superstitious awe of firearms was increased, and they retired to a safe distance. Captain Smith had received but one wound, though his clothes were full of arrows. With his eyes upon the enemy he started for his canoe. He naturally watched the wily Indians more closely than his own footsteps, and he had not gone far before he sank with his guide to the waist in a treacherous marsh. Still the Indians dared not approach their entrapped enemy until, almost dead with cold, Smith threw away the dreaded weapons and surrendered. According to an agreement between them, they drew him out of the water and led

him to the fire where his men had been shot. While they chafed his benumbed limbs Captain Smith turned over in his mind plans for appeasing his captors. He asked for their captain. They pointed out Opechancanough. With quick presence of mind Captain Smith drew forth the only trinket in his possession—a round ivory double-dialed compass—and presented it to the Indian chieftain. The savages all crowded around with eager curiosity. They wondered at the motions of the little instrument, and were still more astonished when they put forth their hands to touch the trembling needle and were checked by the glass. Glad of a chance to astonish them and divert their minds, Captain Smith, aided by gestures and the globe-like toy, proceeded to demonstrate “the roundness of the earth and skies, the sphere of the sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night around the world continually, the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such like matters.” It may be doubted whether much of his lecture was suitable to savage comprehension. Captain Smith’s theory of the solar system which was that commonly held in his day was hardly nearer the truth than their own ideas

as to the lights of the day and night. The Indians, however, stood "as amazed with admiration." Nevertheless, within an hour preparations had all been made for his execution. He was tied to a tree, and as many as could stand within range took aim at him. But the chief at this moment held up the ivory compass, and the Indians threw down their bows and arrows.

Captain Smith was next to figure in the triumphal procession so common among the Indians. The warriors formed in Indian file. In the centre of the line came the chief with the captured swords and firearms borne before him, and followed by the prisoner, held by three great Indians and surrounded by a guard of warriors with arrows drawn. Captain Smith was conducted thus to the Indian village of Orapax. On nearing the town they were met by all the women and children, "staring to behold" the first white man they had ever seen.

The Indians immediately made preparations for a dance. Their heads and shoulders were painted a "scarlet-like color," which "made an exceeding handsome show." Every one wore his ornament, a bird's skin dried, with wings spread, pieces of copper, white shells, a long feather, or "a small rattle growing at the tail's

of their snakes," says Captain Smith. Each Indian was armed with quiver, club, and bow. They "cast themselves into a ring" around the guarded prisoner, and their chief "dancing in such several postures," and singing, yelling, and screeching so wildly that Captain Smith must have felt that he was indeed among demons. Three such dances had been performed when the prisoner was taken to the long house for refreshment. He was guarded by thirty or forty Indians, and enough bread and venison was brought him to have supplied twenty men. His captors probably felt the same interest that people in a menagerie have in seeing the animals feed. The English, however, knew little of the practices of the North American Indian, and Smith had a strong suspicion that he was to be fattened for a cannibal meal. In spite of the long fast and tempting food, he says that he thinks "his stomacke at that time was not very good." What he left was put in two baskets, tied up over his head, and served to him again about midnight. In the morning fresh food was brought, while the Indians who had refused to eat with him heretofore ate what had been left from his previous meals.

The weather was extremely cold, and an Indian named Maocassater presented Captain Smith

with a mantle in return for some beads and toys which he had given him on the arrival of the colony in Virginia.

Two days after this an Indian, whose son was dying with a wound Smith had inflicted in his skirmish with the savages, would have killed the Captain had not the guard defended him. Captain Smith was believed to be a wonder-worker far superior to their priests or medicine-men. He was taken to the bedside of the dying savage to effect a cure. He told the Indians that he would go to Jamestown and get a water which would heal the man, but the savages were not to be thus outwitted.

Captain Smith trembled to hear the Indians discuss plans for the destruction of Jamestown. Preparations were being made for this purpose, and the Indians consulted Smith about it. If he would assist them he was offered life, liberty, and wives. Captain Smith, however, romanced about the dangers they would meet with in attacking Jamestown, dilating upon the great guns, secret mines, and other engines of death. He asked permission to send messengers to Jamestown, who might confirm his story. His request was complied with, and tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote a note to

the colonists informing them of the danger of an attack, giving them directions as to how they should terrify the bearers of the note, and instructing them to send him some articles of which he gave a list. He intrusted this note for deliverance to the messengers who were not suspicious that it could betray their own plans, and told them just what the colonists would do, what would happen to them, and what articles they would send. The messengers were much frightened by his description of the engines of death in possession of the whites. Still they undertook the journey in the bitter cold of an unusual winter.

In Jamestown Captain Smith was believed to be dead. The men with the barge returning home had told the story of their attack, and of the probable death of Captain Smith and his two companions. This intrepid soldier was mourned as heartily as he had been detested. When the Indian messengers neared Jamestown they saw men sally out to meet them as Smith had told them. This fulfilment of the first item in his prophecy so frightened them that, dreading the explosive nature of the ground in the neighborhood of Jamestown, and fearing the supernatural weapons of the English, they were panic-

stricken, and fled, leaving their note behind them. When night came on, however, they crept cautiously to the spot where Captain Smith had told them they would find an answer. There were the very articles he had promised them. Taking them, they returned home "with no small expedition." At the account of their adventures, and the sight of the promised trinkets, the Indians were all wonderstruck, concluding "that he could either divine or the paper could speak."

They now gave up all idea of attacking Jamestown, and led Smith from village to village in a triumphal procession. Having thus traversed the dominions of a number of tribes, he was brought back to the seat of the chief of Pamunkey. Here he was put through a ceremony intended to discover whether he meant them good or evil.

Early in the morning a great fire was built in a "long house," probably the council house. Two mats were spread upon the ground, upon one of which the prisoner was seated; his guard retired, and he was left alone. "Presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coal mingled with oil." He was adorned with "many snakes' and weasels' skins stuffed with moss, and

all their tails tied together, so as they met on the crown of his head in a tassel, and round about the tassel was a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covering his face, with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand." This man was a priest. He began a weird invocation, accompanied by "most strange gestures," and concluded by surrounding the fire with a circle of meal. Immediately three more "such like devils," painted half red, half black, adorned with red strokes to imitate moustaches, and with eyes colored white, rushed in and went through with "the like antic tricks." These grotesque figures had danced "a pretty while," when in came three more "as ugly as the rest, with red eyes, and white strokes over their black faces." Captain Smith saw a strong resemblance in these "fiends" to Satan, and he must have felt any thing but comfortable during their strange ceremony. They at last sat down on the mat opposite to him, three upon either side of the first-comer, who was the chief priest. They sang a song, accompanied by their rattles. When this was done the chief priest made, with the greatest efforts of gesticulation, a short oration, at the close of which the

priests all groaned, and the orator laid down five grains of corn. Then followed another song, another strained oration, and a groan, when five more grains were placed upon the ground. This ceremony was kept up until the fire had been twice encircled with corn; then in the same manner sticks were placed between the divisions of corn. All day long neither priests nor prisoner ate or drank, but at night they "feasted merrily" upon the best of provisions. Three days was this ceremony celebrated. The Indians informed Captain Smith that "the circle of meal signified their country, the circles of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country. They imagined the world to be flat and round like a trencher, and they in the midst."

The Indians one day brought Captain Smith a bag of gunpowder which they had captured and were saving until spring in order that they might plant it, as they wished to know the nature of this seed. Captain Smith did not undeceive them, thinking, doubtless, that this was the best use to which they could put gunpowder.

The prisoner was invited to the habitation of the chief's brother, Opitchapan, where he was sumptuously feasted upon bread, fowl, and wild

beasts. As heretofore no Indian would eat with him, although they made no objections to eating after him. His fate was at last to be decided. The Indians started with their prisoner for Werowocomoco, where lived the great chieftain of the chiefs, Powhatan.

CHAPTER X.

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN SMITH.

POWHATAN was sensible of the pomp and dignity proper to his position as a great warrior, and he particularly desired to impress the English. On arriving at Werowocomoco, Captain Smith was detained until preparations had been made to receive him in state. While the prisoner waited, more than two hundred "grim courtiers stood wondering at him" as though he were "a monster." When Powhatan and his train had had time to deck themselves in all "their greatest braveries," Captain Smith was admitted to the chief's presence. He was seated upon a sort of divan resembling a bedstead. Before him was a fire, and on either hand sat two young women about eighteen years of age. Powhatan, "well beaten with many cold and stormy winters," wore strings of pearls around his neck, and was covered with a great robe of raccoon skins decorated with the tails. Around the council house was ranged a double row of warriors. Behind these were as many women. The heads and shoul-

ders of the Indians were painted red, many had their hair decorated with white down, and all wore some savage ornament. On the appearance of the prisoner a great shout arose from these primitive courtiers. An Indian woman—perhaps a sister of the chief, whom Smith styles “the queen of Appamatuck”—was appointed to bring water for the prisoner to wash his hands in. Another woman brought him feathers to dry them, and Captain Smith was then feasted in the “best barbarous manner,” and a council was held to decide his fate. This debate lasted a long time, but the conclusion could hardly have been favorable to Captain Smith, since Powhatan was jealous of a white colony which already encroached upon his seclusion at Werowocomoco. During this solemn debate Captain Smith must have felt any thing but comfortable. He did not know his doom until two stones were brought in and placed before Powhatan, and as many as could lay hands on him dragged him to the feet of the chief and laid his head upon the stones. The executioners raised their clubs to beat out his brains. Such a scene was not uncommon in this forest court. From childhood these savage men and women were accustomed to exult in the most barbarous tortures and executions. It is then the

more wonderful that the heart of a little Indian maiden should have been touched with pity for the doomed white man. Pocahontas, a child of ten or twelve, and "the king's dearest daughter," pleaded for the life of the captive. But "no entreaty could prevail" with the stern Powhatan. The warriors were ready to strike the blow, when the child flew to the side of Captain Smith, took "his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death, whereat," says the quaint narrative "the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her beads and copper," thinking he was accustomed to follow all occupations. "For," says the story, "the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, and pots," while he would "plant, hunt, or do any thing so well as the rest."*

Powhatan did not long detain Captain Smith for such trivial uses as making trinkets for Pocahontas. It had become the desire of his heart to possess the powerful weapons and tools of the English. He saw that a friend in Jamestown would be a good thing, and he perhaps hoped from friendly commerce with the colony to acquire ascendancy over other Indian tribes. He took occasion to express his wishes to Captain Smith in a curious

* In regard to the truth of this story, see the Appendix.

manner. Two days after his rescue from death he had the captive taken to one of his arbor-like buildings in the woods, and left alone upon a mat by the fire. The house was curtained off in the centre with a mat. Soon a most doleful noise came from behind the mat, and Powhatan, disguised in "the most fearfullest manner," and looking "more like a devil than a man," entered, with some two hundred Indians, painted black. The outcome of this impressive ceremony was that Powhatan told Captain Smith that they were now friends, and that he would presently send him home, and that when he arrived at Jamestown he must send him two great guns and a grindstone. In return he said he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and would always consider him his son. Captain Smith was accordingly sent to Jamestown with twelve guides. The Indians delayed on their journey, though the distance was short. They camped in the woods one night, and feasted sumptuously; but Captain Smith was in constant fear of his life still, "expecting every hour to be put to one death or another." He was, however, led in safety to the fort. Here he treated his savage guides with great hospitality, and showed Rawhunt, a trusty servant of Powhatan, two demi-culverins (long

cannons carrying a nine-pound shot), and a millstone to carry to his chief. The Indians, however, "found them somewhat too heavy." For their benefit, Captain Smith had the guns loaded with stones, and discharged among the boughs of trees covered with icicles. The crashing fall of the ice-laden limbs so frightened the Indians that they fled, "half dead with fear," and it was some time before they could be induced to return. Presents of various toys were given them for Powhatan and his family, and they went away satisfied.

Captain Smith found Jamestown "all in a combustion," and the strongest faction again about to desert with the little vessel. He affirms that for the third time he forced them with cannon and musket-shot "to stay or sink." At the same time he was tried under the Levitical law for the death of Robinson and Emry, who had been killed on his Pamunkey expedition. On this trumped-up charge the President and some others sought to put him to death. The matter was ended, however, by the arrival of Captain Newport.

Such were the miserable squabbles of the forty surviving colonists. Among these homesick, suffering, and desperate men one cannot pretend

to judge. It is natural that their statements should vary greatly, and one now finds it hard to decide what were the facts. But it is certain that to John Smith must be ascribed the credit of enforcing order with the rough hand of a soldier, while good Mr. Hunt strove to smooth the ruffled waters ; and there were those in the colony who deserve a better fame than to be associated with this story of mutinies and disputes.

Meanwhile the despairing spirits of the colonists were revived by Captain Smith's account of the state and bounty of Powhatan, and above all by the "love of Pocahontas." The story of her rescue of Smith may be doubted, but there can be no doubt that she saved the colony from starvation. Every four or five days this Indian child, with her attendants, would cross the river and come to the fort with provisions.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN NEWPORT'S SECOND COMING.

CAPTAIN SMITH had endeavored to impress Powhatan with the greatness of Captain Newport. The Indians already regarded Smith as an oracle. The God of the white man they called Captain Smith's God, and their respect for him was increased when Newport arrived at the time he had predicted.

After leaving the little colony, Captain Newport had taken the more direct route across the Atlantic, and arrived at home in safety. It was noted with evident disappointment in England that he had brought back neither gold nor silver. Two vessels were, however, immediately fitted out with all necessary provisions, and one hundred and twenty new adventurers. On the 8th of January, 1608, the vessel under the command of Newport arrived in Jamestown. The second vessel, commanded by Captain Nelson, had been lost from sight, and was supposed to have been wrecked.

Jamestown forgot its misery and its squab-

bles, and all was joy over this supply of men and provisions, with news from home. The colonists were so "overjoyed" that they gave the sailors permission to trade freely with the Indians. Thus the market was glutted, and it soon came about that what could formerly be bought for an ounce of copper could not now be obtained with a pound of that metal. This "cut the throat" of their trade; but it confirmed Powhatan's opinion of the greatness of Captain Newport, who also sent him presents from time to time.

The chief became very desirous of meeting Newport, who accordingly resolved to make him a visit. He fitted out the pinnace, and accompanied by Captain Smith and Mr. Scrivener, a gentleman who had newly arrived, and had been admitted to the council, Captain Newport sailed for Werowocomoco. On nearing this place he began to fear treachery on the part of Powhatan. Captain Smith therefore offered first to visit the chief. He landed with twenty men, and marched for the chief's hamlet. They were obliged to cross a creek spanned by a miserable bridge. The English had some suspicion that it was a mere trap, and for this reason Smith prudently sent several savages ahead while he detained

others as hostages until enough men had passed over to guard the rest. They were conducted by several hundred Indians in safety to the town. Here "Powhatan strained himself to the utmost of his greatness to entertain them, with great shouts of joy, orations of protestations, and with the most plenty of victuals he could provide to feast them." He was seated upon his bed of mats with a leathern pillow embroidered in Indian fashion with pearls and beads, dressed in "a faire robe of skins as large as an Irish mantle." A "handsome young woman" sat on either hand, while twenty of his wives, with heads and shoulders painted red, and necks adorned with chains of beads, were ranged on either side of the house. In front of these sat Powhatan's chief men, and on either side of the door stood a file of twenty Indians with platters of bread. Behind them were some five hundred people. Orations were made, and old acquaintance renewed. The day closed with singing, dancing, and feasting. Captain Smith and his companions spent the night at Werowocomoco.

The next day Captain Newport came ashore and was received with savage pomp, Smith taking the part of interpreter. Newport presented Powhatan with a boy named Thomas Salvage.

In return the chief presented him with a servant of his named Namontack. Three or four days were spent in "feasting, dancing, and trading." The demeanor of Powhatan was so "proud" yet "discreet" that the Englishmen admired "his natural gifts, considering his education."

The chief and the sea-captain endeavored to outdo each other in magnificence. Powhatan pretended that he scorned to trade as his subjects did.

"Captain Newport," said he, "it is not agreeable to my greatness, in this peddling manner to trade for trifles, and I esteem you also a great werowance. Therefore lay me down all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in recompense give you what I think fitting their value."

Smith interpreted this flattering speech to Newport, and at the same time expressed an opinion that Powhatan intended to make a sharp bargain. But Captain Newport, with the reckless open-handedness of a sailor, was sure that he could so astonish the chief with an ostentation of generosity that he might get all he desired from him.

Copper, beads, toys, and some cloth "very

much moth-eaten," which the London Company had purchased from the East India Company for this purpose, was accordingly displayed, and Powhatan made an ample selection, valuing his corn so high that the English did not get four bushels where they had expected twenty hogsheads. Words followed between the two Captains, Newport desiring to please the "insatiable savage," and "Smith to cause the savage to please him." Captain Smith, however, "smothered his distaste" of these proceedings, and began "glancing" many trinkets "in the eyes of Powhatan." The chief's eye was attracted by some blue beads. But Smith seemed unwilling to part with them. Powhatan became importunate. Still Smith did not wish to sell them, for he said they were "composed of a most rare substance of the color of the skies, and not to be worn but by the greatest kings in the world." Powhatan immediately became "half mad" to own "such strange jewels." It ended in Captain Smith securing two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of blue beads.

They parted with Powhatan on the most friendly terms, and visited the chief of Pamunkey, Opechancanough, before their return. Captain Smith "fitted" this chief with blue beads on

the same terms. Blue beads had now become so highly esteemed that no one but the greatest chiefs and their wives and children dared wear them.

The winter of 1607-8 was remarkably cold, both in Europe and America. In the midst of its severity an accident resulted in a fire which destroyed many of the reed-thatched cottages, the palisades, and much of the provisions of the colonists. Among the greatest sufferers was the good minister, who had nothing left but the clothes he wore, having lost all his books, the consolation of his hours of exile. What greater testimony can there be to this man's brave character than the simple words that "none ever heard him repine at his loss!"

The colonists would still have had enough provisions had not the vessel remained so long as to consume much of the store of grain. The sailors assisted in building a storehouse and a church of logs, roofed with sedge and earth. This building was soon almost washed away by rain. The vessel was loaded with iron ore, sassafras, cedar posts, walnut boards, and what was supposed to be gold ore. The colonists had been attacked by a dangerous gold fever. Among those who had come over with Newport were two goldsmiths,

two refiners, and a jeweller. It was absolutely necessary to return with some news of gold, since all England was expecting such an issue. During the months in which Captain Newport had been absent, the colonists—men who had neither experience nor taste for frontier life and its hardships—had taxed their indolence too severely in the struggle for life, and had devoted their thoughts too much to the momentous disputes of the small world contained within the palisades of Jamestown to make any considerable explorations, pick in hand, in search of gold. Captain Smith, the only leader who had made any excursions into the neighboring country, was a sceptic about the easy discovery of gold, and desired only something more precious to the little colony—namely, corn.

The indolent colonists now became fired with the desire to send precious metal to England. In the sands of a little stream near Jamestown glittering particles were found resembling gold. It is now surmised that these particles were minute pieces of mica, which abound in the soil of Virginia.

No man was to be found idle after that. The largest share of work was the most desirable. The whole colony turned out to lade the vessel.

In the words of their chronicler, "there was no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold." There was so much talk of gold that a "mad fellow" requested "to be buried in the sands lest they should, by their art, make gold of his bones."

Among all these happy dreamers of riches, Captain Smith must have been a most unwelcome croaker. The process of trying the gold was carried on in some secrecy. Captain Smith, being admitted to the trial, told Captain Martin, the discoverer of the mine, that unless "he could show him a more substantial trial, he was not enamored with their dirty skill." Rude and rough this sturdy Captain undoubtedly was with his obtrusive common-sense. In the narrative contained in his own history, it is said that "never did any thing more torment him than to see all necessary business neglected to fraught such a drunken ship with so much gilded dirt."

The vessel stayed fourteen weeks at Jamestown, consuming provisions, and leaving to the colony the legacy of ship rats. On the 10th of April, 1608, Captain Newport sailed from Jamestown, taking with him the troublesome President Wingfield and Captain Archer.

CHAPTER XII.

POWHATAN'S ATTEMPT TO GET SWORDS.

MEANTIME the vessel commanded by Captain Nelson, and containing seventy of the one hundred and twenty colonists sent out from England in "the second supply," as they called it, had come within sight of the headlands of Cape Henry ; but a storm had forced her so far to sea that the next land which she sighted was in the West Indies. Here Captain Nelson put in for wood, water, and repairs. He made a long stay, but was able to feed his men well on the natural products of the tropics.

Meanwhile, immediately on the departure of Captain Newport, Mr. Scrivener and Captain Smith had set to work with the colonists to rebuild the burnt Jamestown. The labor was divided between building cottages, repairing palisades, cutting down trees, preparing and planting cornfields, and replacing the church and storehouse. While all were thus busy, Captain Nelson's ship arrived. The unexpected appearance of the lost vessel, the addition of seventy

fresh adventurers with supplies, and the relading of the ship for her return voyage, filled Jamestown with a new bustle of activity.

Captain Nelson himself seems to have been a favorite among the colonists, for, says their narrative in Smith's history, "he had not any thing but he freely imparted us, which honest dealing (being a mariner) caused us to admire him."

What should be returned to England in this vessel? Nothing seemed good enough. The authorities disagreed. Captain Martin desired that the vessel be loaded with his "phantastical gold," the President wished to "relade" her with "some good tidings" of discovery and common-sense. Captain Smith said that she ought to be freighted with cedar, which was at least sure to be of some value. To carry out his plan the President ordered Captain Smith to discover the commodities of the Monacan Indians, beyond the Falls. Sixty men were selected for this expedition, and Captain Smith began training them. There was, however, more than enough work to be done at Jamestown, and this plan was abandoned for the time. The colonists seem to have begun to feel doubts of their gold mine, and the ship was finally loaded with cedar. Captain Martin, who had never lost faith in the gold of

his own discovery, returned with Captain Nelson to England to enjoy the glory of it. In July, 1608, the vessel, which had long been given up as lost, arrived in England. It was noted with disappointment that she brought no "novelties" or commodities from Virginia except "a sweet wood."

Powhatan looked with covetous eyes upon the glittering swords, the ponderous muskets, and the serviceable pistols of the English. So long as the white man used supernatural bullets and sharp-edged swords, and the red man possessed only tomahawks of stone and stone-pointed arrows and javelins, so long were the English safe from Indian attacks. It was now the ambition of Powhatan's life to obtain a goodly store of English weapons, instead of the rude wooden swords used by the Indians. Savage-like, he went about his purpose in the most crafty way with the most innocent air. Just before Newport's departure, Powhatan sent him twenty turkeys "to express his love," with the request that the Captain would return the compliment with a present of twenty swords. The good-natured sailor immediately complied with this demand. Powhatan then proceeded to try a similar experiment upon Smith, who received a present of

“the like luggage” on condition of the same return. But Smith refused, knowing it would cut the throat of the colony to put such weapons into the hands of the crafty chief. Powhatan was not to be thus outdone. If he could not procure the swords in one way he would in another. “He caused his people with twenty devices to obtain” as many swords. The Indians became “insolent.” They surprised the colonists at their work. They would lay in ambuscade at the very gates of Jamestown and procure the weapons of stragglers by force. The council in England had deemed it the only wise policy to keep peace with the savages at all hazards, and a wise policy it was if it were not carried too far. The orders from this body had been very strict; the colonists were in no way to offend the Indians. This accounts in part for the obliging disposition of Captain Newport, and the patience of the colonists under these annoyances.

Thus a “charitable humor prevailed” until it happened one day that Captain Smith was the man they “meddled” with. This fiery soldier did not wait for deliberation. He hunted the miscreants, and those whom he captured he “terrified” with whipping and imprisonment. In return, the Indians captured two straggling

Englishmen, and came in force to the very gates of Jamestown, demanding seven Indians, whom, "for their villanies," Smith had detained. The irrepressible Captain immediately headed a sally in which he forced the Indians to surrender the Englishmen unconditionally. He then examined his prisoners, but they were faithful to their chief, and he could get nothing from them. He made six of them believe, by "several volleys of shot," that he had caused one of their number to be killed. They immediately confessed, in separate examinations, to a plot on the part of Powhatan to procure the weapons, and then to cut the throats of the colonists. Captain Smith still detained the Indians, resolving to give them a wholesome fright.

Pocahontas presently came to Jamestown, accompanied by Indian messengers. Her father had sent them with presents, and a message excusing "the injuries done by some rash, untoward captains, his subjects, desiring their liberties for this time with the assurance of his love forever."

When Captain Smith had punished his seven prisoners as he thought fit, he "used them well" for a few days, and delivered them to Pocahontas, pretending that he saved their lives only for the sake of the little Indian girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE.

ON the second day of June, 1608, as Captain Nelson dropped down the James River, he was accompanied by an open barge of less than three tons burden. She possessed but a single mast and sail, and was also propelled by oars. This little boat was bound on a voyage of discovery.

The grand bay which the colonists had entered more than a year ago was yet entirely unknown to them. There seemed a possibility that this arm of the sea might stretch into the western ocean so much sought after. The frail little craft, poorly provisioned, manned with but fifteen "gentlemen" and "soldiers," was to be the first vessel to explore the shores of the great Chesapeake Bay, to enter her many rivers, and to anchor off her islands.

The discoverers were gay with hope as they left Jamestown. They even feared that their commander, Captain Smith, would make "too much haste" to return. They took leave of the homeward-bound ship at Cape Henry, and

crossed the bay to the eastern shore. They discovered Smith's Islands, and named them for their leader. Upon Cape Charles they saw two "grim, stout" Indians, carrying javelins headed with bone. These savages "boldly demanded" of the discoverers what they were, and what they wanted. After some parley they showed kindly intentions, and invited the voyagers to visit their chief at his village at Accomac. The English landed at this place, and were treated with hospitality. They were struck with the appearance of the chief. He is pronounced the "comliest, proper, civil savage" that they met on the voyage. Captain Smith easily conversed with these Indians, as they spoke the language of Powhatan's people. They gave their visitors some descriptions of the bay, with its islands and rivers. From here the discoverers sailed, coasting for some distance in and out of the smaller bays and inlets of the shore, while they could see many islands out in the great bay. They "bore up for" a group of islands, but before reaching them they were caught in an "extreme gust of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning." Only with great danger to their small boat did they escape the "unmerciful raging of the ocean-like water." The voyagers named these uninhabited islands

for one of their number, Walter Russel, "docter of physicke;" but they are now called Tangier Islands. The discoverers traversed them in search of fresh water, but found none. Still seeking water, they came to the river now known as the Pocomoke. Here the Indians attacked them at first "with great fury;" but they soon became reconciled to the white strangers, whom they received with "songs, dances, and much mirth." The English searched the Indian villages for fresh water, but could only find enough to fill three casks, and this was described in their narrative as "such puddle" that for the first time they knew what it was to want good water. They dug and sought everywhere for it, but could find none. In two days they would have refused two casks of gold for one cask of even the "puddle water" of the Pocomoke River.

They continued their voyage past many low islands to a promontory which was named Point Ployer in honor of the nobleman who had relieved Captain Smith "in an extreme extremity." Here they found a pond of hot water. Crossing from the mainland to islands out in the bay, they were again caught in a storm. Their one mast and sail was blown overboard, and the barge was nearly swamped with water, which the

voyagers worked hard to bail out. They landed on one of these islands, which, from the "extremity of gusts, thunder, rain, storms, and ill weather," the discoverers named Limbo. It is one of a group now called Watts' Islands.

The plucky voyagers repaired the sail with their shirts, and again set out. Their next discovery was a river on the eastern shore now called Wighcomoco. As they approached the shore, the astonished people ran in troops from place to place. How strange indeed this great floating boat with its flapping sail must have seemed to the Indians, who had never seen anything larger than a canoe cross the waters of Chesapeake Bay! Their first impulse was always to resist the incursion of this frightful thing with its pale, strangely-dressed inhabitants. At this place the Indians got into the tops of trees and used their arrows without stint. The boat, however, rode safely at anchor out of reach of arrows, while the English constantly made signs of friendship. For a long time the Indians kept up their one-sided warfare. On the following day they tried new tactics, appearing unarmed, and dancing in a ring with baskets in their hands. The English were too wise in Indian warfare to be drawn on shore by baskets. They believed

that "there was nothing in them but villany," and accordingly discharged their muskets at the Indians, who were all instantly seen "tumbling on the ground" without regard to whether they were hurt or not. They crept into the reeds, where they had previously put their warriors in ambuscade. Toward evening the barge approached the shore. The discoverers landed, but could find nothing of the Indians except their baskets. Seeing smoke on the other side of the river, they crossed over and found several cabins with fires in them, but no inhabitants. The whites deposited in each cabin pieces of copper, beads, bells, and looking-glasses. Early in the morning four savages, who had been out in the bay fishing, and knew nothing of the events of the past two days, came to the barge. The Englishmen treated them so kindly that the Indians told them to wait for them and they would soon return. This they did, bringing with them some twenty of their friends; and seeing that the strangers had kindly intentions, hundreds soon surrounded the boat, each Indian with some present. They considered one bead ample return for all they did. The English and Indians soon became such good friends that the savages would contend among themselves as to who

should bring the strangers water, stay with them as hostages, or conduct such of the men as wished to go ashore.

These people made mention of a great nation of Indians called the Massawomekes. Finding the eastern shore low and mostly destitute of fresh water, the voyagers crossed "by Limbo" to the western side, which was hilly, thickly wooded, with plenty of fresh water, and abounding in wolves and bears. The first navigable stream they came to they called Bolus, from a peculiar clay which they found in its banks. This stream is known to us as the Patapsco.

Fifteen adventurers had now been confined to this open barge on the rough waters of the bay for two weeks. These gentlemen, unused to such severe exercise, had become tired at the oar, and their bread had been so frequently rained upon that it was quite rotten, though the salt air and hard work had given them such "good stomachs" that they could still digest it. The disheartened voyagers began to despair of an end to the great body of water on which they floated. They begged Captain Smith to return.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, "if you remember the memorable history of Sir Ralph Lane, how his company importuned him to pro-

ceed in the discovery of Maratico (the source of the Roanoke), alleging they had as yet a dog that, being boiled with sassafras leaves, would richly feed them in their returns ; then what a shame it would be for you, that have been so suspicious of my tenderness, to force me to return, with so much provisions as we have, and scarce able to say where we have been, or yet heard of that we were sent to seek ! You cannot say but I have shared with you in the worst which is past, and for what is to come of lodging, diet, or whatsoever, I am contented you allot the worst part to myself. As for your fears that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters or be swallowed up in some stormy gust, abandon these childish fears ; for worse than is past is not likely to happen, and there is as much danger to return as to proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for return I will not, if God please, till I have seen the Massawomekes, found Potomac, or the head of this water you conceit to be endless.”

Two or three days more of adverse weather so added to the disheartenment of the voyagers that three or four of them fell sick. Their piteous complaints caused Captain Smith to turn about. The adventurers had not gone far on their homeward journey, however, before they

discovered the wide Potomac. The sight of this "seven mile broad river" encouraged the discoverers, the sick speedily recovered, and all were willing "to take some pains" to know its name. They sailed up the river for thirty miles before they saw inhabitants. They were met by two savages, who conducted them up a little creek. On the banks of this creek numbers of Indians were in ambuscade, strangely "painted and grimed," and giving fearful war-whoops. Captain Smith prepared with apparent willingness to encounter them in their attack. The whites shot so that their bullets grazed the water. This and the echoing woods so startled the Indians that they hastily dropped bows and arrows. Hostages were exchanged, and the Indians became very friendly, saying that their attack had been ordered by Powhatan.

Ascending the Potomac further, the adventurers received various treatment at the hands of the Indians of different tribes; and what seemed important, they dug the ground in several places, and discovered "yellow spangles."

The Indians of Virginia were seen to use a substance in painting themselves black which gave them the appearance of being dusted over with silver. Captain Newport, supposing this to

contain precious metal, had carried some little bags of it to England. The English knew there was a mine where this substance was procured, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Potomac. The adventurers now inquired for this mine among the Indians. Japazaws, the chief of the Potomacs, gave Smith guides to conduct him to this mine, situated on a creek supposed to be Potomac Creek. The Captain ascended this stream as far as the boat could penetrate. Leaving the barge with several of his men, he made hostages of some of the savages, whom he led by a chain, which he promised them for their trouble. They saw no indignity in this, and were "proud to be so richly adorned." The mine was found to be on a rocky mountain, and was a great hole dug by the Indians with shells and hatchets. The savages put this substance into little bags and sold it everywhere, it being a toilet article with the Indians. The English took away as much of the useless stuff as they could carry. Smith afterward found that this precious something was the ore that we know as sulphuret of antimony, which may be pounded to a black powder. In ancient times fine ladies used this same substance to color their eye-lashes.

Several times on this voyage the discoverers

entered great schools of fish, so thick that, in default of nets, they attempted to catch them with a frying-pan "but," says their narrative, "we found it a bad instrument to catch fish with. Neither better fish, more plenty, nor more variety for small fish, had any of us ever seen in any place swimming in the water; but they are not to be caught with frying-pans."

The adventurers had many "quarrels, treacheries, and encounters" among the Indians. On first meeting a new party of savages, Captain Smith—an admirable manager of savages—always demanded a surrender of their arms and a child or two as hostages to test their friendship. In their own words, the voyagers, in all encounters with the Indians, had "curbed their insolences," and "lost not a man."

Having finished the exploration of the Potomac, and the provisions running low, the adventurers sailed toward home. Smith had some intention of stopping to visit his old "imprisonment acquaintances" on the Rappahannock. The barge ran aground at the mouth of this river at low tide. The men on the boat could see many fish near the reedy bottom. To while away the time as they waited for the tide to come in, Captain Smith began "nailing" these fish "to the

ground with his sword." Instantly all hands were at work, and more fish were "speared" in an hour than they could eat in a day. Smith, however, in taking a stingray from his sword, was stung in the wrist. At first nothing could be seen but a little blue spot; but instant torment ensued; his arm and shoulder swelled, and the voyagers "all with much sorrow concluded his funeral." A man seldom superintends the digging of his own grave. Captain Smith, however, had his grave dug according to his own directions on an island near by. Meanwhile Doctor Russel used his probe and an ointment with such good success that the commander recovered, and was able to revenge himself by eating a part of the fish for supper. In memory of this incident the island was named for the fish, and is still called Stingray Island.

From this point the discoverers sailed for home. When they reached Kecoughtan, now Hampton, the Indians met them with wonder. Their boat was loaded with bows, arrows, mantles, and furs. Captain Smith's arm was still in bandages, and another man had an injured shin. This was evidence enough to the Indians that the English had been at war, and they were importunate to know "with whom." The whites, humoring

their fancy, and with an eye to the Indians' respect for those who conquer, told the savages that they had gained these spoils from the Massawomeks.

As they neared Jamestown, on the twenty-first of July, the voyagers, in gay spirits, trimmed their bark with bright streamers, and so disguised her that they frightened the colonists, who supposed a Spanish boat was coming upon them.

CHAPTER XIV.

SMITH'S ADVENTURES ON A SECOND VOYAGE.

IN spite of their spoiled bread, their mishaps, and their discomforts, the explorers had been happier than those who remained at Jamestown. Here all was misery and discontent. Those who had recently arrived in America were sick, while most of the others had some ailment, and none were able to work. The President was accused of appropriating the public store of provisions to his own private ends, and had caused much discontent by building himself a pleasure-house in the woods, in which unwelcome work some of the colonists seem to have got lame and others bruised.

The news of their discoveries, and especially the "good hope" which the voyagers derived from the stories of the Indians that their bay "stretched into the South Sea, or somewhat near it," acted as a tonic. Ratcliffe was deposed from the Presidency, and Smith was elected in his place. He, however, substituted Mr. Scriver, and prepared to finish his explorations.

The heat of the summer was so great that the colonists could not work, and the captain left them "to recover their healths."

All his business was effected within three days, and on the twenty-fourth of July Smith set out with twelve men. The wind was contrary, and the barge was forced to stop at Kecoughtan, where she remained for several days. They were feasted here "with much mirth" by the chief, who was sure another expedition against the Massawomeks was on foot. For while the Indians beguiled the whites with stories of an easy road to the Pacific, the whites duped the savages with lies of another kind, so that each party heard that which they most desired. The English terrified the natives in the evening by a display of rockets. The Indians concluded that nothing was impossible with these strange people.

The first night out was spent at Stingray Island. Seven of the voyagers upon the present expedition had but recently arrived in Virginia, and not being acclimated, they were all sick. But six men, including the Captain, remained to toil at the oars. They passed the mouth of the great Potomac and sailed directly for the head of Chesapeake Bay. While crossing the bay they

saw seven or eight canoes of the dreaded Massawomeks approaching them. The Indians instantly prepared for an attack. The English dropped their oars and mustered their force of five well men. The Captain, ever quick with expedients, shut the sick under a tarpaulin, made their hats placed upon sticks do duty in place of them. These sticks were ranged on the barge's side. Between every two sticks a man was placed armed with two muskets. Having thus made themselves "seem many," the adventurers sailed down upon the Indians. This display of hats, with the strange nature of the boat, seems to have entirely demoralized the Indians, for they fled to the shore, and there stood staring at the barge's sail until she anchored right against them. It was a long time before the Indians could be coaxed to approach them. At last two of their number ventured out unarmed in a canoe. They were closely followed by the others as a reinforcement in case of hostilities. These two Indians were presented with a bell apiece. Immediately the others came aboard with presents of venison, bear meat, bows, arrows, clubs, shields, and bear-skins. The English could not understand their speech. By signs they managed to communicate to the voy-

agers the fact that they had been at war with the Tockwogh Indians. The English understood them to say that they would meet them again in the morning ; but no more was seen of them.

The discoverers entered the Tockwogh River, now know as the Sassafras. Here they were met and surrounded by Indian canoes. On inquiry, it was found that one of their number could speak the language of the Powhatan Indians. Through his mediation a friendly parley was brought about. They saw the weapons of the Massawomeks, and the English, pretending that they had fought these Indians, were immediately well received. The Indians conducted the white men to their village, which was fortified with palisades. Here they spread mats for the strangers to sit upon, while men and women welcomed them with dances and songs. These people possessed hatchets, knives, and pieces of brass and copper, which they said they had obtained from the Susquesahanocs (Susquehannas), a mighty people who dwelt upon the river of this name, two days' journey above the Falls. These people were also mortal enemies of the Massawomeks. Being desirous of discovering the commodities of different Indian nations, the Englishmen persuaded these Indians to send to the

Susquesahanocs and invite them to come and meet the white strangers. In four days the messengers returned with sixty of these people. They are described in Smith's History as being a "giant-like" race; but this must have been one of those exaggerations for which travellers are famous, and from which Captain Smith is certainly not free.

It was customary with Captain Smith, who was as staunch in his loyalty to his religion as in his loyalty to the king, to have prayers and a psalm read every day. The solemnity of this devotion impressed the savages. They watched until the service was over, and then "began in a most passionate manner to hold up their hands to the sun with a most fearful song." They may have thought that the devotion was in some way connected with Captain Smith, for they embraced him, went through more ceremonies, and closed with an oration expressive of friendship. They robed him in a painted bear-skin, placed an immense chain of white beads around his neck, and laid at his feet eighteen mantles made of different skins. The outcome of all this flattery was that they desired him to remain with them and assist them in their wars with the Massawomeks. The voyagers understood the Susquesahanoc Indians

to say that they lived on some great water which, with their ignorance of geography, they took to be either some lake or the St. Lawrence River, where the French had settled. To the sorrow of those Indians the whites insisted on leaving them, but promised to return the following year.

In this voyage Captain Smith and his men explored the extreme limits of Chesapeake Bay, all her important rivers and inlets, and named many capes and headlands after the members of the party. At the limit of their explorations up the rivers, the discoverers cut crosses on the trees, and sometimes left crosses of brass.

The voyagers found the Rappahannock River inhabited by a people called the Moraughtacunds. Among these they found an old friend of their previous voyage on the Potomac called Mosco. This savage possessed that rare thing among Indians, a full beard. The English accounted for this by supposing him to be the son of some Frenchman. He was very proud of his beard, and called the English his countrymen. Mosco was delighted to see them now, would fetch them wood and water, and with his friends would tow their boat "against wind and tide."

Mosco endeavored to dissuade Captain Smith

from visiting the Rappahannocks, enemies of the Moraughtacunds, who had recently stolen three of their chief's women. Mosco represented that they would kill the English on account of their friendship with the Moraughtacunds.

Believing that Mosco was anxious to secure all their trade to his friends, Captain Smith ascended the Rappahannock. The discoverers at first found some sixteen Indians standing on the shore, who showed them a good landing, and pointed to several canoes full of commodities. The English, however, demanded an exchange of hostages. After a little consultation, several Indians waded out into the water, left one of their number, and took in exchange an Englishman named Anas Todkill. This man made sharp use of his eyes, being suspicious of ambuscades. He asked to be allowed to go across the plain to get some wood; but the savages would not let him. He managed, however, by degrees, to move back some two stones' throws. He thought he could see several hundred savages behind the trees, and tried to return to the boat. The Indians caught him up, and were going to carry him away, when he called out to his companions in the barge that they were betrayed. That instant their hostage

jumped overboard, but he was followed as quickly by the man who had been set to watch him. They had a struggle in the water, which resulted in the death of the Indian. A volley of musketry enabled Todkill to regain his freedom ; but he was so closely pursued with Indian arrows that he fell flat on the ground. The English fought from behind a fortification made like a forecastle upon the forepart of their boat of the Massawomek shields. This had been done at the suggestion of Mosco. Indian arrows rained around the barge for a short time, but the savages soon fled into the woods. Armed with these wicker shields, the whites sallied ashore and rescued Todkill, whose clothes were bloody with the wounds of those who had held him captive. The English captured the canoes, broke all the arrows they could find, except some that they saved for their friend Mosco. They then returned down the river to the village of the Moraughtacunds, where they presented Mosco with the captured canoes and arrows, and he in his turn received them with great rejoicings and a triumphal march.

The next day the voyagers spent in securing poles to the barge's side, and hanging wicker shields upon them. They thus encircled the deck of their boat with an impenetrable curtain.

On the following day the voyagers again set sail for the country of the Rappahannocks. They were followed along the shore by Mosco with a wistful face. He at last mustered courage to ask if he might not go with them. He was taken on the barge. She sailed up the river past three Indian villages situated on high cliffs. They were suddenly attacked by thirty or forty savages, who had "so accomodated themselves with branches" that the adventurers took them for bushes, until their arrows began to strike the curtain of shields, dropping into the water. Instantly Mosco fell on his face crying, "the Rappahannocks! the Rappahannocks!" It was some time before the English could make out that what seemed to be bushes were disguised enemies; but the bushes fell among the reeds at the first volley of shot from the barge.

Sailing on up the river, the white men were well entertained at several villages of smaller tribes. While on the Rappahannock one of the company, Mr. Featherstone, an "honest, valiant, and industrious" gentleman, died, and was buried with military honors in a little bay which his companions named Featherstone's Bay. The other new arrivals in Virginia, in spite of being huddled together in a small boat with poor diet, had recovered.

CHAPTER XV.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS.—BATTLES AND ESCAPES

THE day after the burial of their companion the adventurers sailed as high as their boat could go up the river. They then landed, set up crosses, and cut their names on trees, leaving one man to watch. The sentinel saw an arrow fall near him, gave the alarm, and all grasped their arms. Looking sharply, they could see about a hundred "nimble Indians" slipping from tree to tree. Arrows now fell thick and fast, but the English found that they also could dodge behind trees. Mosco was most active in the service of his friends. He shot away a quiver full of arrows, and ran to the boat for more. He made so much noise, and slipped from one point to another so constantly, that he impressed the enemy with the idea that the whites had quite a company of Indian allies. This dodging warfare continued for about half an hour, when the Indians disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Mosco slipped after them to be sure they were gone. On his return an Indian was discovered

apparently dead. He was turned over, and was found to be shot in the knee and still living. Instantly Mosco wanted to beat out his brains. "Never was dog more furious against a bear" than this savage against his enemy. The wounded man, however, was taken to the boat, where he was treated by a surgeon who had accompanied the expedition to dress Captain Smith's stingray wound. Mosco's disappointment was alleviated by the Englishmen turning out to help him gather up the arrows which had been scattered in the battle. He soon got an armful, over which "he gloried not a little."

Meanwhile, the prisoner's wound being dressed, within an hour he began to look "somewhat cheerfully," and could eat and speak. Mosco was persuaded to act as interpreter. The savage said his name was Amorolec, and gave some description of his own and neighboring tribes.

"Why did you come in this manner to betray us that came to you in peace and to seek your loves?" demanded the whites through their interpreter.

"We heard," answered Amorolec, "that you were a people come from under the world to take our world from us."

“How many worlds do you know?” queried the English.

“I know no more,” said the savage, “but that which is under the sky that covers us, that is the Powhatans’, the Monacans’, and the Massawomeks’, that are higher up in the mountains.”

“What is beyond the mountains?” asked the whites.

“The sun,” answered Amorolec. “Of any thing else I know nothing, because the woods are not burnt.”

The English presented Amorolec with various toys, and tried to persuade him to go with them. He, however, desired them to await the coming of his people. He would tell them, he said, all about their kind usage of him, and they would then be good friends, for he was a chief’s brother. Mosco, however, advised the whites “to begone, for they were all naught.” They said they would remain till evening, however. The English occupied the time in preparing for the reception of what Indians might come, while Mosco sat sharpening his arrows. At nightfall they all embarked, for the river was here so narrow, and the banks so high, that the savages might do them much damage if they were caught here in daylight. Meanwhile the Indian chief

had been gathering his men and holding a council of war, when his spies informed him that the boat was gone. The Indians immediately set out to follow her, and presently arrows were heard dropping on every side of the boat in the darkness. The Indians ran along the shore with wild war-whoops. The English could not make their voices heard through the din ; but now and then a musket was fired, aimed where the greatest noise was heard. The savages followed the boat more than twelve miles, keeping up this running warfare. Daylight appeared, and the voyagers found themselves in a wide bay out of danger. Here they anchored and "fell to breakfast." They took no notice of the Indians until the sun had risen, when they cleared away their covering of shields, and appeared, each man with shield and sword.

Amorolec made a long speech to his countrymen, telling them how kindly he had been used by the whites ; that they had a Potomac Indian with them who loved them "as his life," and who would have killed him had not the whites protected him ; that he might have his liberty if they would but be friendly, and as for hurting the whites, "it was impossible." When the Indians heard this speech they hung their bows

and arrows upon the trees. Two Indians swam out to the boat, one with a bow, and the other with a quiver of arrows tied upon his head. These they presented to Captain Smith, who received them kindly and told them that if the three other chiefs among them would also give up their bows and arrows in token of friendship, that the great king of his world, whose men he and his companions were, would be their friend. This was immediately agreed to. The English landed on a low point of land. The four chiefs received Amorolec, and were ready to give the white men whatever they had. They were much astonished at the commodities of the English, and supposed their pistols to be pipes. They desired some of these, but the voyagers contented them with more harmless toys. These Indians, who were Mannahoacs, parted with the English on the most friendly terms.

In their return down the river they revisited the villages of the various minor tribes. They were all pleased to hear of the victory over the Mannahoacs, and desired the English to make peace with the Rappahannocks.

“They have twice,” answered the Captain, “assaulted me that came only in love to do them good; and therefore I will now burn all their

houses, destroy their corn, and forever hold them enemies till they make me satisfaction."

The Indians desired to know what satisfaction he would require.

"They shall present me," said Captain Smith, "the king's bows and arrows, and not offer to come armed where I am; they shall be friends with the Moraughtacunds, my friends, and give me their king's son in pledge to perform it, and then all King James's men shall be their friends."

These Indians sent to the Rappahannocks to meet the English. This tribe was now ready to agree to all the conditions, but the chief did not want to give up his son; for, "having no more but him, he could not live without him." In place of his son he said Smith might have the three women the Moraughtacund Indians had stolen from him. The Captain, wishing to make peace, accepted this questionable favor in this wise: He sent for the women. Then he made the chief of Moraughtacund, the chief of Rappahannock, and Mosco stand up before him. He told the Rappahannock chieftain to choose the woman of the three that he loved best. To the Moraughtacund chief he gave the second choice, and the third woman was allotted to Mosco. This manner of dealing out justice so struck the Indians

that their canoes were instantly speeding across the water, and those who had no canoes swam across. They all returned in a short time with presents of venison and provisions. A friendly intercourse was carried on until, in the words of the quaint narrative, "the dark commanded us to rest."

The occasion was celebrated on the following day by hundreds of Indians, who danced and sang, while neither bow nor arrows could be seen among them. After the manner of the Indians, Mosco showed his friendship by changing his name to Uttasautasough, the name by which the Indians called the whites. At parting, the Indians promised ever to be friendly, and to plant corn especially for the strangers, who on their part promised to provide hatchets, beads, and copper for the Indians. The boat pushed off with a volley of shot, while the Indians gave a great shout.

They next sailed up the Pianketank River as far as it was navigable. The inhabitants were nearly all absent on a hunting expedition. The voyagers saw only a few old men, women, and children tending corn. Like all other Indians whom they had met on their voyages, these people promised them corn when they should choose to come for it.

The barge was caught in a dead calm. The voyagers were obliged to make their way by rowing toward Point Comfort. They anchored for the night in Gosnold's Bay. Suddenly, in the night, they were struck by a thunder-storm. Their cable broke, and they drove before the wind. Only by "the flashes of fire from heaven" could they keep off of the "splitting shore." They "never thought more to have seen Jamestown." But by the assistance of the lightning they succeeded in finding Point Comfort in safety.

After "refreshing" themselves, the voyagers resolved to complete their discoveries by seeking their nearer neighbors, the Chesapeake and Nansemond Indians. They sailed up the Chesapeake, now Elizabeth, River, a tributary of the James River. After proceeding six or seven miles they saw some cornfields and cabins, but no inhabitants. The river was very narrow, and the discoverers returned to the James River, hoping to find some of the natives. They coasted the shore until they came to the Nansemond River. At the mouth of this stream six or seven savages were busy making weirs for fishing. They fled when they saw the barge. The voyagers landed, and laid some toys where the Indians had been at

work. They pushed off again ; but they had not gone far before the Indians returned, and seeing the toys, began to dance and sing, endeavoring to recall the whites. Thus friendly intercourse began. One Indian desired that the Englishmen should visit his cabin up the Nansemond River. He voluntarily boarded the barge to direct them, while the others ran along the shore. After sailing seven or eight miles they came to an island on which was the Indian's cabin, surrounded by cornfields. The savage said that the people were all gone hunting. The English gave him and his family various presents, with which they seemed much delighted. The other Indians now asked the whites to go a little further up the river and see their homes. To this they consented, the first Indian leaving them here, and the others accompanying the barge in a canoe. They passed on up the river by the island, and to where the stream was very narrow. The English now became a little suspicious. They asked the Indians to come on board the barge. They answered that they would when they had got their bows and arrows. They got ashore, and arming themselves, tried to persuade the whites to proceed up the river. The whites, on the other hand, tried to persuade the Indians

either to enter their own canoe or to come on to the barge. They refused, and the adventurers begin "to prepare for the worst." They started on up the river, and had not gone far when they found themselves followed by seven or eight canoes. Presently from each bank of the narrow stream came arrows thick and fast. The English immediately turned about to sail for a wider part of the stream. The Indians in the canoes had also been shooting their arrows, but the white men "bestowed so many shot amongst them" that the Indians all leaped overboard and swam ashore, with the exception of two or three, who escaped by swift rowing. The English soon reached a more open spot, and the Indians found that shot could reach farther than arrows. They speedily disappeared in the woods. Having thus escaped an Indian "trap," laid and baited with Indian treachery, the English seized the deserted canoes for booty, and examined their own injuries. They were not serious, Anthony Bagnall having been wounded in the hat, and another man in the sleeve. There were evidently many Indians concerned in this attack, and it was rightly concluded that the Chesapeakes and Nansemonds were banded together. A council of war was held on board the barge "to bethink" whether it

were better to burn the cornfields on the island, or to try to make some peace with the Indians. The conclusion was to set fire to the island when night came. Meanwhile the English began to cut the canoes in pieces, and the Indians speedily began to lay down their bows and arrows. The savages made signs of peace. The English told them that they would make peace if they would deliver up the chief's bow and arrows, present them with a string of pearls, and give them four hundred baskets of corn when they came again. The Indians expressed their willingness to comply if they had but a canoe. One was set adrift. Savages swam to get it, and the whites said they would keep on cutting up the other boats until the Indians performed their promise. The Indians cried to them not to do this, for they would keep their promise, which they did. Basket after basket was brought, until the barge was well loaded for the good of the colony. On the seventh of September the discoverers arrived safely at Jamestown. They estimated that in these two expeditions they had travelled about three thousand miles, though it is quite likely that the weary men naturally overestimated the distance they had traversed. From what he learned on this voyage, Captain Smith prepared a

wonderfully good map of Chesapeake Bay and the tributary rivers. The narratives of these two voyages given in Smith's history are signed by men who were members of the expedition.

One cannot refrain from admiring in these brave men and their captain the fortitude and persistence that they showed, and the wonderful tact with which they managed the natives.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIRD ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN NEWPORT.

THE discoverers found on their return that many of the colonists had died, some had recovered, and others were still sick. The late president, Captain Ratcliffe, had been imprisoned for "mutiny," while Mr. Scrivener had fulfilled his trust faithfully. Under his direction the corn harvest had been gathered, though much of the colony's provision was spoiled by the leakage of their poor storehouse. On the tenth of September Captain Smith was installed as president. He governed the colony wisely. His measures were doubtless severe, but severity was necessary among these men, totally unqualified for a frontier life, with an unwise management in England, and endless discontent and jealousy at Jamestown. Into the merits of the childish squabbles of the colonists, which have perpetuated themselves in their writings, and broken out afresh among historians in our time, we cannot enter. Doubtless there was some wrong on all

sides. Men shut up together in hard circumstances are sure to fall out.

Captain Smith went energetically to work to better the condition of the colony. Jamestown was once more the scene of busy activity. Church and storehouse were repaired, new houses built for more supplies, and the fort altered in form. The soldiers were drilled every day upon a plain called Smithfield. Here crowds of Indians would gather to watch with wonder the Englishmen shoot at a mark.

It was now the season to trade for corn with the Indians. The boats were prepared, and George Percy was sent on a trading expedition. They had not gone far, however, before they met Captain Newport with the second supply from England. He brought Percy's company back to Jamestown with him, as he had planned a voyage of discovery.

Captain Newport had undertaken to return to England with either a lump of gold, the discovery of a passage to the South Sea, or one of the lost colony of Roanoke. The folly of the council in their management of a far distant colony was made very manifest in this second supply. A crown was sent over with which Powhatan was to be crowned, and a basin and ewer, bed, bed

stead, and suit of scarlet clothes, as presents to the American king. Captain Newport also brought a great cumbersome boat, which the colonists were to carry across the Blue Ridge and launch in the South Sea. As heretofore, most of the newly arrived adventurers were white-handed gentlemen. The first women of the colony, Mrs. Forrest and her maid Anne Burras, came in this vessel. Among the seventy adventurers of this supply were eight Poles and Germans, sent out to make tar, glass, and soap ashes. For the members of the London Company were determined to have some kind of immediate return from the struggling infant colony for the money which had been laid out upon it. As most of the colonists who had gone to Virginia were in expectation of immediately stumbling on wealth, so most of those who had joined the London Company expected an immediate return for their investment. Newport brought a severe letter from the disappointed council to those who might be in power in Virginia.

The president probably wished this supply, with the great boat, basin, ewer, bed, bedstead, scarlet clothes, and crown, safely home again. He spoke his mind freely in the colony's council, which had now two new members, Captain Peter

Wynn and Captain Richard Waldo, "ancient soldiers and valiant gentlemen." He considered it folly to make these presents to an Indian who would be as well pleased with a few beads and some copper. In his opinion, it was unwise to undertake the discovery of the South Sea when it was the proper time to procure food for the winter. Captain Newport, however, promised to procure corn of the Indians for them, and thought that Smith was only trying to hinder his journey of discovery. The council overruled the president; supplies for the winter were neglected, and a hundred and twenty picked men were allotted to Newport for his discovery. The latter was apprehensive that the Indians might take revenge on him for what he considered the cruelty of Captain Smith in his previous dealings with the Indians. The president, to quiet all fears, and to show his willingness to assist in the business on hand, as well as to hasten an affair which would consume so much valuable time, undertook with four companions a journey to Werowocomoco, to ask Powhatan to come to Jamestown and receive his presents.

CHAPTER XVII.

POCAHONTAS ENTERTAINS SMITH.

WHEN the Englishmen reached the home of Powhatan, they found that he was some thirty miles away. They were received by the steadfast friend of all white men, Pocahontas. She sent messengers for her father, and undertook to entertain her friends while they waited.

The Englishmen were left in an open space, seated on a mat by the fire. Suddenly they heard a "hideous noise" in the woods. Supposing that Powhatan and his warriors were upon them, they sprang to their feet, grasped their arms, and seized two or three old Indians who were near them. Pocahontas came to them, however, with her apology, saying that they might kill her "if any hurt were intended." All who stood near, men, women, and children, assured the white men that all was right. Presently thirty young women came rushing out of the woods. Their only covering was a cincture or apron of green leaves; they were gayly painted, some one color and some another. Every girl

wore a pair of deer's horns on her head, while from her girdle and upon one arm hung an otter's skin. The leader wore a quiver of arrows, and carried a bow and arrow in her hands. The others followed with swords, clubs, and pot-sticks.

“These fiends, with most hellish shouts and cries,” says the ungallant narrator, “cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dancing with most excellent ill variety.” This masquerade lasted about half an hour, when the Indian girls disappeared as they had come.

They again reappeared in their ordinary costume. Pocahontas invited Captain Smith to a dinner which had been spread for him with “all the savage dainties” which they could procure. They tormented the Captain by pressing around him, saying, “Love you not me? love you not me?” While he feasted they danced, and ended by conducting him to his lodging with firebrands for torches.

Powhatan arrived the next day, and Captain Smith delivered his message.

“If your king has sent me presents,” said Powhatan, “I also am a king, and this is my land; eight days I will stay to receive them. Your Father (Captain Newport) is to come to

me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such a bait." He drew rude maps on the ground and described the countries through which Captain Newport intended to pass. "But for any salt water beyond the mountains," said Powhatan, "the stories you have had from my people are false."

Some complimentary courtesy passed between the chief and the president; but Captain Smith was obliged to carry this dignified answer to Jamestown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CORONATION OF POWHATAN, AND SEEKING THE SOUTH SEA.

THE presents were accordingly sent around by water in the boats to the haughty chief. Captains Newport and Smith with fifty men crossed over by land, and met them at Werowocomoco. The day following their arrival was appointed for the ceremony of Powhatan's coronation. The basin and ewer were presented to him, his bedstead was set up, and the English endeavored to persuade him to put on the scarlet suit and cloak. The chief, however, looked upon them with suspicion, and would not consent to wear them until Namontack, the boy whom he had given to Captain Newport, and who had been in England, assured him that they would not hurt him. The coronation, however, caused more ado. Powhatan had no appreciation of the honor these people intended to do him, and he could on no account be persuaded to kneel. Long the English coaxed him, instructing him by word and action how he should bow. We can im-

agine these English gentlemen dropping on their knees by way of example before the stubborn savage. It was all of no avail. Powhatan would not even bend the knee. His instructors were at last tired out. They contented themselves with bearing very hard upon his shoulders until he stooped a little. The crown was then hastily placed upon his head by three men, a signal was given, a volley of shot was fired from the boats, and Powhatan sprang up in consternation. This part of the ceremony was explained to him, and he became quiet. He now thought it fitting that he should make a suitable return for all these honors. This he did by graciously presenting Captain Newport with his old moccasins and mantle.

It had been calculated that all this display would induce the great chief to aid Captain Newport in his imposing expedition in search of the South Sea. The making of these ostentatious presents to a mere savage chief may be attributed to the ever meddling folly of King James, with his belief in the divine rights of royalty. The wisdom of the policy is shown by the fact that Powhatan now refused to give Newport either men or guides for his journey, and tried to divert him from his purpose. His return for the

costly gifts was but some seven or eight bushels of corn. The narrative of these events in Smith's History says that the presents "had been much better spared than so ill spent, for we had Powhatan's favor much better only for a plain piece of copper, till this stately kind of soliciting made him so much overvalue himself that he respected us as much as nothing at all."

Newport now set out on his voyage to the Pacific Ocean with one hundred and twenty men led by Captain Waldo, Lieutenant Percy, Captain Wynn, Mr. West, a brother of Lord Delaware, and Mr. Scrivener. They arrived at the falls of the James River, where Richmond now stands, and started by land with their boat. They marched some forty miles in two days and a half, discovered two Indian villages, where we are not surprised to hear that the Indians remained entirely neutral, seized a chief or "king" as they styled him, and led him bound as a guide. They returned on their own path, searching in many places where they thought they had discovered mines. They "spent some time in refining," having "a refiner fitted for that purpose," and returned to the falls, where the Indians, who were anxious to get well rid of their visitors, told them that ships were coming into

the bay to attack Jamestown. The Indians refused to trade, and thus ended the great expedition for the discovery of a passage to the South Sea.

Let us not smile too much at the ignorance of the London Company. The Spaniards had found the Pacific Ocean near to the Atlantic at the Isthmus, and the London geographers had no means of guessing at the width of the continent.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLAIN WORDS TO THE LONDON COMPANY.

IMMEDIATELY on the return of the explorers, Smith set every well man to work to hasten the relading of the vessel. Parties were sent out to make glass, tar, pitch, and soap ashes, while the president went with thirty gentlemen some five miles into the woods to fell trees and make clapboards. The work was undertaken with a cheerful spirit. Sleeping in the woods was a pleasant novelty, and these gentlemen "made it their delight to hear the trees thunder as they fell. The president lodged, ate, drank, worked, and played with the rest. These amateur woodmen had one trouble. Axes would blister their tender hands, and it often happened that "every third blow had an oath to drown the echo." Captain Smith undertook to cure this "sin." He had every man's oaths counted and recorded. At night a can of water was poured down the sinner's sleeve for every oath which had escaped him during the day. It is recorded that in consequence of this rather sharp method,

profanity became rare among the wood-choppers.

These gentlemen were anxious not to be considered "common wood-haggers," and wished to have it understood that after they became inured to it they considered it but "pleasure and recreation." It was said that thirty or forty voluntary gentlemen laborers could do more than one hundred of the indolent gentlemen of Jamestown would do when forced to it; but still twenty good workmen would have "been better than them all."

When Captain Smith had returned from his wood-choppers' camp, he resolved to make an expedition in search of corn. Taking with him two barges, he went to the country of the Chickahominy Indians. This "dogged nation," however, knowing all too well the wants of the colony, answered all overtures for friendly trade with scorn and insolence. Captain Smith saw that it was the policy of the much-honored Powhatan to starve the English. He told the Indians that their corn had not been so much the object of his journey, but that he had come to revenge his imprisonment and the death of his men. He landed, and prepared for a charge; but the Indians fled. They soon sent ambassadors with

presents of corn, fish, and game, and a desire to make peace. The result was that the boats were laden with corn, and they parted good friends.

It is alleged that the sailors while at Jamestown made use of many indirect means for trading with the colonists, getting in this way valuable furs to sell in England. Captain Newport's vessel is called "our old taverne" in the account given in Smith's History.

Meantime Mr. Scrivener went on a trading expedition to Werowocomoco. The savages were at first disposed to fight; but Mr. Scrivener managed them so wisely that he procured three or four hogsheads of corn.

Captain Newport was now ready to sail with samples of the various commodities which the colonists had undertaken to make, and the president, Smith, wrote a very plain letter in answer to the London Company's letter. This was America's first impudence to the mother country, a defiance that began in her very babyhood.

"I received your letter," wrote Captain Smith, "wherein you write that our minds are so set upon faction and idle conceits in dividing the country without your consents, and that we feed you with ifs and ands, hopes and some few proofs, as if we could keep the mystery of the

business to ourselves ; and that we must expressly follow your instructions sent by Captain Newport, the charge of whose voyage amounts to near two thousand pounds, the which if we cannot defray by the ship's return we are alike to remain as banished men. To these particulars I humbly entreat your pardons if I offend you with my rude answer.

“ For our factions, unless you would have me run away and leave the country, I cannot prevent them, because I do make many stay that would else fly any whither. For the idle letter sent to my Lord of Salisbury by the president and his confederates for dividing the country, etc. What it was I know not, for you saw no hand of mind to it nor ever dreamt I of any such matter. That we feed you with hopes, etc. Though I be no scholar, I am past a school boy, and I desire but to know what either you and these here do know, but I have learned to tell you by the continual hazard of my life. I have not concealed from you anything I know, but I fear some cause you to believe much more than is true.

“ Expressly to follow your directions by Captain Newport. Though they be performed, I was directly against it ; but, according to your

commission, I was content to be overruled by the major part of the council, I fear greatly to the hazard of us all, which is now generally confessed when it is too late. Only Captain Wynn and Captain Waldo I have sworn of the council, and crowned Powhatan according to your instructions.

“ For the charge of this voyage of two or three thousand pounds, we have not received the value of an hundred pounds. And for the quartered boat to be borne by the soldiers over the falls, Newport had one hundred and twenty of the best men he could choose. If he had burnt her to ashes one might have carried her in a bag, but as she is, five hundred cannot, to a navigable place above the falls. And for him at that time to find the South Sea, a mine of gold, or any of them sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh ; at our consultation I told them was as likely as the rest. But during this great discovery of thirty miles (which might as well have been done by one man and much more for the value of a pound of copper at a seasonable time) they had the pinnace and all the boats with them but one that remained with me to serve the fort. In their absence I followed the new begun works of pitch and tar, glass, soap ashes, clapboard,

whereof some small quantities we have sent you. But if you rightly consider what an infinite toil it is in Russia and Swethland, where the woods are proper for naught else, and though there be the help both of man and beasts in these ancient commonwealths which many an hundred years have used it, yet thousands of those poor people can scarce get necessaries to live but from hand to mouth. And though your factors there can buy as much in a week as will fraught you a ship or as much as you please, you must not expect from us any such matter, which are but as many of ignorant, miserable souls that are scarce able to get wherewith to live and defend ourselves against the inconstant savages, finding but here and there a tree fit for the purpose, and want all things else the Russians have.

“For the coronation of Powhatan, by whose advice you sent him such presents, I know not ; but this give me leave to tell you, I fear they will be the confusion of us all ere we hear from you again. At your ships’ arrival, the savages’ harvest was newly gathered, and we going to buy it, our own not being sufficient for so great a number. As for the two ships’ loading of corn Captain Newport promised to provide us from Powhatan, he brought us but fourteen bushels,

and from the Monacans nothing but the most of the men sick and near famished. From your ship we had not provision in victuals worth twenty pounds, and we are more than two hundred to live upon this, the one half sick and the other little better. For the sailors, I confess they daily made good cheer; but our diet is a little meal and water, and not sufficient of that. Though there be fish in the sea, fowls in the air, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so weak and ignorant, we cannot much trouble them.

“ Captain Newport we much suspect to be the author of those inventions. Now, that you should know I have made you as great a discovery as he for less charge than he spendeth you every meal, I have sent you this map of the bays and rivers, with an annexed relation of the countries and nations that inhabit them, as you may see at large. Also two barrels of stones and such as I take to be good iron ore at the least, so divided as by their notes you may see in what places I found them. The soldiers say many of your officers maintain their families out of what you sent us, and that Captain Newport hath an hundred pounds a year for carrying news. For every master you have yet sent can find the way

as well as he, so that an hundred pounds might be spared, which is more than we have all that helps to pay him wages.

“ Captain Ratcliffe is now called Sicklemore, a poor counterfeited imposture. I have sent him home lest the company should cut his throat. What he is, now every one can tell you : if he and Archer return again, they are sufficient to keep us always in factions. When you send again, I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees’ roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have, for except we be able to both lodge and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessaries before they can be made good for anything.

“ Thus, if you please to consider this account and the unnecessary wages to Captain Newport or his ships so long lingering and staying here (for notwithstanding his boasting to leave us victuals for twelve months, though we, eighty-nine, by this discovery lame and sick, and but a pint of corn a day for a man, we were constrained to give him three hogsheads of that to victual him homeward), or yet to send into Germany or Poland for glassmen, and the rest till we are able to

sustain ourselves and relieve them when they come. It were better to give five hundred pound a ton for those gross commodities in Denmark than send for them hither till more necessary things be provided. For in over-toiling our weak and unskilful bodies to satisfy this desire of present profit, we can scarce ever recover ourselves from one supply to another. And I humbly entreat you hereafter let us know what we should receive and not stand to the sailors' courtesy to leave us what they please, else you may charge us what you will, but we not you with anything. These are the causes that have kept us in Virginia from laying such a foundation that ere this might have given much better content and satisfaction; but as yet you must not look for any profitable returns: so I humbly rest."

Marvellous good common sense is this! It is the fashion of late years to revile Smith for a boaster. But where can we find prudence and sound sense in all this miserable management but from him? No wonder that he esteemed his service highly; common sense was so scarce in Jamestown and in London

CHAPTER XX.

EXPEDITIONS FOR CORN.

COLD weather had come, and famine began to stare the colonists in the face. Taking with him Captain Wynn and Mr. Scrivener with three boats, the president set out for the country of the Nansemond Indians. These people refused not only to provide the four hundred bushels of corn which they had promised in their treaty with the colonists on their previous visit, but they refused to trade at all. Their excuse was that they had used up the most that they had, and that they were under commands from Powhatan neither to trade with the English nor to allow them to enter their river. The English had recourse to force, and the Indians fled at the first volley of musketry without shooting a single arrow. The first cabin the white men discovered they set on fire. The Indians immediately desired peace, and promised the English half that they had. Before night all the boats were loaded with corn, and the English sailed some four miles down the river. Here they camped out for the night in the open woods on frozen ground covered with snow. The manner in which these adventurers

of nearly three hundred years ago made themselves comfortable is interesting. They would dig away the snow and build a great fire, which would serve to dry and warm the ground. They would then scrape away the fire, spread a mat on the place where it had been, and here they would sleep with another mat hung up as a shield against the wind. In the night, as the wind shifted, they would change their hanging mat, and when the ground grew cold they would again remove their fire and take its place. Their story says that many "a cold winter night" did the adventurers sleep thus; and yet those who went on these expeditions "were always in health, lusty, and fat."

About this time the first marriage in Virginia took place. The one single woman in Jamestown would naturally not remain long unmarried. Anne Burras was married to John Laydon, a laborer, and one of the earliest colonists.

Almost immediately after his return, Captain Smith started on another expedition in search of corn. As they sailed the Indians fled from them until they discovered the Appomattox, a tributary of James River. The natives had not much corn, but they divided what they had, for which they were amply requited with copper and trinkets.

CHAPTER XXI.

SMITH TRIES TO CAPTURE POWHATAN.

FINDING that the old Indian chief had determined to starve the colony out of existence by a refusal to trade with the white men, Captain Smith, appreciating the desperate extremity, resolved to take, as usual, the boldest plan out of the difficulty. He meditated a plan for surprising and entrapping Powhatan into his power. Smith saw no other chance to procure food, and starving men do not stop to debate whether a course is right or wrong.

About this time Powhatan sent a message to Smith inviting him to visit him, and saying that if he would but build him a house, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some firearms, a hen and rooster, and much beads and copper, he would fill the ship with corn. Captain Smith made haste to accept this offer. He sent some of the Dutchmen and some Englishmen ahead to begin the building of Powhatan's house.

The barge and pinnace were fitted up for this expedition. The president with twelve men

sailed in the barge, while fifteen men, among whom were Lieutenant Percy and Mr. West, brother of Lord Delaware, sailed in the pinnace. This party started from Jamestown in December, 1608. They stopped for the first night at the village of Warrasqueake. They were treated very kindly by the chief of this town, who advised them not to visit Powhatan. Smith, however, was determined to go.

“ Captain Smith,” said the chief, “ you shall find Powhatan to use you kindly ; but trust him not, and be sure he have no opportunity to seize on your arms, for he hath sent for you only to cut your throats.”

The captain thanked him for his advice, and resolved to follow it. He asked this chief for guides to the Chawonoc Indians. The chief immediately complied with his request, and Captain Smith sent Mr. Michael Sicklemore, a “ valiant soldier, with the guides to this place in search of Sir Walter Raleigh’s lost company, and silk grass or peminaw.” What is said of the people of the lost colony by different writers is quite hard to understand. Sometimes they seem to have been all exterminated, again we hear rumors that some of them are alive.

When Captain Smith parted with the friendly

chief, he left him his page to learn the language. The next night the English lodged at Kecoughtan. Here they were storm-bound for about a week. They were thus obliged to keep Christmas at this Indian village, and a merry time they had of it. They feasted upon fish, venison, wild fowl, with the sweet corn-bread of the country, and enjoyed themselves around great fires in the warm, smoky cabins of the Indians.

Travelling on from here the English were forced, when they could find no cabins, to sleep in the woods as we have described. During the journey Captain Smith, Anthony Bagnall, and Sergeant Pising shot a hundred and forty-eight wild fowl at one time.

At the Indian village of Kiskiack, now corrupted to Chescake, and pronounced Cheesecake, the English were again forced by the cold and contrary winds to spend several days in Indian cabins. These Indians were not friendly, and the whites were obliged to guard their barge with care. On the twelfth of January the English neared Werowocomoco. The ice extended nearly half a mile from shore in the York River. Captain Smith pushed as near the shore as he could in the barge, by breaking the ice. Impatient of remaining in an open

boat in the freezing cold, he jumped into the half-frozen marsh, and waded ashore. His example was followed by eighteen of his men, among whom was a Mr. Russell, who could not be persuaded to stay behind, although he was a very heavy man, and "somewhat ill." This gentleman "so overtoiled himself" that it was with difficulty that his comrades got him ashore and restored warmth to his benumbed body. The English quartered at the first cabins they reached, and announced their arrival in a message to Powhatan, requesting provision. The chief sent them plenty of bread, venison, and turkeys, and feasted them according to his custom. The following day, however, he desired to know when they "would be gone," pretending that he had not sent for the English. He made the astonishing statement that he himself had no corn, and his people had much less; but that he would furnish them forty baskets of this grain for as many swords. Captain Smith quickly confronted him with the men who had brought Powhatan's message to Jamestown, and asked the chief "how it chanced he became so forgetful." Powhatan answered with "a merry laughter," and invited the English to show their commodities. But the crafty chief was not suited with

any thing, unless it were guns or swords. He would value a basket of corn higher than a basket of copper.

“ Powhatan,” said Captain Smith, “ though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet believing your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfy your desire, and to testify my love I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine own. What your people had you have engrossed, forbidding them our trade, and now you think by consuming the time we shall consume for want, not having to fulfil your strange demands. As for swords and guns, I told you long ago I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keep me from want. Yet steal or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constrain me by your bad usage.”

Powhatan listened attentively to this speech, and promised that he would spare them what he could, which he would deliver to them in two days.

“ Yet, Captain Smith,” said the chief, “ I have some doubt of your coming hither that makes me not so kindly seek to relieve you as I would, for many do inform me your coming hither is not

for trade, but to invade my people and possess my country, who dare not bring you corn, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this fear, leave aboard your weapons, for here they are needless, we being all friends.”

But Captain Smith was not to be cajoled into a council without weapons. That night was spent at Werowocomoco, and the following day the building of Powhatan's house went forward. The Dutchmen seeing the plenty of Powhatan and his power, and thinking the colony could not long withstand the wily chief, had betrayed the English; though this was not discovered until some six months afterward.

Meanwhile the English managed “to wrangle” some ten bushels of corn out of the chief for a copper kettle. Powhatan then made a speech setting forth the advantages of remaining at peace with the colony.

“Captain Smith,” said he, “you may understand that I, having seen the death of my people thrice, and not any one living of those three generations but myself, I know the difference of peace and war better than any in my country. But now I am old, and ere long must die; my brethren, namely Opitchapan, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, my two sisters and their two daugh-

ters, are each others' successors. I wish their experience no less than mine, and your love to them no less than mine to you. But this bruit from Nansemond, that you are come to destroy my country, affrighted all my people as they dare not visit you. What will it avail you to take that by force you may quickly have by love, or to destroy them that provide you food? What can you get by war when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods, whereby you must famish by wronging us, your friends? And why are you thus jealous of our loves, seeing us unarmed and both do and are willing still to feed you with that you cannot get but by our labors? Think you I am so simple not to know it is better to eat good meat, lie well, and sleep quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or what I want being your friend, than be forced to fly from all, to lie cold in the woods, feed upon acorns, roots, and such trash, and be so hunted by you that I can neither rest, eat, nor sleep, but my tired men must watch, and if a twig but break every one crieth, There cometh Captain Smith! Then must I fly I know not whither, and thus with miserable fear end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you, which through your rash

unadvisedness may quickly as miserably end for want of that you never know where to find. Let this therefore assure you of our loves, and every year our friendly trade shall furnish you with corn, and now also, if you would come in a friendly manner to see us, and not thus with your guns and swords as to invade your foes."

"Seeing you will not rightly conceive of our words," answered Captain Smith, "we strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds. The vow I made you of my love both myself and my men have kept. As for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects, yet we, finding your love and kindness, our custom is so far from being ungrateful that for your sake only we have curbed our thirsting desire of revenge, else had they known as well the cruelty we use to our enemies as our true love and courtesy to our friends. And I think your judgment sufficient to conceive, as well by the adventures we have undertaken as by the advantage we have by our arms of yours, that had we intended you any hurt, long ere this we would have effected it. Your people coming to Jamestown are entertained with their bows and arrows without any exceptions, we esteeming it with you, as it is with us, to wear our arms as our apparel. As for the dan-

ger of our enemies, in such wars consist our chiefest pleasure ; for your riches we have no use ; as for the hiding your provision, or by your flying to the woods, we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude ; your friendly care in that behalf is needless, for we have a rule to find beyond your knowledge.”

Certainly the word-fencers were a match in subtle insinuation, and neither one was to be caught off his guard. Some trading was again begun. The chief was dissatisfied that he could not have his way.

“ Captain Smith,” said Powhatan with a sigh, “ I never used any werowance so kindly as yourself, yet from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired, ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him ; none doth deny to lie at my feet or refuse to do what I desire but only you, of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. Captain Newport you call father, and so you call me, but I see for all us both you will do what you list, and we must both seek to content you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your arms, that I

may believe you, for you see the love I bear you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget myself.”

The wily old chief was right. Captain Smith was determined to have his own way. He saw that nothing could be gained thus. Powhatan was watching with lynx eyes for a chance to get the white men into his power while he delivered those eloquent and persuasive speeches which are so characteristic of Indians. Captain Smith asked the savages to break the ice for him that his boat might reach the shore, to take him and the corn. He intended, when the boat came, to land more men and surprise the chief. Meanwhile, to entertain Powhatan and keep him from suspecting anything, he made the following reply to his last speech :

“ Powhatan, you must know as I have but one God I honor but one king, and I live not here as your subject, but as your friend, to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me you gain more than by trade, yet would you visit me as I do you, you should know it is not our custom to sell our courtesies as a vendable commodity. Bring all your country with you for your guard, I will not dislike it as being over-jealous. But to content you, to-morrow I will leave my arms and trust to your promise. I call

you father, indeed and as a father you shall see I will love you ; but the small care you have for such a child caused my men to persuade me to look to myself.”

But Powhatan was not to be fooled. His mind was on the fast disappearing ice. He managed to disengage himself from the Captain's conversation, and secretly fled with his women, children, and luggage. To avoid any suspicion, two or three women were left to engage Captain Smith in talk while the Powhatan warriors beset the house where they were. When Captain Smith discovered what they were doing, he and John Russell went about making their way out with the help of their pistols, swords, and Indian shields. At the first shot, the savages tumbled “one over another” and quickly fled in every direction, and the two men reached their companions in safety.

CHAPTER XXII.

POCAHONTAS GIVES WARNING.

POWHATAN saw that his stratagem had failed. He immediately tried to remove the unfavorable impression which this event and the sudden appearance of so many warriors might make on the minds of the English. He sent an "ancient orator" to Captain Smith with presents of a great bracelet and chain of pearls.

"Captain Smith," said the Indian, "our wewowance has fled, fearing your guns, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men; he sent these numbers but to guard his corn from stealing, that might happen without your knowledge. Now, though some be hurt by your misprison, yet Powhatan is your friend and so will forever continue. Now since the ice is open, he would have you send away your corn, and if you would have his company, send away also your guns, which so affrighteth his people that they dare not come to you as he promised they should."

The Indians provided baskets that the English

might carry their corn to the boat. They were very officious in tendering their services to guard the colonists' arms while they were thus occupied, lest any one should steal them. There were crowds of these grim, sturdy savages about ; but the sight of the white men cocking their matchlock guns rendered them exceedingly meek. They were easily persuaded by this sight to leave their bows and arrows in charge of the Englishmen, while they themselves carried the corn down to the boats on their own backs. This they did with wonderful dispatch.

Ebb tide left the boat stuck in the marsh, and the adventurers were obliged to remain at Werowocomoco until high water. They returned to the cabins where they were at first quartered. The savages entertained them until night with "merry sports," and then left them. Powhatan was gathering his forces and planning the certain destruction of his visitors. The English were alone in the Indian cabins. Suddenly Pocahontas, Powhatan's "dearest jewel and daughter," as she is styled in the quaint narrative, appeared before Captain Smith. She had come this dark night through the "irksome woods" alone from her father's cabin.

"Captain Smith," said she, "great cheer will

be sent you by and by ; but Powhatan and all the power he can make will after come and kill you all, if they that bring you the cheer do not kill you with your own weapons when you are at supper. Therefore, if you would live, I wish you presently to begone."

Captain Smith wished to give Pocahontas presents of those trifles dear to the heart of an Indian, and such as Pocahontas most delighted in.

"I dare not," said the girl, with tears running down her cheeks, "be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, I am but dead."

She then ran away into the woods as she had come. Within less than an hour, eight or ten "lusty" savages came, bringing great platters of venison and other food. They begged the Englishmen to put out the matches to their guns, for the "smoke made them sick," and to sit down to eat. But the Captain was vigilant. He made the Indians first taste of every dish, and he then sent them back to Powhatan, asking him "to make haste," for he was awaiting his arrival. Soon after more messengers came, "to see what news," in the words of the story, and they were followed in a short time by still more. Thus the night was spent by both parties with the utmost vigilance, though to all appearances they were

on very friendly terms. When high water came the English prepared to depart. At Powhatan's request they left a man named Edward Brynton to hunt for him, while the Dutchmen remained to finish his house.

On an eminence near where Werowocomoco must have been, still stands a stone chimney which is known to this day as "Powhatan's Chimney," and according to tradition is the chimney of the house which the colonists erected for this chief.

The English pushed on to Pamunkey in search of corn, hoping that upon their return the frost would be gone, and if Powhatan still gave occasion, a better opportunity might then be found to subdue his pride.

If the actions of Smith seem sometimes lacking in good faith, we must remember the desperate position of the little colony entrusted to his care, and the extreme difficulty of dealing with Indians in such circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ADVENTURE WITH OPECHANCAHOUGH.

IN two or three days the barge and pinnace arrived at Pamunkey. The chief entertained them with "feasting and much mirth." The day appointed for trade came. Captain Smith, accompanied by fifteen men, among whom were Lieutenant Percy, Mr. West, and Mr. Russell, marched a quarter of a mile to the cabin of Opechanchanough. There was no one to be seen but a lame Indian and a boy. The English waited, and the chief soon came, followed by a guard of his people fairly laden with bows and arrows, but with "pinching commodities," upon which they put an enormous price.

"Opechanchanough," said Captain Smith, "the great love you profess with your tongue seems mere deceit by your actions. Last year you kindly freighted our ship, but now you have invited me to starve with hunger; you know my want and I your plenty, of which by some means I must have part; remember it is fit for kings to keep their promise. Here are my

commodities, whereof take your choice ; the rest I will proportion fit bargains for your people.”

The chief accepted this offer with seeming kindness, and sold what his people had brought at a fair price. He promised to meet the English the next day with a larger company better provided with commodities.

On the following day the captain and his fifteen comrades again started for the chief's cabin, leaving the boats in charge of Mr. Phittiplace, captain of the pinnace. Arrived at the place of meeting, they found four or five Indians who had just come. Soon after the chief entered with “strained cheerfulness.” He began a long-winded conversation on how much trouble he had taken to keep his promise, with which he took up the time until Mr. Russell stepped up to Captain Smith and said :

“ We are all betrayed, for at least seven hundred savages, well armed, have environed the house and beset the fields.”

Opechancanough guessed what Mr. Russell said from the expression of his face. Captain Smith turned to his comrades and discussed the difficulties of the situation.

“ Worthy countrymen,” said he, “ were the mischiefs of my seeming friends no more than the

danger of these enemies, I little cared, were they as many more, if you dare do but as I. But this is my torment, that if I escape them our malicious council, with their open-mouthed minions, will make me such a peace-breaker in their opinions in England as will break my neck. I could wish those here that make these (the Indians) seem saints and me an oppressor. But this is the worst of all wherein I pray you aid me with your opinions. Should we begin with them and surprise the king, we cannot keep him and defend well ourselves. If we should each kill our man, and so proceed with all in the house, the rest will all fly, then shall we get no more than the bodies that are slain and so starve for victual. As for their fury, it is the least danger, for well you know being alone assaulted with two or three hundred of them, I made them by the help of God compound to save my life. And we are sixteen and they but seven hundred at the most, and assure yourselves God will so assist us that if you dare stand but to discharge your pieces, the very smoke will be sufficient to affright them. Yet, howsoever, let us fight like men and not die like sheep, for by that means you know God hath oft delivered me, and so I trust will now. But first I will deal with them to bring it to pass we may

fight for something, and draw them to it by conditions. If you like this motion, promise me you will be valiant.”

There was no time for argument ; these men, who were the very pick of the colonists, vowed to “ execute whatsoever he attempted or die.” The Captain turned to the chief and challenged him thus :

“ I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me, but I fear it not. As yet your men and mine have done no harm but by our direction. Take therefore your arms, you see mine, my body shall be as naked as yours, the isle in your river is a fit place, if you be contented, and the conqueror of us two shall be lord and master over all our men. If you have not enough, take time to fetch more, and bring what number you will, so every one bring a basket of corn, against all which I will stake the value in copper ; you see I have but fifteen, and our game shall be this : “ the conqueror take all.”

The chief, who was surrounded by some forty or fifty warriors as a guard, tried to quiet Captain Smith's suspicions. He told the Captain that a great present awaited him at the door, and he entreated him to go and receive it. This was but a bait to draw the Captain outside, where the

present was backed up by some two hundred warriors, while thirty more were in ambush under a great tree with bows ready drawn. The president commanded one of his men to "go and see what kind of deceit" this might be. The man refused, and Captain Smith was so vexed at his cowardice, that though all the other gentlemen of the party desired importunately to go in his place, the Captain would not let them. Captain Smith ordered Lieutenant Percy, Mr. West, and the others to guard the entrances to the cabin, and suddenly turning he grasped the chief's long lock of hair and put his pistol to his breast. In this manner he led Opechancanough, trembling and "near dead with fear," out among his people. The chief delivered his bow and arrows to Captain Smith.

"I see, you Pamunkeys," said the Captain, still holding the chief by the hair, "the great desire you have to kill me, and my long suffering your injuries hath emboldened you to this presumption. The cause I have forborne your insolences is the promise I made you before the God I serve to be your friend till you give me just cause to be your enemy. If I keep this vow, my God will keep me; you cannot hurt me, but if I break it, he will destroy me. But if you

shoot but one arrow to shed one drop of blood of any of my men, or steal the least of these beads or copper I spurn here before you with my foot, you shall see I will not cease revenge, if I once begin, so long as I can hear to find one of your nation that will not deny the name of Pamunk. I am not now at Rassawek, half drowned with mire, where you took me prisoner; yet then for keeping your promise and your good usage and saving my life, I so affect you, that your denials of your treachery do half persuade me to mistake myself. But if I be the mark you aim at, here I stand, shoot he that dare! You promised to freight my ship ere I departed, and so you shall, or I mean to load her with your dead carcasses; yet if as friends you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you except you give me the first occasion, and your king shall be free and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt him or any of you."

At the close of this boastful speech, away went bows and arrows, the chief was released, and trade began in good earnest. Men, women, and children thronged around the Captain with their commodities. After two or three hours of this business the president became weary. He left two gentlemen, Mr. Behethland and Mr. Powell,

to trade, and went into the council house, where he fell fast asleep. His friends were off their guard, and here was a chance for the treacherous Indians. Forty or fifty warriors, armed with clubs and English swords, crowded into the building. Their haste shook the cabin and aroused the Captain, who, half awake as he was, took to his sword and shield, followed by Mr. Raleigh Crashaw and some others who were present. They charged toward the crowded doorway. But the Indians moved back more hastily than they had pressed forward. Opechancanough with some old men made a long oration, excusing this intrusion.

The remainder of the day passed off in friendly trading, the Indians being well satisfied with the payment they got for their commodities, and the English sailed away from Pamunkey with their corn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME "PRETTY ACCIDENTS" AND INCIDENTS.

MEANTIME two of the "Dutchmen," as they are called, returned to Jamestown, and told Captain Wynn, who was in command of the fort, that they had come for some tools which they needed, and a change of clothes. They procured new arms on the pretence that Captain Smith, having need of their arms, had taken them. They also plotted with some men in the fort, and secured various arms, ammunition, and tools, which they conveyed to Indians outside the fort, who carried them away. By aid of these confederates within Jamestown, to whom it was represented that they would be favorites of Powhatan and safe from the miseries of the colony, there was a constant leakage of weapons for months. Meanwhile, the Englishmen who had been left with Powhatan were in constant fear of their lives.

While Captain Smith was still away, a sad accident happened at Jamestown. Mr. Scrivener for some reason desired to visit an island in the river where the colonists kept their hogs, and

which to this day retains its name of Hog Island. The name in Smith's History is sometimes given a more poetical sound by calling it the "Isle of Hogs." Mr. Scrivener entered the skiff accompanied by Captain Waldo, Mr. Anthony Gosnold, and eight more. It was an "extreme frozen time;" there was a violent wind, and the boat was overloaded. She was upset in the tempest, and the Indians were the first to find the bodies. The loss was a great one to the little colony, and the Powhatan Indians were the more encouraged by it. No one could be found to go and tell the sad news to the president until Mr. Richard Wyffin undertook this dangerous mission. When he arrived at Werowocomoco the English were not there, and he could see preparations for war on every side.

Mr. Wyffin's life was in danger; but Pocahontas came to his assistance. She hid him while he was at Werowocomoco. When he had gone, the Indians prepared to pursue him; but Pocohontas sent them in the direction opposite to the one in which he had gone. After three days' journey, and by the use of ample bribes among the savages, Mr. Wyffin reached the adventurers. Captain Smith made him swear to keep his sad news a secret for the present, fearing lest his men

should become demoralized for the dangers through which they must yet pass.

Powhatan seems to have had trouble to persuade his people into any skirmishing with the whites. In the words of the narrative, the Indians hated a fight with them “almost as ill as hanging, such fear had they of bad success.” On the morning following the arrival of Mr. Wyffin, the English stopped at an Indian village. At sunrise the fields were covered with Indians and their baskets of commodities. They would not trade unless Captain Smith would come ashore, and they would not on any account endure the sight of a gun. The Captain complied with their request ; but he managed to arrange some of his men in ambush so that he might be assured of a defence without affecting savage nerves with the sight of firearms. All went on well until the Indians had beset the Captain and his companions with numbers. The Indians drew their arrows even now with trembling hands, and when the ambuscade was suddenly discovered, they fled precipitately, “esteeming” in the words of the history, “their heels for their best advantage.”

During the night Mr. Crashaw and Mr. Ford were sent to Jamestown with the barge. This boat, passing down the river in the darkness add-

ed to the Indians' fright, for they thought Captain Smith was sending for more men. The chief sent a string of pearls as a conciliatory present, and promised to freight the ship with food. For several days they flocked in from all parts of the country, bearing corn upon their naked backs.

A young warrior named Wecuttanow, a son of one of the principal chiefs, brought the English some food which was poisoned. This would have cost the life of Captain Smith and several others, had not the dish been overdosed with poison. The young Indian was suspected of a knowledge of this affair. Seeing him stand on the defensive, Captain Smith caused a good whipping to be administered to him, and then spurned him as though he thought him too mean for further punishment.

When the English again reached Werowocomoco, they found that Powhatan had deserted the place. He did not relish his proximity to the colony. They sailed with all speed for Jamestown, well supplied with corn and deer suet. Those who had been left at the fort had lived upon what provision there was, which was spoiled by rain and eaten by rats and worms, so that it could not have been pleasant diet. The colonists

now found that they had good food enough to last until the next corn harvest.

Captain Smith appointed six hours a day to be spent at work and the remainder of the day in “pastime and merry exercises.” He made his unruly colonists a speech.

“Countrymen,” said the Captain, “the long experience of our late miseries I hope is sufficient to persuade every one to a present correction of himself. And think not that either my pains nor the adventurers’ * purses will ever maintain you in idleness and sloth. I speak not this to you all, for divers of you I know deserve both honor and reward better than is yet here to be had ; but the greater part must be more industrious or starve, however you have been heretofore tolerated by the authority of the council from that I have often commanded you. You see now that power resteth wholly in myself. You must obey this now for a law, that he that will not work shall not eat, except by sickness he is disabled, for the labors of thirty or forty honest and industrious men shall not be consumed to maintain an hundred and fifty idle loiterers. And though you presume the authority here is

* The members of the London Company were called adventurers.

but a shadow, and that I dare not touch the lives of any but my own must answer it, the letters patent shall each week be read to you, whose contents will tell you the contrary. I wish you therefore without contempt to seek to observe these orders set down, for there are now no more councillors to protect you nor curb my endeavors. Therefore, he that offendeth let him assuredly expect his due punishment."

The Captain furthermore made a public record of every man's behavior, hoping thus both by encouragement and shame to better the conduct of the colonists. Meanwhile there was a constant leakage in arms, ammunition, and tools, by means of the Dutchmen's confederates within Jamestown, who, though the loss was known, were not caught until it was too late.

The Dutchmen remained with Powhatan, instructing him in the use of English arms. Their rendezvous was at a glass-house half a mile distant from Jamestown. One of the men came here one day disguised as a savage. Captain Smith, hearing of his arrival, went to the glass-house with twenty men, hoping to capture him. He was already gone, however, and sending his men in pursuit, Smith undertook to return alone to Jamestown, armed only with a sword. On

his way he met the chief of Paspahagh, who immediately prepared to shoot the Captain, who, however, sprang forward and grappled with him. The chief was very strong and stout, and he picked up the Captain and carried him to the river. Into the river he jumped with his enemy and attempted to drown him. They struggled together in the water until Smith managed to get a good grip of the chief's throat. He drew his sword, and would have cut off his head, but the Indian begged piteously for his life, and Smith led him prisoner to Jamestown, where he had him put into chains.

The Dutchman was also brought in prisoner ; but he told Captain Wynn a story about how Powhatan had detained him by force, that he had escaped at the hazard of his life, and meant to have returned immediately to Jamestown, but was only walking in the woods in search of walnuts. He was inadvertently allowed to go with this excuse, though the imprisoned chief confessed to a very different story. Captain Smith told him that if he could procure the return of the Dutchmen he would save his life. The poor Indian did his best to accomplish this, sending messengers daily to Powhatan. The answer came back that Powhatan did not detain the Dutchmen, but

that they would remain, and he could not send them fifty miles on men's backs. Every day the wives, children, and people of the prisoner would come to Jamestown to visit him, bringing with them presents to appease the anger of the English. His liberty was promised him ; but finding his guard negligent one day, he made sure of it. The runaway chief was pursued, and two Indians named Kemps and Tussore were captured in the pursuit. These Indians were said to be the "two most exact villains in all the country." With these for guides, Smith sent Captain Wynn to recapture the escaped chief, in which, however, Wynn failed, though he burnt the chief's house. Captain Smith now set out himself, and attacked the Paspahegh Indians, who, recognizing him, threw down their arms and sent their orator, a young man named Okaning, to him

"Captain Smith," said Okaning, "my master is here present in the company, thinking it Captain Wynn and not you ; of him he intended to be revenged, having never offended him. If he hath offended you in escaping your imprisonment, the fishes swim, the fowls fly, and the very beasts strive to escape the snare and live. Then blame him not, being a man. He would entreat you remember, you being a prisoner, what pains he

took to save your life. If since he has injured you, he was compelled to do it ; but howsoever you have revenged it with our too great loss. We perceive and well know you intend to destroy us that are here to entreat and desire your friendship and to enjoy our houses and plant our fields, of whose fruit you shall participate, otherwise you will have the worse by our absence, for we can plant anywhere, though with more labor, and we know you cannot live if you want our harvest, and that relief we bring you. If you promise us peace, we will believe you ; if you proceed to revenge, we will abandon the country.”

Peace was accordingly made. When Captain Smith returned to Jamestown, he found that the Chickahominy Indians had been discovered in various thefts. Among other things a pistol had been stolen. The thief had escaped ; but two young Indian brothers, who were known to be his confederates, were captured. One of the brothers was imprisoned, and the other was told to go and get the pistol, and if he did not return with it in twelve hours his brother would be hung. The savage sped away on his errand. Meantime Captain Smith took pity on the poor naked Indian, in his cold dungeon, and sent him food and charcoal for a fire. About midnight the

brother returned with the stolen pistol. On entering the dungeon it was found that the prisoner had been smothered with the carbonic acid gas generated by the charcoal fire, and had fallen senseless among the coals, where he was sadly burnt. The poor brother was heart-broken. He lamented his death with such bitterness that the bystanders were touched. Captain Smith, though he had little hope that the Indian could be brought to, quieted the brother with the assurance that if they would steal no more he would make him alive again. The Englishmen went to work with brandy and vinegar, and the Indian presently came to his senses. His brother, however, was still more distressed to see him quite out of his mind from the effects of the smothering and fright, to say nothing of the brandy. Captain Smith promised to cure him if they would both behave well hereafter. He had the man put by a fire to sleep. He awoke in the morning in his right mind, his wounds were dressed, and the brothers were sent away well pleased with presents of copper. The story was told among the Indians as a miracle, and they believed that Captain Smith could bring back a man that was dead.

Another Indian got possession of a great bag

of gunpowder and the back piece of a suit of armor. With a great display of superior knowledge he proceeded to dry the powder over the fire in the piece of armor as he had seen English soldiers do. The Indians crowded around him, peeping over his shoulder, to see this wonderful process. The result was that the powder blew up, killing the Indian and several others, and scorching all so badly that they had no desire to meddle with powder again.

These and “many other such pretty accidents,” as the writers wittily call them, gave the superstitious minds of Powhatan and his people a good fright. The Indians came in from all parts desiring peace, bringing presents and returning many stolen things of which the English had had no suspicion. Any of their people caught in theft after this were sent by Powhatan back to Jamestown for punishment, and a savage dared not “wrong an Englishman of a pin.”

CHAPTER XXV.

FIGHTING STARVATION.

THIS peaceful state of affairs enabled the colonists to follow their business quietly and successfully. Tar, pitch, and soap ashes were manufactured, a specimen of glass was made, a well of sweet water, a thing much needed heretofore, was dug within the fort, some twenty cottages were built, the church was covered, and fishing nets were prepared. A block house was built on the neck of the peninsula and garrisoned as a place for trade with the savages, and to prevent the constant thieving and disturbances. As spring came, land was tilled and corn planted. The colonists had started with some three hogs and a few chickens. They had now "sixty and odd pigs," and it was stated as a great wonder that "five hundred chickings" had "brought up themselves" without feeding. Upon Hog Island, which served as a natural pig pen, another block house was built as a point from which notice of shipping might be given. The colonists cut down trees and made clapboards and wainscot-

ing for exercise. They began the building of a fort as a place of retreat in case of extremity. This place was said to be situated near a river, upon a high hill. There stands in Virginia a building called "the Old Stone House," situated twenty-two miles from Jamestown, upon a high, steep bluff overlooking Ware Creek, a tributary of York River, which is in all probability the place of retreat which the colonists built. It is constructed of sandstone from the creek's bank and without mortar. It is a very small structure, being eight and a half feet wide by fifteen in length, and has a basement and one story. The walls and chimney are standing, there is a doorway six feet in width, and it is everywhere pierced with loopholes. This little fort is in a solitary, romantic spot reached only along a narrow ridge, deep in a gloomy woods full of ivy-grown ravines. Tradition has connected this building with legends of Captain Smith, Pocahontas, and the hidden treasures of the pirate Blackbeard.

The fortress was never finished. In examining the store of corn one day, it was found to be almost consumed with the rats whose ancestors had been left by the ships, and who had multiplied enormously, while what they had spared was rotten. The colonists were driven to their wits'

ends. The Indians, who laid by no store, and were always improvident, had now no corn left. The colonists must either make out to live upon the wild fruits of the country or starve. All other work was abandoned in the search after food. The two Indians, Kemps and Tussore, who were considered such villains, had been retained as prisoners among the English. They had been used to teach the colonists how to plant Indian corn. Having already too many mouths to feed, the English set these Indians at liberty. They had grown so fond of the colonists, however, that they were quite unwilling to go. The natives showed the utmost friendliness in this extremity, bringing in quantities of game and venison. Every exertion was made to supply food. At one time sixty or eighty men were sent down the river with Ensign Saxon to live upon oysters; twenty men to Point Comfort with Lieutenant Percy to fish; and twenty more up the river, but this party could find nothing but acorns to live upon. As usual there were some thirty or forty who provided food for the colony by their own industry, while the others had to be forced to save themselves from starvation. There were then, as now, quantities of sturgeon to be had in the James River. Some of the more

industrious colonists dried the meat of this fish and pounded it, mixing it with herbs, so as to make a sort of bread out of it, after the manner of the Indians, while others would gather roots for food. The idlers wished Captain Smith to sell tools, arms, even the very ordnance and houses of Jamestown, to the savages for food. They were very desirous of deserting the country.

The government was now entirely in Captain Smith's own hands, he being both council and councillors. The last member of the council, Captain Wynn, had died before the times of plenty were over. Although the council had often hampered him in his management of treacherous Indians abroad and unruly Englishmen at home, he had a most affectionate feeling for all its later members.

Captain Smith at last made the following speech to the colonists : " Fellow soldiers : I did little think any so false to report or so many to be so simple to be persuaded that I either intended to starve you or that Powhatan at this present time hath corn for himself, much less for you, or that I would not have it if I knew where it were to be had. Neither did I think any so malicious as now I see a great many, yet it shall not so passionate me but I will do my best for my most

maligner. But dream no longer of this vain hope from Powhatan, nor that I will longer forbear to force you from your idleness and punish you if you rail. But if I find any more runners for Newfoundland with the pinnace, let him assuredly look to arrive at the gallows. You cannot deny but that by the hazard of my life many a time I have saved yours, when, might your own wills have prevailed, you would have starved, and will do still, whether I will or no. But I protest by that God that made me, since necessity hath not power to force you to gather for yourselves those fruits the earth doth yield, you shall not only gather for yourselves, but those that are sick. And this savage trash you so scornfully repine at, being put in your mouths your stomachs can digest ; if you would have better, you should have brought it ; and therefore I will take a course you shall provide what is to be had. The sick shall not starve, but equally share of all our labors, and he that gathered not every day as much as I do, the next day shall be set beyond the river and be banished from the fort as a drone, till he amend his conditions or starve."

Every effort was made to carry the colonists through this period of want. For this purpose some of their number were boarded, so to speak,

among the Indians, where they were treated with the utmost kindness. So comfortable were they, that several of the colony ran away. They sought out the old prisoners, Kemps and Tusore, thinking they would be sure of friendly treatment and an idle life with them. These Indians, however, had no desire to entertain truants. Kemps proceeded to make sport of them for the benefit of the Indians. He dealt with them as the white men had dealt with him when a prisoner. He made fun for the Indians by feeding "the runaway Englishmen with this law; who would not work must not eat." The indolent truants were nearly starved, and constantly threatened with beatings. Nor would this jocular Indian allow them to escape. He at last returned them as prisoners to the authorities at Jamestown.

Mr. Sicklemore returned about this time from Chawonoke, with accounts of where the silk grass might be found, having discovered nothing of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony. Nathaniel Powell and Anas Todkill were also sent in search of the lost colony among the Mangoag Indians, where they could learn nothing but that they were all dead.* The chief of these Indians is

* See Appendix, II.

honored in the old narrative with numerous adjectives, being an "honest, proper, good, promise-keeping king." Though he adhered to the faith of his people, he admitted that the God of the English "as much exceeded his as our guns did his bow and arrows." He would sometimes send presents to Captain Smith, requesting him "to pray to his God for rain, or his corn would perish, for his gods were angry."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL OF NEW COLONISTS AND SMITH'S DEPARTURE.

ONE day a vessel arrived in command of Captain Samuel Argall, a relative of Sir Thomas Smith, the treasurer of the London Company. Captain Argall had come with a load of wine and provisions to trade with the colonists, contrary to the company's regulations. The necessities of the colonists were so pressing that they seized upon Argall's provisions, which they returned to him when they received their supply from England. Captain Argall brought with him news of a change in the London Company, of preparations for a large supply of colonists, and of the appointment of Lord Delaware (La Warre, or De La Warre) to the office of Governor-General to the colony.

A new patent had been granted by King James to the company, which now included many noblemen whose influence and wealth had enriched it to such an extent that the third supply sent to Virginia was undertaken on a large

scale. Like all commercial bodies, the company was selfish. It lacked far-sightedness, and looked only for immediate enrichment at the hands of an infant colony, caring little whether the colony succeeded in maintaining a foothold or not, if only the projectors might receive some commercial benefit from these men who were sent into the wilderness totally unqualified for the struggle of frontier life. Hopes were still held out from time to time of the discovery of mines of precious metal or the attainment of sudden riches after the manner of the Spanish. To be sure gold had not been found lying in profusion on the very surface of the earth, and people now saw that it was unreasonable to expect that it should be. Still it was argued that gold certainly must be there. Every thing was done in England to encourage the public faith in Virginia's resources. Among other things, Hakluyt published a translation from the Portuguese, entitled "Virginia richly valued by the description of Florida, her next neighbor." In this book the Spaniard's testimony as to the existence of mines of gold and other metals in Florida was taken to prove that Virginia must also contain precious metal.

While the aim of the company at home was

commercial wealth, Captain Smith's mind was set upon such commonplace objects as corn and deer suet for hungry mouths, looking only to the firm planting of a new England in Virginia.

Captain Smith's letter, plain-spoken almost to rudeness, was not calculated to conciliate the London Company. He received letters by Captain Argall rebuking him for his treatment of the savages ; and it seemed to be the company's desire to take the government from his hands as quickly as possible.

Nine vessels were fitted out for a voyage to Virginia—the Sea Adventure, the Diamond, the Falcon, the Blessing, the Unity, the Lion, the Swallow, and two smaller boats. Five hundred colonists sailed in these vessels, some of whom were veteran soldiers, though many were dissolute gentlemen, “packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies.” Eight horses were also sent over in this fleet. Sir Thomas Gates was appointed Lieutenant-General ; Sir George Somers, Admiral of Virginia ; and Captain Newport, Vice-Admiral. Gates and Somers were to govern the colony in the place of Lord Delaware, and each of these three gentlemen was furnished with a commission to take the government out of Captain Smith's hands immediately on

his arrival. But it chanced that they all sailed in the same vessel, the *Sea Adventure*. Among the captains of this fleet were the old colonist Martin, and the evil spirits Ratcliffe and Archer. The ships sailed from Plymouth on the first day of June, 1609. They had a pleasant voyage until the twenty-third of July, when they were caught in a hurricane. The vessels were dispersed, and one of the smaller boats lost. In the early part of August the *Blessing* sailed up the James River. She was soon followed by the *Falcon*, the *Unity*, and the *Lion*. Shortly after the *Diamond* appeared with her mainmast gone, followed in two or three days by the *Swallow*, in a similar state. But no *Sea Adventurer* appeared. No one had the authority to take the government out of Captain Smith's hands; and yet it was not likely that the new colonists, under a fresh charter, which did not look to the rights of the older settlers, and led by Ratcliffe, Martin, and Archer, who certainly had no more friendly feeling for Captain Smith than he had for them, would be likely to submit to his rule. All was confusion; the colony was divided into factions: "to-day the old commission must rule, to-morrow the new, the next day neither." It is stated that Captain Smith would willingly have

returned to England ; but there seemed now no hope that the new rulers would arrive, and the colony was in a deplorable condition with no lawful rulers, the old commission withdrawn, none to take its place, and the majority of the colonists newly-arrived, headstrong, ambitious, and entirely inexperienced, more determined upon finding gold than anything else.

Captain Smith resumed the government. He planned a new settlement to be made under Mr. West at the falls in the James River, and another under Captain Martin at Nansemond. His year had about expired, however. He made Captain Martin president in his place ; but this gentleman, knowing his own inefficiency, resigned within three hours in favor of Captain Smith, and proceeded to Nansemond. Here he had ill success, getting into a skirmish with the Indians, in which some of his men were killed and his provision stolen.

Mr. West's company was planted in an unhealthy and inconvenient spot. Captain Smith purchased from Powhatan the site of his hamlet of Powhatan for the use of Mr. West's company. These men, however, being mostly of the new supply, refused to occupy this new situation. The strong-willed Captain went up the river

with five men and endeavored to force them to obey. They resisted, and Captain Smith was forced to protect himself by a retreat to his boat. He spent nine days attempting to bring the unruly company into submission and trying to disabuse them of their ideas of gold mines and a South Sea beyond the falls. He at last set sail for Jamestown. Immediately the Indians, who did not relish their proximity and the harsh treatment they had received at their hands, made an attack upon the settlement. Meantime Captain Smith's boat had run aground, and the settlers, frightened by the hostile Indians, came to him and gave in their submission.

Captain Smith imprisoned some of the ring-leaders of the mutiny, and settled the others at Powhatan, which was fortified in Indian manner with boughs of trees, possessed many dry cabins, was in a commanding situation, and surrounded by pleasant cornfields. The delighted colonists, considering it the pleasantest place in Virginia, gave this village the name of Non-Such. But when West, who had been to Jamestown, returned he, "having bestowed cost to begin a town in another place, disliked it," and the settlement was removed to its former situation.

Returning down the river to Jamestown, **an**

accident happened to Smith. While lying asleep in the boat his powder bag exploded and wounded him severely. The Captain instantly leapt into the water to quench the fire, and was only rescued with difficulty from drowning.

It is stated in Smith's History that Captain Smith's return to England soon after was to obtain surgical aid, while Captain Ratcliffe wrote in a letter at the time that Smith was sent home to answer some misdemeanors. This may also have been the case, since the colony was involved in constant squabbles upon which it is impossible to pass judgment. Captains Ratcliffe and Archer were imprisoned by Smith for insubordination; their trial was about to take place at the time of Smith's accident, and they in their turn would probably send him to England if they could get the power. However that may be, Captain Smith left Virginia in the Fall of 1809, never to return. He had been in the colony a little over two years. At the time of his departure he says that there were about four hundred and ninety persons in the colony, the corn newly harvested, a good supply of arms, ammunition, and tools, with many domestic animals. Whatever were his faults, he had saved the colony from the Indians and from starvation, and had carried it

through some of its worst perils. More than any other man he deserves the title of founder of Virginia. Of all its evil accidents, the colony suffered none that so much threatened its existence as Smith's departure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FATE OF THE SEA ADVENTURE.

THE admiral's ship was beaten upon by a fearful storm, which is most graphically described by William Strachey, who was on board the doomed vessel. The people began to "look one upon the other with troubled hearts and panting bosoms;" but their cries were "drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder." Nothing was "heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope. Such was the tumult of the elements that the sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain: the waters like whole rivers did flood in the air," while "winds and seas were as mad as fury could make them." The ship "spued out her oakum" and sprung leaks in almost every joint. This news, "imparting no less terror than danger, ran through the whole ship with much fright and amazement." It was "as a wound given to men that were before dead." There was now a dire fight for life.

Sailors and passengers stood up to their waists in water, bailing with buckets, kettles, anything. "The common sort stripped naked, as men in galleys, the easier both to hold out and to shrink from under the salt water which continually leapt in among them, kept their eyes waking, and their thoughts and hands working with tired bodies and wasted spirits, three days and four nights destitute of outward comfort, and desperate of any deliverance, testifying how mutually willing they were, yet by labor to keep each other from drowning, albeit each one drowned while he labored." Hope was almost gone with the exhausted passengers. Some even drank a farewell to one another, until a speedy meeting in the other world. The aged admiral, Sir George Somers, sat upon the poop directing the vessel's course almost without food or sleep. On the last night of their dreary vigil, he called his men to see the electrical phenomenon known as St. Elmo's light, "an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the mainmast, and shooting from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds. . . . Half the night it kept with us, . . . but upon a sudden, towards

the morning watch, they lost it, and knew not which way it made."

Sir George Somers from his post called out that land was in sight. "This unlooked-for welcome news," says Smith's History, "as if it had been a voice from heaven, hurrieth all above hatches to look for that they durst scarce believe, so that improvidently forsaking their task (the bailing of water), which imported no less than their lives, they gave so dangerous advantage to their greedy enemy, the salt water which still entered at the large breaches of their poor wooden castle, as that in gaping after life they had well nigh swallowed their death." It was not necessary now, however, to urge every man "to do his best." The coast before them was one usually avoided by sailors, but these storm-tossed adventurers spread all sail to reach it. The Sea Adventurer struck first upon a rock, from which the surge of the sea cast her away again, and then upon another. The much-battered vessel at last found safe harbor wedged in an upright position between two rocks on the coast of the Bermuda Islands, as though in a dry dock at home. The adventures of this vessel probably suggested the subject of one of the

greatest plays in the English language, the "Tempest" of Shakespeare.

The one hundred and fifty colonists upon the Sea Adventure were thus safely landed upon the Bermudas. These islands had long had a reputation among sailors for being enchanted, a "den of furies and devils, the most dangerous, unfortunate and forlorn place in the world." The delighted adventurers, roaming over their island, found it to be "the richest, healthfullest, and pleasantest they ever saw." All went busily to work, some taking what could be gotten from the wrecked vessel, some in search of food and water, and others building cabins of palmetto, while old Sir George did not search long before he found "such a fishing" that in the course of half an hour he caught enough fish with a hook and line to feed the whole company. The island was found to abound in wild hogs. In fact the colonists lived in such plenty and so easily upon the game and fruit of the island, that many of them desired never to leave it.

For about nine months the adventurers dwelt upon the Bermudas, which were then named the Somers Isles, in honor of the admiral: the name was afterwards corrupted to "Summer Islands." In spite of the plenteous fruitfulness of the land,

this little colony was not without its jealousies and dissensions. On the whole, however, the winter passed pleasantly in the occupation of building two pinnaces out of cedar and the remains of the old Sea Adventure. Two children were born upon the island. The boy was christened Bermudas, and the girl, daughter to a Mr. John Rolfe, was named Bermuda. They had also "a merry English marriage." Sir George Somers' cook wedded the maid of Mrs. Mary Horton, named Elizabeth Persons.

A long boat was sent to Virginia in the spring, but never was heard of. The adventurers were at last ready to embark for Jamestown. The two vessels, the Deliverance and the Patience, were furnished with what provision had been saved from the wreck, and the colonists embarked in May, 1610, for Virginia. A forlorn welcome awaited them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STARTING HOME AND TURNING BACK.

THE winter of 1609-10 at Jamestown was known as "the starving time." George Percy, who was in poor health, had been elected president; but the unruly colonists had no leader, no indomitable will to force them to something like thrift and forethought. Pigs were eaten, the horses were devoured, not a chicken was left in the colony. Weapons and tools went for food. Trips into the Indian country in search of provision were managed poorly, and resulted disastrously. One supply party of thirty men was cut off by Powhatan; one man only escaped, and a boy named Henry Spellman was saved by the never failing kindness of Pocahontas. He lived for some years afterwards among the Potomac Indians. A company of men deserted in the colony's largest vessel; some of them became pirates, others returned to England with an exaggerated tale of horrors as an excuse for their own conduct. A miserable winter of hunger and

crime was followed by a hopeless spring. Things became desperate. In ten days more the last of the colonists would have been dead.

But, says Smith's History, God "was not willing that this country should be unplanted." The hopeful little colony from the Summer Islands landed to find left but sixty wretched men out of the four hundred and ninety. Sir Thomas Gates entered the dilapidated and deserted church. The bell was solemnly rung, summoning the survivors. Service was held and a "zealous and sorrowful prayer" was made on the part of Chaplain Buck, who had come with the Bermuda colonists. Mr. Percy then delivered up the colony's first patent, and the papers of the colony, and Sir Thomas Gates entered upon his new office. He looked about him. Jamestown was indeed in a ruined condition. The gates were off their hinges, many of the palisades were gone, and dead men's cottages had been torn down for firewood by weak and indolent survivors.

Gates could see no hope for the colony which had been planted at so much expense of money and life. His stock of provisions would last but a few weeks, and the Indians were determined in their hostility. Powhatan was at last sure of be-

ing rid of his troublesome neighbors. His policy was to starve the English out at least until the taking of Jamestown should be an easy matter.

There was but one thing to be done. The provisions would barely last to get the colony to Newfoundland, where there were chances of meeting with English fishing vessels.

Two weeks after the arrival of the Bermuda colonists, four pinnaces, the *Discovery* and the *Virginia*, the *Deliverance* and the *Patience*, lay in the James River ready to sail for Newfoundland. Each man was assigned to his vessel, and the colonists were leaving Jamestown. They hated the poor dismantled village which most of them had hallowed neither by bravery nor self-denial. Some of the more reckless were determined to set fire to the houses, and celebrate the occasion with a conflagration. To prevent this Sir Thomas Gates was the last one to leave Jamestown. As they sailed away, "none dropped a tear, for none had enjoyed one day of happiness." That day they dropped down the stream to Hog Island. As they neared the mouth of James River on the following morning, they met the long boat of Lord Delaware's approaching fleet, sent out to intercept them. Lord Delaware had started from London on the first of April

with one hundred and fifty colonists, most of whom were working men. One of the vessels, the Hercules, they had lost sight of in a storm; the other two ships sighted the headlands of Chesapeake Bay on the fifth of June. They anchored for the night off Cape Henry, and the men went ashore to refresh themselves, fish, and set up a cross, that the Hercules might know of their arrival if she ever reached Chesapeake Bay. While they fished, some Indians came down to them, held intercourse on friendly terms, and were given a share of the fish by Lord Delaware. On returning to the ships, the navigators descried a sail. Lord Delaware gave chase to the strange vessel. To their great joy they found her to be the Hercules. The fleet anchored off Point Comfort, where the captain of the fort at this point, Colonel Davis, told them a tale, "mixed both with joy and sorrow,"—joy because of the news that the passengers of the Sea Adventure had not been lost, as had long been believed; sorrow because of the misfortunes of the colony. Learning that the pinnaces were even now in the river waiting the turn of the tide to sail for Newfoundland, while they had yet provision left Lord Delaware sent out his long boat to turn them back.

The colonists again landed at their deserted town, and on Sunday morning, the tenth of June, Lord Delaware disembarked. A sermon was preached in the church by Mr. Buck, and Sir Thomas Dale delivered up his papers. Lord Delaware then rose and delivered a short speech, "laying some blames on them," as he afterwards said in a letter to England, "for many vanities and their idleness, earnestly wishing that I might no more find it so, lest I should be compelled to draw the sword of justice to cut off such delinquents, which I had much rather draw in their defence to protect from enemies," and concluding by "heartening them with the knowledge of what store of provisions I had brought for them."

The settlement in Virginia had indeed come near to extinction. Had Lord Delaware been a day or two later, the colonists would have been gone past recall. On the other hand, had they delayed their return for a little longer, the Indians would have sacked and destroyed the fort of Jamestown, which was the only thing that could keep them in abeyance, and indeed the colonists had nearly destroyed this themselves.

Lord Delaware set all things to work to retrieve the fortunes of England's little colony.

He must soon have discovered the nature of the men that he had to govern, for he wrote back home that "an hundred or two of debauched" men "dropt forth year after year, . . . ill provided for before they came, and worse governed after they are here," men "whom no examples daily before their eyes, either of goodness or punishment, can deter from their habitual impieties or terrify from a shameful death," were not the men to be the "workers in this so glorious a building."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BLOCK OF AMBERGRIS.

THOUGH Lord Delaware had a year's provisions, he did not let the colony depend on these. Captain Argall was sent to fish for cod and halibut, and in the month of August he dropped anchor in "a very great bay," which he called the Delaware. Sir George Somers was sent back to the Bermudas to secure some wild hogs with which to restock the colony. "The good old gentleman, out of his love and zeal," went "most cheerfully and resolutely." He encountered contrary winds, and was forced to the more northern coast of Virginia; but he persevered, and reached the Bermudas at last in safety. Here Sir George Somers labored hard to accomplish his purpose; but he was destined never to leave the islands which bear his name. Finding himself about to die, he exhorted his men to be constant to the Virginia Plantation. Lacking the courage of their leader, his men, however, embalmed his body and set sail with it for England

in their bark of thirty tons burden. Three of their number, Carter, Waters, and Chard, had volunteered to remain on the island, their comrades promising to return for them. Here they lived, lords of an island abounding in food. When the ship was fairly out of sight, they worked diligently, planting corn and seeds and building themselves a house. They thus lived happily together until good luck befell them. In searching in the crevices of the rocks one day they came upon a very large block of ambergris—a substance secreted in the intestines of whales, of bright gray color, and very valuable as a perfume.

Having now become rich, these three men immediately became unhappy. They grew proud, ambitious, and contemptuous. Though, in the words of the old narrative, they were “but three forlorn men, more than three thousand miles from their own country, and but small hope ever to see it again,” they now “fell out for superiority.” They had words over the merest trifles, and they sometimes went from words to blows. One day, when they were fighting, the dog of one of the men bit his master in disgust, “as if,” says the story, “the dumb beast would reprove them of their folly.” Matters went from bad to

worse, until Chard and Waters, the two prouder spirits of the three, resolved on a duel. Carter became frightened ; he preferred even quarrelsome neighbors to solitude, so he hid the duellists' weapons. For two long years these unhappy men lived on their island, until their clothes were almost entirely worn from their backs. All this time they kept up a triple war. At last, however, " they began to recover their wits." They " concluded a tripartite peace," and made up their minds to build a boat and " make a desperate attempt for Virginia." They had no sooner made this resolution than they descried a sail on the horizon. The vessel stood in for shore, and the three exiles were overjoyed, though " they neither knew what she was or what she would." They ran with " all possible speed " to meet her. " According to their heart's desire, she proved an Englishman."

Those who had returned with Sir George Somers' body attempted to awaken an interest in the Summer Islands, but their stories were considered " travellers' tales." It at last came into the mind of some of the Virginia Company that this might be a good land for a new plantation. A company was formed for the planting of the Bermudas, a patent was granted it, and this

vessel which the three lonely men had descried was the first ship sent out to make a trial. The captain found that the three men had been industrious. There was an acre of corn ready to be harvested, with quantities of pumpkins and beans, and a plentiful store of salt pork and cured bacon.

The three islanders never became rich from their block of ambergris. The governor of the new colony got an inkling of it. The result was that the colony was thrown almost into a civil war over this treasure. The governor using it as a loadstone to draw fresh supplies to his colony, sent back to the Company only a third at a time of the treasure. Many pieces of it were stolen, and the original finders got no benefit whatever, while it served to produce dissension both in the colony and in England. It often happens that riches prove only something to quarrel about.

CHAPTER XXX.

DIVIDING THE LAND.

UNDER Lord Delaware's governorship some progress was made in the colony. Hours for labor were from six to ten o'clock in the morning, and from two to four in the afternoon. Two forts were built, and named Henry and Charles for the king's sons. The church was rebuilt, twenty-four feet in breadth and sixty in length, with a chancel of cedar, cedar pews, a black-walnut communion table, and handsome wide windows, with shutters to close them in bad weather. The church was kept trimmed with sweet wild flowers. Prayers were held here twice a day; two sermons were preached on Sunday and one on Monday. When Lord Delaware attended church on Sunday, he was accompanied by the officers of the church with high-sounding names, and followed by fifty attendants armed with halberds * and wearing his lordship's hand-

* A halberd is a long pole surmounted by a battle-axe and ending in a spear-head.

some scarlet livery. In church Lord Delaware's seat was a chair covered with green velvet, and a red velvet kneeling cushion was before him. Such courtly pomp belonged to the age; but it was ridiculous enough in poor little Jamestown.

During Lord Delaware's administration, Captain Argall was sent to the Potomac to get corn from the natives, and Captain Percy was dispatched against the Pashiphey Indians to punish them for some misdemeanors. The English very cruelly burnt their cabins, and slew some women and children. Sir Thomas Gates was sent back to England to procure a new supply for the colony.

During Lord Delaware's stay in America he was attacked by four or five different diseases. At last to save his life he was obliged to return home. His return threw "a damp of coldness" in England upon the enterprise, so that the adventurers wished to withdraw their payments. Lord Delaware was much distressed by this result. He made a public explanation of the cause of his desertion of the colony, how he had been welcomed to Jamestown with ague, and how this was followed successively by dysentery, cramps, gout, and scurvy. Such were the malarial influences with which the colonists had to contend.

Fortunately, Sir Thomas Dale had already been dispatched with three vessels loaded with men and cattle. He arrived in Virginia in May, 1611, and took the government out of George Percy's hands. In August, Sir Thomas Gates also arrived in Virginia with a fleet of six vessels, three hundred men, a hundred cattle, two hundred hogs, and a good supply of provisions. He brought from England his wife and daughters, but Lady Gates died on the voyage.

When Dale had arrived in the spring the colony had already relapsed into old habits. The colonists were found busily occupied playing bowls in the streets of Jamestown. A more permanent reform was begun under the successive administrations of Dale and Gates. During this summer the wisest measure yet tried was adopted—a measure so simple that it seems strange that it was so long missed. Every man was given a little tract of land from which to raise his own support, and the colonists were no longer dependent on a public store and no longer worked for the interests of others. The limits of the colony were fast extended. A new town was built above the falls in the James River, and named Henrico in honor of the heir-apparent to the throne of England, who was a great favorite. Here the Rev. Alex-

ander Whitaker, "the apostle of Virginia," established himself, "bearing the name of God" to the natives. Morning and evening the colonists prayed: "Lord, bless England, our sweet native country."

The colony was now governed with a terribly severe code of laws taken from the martial laws of the old countries. Every thing was done according to rule. It seems incredible what trivial offences were punished with death. For the second time that a man committed the offence of profanity a bodkin was thrust through his tongue, and for the third time the penalty was death. The first time a man stayed away from church he forfeited a week's allowance, the second time he was whipped, and the third offence was punished with death. Desertion of the colony, theft, wilfully pulling up a flower, gathering of grapes, or plucking ears of corn belonging to others, the killing of domestic animals, were all punished with the same rigor. He who treated a minister with disrespect was publicly whipped three times and forced to ask forgiveness of the congregation three Sundays in succession. For one offence a man lost his ears and was branded on his hand, for another he was compelled to lay "head and heels together" all night. If a man refused to

give a clergyman a statement of his faith or declined to take his advice on religious matters, he was whipped daily until he repented. Jamestown must now have seen a strict and circumspect body of colonists within her streets.

Grants of land were extended. After a time the London Council began giving individuals patents to large tracts. In time plantations came to be scattered along the shores of the James River and its tributaries. The increased use of tobacco made this plant a valuable article of export. The little colony was really beginning to reach forth into something like prosperity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

POCAHONTAS A PRISONER.

ALL this time Powhatan was hostile to the colonists. In one way and another he had possessed himself of many English arms, and had detained a number of Englishmen as prisoners. Pocahontas happened to be among the Potomacs on the river of that name. One account says that she had gone thither, feasting among her friends, but Hamor says that she had been sent to the Potomacs to trade with them. Perhaps also Powhatan distrusted her friendship for the whites. Whatever may have been the cause, Pocahontas was certainly making a stay on the Potomac River. Captain Argall had gone to trade with the Indians on the Potomac. Some friendly Indians informed him that Pocahontas was in the region. A plan for bringing Powhatan to terms immediately suggested itself to the unscrupulous captain. He sent for one of the Indian chiefs, and told him that if he did not give Pocahontas into his hands they would no

longer be "brothers nor friends." The Potomac Indians were at first unwilling to do this, fearing that it might involve them in a war with Powhatan. Captain Argall assured them that he would take their part in such a war, and they consented to his plan.

The following story is told of the manner in which Pocahontas was betrayed. The Indian girl manifested no desire to go aboard Captain Argall's vessels, having many a time been on English vessels in her friendly intercourse with the whites. Captain Argall offered an old Indian named Japazaws their resistible bribe of a copper kettle if he would betray Pocahontas into his power. Japazaws undertook to do this with the assistance of his wife, whose "sex," remarks the old writer, "have ever been most powerful in beguiling enticements." The old woman became immediately possessed with an intense desire to visit the English ship, which she said had been there three or four times and she had never been aboard it. She begged her husband to allow her to go aboard, but Japazaws sternly refused, saying she could not go unless she had some woman to accompany her. He at last threatened to beat her for her persistence. The tender heart of Pocahontas was moved with pity; she offered to

accompany the woman on board the English vessel. Japazaws and his wife with the chief's daughter were taken on to the ship, where they were well entertained and invited to supper. The old man and his wife were so well pleased with the success of their stratagem that during the whole meal they kept treading on Captain Argall's toes. After supper the captain sent Pocahontas to the gun-room while he pretended to have a private conversation with Japazaws. He presently recalled her, and told her that she must remain with him, and that she should not again see Powhatan until she had served to bring about a peace between her father and the English. Immediately Japazaws and his wife set up "a howl and cry," and Pocahontas began to be "exceeding pensive and discontented." The old people were rowed to shore, happy in the possession of their copper kettle and some trinkets.

Captain Argall sent an Indian messenger to Powhatan, informing him that "his delight and darling, his daughter Pocahontas," was a prisoner, and informing him that "if he would send home the Englishmen whom he had detained in slavery, with such arms and tools as the Indians had gotten and stolen, and also a great quantity of corn, that then he should have his daughter restored, other-

wise not." Powhatan was "very much grieved," having a strong affection both for his daughter and for the English weapons which he possessed. It was a hard alternative. He sent, however, a message desiring the English to use Pocahontas well, and promising to perform the conditions for her rescue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

IT was a long time before any thing more was heard from Powhatan. After three months he sent to the governor by way of ransom seven Englishmen, overjoyed to be free from slavery and the constant fear of a cruel death, three muskets, a broadaxe, a whip-saw, and a canoe full of corn. These were accompanied with a message to the effect that he would further satisfy injuries, give the English a large quantity of corn, and be forever their friend when his daughter was delivered up. The English received these things "in part payment," and returned such an answer as this to Powhatan :

"Your daughter shall be well used, but we cannot believe the rest of our arms are either lost or stolen from you, and therefore till you send them we will keep your daughter."

The wily old chief was much grieved at this message, and it was again a long time before any thing was heard from him. At last Sir Thomas

Dale, taking with him Pocahontas and a hundred and fifty men, embarked in the colony's vessels for a visit to Powhatan. The party sailed up the York River. Powhatan was not to be seen. The English told the Indians that they had come to deliver up the daughter of Powhatan and to receive the promised return of men and arms. These overtures were received with scornful threats and bravadoes, and open hostility. Skirmishing ensued, in which some of the Indian houses were burned and property spoiled.

The Indians asked why this had been done. The English answered by asking why they had shot at them. The Indians excused themselves, laying the blame on some straggling savages. They protested they intended no harm, but were the white man's friends. The English rejoined that they did not come to hurt them, but came as friends. A peace "was patched up" and messengers were sent to Powhatan. The Indians told the English that their imprisoned men "were run off" for fear the English would hang them, but that Powhatan's men "were run after to bring them back." They promised to return them with the stolen swords and muskets on the following day. The English perceived that this story was told only to gain time. Meantime two

brothers of Pocahontas came aboard the ship to visit her. They had heard that she was not well, and were overjoyed to find her in good health and contented. While they were visiting with their sister, Mr. John Rolfe and Mr. Sparks were sent to negotiate with Powhatan. They were received kindly and hospitably entertained, but they were not admitted to the presence of the offended chief. His brother Opechancanough saw them and promised to do the best he could with Powhatan, saying that "all might be well." With such slight satisfaction the English were obliged to return to Jamestown, for it was now April and time to sow corn.

Pocahontas had been about a year a prisoner at Jamestown. There can be no doubt that she was treated with the greatest friendliness by the colonists. Her feelings had always been warm for the white strangers. Now that she was an innocent and interesting young prisoner among them, what more natural than that she should be honored and petted? Pocahontas was now a woman, being about eighteen to nineteen years of age. To judge from her portrait she could not have possessed the beauty with which tradition has invested her, but she had at least a pleasant and interesting face, and there must have been

some charm in her large black eyes and straight black hair.

There was one colonist at least who took a great interest in the young prisoner. Mr. John Rolfe is styled in the different records "an honest gentleman of good behavior," "an honest and discreet English gentleman," "a gentleman of approved behavior and honest carriage." His wife, whose little daughter was born at the Summer Islands and christened Bermuda, must have fallen a victim to the malarial influences which did such deadly work among newly-arrived colonists in Jamestown.

The subject of the conversion of Pocahontas had weighed heavily upon the mind of Mr. Rolfe. He accordingly attempted to convert her to Christianity, and in doing so fell in love with her. Pocahontas became a Christian, and what more natural than that the constant friend of the white men should love an Englishman?

Long before the trip up the York River Mr. Rolfe had loved the Indian maiden. He wrote a long letter to Sir Thomas Dale asking his advice. Sir Thomas readily consented to the marriage. Pocahontas, on her part, told her brother of her attachment to Mr. Rolfe. He informed Powhatan, who seems to have been well pleased with

the proposition, for within ten days an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers arrived at Jamestown. Powhatan had sent them as deputies to witness the marriage of his daughter, and to do his part toward the confirmation of it.

Pocahontas was first baptized. It was deemed necessary to give her a Christian name at her baptism. She was christened Rebecca, and as a king's daughter she was known after this as the Lady Rebecca, and sometimes as the Lady Pocahontas.

In April, 1614, the odd bridal procession moved up the little church with its wide-open windows and its cedar pews. The bridegroom was a young Englishman, the bride an Indian chief's daughter, accompanied by two red-skinned warriors, her brothers, and given away by an old uncle. Perhaps more than one of the colony's ministers officiated. Before the altar with its canoe-like font Pocahontas repeated in imperfect English her marriage vows, and donned her wedding wing. The wedding is briefly mentioned by the old recorders only as something bearing upon the welfare of the colony. It was the first union between the people who were to possess the land and the natives. The colonists doubtless regarded it as a most auspicious event, binding

as it did the most powerful chief in Virginia to their interests. Pocahontas's wedding day must have been a festive day in this balmiest of the months of the Virginia climate.

From this day friendly intercourse and trade were again established with Powhatan and his people. To the day of his death the old chief never violated the peace which was thus brought about.

In still another way the marriage of Pocahontas benefited the colony. The nearest neighbors of the English were the Chickahominy, a powerful tribe of Indians who were just now free from the yoke of Powhatan, whom they regarded as a tyrant. They had taken advantage of the recent differences between this chief and the colonists to hold themselves exceedingly independent of both. But now that Powhatan and the English were united, the Chickahominy began to fear for their own liberty. They sent a deputation to Sir Thomas Dale desiring peace. Dale visited them, entered their council, and concluded a treaty stipulating that the Chickahominy Indians should call themselves Tassantessus, or Englishmen, as a sign of friendship, furnish three hundred men in case of a Spanish attack on the colony, bring a tribute of corn at harvest-time, for which they should re-

ceive payment in hatchets ; and, lastly, that each of the eight of their chief men who were to see to the performance of this treaty should have a red coat and a copper chain with the picture of King James hung upon it, and “be accounted his noble men.”

The treaty was confirmed with a great shout, followed by an Indian oration, directed first at the old men, then at the young, and lastly at the women and children.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF SIR THOMAS DALE.

EARLY in 1614 Sir Thomas Gates had returned to England and left the government of the colony to Sir Thomas Dale. An old soldier of the Netherlands, Dale was harsh in the enforcement of law, but his strict rule, tempered by a hard-earned wisdom on the part of the Virginia Company, was beneficial, and under his government the little commonwealth gained a sure foothold in America.

Commercial jealousy was bitter and relentless in those days. A little French colony of Jesuit missionaries had been planted on the coast of Maine, within the limits of the charter granted by King James. The English now made frequent fishing voyages far north along the coast. Captain Argall set out on a voyage, however, according to one authority, for the express purpose of destroying the Jesuit colony. The Indians at Pemaquid, supposing the captain would be pleased to meet brother white men, informed him

that there was a settlement of Frenchmen at Mount Desert. The faces of Argall and his men instantly depicted an excitement which the Indians took for delight, and they offered a pilot to the harbor of the little colony. The French were scattered about in the woods when they saw an English vessel decked with red, and with the sound of trumpet and drums, bearing down upon their own ship securely anchored in harbor, her sails converted into awnings, and but ten men aboard her. Without a preliminary word Argall opened fire. Du Thet on board the French vessel made one wild shot from the ship's guns, but was mortally wounded with a musket ball. The helpless vessel surrendered. Landing and searching the colony's tents, Argall discovered the desk of the commander, La Saussaye, opened it, pocketed his royal commission and relocked the desk. Captain Argall demanded his papers when La Saussaye returned from the woods, and when they were found missing, declared that he had neither title nor right to the land on which he was settled. Argall permitted his men to plunder the colony. The Jesuits remonstrated with him. "Well, it is a pity you have lost your papers," remarked Argall.

La Saussaye and a dozen men returned to

France in a fishing vessel. The others were carried to the Chesapeake, where Argall represented that they had been without a commission. Dale imprisoned them, and they were threatened with hanging. The unscrupulous Argall became frightened at the result of his deception and confessed the truth, whereupon the prisoners were released.

Mr. Ralph Hamor, who had been in Virginia for several years, was upon the eve of returning home, and wished to see Powhatan. He was sent with an interpreter on a commission by Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent the governor word by Hamor that he need have no more fears in regard to his intention. He said: "There hath been enough of blood and war. Too many have been slain already on both sides, and, by me, occasion there shall never be more. I, who have power to perform it, have said it. I am now grown old and would gladly end my days in peace and quietness, and although I should have just cause of resentment, yet my country is large enough and I can go from you. And this answer I hope will satisfy my brother."

While Hamor was among the Indians he found an Englishman who had been made a prisoner some three years before. He looked so like an

Indian both in complexion and dress that he was recognized only by his speech. He begged Hamor to procure his release. When Hamor made this request Powhatan showed much discontent. "You have one of my daughters," said the chief, "and I am content; but you cannot see one of your men with me but you must have him away or break friendship. If you must needs have him you shall go home without guides, and if any evil befall you thank yourselves."

"I will," said Hamor, "but if I return not well, you may expect a revenge, and your brother Dale might have just cause to suspect you."

Powhatan left his guest in a passion. He entertained him, however, at supper with a "cheerful countenance." About midnight he awoke Hamor and said he would send him and the other man home on the morrow. Powhatan, like all Indians, was a consummate beggar. He always had a list of presents which he desired at the hands of the English. He now told Hamor to remind "his brother Dale" to send him ten great pieces of copper, a razor, a frow for riving shingles, a grindstone, and some fish hooks and nets. Lest Hamor should forget any of these things he made him write them down in a mem-

orandum-book which the old chief had got into his possession. He probably had seen Englishmen do this when they wished to remember any thing. Hamor wrote the list of things, and the old chief took back the book. Hamor asked him for the book, but Powhatan would not give it up, saying that "it did him much good to show it to strangers."

Sir Thomas Dale did not live at Jamestown, but at a more recent plantation on the James River called Bermuda Hundred. Mr. Whitaker was the minister at this place, and here lived Rolfe and his wife. Dale, Whitaker, and Rolfe devoted themselves assiduously to the task of instructing Pocahontas. She was taught the English language and especially educated in the Christian religion. Pocahontas, on her part, was eager to learn. Her husband and Sir Thomas Dale were probably planning to take her to England. One can imagine the training that this Indian woman went through to learn the formalities and refinements of civilized life. But Pocahontas' inclination had always been towards the English. She became so well educated that she had no desire to return to her father, "nor could well endure the society of her own nation." It is said that "the true affection she constantly bare her husband

was much," and if we may believe the quaint words of the old history " he, on the other hand, underwent great torment and pain out of his violent passion and tender solicitude for her."

In 1615 a great lottery was drawn in England for the benefit of Virginia. This pernicious resource for money was soon after put a stop to. In this same year a Spanish vessel, the constant dread of the colony, " was seen to beat to and fro off Point Comfort." A boat was at last sent ashore for a pilot. The pilot went out to them and the vessel sailed away with him. Arrived at Spain they endeavored to persuade him to betray the company. He refused, and was imprisoned for four years, at the end of which time he was returned to England.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LADY POCAHONTAS IN ENGLAND.

SIR THOMAS DALE had been five years in Virginia when in 1616 he settled the affairs of the colony, left Yeardley as deputy-governor, and embarked for England. He took with him Mr. Rolfe, Pocahontas, Tomocomo, or Uttamattomakin, one of Powhatan's chief men, married to his daughter Matachanna, and other Indians of both sexes. Tomocomo, who was considered among the Indians "an understanding fellow," had been charged by Powhatan to count the people in England and give him an exact idea of their strength. It is said that Opechancanough, who was rising into power among the Indians, also charged Tomocomo to observe whether the English had any trees or grain in their country. The Indian boy Namontack, whom Captain Newport had taken over, had seen hardly any thing except London, and had reported great numbers of men and houses, but he made no mention of trees or cornfields. Opechancanough had a strong suspicion, from the colonists' constant desire for

corn and the shiploads of lumber which left the James River, that England was destitute of these commodities.

The vessel reached Plymouth on the 12th of June, 1616. On leaving the vessel Tomocomo was prepared with a long stick and a knife ready to make a notch for every man he saw. He kept this up till "his arithmetic failed him." In travelling by coach from Plymouth up to London, Tomocomo discovered that England did not lack in trees and grain-fields. We can imagine the excitement that followed these travellers everywhere. They were all wonders, but especially was the "Princess" Pocahontas. The popular interest in her must have exceeded the usual desire to catch a sight of the King of England and his family. It was even debated, doubtless at the suggestion of the ever-jealous royal dunce, King James, whether Rolfe had not committed high treason in marrying the daughter of a foreign prince without permission of his sovereign.

Pocahontas was now mother to a little son, Thomas Rolfe, whom she "loved most dearly." Immediately on her arrival the Virginia Company took measures for the maintenance of her and her child. Persons of "great rank and quality" took much notice of Pocahontas. She did not like the

smoke of London, and was removed to Brentford.

In this year Sir Walter Raleigh had been liberated after thirteen years' imprisonment, and went around London renewing acquaintance with familiar objects and noting the changes that had been made. It is very probable that Sir Walter, "the father of Virginia," took pains to see Pocahontas.

Captain Smith was at this time between two voyages and his stay in London was limited. He met Tomocomo, and they renewed old acquaintance.

"Captain Smith," said the Indian, "Powhatan did bid me find you out, to show me your God, and the king and queen and prince you so much had told us of."

"Concerning God," says Smith, "I told him the best I could, the king I heard he had seen, and the rest he should see when he would." Tomocomo, however, denied having seen King James till Smith satisfied him that he had by the circumstances. Tomocomo immediately looked very melancholy and said :

"You gave Powhatan a white dog, which Powhatan fed as himself, but your king gave me nothing, and I am better than your white dog."

There was much curiosity "to hear and see the behavior" of Tomocomo, he being a real savage and untutored Indian. Purchas says of him: "With this savage I have often conversed at my good friend's, Master Doctor Gulstone, where he was a frequent guest, and where I have seen him sing and dance his diabolical measures."

Captain Smith, as he says, desiring to return the courtesy of Pocahontas, had written the following letter to the queen immediately upon hearing of the arrival of Pocahontas.

"To the most high and virtuous Princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain.

"MOST ADMIRER QUEEN: The love I bear my God, my king, and country hath so oft emboldened me in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honesty doth constrain me to presume thus far beyond myself to present your majesty this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest virtues, I must be guilty of that crime if I should omit any means to be thankful. So it is that some ten years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantequas, the most man-

liest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage, and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart, of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say that I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats.

“ After some six weeks fattening among these savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine ; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight-and-thirty miserable, poor, and sick creatures to keep possession of all those large territories of Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth as, had the savages not fed us, we directly had starved.

“ And this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by this lady, Pocahontas. Notwithstanding all these passages when inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us ;

and by her our jars have oft been appeased and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power sought to surprise me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury ; which had he known he had surely slain her. Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation ; and, during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day.

“ Since then this business having been turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at. It is most certain after a long and troublesome war after my departure betwixt her father and our colony, all which time she was not heard of, about two years after she herself was taken prisoner. Being so detained near two years longer, the colony by that means was relieved,

peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, she was married to an English gentleman, with whom at present she is in England ; the first Christian ever of that nation, the first Virginian ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman : a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a prince's understanding.

“ Thus, most gracious lady, I have related to your majesty what at your best leisure our approved histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your majesty's life. And, however, this might be presented to you from a more worthy pen, it cannot come from a more honest heart, as yet I never begged any thing of the State or any ; and it is my want of ability and her exceeding desert, your birth, means, and authority, her birth, virtue, want, and simplicity, doth make me thus bold humbly to beseech your majesty to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter as myself, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your majesty. The most and least I can do is to tell you this, because none hath so oft tried it as myself ; and the rather being of so great a spirit, however her stature. If she should not be well received, seeing this

kingdom may rightly have a kingdom by her means, her present love to us and Christianity might turn to such scorn and fury as to divert all this good to the worst of evil ; where, finding so great a queen should do her some honor more than she can imagine, for being so kind to your servants and subjects, would so ravish her with content, as endear her dearest blood to effect that your majesty and all the king's honest subjects most earnestly desire. And so I humbly kiss your gracious hands."

CHAPTER XXXV.

POCAHONTAS AT COURT.—HER DEATH.

CAPTAIN SMITH went to Brentford with several others to see Pocahontas. She saluted him modestly, and without a word turned around and “obscured her face as not seeming well contented.” Smith, with her husband and the other gentlemen, left her “in that humor” for several hours. The captain was disappointed, and repented having written the queen that she could speak English. But when the gentlemen returned Pocahontas began to talk, and said that she remembered Captain Smith well, “and the courtesies she had done.”

“You did promise Powhatan,” said Pocahontas, “what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I do to you.”

Captain Smith tried to excuse himself from this honor. Knowing the jealousy of the court he “durst not allow that title because she was a king’s daughter.”

“ Were you not afraid,” said Pocahontas, with a look of determination, “ were you not afraid to come into my father’s country, and caused fear in him and all his people but me, and fear you here I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countryman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth ; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much.”

This deception played, it seems, upon the Indians, and to which Rolfe must have been a party, is very strange. It has been conjectured by romancers that Pocahontas had really loved Smith, but there seems to be no reason to think any thing more than that she felt a warm affection for him as a friend of her childhood.

Pocahontas, it is said, had been so well instructed that she “ was become very formal and civil after our English manner.” During his brief stay in London Captain Smith made frequent visits to Pocahontas, accompanied by courtiers and other friends who wished to see the Indian lady. The gentlemen, said Smith, “ generally concluded they did think God had a great hand in her conversion,” and said that they had

“seen many English ladies worse favored, proportioned, and behavioered.”

Pocahontas was presented at court, accompanied by Lady Delaware, both to the king and queen. Ben Jonson's Christmas Mask was played at court on the 6th of January, 1617. Pocahontas and Tomocomo were present. The following notice of it is found in a letter of the day: “On twelfth night there was a mask, when the new-made Earl (Buckingham) and the Earl of Montgomery danced with the queen. . . . The Virginian woman, Pocahontas, and her father's counsellor have been with the king and graciously used, and both she and her assistant were pleased at the mask. She is upon her return, though sore against her will, if the wind would about to send her away.”

Captain Samuel Argall was about to sail for Virginia as governor of the colony. Rolfe and his wife must return to their home, Tomocomo must go back to tell Powhatan of his observations, but the other Indians were left in England to be educated.

While Pocahontas was in England her portrait was drawn and engraved. She is represented in the fashionable costume of the day. Beneath the picture were these words: “Matoaks als Re-

becka, daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperor of Attanough-kornouck als Virginia, converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and wife to the worshipful Mr. John Rolfe. Aged 21. Anno Domini 1616.”

Pocahontas, it is said, was unwilling to leave England. She was destined never to return to Virginia. She died at Gravesend on the eve of her departure for America, being about twenty-two years of age. The few words devoted in Smith's History to her death are quite characteristic of the times: “It pleased God at Gravesend to take this young lady to His mercy, where she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to the beholders to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end.”

In the parish register at Gravesend is the following blundering entry, which could hardly have referred to any other than Pocahontas:

“1616, May 2j, Rebecca Wrothe
wyff of Thomas Wroth gent.

a Virginia lady borne, here was buried
in ye chancell.”

The child of Pocahontas was left in England in the care of Sir Lewis Stewkley, and afterwards transferred to the care of his uncle, Mr. Henry

Rolfe, a London merchant. He was educated in England and afterwards returned to America. From him descended some of the most respectable families in Virginia. There is on record a petition signed by Pocahontas's son, Thomas Rolfe, and addressed to the authorities of the colony in 1641, praying to be allowed to go to the Indian country to visit his mother's sister, known among the white people as Cleopatra.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CAPTAIN SMITH AND NEW ENGLAND.

IN spite of all his troubles at Jamestown, Smith, as he says, "liked Virginia well." The remainder of his life was devoted to the furtherance of colonization in the New World. No jealousy kept him from an enthusiastic interest in the welfare of the Virginia colony. He was quick to rejoice over its growing prosperity. Henceforth we see him in the meetings of the Virginia Company, exciting merchants through a desire for gain to adventure voyages, exploring the coast of North Virginia, writing books and pamphlets to draw attention to the American colonies, and travelling over England selling these works.

After the failure of the colony of the Plymouth Company in Maine, and the dreary picture of the New England coast given by the colonists, Captain Smith was the first to again attract attention to this part of the New World. He set sail in March, 1614, with two vessels fitted out at the expense of some London merchants, for the purpose of catching whales, or discovering gold

mines, and if these failed, of returning with a cargo of fish and furs.

Precious metal was not to be found, and whale fishing was pronounced a "costly conclusion," for they "saw many and spent much time in chasing them, but could not kill any." The best part of the fishing season was now gone, but the sailors spent the remainder of the summer catching and curing cod-fish. Meantime Captain Smith in a small boat with eight men explored the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod. He bought large quantities of furs from the Indians along the coast, paying them in trifles. From his observations Smith made a map. He returned to England with a cargo of furs, leaving Captain Thomas Hunt in command of the second vessel to return by way of Spain, where he was to dispose of the fish. This man, after the departure of Captain Smith, decoyed twenty-four savages on board his vessel and sailed to Spain with them, selling them for slaves in the port of Malaga. This infamous deed, avers Captain Smith, was perpetrated for the purpose of making the Indians so hostile as to prevent the establishment of a colony, and thus leave the profitable trade to such adventurers as himself.

Smith reached England after having been gone

some six months. He presented his map to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., and requested him to change the barbarous names by which its different capes, bays, and rivers were known. The young prince named Cape Ann, which Smith had called Cape Tragabigzanda, after the Turkish lady who had loved him; changed Gosnold's name of Cape Cod to Cape James; changed Massachusetts River to Charles River, and made various other alterations, some of which remain to this day while others are forgotten. Smith gave a lively description of the country. The Plymouth Company, as owners of "the dead patent to this unregarded country," engaged Captain Smith to undertake a voyage in their service. Soon after the old Virginia Company made him an offer to take the command of a fleet of four vessels. He was, however, bound in honor to the Plymouth Company and refused. Meantime a vessel which had sailed to the coast of New England in search of gold returned to report an entire failure, and the Plymouth Company's ardor was dampened. Smith had promised to return to Plymouth about Christmas. When he reached this place in the early part of January, 1615, with two hundred pounds in his pocket, ready and eager to again set sail, his hopes

were disappointed, and it was too late for him to accept the offer of the other colony.

Captain Smith was destined never again to set foot in the New World, though he lived many years after this. But he was always at work for the furtherance of his project. To him New England owes its name. He says that this part of America was formerly known as Norumbega, Virginia, Nuskoncus, and Pemaquida. He expresses particular contempt for the name "Canaday" in his orthography, as applied to New England. In his writings Smith dilates upon the fine fishing along the coast of this country. He says that fish are "to be had in abundance, observing but their seasons; but if a man will go at Christmas to gather cherries in Kent, though there be plenty in summer he may be deceived; so have these plenties here each their season."

After his experience Smith thought he could plant a colony of three hundred men on this coast, and supply them provisions by trade with the savages. "If they should be untowards, as it is most certain they will," says Smith, "thirty or forty good men will be sufficient to bring them all in subjection."

With a sturdy pen Smith presented the advantages of colonization to the men of his day. He

despises a tame staying at home, and characterizes the manner of living of many men of his day in descriptions which would not be inapplicable to-day. "Then who would live at home idly," exclaims Smith, "or think in himself any worth to live, only to eat, drink, and sleep, and so die; or by consuming that carelessly his friends got worthily, or by using that miserably that maintained virtue honestly, or for being descended nobly and pine with the vain vaunt of great kindred in penury, or to maintain a silly show of bravery, toil out thy heart, soul, and time basely, by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice, or by relating news of other men's actions, shark here and there for a dinner or supper, deceive thy friends by fair promises, and dissimulation in borrowing where thou never meanest to pay, offend the laws, surfeit with excess, burthen thy country, abuse thyself, despair in want and then cozen thy kindred, yea, even thy own brother, and wish thy parents' death (I will not say damnation) to have their estates."

Opposed to this Smith gives a picture of the delights of a life in the New World. "What pleasure can be more," he says, "than being tired with any occasion ashore in planting vines, fruits, or herbs, in contriving their own grounds

to the pleasure of their own minds, their field, orchards, buildings, ships, and other works, to recreate themselves before their own doors in their own boats upon the sea." He describes the pleasures of fishing in a passage which has a flavor like that of Isaac Walton. "What sport," says Smith, "doth yield a more pleasing content and less hurt and charge than angling with a hook and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea, wherein the most curious may find profit, pleasure, and content?" Looking at another side of fishing he says: "Is it not pretty sport to pull up twopence, sixpence, and twelvecence as fast as you can haul and veer a line?" Smith says that though a man may work thus only part of his time he will make more than he can spend, "unless he be exceedingly excessive." "And lest any should think the toil might be insupportable," says the persuasive captain, "though these things may be had by labor and diligence, I assure myself there are who delight extremely in vain pleasure that take much more pains in England to enjoy it than I should do here to gain wealth sufficient. And yet I think they should not have half such sweet content, for our pleasure here is still gains, in England charges and loss: here na-

ture and liberty affords us that freely which in England we want or it costeth us dearly.”

Captain Smith said that he had not been “so ill-bred” as not to have “tasted of plenty and pleasure as well as want and misery ;” that neither necessity nor discontent forced him to “these endeavors, nor am I ignorant,” said he, “what small thanks I shall have for my pains, . . . yet I hope my reasons with my deeds will so prevail with some that I shall not want employment in these affairs, to make the most blind see his own senselessness and incredulity, hoping that gain will make them effect that which religion, charity, and the common good cannot.” He wanted to make a colony “of all sorts of worthy, honest, industrious spirits, . . . not to persuade them to go only,” said he, “but go with them ; not leave them there, but live with them there. I will not say but by ill providing and undue managing such courses may be taken as may make us miserable enough, but if I may have the execution of what I have projected, if they want to eat let them eat or never digest me, . . . and if I abuse you with my tongue, take my head for satisfaction.”

But anxious as Smith was to colonize New England he was not destined to be father to that as well as to Virginia.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FIGHTING PIRATES AND PRIVATEERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the Plymouth Company to fulfil their engagement with Captain Smith, he still labored hard to accomplish his object. After "a labyrinth of trouble" Smith was furnished with two vessels by some friends, assisted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Smith had planned to plant a colony with but sixteen men. He had indeed wished for a much larger number with which to begin his settlement, "but," says Smith, "rich men for the most part are grown to that dotage through their pride in their wealth, as though there were no accident could end it or their lives." He must therefore content himself with a colony of sixteen, and he believed that, through his friendship with some of the Indians of the New England coast and his experience at Jamestown, he might still succeed.

He set sail in March, 1615. He had gone but a hundred and twenty leagues when he was separated from his other vessel, and lost his masts in

a storm. Smith was forced to return under a jury-mast to Plymouth, while the other vessel continued her course and returned in August with a profitable cargo. Captain Smith was not, however, to be deterred by accidents. He immediately set sail again in a bark of sixty tons burden, accompanied by his sixteen colonists. This time they were chased by pirates. Their pursuers had thirty-six guns and Captain Smith's vessel but four. His crew begged him to surrender, but this he refused to do until he could do so on fair conditions. He vowed that he would sink rather than be ill-used by the pirates. The pirate's men were astonished that a bark of sixty tons with but four guns should higggle about the terms of surrender. When it became known that Smith was the captain of the vessel it was found that many of the pirates had been soldiers under him, probably in the Turkish wars. They had run away from Tunis with this vessel. They were now destitute of provision and "in combustion amongst themselves." They offered their command to Captain Smith, but he declined the leadership of these mutinous adventurers. His unfortunate bark having escaped this danger again fell in with pirates. This time the enemy consisted of two French vessels. Captain Smith

had much ado to force his men to fight. He at last told them that he would blow up his ship rather than yield while he had powder left. So, to use his own expression, the ships "went together by the ears," and the bark at last escaped her pursuers in spite of their shot.

Near Flores Captain Smith's vessel was met by four French privateers, who said they had a commission from their king to take Portugals, Spaniards, and pirates. They called upon Captain Smith to come aboard them and show his papers. This he did after many fair promises on their part. He was no sooner aboard the French vessel, however, than he was detained, his own ship rifled, manned with French sailors, and his men divided among the different vessels in the fleet. Within five or six days other ships joined them, and the fleet numbered eight or nine sail. They at last surrendered the English vessel to her sailors and returned much of her provision. The crew desired to return immediately to England, but Captain Smith resolved to keep on for his destination. Before he parted with the French fleet the admiral again sent for Smith. While he was on board the admiral's ship a sail was spied and she went in chase. Meantime the mutinous part of Smith's crew set sail for England in the night,

leaving him on the French vessel in his "cap, breeches, and wastcoat," as the narrative says, his arms having been left aboard his own vessel, where the sailors divided them among themselves.

Captain Smith led a life of excitement aboard the French ship. The admiral's vessel was separated from the others of the fleet in a storm. While she lay off the Azores watching for prizes Smith occupied himself in writing a narrative of his last voyages. They were soon afterward chased by an English pirate with twelve guns and thirty men, nearly starved. During this fight Captain Smith was imprisoned in the gun-room. When the two vessels came to a parley the English endeavored to procure relief from the French, who as usual made fair promises in order to get them in their power. When they found the English pirates were ready to defend themselves to the last, they resolved to barter provision with them. While they were thus occupied they received some shot from a small vessel.

The next fight was with a small English fishing smack. During this engagement Captain Smith was confined in the cabin. From this station he could see the captain robbed of all his valuables and half his cargo of fish. His poor clothes were auctioned at the mainmast, and the proceeds

did not amount to sevenpence apiece to the pillagers.

The next capture was a Scotch ship. Fortunately for her she was not yet loaded, and the French did not get much from her. They next descried four vessels and "stood after" them. These vessels furled their sails and awaited the approach of the French vessel; "but," says Captain Smith with evident exultation, "our French spirits were content only to perceive they were English red crosses." A short time after this the French ship chased four Spanish vessels coming from the West Indies. When Spaniards were to be fought Captain Smith was released and ordered to assist, and with an Englishman's hatred of Spain he no doubt fought the Spaniards with some relish. For four or five hours the English fought the Spanish ships, "tearing their sides," says Smith, "with many a shot betwixt wind and weather, yet not daring to board them, we lost them, for which all the sailors ever after hated the captain as a professed coward."

A poor little Brazilian vessel was next chased. She was captured after a short fight, with fourteen or fifteen, "the better half," of her crew wounded. She was plundered of seventy chests of sugar, a hundred hides, and seventy thousand silver coins. The plunderers soon after met a

Dutch ship. They entrapped the captain aboard under the pretence of showing his commission and then captured his vessel. She was manned with French sailors, who took occasion in the night to run off with the vessel.

In a day or two more they met a West Indian man-of-war. For one whole forenoon they fought her. They captured her, and she proved the richest prize of all. From her they took a large quantity of hides, cochineal, coffers of silver, money and coffers containing the King of Spain's treasure, with pillage from many rich passengers. The pirates seemed now content. They had often promised to set Captain Smith ashore on some island or send him home in the next ship they met. They had also promised him a large share in their plunder. On their return voyage for France Smith was put into the little vessel loaded with sugar. This was separated from the admiral in a storm. She was once hailed by two West Indiamen. When they were answered with the sign of France the vessels went on their way with a parting broadside. Arrived at France, Smith was detained a prisoner in the harbor of Rochelle. He was now accused of being the English captain who had destroyed the French colony at Mount Desert, and was threatened with imprisonment or "a worse mis-

chief." He therefore took the first occasion to escape. A severe storm came on which drove all on board under hatches. The night was very dark, Smith watched for his opportunity and left the vessel in a little boat. He had but a "half pike" for a paddle, the wind was strong, the waves high, and Captain Smith drifted out to sea. For twelve hours he worked away in his little boat, baling out water on a night when the coast was strewn with wrecks. He at last reached a marshy island, nearly drowned and suffering from cold and hunger. He was found here by some hunters. The admiral's ship, meantime, had been wrecked. the captain and half his company with much of the plunder lost. Smith pawned the little boat for means to reach Rochelle. Here he lodged a complaint with the judge of the Admiralty, supported by some of the sailors as witnesses. We do not learn that he got any thing more than "good words and fair promises," with some paper certifying to the truth of his story, which he presented to the British ambassador at Bordeaux. He received great kindness on all hands, and especially from "the good Lady Chanoyes," who "bountifully assisted" him. Captain Smith returned to England to find that he had been "buried" by his mutinous sailors. He took measures to punish the ringleaders.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EVENTS IN THE COLONY—WIVES BY THE SHIPLOAD.

JOHN ROLFE, who was fond of novel experiments in agriculture as in marriage, is said to have been the pioneer tobacco-planter of Virginia. The raising of tobacco paid the planters so well that for many years there was a constant temptation to neglect the planting of sufficient corn for food. In consequence of scarcity in the colony during the year 1616, the Chickahominy Indians were called upon to furnish a tribute of grain according to their treaty. They refused, however, and Yeardley with one hundred of his best shot marched into their country. Here he was received with contempt. The Indians said he was only Dale's man ; they had paid Dale their tribute, but would not pay him. A skirmish ensued, in which twelve Indians were killed and as many made prisoners. These were ransomed with corn, and the Indians were glad to rid themselves of the Englishmen by loading their boats.

Powhatan was growing old, and began to fear

his brother Opechancanough. This Indian was as ambitious and influential as Powhatan, while he was younger, and very popular with Indians and whites. Since Opitchapan was both old and decrepit, Powhatan was the only obstacle between him and chief dominion among the Indians. This wily old chief had never loved the English any too well. He had on every occasion refused to enter or approach the white settlements. He would not even go to Jamestown to attend the wedding of his daughter. Powhatan now dreaded lest his ambitious brother should betray him into the hands of the English. He therefore retired to a distance from Jamestown, devoting himself to warding off this danger.

The old chief expressed great sorrow when he heard of the death of Pocahontas. He was, however, pleased that her son was living, and both he and Opechancanough said they would like to see him. When Tomocomo returned Powhatan called upon him for the number of people in England. "Count," said Tomocomo, "the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand upon the seashore, for such is the number of the people in England."

Captain Argall was now governor of the colony and John Rolfe was his secretary. Argall found

Jamestown on his arrival from England neglected, and the streets planted with tobacco. Poor little town! it was never destined to be great. Sir Thomas Dale had before this preferred to live at Bermuda Hundred. Virginians were fast becoming a widely scattered community of planters, its situation was unhealthy, and much of its site has since been washed away by the river. There still remain some graves and a church tower built of brick brought all the way from England.

In the year 1618 Powhatan died. Opitchapan nominally succeeded him, but Opechancanough was far too ambitious and popular to remain in a subordinate position. The power fell really into his hands. When the English came to Virginia, Powhatan had long since established his reputation as a great warrior, and could well afford to rest on his honors; but it was not so with Opechancanough. Had the English known as much of Indian character as we do to-day, they would have feared the younger chief, who had yet a career to make, a reputation as a brave to gain. But Opechancanough renewed the treaty of Powhatan, the English proceeded to scatter their settlements wherever good land for the cultivation of tobacco was to be found, and In-

dians went in and out the planters' houses on peaceful and friendly terms.

Argall's government was unscrupulous. He was the first public officer in this new country to make money out of the public store. He seems to have been cruel as well as unprincipled. Bitter complaints were sent by the colonists to the Company in England. Meantime Lord Delaware, who had spent much money and time in the service of the Company, again embarked with two hundred emigrants to take into his own hand the government of the colony. Unfortunately, he died on the voyage. Some of the members of the Company soon after sent Argall a very severe letter, accusing him of many wrongs against the Company and colonists. This was accompanied by a letter to Lord Delaware, with many accusations against Argall. Owing to the death of Lord Delaware both of these letters fell into Argall's hands. In October, 1618, when the news of Lord Delaware's death reached England, Captain Yeardley was appointed governor, and before his departure was knighted and treated with a discourse from King James upon the duty of carrying religion to the Indians. Before he reached Virginia, however, Argall was gone, and had turned into the hands of friends his wrong-

fully acquired property, quite after the approved manner of public thieves in our time.

Sir George Yeardley's government covered the most prosperous years that the colony had yet known. The first representative legislature held within the limits of the United States convened at Jamestown in 1619. The Company had granted the colony an annual assembly of the governor and council with two representatives from each plantation. This assembly met in the chancel of the Jamestown church, and among other things made the following laws: First, against drunkenness, that any man found drunk was to be reprov'd privately by the minister, if the offence were committed a second time he was to be reprov'd publicly, the third time he must "lie in bolts" for twelve hours and pay a fine, and if he still persisted he was to suffer such severe punishment as the governor and council should decide upon. "Against excessive apparel," an offence one would think hardly likely to creep into so young a colony, it was enacted that every man should be assessed "in the church for all public contributions; if he be unmarried, according to his own apparel; if he be married, according to his own and his wife's, or either of their apparel." It was found that many of the colo-

nists being single men did not settle permanently in the colony, but endeavored to make money at tobacco raising, intending to return ultimately to England. The Company resolved to provide wives for the colonists in order to bind them permanently to Virginia. "One widow and eleven maids" were sent over in 1621. The Company in England wished it to be understood that these women had been chosen with great care and came with good recommendations. They were to be "lodged and provided for of diet till they be married." If this did not quickly take place, however, they were to be "put to several householders that have wives till they can be provided of husbands." Moreover, a price was set upon wives. Each man must pay a hundred and twenty pounds of "best leaf tobacco" to defray the expense of his wife's importation, and that there might be no dead loss to the Company if one of the girls should die, the expense of her passage must be divided among the husbands of the others. Pains must also be taken lest there should be any cheating in the quality of the tobacco. Shortly after thirty-eight more "maids and young women" were exported by the London Company, with the hope that they would be "received with the same Christian piety and charity"

as the others, from which we may infer that these did not have to wait long for husbands. In the choice of the last, also, the Company had taken "extraordinary care and diligence." They had "good testimony of their honest life and carriage." This testimony, with the name of each girl, was inclosed for the benefit of the husband. They were labelled, so to speak. The price of wives was raised on this lot to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, with an addition if any of the girls should die.

"Their own deserts," say the directions to Virginia authorities, "together with your favor and care, will, we hope, marry them all to honest and sufficient men whose means will reach to present repayment, but if any of them shall unwarily or fondly bestow herself (for the liberty of marriage we dare not infringe) upon such as shall not be able to give present satisfaction, we desire at least as soon as ability shall be, they be compelled to pay the true quantity of tobacco proportioned, and that this debt may have precedence of all others to be recovered." The "maids" were welcomed in Virginia. We can imagine a planter going to Jamestown to get him a wife in exchange for a lot of choice tobacco. This sending out of

wives was one of the wisest measures adopted, for when there were wives in the cabin, and children born in the land, the white men felt that Virginia was indeed their home.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MASSACRES OF OPECHANCANOUGH.

IN 1621, when Sir Francis Wyat became governor, the peace with Opechancanough was ratified, and that chief seemed to the English to show decided evidences of a religious inclination.

The colony of Virginia had grown and increased, spreading its arms wherever fertile land was to be found. Eighty peaceful plantations lay widely scattered and almost entirely unprotected.

Totally unsuspected, the religiously inclined Opechancanough laid his plans for an extermination of the whites. Two days before the massacre the savages guided a white man safely through the woods. Up to the very hour appointed for the work to begin Indians lounged tranquilly about the plantations according to their habit. Within the space of an hour or two more than three hundred men, women, and children fell at the hands of the savages, who burned their houses, butchered their cattle, and mangled their dead bodies. One Indian servant out of affection for his master had revealed the plot on the eve of

its accomplishment. By his means Jamestown and the adjacent settlements were warned in the early morning, and thus a much more dreadful destruction was avoided.

Great was the consternation in England when the news arrived. The Company no more advised a tender and kindly treatment of the savages. The colonists now hated the Indians with a bitter animosity. They wreaked vengeance on them, they hunted them, they kept great mastiffs and bloodhounds to set upon them. They averred that the dogs took the "naked tanned" savages for "no other than wild beasts," while the Indians themselves feared them "worse than their old devil which they worship, supposing them to be a new and worse kind of devils than their own."

Captain Smith was fired with a desire to fight these savages and protect the colony in which he felt so warm an interest. He offered his services to the Company to lead a band of one hundred and thirty men to Virginia, promising to make "a flying camp," with which he would so torment the Indians as either to bring them into subjection or force them to leave the country. He also planned to make such explorations as would bring the two maps of Virginia and New England

together. Many favored his project, but others of the Company considered that the expense would be too great, and so were inclined to let the planters take care of themselves. Smith says he was given to understand that he would be allowed to undertake such an expedition at his own expense and might have the plunder as a reward. But he says, truly, that the plunder to be procured from Indian villages would not amount to twenty pounds in twenty years.

The massacre was a great drawback to the Virginia colony. The planters drew together upon some few plantations for safety, and it was some time before the Virginians gained a feeling of security and Virginia's prosperity returned to her.

Opechancanough was a savage of the savages, crafty, cruel, and proud. Twenty years later he instituted another massacre of the ever-encroaching settlers. He was supposed to be nearly a hundred years old, and very feeble. But his fierce ambition had by no means subsided with oncoming age. He led his men, and the deadly work was the most destructive where he was in person. But no resistance to white settlement could avail for the Indians of Virginia. Opechancanough was taken prisoner. The once straight

and active warrior was bent and emaciated. He was so weak that he was carried on a litter from place to place. The muscles of his eyelids were paralyzed so that he could not raise them. He was carried to Jamestown and well used, but was naturally an object of curiosity. Hearing one day the sound of many footsteps the old chief commanded his attendants to raise his eyelids. He saw himself surrounded by a crowd of people curious to see the famous Opechancanough. He sent for Sir William Berkley, the governor. "Had it been my fortune," said the proud old man, "to have taken Sir William Berkley prisoner, I would not have meanly exposed him as a show to my people."

Soon after this the old chief was shamefully shot in the back by his keeper, no doubt in revenge for his massacre of some family of women and children.

CHAPTER XL.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

CAPTAIN SMITH'S travels and adventures seem to have come to an end while he was yet young. He lived to see successful colonies thriving in the two lands of his affection, Virginia and New England. Had these perished he would no doubt have buckled on his armor again and planted anew.

During the later years of his life he published many books, and a general history of Virginia appeared under his supervision, but chiefly written by others, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Symonds. Captain John Smith died in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age. He was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, in London, where the following inscription was set up to his memory :

“ Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings,
Subdued large territories and done things
Which to the world impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former services done
In honor of God and Christendom ?
How that he did divide from pagans three
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry ;

For which great service in that climate done,
 Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,
 Did give him a coat of arms to wear,
 Those conquered heads got by his sword and spear;
 Or shall I tell of his adventures since
 Done in Virginia, that large continent,
 How that he subdued kings unto his yoke,
 And made those heathens fly as wind doth smoke.
 And made their land, being of so large a station,
 A habitation for our Christian nation,
 Where God is glorified, their wants supplied,
 Which else for necessaries might have died?
 But what avails his conquest? now he lies
 Interred in earth, a prey for worms and flies.
 Oh may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep
 Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
 Return to judgment, and that after thence
 With angels he may have his recompense."

Of Smith's explorations, Robertson says in his famous History of America :

"After sailing three thousand miles in a paltry vessel, ill-fitted for such an extensive navigation, during which the hardships to which he was exposed, as well as the patience with which he endured and the fortitude with which he surmounted them, equal whatever is related of the most famous Spanish discoverers in their most daring enterprises, he returned to Jamestown; he brought with him an account of that large

portion of the American continent now [in 1774] comprehended in the two provinces of Virginia and Maryland, so full and exact that after the progress of information and research for a century and a half his map exhibits no inaccurate view of both countries, and is the original upon which all subsequent delineations and descriptions have been formed."

Of the private character of our great captain we may judge by what one of Smith's former soldiers says of him :

" I never knew a warrior yet but thee,
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths so free."

Captain Smith was in his own day and until our time honored as the hero of Virginia. But there is a pedantic pride which loves to show its knowledge by unhorsing the heroes of history. In our own time the writings of Wingfield, Newport, and others, recently brought to light, have been used to discredit the narratives of Smith. Men have even assailed him with bitterness, and a recent writer intimates that he was a " gascon and a beggar," though the same author thinks that Virginia ought to erect a monument to his fame !

Men were not so careful of historical accuracy in the days of James I. as they are to-day His-

tory in our sense of the word was hardly known in English literature. The public expected travellers to please them with well-varnished stories. That Smith may have allowed his imagination too much play in setting down romantic facts from memory is not improbable. It was the bad fashion of travellers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the statements of Newport, Wingfield, and Ratcliffe, all enemies to Captain John Smith, and who yet say more to confirm than to contradict him, are certainly not entitled to half the weight of Smith's writings. For, on any theory, Wingfield was grossly incompetent, Newport was as helpless as a porpoise when he set foot on land, not efficient in exploring and foolish in negotiating, while Captain Ratcliffe was an adventurer sailing under the false flag of an assumed name.

There are two fields in which we are able to test Captain Smith's veracity. His map of the region about the Chesapeake remains to-day a wonderfully accurate chart, when we consider that he lacked the use of modern instruments for survey. His descriptions of the country are always correct, and his accounts of the manners and customs of the Indians are in the main true to the life, as we know the slow-changing Algonquin tribes of to-day.

Now, if we remember the solid qualities of Smith—if we remember the fact that at the beginning of the settlement at Jamestown he was excluded from the council and condemned by the other leaders, and that he was afterwards the one man who could manage the settlers and the savages, the man who, by the sheer force of necessity, was brought to the front and made president—we shall see how little ground there is for these aspersions of his character. Add to this that he was, after his return, a member of the London Council of the Company, and that the Virginia Company and the Plymouth Company competed for his services, and we can understand how little he deserves to be condemned on the testimony of the incompetent, whom he pushed to the wall for the sake of saving the colony. Make what reductions we may in his own narrative or in the testimony of his friends, accept for truth all that is said by his enemies, and on any possible theory of events John Smith remains, of all that quarrelsome company, the one man whose disinterestedness, courage, address, perseverance, and weight of character fitted him to save colonists from the result of their own folly and from the craft of the savages. Is such a hardy leader of forlorn hopes, such an explorer of new rivers,

such a terror to crafty savages, likely to be found in the person of "a gascon and a beggar"? Not Virginia alone, but the nation ought to erect a monument to the first explorer, the first defender, and the first historian of the country.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I. SMITH'S DELIVERANCE BY POCAHONTAS.

THIS story of Captain Smith's deliverance was not mentioned in his "True Relation," published in England in 1608, nor in the historical notices printed with his "Map of Virginia" at Oxford, 1612. It first appears while Pocahontas was in England in 1616 or 1617, in a letter addressed by Smith to the queen in behalf of the "Lady Rebecca" or Pocahontas. Nor does any account of his romantic deliverance appear in Wingfield's very brief narrative. The circumstantial account first appears in the "Generall Historie of Virginia," published in 1624. This book was gathered out of the writings of many writers, and was edited by Dr. Symonds, though it was issued in Smith's name. In consequence of its not appearing in the earlier accounts, the incident has of late years been very generally given up by historians as a romantic tale invented by the gallant captain after the daughter of Powhatan became famous

as the first convert to Christianity, and the first Indian woman married to an Englishman. We have thought it better to give the narrative in the text as it is given in Smith's General History, and to reserve a statement of its doubtfulness for this note.

Nor do we consider it quite clear that the pleasing story must be given up. There are yet so many unsolved questions about Jamestown and about Pocahontas, that we may have to return to the old belief in the veracity of Smith. In the "True Relation," published in 1608, he praises Pocahontas as "a child of ten years old which not only for feature, countenance, and proportion much exceeded any of the rest of his [Powhatan's] people, but for wit and spirit the only non-pareil of his country." If we suppose that this child had delivered Smith, but that for some motive unknown to us he or his editor suppressed the account, this praise seems natural. If not, why should he thus praise this Indian girl? He mentions farther on that she was sent as a messenger to intercede for certain savages that had been detained. Why should Powhatan send so young a child to accompany a messenger on a difficult mission? Why entrust his daughter to the whites? If she had delivered Smith all this

would be natural enough. It is all very difficult on any other supposition.

Again Pocahontas was always afterwards a friend and benefactor to the whites, helping and warning them. She was especially devoted to Smith, and when she was married to Rolfe she had been made to believe that Captain Smith was dead. When she met Smith in England she was much moved. All of these things are of the same piece with Smith's story of her interference in his behalf.

The "True Relation" was published somewhat mysteriously. Some copies bear the name of Thomas Watson, with a preface explaining that it was a printer's blunder, others the name of John Smith, others read "By a Gentleman of said Colony." This variation is clearly made in the same form of the title-page. The initials "I. H." are signed to the preface. Who is I. H.? Why this halting about the name of the author? It is confessed that the editor came upon his copy at second or third hand; that is, we suppose that it had been copied in MS. He also confesses to omitting what he thought "fit to be private." All account of the adventurous voyage is left out either by the author or the editor. Some sentences are incomprehensible even to so careful an

editor as Mr. Charles Deane, who reprinted the tract in 1866, and the name of Captain Smith does not appear in it throughout. Can any one doubt that the "True Relation" was carefully revised, not to say corrupted, in the interest of the Company and of the colony? And if so, what more natural than that the hostility of so powerful a chief as Powhatan would be concealed? For the great need of the colony was a fresh supply of colonists. Nothing would have so much tended to check emigration to Virginia as a belief that the most powerful neighboring prince was at enmity with the settlement. (The same reason may have procured the omission of the fight at Kecoughtan-Hampton, as related in Chapter IV. of this book; though indeed that story has a marvelous sound as told in the General History.)

While, therefore, much doubt is thrown upon the incident of Smith's deliverance by Pocahontas on account of its omission from the earlier accounts, there are some reasons for believing it to be true.

NOTE 2. THE SURVIVORS OF THE ROANOKE COLONY.

William Strachey, who makes the statement about the slaughter of the survivors of the colony

by Powhatan, in his "Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia," has the following curious sentence :

"At Peccarecamek and Ochanahoen, by the relation of Machumps [an Indian], the people have houses built with stone walls, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoake, at what time this our colony under conduct of Captain Newport landed within the Chesapeake Bay, where the people had up tame turkeys and take apes in the mountains ; and where at Ritanoë, the Werowance Eyanoco preserved seven of the English alive—four men, two boys, and one young maid (who escaped and fled up the river Chanoke)—to beat his copper, of which he had certain mines at Ritanoë." (1849, p. 26.)

That is to say, if we disentangle it rightly, that Eyanoco, chief at Ritanoë, preserved the lives of seven of the English settlers, to beat his copper and build his houses, and that these colonists were yet alive when Captain Newport landed at Jamestown. From another very obscure passage we infer that Machumps or some other Indian had told Strachey that Powhatan, instigated by his priests, had sent into the country where these captives were, and put them to death after the

settlement of Jamestown, where the survivors of Roanoke had "twenty odd years peaceably lived intermixed with those savages." This massacre may have been to prevent communication with Jamestown by rival chiefs through the captives. If, indeed, Strachey were not imposed on by the facile invention of an Indian story teller, making a tale to suit the demands of his auditors, as others had invented gold mines and an easy route to the Pacific to gratify the whites. Strachey evidently believes his story, for he refers to it again and again, proposing at one time to make it a ground for alliance with neighboring chiefs against Powhatan (p. 103).

Lawson's History (1718) is quoted in the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, vol. iv., p. 37, as citing a tradition among the Hatteras Indians "that several of their ancestors were white people, and could talk from a book; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being among these Indians and no other." But this proves little about the Roanoke colony. If Strachey had finished his book we should perhaps have known more, for he promised a fuller account in a future chapter. But he was, we fear, a somewhat eager collector of stories; though there is nothing inherently improbable in

his account of the fate of the whites. But what shall we do with the apes which the Indians caught in the mountains of North Carolina? (See the next note.)

NOTE 3. PREVIOUS MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.

William Strachey, referred to in Note 2, uses these words in an account of Powhatan's family: "—and besides young Pocohunta, a daughter of his, using sometime to our fort in times past, now married to a private captain called Kocoum some two years since." (Strachey, p. 54.) As Indian marriages were often fast and loose affairs, and as Powhatan sold his daughters in marriage, and gave away his wives when he tired of them, it might well be that Pocahontas was living with a husband when Argall captured her. The English, with the religious prejudices of the time, would not think much of the sanctity of a pagan marriage, and would not halt at anything that stood in the way of the conversion of Pocahontas to Christianity. But it is worth while to remember that Strachey probably wrote his book, according to the best judges, more than two years after his return to England, and that he could only know of the marriage to a private captain or petty chief, two years previous

to his writing, by report of others, and that he may very well have mistaken a report of the marriage of any other of Powhatan's daughters for that of Pocahontas. If she had been previously married, we should probably not have wanted for others to certify that fact, and there would then have been no need of the suggestions of various writers mentioned in the text as to the causes of her residence on the Potomac. Or might he not have written as late as the early part of 1616, before Rolfe's arrival in England? And this "private captain," may he not be John Rolfe, transformed by some confusion of memory or mistake of a copyist into Kocoum? We nowhere find the word *captain* applied to an Indian. Strachey's book was first printed from the manuscript in the British Museum in 1849.

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