CATCH THE WATERCOLORED WIND
Jamestown 1617

Published by Paloma Books
(An imprint of L&R Publishing, LLC)

Paloma Books
PO Box 3531
Ashland, OR 97520
email: sales@hellgatepress.com

Editor: Harley B. Patrick
Book design: Michael Campbell
Cover design: Allison Milner

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
available upon request

Printed and bound in the United States of America
First Edition 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CATCH THE WATERCOLORED WIND

Jamestown 1617

JAN FRAZIER

Dedication

TO JACE

CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To my two dear friends who always help me edit, Christy Wolfer Loy and Karen Smith.

INTRODUCTION

Watercolored Wind is a creative non-fiction book that explores the tragedies, adventures, and incredible achievements of the first settlement in the New World—Jamestown, Virginia. The Clements family—the ancestors of my grandmother, Julia Clements Hoyt, and of my father, James Christopher Hoyt—are the major characters of the book as they settled in Jamestown in 1617. Researching my father's side of the family has been long and arduous but very fulfilling. Because I wanted details and facts, I delved into the project full force.

Fortunately, much of the genealogy had been done for me, actually, because my heritage is also that of the Samuel Clemens' (Mark Twain) line. The ancestors of Samuel Clemens dropped the "t" in "Clements"—thus, the different spelling.

Because the Geoffrey Clements family came from London to the New World through Jamestown in 1617 via the *George,* I was intrigued. First, I learned that both Sir Geoffrey Clements and Lady Elizabeth Fuller Clements were of gentile birth; thus, neither of them would have had to sacrifice their comfortable living style to make the difficult journey to the New World. I was both fascinated as well as confused by that fact. Through the contents of this book, I relay the reasoning behind their venture to the New World.

Secondly, I realized that the Clements came before the Puritans. That in itself astounded me because there were no predecessors from Europe in the New World. The Jamestown colonists came to America finding… well, finding no homes, no crops, no trade routes, no establishments at all, and no white men. They came to a wild, untamed country, and they were on their own!

Thirdly—and most astonishing—I found that Lady Elizabeth Fuller Clements came *alone* with her four small children after her husband, Geoffrey, died unexpectedly the previous year. What courage and fortitude that woman must have possessed to come to the New World with all of its adversities, tragedies, and unforeseen misfortunes. Yet she did, and I wish I would have had the honor of meeting this lady because I don't believe that I've ever met *anyone* who would have accepted that challenge.

Around the same time, an ancestor on the other side of my father's family, Simon Hoyt (a grandparent of my grandfather, Norman Hoyt, and my father, James Christopher Hoyt), also came from London to the New World. It was 1628 when Simon and his family arrived in Massachusetts on the *Abigail*. Whether the Clements and the Hoyts actually met in the 1600s, I don't know, but it's entirely possible. The first meeting that is documented is 300 years later when my grandmother, Julia Clements, met and married my grandfather, Norman Hoyt, in Champaign County, Illinois. However, I gave my story a twist so that the two families did

meet in 1628 because I found it to be an intriguing concept if their paths crossed.

My grandson Jace and I ventured to Jamestown, Virginia, during the summer of 2014 so that we could experience first-hand the land on which our ancestors had arrived. The main character of this book, Jeremiah Clements, was a distant grandparent of ours, and we attempted to envision life as he must have seen it in the 1600s. The New World *could* have been daunting to an eleven-year-old boy taken from his comfortable London lifestyle and brought to the wilderness of Virginia. However, if life were frightening, I believe that Jeremiah also found it exciting, and it stimulated him to thrive in this new land. As he matured, Jeremiah eventually became a landowner as well as a leader of the community.

All in all, it was an incredible experience for my grandson and I to visit Jamestown, and I attempted to capture some of that adventure in this book. Mixed with fact, history, genealogy, and fiction, the book expresses my love of America, of Europe, and of my family.

~ The James River ~

CHAPTER 1

EARLY DAYS IN JAMESTOWN

We sat at the edge of the dense, tall forest of cedars that led down to the James River. Even though it was nearly 10 o'clock in the morning, we had not yet seen the sun's rays, which were undoubtedly struggling to creep through the dense fog. Three silent silhouettes moved through the water below, paddling their canoe with fluidity. A loon on the other side of the river called through the fog, and another answered it, unseen. The wails were eerie and sent a shiver up my spine.

My Powhatan friend—Miakoda, meaning "power of the moon"—was sitting with me. He was Chief Wahunsonacock's son and brother of Pocahontas.

Moving silently through the foggy forest, the two of us followed the bark canoe on the river below. They were not Powhatans in the canoe—possibly some Native Americans from an enemy tribe existing to the west. However, whoever they were, the three Native Americans moved quietly through their world of mist and fog, their white breath becoming visible in the chill of the morning. A turn in the river which led out to rocky cliffs, then to a group of stepping-stone islands, and finally toward the deep green forests

caused Miakoda and me to lose sight of the canoe and its occupants.

Miakoda and I had found friendship the previous year when we were both twelve years old. It had been 1618, a few years after the first Anglo-Powhatan War had ended. At that time, we didn't know that it would be the first of two Anglo-Powhatan wars, but it wouldn't have mattered. Miakoda and I had become soul mates—blood brothers—the moment we met. It had been a year after my mother, brothers, sister, and I had landed in Jamestown that Miakoda and I found each other. Hunting in the nearby forests, we had surprised each other when we both shot at a coyote simultaneously—Miakoda with his bow and arrow and me with my shotgun. Approaching each other cautiously, we exchanged gifts—I gave him a hunting knife and he gave me a tomahawk—and that was the beginning of our incredible relationship. We became "brothers" at that moment.

Miakoda lived in his Native American village—Werowocomoco — while I lived in Jamestown, but we communed each morning at our meeting place under the trees that hung heavy with apples. As we had done on this particular morning, we talked quietly, sharing food and stories.

Miakoda's dark eyes seemed to focus on the far-distant emptiness of fog and nothingness.

"What is it, friend?" I asked, trying to hone in on Miakoda's emotions and far-reaching gaze.

"Nothing, my brother, Jeremiah."

"I know that something is troubling you, Miakoda. What is it?" I probed.

Miakoda was hesitant at first but finally answered. "I was thinking of my sister Pocahontas and wishing that I could talk with her. She has been gone for a year now, and I still miss her everyday."

Pocahontas had married John Rolfe in 1614, and in 1615, Pocahontas had given birth to little Thomas. Soon after, they had sailed to London, accompanied by Pocahontas' sister, Matachanna, and her husband, Tomakin, various other Englishmen, and ten young Powhatan ladies who had been attending Pocahontas. Because Pocahontas had been an Indian princess, she immediately had been dubbed Lady Rebecca Rolfe, and the Londoners had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of their ship, the *Treasurer.*

"You were on the ship coming from London to Jamestown when she died. Tell me again how she looked and what she said," Miakoda pleaded.

It was true that my family had been on the ship with Pocahontas, John Rolfe, and Thomas when they were trying to return to Jamestown because of Pocahontas' illness. The damp, inclement air and harsh climate of London had not agreed with Pocahontas, and an attempt had been made to get her back to her homeland. However, she already had an advanced case of pneumonia, and it had been too late to save her even as they boarded the *George* that spring of 1617.

"I saw your sister as they carried her onboard on a stretcher, Miakoda. She was very ill, and I heard her say to

her husband, 'Where is little Thomas?' The baby had been bundled up and was being carried by one of the Powhatan ladies who had constantly attended your sister while she had been in London.

"My mother went over to touch your sister's hand and whispered a quick prayer in her ear. Pocahontas smiled weakly and reached up to touch the gold cross that hung around my mother's neck. As I've told you in the past, Pocahontas and her husband had become good friends with my parents, and often they had come to our house for supper in the evenings when they were in the city."

"Had you seen their house outside of London?" Miakoda inquired.

"No, we had never gone there. Pocahontas loved it there, though. It was quiet and wooded and much more like Jamestown than London. No hustle and bustle of the big city, you know," I said with a smile.

"I'm so glad that you got to know my sister."

"She was a beautiful person inside and out. She loved England, but she also missed her life and family here. The Londoners treated her like the princess that she was. She was totally adored by everyone," I stated. "However, you already knew all of that."

"Tell me again about her leaving the ship," Miakoda said.

"We had left the dock of London, but we were still on the Thames River. We had been on the boat about an hour or so when John Rolfe approached Captain Ewen and requested that the boat dock at Gravesend so that they could

disembark. He finally had to admit that his wife was dying and that he needed to get her to an inn so that she could rest in peace and quiet. As the ship docked, there was no stretcher to carry Pocahontas. Mr. Rolfe carried his wife in his arms, and she had her eyes closed. I believe that she was near death already because there was a calm about her face and a trace of a smile. She looked absolutely beautiful. That was the last time that I saw her."

I thought back over that cold, damp day when we left London. We hadn't known when we got onto the *George* that morning in late February that Pocahontas was going to be on the ship. There had been rumors that John Rolfe was going to try to get his wife home to Jamestown, but we hadn't seen them for over a month because they had been residing in their country home during her illness. At any rate, there they were, coming aboard as the last passengers, and it gave my mother the opportunity for the brief connection with Pocahontas.

My mother and my three siblings, Nicholas, Ezechiel, and Elizabeth—whom we called Lizzie — were sailing to Jamestown in 1617 aboard the ship *George* with Captain William Ewen in charge. William Ewen was my uncle through marriage to our Aunt Margery Clements. My father, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Geoffrey Clements, had been a stockholder in the Virginia Company with plans to come to the New World in 1617. With stock costing an absurd amount of twelve pounds—a large amount of money in the 1600s—all of the stockholders had to be farsighted,

courageous, and daring men to invest in such an extensive, far-reaching institution as the Virginia Company.

Unfortunately, my father didn't live to realize his dream of going to the New World because sudden illness brought an end to his life in 1616, and after much hesitation, my mother, Lady Elizabeth Fuller Clements, decided to make the voyage for the sake of my father. In February 1617, my mother and we four children along with two servants—Dorothy Green and Jeffress Hull—left for Jamestown. We arrived on June 10, 1617, along with 300 other Englishmen and Sir Thomas Dale, Marshal of Virginia.

To say that my mother was strong, brave, and valiant is an understatement. The majority of the English women—even with their husbands—were afraid of the voyage to the New World. True, my mother had Captain Ewen—our Uncle Will—to help look out for us as well as many friends from London, but it was still a huge undertaking for her. It was not, of course, just the journey itself that was frightening, but also the Native Americans, lack of food, harsh land, and unforeseen perils in a new world.

However, my mother had a strong desire for adventure and saw Virginia as a prospective land for her children to grow and carry out the Clements' family name. Although we colonists were, of course, still English, still a part of our motherland, and still ruled by King James, we had the exciting opportunity to pioneer a new land. While the majority of people came to Virginia for possible wealth, my mother saw it as a place to retain old customs and carry on our family traditions.

When we arrived in June 1617, we were not prepared for what we found. For ten years, Jamestown colonists had withstood famine, floods, drought, Native American attacks, and many unforeseen tragedies, especially the death of many loved ones. That spring had been wrought with drought and hail storms; therefore, the colonists had devoted so much time to saving the vegetable and corn crops that Jamestown itself had been neglected.

We stood on the shore in shock as we stared at only six small houses that were standing and at the small church and bridge, which seemed in total disrepair. People were living in mud huts, tents, and in the open air. It was a staggering sight and one that still haunts me when I think of those first days in the New World. Even though I was only a child, I remember my mother's face as she stared at the ruin that lay before us, and I felt her hand tighten on mine as we took our first steps onto the muddied ground that enveloped the village.

We were forced to sleep on the ship for the first weeks while the Londoners who had arrived on the *George* went to work building houses for us new colonists. I often wonder how many people would have come in 1617 had they known the truth of the conditions in Jamestown. The situation presented more than the adventure for which we all had bargained—it was a test of perseverance and survival.

Temporarily, I was brought out of my reverie when I heard the wail of the loon again, this time closer. I wondered if it felt as lost in the fog cover as we did or if it simply found

the fog a helpful covering—a cloister in an environment laden with hardships. Regardless of the adversities, I had found that everything about the forest—even the fog and dampness of Virginia—intrigued me since I had spent my first ten years being raised in the mass of wooden structures in London with little opportunity to swim in a brook, see the wildlife, or smell the fragrant flowers in the fields. For the most part, London was dirt, stench, and cramped space; despite the struggles in Jamestown, Virginia offered green, wooded land and open space.

I thought back on how I had grappled with the language those first months. My mother had claimed the people in Jamestown were all English, but the language had seemed strange. It took half a year before I understood that a lad coming from the heart of London had a different accent than a child coming from Canterbury Village. I had found it all strange because not only had language been different but also the customs. My mother had said that our coming together in Virginia had been fraught with nearly as many obstacles as an Italian and a German meeting in a French town and trying to all live together.

We found out later that the leaders of the Virginia Company had known that Jamestown was wrought with almost insurmountable problems, and they had reorganized the advertising campaign to promote the Virginia venture in a new light. Even my mother was not told of this ploy. To make the colony and adventure seem more appealing, the Company exploited patriotic sentiment and national pride

instead of promoting instant returns and vast profits for the investors—as had previously been promised. A stockholder—such as my mother—was assured that the purchase of shares would help build the might of England and make her powerful in the New World. Thus, it seemed a dutiful venture to go to Virginia and, thus, help our homeland of England. The Company proceeded to promise that the Native Americans would be converted to the Church of England and that English people out of work would find ample employment in the New World. The standard of living would increase across the nation of England. How could any good, patriotic Englishman resist such an offer?

"Why don't we go into Jamestown and see if your mum has work for us?" Miakoda asked, permanently interrupting my reverie.

I smiled and nodded.

As we walked towards town, the fog and mist were slowly stripped away by a strong, spring wind, and long, sharp rays of the brilliant sun began to shine through. The gray, cloistered world began to take on a sun-streaked brilliance. By the time we reached Jamestown, the yellow sun was high in the sky, the sharp shadows of the morning had begun to disintegrate, and the fog had disappeared entirely.

As we exited the forest, we could see our house, a small wooden and brick structure with a storehouse attached. With the help of our close friend, Ralph Hamor, we had built a cottage that was close to the woods, giving my mother a larger plot of land on which to plant her vegetables, fruit

trees, and corn. She also attempted to grow a new crop—tobacco—which soon proved to be a "cash crop" for all of Virginia.

My mum and sister Lizzie were in the garden planting vegetables when Miakoda and I approached.

"Miakoda and I will do that work, Mum. You and Lizzie tend to the kitchen," I said as we reached for the bags of seeds.

My mother's dark curly hair was pulled back into a bun, and I must say that I thought she was beautiful even in her work clothes. In England she was from the gentile class and would never have worked in the garden, but life was different here. We still had two servants, Jeffress and Dorothy, but they were used for the more difficult work. At the moment, they were digging furrows at the far end of the garden and seemed unaware of Miakoda's and my appearance.

"Nicholas is at work?" I questioned my mother, as she turned toward the cottage.

"Yes, son. He is working on Sir Thomas Dale's new cottage. Ezechiel went along to run errands."

At 13, Nicholas worked as a wood craftsman, building cottages, making furniture, and repairing wagons. He was good with woodworking, and I so envied him. Often, I trailed along with him; however, my talents didn't seem to lie in being a craftsman. With Miakoda teaching me much about life in the woods, I was turning out to be a decent hunter and fisherman, and I brought home food for the table several times a week.

Ezechiel had turned seven, and although much younger than Nicholas, the two were inseparable. Nicholas tried to teach Ezechiel the craft of woodworking, and I had a feeling that someday Ezechiel would surpass our brother's talents as a craftsman. He seemed to be a natural.