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# POCAHONTAS

A PAGEANT



MARGARET ULLMAN



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**POCAHONTAS**





# POCAHONTAS

A PAGEANT

MARGARET ULLMANN



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TO  
MY FATHER

*“God, or perhaps the Devil she feared, has exacted  
another  
Sweet-smelling sacrifice to the good of Western  
Planting!”*

## CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

*"Whose adventures were our lives."*—Potts.

MASTER JOHN ROLFE

*"A gentleman worthie of much commendation."*  
—Hamor.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL ARGALL

*"One wilier savage than those he dealt with."*—  
Brock.

HARRY SPELMAN

*"The son of an eminent scholar."*—Pryor.

ARCHIE ARMSTRONG

*"Whose death took place characteristically on April  
1st."*—Chambers.

TOMOCOMO

*"A very wise and understanding fellow among  
them."*—Stith.

NANTAQUAS

*"The most manliest, comliest, boldest, spirit I ever  
saw in a Salvage."*—Captain John Smith.

LADY DELAWARE

*"Of fashion and distinction."*—Stith.

VIRGINIA DARE

*"The first American girl."*—Fiske.

POCAHONTAS

*"Worthy a prince's understanding."*—Smith

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Shadows of Indians  
Voices of Indians, Sailors, and Colonists  
Laughter of Courtiers

## NOTE

The metres used in this pageant are intended to be appropriate to the characters, as follows:

SMITH—Heroic pentameter.

ROLFE—The strength of the Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse.

ARGALL—The rudeness of the same.

SPELMAN—Classical hexameter.

ARCHIE—Unmetrical speech, as is proper for jesters, according to Shakespeare, Hovey, and others.

TOMOCOMO—A trochaic chant used by primitive people, and employed in Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha:" the Indian verse typical to most readers.

NANTAQUAS—Unadorned expression of bare thought, characteristic of Indian poetry.

LADY DELAWARE—Alexandrine couplets, the French dramatic measure, and therefore suggestive of convention.

VIRGINIA—Iambic tetrameter, a simple line in favor with lyric poets of England.

POCAHONTAS—A fuller and freer use of the same.

POCAHONTAS





*(The overture is followed by the moaning of Indian women, accompanied by a soft drumming; this continues until indicated.)*

## ACT I

*“Sister of charity and love,  
Whose life-blood was soft pity’s tide,  
Dear priestess of the sylvan grove,  
Flower of the forest, Nature’s pride,  
He is no man who does not bend the knee,  
And she no woman who is not like thee.”*

—JAMES KIRKE PAULDING,  
“Ode to Jamestown,” 18—

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(CURTAIN)

*Werowocomoco, the capitol of the Powhatan Indians of Virginia, on a night in early January, 1607.*

*A clearing in the forest, showing lodges, totems, canoes, etc. The only light comes from a large fire out of sight to the right.*

*Smith is tied to a tree in the centre; he is a young man of 28, in the costume of an English soldier of the period. He has light hair and a small pointed beard, with up-standing moustaches. In the tree around him arrows are sticking.*

*Tomocomo is sitting smoking on a log to the left. He is an old, fat Indian, pigeon-toed, and carries his arms folded, with a knowing air. He wears a buckskin shirt and fringed leggings.*

SMITH  
*(shouting toward the fire.)*

Chief, if you were but used in the exercise  
Of my sharp English tongue, instead of in  
Your devil's instrument, I'd find defence  
Against you, lying there in Eastern ease,  
And parrying a wench on either hand!

TOMOCOMO

*(from his log)*

I have used the tongues of every  
World beneath the sky above me.  
*(In this speech and in all the others he makes, he  
uses copious gesticulations.)*

SMITH

*(turning his head)*

How many worlds do you know, grim courtier?

TOMOCOMO

I am Tomocomo; and I  
Know the tongues of Powhatan and  
All the other Real People,  
And the People-Who-Have-Hats-on.

SMITH

*(bowing with his head)*

I'd take mine off to you, Lord Tomocomo,  
But that my hands are tied; come quarry me  
The little pendant crystal from my throat.  
*(Tomocomo comes over and breaks the chain that  
hangs around Smith's neck.)*

SMITH

*(impressively)*

The finger of God is hanging on that chain,  
Alive and quivering; you cannot touch it!  
The air about it hardens if we try;  
But see it pointing to the northern star!

*(Tomocomo examines the compass.)*

Now turn around, and see the finger turn!

*(Tomocomo turns around.)*

Whoever owns that wonder of the world  
Can never lose his lodging—in his life.

TOMOCOMO

I have seen the death of every  
Powhatan three times, but never  
Saw a mystery like this one!

SMITH

As truly as you can, interpret me  
My cosmographical lecture to your chief;  
Tell him the compass is my dying gift,  
The only thing of value I have here,  
Though if he offer me a messenger  
I'll send for many others from the fort.

*(Tomocomo goes out toward the fire with it.)*

SMITH

Go lead me home again, out of the wood,  
My faithful little blind-man's-dog, or else  
I'm lost forever in Virginia!

*(The moaning and drumming stop; the shadows of Indians crowd around the fire; soon shouts of "Yo-Ha" are heard, meaning assent. Tomocomo comes back, followed by Nantaquas and Pocahontas in single file.)*

*Nantaquas is a young Indian; he is nearly naked, and fearfully painted. He wears a war-bonnet and carries a heavy club. He stands on one side of Smith's tree, on the side toward the fire.*

*Pocohontas is an Indian girl of 14; she wears a dress of white fawnskin, with a mantle of white*

*turkey-feathers; she has three white feathers in her hair, and chains of white wampum braided in with her two long plaits. Her bracelets, necklace, etc., are of white wampum. She stands on the other side of the tree.)*

TOMOCOMO

Powhatan and his young men, (*points to Nantauas*) and

I speak also for the women, (*points to Pocahontas*)

Give you freedom in Our Country

And what wives you will; but listen!

You must help put out the fires

Of the other Real People,

And the People-Who-Have-Hats-on.

SMITH

As I have only one God, counselor,

I honor but one chief—King James the first

Of England, and the sixth of Scotland,—may

God save him, and his soldiers die for him!

TOMOCOMO

Will you take away your young men

Back into the sky above you?

SMITH

Why do you take so little pleasure in

Our neighborhood? We harm you not at all.

TOMOCOMO

When we let you put your chair down

On the shore, you pulled the lacing

From its bottom and walked inland,

And there is no ending in it.

SMITH

Walk backward! (*Tomocomo steps back*)

There is room enough for both.

TOMOCOMO

Powhatan will drive your people  
Down into the ground beneath him.

SMITH

With prehistoric arrowheads of stone?  
Know ye not Agincourt, Lord Tomocomo?

TOMOCOMO

He will smoke your pipe of sickness!  
*(touches Smith's pistol)*  
He will plant your own tobacco!  
*(touches Smith's powder-horn)*

SMITH

The best use he can put it to, deep in  
Another barren gunpowder plot, the guy!  
Your best defence will be to turn your heels  
Against us in retreat—exactly so!  
*(Tomocomo runs out toward the fire. Smith,  
Nantaquas, and Pocahontas anxiously watch the  
council.)*

SMITH

At English law no butchers ought to sit  
Upon the jury in a trial for life.  
*(The moaning and drumming begin again, and  
Nantaquas puts his club on the ground and dances  
around it with jingling trappings.)*

POCAHONTAS

*(approaching Smith)*  
Nantaquas is not going to kill you  
Because he hates you, or for fun!

You are a dangerous mystery-man.  
Look! We wear our finest clothes  
In your honor at your death;  
And you will be much happier dead:  
You will find the northern star,  
And dance and sing with all the shadows.

SMITH

I thank you, mistress, for your gentleness!

*(Nantaquas has picked up his club; he yells and advances with it lifted.)*

POCAHONTAS

Kago! (Do not)

NANTAQUAS

*(with the club still lifted)*

Atia! (surprise)

*(Pocahontas runs up and gets his head in her arms.)*

NANTAQUAS

*(lowering the club)*

Esa! (Shame!)

POCAHONTAS

*(to Smith)*

Nantaquas has a different mother,  
But the same father—Powhatan!

*(Turning toward fire and speaking louder.)*

You never let him kill white deer!  
Perhaps this white man is Michabo,  
Son of the mother of the morning,  
Who promised he would come again;  
Give him to me, in the place  
Of the six young men he had to kill!  
*(holds out her arm)*

Do not frown so, weroance, (chief)  
But make a gentle gesture—so! (*gladly*)

*(The shouts of "Yo-Ha!" are heard again. Nantaquas drops his club, cuts Smith's bonds, picks up his club, and goes out. Pocahontas unclasps Smith. From now on the fire dies down and the moon shines out.)*

SMITH

My modest comfort is, that heretofore  
Ladies, all honorable and virtuous,  
And only comparable amongst themselves,  
Have offered me a rescue and protection  
In all my greatest dangers, up to this.

POCAHONTAS

*(embarrassed)*

The Master of Life gave life to man  
Wrapped in a bundle; but his wife  
Wanted to see what was inside:  
She opened it, and life flew out;  
And after that, all men must die  
And women try to save their lives.

*(Toward the end of this speech she looks frightened.)*

SMITH

Why does a fable frighten you, who risked  
Your head for mine with a much braver face?

POCAHONTAS

Unhappiness will come to me!

SMITH

What do you mean?

POCAHONTAS

For I forgot, and told a story

In summer, and because in summer  
The mysteries are all awake,  
And listening to be offended!

SMITH

But this is not in summer—why, the year  
Is late and dead as this liveoak tree is,  
With nothing green but Christmas mistletoe,  
Stuck up there like an empty robin's nest  
To promise me a spring; although tonight  
Is most unseasonably soft and still.

POCAHONTAS

I know it is not the highest sun,  
The thunder has gone south, but there  
The lazy, rich, and fat old man  
Is sighing balmily for the pretty  
Maidens of the north tonight,  
And it makes the mysteries dream of summer.

SMITH

It must be called an Indian summer, then!  
But tell me, what may be the proper name  
For such a pretty northern girl as you?

POCAHONTAS

When I am present, I am called  
Snowfeather, now; but Powhatan  
Stills calls me Pocahontas, and  
I shall esteem you as my father.

SMITH

Then—Pocahontas?—

POCAHONTAS

Yes, it is my childhood name;



It is "Bright-Stream-between-Two-Hills;"  
Powhatan is "Falls-of-the-Stream."

SMITH

Of course; his eyes are Niles of flashing wrath,  
And yours are full and deep and gentle brown,  
But lined with gold, like legends of the Rhine.  
Then, Pocahontas, thank you for your quick  
Performance of the cue to rescue me!

POCAHONTAS

But that is not my real name.

SMITH

What may it be?

POCAHONTAS

I am afraid to tell you, my father:  
If a mystery-man shall hear it  
He can change me with a charm.

SMITH

Why do you say I am a mystery-man?  
Do I look spirit-ridden?—

POCAHONTAS

I cannot tell; I never saw  
So pale a face, or so long a beard.

SMITH

*(laughing)*

Only beware of the black from Germany,  
A white from Italy, a red from Spain,  
Or any Dutchman; never notice me!

POCAHONTAS

Well, then, my name is Amonata!

SMITH

And what is that in English, Amonata?

POCAHONTAS

I cannot tell; it is the name  
The everlasting woman gave  
To Powhatan for me, in a dream  
The night before my cradle rocked.

SMITH

But "Amonata"—though I am no scholar,  
I'm past the school-boy; he is very young  
That smells not here a flower at whose root  
He used to dig all morning.—"Amonata!"  
O well, I sold my satchelful of books,  
All but the "Art of War," to run away  
And cross the seas to where adventures grow.

POCAHONTAS

What is your name, my father?

SMITH

I'm John Smith, Captain, by your services.

POCAHONTAS

What have the other women done?  
(*She sits on a log.*)

SMITH

(*sitting*)

That which has been endured and travelled  
through  
With hardship and in danger, Pocahontas,  
Is thereby sweetened to the actor of it  
When he becomes relator to a lady.

But won't the mysteries be angry at me,  
If I disturb their slumbers with a tale?

POCAHONTAS  
(*shaking her head*)

Your mysteries are different.

SMITH  
Come, do you really worship things like those?

POCAHONTAS  
O, no—we just believe in them!  
We worship only the Evil-One.

SMITH  
Is that the god you called the Master-of-Life?

POCAHONTAS  
O, no—we need not worship him (*looks upward*):  
He would not hurt us; but the other  
Would suck the blood of little children,  
And make corn rot, and brier scratch,  
And women false; he is in the fire  
That burns, and in the wave that drowns.

SMITH  
And English cannon, too!—

POCAHONTAS  
What have the other women done?

SMITH  
When I was in the Holy Land, crusading,  
A Bashaw captured me, and chained me up,  
Dog of a Christian, in Constantinople;

Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda  
Petted poor Rover, and unlocked the kennel,  
And bade me in a whisper to "Go home, sir!"  
I found my way through heathendom alone,  
A beggar of cow's udders and hen's nests,  
Following signposts of the cross afoot,  
Until I came to Russia; where again,  
Lady Calmata largely filled my wants,  
And I returned from there to Lincolnshire  
Already famous, only twenty-seven!  
And then I heard the London Company  
Was freighting vessels for Virginia.

POCAHONTAS

How many wives have you already?

SMITH

Not one: I've often loved a man, but never  
A woman; by the acquaintance I have had  
With my adventures, I have called them wife  
And children, hawks and hounds, my cards and  
dice;  
In total, they have been my best content (*stretch-*  
*ing*).

POCAHONTAS

And those poor ladies are as far  
As one of your hands is from the other?

SMITH

Farther! For these are paired for life, I hope;  
But ladies are my pictures to the prose  
Of other fellows' lives;—whose jill are you?

POCAHONTAS

What is a jill, my father?

SMITH

I mean, whose ring-hand do you represent?  
Or tell me this: who is your right-hand man?

POCAHONTAS

*(putting her hands on her shoulders)*

Nobody yet: I did my fasting  
Only a little while ago.

SMITH

What was your fasting done for, Pocahontas?

POCAHONTAS

The women sent me out alone  
To see the spirit of my life,  
And now I am a child no longer.

SMITH

But did you really see a spirit, then?

POCAHONTAS

*(nodding)*

I knelt above the Mother-of-Waters (Chesa-  
peake)

And wished for something to appear  
And tell me how to help our Country,  
As Michabo in his fasting  
Saw the spirit of the corn.

At first I had old dreams, in bits;  
But when the Woman's Star came up  
For the third time, its longest finger  
Pointed out three big white birds  
Flying low toward the land;

And a sweet voice said to me,

"These are a sign of greatness, Amonata,  
Sent by the god you call the Master-of-Life"

*(looking upward).*

SMITH

But was this message given you in English?  
(*He is amused.*)

POCAHONTAS

Yes; and I came back and put  
Three white feathers in my hair.  
Nantaquas, in his fasting, saw  
The wolf, and wears a tuft of fur:  
He will be a mighty hunter.

SMITH

I see: your coat-of-arms; I have one, too:  
Three Turks' heads; they appeared in single combat.  
When was this visitation, did you say?

POCAHONTAS

Last planting-moon—

SMITH

(*calculating*)

Last May—

POCAHONTAS

In the darkness of the thirteenth sun.

SMITH

The thirteenth day of May; why, Pocahontas,  
While you were kneeling up there on the bluff,  
The English came in with the evening tide,—  
Three ships, the Godspeed, the Discovery,  
And the Susan Constant; I was on the first!

POCAHONTAS

Three ships? But I could see the birds  
Folding their wings, and walking into

The Powhatan; I saw their feet!

SMITH

We furled our sails, and poled into the James!  
You saw a vision of a nucleus  
Of hard-oppressed and enterprising bees  
From an old hive; they say a swarm in May  
Is worth a king. There met us out at sea  
A smell off shore as of a delicate garden,—  
Of Richard Eden his “Newe World,” indeed,—  
And down we clustered in a colony,  
Amidst the yells and dinning of the peasants,  
Each of us, from the Percy to the boy,  
Expecting here his own millenium.

POCAHONTAS

(*amused*)

The bees were white men! Were there drones?

SMITH

There are—we did not kill them in the fall;  
They were led hither by the Spanish tales  
Of Eldorado, and the dialogue  
Of Scapethrift and Spendall in “Eastward Ho!”  
I’d rather not be buried in the sands,  
For fear these diggers by their dirty skill  
Should go to making money of my bones!

POCAHONTAS

They must be like the Mineral-Man  
With bushy hair and eyes like a pig;  
He dances on the rims of cliffs,  
And brews a drink that swells his head  
And shrinks his body!— — —

SMITH

Yes, those are symptoms of the yellow fever;

But my moustachios turn up, not down;  
I am more wakeful to provide provisions  
Than covetous to find a mine of gold.

POCAHONTAS

And now, who are the worker-bees?

SMITH

The pilgrims who have come to build a home  
And make a permanent plantation of  
Our hardy English stock, in this gallant  
And goodly soil—a hundred husbandmen.

POCAHONTAS

Our women labor in the fields,  
Because they know how to bring forth,  
And tell the secret to the corn,  
Daughter of earth and mother of man!

SMITH

We colonists are merely men! (*He laughs.*)

POCAHONTAS

Powhatan was always told  
By mystery-men, a stronger nation  
Would arise from the Mother-of-Waters.

SMITH

King James is king of all the waters; but  
I am more hot to pull the King of Spain  
His beard than Powhatan's—if he had one!  
A score of pikes trained up in the Netherlands  
Would make me better fuel than all your settlers.

POCAHONTAS

But have you a queen-bee, my father?



SMITH

I act as president of the adventure.

POCAHONTAS

How did Nantaquas capture you?

SMITH

When in avoidance of monotony,  
And in reply to murmurs of our scholars  
That say this island is a western Indy,  
I followed up an elbow of our river  
Branching some seven miles above the fort.

POCAHONTAS

That was the Chickahominy.

SMITH

*(eagerly)*

And is its head upon the other sea?  
Was I indeed toward China and Cathay?

POCAHONTAS

I cannot tell what lies beyond  
The Purple Hills, because the woods  
Have not been burnt; but I have heard  
Of falling water called Niagara,  
So far away, a strong young wolf,  
Running constantly—poor beast—  
Would die of age before he reached it.

SMITH

We started in a barge, chopping away  
The tangled undergrowth, and rotten trees  
With mottled trunks like serpents in our way,  
And thick funereal moss hanging low down,  
Until a shallows stopped us. Then I took  
Land under foot, with a couple of my men,

And went ahead behind a treacherous guide,  
And in a white oak swamp we were besieged  
By hunters; they were too experienced,  
Our bounds too narrow, or ourselves too bold:  
There Robinson and Emry left their bodies  
In testimony of their minds; and I,  
When I had bound the Indian to my arm  
And used him for a shield, held off the others,  
Till walking backward to the boat, I sank  
Into a marsh, and yielded to the cold.

POCAHONTAS

But after killing six young men!

SMITH

Then I was dragged in triumph by as many  
As got a hold, with great rapidity  
Over a pace, and then across the York,  
And finally through your father's orchard here,  
With corn-trees taller than myself upright.  
There were the women plucking off the fruit  
Still hanging late upon the yellow boughs;  
They stared at me as I had been a monster.

POCAHONTAS

I saw you pass.

SMITH

I saw the reapers cast themselves in a ring,  
And dance in excellent ill variety,  
Laughing and singing with a pleasant tang.

POCAHONTAS

I had just husked the reddest cob,—  
A brave-and-handsome-husband sign;  
I have it in my pocket here.

*(She takes it out of her beaded bag, and holds it in her hand.)*

I am to give it to my favorite.

SMITH

Now some young hunter's ear is burning, too!

POCAHONTAS

My sister husked a crooked cob:—  
“A thief is slinking through the field!”

But there was no one stealing there  
Except perhaps a crow or two.

*(She laughs.)*

SMITH

They set me up here for a scarecrow then,  
With dangling Irish stockings, helpless arms,  
And empty stomach—though you passed the  
meat.

POCAHONTAS

But now you are a Powhatan!  
Tomorrow you shall make me wampum,  
White, for peace; and I will make  
A scarlet (bright) belt of it, for you!

SMITH

*(laughing)*

A very curious fate for a campaigner!  
I'd rather not be buried in the woods,  
The fashioner of toys for Indian girls!

POCAHONTAS

What other would you do, my father?

SMITH

I'd borrow of your other father's corn

And go to feed my chickings at Fort James.

POCAHONTAS

But I will give you corn, my father! (*meaning her red cob*).

SMITH

(*unperceiving*)

You have a mighty spirit, Pocahontas,  
However else your stature—

(*Virginia enters; a sunburnt white girl of 20, with blue eyes and yellow hair. She is dressed in Indian costume. She carries a dipper-gourd.*)

VIRGINIA

(*to Smith*)

This walnut-water is a gift  
From Powhatan to his new son;  
He honors you as if you were  
Nantaquas!—  
(*giving Smith the gourd.*)

SMITH

This birthday greeting is much pleasanter than  
His habit of refreshments on a grave,  
The cup our countrymen drank at Roanoke.

VIRGINIA

(*surprised*)

At Roanoke?

SMITH

I've had such puddle for my drink of late!  
So here's to your red health!  
(*He drinks, looking at Virginia.*)  
Why, here is a miracle amongst all savages—

Hair of a perfect yellow, true blue eyes,  
And skin a reasonable pink!— —

POCAHONTAS

I think the morning she was born  
The sun was bright, the sky was blue.  
And the pink roses were in bloom.

VIRGINIA

*(apologetically)*

My skin is not so pink as this  
In summer: it is browner then;  
And I am wiser than the girls  
Because I am an orphan; and  
My feet are of a larger make.

SMITH

Who are you, then?

POCAHONTAS

She is my sister now.

SMITH

Your sister now?

POCAHONTAS

Yes, my father.

VIRGINIA

*(proudly)*

At first I was her servant, though;  
I used to keep her fire up  
When she was sleepy in the night,  
And pop some flowering-corn for her  
When she was hungry in the day;  
But when her fasting came, she chose

Me for a sister, and she learned  
To tell me secrets in my tongue.

SMITH

I wondered dumbly at her good court Southern!  
But who can have taught you the king's version?

VIRGINIA

My people talked as you do, too!  
But many falling-leaves ago  
Some young men came from Powhatan  
To kill them: they were witches, for  
They all were thin and very white,  
They tottered on the trail, and all  
Their eyes were red and watery!  
But I ran up the river-bank.

POCAHONTAS

I found her lying above the falls.

SMITH

But tell me where your people used to live!

VIRGINIA

At Roanoke.

SMITH

At Roanoke, indeed? What is your name?

VIRGINIA

Virginia. I am sorry that  
It has no meaning like the girls'.

SMITH

Virginia no meaning! It means this:—  
You are your country's first-born English child;

You had for godmother the virgin queen  
Of late Elizabethan England, and  
Her mantle at your christening was blue  
With anchors worked in all of its waving corners!  
You are that famous maid, Virginia Dare!

POCAHONTAS

Virginia Dare?

SMITH

Yes, Dare: a very wisely chosen name.  
The Knighthood of the Cloak, deep in that time,  
Spread down a present to his Chiefest Pilot,—  
The City of Raleigh, out in Roanoke;  
John White, the artist of a former voyage,  
Was made the governor of that colony,  
Where he became your grandfather, Virginia,  
And then, before your name was ten days old,  
He had to sail to England for supplies;  
And there he was penned in by the Armada:  
He told me of his sorrow.——

VIRGINIA

Did my white grandfather return?

SMITH

O, yes, he came on one of your birthdays, but  
The night had fallen when his ship fell in;  
He sounded with a trumpet; afterward  
They sang familiar English songs to the shore,  
But heard no chorus to answer; and at dawn,  
When the artist landed his new coloring,  
He found some ill, untutored, savage hand  
Had spoiled the drawing of a settlement  
That he had left unfinished on the island.  
Green grass was streaked along his avenue,  
Red rust was smeared across his shiny plows;

Some tracks of feeting stamped upon the sand;  
And sweet Virginia Dare and all the rest  
Erased away; he fears a knife was used!  
But think how happy he will be again  
When I have rescued him his granddaughter!

POCAHONTAS

Your crooked cob was true, also:  
A thief was slinking through the field!

VIRGINIA

*(proudly and sadly)*

Nantaquas would not let me go;  
These are his arrows in your tree;  
Good shooting wins a wife, he says.

SMITH

He wounded me nowhere but in the hat.  
*(Here is heard a doleful noise, and the light of  
torches approaches. Smith takes his pistol.)*

POCAHONTAS

The ceremony of adoption!  
You may kill me if it's not  
Their way of showing love for you!  
*(The noises and lights come nearer .)*

(CURTAIN)

*End of Act I.*



## ACT II

*"It overjoys my heart, when as they words  
Of these designs, with deeds I doe compare.  
Heere is a Booke, such worthy truth affords,  
None shoulde the due desert thereof impare;  
Sith thou, the man, deserving of these Ages,  
Much paine hast ta'en for this our Kingdom's good,  
In climes unknown, 'mongst Turks and Salvages,  
T' enlarge our bounds, though with thy loss of blood."*

N. SMITH: "To my worthy friend  
and Cousen, Captaine John Smith"—1616.

---

(CURTAIN)

*Deck of the ship "Treasurer," a privateer belonging to Captain Samuel Argall, trader. It is sunset, early in April, 1613. The ship is at anchor in the James River. In the background there is water, and back of that the shore of Virginia, showing Jamestown, with its triangular log fort, palisaded village, and outlying cultivated fields. Behind these is the forest, with pointed fir-trees against the sky.*

*On the deck there is an open hatchway in the centre; a mast without sails to the right, and a cabin with heavy barred door to the left. There is a bulwark along the side of the deck toward the shore.*

ROLFE

(calling from the water, unseen)

Captain Argall!

*(then appearing over the bulwark)*

Captain Argall!

*(Argall comes up the hatchway.)*

ROLFE

*(stepping onto the deck)*

Welcome back from the barter, Captain!

*(Both are young Englishmen; Rolfe is smooth-shaven, and dressed as a country gentleman; Argall has a black drooping moustache, and is dressed as a merchant-sailor.)*

ARGALL

Rolfe! *(in disgust)*. Where are the rest of the settlers?

Jamestown is silent, as Sunday morning!

All gone to Church, like goody children?

Why are you not yawning with them?

ROLFE

The farmers formed in the fort, because

The dusk you sailed in dyed your color:

St. George's crimson cross looked black!

ARGALL

Your scouting skull would have scaled the mast

To join the bones of a buccaneer!

ROLFE

Our pinnaces first would have fought you—the  
"Patience"

And the "Deliverance," lying yonder.

ARGALL

Tethered to trees, like toy ships,

And built of the bolts and broken timbers  
Of the "Sea Venture," by settlers wrecked  
Among the Bermudas! They meant to attack  
The "Treasurer" launched on the London Thames  
And steered the straightest through stormy isles  
To Newport News, and never yet down?

ROLFE

Those toys outlived the tempest once.

ARGALL

Three years ago, I think! That gale  
Has passed off in a play; what's new?

ROLFE

War and peace with Powhatan  
Both in a day; we dress our backs  
In mail for meeting and mill, as of old.

ARGALL

More so than your song of the Sea Venture!  
You've got the news again by the tail.  
But newcomer's dials are never to date!

ROLFE

The warmth has made your mind to wrangle.  
How went the trading-trip?  
(*He sits on a bench.*)

ARGALL

I trended along the Potomac, a river  
The strand whereof is stored with the goodliest  
Cedar for masts that may be seen,  
And bought for a handful of blisters! Hemp  
For ropes, wound wild in abundance;  
And pretty sport, pulling up sixpence

As fast as a line could land a fish!  
And certain sands I saw—look here—  
Here are handfuls, hatfuls, of shining  
Proof of a great promise of gold!

ROLFE

*(examining the sand)*

But a sandy performance: it's Fools' Gold!  
Was there no trading with the Patomacs?

ARGALL

*(sitting)*

Their king, Japassus, purchased a comb  
For twenty skins, worth twenty crowns.

ROLFE

The law says, "Pay a liberal price  
In beads, boots, and Bibles," Captain.

ARGALL

I made what liked me law and order,  
And bring you hither a hostage to bless me:—  
Powhatan's daughter and dearest jewel!

ROLFE

How does that happen?

ARGALL

She came with her kinsman, the king of Patomac,  
Aboard of my boat—the "big canoe"—  
To renew her nods to her neighbors; and I  
With our common copper kettle, persuaded  
Her host, Japassus, to play a deceit:  
I feasted them first on the fat of the kettle,  
And the king would tread on my toes constantly,  
So! "She is yours!" And beseeching her yon-  
der,

The gunner's-room there, I glued the door;  
And then it was a world to see  
My Jew, with counterfeit cries, joyfully  
Shoot ashore and shoulder the kettle! (*laughs*).

ROLFE  
(*seriously*)

The prisoner must have been pensive then.

ARGALL

At the way of her taking she was; but she used  
Sometime to our town in times past,  
As free at the fort as her father's lodging;  
She'd sit in the grass of new Smithfield green  
To watch a file of our fighters drill,  
And batter a tree in target practise;  
And she would carry in corn on her shoulders  
And those of her ladies; and late one night  
She ran alone the roads of the irksome  
Woods, to warn us with watered eyes,  
Powhatan and twice our power  
Would after come to kill us all!

ROLFE

God was not pleased to unplant this country!

ARGALL

Since then for many moons, she says,  
She's not been heard of here, and newly  
Withdrew from Werowocomoco,  
Because, it seems, she's seen too many  
English offered to Oki, the Devil:  
She much admires men with hats on!  
And now her sour, sly old father  
Has lost his treasure, until she serves  
To bring about a bargain.—

ROLFE

I seem to have heard of her before;  
Is not this captive, Captain Smith's  
Model maid of mercy?

ARGALL

*(nodding)*

Princess Snowfeather! Smith, however,  
Called her his pet Pocahontas,  
And she thought him her heavenly father!  
But some preserve a secret whisper—  
I heard he meant to marry her.

ROLFE

A silly secret! Smith to marry!  
I'd laugh if he said it himself, at last!

ARGALL

*(arguing)*

He feigned to free a felon, a thief  
Of swords and spades, for her sake alone!  
She begged the pardon—a playmate at ball.

ROLFE

He was paying a debt: she dunned the pardon.

ARGALL

He was fond of calling at her father's court!

ROLFE

He was naturalized; the naturals loved him,  
Besides fearing our Smith that forged  
A fence to ward off the wilderness first.

ARGALL

In just accord, the king would have jumped

At having him for a handy son.  
They took his title for a tag of nobility.

ROLFE

Even in this age of captains?  
But could he wed a cursed woman,  
Void of sect, and the civil use  
Of anything?—

ARGALL

The groom should go to the girl's clergy,  
And matrimony's a May game  
To these heathen: He could heave her over  
As fast as his eye was full of her.

ROLFE

Making her thus his monacle  
For getting a good glimpse at vice!

ARGALL

He'd stop stumbling at straws, though.

ROLFE

He could have made his match in Europe.

ARGALL

So Jack, the giant-killer, said.  
It does his deeds a diminution  
That he alone is the herald to blow  
And publish their many proclamations;  
He cut his memory's cables loose,  
Unwisely trusting tales to his windy  
Invention! A verbal venturer!

ROLFE

He served the king and colony well.

ARGALL

They could not have prevented this new adventure.

ROLFE

If they had wished to—well, some jealous Savage might have sighed for the maid.

ARGALL

*(surprised)*

For riches and realm and rank, and even  
The joy of becoming the king of Virginia!  
Her family follows the female line.

ROLFE

With subjects still in the stone age!

ARGALL

Your Smith, with a face of flint, could break it,  
Shaving and shaping the shale for himself!

ROLFE

Captain, grant him a good conscience  
Rare in a martial man; and real  
Prince's blood with a beggar's purse;  
He awaited no prize but the world's applause.

ARGALL

The motive that draws a man today  
From ease and humors at home in England  
To work the western world, is this:—  
Profit! Present profit, Master!

ROLFE

It sits with honor and honesty better  
To give to a world as well as get.



Profit will come without prejudice, too,  
If we, in our path of western planting,  
But cast our grain in the ground with care,  
And wait with patience—

ARGALL

*(interrupting)*

And with “Deliverance!”

*(pointing ashore.)*

ROLFE

*(looking ashore)*

I call it the land of Canaan, not  
The land of Ophir! A lottery never  
Agreed better to build a place for  
Man’s habitation: it’s time it were manned!

ARGALL

You might accept the modest city  
Of Edinburgh’s elegant offer, to pack us  
Their nightly-walking women, a nice little  
Fleet of pretty family pinnaces,  
Pat manure to be pitchforked over  
This barren, pious plantation! I’ll bet you  
They’d straightway breed a stirring here!

ROLFE

And then, indeed, the day would show  
Fearful stains in the face of our state!  
I wish the ports would pack for wives,  
A shipful of virtuous virgins, shortly.

ARGALL

With an apron-string streaming aloft?

ROLFE

*(nodding)*

A sign of truce to sickness and trouble,  
Disappointment and discontent.

ARGALL

A vent of virtuous virgins! Well,  
I've bought the first born in Virginia:  
I allowed Japassus a little pot  
Of jam for a deal in Virginia Dare,  
Commonly sighted in Snowfeather's company.  
Captain Smith, who caught savages  
By the warlock, once boasted  
He'd have her away from the wild by hand;  
But he left her for me and my little pot!

ROLFE

*(pleased)*

This deal will be dear indeed to Raleigh!

ARGALL

Without peradventure: it values the prize  
He offered awhile for White's lost colony.  
This reminds me—I met with a lad  
Enthralled in kind; we thought him killed  
With the rest of Ratcliffe's wretched party,  
Surprised employed exploring Pamunky  
To point the famous passage to the sea.  
As soon as I learned this lad was Harry—

ROLFE

*(eagerly)*

Harry Spelman! How was he spared?

ARGALL

*(laughing)*

He entertained his torturers  
With Plutarch's lives and Petrarch's legends,  
Rolfe! And he travelled around in the train

Of the Powhatan princess, his patroness.  
He seemed very happy to see me there,  
And begged me in kind to procure his release;  
So I made him thrown to me in the same  
Pot with Virginia—a juncture that caused  
Neither of them to boil, I'll bet you!

ROLFE  
*(gladly)*

His father will feel so full of gratuity!

ARGALL  
The antiquary? Questionless!  
Sir Henry Spelman is a heavy spender.

ROLFE  
Harry and I left London together  
You know, but wisely we were not  
Billed in the same boat: He sailed  
In the "Unity"—

ARGALL  
*(interrupting)*  
Yes! And you in the "Sea  
Venture," I know; you needn't go on!

ROLFE  
I've never seen him since the night  
The hurricane tore our ties—is he here?

ARGALL  
*(nodding)*  
From merely the jester, promoted to gaoler!  
*(He opens door on left.)*  
He's grown so near a natural, both  
In dress and darkness, you'll doubt he really  
Wears a hat, till you hear him speak.

*(Spelman comes through the door, hand in hand with Pocahontas and Virginia. Spelman is tanned and wears Indian dress, with an old mortar-board hat on his head. Pocahontas is dressed as in Act. I, but without the mantle, and with a white wampum belt. Virginia is dressed as in Act I.)*

SPELMAN

*(dropping their hands and running to Rolfe)*  
John!

ROLFE

Harry! I'm happy at hearing from Argall  
That you are living and lightly rescued!

SPELMAN

And I, at hearing from Argall that you are living  
and rescued,  
He told me the men from the "Sea Venture"  
arrived at last,  
Having been kindly received from the teeth of  
the howling tempest  
By the Bermudas, like so many fair Nereides.  
And how did your wife enjoy so rough a wedding-  
journey?

ROLFE

*(sadly)*

She fared back to her Father's Home;  
She pledged her soul in salt water  
To meet with mine in a merrier world.

SPELMAN

*(shocked)*

You mean that she died of the wreck?

ROLFE

Our "Sea Venture" carried her soul away,

Dropping a gloom to the great depth  
Where I lie drowned in dreams of her.

SPELMAN

God, or perhaps the Devil she feared, has exacted  
another  
Sweet-smelling sacrifice to the good of western  
planting!

ROLFE

*(after a pause)*

I put my hand to the plow, Harry.  
I've saved Bermuda's memorable seed  
To give a better tobacco garden  
Unto Virginia; and just today  
I counted the buds of a bumper crop;  
Even England shall own its goodness!

SPELMAN

Hail, Virginian Bacchus, who bring  
*(τὸ βάκκικον δῶρον*  
the bacchic gift)!  
Now sing me, thou god, the number of parasangs  
man has marched  
Since I've been away; has the point been reached  
from which a cry  
Of "The Sea! The Sea!" has sounded, to be heard  
around the world?

ROLFE

That is now supposed reported by  
Our countryman, Henry Hudson, Captain.

ARGALL

And the crown will claim the commerce-rights!

ROLFE

(to Spelman)

I suppose you are now for the North Pole?

SPELMAN

No, for I have discovered the font of immortal youth

That Mandeville wrote about, and Pontius of Leon looked for!

ROLFE

When and where?

SPELMAN

While learning the trade of interpreting the Virginian tongue,

And where but out in the garden of new Hesperides —they were

Maids of the West, you remember! Immortal Virginia!

(*He leads up Virginia.*)

ROLFE

Hail to you, Harry, happy as a god!

SPELMAN

She had thought, in her sylvan schooling, we English were the immortals,

Because we are all young men, and asked no wives of them, John!

VIRGINIA

Until he asked me, John, for me.

POCAHONTAS

(*who has been looking at the shore until now*)  
Another John?

ARGALL

The name is not unknown at Jamestown!  
The John family is fairly large;  
Common as cant, and the code of prayers;  
Spoken so much, it means nothing.

SPELMAN

The word, however, can act the role of its own  
idea;  
You know how rich the names of ruby, sapphire,  
emerald,  
Sound to your hearing, Captain; and so it is with  
prayers,  
And so with John, the which means, "the gracious  
gift of God."

POCAHONTAS

Created by the Master-of-Life (*looks upward*)  
To show man what his power can do.

SPELMAN

(*leading up Rolfe*)

Snowfeather, let me present a gentleman of that  
name:  
He and I are of different Universities,  
But both from the same old county: this is my  
boyhood friend,  
Master John Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, in Norfolk-  
shire.

ROLFE

Welcome here to my home, mistress.  
This is Jamestown, Virginia, boy!

SPELMAN

And writers call it Jacobopolis, Nova Britannia.

ARGALL

Or Villiaco! I vaunt my Spanish.

POCAHONTAS

Where is the other John? The first?

ROLFE

After St. Luke.

ARGALL

She means no saint, but a manner of John  
Like Cabot that claimed the continent;  
As fond of fiction as false J. Mandeville;  
A Prester John, and a plain John Smith!

POCAHONTAS

Yes—Captain Smith; is he not here?

ROLFE

He fared back to his Father's Home  
Before I came to the colony, mistress.

POCAHONTAS

How did he go, Master John Rolfe?

ROLFE

Powder exploded in his pocket, they say,  
And they had no suitable surgeon here.

ARGALL

He was bruised very shrewdly, in bright shades  
Like yonder sky—the yellow's the skin.

SPELMAN

Our follow-my-leader game must have limped like  
a choliambus!



ROLFE

We grieve for him still; he gave out orders  
Bound to his bed, brave to the last.

ARGALL

Lay him up in lavender, Rolfe!

POCAHONTAS

And where lies his unmended garment (body)?

ROLFE

Suit and sword, his sole capital,  
Freighted the boat that bore him home.

SPELMAN

It sounds like a Viking's burial! Who is the  
president now?

ROLFE

Sometimes we appear to have twenty presidents,  
Twenty captains; but Thomas West,  
Lord Delaware, is the one for life.  
We call him governor and captain general.

SPELMAN

Lord Delaware! An Oxford man! Is he here  
at Jamestown?

ARGALL

No! He was blown back to England,  
First having placed a plump farm  
In his wife's name, with none of the work.

ROLFE

*(indignantly)*

My lord was bitten by malaria!

ARGALL

The captains here do not come for their health.

ROLFE

He found us Dale, his faithful deputy.

ARGALL

His faithful dog! We dare not flick  
A Jamestown weed of his wife's jointure.

ROLFE

He watches wanton waste, but gives  
Freely the freshest flowers, of every  
Color and every kind for Church.  
Harry, you knew our hitherto altar,  
The board between two balsam trees,  
Roofed from the rain with a rotten sail—  
The governor gave our God a house  
With pulpit of cedar and pews the same,

ARGALL

*(interrupting)*

The ground is chiseled of chewing-grass,  
And Whitaker's homilies are hard to whittle!

ROLFE

Windows that close if the weather be cold,  
And a belfry cast with a couple of bells!

SPELMAN

Tomorrow morning they ring for a merry English  
wedding!

ARGALL

*(slyly)*

Virginia, is Snowfeather somebody's jill?

POCAHONTAS

Nobody's now.

(*She puts her hands on her shoulders, as in Act I.*)

VIRGINIA

But not because she was not asked!  
She always says that to the Real  
Young men; and she was married once,  
Although her hands are shouldered yet.  
(*All look surprised.*)

ARGALL

Tell us the proof,—the prince of Patomac?

VIRGINIA

Kocoum? (*in disgust*) No! It was the weir.

ARGALL

Who?

VIRGINIA

The fishing-weir, whose ancestor  
Michabo made of reeds and barks,  
And hung it, like a spider's web,  
To catch the whitefish—water-deer—,  
And muskallonge—the water-wolf.

ROLFE

A hound of the water! A husband like Argall!

VIRGINIA

One Spring it would not catch us fish;  
We sang it rousing fishing-songs,  
And blew tobacco in its face;  
At last we held a pow-wow and  
Its spirit shook the tent, and said  
Its newly-married wife had died,  
And it was mourning on the shore.

ARGALL

Your relative, Rolfe!

VIRGINIA

And so they folded it around  
On Pocahontas—as she was;  
She was its bride all summer, and  
It caught the fish for us again.

ROLFE

(to *Pocahontas*)

Your high habit of helping the starving  
Will serve our children cheer, mistress.

POCAHONTAS

It was not done to pleasure them.

ROLFE

I admire your modest demeanor, but frankly,  
Next under God, you were named to prevent  
This colony's utter conclusion!

ARGALL

The scene is getting to the sunset gun.  
(*He goes down the hatchway.*)

POCAHONTAS

(to *Rolfe*)

The sun was torn on the balsam peaks,  
And its blood is covering everything!

ROLFE

(to *Spelman*)

That darkest row is a reredos  
Gothic against a gift of my own  
Subscription: a life lost and enskyed,  
Mooring my day in memorial dusk!

SPELMAN  
(*to Virginia*)

The intermediate meadow seems like a warming  
hearth-rug,  
With the fence for a blackened fender, as you and  
I get home!

ROLFE  
I'll hurry ashore ahead, and show  
Sir Thomas Dale the Treasurer's dealings;  
You may be certain, mistress (*to Pocahontas*), it  
is  
Beside his custom to sell his courtesy:  
Have it for nothing! Goodnight, Harry.  
(*He climbs back over the bulwark.*)

SPELMAN  
(*leaving Virginia*)  
O, are you going? Goodnight, John! (*leaning  
over the bulwark.*)

VIRGINIA  
(*when Rolfe has gone*)  
I want to ask what "Harry" means.

SPELMAN  
(*laughing*)  
It is a nickname, that is, a child-name, for Henry,  
Chief-of-the-House!  
We'll build on the north-side there, as London is  
north of the Thames.

VIRGINIA  
When Captain Smith was here, he said  
That I was born indoors, like you.

SPELMAN

Yes, in a fort like that one, the tallest—but  
Roanoke  
Was shaped like a star; we can go and see its  
outline still.

VIRGINIA

Why, then, I'm like the girl who was  
The daughter of a star, and dropped  
Upon the earth to dance awhile (*dances*)  
A man soon caught her in his arms:  
(*Spelman catches her.*)

POCAHONTAS

When I am dead, my shadow will be  
A bird of the nest of Powhatan,  
And from the tree at my grave's end  
I'll fly to the northern star, the home  
Of all the shadows, where the hand  
Of God is pointing its finger now.  
(*She looks at the compass around her neck.*)

VIRGINIA

(*standing still*)

Snowfeather talks as if she'd slept  
Beneath the power of the moon!  
Why, sister, are you feeling ill?  
(*The sunset gun is fired below.*)

SPELMAN

(*accompanied by voices of sailors*)

God bless England, our sweet native country!

(CURTAIN)

*End of Act II*

### ACT III

*“ And cheerfully at sea  
Success you still entice  
To get the pearle and golde,  
And ours to hold  
Virginia,  
Earth’s only Paradise.”*

MICHAEL DRAYTON,  
“Blessing to the Colonies,” 1607.

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(CURTAIN)

*Deck of the “Treasurer,” early in April, 1614, tied beside the bank of the York River, Va.; the forest is in the immediate background. The sail is set. It is sunrise; birds are singing.*

*Spelman and Virginia are seated side by side, asleep. They are dressed in English costume, but Virginia wears mocassins.*

*Pocahontas is sitting on the bulwark awake, looking into the forest. She wears a dress of English cloth made in Indian fashion, with mocassins; her braids are coiled around her head, with the three white feathers as before. She still wears the compass and the white wampum belt.*

*(The sunrise gun sounds; Spelman awakes and jumps up.)*

SPELMAN

God bless England, our sweet native country!—  
The embassy must have been gone all night; I  
hope they are safe!

POCAHONTAS

*(turning)*

Were they not cheerfully received  
At Werowocomoco, then?

SPELMAN

Well, we were met at first by the outposts, scoffing  
to witness  
Our friendliness: we were welcome but if we came  
to fight,  
And I was advised to remember the massacre at  
Pamunky!  
But we and our guns induced them to bring us to  
Powhatan,  
And after I had translated the terms of your  
release  
I felt I could trust the answer to Tomocomo and  
Rolfe.

POCAHONTAS

*(smiling)*

In order to return to the ship,  
In order to interpret here  
Virginia's sunset longing as  
A very happy evening, Harry!  
*(Virginia awakes at the sound of her name.)*

VIRGINIA

I've been asleep! My sister East  
Has opened both her eyes again!

SPELMAN

*(amused)*



And has my sister-in-law, the East, two eyes,  
Virginia?

VIRGINIA

Why, yes, of course! The one up there (*points  
to the sun*),  
And then the other in the York!  
And she is painting up her cheek  
With fresh puccoon (*looking at the sunrise*).

POCAHONTAS

(*sadly*)

Blood-root, you mean, Virginia.

SPELMAN

No—Anchusa Virginia! You both have a deal  
to learn!  
But we must review our yesterday's lesson before  
today:—  
What is the rainbow? It shone overhead as we  
sailed from Jamestown!

VIRGINIA

O—not the flowers' heaven, now!

POCAHONTAS

(*sadly*)

And there is life no more in wind,  
In water, and in stars, and charm  
No more in moonlight, as you said.

VIRGINIA

And, sister, did it not seem strange  
To learn the spot upon the moon  
Is not the body of a poor  
Old woman thrown up there in rage  
By her own grandson—did it not?

POCAHONTAS

Everything true, Virginia,  
Has a familiar sound to me.

SPELMAN

Columbus, crossing the Sea of Darkness, kissed  
the hand  
Of the fair new world, and lo! the Sleeping Beauty  
awoke!

VIRGINIA

Well, I am sleepy still! Please tell  
Another story like the ones  
You told the day we captured you.

SPELMAN

*(sitting beside her)*

There once was a lad named Romaunt, who went  
out into a garden;  
And there in a round, blue font he saw the flowers  
reflected;  
Romaunt fancied the rose, a little English seedling,  
But when he tried to pluck it, wild Jealousy pre-  
vented,—

VIRGINIA

I know! You were Romaunt, and I  
The rose! Nantaquas used to say  
I was a yellow dandelion,  
And that my hair would soon be white  
And blow away! I see, of course,  
Nantaquas was wild Jealousy!  
A female must have crossed his path  
To spoil his hunting—he would say! *(hastily)*.

SPELMAN

The female was Donna Venus, and if we continue  
the moral,

Captain Argall was sent in the Goddess's own  
machine  
To rescue our hero and heroine in their perplexity.

VIRGINIA

Harry,—if I should ever die,  
Could you, too, love a maid again?

SPELMAN

Nantaquas loves like a Stoic, but I am another  
like Rolfe.

VIRGINIA

*(going over to Pocahontas)*

O sister, did you hear? He says  
He could not love a maid again!

POCAHONTAS

If he were dead, Virginia,  
You could not love a man again!

VIRGINIA

*(happily)*

I wish that you were married, too!

SPELMAN

*(from his seat)*

Well, I suppose we shall have to wait for our  
fellow-travellers  
Before the breakfast is served in this floating  
taverness?

VIRGINIA

*(turning)*

The "Treasurer" a taverness?  
Captain Argall declares she is  
One of the jewels worn by James!

SPELMAN

But as he is off ashore, guarding his precious ship,  
And also his precious freight (*bowing*), I tell you,  
England's jewels  
Are like Cornelia's were: her sons! Will you be  
sorry  
To leave us Englishmen, sister, if the embassy  
returns  
With a treaty with your father agreed upon at  
last?

POCAHONTAS

He took no notice of your proposals  
Before; I think if he had loved me  
He had not valued me less than war.  
I would stay with Virginia,  
No longer up and down in the woods,  
Like this deer beside the creek (*pointing*).

VIRGINIA

(*looking*)

A sacred white one! Harry, come  
And see this deer! She's drinking now,  
And mocassin-deep in the miskodeed!  
(*Spelman comes up; Virginia points.*)

POCAHONTAS

(*smiling*)

In spring beauties, Virginia!

SPELMAN

In Claytonia Virginia!

VIRGINIA

Poor Deer! You cannot ever hope  
To be Dame Spelman, as I am!

SPELMAN  
(*laughing*)

She, however, is true to her proper sylvan buck,  
As you were not! But see how she tosses! Look  
at her go!

VIRGINIA  
Perhaps she thought that curly, black,  
Old stump a curly, black, old bear!  
The way we used to think we saw  
The awful great-white-naked-bear  
Old women used to scare us with:  
There was a wicked man within! (*fearfully*).  
But I am not at all afraid  
Since Harry says it is a myth.

POCAHONTAS  
Here comes the great-white-naked-bear!  
(*Virginia screams and runs down the hatchway;  
Spelman looks out, smiles at Pocahontas, and  
follows Virginia. Argall steps over the bulwark,  
armed with a gun.*)

ARGALL  
I'm pat! Good dawning, princess!  
(*Pocahontas stops smiling.*)  
I have a job for your handsome eyes,  
If they see as true as the tempting piece  
Of venison flesh I flushed just now,  
Although I crept up crouching double.

POCAHONTAS  
It was not you that frightened her!  
The eyes of a deer are very dim,  
And the wind is blowing from the creek.  
But if a leaf moves, I can tell  
The brushing of the wind-bird's wing  
From the creeping motions of a bear.

ARGALL

Then tell me, what is that whitish tip  
Coming out of the creek? I saw it  
After the venison vaulted over me.

POCAHONTAS

*(looking)*

It is Nantaquas' birch canoe!

ARGALL

But how much lower it looks behind!

POCAHONTAS

Tomocomo must be with him.

ARGALL

*(aiming his gun)*

They spring surprises prudently, do they,  
About the dawning of day?—

POCAHONTAS

*(still looking)*

One of them waves a handkerchief.

ARGALL

*(lowering his gun)*

A flag of truce! Then turn you farther  
To where I become the king of Virginia!

POCAHONTAS

I cannot see around the bend.

ARGALL

Come to my vantage-coign for a view:—  
Your brother Nantaquas may take you back  
Without the conditions Dale has made

For peace, if you'll tell old Powhatan  
You wish to marry me; will you?

POCAHONTAS

There is no Indian word for "Vantage."

ARGALL

Say that in English, then; you'd better  
Give me your belt to bind the engagement,  
The way your women are wont to do.

POCAHONTAS

It was not made for Captain Argall.

ARGALL

That does not matter: I do not mean  
To wear the wampum! A wealth is there  
Of conchological currency,  
In pieces of pillar-of-periwinkle,  
A costly species, according to Spelman—  
He makes it Venus Mercenaria.

*(Nantaquas calls from the river and climbs over  
the bulwark, carrying on his shoulders a white deer,  
with an arrow in the heart. Tomocomo follows  
laboriously, carrying a handkerchief, which he  
waves.)*

POCAHONTAS

Wingapo! (Welcome)

*(Pocahontas and Nantaquas interlace their fin-  
gers.)*

TOMOCOMO

*(to Argall)*

We have come to see Snowfeather  
And make sure you have not killed her,  
While the People-Who-Have-Hats-on  
See the weroance, behind us.

(*Nantaquas lays the deer on the deck. Argall starts to take it.*)

TOMOCOMO

(*preventing him*)

From Nantaquas to his sister,  
For a feast to make her merry,  
And a skin to make her garments!

POCAHONTAS

(*to Nantaquas*)

Wingapo!

(*to the others*)

But he forgets  
It is ill-luck to kill white deer.

TOMOCOMO

Master Rolfe has sent the captain  
Of the big canoe this paper.  
(*gives a paper to Argall.*)

ARGALL

(*reading*)

Powhatan desires presents  
Due a father in bereavement.  
He would like a wooden tooth-pick;  
Copper-pieces with the half-face  
Of his English brother on them;  
All the fishhooks you can spare him;  
Two more ponies, and a chimney.

TOMOCOMO

You can either conjure, Captain,  
Or the paper told it to you.

ARGALL

I promise presents as the price of your influence:  
I want to wed your weroance's daughter.



TOMOCOMO

What has Snowfeather to answer?  
I speak for women in the council.

POCAHONTAS  
*(in disdain)*

Sir Thomas Dale's ambassadors  
Are still at Werowocomoco!

TOMOCOMO

Who is Master Rolfe, their leader?

POCAHONTAS

His name is John.

TOMOCOMO

Captain Smith's relation—better!

ARGALL

She's not Rolfe's or the rest of the shoppers'  
Making so free at the fair: she's mine!  
I bought her for only a broken kettle,—

POCAHONTAS  
*(in disdain)*

Behind the door of the gunner's-room!  
*(She goes into the gunner's-room in disdain;  
Argall goes after he and shuts the door on her, locking it.)*

ARGALL

I'll sell her only for a sash of wampum!  
*(He casts off the rope that ties the ship to shore.)*

NANTAQUAS

Nushka! (Behold!)—*(pointing to the shore.)*  
*(The ship has begun to slip past the shore.)*

ARGALL

(*fastening down the hatch-way*)

The Spelmans can spoon on the Spanish main!

TOMOCOMO

There is Master Rolfe, now, coming  
As he promised, for his kerchief.

(*He waves the handkerchief.*)

ARGALL

And a hundred musket-men behind him.

(*He pulls down the sails; the ship stops near a trail.*)

That is the way I work my canoe!

I knew you visitors never had seen it.

This key is an interesting custom, too:

It locks one in or it lets one out, (*unlocks door*)

By the same little trick; try it yourselves!

(*Tomocomo explains the key and the sails to Nantaquas in whispers; Pocahontas comes out of the gunner's-room.*)

ARGALL

(*to Pocahontas*)

A joke—if I cannot be king of Virginia,

I'll follow Dale as deputy governor;

Lord Rich, my relative, runs the Company;

And I'll buy me a baronetcy!—

Tomocomo! Come down and take

Our greatest gun and a grinding-stone.

(*He unfastens the hatchway.*)

POCAHONTAS

(*smiling*)

Find them a gift of lighter burden,

That they may carry it away.

(*Argall, Nantaquas, and Tomocomo go down hatchway.*)

POCAHONTAS

*(kneeling down by the deer.)*

It was ill luck to kill this deer:  
Now she can never call again  
After her proper sylvan buck! *(Stroking it sadly.)*  
*(Rolfe comes down the trail and steps on board.)*

ROLFE

Good morning to you, mistress.

POCAHONTAS

Good morning to you, Master John Rolfe.

ROLFE

I came ahead of the careless hundred  
To march your father's message faster.

POCAHONTAS

And what has Powhatan to say?

ROLFE

He delights in Pocahontas  
More than all his other children,  
And her taking broke his bowstring;  
But he cannot promise quiet:  
His young men no longer fear us  
As they did upon the time when  
If a twig but snapped, some woman  
Cried out—

POCAHONTAS

*(rising and interrupting)*

There comes Captain Smith!

ROLFE

Yes; and therefore but this was yielded;  
Your father arranged for a respite till fall,  
And willed me, with tears, to treat you well.

POCAHONTAS

*(sitting on a bench)*

That you would do, Master John Rolfe,  
However, Powhatan should act.

ROLFE

Then in reply, I parleyed about  
A mighty war in my meditations. *(He sits beside  
her.)*

I told him his child was changed: baptized  
The first of the fruits of our foreign conversion,  
And known by a Christian name—Rebecca.

POCAHONTAS

Because she also followed away  
From her own people; was he angry?

ROLFE

He presses you, rather, to pray for rain  
On the corn, to the God of Captain Smith.

POCAHONTAS

I will.

ROLFE

I spoke of your aptness, your spirit willing  
To receive our tameness and civilization.  
And lastly I vowed, on advice of my lord  
The governor, mistress, I'll gladly make you  
My one companion—a planter's wife!

POCAHONTAS

*(Rising, and putting her hands on her shoulders.)*  
O, my father!

ROLFE

*(rising)*

But Powhatan was pleased, and told me

He'd promise peace to our people for life,  
If you wish to enamel me with your favor,

*(The "careless hundred" is heard in the distance,  
singing an old English melody.)*

VOICES OF SETTLERS

"The hunt is up,  
The hunt is up,  
And it is well-nigh day,  
And Jamie our king  
Has gone hunting  
To bring his deer to bay!"

ROLFE.

*(pressing his suit)*

We used to call our Captain Smith  
Father of Virginia: justly you  
Might be called the colony's mother!

VOICES OF SETTLERS

*(nearer)*

"The east is bright  
With morning light  
And darkness it is fled;  
The merry horn  
Wakes up the morn  
To leave his idle bed!"

*(During this verse Pocahontas unties her wampum  
belt. At its close, Spelman and Virginia rush up  
the hatch-way and look into the trail.)*

SPELMAN

There they are, coming at last: George Percy, and  
Hamor, and Strachey,—

VOICES OF SETTLERS

(*nearer*)

“Awake all men,  
I say again,  
Be merry as you may!  
For Jamie our king  
Has gone hunting  
To bring his deer to bay!”

(*During this verse Pocahontas ties her belt on Rolfe.*)

SPELMAN

There is Waldo, and Potts, and Wynne; but where  
is John Rolfe, Virginia?

ROLFE

Here! (*they turn*) And now we can navigate  
home!  
It's time to bring up the plantation!

VIRGINIA

O, sister!

(CURTAIN)

*End of Act III*

## ACT IV

*“You worthy wights, kings, lords, and knights,  
Or queen and ladies bright:  
Cupid invites you to the sights  
He shall present tonight.”*

—BEN JONSON,

*“Masque of Christmas,”* January 6, 1617.

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(CURTAIN)

*A withdrawing-room in the palace of Whitehall, London, during the evening of January 6, 1617. Christmas greens and three chalked crosses on the ceiling in honor of Twelfth-Night. A door to the right leads in the old Banqueting-House. A door to the left. A table holding a large wassel-bowl.*

*Dance music of the period is being played in the Banqueting-House.*

*Spelman and Virginia, in fine costumes, are “sitting it out” on a couch, talking lovingly.*

*(The music stops; laughter of courtiers is heard; Spelman and Virginia hastily retreat through the door to the left. Tomocomo comes through from the Banqueting-House, and seats himself on the floor. He is closely followed by Lady Delaware, dressed “like a neat sempster and songster—bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribands,” as Jonson directs for the character of Wassel in the “Masque of Christmas.”)*

LADY DELAWARE

*(panting)*

I thank you, senator, for your kind escort here!  
I should have been afraid of you, but that I hear  
You are a ladies' man in your own parliament.  
Will you not massacre some of the Lamb's Wool  
blend?

*(She fills her bowl from the wassel-bowl, and is carrying it to Tomocomo, when Rolfe and Pocahontas come in from the Banqueting-House; both are dressed in English fashion, but she still wears her white feathers.)*

ROLFE

We are pleased with your playing of Wassel,  
Lady Delaware—allow me to help you!

LADY DELAWARE

I thank you, Master Rolfe, the masque is mainly  
done,

But we are masquers all the time the revels run,  
And so I follow here the fashion of Twelfth-Night,  
When Wassel pours herself in others' service  
quite!

*(She gives the bowl to Tomocomo, who drinks it and then begins notching a long stick, glancing through the door of the Banqueting-House, during the following.)*

LADY DELAWARE

A Merry Little Christmas, Lady Rebecca!

*(Pocahontas interlaces her fingers with those of Lady Delaware.)*

LADY DELAWARE

No wonder, Master Rolfe, you had across the sea



Your fingers full of Bridal Wreath, because there  
be  
Many London ladies behaved worse than she.

ROLFE

It was not my marriage made me resort  
To England with deputy Dale, my lady,  
Although I hoped that her example  
Might advance conversion here;—  
But rather to help arouse the heavy  
Undertakers to take a hand  
With person or purse in our planting, lest  
Our fairest hopes be hard frosted.  
How is the governor's health tonight?

LADY DELAWARE

Have you not seen my lord? He has been seeking  
you  
All over Whitehall palace. There is something  
new.  
Welwillers of your dear Virginia colony  
Are in the council-room—I'll keep *her* dear to me!  
(*Rolfe goes out to the left, leaving Pocahontas  
with Lady Delaware.*)

LADY DELAWARE

(*sitting down and seating Pocahontas beside her.*)  
My husband thinks your husband is his strongest  
man!

POCAHONTAS

(*proudly*)

He is as strong as Kwasind was.

LADY DELAWARE

And who was he? What did he do, Lady Rebec-  
ca?

POCAHONTAS

He pulled up trees in Our Country,  
And moved the rocks, and cleansed the trails;  
But he spoiled the meeting-places of  
The-Little-People-of-the-Wood (*sadly*).

LADY DELAWARE

I did not know that you had fairies in your wood,  
Except our godson, Thomas; did you like the  
hood?

POCAHONTAS

It is sweet, and he is lovely, but  
He will be left behind us, with  
Henry Rolfe of Heacham, his uncle,  
In room of a maid, Bermuda Rolfe,  
His sister, born on the Sea Venture!

LADY DELAWARE

But Master Rolfe believes his son should go to  
school;  
And I will keep my eyes upon the pretty fool:  
You shall be proud of him when he comes home!  
O, yes;  
My lord's the governor, so I'm the governess.

POCAHONTAS

Then teach my little mocking-bird  
The happy note of Opeechee,  
The robin of your Smithfield park,  
That covers the dead with leaves, and sings  
About the very latest thing!

LADY DELAWARE

That must be you, my lady, for you fill the door  
Of every house with curiosity! The more,  
There is an infant tavern named La Belle Sauvage;

And archery's again becoming toute la rage!  
Why, you should see the crowd of every age and  
class  
Coming and looking at your portrait by Van  
Pass!

POCAHONTAS

I should have looked more natural  
If I had worn another suit;  
But Master John Rolfe desired him  
To paint me in my London dress;  
He says such things as wampum belts  
Are too barbaric to be worn.

LADY DELAWARE

That is exactly what my lord has said to me  
About my farthingale! He wants his majesty  
To bar it from the court! And you were on the  
bench  
That ordered it no longer stylish to be French!  
My waist of fifteen inches has gone out again,  
And it's a feather in my cap not to go plain;  
This very sanguine silk I acted in tonight  
Is called Rebecca brown,—the same by every  
light;  
What pretty shades they offer now! It was more  
so  
Before I had it made up in this fashion, though.  
(*Rolfe comes back, excited.*)

ROLFE

The session has made me secretary  
Of the colony, and recorder general,  
First of an office freshly created!

LADY DELAWARE

That was by way of honor to your royal wife.  
But who is deputized to save my lord his life?

ROLFE

*(in disgust)*

The session has chosen Sir Samuel Argall,  
In spite of France's frown when he spoiled  
Her forward footing in New France,  
And sacked her market at Mount Desert.

LADY DELAWARE

*(laughing)*

That is because his wife is, like your own, a witch;  
She is not royal, but she's cousin to Lord Rich!

POCAHONTAS

Was Captain Argall married, then?

LADY DELAWARE

O, yes! She sent him out into Virginia first,  
To get her fill of gold; her lips are always pursed!  
She's going now herself to try to quench her thirst.

POCAHONTAS

*(turning to Tomocomo, who is filling his pipe.)*

He was the great white naked bear.

TOMOCOMO

He will turn to many little  
Bears, and over-run Our Country.

*(He lights his pipe, pointing to the earth, sky,  
four winds, in ceremony.)*

ROLFE

And our reputation is taking root  
Like the use of our young tobacco.

LADY DELAWARE

Indeed it is! I never saw such pomp and state  
Accorded to a woman, as the Bishop's fete.

ROLFE

(to Pocahontas)

We're upon our return Plow Monday,  
If the wind will about to blow us away.

(*Archie comes from the Banqueting-House; he wears "a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle—carrying a song-book," as Jonson directs.*)

ARCHIE

His majesty has spread his court like a peacock's tail, and is waiting to receive the presentation of the Nonparella of Virginia (*bowing to Pocahontas.*)

LADY DELAWARE

I will present you, then; although you wear no  
ruff,

You've feathers in your hair; one, two, three—  
just enough!

(*They go out.*)

Shadow your eyes by hand, and kneel as at a  
matin,

And when you can, throw in a word of Greek or  
Latin—

(*When Lady Delaware, Pocahontas, and Rolfe have gone into the Banqueting-House, Archie pours himself a cup of wassel.*)

ARCHIE

A Merry Wee Christmas, senator!

TOMOCOMO

They have told me that already.

ARCHIE

His majesty's wit is wool-gathering! (*He starts to drink when he sees Tomocomo puff out smoke.*)

ARCHIE

St. Mary!  
"Scotland's burning!  
Scotland's burning!  
Look out!  
Look out!  
Fire! fire! fire! fire!  
Pour on wassel!  
Pour on wassel! (*He pours his cup on the face of Tomocomo.*)

TOMOCOMO  
(*in disgust*)

In a town, someone is foolish.

ARCHIE

If the three wise kings themselves were here tonight to claim their Twelfth-Cake, instead of only the first fool of state, they would have put you out too, dearie!

TOMOCOMO

When Michabo was among us  
He gave pipes to wampum-wearers  
For an enemy to sickness;  
That is why we smoke tobacco! (*He smokes.*)

ARCHIE

If that is the case, I will suffocate his majesty to give me a patent to sell these pipes to the court. It would be more profitable than making it laugh, as a preventive against catching the smallpox!

TOMOCOMO

Single men should smoke a little;  
Men with one should smoke a good deal;  
Men with two should smoke a great deal;  
I have three! (*Puff, puff, puff, puff, puff.*)

ARCHIE  
(*refilling his cup.*)

Weel, I need not drink fire. His majesty has promised that I shall live until I have read the Bible through (*drinks*).

TOMOCOMO  
(*craftily*)  
You should never finish reading.

ARCHIE  
Uncle, your eyes are open. What did you think of our masque?

TOMOCOMO  
I have nothing more to say now.

ARCHIE  
And the performance cost 400 pounds, and rushes for rehearsal, rosemary and bays! But perhaps you did not understand the poet's device. (*Sits*) You see, the masquers, ten in number were led singing in, in a string, by Cupid—the boy attired in a flat cap, and a prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders, who forgets his part;—they marched about to martial music; here they dance; and after the going-out there is to be an epilogue.

(*He drinks; the clock strikes twelve.*)

TOMOCOMO  
(*startled*)  
What has happened?

ARCHIE  
(*laughing*)

That is only Captain O'Clock, who dwells in the little sentry-box on the wall, moss-trooper (*points*).

TOMOCOMO

Do you never feed the captain?

ARCHIE

He lives on time; he swallows minutes, bites hours, and chews years.

TOMOCOMO

Do you know what he was saying?

ARCHIE

I will tell you the clock; at six, he said, "Now-put-the-ket-tle-on!—" which was done, as you see (*pointing to the bowl*). At ten, he said, "Now-all-good-peo-ple-hur-ry-home-to-bed!—" which is done, as you hear (*pointing to Banqueting-House, where the laughter of courtiers is heard*). And just now, he said, "All-ghosts-pop-up-from-your-graves-like-Jack-in-the-box!" which will be done, as you know, as it is midwinter midnight.

(*The dance-music begins again; they stand in the doorway of the Banqueting-House.*)

ARCHIE

How graciously his majesty is commoning with the Nonparella! (*He goes out. Tomocomo cuts more notches.*)

TOMOCOMO

(*breaking his stick*)

Count the stars that shine above them!  
Count the leaves upon their oak-trees!  
Count the sands upon their seashore!



*(He stands gloomily watching the dancers. Smith comes in from the left and goes to the bowl and fills a cup.)*

SMITH

The moon outside is colder than a tomb!  
*(drinks)*

TOMOCOMO

*(turning)*

Captain Smith!

SMITH

*(perceiving him)*

Lord Tomocomo! Here's to your red health!  
*(drinks)*

But where is your Lady Rebecca Rolfe?

TOMOCOMO

She is dancing with your weroance *(pointing)*.

SMITH

*(sitting)*

A little different from the masquerado  
She once devised and led for my diversion;  
She tied a pair of deer's horns on her head,  
And came a-rushing from amongst the trees,  
And crowded, pressed, and hung about my neck,  
Crying most tediously, "Love you not me?  
Love you not me?—*(He laughs.)*

*(Tomocomo hollows, shaking his lips with his fingers between them. The dance-music stops. Pocahontas runs in from the Banqueting-House. Tomocomo goes out quietly at the left.)*

SMITH

*(rising)*

A Merry Little Christmas, Lady Rebecca!  
(*She turns from him in a passionate manner.*)

SMITH

This is a cold and modest salutation!  
You cannot have forgotten Captain Smith,  
Who spent Epiphany before with you  
At Werowocomoco! It was I  
That wrote the queen recording of your merit  
Worthy a prince's understanding, lest  
You think us guilty of ingratitude.  
I told her you could speak the English tongue!

POCAHONTAS

They all did tell me you were dead;  
I knew no otherwise till now.

SMITH

(*laughing*)

I have been shipwrecked on the coast of France,  
Where Lady Chanoyes well assisted me,  
And I returned to find my countrymen  
Had buried me amongst the foreigners.  
But I lived to see myself upon the stage,  
Where my chief dangers and most interesting  
Passages have been wracked in tragedies.

POCAHONTAS

And are you going home with us?

SMITH

No; I have promised the Plymouth Company  
To charge New England at the wind's command.  
I reasoned with Lord Delaware just now;  
There is no calling for me to Virginia;  
I am your sword-dancer of Epiphany,

That drags the plow in, with the shaggy fool  
Behind to pass a hat around for largess!

POCAHONTAS

But—O, my father!

SMITH

Lady Rebecca, the pet lioness  
Of all our very best society,  
Should never call a simple soldier “father;”  
I fear the jealous humor of the court!

POCAHONTAS

You never were afraid to come  
In Our Country, and strike a fear  
Into everyone but me;  
And are you here afraid to let me  
Call you father? You shall call me  
Child, for I will be forever  
Of your kindred and your country!

SMITH

Well, I am glad to hear it Poahontas!  
I wanted your advice and furtherance.

POCAHONTAS

I will do anything I think  
Would pleasure you, my father.

SMITH

*(embarrassed)*

I never framed the picture of a wife  
Until the night you rescued me from death;  
Then was I conquered, who have conquered kings.

POCAHONTAS

Why did you never say this before?

SMITH

I wanted first to rescue her myself;  
I would have done it, but my hope was blasted;  
And in my convalescence here at home  
I still talked to my friends about the child,  
Till one described her fairly in "Miranda."

POCAHONTAS

We saw the "Tempest" yesterday.

SMITH

And now that she is visiting in England,  
I must find out if she will marry me.

POCAHONTAS

Do you not know she is a wife?

SMITH

*(surprised)*

I only heard that you were safe at Jamestown!

POCAHONTAS

She has been married for three years.

SMITH

But she can break this marriage, if she will,  
And come to map New England out with me!  
She is a natural in character,  
For all her English education.

POCAHONTAS

And Powhatan would give another  
Wife to him; if she were gone!

SMITH

She cannot love a man like that! With bones  
In his cheeks, and with a wild look in his eyes!

*(Pocahontas looks surprised.)*

Your pardon, Pocahontas—he is your brother!

POCAHONTAS

My brother?

SMITH

*(anxiously)*

It was Nantaquas, was it not, that she  
Was half-engaged to? Why obscure your face?

POCAHONTAS

Your London waters my eyes, my father!

SMITH

They used to call me father of Virginia  
That never had a mother; I had rather  
Become the husband of Virginia Dare.

POCAHONTAS

*(uncovering her face)*

Harry Spelman is her husband.

SMITH

The interpreter? He changes everything!

*(After a moment)*

Well, it is nearly daylight, I am sorry  
The suddenness of my departure puts it  
Out of my power to do you any service.  
Good-bye, then, Pocahontas!

POCAHONTAS

But that is not my real name.

SMITH

Good-bye, then—I've forgotten what it was  
*(smiles)*.

POCAHONTAS

My real name is Amonata.

SMITH

Good-bye, then, Amonata!

POCAHONTAS

Good-bye, my father!

*(Smith goes out of door at left. After a few moments Lady Delaware and Archie come in from the Banqueting-House).*

ARCHIE

Your exit has cut off the fiddler's head, Lady Rebecca!

LADY DELAWARE

Will you come back again and watch our going-out?

*(She leads Pocahontas out; Archie follows; the music begins again.)*

(CURTAIN)

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*End of Act IV*

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EPILOGUE

*(Before the curtain.)*

ROLFE

“It pleased God, at Gravesend, to take this young lady to his mercie, where she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to the beholders to heare and see her make so religious and godly an end.—”—JOHN ROLFE.

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*End of the Pageant*

















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