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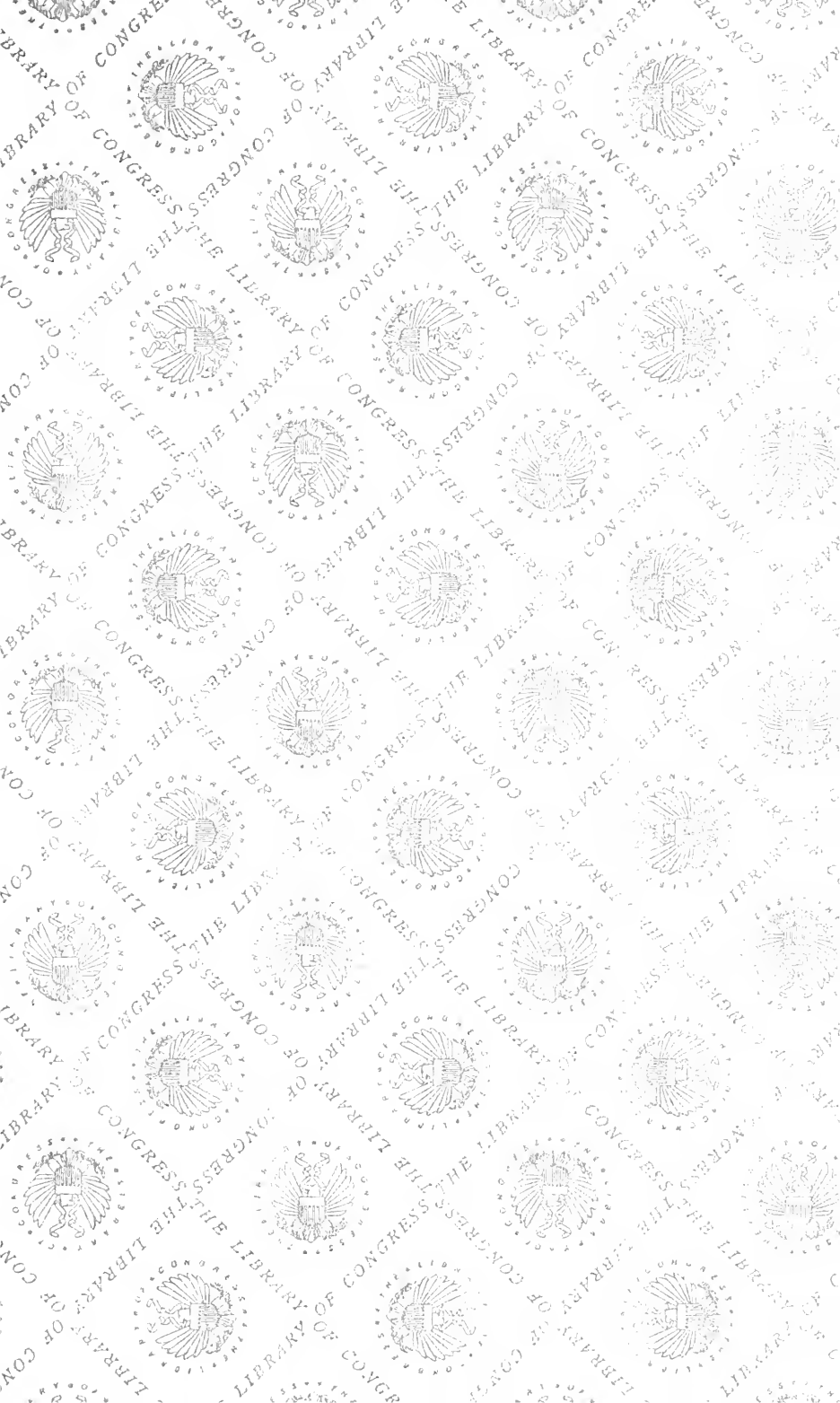
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PROCAHONTAS

THE VIRGINIA NONPAREIL

By **GEORGE
F. VIETT**



**SOUVENIR
JAMESTOWN
TER-CENTENNIAL**

THE C. W. REX CO. INC., PUBLISHERS

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POCAHONTAS,
The Virginia Nonpareil.

A DRAMA OF THE 17th CENTURY.

BY
GEORGE FREDERIC VIETT.



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VIRGINIA *from* 1606-1621.

A BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH COVER-
ING THE PERIOD OF THIS PLAY.

By GEORGE F. VIETT.

The several attempts to effect an English settlement upon the continent of America, prior to 1607, met with failure and disaster.

In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh coasted the Carolinas and took formal possession of the country, naming it "Virginia," in honor of Elizabeth, England's glorious maiden Queen. This venture was simply one of exploration. A year later, Raleigh promoted a colony of one hundred and eight, which, under Sir Ralph Lane, made settlement on the island of Roanoke. This colony was abandoned in the following year, the majority of its members returning to England. Fifty of the party, left in charge of the settlement, were utterly annihilated by the savages. This event, together with the reports spread broadcast in England by the returned adventurers, were not calculated to encourage further attempts at colonization. Among the archives of the British Government is a letter from one of these Roanoke colonists to a friend at home, which sets forth, in substance, among other things, this discouraging piece of information:

"This frightful wilderness must surely be the death of all of us, for never could a Christian hope to live in such a land of abominations. The greatest summer heat at home is but the mildness of spring to what we suffer here. We are, for the most time, stricken with vicious fevers, and rest at night is impossible, owing to the swarms of winged and stinging insects, that suck one's blood. Besides these plagues, legions of painted heathens perform their devilish dances round about, and threaten us with their weapons."

It is scarcely to be wondered, that people living under such circumstances should wish to return to their homes. Yet Raleigh was not discouraged; a new colony was planted upon the ruins of

the old, and, with the hope of making it permanent, women were included among the number sent over. These newer arrivals constituted what is known as "the lost colony of North Carolina," the second which perished, and the pathetic story of which is emphasized by the presence of women, and the birth of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America.

It is not difficult to understand, in the face of such disasters, why Virginia was, for a subsequent period of twenty years, left severely alone. It required the passing of one generation to efface the cruel memory and soften the colonization prospect to another, and so, not until the year 1606 was Virginia once more brought before the English people as a field of settlement and enterprise. In this year a mercantile company was formed in London, having for its purpose the exploitation of the English dominion of Virginia. A charter was granted by King James the First, and letters patent, bearing the date April 10th, 1606, were granted to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Rickard Hackluyt, and their associates, but the real spirits behind the enterprise were Captain John Smith and Bartholomew Gosnold, who, by their representations and activity, induced these gentlemen of means to embark in the project. Gosnold was a sea captain, who had previously visited the shores of America. John Smith was one of those bold and remarkable characters whom Providence so wonderfully fits to the age and the work.

In the writer's opinion, this splendid man has not had full justice done him. Far lesser lights have served to gild the pages of history, and smaller men have reaped greater praise from an unthinking posterity. The permanency of a colony, the result of which is the English-speaking America of to-day, was due to the undaunted courage and wide wisdom of this single man. Had it met the fate of its predecessors, if massacre or abandonment had been its portion, it is entirely possible, with all chances in favor of the possibility, that this North American continent would, at the present day, be a conglomeration of petty Spanish-speaking principalities and despotic republics, like those which now exist to the south of us.

In spite of the shattering blow which Spain received in the destruction of her "invincible armada," she was, nevertheless, at

this time, a feared and formidable maritime enemy of England, and more especially upon that portion of the ocean known as "the Spanish main," which included the seas surrounding these very colonies. Accounts of the Indians revealed the fact that the Spaniards had entered the waters of the Chesapeake more than once before the Jamestown settlement. Their colonies in Florida were firmly set, and the spirit of encroachment northward was already a matter of discussion at the English court. The failure of the Jamestown colony would undoubtedly have operated to deter for an indefinite interval any further attempts on the part of England, and it is not at all improbable that, during this interval of English desuetude, the Spaniards would have settled Virginia and reared success upon our parents' failures, in which event, any attempt to displace them, would have been a far more desperate undertaking than the work of first settlement difficult as it was. In this regard, the figure of John Smith, already splendid as it is, looms still larger upon the stage of history. His efforts, and largely his alone, secured the establishment of the Jamestown colony. He saved it from the Indians, he saved it from the miserable weakness and treachery of its members, and not unlikely, he saved it from the Spaniards. To him alone was due the establishment of the English dominion, resulting in the English-speaking United States of to-day, of which, if George Washington was the father, John Smith was undoubtedly the grandfather!

The little band that sailed from Blackwall, near London, on the 19th of December, 1606, was of a mixed character, lacking unity of purpose and containing within itself the qualities of envy, greed and prejudice. Over one-half the number consisted of "gentlemen," persons, who by reason of birth or social connections, fancied themselves superior to the other portion, of which John Smith was the representative, and who could brook no dictation from those whom they considered beneath them. They seemed to possess no higher ideal than the lust of sudden wealth, and to this end sought to control the expedition to their own purposes. These "gentlemen" constituted the drones of the colony, of whom Smith so bitterly complained and whom he fought so relentlessly. The ships had scarcely left the waters of the English channel, before dissension began to manifest itself, and shortly afterwards John

Smith was placed in irons and kept imprisoned during the entire period of the passage across. The intention was to have sent him back to England with the return of the ships, on the charge of treason, but Smith, insisting on his rights under the colony's commission, demanded a trial in Virginia, was acquitted, and his chief antagonist, Wingfield, was compelled to pay a considerable sum of money, which Smith generously donated to the needs of his comrades. This constituted the first trial by jury in America.

At the end of April, 1607, the ships, "God Speed," "Discovery" and "Susan Constant," appeared at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. To the land on the north and south of this entrance they gave respectively, the names Cape Charles and Cape Henry, in honor of the two sons of King James. A landing was made at Cape Henry, memorial of which is now to be found in a bronze tablet upon the walls of an obsolete light-house, setting forth that:

NEAR THIS SPOT
LANDED APRIL 26, 1607.
CAPTAIN GABRIEL ARCHER, CHRISTOPHER NEW-
PORT, HON. GEORGE S. PERCY, BARTHOL-
OMEW GOSNOLD, EDWARD MARIA
WINGFIELD,
WITH TWENTY-FIVE OTHERS,
WHO,
CALLING THE PLACE
CAPE HENRY,
PLANTED A CROSS
APRIL 29, 1607.
"DEI GRATIA VIRGINIA CONDITA."

Here the adventurers first met the Indians, and this meeting was a hostile one, several of the party being wounded by arrows. After about two weeks' exploration of the shores of Chesapeake Bay, and what is now Hampton Roads, the ships sailed up the Powhatan river, christening it the James, and selected as their

future home an island, which they called Jamestown, in honor of the King. This Jamestown landing was made on May 13, 1607.

The intention had really been to found this colony on the former site of Roanoke, but a violent storm drove the ships northward to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, the inviting aspect of whose shores prompted them to remain and settle. To eyes long saddened at sight of the sea, these shores must have presented an alluring prospect, so here the pilgrims rested, here they suffered, and here they remained.

“They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said: ‘We will return no more;’
 And all at once they sang: ‘Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.’”

The routine of life commenced immediately, and the colonists began to prepare the habitations of their future home. The document for the government of the colony and the names of the council had been prepared and selected by King James and sent across in a sealed package, with instructions not to open until a site for settlement had been selected. These sealed orders were now opened, and revealed the names of Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Radcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall for councilors. With the exceptions of Smith and Gosnold, these men were incompetent, and, neither by nature or purpose, were they adapted to the guidance of so perilous an undertaking. Gosnold, Smith's best friend among the adventurers, died in the summer of 1607, leaving him to contend, single-handed, with incompetency and misrule. Wingfield had been made President, and his authority and influence was constantly directed against Smith. Well it was for both Smith and the colony that the malcontents were not able to control affairs as they desired. Smith had his friends among the more level-headed of the members, and these stood by him. In Smith alone they recognized the ability and energy to maintain and preserve the settlement, from both the Indian peril and the threats of

famine. He was the leading spirit of the enterprise, practically its founder, and certainly its preserver. He had all the enthusiasm of genius, and a heart single to the permanent settlement of a new world. During his two years and a half sojourn in Virginia, his existence was a constant struggle with traitors within, savage enemies without, famine and pestilence, and the greed of the London promoters, whose evident motive was to extract wealth from the colony upon as small an outlay as possible. Dissension and jealousy fronted Smith at every turn. So great was the animosity against him, that certain members among the malcontents actually intrigued with their savage enemies to murder him. It was altogether a pathetically weak household, divided against itself, and the miracle of its survival is revealed in the dauntless spirit of Captain John Smith, a spirit, which, on this soil, survived to snatch the prestige of the world and write its name in blazing letters upon the golden scroll of fame!

The first Indian attack upon the colony took place shortly after its settlement, and its lack of success was very probably due to a timely warning from the friendly maiden, Pocahontas, or Matoaka, the beautiful daughter of Powhatan. There is scarcely a more remarkable or beautiful character in history. Her individuality is unique, and stands without a comparison. Her character was essentially pure and elevated, and of distinguished delicacy and gentleness. With perceptions and feelings entirely apart from those of her race, she almost seems to have been sent of heaven to further the mysterious plans of Providence. Smith recognized in this Indian girl a wondrous personality, before whom he stood in awe, reverence, and admiration. The pages of his history are filled with her praise, as well they might be. She was about the age of thirteen at the time of the Jamestown settlement, a mere child, it is true, but one whose emotions and actions prompt us to believe that in mind and body she was developed beyond her years. Girls develop early in this land of the South, and savage people the world over mature earlier than those of civilization. A reading between the lines of this seventeenth century drama, leads us to infer that she was already moved by the promptings of love, and that the object of her regard was none other than Smith himself. On his side, we have no evidence that his feelings towards this

Indian maiden were other than those of a father to a child. "His deare and blessed Pocahontas," was to him the object of kindly admiration and heart-felt gratitude only. He was too burdened with cares and work to find time for the gentle sentiments of love, and so, if Pocahontas loved him, she loved in silence and with none to share her secret. Although conjectural the supposition has much to support it, and if true, the story of this Indian maiden becomes invested with an intenser interest, for in addition to the revealed romance of her life we have the pathetic picture of a maid that loved a man, and of a man who loved the maiden not, or if he did, knew not that she loved him. Years afterwards, as the wife of John Rolfe, when she met Smith in England, she gave expression to language supporting this view, and from which we may, with certainty, conclude that she had been assured of her old friend's death before giving her consent to marrying John Rolfe. All accounts agree in depicting her as of great beauty and refinement of nature, and tenderness of heart. She was one of those rare jewels of humanity that differ in quality from hundreds of generations of her race. Her real name was Matoaka, and the substitution of Pocahontas was due to a superstition prevailing among the Indians that a knowledge of their true names placed them under the evil spell of strangers. Her father, Powhatan, was a savage of very exceptional ability and rare foresight. He fronted the invaders of his domain with a diplomacy and resoluteness which found defeat alone but in the sagacity and intrepidity of Captain Smith. Whenever the colonists acted against the Indians without the guidance of Smith, they invariably met disaster. Powhatan was quick to recognize his one formidable rival, and repeatedly sought to snare him. That he permitted his escape upon the great occasion when he held his life in his hand, must be accounted for upon higher grounds than those of mere chance. Smith met cunning with cunning, force with force, and checkmated the wily old king to the end of the chapter. Powhatan knew that, with the death of Smith, the English colony was doomed. His one desire was to capture this white chief and put him to death, and when this capture was later accomplished, and the head of his prime enemy was awaiting his signal for the killing blow, we must account for the result on the assumption alone that the hand of Divinity is sometimes directly stretched forth and mani

fested upon those trembling occasions, when its high purpose hangs in the balance.

Powhatan was king of thirty tribes, numbering a population of eight thousand, and covering eight thousand square miles of territory. These tribes were named after the sections they occupied, but all were included under the general name of Powhatans. In type and character, these Virginia Indians differed but little from the various tribes that then occupied, and now live in, other sections of the continent. They were blood-thirsty and cruel, but not without some excellent virtues, among which were patriotism and bravery. They loved their freedom, and, preferring death to the least link of bondage, they scorned the slave and the slave-maker alike, to which spirit is largely due their expulsion from the land of their forefathers. With their primitive idea, that every man had his share in the world, they justly regarded a civilization of wage-workers and hirelings as one of thinly disguised serfdom, and they scorned it with all the intensity of their liberty-loving natures.

The Virginian Indians differed somewhat in their superstitions from those of other sections of America, in that they worshipped the god of evil, or "Okee," the "One Alone, called Kiwassa." Quioughuoesickee, the beneficent god, they paid scant attention to, on the peculiar assumption that, being good, he would do them no harm, but that "Okee," of cruel and vindictive proclivities, needed to be treated with every consideration, and propitiated upon all occasions. In this, we have a glimpse of the people with whom our little band of Englishmen played the game whose stakes were life and death, and half a world to the survivors. These were the people of whom alone it can be said that they "never bent the knee," and that they "fought to the last ditch." These are the people that, after over two and a half centuries of warfare with the whites, were still able to smash Custer and his command, and gain a victory in defence of their land, which we have meanly perverted into a "massacre," and refer to in our histories in lines of reprobation.

Despite internal wrangling and Indian attacks, the second month after the landing found the colonists in a seemingly prosperous condition. The supplies brought over from England had

not yet been exhausted, and the balmy spring weather but added to the tonic effects of their late voyage over the ocean. Log cabins were constructed, and the Indians, after several repulses and with the dread of the white man's fire irons, sued for peace. The "gentlemen" lived their lives of idleness, and parties, under Smith, explored the woods and waters about. On one of these expeditions, Smith explored the entire shore expanse of Chesapeake Bay, and many of its important tributaries, making a landing on both the future sites of Washington and Baltimore. With the advent of the summer season, known as "the terrible summer of 1607," the first great cloud of calamity swept down upon the band of adventurers. By September, fever and famine had swept off fifty men, including Bartholomew Gosnold, Smith's best friend; and at one time during this period, only ten men were able to be up and doing. During this time of dire distress, the selfish Kendall and others made an attempt to seize the one vessel, which Newport had left as the last resort of the colonists, with the intention of deserting the others and making off to England. Through the usual vigilance and action of Smith, this dastardly attempt failed, the leaders were tried, and Kendall executed. It was a time which tried the stoutest hearts, but the advent of winter, though one of much severity and suffering, destroyed the fever, and the colony rose as from the very brink of the grave.

Among the erratic commands of the royal James, was one which imposed upon the colonists the discovery of the "South Sea," a fond delusion of the times, which supposed that, within a hundred or so miles from the Atlantic seaboard, was to be found the great waters of another ocean. To the discovery of this visionary sea, Smith, with a small party of men, set out on December 10th, 1607, in the very bitterest sort of weather. As an example of the courage of this man, and the spirit of the times, this incident furnishes ample food for reflection. In the dead of winter, through the mazes of an almost impenetrable forest, tenanted by legions of hostile savages, a party of only four men unhesitatingly invaded the grim solitudes of an unknown world for the sole purpose of discovery. We, of softer times, can but hold our breaths in shuddering wonder, nor are we surprised at the result of this expedition. Upon making a landing upon what is now the site of the city of

Richmond, Smith and party were beset by several hundred Indians, under the Chief Opechancanough; all of his companions were killed, and himself narrowly escaped execution on the spot. The Indian chief had about decided to dispatch his captive, but Smith's ready wit was his salvation for the time being. Having a pocket compass in his possession, he took it out, and not improbably played upon the superstitious fears of the threatening savages. The Indians were deeply impressed at the refusal of the needle to point other than in one direction, and still more amazed that it would not permit itself to be touched, on account of the glass which covered it, a substance of which they knew nothing. It was decided that so great a token entitled its possessor to higher honors of sacrifice than mere death out of hand, and so, with much ceremony and great rejoicing, our hero was conveyed to the seat of Powhatan, at Werowocomoco, for trial and execution.

The council before which Smith appeared, is described by himself as one of impressive, barbaric splendor. Powhatan, the king, sat enthroned, surrounded by his sullen braves and grotesque medicine men, and the rude picturesqueness of the scene was emphasized by the presence of the maiden, Pocahontas, and other Indian women. After much deliberation and argument, in which the prisoner was, no doubt, afforded opportunity for a defense, the great chiefs of the council decided that he should be executed then and there. With savage ceremonial, the sacrificial altar was made ready. Smith was bound, his head laid on the stone, and with an inward prayer he looked, as he thought, his last upon the world with all its strange vicissitudes. Mercy, there was none; mercy, he did not expect; and he gave himself to death with all the sterling courage of the sterling race to which he belonged. The ponderous bludgeon of the savage is already raised to dash out the brains of this first Virginian hero, when, lo! a piercing shriek startles the already tense assemblage! a lithe figure bounds forward, and a pitying angel, sent of heaven, looks out upon a circle of hell, and moves its denizens to mercy!

Matoaka! beautiful child of the forest! amazing maiden of mercy! the world's bright scroll of star-eyed heroines is not complete without thy beauteous name!

Early in 1608, there was great rejoicing at Jamestown over the



KING JAMES I, 1607.

return of Captain Newport and two ships from England, bringing new recruits and provisions. Among the passengers were two women, Mistress Forrest and Anne Burras, her companion. They were the first English women that came to America, and we may well imagine that their presence was a burst of sunshine to the care-worn, home-sick adventurers.

Anne Burras shortly after became the wife of John Laydon, one of the original crew. This marriage was celebrated in due form, with much rejoicing, and constituted the first marriage on the soil of Virginia. The custom has been a popular one ever since, and in some poetical age of the future, there will be a monument erected to this charming couple.

Among the new commissions given to Newport by King James was one which Smith viewed with unconcealed disdain. Orders were issued by his majesty for the formal crowning of Powhatan as a prince, after the European fashion, and the insignia of this office, in the shape of a scarlet robe and crown, were brought over in the ships. Newport, who was a pompous individual, impressed with the power and dignity of kings, sent a message to Powhatan, setting forth the facts, and commanding his presence at Jamestown for the coronation. To his indignation, the independent old savage sent back word that he was a king already, and that, while he would like to receive the presents that accompanied the crown, he would not go to Jamestown to get them, but that Newport must come to him at Werowocomoco. There was no alternative. The royal orders were positive, and Powhatan must be crowned, and on this fantastic mission, Newport, with twenty others, set out on a hundred-mile tramp to the court of Powhatan. Arriving upon the scene, and completing the ceremony, the English were subjected by this Indian chief to a bit of sarcasm, a very masterpiece in its way, and one that would have done credit to a Talleyrand. Dramatically refusing to receive the crown kneeling, Newport, much against his inclination, was compelled to stand on tiptoe and place it on the head of the haughty Indian. After receiving his presents, Powhatan took off his old moccasins and robe and requested that they be sent to King James with his compliments. Those who run, may read the ringing moral that this incident portrays.

The incidents of the following year are not sufficiently eventful

to come within the compass of a brief sketch. This period was but a repetition of that which preceded it. Plots and counter-plots within. Indian attacks and repulses, peace and war, and war and peace again, exploration of the coast and interior, and foraging for food, fill this space, and bring us to the month of May, in the year 1610.

In the previous September, Captain Smith returned to England, and, in spite of the fact that he left the colony in a flourishing condition, and containing upwards of five hundred persons, including some women, it required but a few months for dissension, misrule and idleness to wreck the good work. Quick to note the absence of the master spirit, the Indians commenced a vigorous and relentless warfare against the whites. Disaster followed confusion, and in this short interval, upwards of four hundred people perished from famine, and fever, and the Indian hatchet. An English fleet, which had been sent out to Jamestown under command of Admiral Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, had been wrecked upon the Bermuda Islands. This expedition had been given up for lost by both the London company and the Jamestown Pilgrims. After remaining some months upon these solitary isles, the castaways repaired their ship and resumed their interrupted voyage to Jamestown, arriving at the moment of that colony's acute distress. As John Esten Cooke so beautifully puts it: "The shipwrecked looked upon the shipwrecked," and instead of finding a place of rest and comfort, found a desolation, hard-pressed by calamity. Somers and Gates were prevailed upon to embark for England and take the miserable remnant of the colony with them, and the abandonment of Jamestown was agreed upon. On the 7th of June the signal to embark was given. So great was the feeling against their late place of suffering, that the home-bound exiles were about to set it on fire, when Sir Thomas Gates sent a party of men ashore to prevent the wanton destruction. It proved a providential act. The very next morning, as the ships were about to begin their long voyage, they were met by an incoming fleet under Lord Delaware, with a year's provisions, and many new colonists. The two fleets returned to Jamestown: all hands disembarked: and, under the new and excellent regime of Delaware, the colony was re-established and firmly set. Delaware, too, is entitled to an honored place in the history of this nation.

We must now slight the interval between this period and the year 1616, when Pocahontas, who had previously been married to John Rolfe, was taken to England with a party of Indians by Sir Thomas Dale. There she met Captain Smith, whom she thought dead, and an affecting scene followed. King James received them at court, and this mingling of the children of the wilderness, in their barbaric simplicity, with the splendors of seventeenth century civilization, makes an unique resting spot for the eye that loves the quaint and picturesque, or that searches for a masterpiece from among the faded pictures of the past. John Smith, now an Admiral, had previously sent a letter to Queen Anne, setting forth, in glowing terms, the character of Pocahontas. From the lines of this most interesting epistle, written ten years after his experiences at Jamestown, we quote these:

“During the time of two or three yeares, she (Pocahontas), next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine and utter confusion; which, if in those times had once become dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival, to this day.”

That this letter had its effect, was evidenced by the report that Pocahontas was “graciously used” by the King and Queen. After the court reception, the Bishop of London gave an entertainment in honor of the visitors, which Purchas, the historian, described as full of splendor.

Pocahontas died at Gravesend, in March, 1617, when on the point of sailing for her native land, for which, no doubt, her simple heart had often yearned. The untimely end of this exquisite flower upon a foreign shore puts a pathetic period to a life as romantic and beautiful as the pages of history reveal. To those Virginians of the future, fancy-eyed and starry-souled, who shall look back upon the kinder memories of the past, this one shall not lack their sympathy and song.

On July 30th, 1619, the first legislative body that ever sat in America, assembled at Jamestown, and two years later, this assembly promulgated the first declaration of American independence in a certain document of “Ordinance and Constitution,” in the following striking language:

“No orders of court afterwards shall bind the said colony, unless they be ratified in like manner in the General Assemblies.”

From this it is quite evident that the spirit of '76 was already born on the soil of Virginia.

Those who witnessed the landing of twenty negroes in this year, little dreamed what dark and monstrous birth was there spawned. The incident is tersely told in the writings of John Rolfe:

"To begin with this year, 1619, about the last of August, came in a Dutch man-of-war, that sold us twenty negroes."

These were the first negro slaves introduced upon the North American Continent, and thus it was that in its infancy, this land of America became a meeting-place of the races—for some the better, and for some the worse. The remarkable fecundity of the negro race in this country, comprising at the present period over ten millions of people, is a matter which no real statesman can view with tranquillity. A nation within a nation, the spectacle offers no parallel in all history. The best records show that at no period did the aboriginal population of America equal one-fifth the numbers of the negro race to-day. In the setting of field and forest throughout a vast extent of territory, the figure of the black man has entirely supplanted the red. As the representative of a primitive race, the North American Indian is facing extinction, and the time is not far distant when the last remnant of this brave and singularly interesting people will have passed away.

Red as is the record of the red man, great as has been his cruelty upon occasion, when, in the course of human events the balance is struck by the great Accountant, the American Indian will be found more sinned against than sinning.

The red children of Virginia have faded away. They "did give the English a little land," and from that little land came forth a swarm of black and white, that drove them from their hunting-grounds, over the hills, and over the hills again. And there was no place of sanctuary, for wherever they halted, the cunning, well-armed stranger came, and there they left more of their dead and the dead of the enemy—and again to the mountains! But the rising tide was ever rising, and it washed them away, and so it was, and so it ever will be with those who, in dumb freedom stand "to stem the march of the majestic world."

Powhatan and Pocahontas! and all the great red host that looked on them, have passed. Like beacon lights far set down

time's relentless tide, they signal back to us the pathos, and the power, and the pride that was their portion, and of which the first alone remains.

But, now to happier memories. In the year 1621, under the felicitous inspiration of Sir Edwin Sandys, then at the head of the London company, ninety young women were sent out as wives for the colonists, young persons—we are assured—of unquestionable good character, the majority youthful and beautiful, and in all the bloom of rosy English health. With broad statesmanship, the genial Sir Sandys recognized that to establish the colony upon a firm basis, it was necessary to anchor its members to the soil, and that no method was surer of accomplishing this purpose than that of giving the settler a wife and ultimately a family to cheer him. It was a most admirable idea, and succeeded famously. Women, up to this time, had formed but a small proportion of the population, and many a lass-lorn lad looked forward with fond anticipation to the arrival of this precious cargo. The expenditure of the company in this venture was considerable, and to repay this, it was arranged that the colonists who selected wives, or were selected by the maids, were each to turn over to the company, one hundred and eighty pounds of tobacco, in value about eighty dollars. On the arrival of the ship with its feminine freight, all the settlers flocked to Jamestown to meet them, and a more curious and happy spectacle was perhaps never presented than the landing of these English girls upon the shores of the James river. There was no compulsion on either side, and both parties made their selection according to the dictation of their hearts. The plan was so splendidly successful that another ship-load of girls soon followed, and were received with equal fondness, and disposed of in the manner of their predecessors. This was indeed the time when Cupid crossed the ocean wide, with business on his hands!

Such, in brief, are the events upon which are based the three hours' traffic of our stage, and which the Jamestown Exposition, at Norfolk, Va., in 1907, is intended to commemorate. They contain every element to stir the deeper emotions of the soul, and their period of action stands vividly out upon the page of history as one of the great productive epochs of humanity.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

COLONISTS.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.
HONORABLE GEORGE PERCY.
JOHN ROLFE.
CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT.
BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD.
JOHN RADCLIFFE.
GEORGE KENDALL.
EDWARD MARIA WINGFIELD.
JOHN LAYDON.
REV. MASTER HUNT.
ANNE BURRAS.
TERENCE O'TRIGGER, *Irish soldier*.
ANGUS MCLOYNE, *Scotch soldier*.
DOBBY FULLFAT, *London soldier*.
MEN-AT-ARMS.
SAILORS.
ADVENTURERS.
WIVES, SWEETHEARTS AND CHILDREN.

LONDONERS.

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
KING JAMES THE FIRST.
QUEEN ANNE.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *Prime Minister*.
BISHOP OF LONDON.
COURT JESTER.
SIR THOMAS DALE.
COURTIERS.
LADIES OF THE COURT.
PAGES, TIPSTAVES, AND USHERS.
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND SOLDIERS.
LANDLORD OF "MERMAID INN."
ATTENDANTS.

INDIANS.

POWHATAN, *King of Thirty Tribes*.
POCAHONTAS OR MATOAKA, *his daughter*.
OPECHANCANOUGH, *Chief of the Pamaunkees*.
WASHAWUNDA, *Chief Medicine Man*.
KUNBERWARKA, *a chief in love with Pocahontas*.
CHISCOMAUNA, *a brave*.
PASPEHEGH, *a brave*.
WOMEN AND WARRIORS.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.

- Scene 1st.*—London. Mermaid Inn, night of December 18, 1606.
Farewell assemblage of adventurers.
Introduction of Shakespeare.
- Scene 2nd.*—A country view near Blackwall.
Love scene between John Laydon and Anne Burras.
- Scene 3rd.*—The docks at Blackwall: departure of colonists.

ACT II. Year 1607.

- Scene 1st.*—Forest near Jamestown; twilight, with moon.
Council of Indians under Opechaneanough.
Pocahontas attends council.
- Scene 2nd.*—Jamestown. Warning of Pocahontas.
Trial of Captain Smith and acquittal.
Attack of Indians and their repulse.
The plotters at work, and Kendall's treachery.
- Scene 3rd.*—Departure of Newport on return to England.
Captain Smith leaves on expedition.
Second warning of Pocahontas.
Plotters seize pinnace.
Smith's sudden return, after escape from ambush.
Defeat, capture, and trial of plotters.
Condemnation and execution of Kendall.

ACT III. Year, 1608.

- Scene 1st.*—Some months later. Forest. Smith's expedition in search of the "South Sea."
Attack by Indians, and capture of Smith.
- Scene 2nd.*—Court of Powhatan. Trial of Smith.
Smith's condemnation and attempted execution.
The saving of Captain Smith by Pocahontas.

Scene 3rd.—Jamestown. Pestilence and famine.
 Indian brings message from Smith.
 Arrival of Newport with ships.

Scene 4th.—Forest near Jamestown.
 Kunderwarka makes love to Pocahontas.
 Attempted assassination of Pocahontas by rejected lover.
 Her rescue by Rolfe and Laydon.
 Double love scene.

Scene 5th.—Jamestown; before a rude church.
 Marriage of Laydon and Anne Burras.
 Departure of party for crowning of Powhatan.

Scene 6th.—Court of Powhatan.
 Crowning of Powhatan as "King Powhatan 1st."

ACT IV. *Eight years later, 1616.*

Scene 1st.—London. Court of King James.
 Presentation of Pocahontas and others.

Scene 2nd.—Grand fantastic ball at Bishop's mansion.

EPILOGUE; *Five years later, 1621.*

GRAND SPECTACULAR MUSICAL BALET.

Scene 1st.—Jamestown; nearby woods; moonlight; dialogue.

Scene 2nd.—Public square at Jamestown.
 Arrival of maids; selection of wives; dances.
 Allegorical figures. Curtain. Finis.

Synopsis Drama of Pocahontas.

The action of "Pocahontas," an English-American drama of the Seventeenth Century, embraces the scenes and incidents of Virginia history, from the departure of the colonists from England, in 1606, to the arrival of the English maids at Jamestown, in 1621.

The entire first act is set in England. The curtain rises upon a farewell assemblage of the adventurers at the "Mermaid Inn," in London, on the night of December 18th, 1606, in which the dialogue develops the spirit and sentiments, characteristics and plots of the members, and in the quarrel scene between Radcliffe and Smith reveals the quality and temper of the hero.

The play is historically correct in every essential detail. The introduction of Shakespeare as an actor in the first scene is, of course, a piece of dramatic license, but one for which may be advanced the double claim of probability and consistency backed by authentic historical suggestion. This suggestion is taken from John Esten Cooke's *History of Virginia*, in which, on page 14, he tells of the "Mermaid Inn" and the characters who frequented it; of the popularity of Shakespeare in London at this very moment, and of his probable acquaintance with John Smith, continuing in these words:

"This personal acquaintance of the soldier and the writer is merely conjectural, but it is interesting to fancy them together at the "Mermaid," talking, perhaps, of the Virginia enterprise, etc."

It is an interesting passage, and tenders a hint well worth accepting, and, indeed, a moment's reflection will reveal the startling fact that no other historical drama could so consistently include as an acting character the majestic figure of William Shakespeare. Upon this hint we have hung our cloak of fancy, and upon invitation, the great dramatist attends the farewell gathering, and delivers an address suitable to the occasion.

Scene 2nd., discloses a leave-taking love passage between John Laydon and Anne Burras, who later are reunited at Jamestown, and celebrate the first American marriage.

Scene 3rd., finds the adventurers on the docks at Blackwall, taking final leave of their wives and friends.

Act 2nd., Scene 1st., opens upon a purely American picture, making a

striking contrast with the setting of act first. The scenery represents the virgin American forest, in which Chief Opechancanough, of the Pamunkee tribe of Indians, is holding a council, deliberative of the landing of the English at Jamestown, some miles away. Pocahontas or Matoaka, the daughter of King Powhatan, comes in during the session of this council. After much discussion, the Indians resolve on the destruction of the colony, and Opechancanough calls for a volunteer to go as spy to the English camp. None respond to this appeal, the Indians being in mortal fear of the "fire-irons." Pocahontas volunteers to undertake this mission, and the council ends with a war dance.

Scene 2nd., presents Jamestown a week or so after the landing. The colonists have settled down to the work of making themselves comfortable. Pocahontas appears, presumably upon the mission assigned her, but in reality, she gives the colonists warning of the intended attack of Opechancanough. Pocahontas had previously met some of the colonists in the woods near Jamestown, by whom she had been most kindly treated, John Rolfe having presented her with a string of beads. While Pocahontas is present, Captain Smith is brought in to stand trial, upon the charge of treason, for which he had been confined during the passage across. He hears the warning of the Indian girl, and urges the postponement of the trial in order that the colonists may prepare to meet the attack. This is refused by Wingfield, the president, who holds the warning lightly and treats Pocahontas with some rudeness.

The trial of Smith proceeds with much bitterness, and as the verdict of acquittal is rendered, the assemblage is startled by the war whoops of the savages. Smith jumps to the front, and, under his leadership, the Indians are routed. This is followed by dialogue between the plotters, who have been greatly discomfited by the double triumph of their formidable opponent. Radcliffe, the arch conspirator, adroitly formulates a plan, which, by way of suggestion, he imposes upon Kendall, and which the latter proceeds to put into execution. Kendall, with gold in his eye, has had some traffic with the Indian Kunderwarka, who, that very night, is to bring him some supposed gold nuggets in exchange for a sword, which he greatly covets, but the giving of which to a savage constitutes a grave offense against the colony. Kendall is prompted by Radcliffe to post Kunderwarka on an intended foraging trip of Smith on the morrow, that he may, with his tribe, meet the party in ambush and destroy them. This meeting between Kunderwarka and Kendall takes place: the sword is given by the latter, and the plot set in motion.

Captain Newport had brought three ships to Jamestown; on his return to England, he left the smallest one, the pinnace, for the use of the colonists in the event of their being hard pressed by the Indians. The possession of this one ship meant their salvation in case of disaster ashore. Radcliffe, Kendall, and Wingfield, with some others, proposed to seize this vessel during the confusion following the announcement of the

attack upon Smith and his companions. Pocahontas, learning of the intended attack, comes again to warn Smith, but is distressed to find him already gone. She tells her story, and then rushes off with the intention of trying to overtake the party before they reach the point of danger, which is close to Jamestown. The attack takes place, and a guard, previously posted by the plotters, rushes back to camp with the intelligence, and throws the colony into great confusion. During this confusion, the pinnace is seized by the plotters, just as Smith, unhurt, returns upon the scene. He takes in the situation at a glance, and by turning the cannon upon the pinnace and threatening to blow it out of the water, compels the mutineers to surrender. The trial of the plotters takes place, and Kendall is condemned to death.

Act 3rd., Scene 1st., opens some months later, with the capture of Smith by Indians, under Opechancanough, and portrays the Captain's ready wit in warding off immediate death, which resulted in his being led a prisoner before the court of King Powhatan.

Scene 2nd., shows the court of Powhatan in all its barbaric splendor: the trial and condemnation of Smith, the attempted execution, and his saving by Pocahontas.

Scene 3rd., represents Jamestown in the famine period. The colonists, on the verge of despair, are made doubly desolate in the belief that Smith has met his death. In the midst of the most intense gloom, a messenger arrives from the camp of Powhatan, bearing a letter from Smith himself, in which he relates his salvation and his promised release on the payment of certain tools and weapons. The Indian receives the articles of ransom, and Smith, who had been held in the nearby woods, is brought in. Amid the general rejoicing at his appearance, the cheerful intelligence is received that Newport comes up the river on his return trip from England.

Scene 4th., shows Pocahontas and her Indian lover, Kunderwarka, in the forest. Kunderwarka makes love advances, which Pocahontas rejects, and in desperation, he binds her to a tree, for the purpose of shooting an arrow through her heart. She is rescued by Rolfe and Laydon, the latter appearing with his lover, Anne Burras, who has recently come with Newport to Jamestown to meet him. The scene ends with a double love dialogue between the two pair of lovers.

Scene 5th.—Rude church at Jamestown; marriage of Anne Burras to John Laydon.

Scene 6th.—The court of Powhatan, and his crowning as King Powhatan 1st., by authority of King James.

Act 4th., 1616, eight years later.

Scene 1st.—Introduction of Pocahontas and Indians at the court of James 1st.

Scene 2nd.—Grand fantastic masque ball at the mansion of the Bishop of London.

Epilogue.—1621, five years later.

Scene 1st.—Forest near Jamestown, under moonlight. Dialogue, unfolding the situation.

Scene 2nd.—Public square at Jamestown. Grand spectacular ballet, in which is shown the arrival of maids from England; their reception; the selection of wives; English and Indian dances.

Entrance of allegorical figures of Columbia and Britannia, Uncle Sam and John Bull, soldier and sailor with flags.

Grand Tableau. Curtain. Finis.



POCAHONTAS, The Virginia Nonpareil.

A Drama of the Seventeenth Century.

ACT I.

Scene. The Mermaid Inn, London.

Time. Night of December 18th, 1606.

Incident. Farewell assemblage of adventurers on the eve of departure for Virginia.

Group and Aspect. Company consists of gentlemen, cavaliers, adventurers, men-at-arms, sailors.

Landlord and waitresses in attendance.

Some of the company are seated at small tables, talking and playing games of chance; others walking about in friendly discussion.

Captain John Smith and the Honorable George Percy are seated at table in forefront of stage.

Song and Chorus, Men-at-Arms.

Old London town, we'll put hull down
Before another night, O!
With a hill of snow at either bow,
And a breeze that's good and right, O!

We'll raise old England's banner high,
And make it good and fast, O!
And in the hour when danger's nigh,
We'll nail it to the mast, O!

Chorus—

Then hurrah for the ships,
 And hurrah for the men,
 And hurrah for the land of our birth!
 And hurrah for the lasses,
 No nation surpasses,
 The fairest and rarest of earth!

Vir-gin-i-a, by good Queen Bess
 Was given to our care, O!
 And under James, with God to bless,
 We'll make a landing there, O!

And if the Spaniards bar our way,
 With brazen, haughty zeal, O!
 We'll launch upon their bigot brows
 Our honest English steel, O!

Chorus—

Then, hurrah for the King,
 And hurrah for the Queen,
 And hurrah for the gem of the ocean:
 And hurrah for the land,
 And the heroes that stand
 To tender their lives in devotion!

Let Dons or Dutch dispute our path
 Across the ocean wide, O!
 They'll learn the might of English wrath;
 And wish they hadn't tried, O!

Old Neptune is an Englishman,
 And born off Dover Beach, sir!
 His trident's always in the van
 And ever in our reach, sir!

Chorus.—

Percy. Hast heard, Sir Smith, who takes command o' the ships?

Smith. Aye, the Honourables hath vested that office in yonder Newport [*inclining head towards Newport*], which doubtless means authority in Virginia, and, 'twixt thou and I, friend Percy, I like it not.

Percy. Ah, more's the pity! I know him well! A fellow of strange conceit and loving small authority. A type of man, perhaps fitted to command in small affairs, but scarcely one on whom should rest the burden of so perilous a venture.

Smith. Well said, Percy; the voice, indeed, of mine own conscience. Let's pray the gentleman lead us not a merry dance to hell! I have known softer ventures lost by stronger men.

Percy. Yet, sir, there are bold and able souls among us to stand between sick failure and its victims, an' thou, friend Smith, art equal to a host! I wish the articles had read, "Captain Smith, o' th' fleet."

Smith. You do me gracious honor, sir, and yet your words seem pregnant with prophecy. For days the shadow of events has been upon me, and in my musings I have already borne the burden that the future holds. But, faith! we are not sooth-sayers! and we'll do our duty as becomes our breed, let come what may come. 'Tis a goodly company present.

Percy. Better, methinks, 'twould be by lack of some fine dandies. Mark you the pair of players at yonder table; their names Radcliffe and Wingfield; such tender hands and lackadaisical airs seem better suited to the scented halls of languid ladies. That fellow Radcliffe hath an insolent and knavish look, and on his reputation, I warrant you, he stirs up strife ere many weeks. Yet, on the whole, this merry company merits Fortune's smile, and they'll earn it; think you not so?

Smith. That they be Englishmen, friend Percy, is sufficient answer to thy question, for never yet hath an English band proved wholly false and cowardly. None such hath ever lacked the stuff to stiffen battle lines or toe the hazard of adventure. Be sure our coming enterprise will be thus fortified. I would not miss for worlds the great renown I feel will be our portion.

Percy. By th' Lord, Harry, 'tis an alluring prospect for sturdy arms and steadfast hearts. The enterprise is hard, the natives unfriendly, and cruel, too; but danger is the salt that strong men love, and 'tis rich with chance of honorable advancement. The path is paved with gold, and the breezes blow across the fields of fame.

Smith. Master Radcliffe seems to eye us most intently, and with no kindly glance. He looks, in truth, like one who dare to raise the devil, but dare not fight him. In his cups I'd take him for a quarrelsome fellow; methinks he comes this way. I care not for converse with him.

Radcliffe. *Approaches, flushed with liquor, and with sarcastic and patronizing manner and loud voice addresses Smith.* Ah, gentlemen, I give you greeting! The fame of chevalier Smith, soldier of fortune, traveller in many lands, bane of the heathen, and terror of Turks, hath reached mine ears, and I fain would speak with so mighty a man. Proud, Sir Smith, to know that you ; with us. [*Bowing low.*]

Smith. I thank you, sir, that you are pleased to flatter me; 't be assured I hold men's censure as lightly as I do their praise. The company of brave and honest men delights me; I hope . . . others sail with us to-morrow.

Radcliffe. [*Insultingly.*] By my soul! but 'tis well spoken. Thou art a moralist, the pink of perfection, a man of the world unworldly; quality! quality! spoken like a Duke! [*Turning to crowd.*] What ho! my hearties! A leader! a leader! methinks that Newport should give way to Smith! Be ye all brave and honest men? for, mark you well, Sir Smith would have none other in the ships! I nominate him Admiral o' th' fleet and General o' th' forces for our coming enterprise!

[*Kendall attempts to stop him from talking, and to lead him aside. Radcliffe shakes him off and continues to address Smith.*]

Radcliffe. By th' Great James! Sir Smith, where d' you get your wisdom?

Smith. [*Sternly.*] By going about in the world, and moving to and fro in it!

Kendall. [*To Radcliffe in whisper.*] Forbear, I pray you; the man's a sleeping lion: rouse him not; besides, he hath many friends present.

Radcliffe. [*Ignoring Kendall.*] By heavens! Sir Chevalier, thou hast a keen tongue; dost thy weapon bear it company in kind?

Smith. [*Instantly rising and upsetting table.*] If nought will suit thee but to try its edge, thou may'st be satisfied—yet would I use it in a better cause. [*To those about.*] Bear witness that this quarrel was not of my seeking.

Radcliffe. [*To crowd.*] Bear witness also that this man's in-



JAMESTOWN FLEET LEAVING BLACKWALL, ENGLAND.

solence to one above his class merits chastisement. I am of noble strain, and stand not back for vulgar reputation. [*To Smith.*] Speak truly, sir, and say thou liest me not?

Smith. To speak thee truly, my friend, thou dost not bear in thy countenance a letter of recommendation. Will that suit thee?

Radcliffe. Thou upstart bastard! thou liest!

[*They rush at each other with drawn swords. Radcliffe is beaten back by the vigorous onslaught of Smith. Chairs and tables are overturned, and just as Smith has him at his mercy they are separated and held, Smith making powerful efforts to get at his late antagonist. Radcliffe rather willingly permits himself to be led away, and leaves the stage.*]

Newport. Gentlemen, this unseemly wrangle doth much injury to our reputation, and spoils the kindly purpose o' th' night. I command you by the authority I possess to keep the peace. Come, come! there'll be fighting enough in good season, I'll warrant you, and blood enough to float the "Constant." [*To Smith.*] Come, cool thy passion and harbour up thy courage for better purposes!

Smith. My courage, sir, can serve no better purpose than mine honor. May this right arm be withered, and women mark me for a coward, when I accept from any man an insult and resent it not! But 'tis done with, and your peace and pleasure by me shall not be further marred to-night.

Gosnold. Well said! like a true Englishman! [*Approaching Smith.*] Smith, my hand on it! I relish much the companionship of such as you upon this coming trip of ours. What ho! landlord! another round, and full at my expense! [*Barmaids fill glasses, Gosnold raises his glass aloft.*] What ho! my hearties! Who drinks with me to Chevalier John Smith and the happy ending o' our pilgrimage? [*With the exception of Wingfield, Kendall and a few others company drinks the toast.*]

Smith. I thank you, worthy friends, and bid you fair. You do me too much honor. Let us hold praise alone for fruits of worthy action. I've rattled down a thousand miles of hell in my short time, and, by the smile of God, I warrant you to step the measure o' th' coming dance. Comrades o' mine, we play for mighty stakes.

but in the game must reckon savage hate and all the ills that front the path of venture. Let there be peace among ourselves. I can but promise ye that if I fall 'twill be with all my wounds in front! [*Enthusiastic cheers from assemblage.*]

Fullfat, a soldier. Very pretty an' h'all that; but, marry I dote not h'overmuch on starting out to land somewhere, h'anywhere, nobody knows where. I dreamed last night o' th' cannibal h'islands, think you we chance them?

McLoyne, a soldier. An' that we do! Hoot, mon! we may all come to the pot yet. I had a brother ance who went out to civilize the heathen; he always said he had a tender feeling for them. His name was Clarence. The cannibals had a kindly feeling for him, took to him on sight, and he never came back any more.

O'Trigger, Irish soldier. By th' holy smoke! th' joke was on yer brother! ha! ha! Took him in, did they? Took in the stranger from a strange land what had a tender feeling fer thim, did they? And his name was Loyne—tinder-loin, as it were! They oughter had old porter-house along. [*Pointing to Fullfat.*] Be hivens, they'd a stocked the island with bafe fer a saeson—so they would! But it's all in a day's wur'rk, as the hunter said whin the lion ate him. I would gladly dbrink to yer brother's good circula'tion, me fri'nd, if ye have th' price. I move that neighbor Wilson yonder, with th' fresh fish voice, eddify th' company with ther grand old hymn—"King o' th' Cannibal Islands." [*Laughter.*]

[*Gosnold and Rolfe join Smith and Percy at their table.*]

Gosnold. A right merry lot! the very sort to keep the melancholy doldrums moving.

Percy. And the Irishman is not the least among them. A merry-an-drew, indeed. If his valour be as sharp as his wit, he'll be no laggard when occasion calls.

Rolfe. I pin my faith to the man who can laugh, or sing, or dance. Your sombre fools that scowl and meditate, or those of manner haughty who deem a laugh beneath their dignity, are not to my liking. Marry, the world's a joke, and why not laugh at it? say I.

Percy. I am o' your way of thinking. Where happiness is land-

lord there would I be a tenant. The present crowd's in th' main a rough and ready lot, and there be those among them who would sail in a sieve with the devil for skipper.

Gosnold. Yet 'tis a serious business we embark upon to-morrow, and colonizing new worlds can scarce be reckoned among the humorous things o' life. The end no man can see, and at best we can but pray we earn success.

Smith. At least we'll strive to merit it.

Gosnold. Of that I have no doubt. But let us not too lightly hold our coming trial. 'Twill need the best our fortitude can show, I'll warrant you. I've set my eyes upon those vast and solitary shores, and the noble Raleigh—that lofty eagle pining in the Tower cage—bath told me further of these regions whither we are bound. Great soul! my heart bled at the sight of him pining for the air of liberty!

Smith. How gained you entrance to the Tower? I thought 'twas difficult unless one had some influence near the Lords.

Gosnold. I have done some service to the country in my time, and my request to visit Raleigh was allowed. 'Twas but ten days ago I saw him there and spent all of an hour in his illustrious company. Marry, when the nation needs its boldest men it is a foul trick to keep so great an one from fields of enterprise. I urged him to petition the King to let him join us.

Percy. [*Eagerly.*] What said he to that?

Gosnold. An eager light came in his splendid eyes. He rose and paced the floor with quick expectant motion. He seemed to breathe again the generous air of ocean's expanse. The light of freedom for an instant transformed his countenance. The massive walls and cruel bars had for an instant faded, and once again the spirit of daring was in its native element; but not for long. Suddenly he stood, and fixed on me a look I never shall forget, and with gesture of despair resumed his seat. I again urged the petition, and he promised to consider it.

Smith. My life regret will be I never met this man. By Saint Paul! were there yet time I would strive to do so. 'Tis, as you say, a shame upon the land to keep him caged. He would make the

stoutest piece of timber our ships could carry. How passes he the weary hours in that most dismal place?

Gosnold. In writing. He showed me manuscript in piles upon the history of the world. 'Twas wonderful! His discourse is worthy of a king's audience. His interest in literature hath mercifully soothed the bitterness of imprisonment. By the way! he talks with wonderful enthusiasm of this man Shakespeare, now in London, whom he accounts the marvel of the earth. He seemed surprised I had not seen his plays.

Percy. Truly, Gosnold, thou hast missed it. Sir Walter voices my very opinion. A wonderful man—this Shakespeare, of incomparable excellence, a very monarch of the world of letters, a man of nature's best moulding, and, if I be judge, a splendid star to be the light of all the future. 'Tis an honor to live and breathe the same air with such a man. My proudest boast will be that I have grasped the hand of this same William Shakespeare.

Smith. Thou knowest him then?

Percy. Aye, that I do; and thou may'st have the same high privilege. 'Twas but two nights ago, after attending one of his plays, that I sought introduction to him. I told him of this Virginia enterprise, and that I was one o' th' company; also that we held a farewell gathering here to-night. He expressed desire to see and know the men of such a mission, whereupon I invited him hither.

Gosnold. [*Eagerly.*] What said he to that?

Percy. That he would give himself the pleasure if nothing prevented of visiting the Mermaid to-night at the hour of nine.

Smith. Marry, but this is most fortunate! Why mentioned you not this sooner? [*Looking at clock.*] The time draws on apace. 'Twere well, perhaps, to prepare the crowd for so distinguished a visitor. I'll hail them. [*Rising and knocking his glass upon the table for attention.*] What, ho! Give heed a moment, men! [*Company becomes silent and attends to Smith.*] Men, know any of you of one William Shakespeare?

Voices. Aye, that we do.

Fullfat. A play-writer who they say hath set London by the h' ears.

O'Trigger. Holy smoke! I kin hindorse the gintleman. Hav'nt I attinded at Blackfriar's whin he raised me in me seat with hinthusiasm. There's the wit and illoquence uv a rigiment in that man, an' if he wasn't born in Ireland, it's not his fault, but it's his native country jist the same! [*Laughter.*]

Smith. Give ear, men, to what I say. This Shakespeare is a great man, accounted by those who know one of the greatest Englishmen of all time, a man who doth his country honor, and one who hath, indeed, "the god's own grace of utterance." He hath promised to cheer this gathering with his presence to-night, and it is meet that we should give one so illustrious a greeting worthy of himself and of our own intelligence.

Smith. [*Pointing to clock.*] He comes at nine if he comes at all, and the moment draws apace. See that you conduct yourselves in goodly manner.

Percy. In truth, he hath not disappointed us, for here he comes! [*Rises and walks to wing to meet Shakespeare.*]

[*Enter Shakespeare upon the arm of Percy. Entire assemblage rises upon their entrance.*]

Percy. [*Introducing Shakespeare.*] Captain, gentlemen, and men of the Virginia colony! it is my proud privilege to present to you Master William Shakespeare, a man of whom you all have heard, and who hath honored us with his presence to give some words of greeting and farewell to our high emprise.

Newport. In the name of the company, Sir Shakespeare, I give you greeting, and bid you welcome to our scant festivities, indeed unworthy of so great a guest. [*Enthusiastic cheers from assemblage.*]

Shakespeare. [*Bowing.*] Your kindly temper and fair words of welcome, friends, do me much honor. The heart, triumphant alchemist, turns bawbles into gold, and so your greeting, coming from the heart, falls on mine own with golden accents. But, more anon, when I have caught the spirit of your enterprize from these fair gentlemen.

[*Shakespeare seats himself at table with Percy and Smith. Newport approaches and makes one of the company. Leading members come forward to shake hands with Shakespeare and re-*

tire. Drink is served to men-at-arms and sailors, who engage in a song (same as at commencement.) Landlord waits in person at Shakespeare's table, whose occupants engage in animated and affable conversation unheard by audience.]

Smith. [Rising and rapping for order.] Landlord, fill the glasses round, an' with your best, for that to follow will be worthy o' it, I'll warrant!

[Glasses are filled. Smith extends his for toast.]

Smith. Men o' th' fleet, and gentlemen o' th' company! I propose we drink deep and hearty to Virginia-Britannia and the success of our enterprise!

[Puts the toast to Shakespeare, who acknowledges it with a bow and advances to front of stage slowly and in deep thought.]

**Shakespeare. [Meditative. To soft music Intermezzo Cav. Rusticana.]*

The times, methinks, are full of high emprise,
The very air breathes wonders, and the light
Of starry days to come
Sheds lustre on our own.

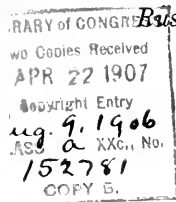
E'en now, and here—within these paltry walls
A blaze is lit whose warmth
To endless multitudes will be a comfort
Through all the ages.

To unknown lands and stranger company
Ere long these merry faces shall be turned:
What pilgrim parting from this blessed England
Would not a longing tarriance make

*Shakespeare's Address in the Drama of Pocahontas, by George Frederic Vielt. Copyright 1906.

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And nurse the pleasant hours—as you do now?
 What heart first fashioned on our English soil
 Could pluck itself away without a pang
 Or farewell salutation? [Cries of *Aye! Aye!*]

Reflective.

Upon those ancient tombs, where Pharaohs lie,
 The silent centuries are heaped, and yet
 The Golden Age is in the future's womb.
 What signs hath destiny disclosed
 But ratified the prophet's utterance?
 And this the token that the spirit sees
 By shadowy fingers traced upon these very walls
 Around your forms: mark well the prophecy!

Prophetic.

The misty curtain rolls aside; I see
 Succession on succession rise
 In towering magnificence,
 Crowned with a covenant of peace, and hope,
 And larger liberty!
 And o'er it all
 A light to human eyes insufferable.

Descriptive prefigure.

“God's ways are on the sea, his wonders in the deep!”
 Now on the bosom of the waters stand revealed
 Three frail and tiny barques.
 The elements are kind and over seas serene
 A precious freight is wafted.
 Anon, a dark conspiracy of sea and sky
 Doth threaten vengeance on devoted heads;
 The howl of hungry depths, the tempest's wrath,
 Roused by the trident that dread Neptune shakes,
 Make mighty chorus!

Yet of stern stuff these voyagers are made;
 The hands that hold the helms shake not;
 The prows are pointed West, and on their destined course

With grips of steel the ships are held.
 The spirit of the deep hath met its master!
 The form that stands with steady breath
 Is of a Saxon mould—Lord of the Sea is he!
 The tattered rag that braves aloft
 Is Britain's banner. The mariners, who toil beneath,
 Are of the tribe whence Vikings came.
 They know no haven but one hallowed spot,
 One point of pilgrimage—and it lies ONWARD!

[*Bravos and great applause.*]

Apostrophic.

Virginia! starry one of stellar birth!
 What tidings dost thou waft to waiting ears?
 What mighty things are held within thy womb?
 Fair child of Albion, unveil thy mystery!

Prophetic.

Now glowing Fancy waves her magic wand,
 And at her beck' a wondrous pageant moves
 Across the sunny screen of life!
 A gen'rous mother sits on Freedom's throne,
 And from her loins go forth a splendid brood
 Of many nations. And glorious figures move,
 And one bears on his brow
 A light that shall not fade.
 For Liberty stands at his side
 And holds him best beloved of all her stately host!

Though rash my fancy, yet will Fate countersign it.
 From out the stress and turmoil of the centuries
 A happy age appears. An age whereof,
 Through all the perilous years,
 A tearful world had dreamed.
 Not since Edenic gates were shut
 Upon his ancient parent's back
 Hath been such blessed restfulness to son of man.
 Now, fetterless, the panting slave

Doth draw his first sweet breath of liberty,
 And in his place the pond'rous elements chained
 To mankind's chariot and his baser service.

Not lightly won shall be this happy goal,
 But from the tempest and the pestilence,
 The savage hate of savage men,
 From desolation, and red harvest fields of war,
 Where, in their gory beds, the congregated sleepers lie,
 E'en from the perilous content of peace
 Which breedeth serpents,
 Must come the victory!

So, ever and anon, the prospect darkens,
 And gloom of terror and eclipse prevails;
 And many races seek this hospitable shore,
 And some ungrateful, some to virtue lost,
 Come but to feed and leave a dirty track
 To mark their passage.
 The monster, Mammon, prates his vicious subtleties
 And spreads a cankerous trail;
 And foes within vexation nurse:
 Yet out of all comes forth
 A nation! marvel o' the earth!
 Of Saxon genius and of Saxon speech!

[*Company rises spontaneously with wild applause. The speaker makes motion of silence.*]

Inspiratory exhortation.

Go forth, then, Men of England, in the world!
 I fain would stand with you upon that farther shore,
 Round which the meditative ocean rolls
 Its vast eternal flood.
 It is the promised land!
 And you the vanguard and the outer fringe
 Of that great Saxon tide whose flood
 Shall fertilize and bless the earth.
 Go consecrate with your good English blood
 The lands where heathen rage,

And rear the columns of the living faith
 In chastened temples on long-desecrated ground.
 Dominion of the sea is thine—by valor sealed;
 Wide fields of fair renown and reputation wait
 The hands of daring men!
 Fare you, then, forth upon your destined way,
 “Until no wind can sweep the earth
 That bears not echo of our English tongue!”

[*Tremendous applause from company. Demonstration over Shakespeare. Tableau. Drop.*]

SCENE II.

A country road with nearby cottage. Time—The following morning. Enter John Laydon with Anne Burras, the latter sobbing. Soft music—Mendelssohn’s Spring Song.

Laydon. [*Drawing Anne to his bosom and kissing her.*]
 Prithee, peace! Thou wilt unman me. Would’st thou have me stay at home when brave men are up and doing?

Anne. O, my John! go you not forth upon this rash venture. Think of the perils, the sea, and the ships so small and weak; the untried lands to which they are bound, to which some of our people have already gone to return no more. Oh! I cannot bear the thought. Your poor mother will not be comforted. E’en the children cry, they know not why. Bide thou with us—go not to-day I pray you. Canst thou not wait until the ships have reached that far-off land and report the venture safe? Thou couldst then go, and I, perhaps, might bear you company.

Laydon. Why, love of mine! thou talkest as ’twere my death sure and certain. Surely men have sailed the seas before and met no harm, and set their feet on foreign shores, and thence returned to home and loved ones. Besides, consider, the enterprise may profitable prove beyond all expectations; at least, ’tis full of chance for honorable advancement. The King himself, ’tis said, hath expressed admiration and kindly feeling for the men who go under the gallant Newport.

Anne. Aye, that may all be true, but it gives no comfort to my breaking heart. Marry, if the King likes it so much, why goes he not along? I shall go melancholy-mad without thee, counting the weary days until I know that thou art safe. John, dear John! bide at home, I beseech thee!

Laydon. Why, Anne, did I not know thy brave and noble heart, I would sorely doubt thee. Wouldst thou marry a shirk? Wouldst thou have John Laydon prove the single coward o' th' crew? Surely, Anne, thou hast more pluck and spirit than that! Couldst thou have been with me last night, at the Mermaid, and heard the words of Master Shakespeare, why, Anne, thou wouldst have donned a sword thyself, and begged to join the company, e'en though I were not there.

Anne. Well, what is to be must be, I suppose. Thou wilt be true to me, John?

Laydon. While life shall last, my love! [*Kissing her.*]

Anne. There are no women in this Virginia, as you call it, John?

Laydon. None like you, dear; only Indian and savage ones.

Anne. Thou wilt not fall in love with one of these Indian maids, John?

Laydon. Not while the memory of you bides in my breast! [*Reproachfully.*] How couldst thou say such a thing?

Anne. Forgive me for it, dear John. But men, you know, when reft of friends and melancholy—lonesome, will do strange things, and I have heard that some of these Indians are comely, and of winning ways, and you will have no one to love [*crying*]; and out o' sight is out o' mind, they do say!

John. [*Embracing and kissing her.*] If thou wilt be as true to me as I to thee, thou wilt be Anne Laydon yet, my own sweet wife—my word on it. Tell me again, sweet pet, thou lovest and wilt be true to me forever.

Anne. Aye, that I will, and well I know my heart is thine, for the merry sunshine will be sad without thee, and there will be no scent in the flowers, and no joy in the song of the birds, and I can but watch and pray until I see you again; and if you come not back in good time, I shall be minded to take the next ships after thee.

Laydon. God grant it come to pass, dear, for any desert were a paradise with thee to bless it. Now, darling, sing me once more that sweet and pretty little song so ably wrought by thine own skill; I could never tire of it.

Anne. Thou dost flatter me, Master Laydon, but I must not refuse thee anything now. [*Sings.*]

1. When, in thy wanderings
O'er deep seas afar,
Lonely thy heart may be
Think, then, of me.
2. Night on the battle-field,
Bright stars their vigil keep,
Think what the day may see,
Turn, then, to me.
3. And when the wild winds roar,
Night on a rock-bound shore,
God, thy protector be,
Think, then, of me.
4. When, in sad retrospect,
Heart-ache and dumb regret,
Life not what life might be,
Think, then, of me.
5. Long is the lonely night,
Sad is the morn so bright,
Dim my poor aching sight;
Haste, love, to me.
6. I am thy guiding star,
Come back from lands afar,
Look in thy heart and see
Image of me.

Laydon. Bless you, darling! Thy silver voice will chime sweet cadence in my soul forever. But now, dear heart, I must not tarry longer; the few remaining hours are full of preparation, and I have much to do. Thou'lt surely be with the gathering at Black-wall, wilt thou not?

Anne. Though it kill me, I would not miss that last farewell. I will be there, dear John. [*They embrace; John tears himself away.*]

Laydon. *Au revoir*, dear heart!

SCENE III.

The docks at Blackwall. View of the river Thames with rows of ships, barges and boats. Adventurers are assembled with their wives, sweethearts and children, all talking earnestly together, and some crying. A friendly dog goes to and fro among the crowd. Enter Radcliffe and Kendall aside in serious conversation.

Kendall. Upon my soul! but I have had strange misgivings o' this random venture; yet yester'en I visited an astrologer, who urged me much against it.

Radcliffe. Go to man! surely, 'tis only old women pin their faith to signs, dreams and omens. Come, sir, we have better business on hand!

Kendall. Yes, but, all the same, there be malign stars in the heavens, and there be men born under them. I was born without luck, and have lately had most hellish premonitions.

Radcliffe. Thou talkest like a child. The time admits no weak delay. We have good men on our side, and once we gain the upper hand in the colony our fortune is secured. I am slated for a seat in the council; the next step will be the presidency and complete control, and then I'll make some beggars dance, I promise you.

Kendall. This villain Smith hath given a taste of quality that makes, methinks, to shatter all thy expectations. His very manner breathes authority.

Radcliffe. Damn those laggard Turks, they did not settle him when in their power: but leave him to me, curse him; and if he be not hanged ere many months, I'll sorely miss my mark.

Kendall. Thou reckon'st, Radcliffe, with a formidable foe, and in thy compromise with prudence heed well thy steps. I promise you his neck was never made for the hangman's noose, or any man's collar. Why didst thou reveal our game by turning the nasty edge o' thy tongue outward 'thout rhyme or reason?

Radcliffe. Please you, sir, I was a fool, but no more o' it! This boisterous cavalier is but human, and there are harder things than flesh and blood, however strong. We'll take the Spaniards for our model and line our purses and have forever done with this

wretched tame drudgery and the bondage of poverty. That is for me the purpose of this trip. Come, summon up thy courage, and leave the rest to luck. We go to opportunity, and 'tis no time to yawn the chance away. [*They mingle with crowd.*]

SAME SCENE.

First Woman. Oh! would that I might go abroad with my poor man, e'en though it were to death. Marry, I'd be happier than at home without him.

Second Woman. Aye, aye, I be o' th' same mind! Curse these money-mad devils, I say, who take our good men from their homes and children and lie themselves i' their soft beds at home! [*Crying.*]

Third Woman. Perhaps 'twill not be so bad as ye think. The worthy Captain Newport hath assured me that all things will go well, and that when he returns we that like may have a chance to join our men in Virginia. The prospect makes me bide in patience, tho' 'tis hard, I'll admit, to see them go.

O'Trigger. Ladies, it's axing yer parding I am fer th' introsun; but by th' holy smoke! it's ther main pint ye've forgotten, an' I wud like ter mintion ther fact that absince makes th' hear't grow fonder, as th' pote will say later on, tho', I must admit, it's har'rd on ther hear't during ther hinterval. Shure! I'm absint from me own woife, an' ther longer I sthay away th' fonder I am uv her absint company. Some day I'll be takin' me woife's husband home to her, I will. Whin ye see yer byes agin a foine lot uv chaps they'll be, so they will, an' there'll be lovin' enough ter last ye a loife time; therefore, ladies, I say don't fret, for iverything 'll come out in the ind ef yer kape straight and tidy!

First Woman. [*With a sniff.*] An' it's proud, indeed, a man may be of a good wife. Says I to John, says I [*pointing to John*], "Ye'll never know the treasure ye had, lad, until ye be gone among the cannibals an' th' heathen."

O'Trigger. Right ye are, Mum; he niver will know! I oftin think th' same meself. It's a swate solace to an orphin loike me to have a good woife at home whin I'm away. Oh, it's a good woman I have, indade, an' I kin hear her swate voice ringin' in me ears as she lits th' poker dally gintly round me devoted brow!

“G’wan, Terry,” says she, “lave the bosom uv ther wouman what loves and despises ye, an’ cum back whin ye git reddy, but don’t hincunviance yerself.” Oh, it’s a swate thing is home and conjubial bliss; an’ it’s me that looks for-rard with fond ixpictashun to puttin’ me legs under me own table agin, an’ gittin’ the hot tae down me neck, an’ ther butter bowl betwixt me optics. Yes, Mum, a good woife’s a jule beyant price, an’ me own’s not fer sale. [*They stand aside.*]

[*Enter Gosnold and Smith hurriedly.*]

Gosnold. We appear to be the last to arrive, friend Smith.

Smith. We’ll not be last to do our duty, sir, I hope. But peace! the good Master Hunt doth claim our attention.

Rev. Mr. Hunt. Friends, come gather about me. [*To Newport.*] Captain, are our people all assembled?

Newport. Please you, sir, they be all present.

Rev. Hunt. Friends and fellow-voyagers: It is meet and proper that we should ask the blessing of Almighty God upon our going forth from this dear land; you will therefore join me in prayer. [*Company kneels.*] Heavenly Father, be pleased, we beseech thee, to look down upon this little company of pilgrims and to receive them into thy protection. Preserve us, O Lord, from the dangers of the sea and the violence of savage enemies. Vouchsafe thy blessing upon this venture, that it may redound to thy glory and honor, and to the welfare and peace of all mankind. Grant us, O Lord, safe conduct over thy great waters, and, in thy time, O Lord, a happy return to home and loved ones. Bless these women and children whom we leave behind, and fill their hearts with fortitude to bear in patience the pangs of separation from those they love. Bless, O Lord, the land we leave, that it may ever bear the banner of the true faith. Bless, O Lord, the land to which we go, that it may be redeemed from the powers of darkness and made to shine among the nations. Bless, O Lord, our sovereign James; and bless, O Lord, the leaders of this enterprise and every person that composes it, to the end that they be true servants unto thee forever. Amen. [*Company responds, Amen, and rises.*]

[*Men prepare to take ships. Demonstration among women. John Laydon and Anne Burras in each other’s arms, she clinging*

passionately to him. Finally men disengage themselves and group on one side of stage, women on the other. Tableau.]

Smith. Men! let's have three cheers for merry England and Virginia! [*Cheers.*]

[*Curtain falls on men leaving the stage with women weeping and waving handkerchiefs after them.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Forest near Jamestown; twilight with moon. Soft weird music by orchestra.*

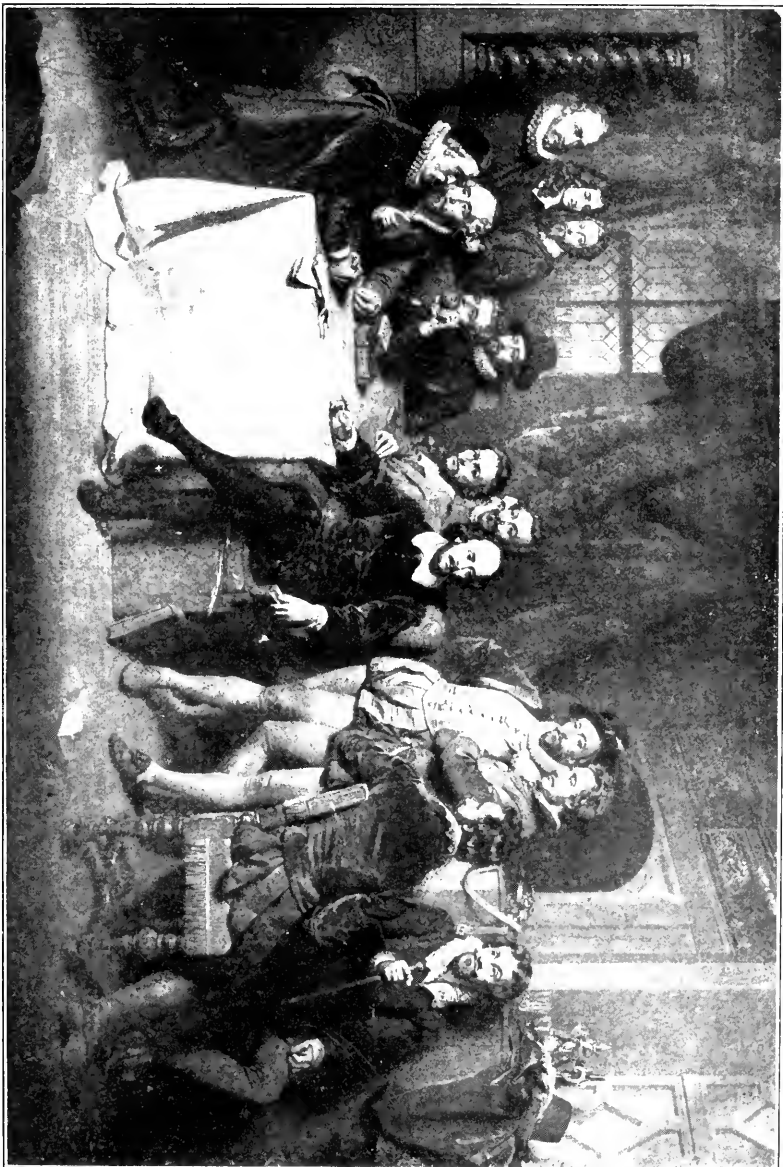
GROUP ASPECT.—*Council of Indians under Opechancanough. Chief discovered sitting on raised seat made of logs, guard on either side standing. Braves reclining and standing in different attitudes about chief in semi-circle. Other Indians straggle in. All fully armed with bows, spears and tomahawks. Chief rises and attendant approaches with rude drum on which Opechancanough gives three sharp taps. Indians immediately draw near with peculiar flurry of manner and short cries, seating themselves cross-legged around chief in half-moon formation. Sentries patrol about council.*

Opechan. Warriors of the Pamaunkees! Opechancanough speaks to you with heavy heart. You have seen the great white-winged canoes of the Yenghees resting on the waters of our tribes. You have seen the strangers set their tents upon the land of our fathers. You have heard the thunder of the big irons and seen the lightning of their fire-bows! What have you to say?

Wushawunda, a medicine man. For many days the eyes of the Pamaunkees have been vexed and their hearts made hot with hate. A good half moon hath passed, and still the white faces go not away. Okee hath spoken to Wushawunda!

Opechan. Let the Medicine of my lodge speak to my people and tell them the will of the mighty Okee.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.



[*Wushawunda rises and commences slow weird dance, accompanied with grotesque gestures and contortions of countenance. Braves give expression to suppressed excitement by sounds and peculiar movements of heads. Wushawunda commences his response with droning song.*]

Wushawunda.

Wab ish kiz ze. Na do wai u—auneende aindauyun?

White man, enemy, where do you dwell?

An e moosh! O muk ak ie! Miskwe! Ishkodai!

Dog! Toad! Blood! Fire!

[*Indians become more excited. Kunderwarka leaps to feet and commences fierce dance.*]

Wushawunda. A great snake hath come to the wigwams of the Powhatans! The great snake hath a sting of fire! Okee commands his people to drive the snakes away! They must drive them into the waters! The water will put out their stings of fire! Wushawunda, Medicine of the Pamaunkees, hath spoken.

[*Executes wild dance with face turned upwards.*]

Opechan. The warriors of Powhatan have heard the words of Okee, the great Spirit. The Medicine's words are sweet to the ears of the Pamaunkees. The great Spirit hath given them the land with the waters about for their own. The white dogs must go. Their scalps must deck the girdles of our braves. Their bones must whiten the river side! The Yenghees dogs must die! [*Indians rise to their feet with shrill cries.*] The Pamaunkees are not women! The Pamaunkees are not children! The Monicans have felt the weight of their arms! They are sons of the great Powhatan, who hath many braves. But our foes are cunning as the wolf! We must give them food and sing them to sleep, for they have the fire of the evil one, and their reach is long! Opechanenough hath spoken. What is the will of his people?

[*Indians commence war dance in silence, gradually breaking into war song. One brave leads off, and gradually the whole tribe joins in. Wushawunda moves among them, shaking fetish in their faces.*]

Indians. [War dance and song.]

Os-haw-a-wan-ung, un-dos-sen-ug,
Pe-nas-ew-ug ka baun-wai-dun-zig!

From the South they come, the war-like birds,
Hark to their passing screams!

To-dot-o-bi pen-a-ise ka dow wi-aw-wi-aun!
I wish to have the body of the fiercest bird,
As swift, as cruel, as strong!

Ne wa-wa-ai-ben-ay, ne-ow-ai.
Ka-ga-it ne min-wain-dum,
Ne-bum-ai-kum-ig tshe-bai-bew-ish-e-naun!

I cast my body away to the chance of battle,
Full happy am I to lie in the field—
On the field over the enemy's line!

[Repetition as often as necessary. The Indian dialect should be rendered followed by the translation after each line. Signal to stop given by drum taps.]

Opechan. It is well. Thus shalt it be done to our enemies. Let the Pamaunkees be wary. Let them first learn the ways of these Yenghees. Opechancanough seeks a brave to go into the camp of the white men. *[Pauses and looks about him. None volunteer.]*

[Enter Pocahontas with several other Indian maidens. Indians give her respectful greeting after their fashion. Chief beckons her to a seat beside him. Pocahontas' real name among her people was Matoaka.]

Opechancanough gives greeting to the much beloved daughter of Powhatan—the Princess Matoaka. The Pamaunkees welcome Matoaka to their councils. What dost the fair Matoaka know of these Yenghees?

Pocahontas. Matoaka has met and spoken with some of them. See, here is what one of them gave to Matoaka. *[Shows necklace of beads about her neck, at which Indians look with much curiosity.]* Matoaka thinks these Yenghees are harmless, and want nothing but a little land. They have sweet tongues and kind looks.

Opechan. Has Matoaka been into the camp of the Yenghees?

Pocahon. The Yenghees asked Matoaka to come in, but she was afraid of the fire bows and thunder irons, and did not go.

Opechon. The Pamaunkees must send brave to make friends with these Yenghees. He must learn all about them, and how best my warriors may strike them with death. Let the brave step forward who will go into their camp! [*Indians remain silent, looking at each other.*]

Kunderwarka, a minor chief. Chief of the Pamaunkees! when you did ask for men to go into the camp of the Monicans, Kunderwarka went. When Opechancanough called for a brave to battle with their chief, Kunderwarka took the war-path—and see! here is his scalp! It was Cohonk time and Kunderwarka swam the river followed by a hundred arrows, but he likes not to set foot among the evil ones who use the lightning and the cloud to kill their enemies. Kunderwarka has said it! [*Indians manifest their approval of his sentiments by grunts.*]

Opechan. Opechancanough is sad that any of his braves are afraid. Opechancanough would not be chief of squaws and papposes. Opechancanough asks again: Which of his warriors will go? [*Still no response.*]

Pocahontas. Let the Pamaunkees hear the daughter of Powhatan. Matoaka will go alone to the camp of the Yenghees. She is not afraid now, for her heart tells her the strangers will not harm her. She will return and tell Opechancanough what she sees.

Opechan. Matoaka is as brave as she is beautiful. She is the fawn with the heart of the panther. Matoaka shames the braves of Pamaunkee. Let Matoaka go, and come quick, for the heart of Opechancanough is thirsty for the Yenghees' blood. We will hold council here to-morrow to hear what the daughter of Powhatan will tell us, and the sunset shall be the signal to fall upon the wigwams of the pale-faces!

[*Indians resume war dance. Pocahontas leaves, followed by her attendants. Kunderwarka importunes and tries to accompany her; she rejects him with some impatience. Scene shifts upon war dance, or exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Jamestown about ten days after landing of colouists. Enter Percy and Rolfe, the latter rather dejected.

Percy. Beseech you, sir, be merry! the air breathes on us here most sweetly. Thy countenance would indicate that thou hast just returned from the funeral of all thy hopes!

Rolfe. Bless you, Percy; I seldom sulk at Fortune's unkind freaks, but surely the merry wench hath played us somewhat of a scurvy trick. The aspect o' th' land gives promise for all fair and pleasant things o' life, I grant you, but dissension bids to make of it a most uncommon hell. Jettisoned, in a wanton wilderness we are. Suspicion's on the watch within, and a world of envious savages without. If we fail to get our throats cut for our pains, I am no prophet! Marry, sir, the prospect's not cheerful!

Percy. Thou hast summed the situation in a mouthful. Truly, we peril our lives sorely 'mid this vain contention. Some o' our conceited gentlemen would hang the gallant Smith without a qualm of conscience were they able, even though he be the only man to shoulder their burdens.

Rolfe. A pox upon the pack of scurvy scamps! That's the thing that fevers my blood with indignation. Think of taking his liberty upon so puny a charge and keeping him in chains on the way across. What think you of the outcome of the trial to-day?

Percy. That he hath already beaten them. His insistence of a trial here in Virginia was a masterful stroke, and stamps the resolution and the understanding of the man. His friends will stand firmly to his acquittal, and he hath enough of them, never fear.

Rolfe. [*Taking out his watch.*] My gentlemen are tardy in the business; was not the council called for the hour of five?

Percy. It was, but we must wait their pleasure. [*They stand aside, talking together.*]

[*Enter O'Trigger, McLoyne, and Fullfat.*]

Fullfat. Zounds! an' do they take us for 'orses? Corn, corn, corn! 'tis all one sees, all one 'ears about, and all one 'as to h'eat! I'd sell the colony for a square meal. Wow! I could h'eat a red h'Indian raw!

O'Trigger. 'Tis better ter be taken fer an hor'se than fer an ass, er aven fer a combination of both. Shure, Fatty, ye have considerable tonnage an' enough to kape ye going awhoile. What ye mane is that ye lack ballast, an' that corn don't make th' right kind of timber fer yer hold, and that naytur're abhors a vacumen.

McLoyne. Hoot, mon! it takes our Highland pasties an' honest Scotch oatmeal to coil a chap's appetite down for him!

Fullfat. Or Yorkshire pudden, or Devonshire mutton. H'alas, we have no Yorkshire puddin' in this beastly place, and no bonny lassie to toss them if we 'ad. [*Sighs.*]

O'Trigger. Niver moind! lits make the worst of a bad sitchuahshun, as me frind said whin he got hung. Ther way ter git phwat ye want is ter want nothin', as me Uncle Tim uster say. Lits ate ther corn and be thankful we don't have ter root fer acorns. So long as yer front flap don't touch yer backbone, Fatty, ye're out uv danger, belave me!

Fullfat. H'acorns! why, that's food for 'ogs!

O'Trigger. Shure it's food fer swine! but don't they git fat off it? an' can't mankind devlop hoggish propinsities whin the occa'-ashun requires. I don't know? Shure, Fatty, ye may smack yer lips atein' acorns yit. If ye say grace before males and assume ther pr'roper mintal attichude, ye may aven think it's Yorkshire pudden' yer stowin' away. It's ther mintal attichude what makes min happy, it is!

McLoyne. Hoot, mon, quat ye daffin! an' be domned to th' mantal attitude, says mysel'. I min' a clartie savage the ither e'enin' in a mantal attitude. I wot th' beggar leuked at myself wi' maist evil intentions. I cad take an aith he was makin' motions of atin', and it's sairly fasht me iver sin'. It's nae jauk, I can tell ye, and I dinna like it. It set me a' a chittering. Och! it was an unco sight, maist eerie. Maist uncanny neebors, these savages. Hame was not like this. I hae had nae peace o' min' sinsyne. Th' beast glowr'd at me maist amazin' ferocious. I wad nae like to make a wamefu' for a heathen. I hape me mither's bairns were nat all born for cannibal chowdie. We've all got to lay th' head, an' I'll stan' my turn wi' th' rest o' un, but hoot, mon, domn'd if I care to go by th' inside route in sma' fragments widely

scattered. When Gabriel blows 'twould be muckle mess a' tapsal-teerie tae put taegither again!

Fullfat. Scotty, when ye 'ave h'another speech like that, please bring an h'interpreter along wi' ye. But I catch the drift, man, of your talk, and I do fancy it would take some time to pick you all out and put you together again; worse nor Humpty Dumpty when he went to smash, I'll be bound!

O'Trigger. Well, gintlemin, I move that we raymove th' prospect of bein' aten by th' haythins by aten' ther haythins oursilves. 'Twixt aten' and bein' aten' it's me fer th' atin'. It's a case of livin' to ate and aten' to live, an' hatin' to be aten by haythen aters with ondelicate appetites. Fatty, I seen er red cannibal lookin' at yer only yisterday with ondacint hinthusiasm. Yer want ter be wary! [*Laugh; they stand aside.*]

Rolfe. Marry, the council take their own time in coming to the business.

Percy. I trust that there is no further villainy afoot. 'Twould be compounding crime to keep this man Smith longer imprisoned, and—hello, look you, Rolfe! what have we here? [*They look towards wing from whence Pocahontas approaches.*]

Rolfe. 'Tis the woodland nymph I told thee of, the one to whom I gave the beads. By my faith, a very vision of loveliness! A dusky beauty that would shame some of our titled ones of reputation! A forest-fairy, a very sun-angel, by all that's holy!

Percy. A native Cleopatra, indeed! She would hold converse with us, yet fears to approach.

[*Pocahontas advances a few steps, looks timidly about her, fixes her gaze upon Rolfe and makes to speak, but halts in attitude of modest trepidation. Rolfe advances towards her with extended hands, inviting her nearer approach.*]

Rolfe. Come forward, maiden, thou knowest me, surely? Fear not; we are friends! Thy lovely face would be a passport to any camp. Come hither: we would harm a winged messenger of Heaven if thou couldst meet hurt here. Come, thou hast nought to fear!

[*Pocahontas recognizes Rolfe with marked pleasure, and, reassured, approaches with modest confidence. She addresses her speech to Rolfe.*]

Pocahon. Matoa.—[*places hand hurriedly before her mouth*], Pocahontas would speak with the great white chief of the Yenghees. Pocahontas comes as friend of the Yenghees; she would save the lives of the Yenghees; she talks not with the double-tongue. See, Pocahontas wears the token of the beautiful stranger. [*Indicates chain of beads Rolfe had previously given her.*]

Percy. By Saint Paul—a warning angel! The lass has matters of moment to impart, I'll warrant. Hail the guard and bid him seek Newport.

Rolfe. [*Hails guard.*] What ho there!

Fullfat. Zounds! there's a dainty enough meal for any 'ungry man!

O'Trigger. But if you iver taste o' her, the dogs shall ate me wit!

Percy [*To guard.*] Go seek you Captain Newport, and bid him hither without delay. Say an Indian maiden doth bring tidings of importance. Deliver you the message with the compliments o' Sir Percy.

Guard. [*Looking and pointing in the other direction.*] May it please you, sir, Captain Newport and the gentlemen of the council, with Captain Smith, are coming now to the trial, which takes place here.

[*Enter Newport and balance of council, composed of Wingfield, Gosnold, Radcliffe, Martin, and Kendall, with Smith a prisoner between armed guards. Others come in with them.*]

Percy. [*Addressing Newport.*] Captain, I was at this moment about to send a guard to bid you hither. This Indian maiden, who looks of royal blood if she be not, hath asked to see "the great white chief," as she expresses it. If I mistake not, she comes to warn us of danger from her people. I take it that while in port you hold authority here.

Newport. A most fortunate circumstance, indeed. I'll gladly hear her statement. [*Turns to Pocahontas.*]

Wingfield. [*Sulkily.*] A moment, Captain Newport, please you, sir! The commission hath placed authority of the colony in my hands, and as president I demand to conduct what business ap-

pertaineth thereto. [*Turning to Percy.*] I take it not kindly, sir, that you delegate my functions to others, an' that before my very face!

Percy. My dear gentleman, I had no intention of slighting your authority, and, if it will facilitate the business, which seems to me of vital import, I humbly crave your pardon. I beg leave to withdraw my remarks from Captain Newport and address them to you. I beg, sir, you question this maiden without delay.

Wingfield. Bring her hither!

[*Rolfe approaches Pocahontas and leads her gently before the council. Pocahontas instinctively halts before Smith, strokes her head in Indian fashion of greeting and makes to speak to him.*]

Wingfield. [*Impatiently.*] Here, here, wench! What hast thou to say to us? Tell your story to me!

Pocahon. Pocahontas would speak with your chief. [*Turns and looks at Smith.*] Pocahontas sees now your chief is prisoner. Pocahontas will speak with next chief. [*Looks around.*]

Wingfield. [*With visible exasperation and mortification.*] Come, woman! out with your story, for we have other business on hand. I am chief here, and I will hear your tale. What dost thou bring?

Pocahon. The daughter of Powhatan comes with empty hands, but she brings a full heart to the Yenghees. Pocahontas would tell the Yenghees that death hides in the trees around their camp. Pocahontas hath a kind heart for the beautiful brave of the strangers who gave her these. [*Exhibiting necklace.*] She would tell his people that the great chief Opechancanough, with all his braves, is not far away, and that he comes at the sunset to kill all the white men. Pocahontas has said it. She must go. [*Exit hurriedly.*]

Percy. By all that's wonderful, she's the daughter of Powhatan the King!

Rolfe. A very Indian princess, and one that graces the title!

Smith. Permit me, honourable sirs, though I have no voice in your deliberations, to request that you heed the warning of this child. She is truth itself, or I never judged a human being aright. Though unasked, my advice is to call in the men on the outside.

double the guards, and prepare to receive an attack. I break a prisoner's decorum on the score of humanity.

Wingfield. We will thank you, Sir Smith, to keep your counsel for the asking. We have men enough to take care of these Indians, and have cowed them too thoroughly, methinks, to believe they contemplate attacking the fort. I think it but a ruse on the part o' the girl to get more presents. But we'll attend to that matter in time. Let's to the business on hand.

[*Murmurs of dissent are heard, some proceed to expostulate with Wingfield, but he remains obdurate.*]

Gosnold. Please you, Mr. President, I second the motion of Sir Smith. I think the situation demands that we follow his counsel—and at once.

Wingfield. I would inform the gentleman that Sir Smith, being a prisoner now on trial, has no voice in the deliberation of this council, and therefore can have no second to a motion which is out of order.

Gosnold. That being the case, worthy sir, I make the motion of the prisoner on my own account and ask for a second. [*Several voices, Aye! second!*]

Wingfield. Gentlemen, I rule you all out of order. We came hither to hold court for the trial of yonder prisoner. That is the business now on hand, and any other is an interruption, which I refuse to countenance. I insist upon routine and the proper order of business.

Smith. Worthy Mr. President, I think more of the preservation of your lives than I do of my own liberty. Return me to prison, I pray you, and defer this trial until after you have provided against the impending danger.

Radcliffe. An' please you, Sir President, to what pass have we come when a prisoner on trial for treason appears before the bar, not to plead for mercy, but—by the red beard of Momus—to give advice, if you please! I move you, Sir President, that we proceed with the trial! Forsooth! treason within our camp, methinks, is of greater moment than imagined foes without.

Kendall. Second the motion of Master Radcliffe.

[*Confusion of voices crying, Aye! nay! proceed with trial! Shame! etc. Angry glances are exchanged between factionists and not a few hands seek sword hilts. Wingfield calls upon several soldiers to preserve order, and trial proceeds.*]

Wingfield. Gentlemen, I propose that the prisoner be tried by the seven members of the council, the judge to be selected from among their number.

Smith. I object! I am a prisoner under the laws of the realm of England, and as an Englishman I demand the full and actual benefit of those laws. I insist upon the legal jury of twelve of my peers, and that the judge be selected by vote from among their number. I call upon my fellow-countrymen to support this fair and just appeal!

[*Smith extends hands towards assemblage in dramatic attitude. Tableau. Cries of Right! Fair play! Jury of twelve! Radcliffe, Kendall and few others object, but opposition is too strong, and Wingfield reluctantly consents to Smith's appeal.*]

Wingfield. The appeal of the prisoner is granted. We need six more men to serve. The members of the council will each select one from those here present.

Smith. I hold to my prerogative to challenge each or every one of the six so selected. 'Tis my right under the law.

[*Wingfield looks perplexed, steps aside and holds short converse with Newport and Gosnold; apparently they disagree with his representations.*]

Wingfield. The balance of jury will be selected by the individual members of council, prisoner to challenge as he sees fit.

Gosnold. I select George Percy.

Smith. Accepted!

Radcliffe. I select Master Gabriel Archer.

Smith. I object to Master Archer.

Wingfield. Gabriel Archer stands disqualified on prisoner's objection.

Newport. I select John Rolfe.

Smith. Accepted.

Radcliffe. I object to Master Rolfe on the score of undue favor for the prisoner.

Rolfe. By no effort could the worthy gentleman prove his assertion. I am free to judge this case upon its merits and the evidence to be here shown.

Wingfield. Gentlemen, I desire not to be here all night. Please you proceed and select the jury. We have not time for points which admit of no resolving. Master Rolfe stands accepted.

Kendall. [*Looking anxiously for one whom he thinks Smith's enemy.*] I select John Rockwood.

Smith. John Rockwood is acceptable.

Martin. I select our worthy chaplain, Master Hunt.

Smith. Accepted.

Wingfield. I select Master Laydon.

Smith. Accepted.

Radcliffe. I name Master Whiteaker.

Smith. I reject Master Whiteaker.

Radcliffe. [*Exhibiting impatience, but feeling his purpose useless.*] Then I name Charles Kensit.

Smith. Accepted.

Wingfield. Gentlemen of the jury, you will respond to your names. [*Calls.*] Gosnold, Newport, Radcliffe, Martin, Kendall, Percy, Rolfe, Rockwood, Hunt, Laydon, Kensit, Wingfield. [*They each respond "Here."*]

Wingfield. You will proceed, gentlemen, to ballot among yourselves for presiding judge. [*They ballot with slips of paper in hat with result that Percy is chosen with seven votes.*]

Percy. Gentlemen of the jury, we will proceed to the business of this trial. We will take the evidence against the prisoner. Of what does he stand charged before this jury acting under the laws of his sovereign majesty James?

Radcliffe. Of high treason against the crown and against the members of this company.

Percy. The evidence, if you please, sir.

Radcliffe. Masters Kendall and Wingfield will bear me witness

that ere the ships had been a fortnight out the prisoner did express himself to the effect that King James was a great monarch at home, but that he sorely doubted his power of direction in these parts; and that if the colony was to thrive, it must be by the sole efforts of the individuals composing it. 'Twas a clear threat against the King's authority.

Kendall. I bear witness to the statement. He likewise said in the presence of myself and others that if certain counsels prevailed the expedition was doomed, and if he had the management of it he'd clap the chains on some who richly deserved it.

Archer. I submit as evidence the incident which occurred at the cabin table of the "Discovery" what time Master John Smith referred to certain members of the council and other gentlemen of our honourable company as "a parcel of well-dressed beggars, fit alone to ride good men down and the colony to destruction," which statement, your honor, did precipitate the fight in which the prisoner was arrested by Captain Newport and held prisoner under the present charge.

Percy. Is there any other evidence against this man?

Kendall. I did overhear him conspiring to depose Captain Newport and seize the command.

Smith. [*Sternly.*] With whom, sir? Name the men and let them come forward and support your assertion! [*Kendall appears confused.*]

Percy. I insist, Master Kendall, that you answer the prisoner's question.

Kendall. An' that I can do, sir, if given time to produce my witnesses.

Percy. [*Sternly.*] For what purpose art thou here? Surely, with such damning evidence on thy tongue, thou hast not come unprepared to support it. Thou hast had warning o' th' trial. Thy evidence is thrown out, sir! Marry, methinks thou hast overreached thyself!

Percy. [*Turning to Smith.*] Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the evidence against you in this case; what have you to say in your own behalf?

Smith. Please, your honor, I admit every statement against me

except that of yonder Kendall, which I condemn in his presence and before you all as a wicked and malicious lie! My past service to my country stands my best defence. There is no more loyal heart to the King and the laws in all England than that of John Smith! That which I have said has been perverted and misconstrued. My heart is in this enterprise, and I have no thought beyond its success, and as a member of your council, under the seal of the company, I most surely have the right to criticize and cry "danger" when I see the signs. This have I done; no more, no less, and this I shall continue to do if I am liberated. If you would hang me on this charge, please you, sirs, give me a long drop and no priest!

Percy. Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence against the defendant, John Smith, and you have heard his answer to it. Nothing that I could say would further enlighten you. You will therefore stand aside, and decide upon a verdict.

[*Jury goes off to one side of stage, discuss a little, then ballot.*]

[*O'Trigger and Fullfat to front of stage.*]

O'Trigger. D—m'e! an' it's not O'Trigger'll stand by and see thim hang that man Smith, not whoile me gun's in me han' an' me sticker at me soide! By ther saints! I'd prise th' gates o' hell were he insoide and naded hilp!

Fullfat. My sentiments hexactly. O'Trigger, I'm with ye, man! There'll be a 'ell-tearing time in this camp if they make to 'arm 'im. He needs but to say the word and I'm at 'is service. An' there are h'others, never fear!

[*Jury returns and Percy assumes his post.*]

Percy. Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?

Rolfe. Your honor, by a vote of seven to five we find the prisoner not guilty; and we further find that he hath been much maligned by Masters Wingfield and others, and by the said Master Wingfield wrongfully held prisoner, for which we decide that Master Wingfield be compelled to pay unto the said John Smith the sum of two hundred pounds as compensation for that which he hath wrongfully been compelled to endure.

Percy. The guards will release the prisoner. [*Advancing to*

Smith.] Sir Smith, permit me to congratulate you. [*Cheers from Smith's friends and visible confusion among plotters.*]

Smith. Gentlemen and comrades, as an honest man I cannot thank you for your services because my honor tells me that I never needed them. For whatever injustice has been done me I have no resentment and bear no malice. I can only hope that this will end the foolish quarreling in which we have so much engaged. The colony needs our whole attention, and we should not waste our strength in— [*Great alarm is heard without, cries, "The savages! the Indians are on us!" Man rushes in out of breath, others follow; some wounded.*]

Messenger. The men in the fields have been attacked by legions of red devils. Amos Jones was killed, and God knows how many others. See—they are advancing now!

[*Desultory shooting and war cries of Indians are heard in the near distance.*]

Smith. [*Leaping forward.*] To arms, men, to arms! man the palisade! Every man to his post! Steady there—steady! Bide your time till the distance is safe, then at them! Percy, see that the cannon are manned and shotted small! You about—follow me!

[*Indians are seen pressing back colonists, driving them to walls of stockade. The picture should be realistic, showing fallen Indians and colonists, the rattle of fire-arms, the onslaught of Indians, and several explosions, denoting the firing of cannon, upon which, after an interval, the Indians fall back, followed by colonists, who put them to flight. More wounded men are brought in. Captain Smith and others return from sortie.*]

Percy. [*Rushing towards Smith and taking his hand.*] Friend Smith, my hand. 'Twas, indeed, gallantly done. The colony owes its preservation to you. Men, I call for three cheers for John Smith, the man o' the hour!

[*Enthusiastic cheers.*]

Smith. I thank you, friends, but prithee save your thanks for that dear Pocahontas, to whom, more than any other, we owe our lives this blessed day.

[*A voice, "God bless the Indian lass!"*] [*Stage is gradually darkened.*]

Smith. Men, the day hath been as full of moment as an egg of meat. The night is falling fast, and to-morrow may bring yet harder tasks. Seek you, then, your rest; but let the guards be doubled, and see to it that none pass in or out without report. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Radcliffe, Wingfield and Kendall.*]

Radcliffe. By all the imps of hell, we are undone! What think you o' th' situation, Wingfield?

Wingfield. That, with legions of red devils on the one hand and this Smith and followers on the other, we have reached the nether regions and found it populous.

Kendall. Methinks, indeed, we stand betwixt hawk and buzzard, and that we'll get our bones picked clean in good season. I'll never thank you, Radcliffe, for urging me to this infernal place. If this Smith gets control, by God, he'll make laborers of us; I see no help for it!

Radcliffe. Go to—Kendall! thy wits have gone moon-raking, man! Come, bring them back to earth. The game's not up yet, and surely there are trumps in our pack not yet played!

Wingfield. For my part, I see no relief but in measures which conscience forbids, or which, at best, in hazarding we chance to jump the life to come.

Kendall. Wise men do sometimes—when the occasion requires—cut the acquaintance of their conscience; think you not so?

[*The two look curiously at Kendall.*]

Radcliffe. Come, Kendall, out with it! If thou seest light on this subject, leave us not in darkness, we pray you.

Kendall. Let's go over the situation like men of sense. We are too much involved to foul each other, but before I give my plan, please you, we'll swear a solemn oath to repeat nothing of what passes between us.

[*They swear by raising hands.*]

Radcliffe. 'Tis well! We stand together, then; and if we fall, we fall alone, mark you that.

Kendall. Newport leaves to-morrow with the ships; the preparations are complete for his departure, and he goes at sunrise. He takes but two of the vessels and leaves the pinnace.

Radcliffe. 'Twill be all of eight months before he gets back, and if I see clearly, he'll find this cursed place a bone-yard when he does. At best, if we survive until that time, the interval will be perdition, I'll warrant. This Smith is in the saddle, and he'll ride with a high hand, and a whip in it at that. Curse him, he'd make slaves of us. The villain would have gentlemen doing the offices of pot-boys! Waiting on the sick, carrying water, chopping trees and bringing wood! God, what have we come to? And the end of it all nothing less than that he'll lead us to be slaughtered by these savages at last!

Kendall. To oppose him, then, becomes a case of self-preservation, think you not?

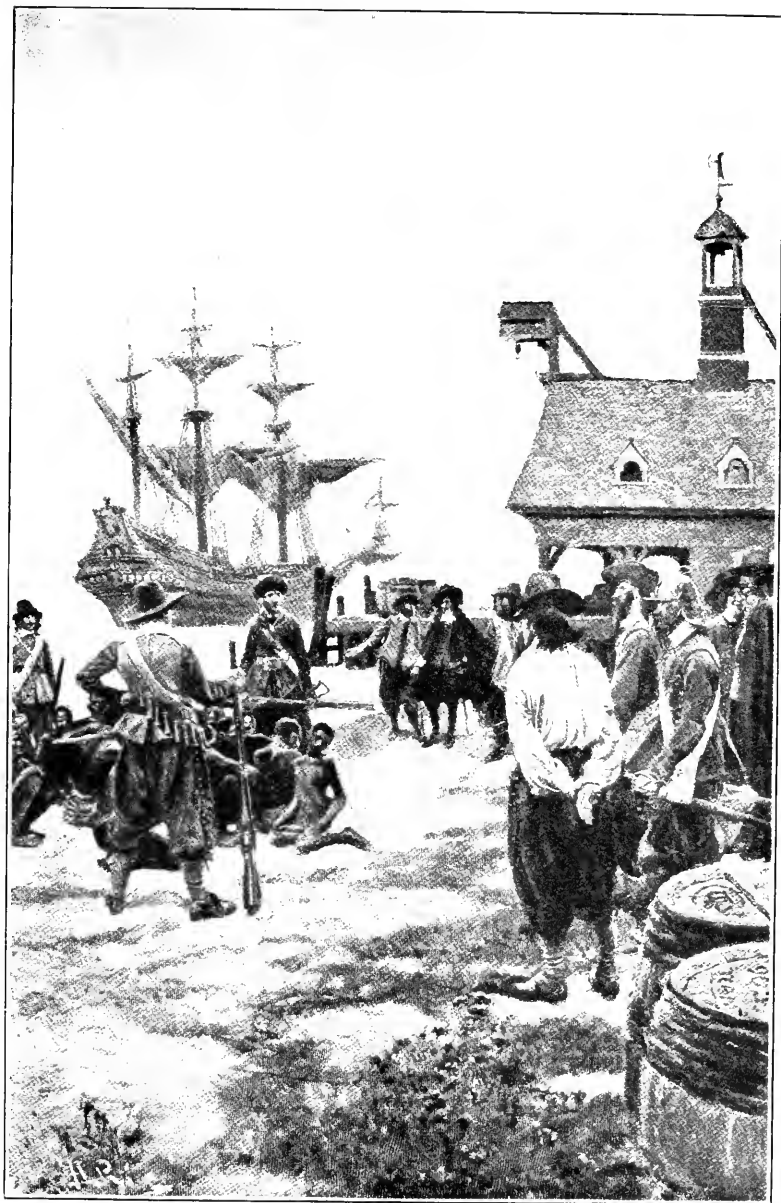
Radcliffe. Nothing more or less than his life against ours, it seems to me. Did he not prevent the turning about of the ships at sea in the face of our efforts, even though he was a prisoner; and is he not determined to keep us here, whether we will or no? Do we not owe our condition to this man's efforts, and if we lose our lives, can we not lay it at his door? Marry, gentlemen, it seems our case—nay, our duty—is clear!

Kendall. In his blind rashness he plays with all our lives and compels us to the game. Your point is well taken, Radcliffe; we have just cause for action, however desperate; think you not so?

Radcliffe. Indeed, you speak truly. This desperate ruffian must be rendered harmless at any cost. Once we are rid of him we may suit our own pleasure. If we find no gold or jewels in the interior, we can take the ship and away. Damn him! but for his meddling we might control the colony to our own ends, reaping whatever the venture might yield, or at best, getting safely off with whole hides.

[*Stage darkens.*]

Kendall. I would not venture through this wilderness of savages for all the gold of Spain. I am for seizing the pinnace and making the best of our way to England. Believe me, Radcliffe, there is no booty within a thousand miles of this, and if there was, we'd never live to get it. Let's take the pinnace and off.



LANDING OF FIRST SLAVES, JAMESTOWN, 1619.

Wingfield. How thinkest thou to turn this trick beneath the very eyes of Smith and his friends?

Kendall. Directly after Newport leaves to-morrow he goes with a dozen men, mostly his friends, on some expedition after corn, that will be our opportunity.

Wingfield. Aye, but suppose he returns suddenly, as is his wont? One can never be sure of this flea.

Radcliffe. Perhaps he may not return!

Kendall. Thou hast glad tidings on thy tongue, what's in thy mind?

Radcliffe. That things might happen over which we'd shed no tears.

Kendall. Come, Radcliffe, out with it. Surely nothing needs be hid among us. We cannot step the dance until we know the music. What's your thought?

Radcliffe. Well, then, Kendall, it's simply this. You lately told me of your converse with one Kunderwarka, a savage of some importance. This Indian, from what you tell me, is madly in love with the wench who lately warned us, and his intuition has discovered she has Smith in her eye.

Wingfield. 'Tis Rolfe he means!

Kendall. He seemed to think differently, and doubtless has good reason, for when I suggested Rolfe, he shook his head violently and said, "No, no, big chief Smith." My impression is that the girl really loves Smith and Rolfe really loves her.

Radcliffe. 'Tis better for our purpose as it is.

Wingfield. I cannot see what this love affair has to do with the matter in hand.

Radcliffe. Simply this, that under the impulse of jealousy we may prevail upon this Kunderwarka to trail Smith to his doom. These Indians lack concerted action and need but to be prompted.

Wingfield. Marry, but this goes sorely against my conscience; is there no other method?

Radcliffe. Zounds, man! turn conscience out to graze and milk the full-tits! Is it not warfare we have on hand? and is not all fair in war? I thought we had agreed on that point.

Kendall. What dost thou propose, Radcliffe?

Radcliffe. You meet this Kunderwarka to-night, I believe you said.

Kendall. Yes, after the camp is quiet. He brings me some yellow stones for a sword on which his heart seems set, and to-night we make the exchange. If these stones be gold, there will be more to follow, and it's worth the trial. I told him to come alone, but that I would have twenty men with fire-bows within distance.

[*Night; stage quite dark.*]

Radcliffe. By the great James! the very thing! I see thy plan, Kendall, and if it succeeds we will be rid of most of our opponents at one stroke. Kendall, thou art a genius; henceforth we follow thee!

Kendall. Thou jumpest at conclusions, Radcliffe. I said nothing of any plan except to seize the pinnacle.

Radcliffe. Yes, yes, I know, but we are not babies, and we understand each other too well to beat the bush of argument. Come, you will post this Kunderwarka of Smith's trip to-morrow, that he may waylay him with his tribe, making him the mark for all the arrows, whereupon the rest will be easy. He will understand that with Smith out of his way Pocahontas is his. How wilt thou know of this Indian's coming?

Kendall. When all the camp is still, he is to approach and give signal by owl hoots repeated three times at intervals. I will then go out to him.

Wingfield. How dost thou expect to pass the guards?

Kendall. The fellow Tompkins on duty on the south side is with us, and will let me go.

Radcliffe. That the Indian will take kindly to your scheme I have no doubt. A better one could not have come from the devil himself! Kendall, we are in your hands; see that you make not a mess of it. Let this savage but understand you thoroughly, and our time has come. Indeed, I never saw a more propitious chance. And now, pray you, sirs, let's away before suspicion is aroused. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Night; all still in fort; sentry is seen patrolling in distance;*

figures of Indians flit across stage and disappear. A sentry challenges, "Who goes there?". No response. Soon the hooting of owl is heard repeated three times at intervals. This is shortly followed by the figure of an Indian stealthily approaching front of stage. He stops and hoots three times, in answer to which Kendall appears. They stand several minutes in close and earnest conversation, finally parting after apparent understanding.] [Exeunt.]

[*Scene III. Same location; the following morning. Sentries being relieved and camp stirring.*]

[*Enter Newport with crew of ships. Colonists assembled to bid him farewell; they crowd around, handing letters for friends at home. Smith, Percy, Gosnold, Rolfe and others stand about and occasionally speak with Newport.*]

Percy. Thou wilt carry our respects to the company and our fealty to our sovereign James, Captain Newport.

Newport. Thy pleasant message will be my pleasant duty, Sir Percy.

Gosnold. Besides the messages with which I lately charged thee, seek thou the opportunity to visit the noble Raleigh in the Tower, and with my love charge him to petition the King to let him come to Virginia with you. Say his friends on this side are many, and that they'd welcome him above any man in England.

Newport. This shall be uppermost in my thoughts, Gosnold. But, friends, I must ask your mercy. I've enough commissions from this colony to keep me busy for weeks after reaching England. Spare me some time, I pray you, for the company's affairs. You would have me return in good season, I hope?

Laydon. Captain, pray you, sir, grant but one more request.

Newport. Well, my good Laydon, I cannot refuse you a favor at such a time. What is it?

Laydon. I have sent a letter to one Anne Burras by the ship; but do you, sir, oblige me by calling upon the lady; she lives not far from Blackwall; here is the address. Give her the fondest love of John Laydon, and say that he doth look for her here in Virginia when your ships return.

Newport. Aye, that I will, lad. I'll bring all the lasses I can. Methinks a cargo of females would get greater welcome here than one of gold. [*A rousing cheer and laughter.*]

[*Exeunt Newport and men amid much expressed feeling. Some go to top of fort to see the ships go out, waving handkerchiefs. Enter Smith, Percy and others armed and equipped for a march.*]

Smith. Men, we have good work before us. I know not the attitude of the tribe we visit, but after our late experience it behooves us to take every precaution for our trip, and to leave the garrison in perfect order. Are you all provisioned and equipped?

Percy. We are provisioned, sir, for several days, and shotted enough to leaden a thousand savages if the need should rise.

Smith. [*Turning to Gosnold.*] 'Tis well. Master Gosnold, I believe, is commissioned to look after the garrison during our absence.

Gosnold. Aye, sir, you'll find us here on your return, or in the pinnace if it gets too warm.

Smith. Good! but never yield the place until the last ditch. See you, Gosnold, that the large pieces be kept shotted, and with a man beside them day and night. Come, men, we'll away!

[*Exeunt Smith and party. Enter Radcliffe and Kendall.*]

Radcliffe. Good riddance to bad rubbish! Is everything in readiness?

Kendall. The ship has been secretly stocked, and the seven fellows, who go along, will rise at the signal and secure her. We hope to turn the trick without bloodshed, but are prepared for any emergency. We must be quit of this cursed hell-patch at any cost.

Radcliffe. Think you, Gosnold, will attempt to stop us?

Kendall. 'Twill be so sudden he'll scarcely have the chance to move. Besides, the Indian Kunderwarka waits but a scant half mile away to attack Smith and party. Our man, who follows them at a safe distance, will hasten back at the first firing and throw the garrison into confusion with the news that Smith is killed. That will be our signal for action.

Radcliffe. Admirably planned, Kendall. We may expect, then,

any moment to hear the joyful tidings of freedom. As a master of unceremonious ceremonies thou hast nought to learn.

Kendall. A pox o' your compliments! We need all the small interval to tighten our lines. Get you down by the river and secure the long boat as for fishing. Once in possession of the pinnace we are safe. Smith himself could dare no more than shake his fist in baffled rage. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Pocahontas. Guard approaches and salutes her respectfully, inquiring her business.*]

Pocahontas. [*With excitement and agitation of manner.*] Pocahontas must speak at once with the werowance Smith or the one Rolfe. Pocahontas has much to say.

Guard. Bide you a minute, miss, an' I'll call Sir Rolfe. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Rolfe, exhibiting pleasure at seeing Pocahontas.*]

Rolfe. And what may one do for the lovely Pocahontas? Name anything you want, sweet maiden, and if 'tis here 'tis yours. We owe our lives to you, and 'tis thus that John Rolfe would testify his feeling. [*Falls one one knee before her, takes her hand and kisses it, loath to let it go.*]

Pocahon. Pocahontas loves much to listen to the words of the beautiful brave with the soft hair [*strokes his head*], but she must speak with the chief, Smith. Pocahontas has much to tell him. [*Rolfe rises.*]

Rolfe. Bless you, my forest-fairy, Captain Smith left here nearly half an hour ago with a dozen men, to be gone, perhaps, a week.

Pocahon. [*Agitated at news.*] Oh! Pocahontas is much sorry! [*Wringing her hands.*] Oh! why did she come so late? Pocahontas would tell him of danger and would not let him go. Kunderwarka has sworn to Okee that he will kill the chief Smith. Kunderwarka is on the war-path now, and with his tribe he trails the white men not far from here. Oh! Pocahontas will try to find the chief Smith. She has the legs of the deer, and may yet find him before it is too late. [*Prepares to go.*]

Rolfe. Nay, maiden, go not before thou hast seen Master Gosnold, who is in charge here. Know you it would hurt me much to

receive such a message without sending for him. Besides, Captain Smith is already a good distance off; thou couldst scarcely prevent the meeting, and would run great risk did any of thy people find thee in the task. Bide you here a minute, I pray you!

[*Exit Rolfe to call Gosnold. Enter Gosnold and Rolfe hurriedly.*]

Gosnold. The best of love and greeting to you, Pocahontas. What saving message dost thou bring this time?

Rolfe. [*Excitedly.*] In substance, Gosnold, she brings tidings that Smith and party are to be ambushed scarcely half a mile from here by one Kunderwarka, who has vowed his death. They may even now be in the direst peril. She claims that Kunderwarka has many braves with him.

Pocahon. Pocahontas did not know that the chief Smith would leave so early. Oh! she is so sorry, so sorry! Pocahontas thinks the white braves have a traitor in their camp.

Gosnold. An' you but place your finger on the man, and by St. Paul thou'lt go to England for the King himself to thank! Come, thou angel of the woods, tell us what thou knowest.

Pocahon. Kunderwarka loves the daughter of Powhatan, but Pocahontas loves him not. Kunderwarka is jealous of the werowance Smith. Pocahontas saw the war dance of Kunderwarka's braves at the sunrise. She heard the words of the council. Kunderwarka said the stranger Kendall, who met him in the darkness at the call of the owl, wanted him to hunt and kill the chief Smith. The stranger told Kunderwarka that if he would kill Smith the white faces would go away and trouble the Indians no more. Kunderwarka has the step of the panther. Oh! Pocahontas is so sorry. [*Wringing her hands.*] She will go and try warn the chief Smith. Maybe is yet time. [*Exit, running.*]

Gosnold. By God, Sir Rolfe! if this be true, there's ripe fruit for the gallows in this colony. What would you advise?

Rolfe. I should immediately place Master Kendall under arrest until we hear from Smith.

Gosnold. Right you are, sir! Zounds! but this is infernal! What Ho—there, guard!

[*Confusion is heard without; guard rushes in.*]

Guard. [*Saluting hurriedly.*] Please you, sir, I fear some mischief's afoot. The pinnace has just been boarded by half a dozen of the men with their arms. It looks as if they are about to make off. Master Kendall has just entered a small boat to join them; he seems to wait for others.

Gosnold. [*In great excitement.*] A guinea, man, for you, if you stop that fellow Kendall!

Rolfe. And I'll make it another, man, if thou or any other doth apprehend him! Arouse the camp!

[*Guard rushes off. Indian war cries and shots are heard nearby. Camp is aroused by beating of drums. Armed men rush across stage. Smith and portion of men, panting from exhaustion, enter with Kunderwarka a prisoner. Enter Rolfe from opposite side.*]

Rolfe. Thank God, Smith, thou art safe! Bless me thou hast returned in the nick o' time!

Smith. What means this dire confusion?

Rolfe. It means, sir, that even at this moment the work of treachery is going on. The fellow Kendall, with some others, have seized the pinnace and are making off. They have just weighed the anchor!

Smith. [*Bounding forward.*] Great heaven, men! an' if they succeed, it means our destruction! Turn the cannon on them! The cannon! Sink them if necessary; that's the only thing! I'll do it myself! Run you, Rolfe, to the beach, and command them to surrender on pain of being sunk. By God they shall find we have a long reach yet!

[*Rolfe runs to execute command. Smith mounts the palisade and turns the cannon on the pinnace. Firing of cannon is heard. After an interval he descends to front of stage. Enter Gosnold.*]

Gosnold. By all the saints, Sir Smith, thou hast saved the colony once more! The villains have surrendered and come reluctantly ashore to the arms of our men. I note among them Radcliffe, Kendall and Wingfield. The gallows should be made for three at least.

Smith. Call you the entire company and the council, sir. The hand of vengeance must not be stayed to-day!

[*Entire company crowds upon the stage. Radcliffe, Kendall and Wingfield are brought in bound and led to one side of stage and guarded.*]

Percy. [*Calling the assemblage to attention.*] Friends and comrades. Under our very eyes there has been enacted a most atrocious piece of villainy, the full extent of which many of you do not yet know. You will shortly hear. Suffice it is to say that the president of this company is a prisoner for good reason. After the work in which he has been caught I feel no hesitation in saying that we need a new leader.

[*Cries of "Aye, aye, damn the miscreant!"*]

I see that we are in accord upon that subject; I therefore nominate John Smith as president of this company. [*Cheers.*] Those who wish him to fill the office will raise their right hands. [*Every hand goes up.*]

It is well. By the unanimous choice of the Virginia colony John Smith is chosen as its president. [*Approaching Smith.*] Sir Smith, you have held this colony together and saved it twice. From myself and these people you have heartfelt thanks and most kindly greeting!

Smith. [*Bowing.*] Friends and companions, bear you witness this office is not of my seeking. It comes to me as a duty, and as a duty it is accepted. Let heaven judge my good intentions. [*Holds up right hand.*] You have seen to what desperate straits some of us have come. You have seen treason seeking the destruction of this colony, and you have seen the hand of God in its salvation. Know you well that we have chanced in a land even as the Almighty hath made it. There is nothing here to encourage save what nature allows, and which our industry must gain. Everything of worth the world over is full of difficulties, and whatever there is here to gain it must be hard earned; of that be sure. To labor alone must we look for recompense of all our pains. It is no maiden's frolic we are on, and if we would possess the pleasant places of our pilgrimage we must work, and none must shirk his share of it. Let none expect all smiles, sunshine and smooth sailing, for were there no vicissitudes of fortune, Marry, there would be no men. And so I say to you that henceforth none shall be at

liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence. As your president I am determined to it that he that will not work neither shall he eat. Those who yield a too willing faith to fell designs, such as this last, must look assuredly to arrive at the gallows. If any think to find in this land a freedom from just restraint of laws, they shall meet discomfiture. The good Queen Bess hath placed England fairly afloat upon the seas, and, with the help of God, we will, under King James, secure to her this land of Virginia for our posterity!

[*Enthusiastic applause.*]

Gosnold. Please you, Sir President, I move that we proceed at once to probe this double villainy, and rid the camp of those who would destroy it.

Smith. Aye, Master Gosnold, an' that we will. Know you all that the council of this company is empowered to deal with traitors caught in the act as with the savages that come by night. We need no jury in this case. I appoint Masters Percy, Gosnold and Rolfe to the council in the places of the prisoners, who will now be brought forward. [*Prisoners are led before council.*] Gentlemen of the council, on behalf of this the King's realm of Virginia-Britannia I charge you that divers and sundry persons, led by the three prisoners now before you, having of late daily studied how they might execute certain treasonable purposes, have at length been caught in the act within the knowledge and sight of all present. This is the charge against John Radcliffe, Edward Maria Wingfield and George Kendall. I am prepared to deliberate with you as to what the safety and welfare of this colony demands at our hands in this case.

Rolfe. For reasons that will anon be made clear I request, your honor, that the Indian captive be removed from hearing.

Smith. Guard, remove the prisoner, but keep within call. Master Rolfe, we would hear from you.

Rolfe. Your charge, sir, against these men is naught beside the real villainy of which one at least is guilty. I formally charge yonder Kendall that he did conspire last night with the Indian just removed to ambush you and your party to-day with the main intent of taking your own life.

Smith. Pray you, Sir Rolfe, but this needs your best evidence, for, indeed, sir, if this be a plot, it well nigh succeeded. Four of our party now lie wounded, and, indeed, we all barely escaped. The Indian was shot in the leg and captured by me. [*Turning to Kendall sternly.*] What say you to this, sir?

Kendall. That it is false. I have those will swear I never left the camp last night. The Indian himself will give the lie to this charge.

Smith. We will hear your evidence, Sir Rolfe.

Rolfe. You had scarce been gone half an hour when the maiden Pocahontas called and asked to see you. Finding you gone, she related to myself and Master Gosnold that this Kunderwarka had held a war council at sunrise this morning, at which she was present. She heard Kunderwarka distinctly relate that he did last night meet Kendall and receive from him intelligence of your intended journey, and likewise that the prisoner impressed upon the savage that it was the colony's desire that you be killed, so that they might be free to leave the land of the Indians.

Kendall. [*Appealingly to crowd.*] I object to this hearsay evidence in a charge so damaging. My only crime against you is that of seeking to run away. Of that I plead guilty to your mercy, and that alone.

Smith. Let the Indian be brought in. [*To Kunderwarka.*] Look you, man, thy life is forfeited to us. Thou art here to be dealt with as thou well deservest. If you answer our questions and speak the truth, it may soften thy punishment. Point you out the man who did meet you last night and prompted your violence of to-day.

Kunderwarka. Kunderwarka has not the tongue of a woman; he speaks not!

Smith. [*To guard.*] Present thy piece to this fellow's head.

[*Guard presents piece.*]

Kunderwarka, the air is sweet to thee. There are fish in the rivers for thy cunning, and birds in the air for thy arrows. There is the morning sunrise like the smile of the great Spirit to gladden thee, and the soft arms of maidens to give thee joy. Choose thou between all these and the fire death of the white man's iron, and the hate

of the great Okee, who curses those of thy people who die by the white man's guns. Speak, then, truly and take thy life.

Kunderwarka. [*Relenting.*] It shall be as the great werowance says. Kunderwarka would not die; he will speak the truth.

[*Assemblage prepare to hear with intense interest.*]

Kunderwarka. Kunderwarka came last night at the call of the owl to meet white man. The white man told him to kill the chief Smith, who went to-day to the country of the Wanasqueaks. White man told Kunderwarka if he kill the werowance Smith, all white braves go away and leave my people in peace. Kunderwarka has said it.

Smith. 'Tis well, but who is the man that met you?

Kunderwarka. Him. [*Points to Kendall; sensation in assemblage; colonists give a groan; Kendall nearly collapses.*]

Kendall. [*With agitated voice.*] I pray you, masters, condemn me not on the words of these Indians. I do pronounce it some devilish plot to work my doom! Gentlemen, for God's sake it needs greater evidence than the mere assertion of these savages to fasten this charge upon me.

[*Soldier is seen to hand Percy a sword with some words of explanation.*]

Percy. Mr. President and gentlemen of this council, think not that I am thirsty for the blood of this miserable man, but he hath willingly staked his life against ours, and must bide the consequences. I seek but the good of this colony. See, here is a sword belonging to him found upon the person of this Indian.

Smith. [*To Kunderwarka.*] How camest thou by this weapon?

Kunderwarka. Kunderwarka did get it from him [*pointing to Kendall*] last night in the woods.

Smith. [*Turning to Kendall.*] Thou standest, sir, convicted. You see to what they come who deal with the devil. If I judge the minds of these whom thou wouldst have cruelly undone, thou art near to thy end. What hast thou to say? Hadst thou any accomplices in this vile plot?

[*Radcliffe and Wingfield visibly agitated.*]

Kendall. Mercy, gentlemen, mercy on a miserable man who has listened to the voice of evil counsel. I beg you, sirs, upon my knees for this poor life. Put me in chains, make me a slave, but spare my life! The company needs all its men, and I will be its faithful slave henceforth. I will reveal all if you but spare our lives and mete us out other punishment.

Smith. For my part, sir, I would not wish your life, but there are others here whose tempers you may soften by revealing all your fellows in this fearful conspiracy. If thou wouldst unburden thy sinful soul to the general welfare, thou wouldst do no wrong.

Kendall. [*In desperation.*] I tell you truly that Radcliffe and Wingfield were my accomplices in both these plots. Master Radcliffe did urge me to the plans and Master Wingfield did encourage them. Gentlemen, thou canst not spare three lives from so small a company. Imprison and punish us I pray you, but spare our lives.

Smith. How now, Master Radcliffe, what hast thou to say to this fell accusation?

Radcliffe. That I did conspire with this man to leave the colony, and on my solemn oath know nothing of his dealings with the savages. I sought not the life of a single man of this colony, and simply wanted to be quit of it. He has not the slightest evidence to support so wicked a charge. [*Looks knowingly at Wingfield.*]

Smith. [*To Wingfield.*] What is thy reply, Master Wingfield, to the grave charge of thy fellow-prisoner?

Wingfield. I repeat, your honor, the assertion of Master Radcliffe. I am alone guilty of attempted theft of the pinnace and desertion. Marry, Master Kendall, in his desperation, would murder the innocent!

Kendall. [*Piteously.*] Radcliffe! Wingfield! for God's sake come with the truth to the rescue of a miserable man. They will not kill the three of us—'twould be too monstrous. Your influence with the company at home would save you and me with you. Thou knowest I speak the truth! As thou hopest for mercy deal mercifully with me!

Radcliffe. If you but prove your words I'll yield myself deserving fruit for the gallows and waive all influence for my saving. But, even to save thyself, thou shalt not drag me with you to an unjust sentence.

Wingfield. In the present case, Master Kendall, I do protest, before all here assembled, that I know you not.

Smith. Gentlemen of the council, you have heard the evidence against these three men. I will retire with you apart and decide their punishment.

[*Smith and other members of the council retire to one side of the stage. Colonists group themselves about in serious conversation. Prisoners on one side in charge of guards.*]

Kendall. [*In a paroxysm of rage.*] Damn you, Radcliffe; my blood be upon your hands. Thou wouldst let me go to death like a dog when thou hast the power to save. The curse of a dying man upon you both. Through you I came to this accursed place, and through you my bones will stay here!

[*Breaks down and sobs. Smith and council return almost immediately. Smith takes stand.*]

Smith. Sir Percy, you will make known to those here assembled the verdict against the prisoners.

Percy. Men of the colony, we find the three prisoners guilty of treason against his sovereign majesty James and this his realm of Virginia. We find, in addition, that George Kendall is guilty of conspiring and trafficking with the savages to the purpose of murdering John Smith and others. Our verdict is that the said Wingfield and Radcliffe be removed from all office, authority and personal rights in this colony, and that they be held prisoners until the return of the ships. In the case of George Kendall, we find that so grave an offence against the king and humanity merits nothing short of death. It is for the president to pronounce sentence against him.

Smith. George Kendall, thou hast heard the verdict of thy countrymen. Thou hast had a fair trial and opportunity to prove thy innocence of this most hellish charge. This thou hast failed to do. Thou hast too late found out what ills await the wretch who lends his ear to vicious counsels. Thou now cry'st for mercy, but, know you, that mercy to others and justice to thyself demands that thou suffer the penalty of death as provided under our commission for such cases. In the name of this Virginia, then, under the dominion of King James, and with the authority vested in me, I charge

that you be taken hence and within the hour shot to death. I commend thee in the short interval of thy remaining life to the kindly offices of the goodly Mister Hunt, from him to receive such counsel as may prepare thee for a higher tribunal than this, and may God have mercy on thy soul!

Kendall. Oh! God, that I was born for this! This last earthly burden is my heaviest, and it bears me to the grave. But, know you all, that when this wrecked soul goes forth from out that cruel rent thy guns will shortly make, it will in passing shriek its curses on yonder villain [*pointing to Radcliffe*] and maledictions upon you all!

[*Intense sensation among onlookers; some groans. Kendall fixes a piercing gaze upon Radcliffe as guards lead him away.*]

[*Tableau. Curtain. End of Act. II.*]

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Some months later. Forest; view of small river on canvass.*

EPISODE.—*Smith's exploration of the Chickahominy river in search of the "South Sea."*

[*Enter Smith, soldier and Indian guide. Smith looks cautiously about him, then takes out compass and makes some notes on paper. Indian moves a little in advance and looks intently into the forest; he looks back at Smith and soldier, and, thinking they do not see him, breaks a branch of tree and drops it on the ground.*]

Soldier. [*To Smith.*] I like not the antics of yonder savage, Sir Smith; already twice have I noticed him breaking branches of trees and dropping them in our path.

Smith. Ah! but this must be looked to; Marry, the beggar leans with too intent a gaze for mere path-finding. I'll test him somewhat. Methinks we have outfooted prudence in this venture. 'Twould be a desperate place for an encounter with numbers. Ho, there, Paspahagh! come hither! [*Indian approaches.*] Paspahagh has the hawk's eye; what does he see?

Paspahagh. Paspahagh seeks the trail to the great waters.

Werowance Smith will see great waters soon. Not far now. Go that way. [*Points.*]

Smith. Twice already hast thou told this tale. Hark'ee Paspahagh! if thou dost play us false thou wilt not live to turn the trick again. What means this laying of branches along the road? Speak! and truly, too, or by my soul [*drawing pistol*] I'll send thee merrily unto the devil's roast full fresh and bloody!

Paspahagh. [*Gradually backing away from Smith.*] Paspahagh no would harm white chief; see, he has no weapons.

[*War whoop is heard close by; Paspahagh makes sudden leap to get away, but Smith bounds upon him. Desperate struggle ensues. War cries come nearer. Smith finally overpowers Indian, gets him on back with hand on throat. Paspahagh signifies submission by stretching forth right hand with fingers wide open. Smith pulls him up and holds him in front of him just as attacking Indians break upon the scene.*]

Smith. Trapped! by all the devils in hell! [*To companion.*] Face them, man, and drop the nearest! We must fight our way back to the boat—'tis our only salvation! Fire as fast as thou canst and look to the rear!

[*Smith binds Paspahagh to himself in front as a shield. Two Indians draw bow on Smith; he fires pistol and they retreat somewhat. Arrow strikes Smith in side. Indian falls at his fire. Indians crowd about in endeavor to capture Smith alive. He retreats, fighting with Paspahagh in front of him. Soldier is killed and falls to one side of stage. Smith and Indians retire in action behind scenes; continuous sounds of fighting and war cries are heard. They reappear on the other side of stage, Smith still fighting and retreating. Opechancanough forces way to front of his warriors, waving them back, and holding up hands in sign he wishes to speak with Smith. Attack ceases pending parley.*]

Opechancanough. The werowance Smith cannot escape. See, his man is killed. [*Pointing to dead soldier.*] All braves in boat are dead. Let the great chief throw away his fire-irons and sword and his life will be spared. Opechancanough must take him to the great Powhatan.

Smith. Opechancanough shall not take me while I am able to

fight. I must be permitted to reach my boat. I want not the lives of any more of the Pamaunkees. I will not give up my fire-irons, but will use them famously. Let your braves keep their distance, for many of them must pass to Okee before John Smith is taken!

[Attack is resumed, but Indians sorely afraid of Smith's weapons. Smith again retreats fighting. Another Indian falls at Smith's fire. Smith stumbles and falls. Indian fastened to him manages to effect half turn and grapples with him, whereupon savages make rush and effect capture.]

Opechancanough. [To Smith.] The eagle loves only brave flesh. Opechancanough is glad to capture the big chief of the Yengees. The great Powhatan will have glad heart to see the werowance Smith. The days of the white chief are numbered. He must die! The pale-faces yonder [*pointing to Jamestown*] will not stay when he is no more to lead them.

Smith. Chief Opechancanough is a great brave. He has done great service to his King Powhatan, and the heart of the king will rejoice when he brings in his prisoner. Let him take his captive to Werowocomoco, and he will be the greatest brave of all King Powhatan's tribes.

Opechancanough. [*Menacingly.*] Opechancanough can do what he likes with werowance Smith. He can kill him. The white chief has done much harm to the people of Powhatan. He should have gone away long time. Maybe Opechancanough kill him now!

Smith. Let Opechancanough know that his prisoner is not afraid. He has at his side the spirit of the great Father who is above. The great Quioughquosickee of the white people will take vengeance if the Pamaunkees seek to harm his child. Let Opechancanough beware! Chief Smith talks not with the idle tongue. See, he has the token of the great Father here!

[Takes out pocket compass. Indians lay aside angry attitude and crowd round Smith with much curiosity.]

Opechancanough. Let the werowance tell about token of the great white Father. Opechancanough would listen.

Smith. Let Opechancanough look and see the little spirit of the great Father. [*Looks at moving needle through the glass.*] The little spirit will not let Opechancanough touch it; let him try.



POCAHONTAS SAVING LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH.

[*Opechancanough hesitates somewhat, and finally attempts to put his finger upon the needle, but, encountering the glass, he is prevented.*]

Opechancanough. [In great amazement.] Ugh! Great medicine! Little arrow moves so [*indicates round movement with finger*]; not let Opechancanough touch him.

[*To Smith.*] What does the little spirit tell to the white chief?

Smith. The little spirit follows the sun, and the moon, and the stars. It shows its friends the way upon the earth and upon the seas. It does not lie, for lying is hateful to its great Father. It protects its friends against danger, and will not let them be killed. See, the little arrow will not point wrong; let Opechancanough try and make it point the other way.

[*Hands Opechancanough the compass, who endeavors to make it point the other way by turning it around, but, not succeeding, he hands it reverently back to Smith.*]

Opechancanough. The white chief has spoken truth. The little spirit is much wonderful. It is great medicine. Opechancanough fears to offend the great Father of the white chief.

[*Wushawunda approaches and draws him aside.*]

Wushawunda. Let Opechancanough try the white fetish. Let him tie the white chief to tree and tell him get ready to die. Wushawunda and braves will do dance of Okee about him. Let the braves draw their bows to shoot, and if the chief is afraid Opechancanough will know that the token lies and that it cannot save him; that it can harm us not.

[*Chief assents to proposition and Opechancanough approaches Smith.*]

Opechancanough. Opechancanough believes what white chief says about the little spirit. Opechancanough will bind chief to tree and his braves will shoot arrows at his heart. If the little arrow is from the great spirit it will not let the arrows harm the werowance. It will turn them aside. If the arrows of his braves kill the chief, then the little spirit lies, and it cannot harm my people.

[*Braves advance and bind Smith securely to tree.*]

Smith. Let Opechancanough know that Chief Smith is sorry for him, for the lightning will come down from the great Father and burn all his people to death. They will be scorched even as the leaves that are cast upon the camp-fire. They will call down the mighty vengeance of the good Quioughquosickee. The prisoner of Opechancanough is not afraid. He will make a prayer to the great Father, and then Opechancanough may do his worst.

[*Smith, thinking his hour had really come, kneels down and offers up silent prayer, commending his soul to God and asking forgiveness of his sins.*]

[*Indians resume their fierce attitude. Wushawunda bounds into the midst of them with wild cries and hideous contortions of face and figure. In this manner they execute the conjury dance about Smith, the object being to frighten him and nullify the power of his token on the assumption that if he exhibits fear they may kill him with impunity.*]

Wushawunda. [*Magic song, himself and braves dancing.*]

Nah me ba o sa yaun
Neen a ne mah je o sa yaun neen.

I walk about in the night,
I that walk alone—'tis I!

Neen none daun ke tone,
Ma na do we aun.

I hear your mouth,
You that are a spirit.

Shi equah mo mo ke aun e
Ning bishue,
I ah ne aun e.

Now I come out of the ground,
I that am a lynx.

Ben, ah, neen bishue;
Ah nah ke me nuah bum e nak?

See, I am a lynx;
Do you like my looks?

[*Indian dialect and translation to be given by Wushawunda. Repeat lines as often as desired. During the progress of this dance the savages try every means to intimidate Smith. They approach and brandish weapons and filled gourds in his face and make to strike him. He stands firmly with a look of perfect calm. Failing in this purpose, they prepare for the supreme test. Braves are formed in semi-circle with arrows fixed in bows waiting the word of their chief to shoot. Opechancanough glances at Smith to note the effect of this deadly intent, but, seeing him unmoved, gives signal to Indians to lower their weapons, which they do with considerable reluctance.*]

Opechancanough. The great white werowance must be taken to Powhatan. Wushawunda will go before and tell the mighty Powhatan that Opechancanough has captured the chief of the Yengees, and that he brings him to Werowocomoco at once. Let Wushawunda go with the speed of the deer.

[*Smith is released from tree, carefully bound, and triumphal procession formed. The weapons of Smith are borne as trophies on a shield in front of Opechancanough. They thus march off stage, once round again and exit.*]

SCENE II.

Werowocomoco, court of Powhatan. Council is held in the forest. Powhatan is under rude canopy half reclining on raised platform covered with mats made of different skins. His two favorite women are seated beside him. On either hand are ranged the warriors and the women who form his suite, sitting and standing and all appareled in full Indian dress in which the plumage of birds and skins are conspicuous. The warriors have their cheeks and shoulders painted a brilliant red. Pocahontas sits near her father half reclining upon the lap of a woman. Wushawunda is among the company, having previously arrived and given information of Smith's capture and the approach of Opechancanough.

Aspect of Powhatan. Age between fifty and sixty years; presence commanding and majestic. Rich chains of pearls encircle his neck, and great robe of raccoon skins with tails properly disposed and pendant cover his person. He wears a crown of deer's antlers colored red over a raccoon skin cap, from which the tails hang behind his ears. Ears are hung with bracelets of pearls, face painted blue sprinkled with silver dust. As scene opens the women rise and execute graceful dance before the king. At signal from him they resume their seats.

Powhatan. Wushawunda will tell us more about capture of the great white chief. How many of our braves did he kill before he was taken?

Wushawunda. The werowance fought like a tiger. He killed six warriors with his fire-irons and wounded eight. There is great grief among the women of Opechancanough's lodge. The white chief is a child of the evil one, but he will kill no more of the braves of Powhatan. Opechancanough come soon now.

[*Satisfied grunts and menaces from assembled braves. Enter messenger.*]

Messenger. Opechancanough waits in the woods near with white prisoner. Opechancanough sends the kind heart to the great Powhatan and waits his call to the council.

Powhatan. Let the brave take the love of Powhatan to his chief. Let him say that Powhatan is glad to welcome him to the council, and that he shall be great guest here. Let him bring the prisoner at once. [*Exeunt messenger.*]

[*Triumphal song of approaching Indians is heard. Flurry of expectation passes through Powhatan's assemblage, the braves of which begin chanting and rise and go forth to meet Opechancanough. They return on the instant, leading the procession. The Indians execute a walk dance before Powhatan, in which the prisoner is made to join. Opechancanough marches behind Smith, and Smith's arms are borne on a shield in front of him as a trophy. There is much flourishing of weapons, and insults are hurled at the prisoner. The procession stops and Indians cease demonstration and arrange themselves in order about the king.*]

Powhatan. Powhatan is glad to see his brother of the Pamaunkees. Opechancanough is welcome here. He is great brave among my people. Let him speak and tell of the great game he has captured.

Opechancanough. The words of the great Powhatan are as music to the ears of Opechancanough. His heart beats with pride to stand in the council of the king with prisoner he has taken. Opechancanough has brought many captives before Powhatan, but the white werowance will make best sacrifice to Okee.

Powhatan. Powhatan hears his great werowance with much joy. Opechancanough shall have more braves to command. He shall have two of my best women for his own. Powhatan bids all his braves to see the great deeds of Opechancanough. He is the bright star of our tribe. Powhatan would speak with the prisoner; let him be brought forward.

[*Smith is led before Powhatan.*]

Powhatan. The white werowance is not a stranger to my council. He has been here before. He had tongue of honey then, but when he went away he was as the snake that hides in the grass. What has he to say?

Smith. I would tell the great Powhatan that he does not know the heart of his prisoner. Neither I nor my people have done him injury save where his braves provoked us. The great Powhatan lives himself, and the land of the great chief is wide enough to let his friends share it and live also. Some of Powhatan's braves have the lying tongue [*murmurs from Indians*]; some of them have the heart of the snake, and some of them would bite the hand that strokes them like the vicious dog. When we did receive injury from the people of Powhatan we fought them, and when they would let us starve with their wigwams full of corn we took it. I speak but the truth to Powhatan, and he loves the truth, for he is a great king and a mighty brave. The white chief is in Powhatan's power, but justice is in the right hand of Powhatan, and he is king, and it is for him alone to decide, and his warriors must listen to his voice and mind his counsels.

Powhatan. The werowance plays with the truth like the papoose with a ball—first in one hand and then in the other. The great

Spirit hath given him a cunning tongue, but the cunning tongue serves not when the hands are tied and cannot aid it. Let the werowance tell the council why the white strangers from over the great waters have come to the land of my people.

Smith. Our coming, O chief, was an accident. Know you that my people have great enemies, called the Spaniards—those same wicked people whose ships came here before us and worried the tribes of Powhatan. They chased and fought us on the great sea, but a storm coming up saved us, and that storm drove us into the waters of Powhatan.

Powhatan. The white faces have been here many moons; why go they not back to their own lands?

Smith. The great Spirit of the white people hath told our king, whose name is James, that we must remain and make friends with the people of Powhatan, and send our ships back and forth over the great sea, and bring them presents and goods for trade, and teach the Powhatans the cunning of our hands, and the wisdom of our great Father who is above.

[Powhatan appears moved at this revelation, orders Smith removed to his former seat and that food be given him. The queen of Apamattuck brings him a bowl of water to wash his hands, another Indian woman stands by with a bunch of feathers for him to dry them, and then food is placed before him. Powhatan then signals the several chiefs before him for counsel as to disposition of prisoner.]

Powhatan. My warriors have heard the words of the white werowance. What would they have the king do with him?

Opechancanough. The land is red with the blood of the braves of Powhatan, and the wails of the women are heard in the wigwams! The white chief has taken the corn that was not his! The pale faces have stolen the land that was not theirs! It is the white chief that keeps them here. The white chief must die now!

[Shout of exultation from assemblage.]

Wushawunda. The blood of Powhatan's braves calls for vengeance on the white dog! Many braves have passed away since he came. Okee has spoken to Wushawunda, and he says the werowance must live no longer.

[*Pocahontas appears distressed, and makes movement to rise and speak.*.)

Kunderwarka. The great canoes of the Yenghees have sailed away again. They come back soon with more Yenghees and more fire-arrows and thunder-irons. One of the white men told Kunderwarka that his people are so many as the leaves on the trees and the sands on the shore. They come once, and they come more, and they come again. Soon they take the land of Powhatan, and his braves must leave the hunting grounds of their fathers which the great spirit has given them. There is not room for the Yenghees and the people of Powhatan. Let the chief die now before the council. The braves of Powhatan will be glad to see his blood! Kunderwarka has spoken.

[*Indians roused to highest pitch of anger against the prisoner and express their feelings by making a rush at him with uplifted clubs and other weapons.*.]

Powhatan. [*Rising and commanding silence in stern tones.*] Powhatan has heard the wisdom of his braves and is pleased. The werowance must die, but he must not die like a mad dog. He is great Medicine and chief among his people, and must die like a chief. My braves are not on the war-path; they are before the council of their king. The werowance Smith must die on the stone. The will of Okee must be done. Let braves bring in the stone!

[*Pocahontas rises and prostrates herself before her father with intense grief and agitation.*.]

Pocahontas. Father! 'tis Matoaka, thy child, that speaks to thee; See, thy best-beloved falls at thy feet! The heart of Matoaka is dripping blood! [*Places both hands over heart.*] She would not have the werowance die. Oh, father! great chief of many braves, thou art mighty! Spare this white chief! Kill him not! Spare the friendless stranger who has done no wrong to us. Spare him for thy child's sake! See, Matoaka bathes your feet with tears!

Powhatan. [*Disconcerted but unrelenting.*] Let my sweet Matoaka go out in the woods and listen to the birds. The council of my braves is no place for her. She is sick. The white chief has killed her people and he must die!

Pocahontas. He did but answer the arrows that would kill him! He did but fight like a brave and not with the spirit of the evil one. Oh, my father, the heart of the friendless one calls to you. Spare him, my father, spare him!

[*Powhatan seems impressed against his will. He is plainly touched at the importuning of his child and looks over the faces of his warriors with some perplexity. They are quick to note his slight indecision, and with fierce movement and cries call out for the life of Smith.*]

Powhatan. The werowance has taken the corn of my people; he must not live to take any more!

Pocahontas. He did pay for it, and took but enough to keep his people living. Oh, my father! Let your heart be open to the sorrows of the stranger there. [*Points to Smith.*] He has been good and kind to Matoaka; he stroked her head thus [*rises and strokes her father's head and face*]; he has given her sweet things to eat and filled her hands with presents. The daughter of Powhatan would not see him die; she loves him. Spare him, my father! let him stay with Matoaka and teach her all the cunning of his hands and the wisdom of his mouth. 'Tis Matoaka, the broken-hearted, that calls to you!

[*Powhatan is lost for a moment in deep thought; his countenance softens as he glances at his well-beloved child in tears before him, but the angry and impatient voices of the warriors rouse him to action. He sees the tide of feeling is too strong, and that he cannot stem it.*]

Opechancanough. Let the weeping Matoaka be taken from the council by her women. The words of Powhatan's warriors have made her heart soft and loosened her tongue with foolishness.

Pocahontas. No, no, no! Matoaka will stay. She will talk no more. Opechancanough need not fear her tongue. He shall have his way if it be the will of the good Quioughquosiekee.

[*She rises, turns an imploring look upon her father, and then, with pathetic resignation, resumes her seat between her two women.*]

Powhatan. [*To Smith.*] The werowance must prepare for the

sacrifice of Okee. He has heard the words of the braves of Powhatan. It is the will of Powhatan, whose vengeance and whose swiftness are the eagle's.

Smith. Grant me but a few more words, O king. If it is the will of the great spirit, then Smith must die. He has travelled in many lands. He has fought with many mighty chiefs. He once killed three great warriors in big fight and cut off their heads while two armies looked on. He is not afraid of death. He has seen the face of death so much that he has made friends with him. Okee is the spirit of evil, and the people of Powhatan do wrong to heed his counsels. Quioughquosickee is greater than Okee, and the great Spirit of the white man is greater than he. Smith has prayed to his great Father above to let His will be done. If he wishes that his child shall live, He will send his spirit into this counsel. Smith has spoken, and he is ready for the will of his great Father above!

[Uneasy glances are exchanged among warriors, but Wushawunda leaps up with cries of vengeance and they hurl themselves upon Smith, bind him and lay his head upon the stone. They then wait the command of Powhatan.]

Powhatan. The spirit of the white chief must pass in silence. He is great medicine among his people. Let my braves be quiet, and let Opechancanough work the will of Okee.

[Opechancanough takes up great war club, walks up to Wushawunda, who performs some dumb ceremony over him. He then walks around council with semi-dancing movement, once around Smith, finally halting at his head, and stepping off the distance to make his blow effective prepares to swing the club. On the instant Pocahontas, with a piercing cry, bounds forward. The club of execution is in the air; she throws her body across Smith's face, and with hand raised in impassioned protest arrests the falling blow.]

Pocahontas. *[Intensely excited.]* Father! Opechancanough! my people, we must spare him! The great Spirit of the white strangers hath entered the heart of Matoaka. He has spoken to Matoaka, and his voice is stronger than the waves of the sea. He has smiled upon Matoaka, and the sunrise is not more beautiful!

He is stronger than Okee, for Okee is cruel and lives on blood. The great Father of the white chief is the Spirit of love. He hath put love in the heart of Matoaka, and He gives the werowance to her. If he dies, Matoaka must die too. Let Opechancanough beware the vengeance of Him who is greater than Okee. Let the braves of Powhatan listen to the words of the daughter of their king, for Matoaka hath seen and heard. Let Opechancanough stand back until Matoaka has whispered in Powhatan's ear the message from the great Father of the white chief!

[Opechancanough stands back, Pocahontas releases her hold of Smith, rushes to her father, throws her arms about his neck and whispers in his ear, then rushes back to Smith and resumes her protective attitude of him.]

Powhatan. My braves and warriors will listen to the words of Powhatan. The will of your king is undone. The great Spirit hath put words into the mouth of Powhatan's child. He has said wonderful things. A great curse will fall upon our nation if we kill this man. Powhatan wants not the mighty vengeance of the great Father upon his children. He must live and stay with us. Unbind him and raise him up. It must be so. He must be a brother and friend to the king. Let the pipes be lighted. It is the will of Powhatan!

[Under the influence of superstitious fears Indians retire abashed. They resume their places in silence. Smith is led to a seat and pipe is handed him. Braves produce pipes and woman moves among them with lighted brand. Drop.]

SCENE III.

Jamestown two weeks later. Should show a small hamlet on rear drop. Colonists moving about aimlessly in dejected spirits. Some down sick with others attending them. Famine and pestilence rife.

[Enter Percy and Rolfe.]

Rolfe. 'Tis two weeks since the gallant Smith was butchered. That was the deadliest blow we've yet received. Pestilence blows

his horrid breath, and surely fearful fancy never pictured such a scene as here doth shock our eyes. Marry, sir, methinks the world is all a weary waste and life a fearful jest.

Percy. Indeed, Rolfe, my heart almost sinks within me. But we must not despair. The world's a mirror, sir, and gives us back our faces. Forsooth, let's smile upon the morrow of our hopes and be consoled to-day.

Rolfe. If thou canst see a silver edge upon these clouds of our calamity, thou hast a keener vision than mine own. Smith himself, I wot, would yield to grim despair at this!

Percy. Nay, Rolfe, 'twas not in the nature of the man. To front fell fortune on an unfair field, such as is here, and snatch a standard from the jaws of hell, would be his task were he among us. That man was of high-hearted breed, with thews and sinews for any strain. He was a man of men! a gallant gentleman! the sort of which nature makes but few at a time! God! his death is a most fearful loss, yet must we keep his spirit living. Nought else could show our love and reverence for John Smith.

Rolfe. Hope mounts on pinions far too frail for reason. Faith, sir, I cannot see salvation, look as I may.

Percy. Yet do I hold in faith unshaken, despite the doubtful balance whereon our fortunes hang, that this Virginia was not born to find the limbo of oblivion. Even now I feel, I know not why, that we have exhausted the influence of our evil stars, though God knows we have had hard measure dealt us.

Rolfe. Aye, indeed! Smith and Gosnold dead, half of our poor people in their graves and the balance fit to follow! It is calamity compounded. Did these Indians but know our desperate condition they'd finish us, I'll warrant!

Percy. Forget not, Sir, that the ships are overdue. With Newport's coming be sure we'll find security, or if the enterprise be doomed, at least a safe return to England. Let us, therefore, bear these haps in patience and do our part by our suffering fellows. There is much yet to be endured and little to be enjoyed, but the prospect must not shake us, and—hello! what have we here?

[*Enter guard with Indian.*]

Guard. Sirs, this Indian brings a letter from the camp of Pow-

hatan addressed to George Percy, which he insists on delivering in person.

Percy. By Saint Paul—but this is strange! What English scribe is in the camp of Powhatan? [*Eagerly takes the letter from the hands of Indian and opens it with amazement.*] Heaven be praised, Rolfe, 'tis from Smith himself!

Rolfe. God love us all!

Percy. [*To guard.*] Arouse such as are able to come and bring them hither.

[*Exit guard. Colonists enter and crowd round Percy.*]

Percy. Friends, the good Lord hath not forsaken us. Look you, here is a message from John Smith, written to-day. I will read it; I need not ask your ears.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Since my capture, two weeks ago, I have been a close prisoner in the camp of Powhatan. I am like unto one risen from the grave, for 'twas a very miracle snatched me from death. I was condemned to die before the council of Powhatan and all his warriors. I was bound, my head laid upon a stone, and the club of the executioner was falling, when Pocahontas rushed and interposed her body between me and fast oncoming death. Her pleadings for my life were like unto words sent down from Heaven, for, surely, never did maid or man of all this land utter such before. God's mercy is in that child! I wait under guard in the nearby woods. Powhatan releases me for certain presents of tools and weapons and other considerations. The return of messenger with gun and sword will be their signal to conduct me to you. More anon.

JOHN SMITH.

[*Cheers from assemblage. Percy falls upon Rolfe's neck with great emotion. Crowd shake hands with demonstrations of joy.*]

Percy. How, now, Sir Rolfe! saw I not with better eyes than thine?

Rolfe. Thy vision, sir is equal to thy wisdom, and both are better than my best. Let Newport now but come and bring with him some maids to cheer the spirits of these lass-lorn lads, and melancholy's reign is done.

[*Cheers and laughter. Alarm without. Guard rushes in and throws his cap in the air.*]

Guard. The ships, the ships! Newport comes up the river!

[*Crowds rush to see the ships, return almost immediately, carrying Smith and Newport on shoulders amid frantic demonstrations of joy. Drop.*]

SCENE IV.

Woods near Jamestown. Some days later. Enter Pocahontas, with Kunderwarka importuning her.

Kunderwarka. Matoaka must speak with Kunderwarka. The heart of Kunderwarka goes out to the daughter of Powhatan. He loves not the fields, and the bright air, and the hunting-grounds better than the lovely Matoaka. Let Matoaka speak and say she loves Kunderwarka. Let her come to his arms and say she will be the bright star of his wigwam. [*Extends arms to grasp her; Pocahontas pushes him off and moves backward.*]

Pocahontas. Kunderwarka has good ears. Matoaka has many times told she loves him not. Matoaka is the daughter of a king, and she loves as she wills. She is not a woman of the Monicans that our braves take for slaves. Kunderwarka must let Matoaka alone. The daughter of Opechancanough loves Kunderwarka; let him go to her.

Kunderwarka. Kunderwarka loves none but Matoaka. For many moons he has loved her. He sleeps not at night for thinking of her. His heart cries out for the love of Matoaka. He cannot live without her.

Pocahontas. Matoaka is sorry for Kunderwarka, but Matoaka has heart, too, and Matoaka loves another. Let Kunderwarka go his way and find another love, and trouble no more the daughter of Powhatan, for she cannot make him happy. [*Pocahontas starts off; Kunderwarka grasps her fiercely, holding her to him, despite her struggles.*]

Kunderwarka. Let Matoaka listen. Kunderwarka is great brave, and he sees only blood before him! What he says he will

do, for he does not lie. Let Matoaka speak truly—she loves the dog Smith of the Yenghees, is it not so?

Pocahontas. Matoaka will not answer. Matoaka will scream for help. Matoaka's father will be like the tiger when he knows this. Let Kunderwarka beware! [*Struggles to get away.*]

Kunderwarka. Matoaka shall not love the Yenghee's dog! Matoaka shall love Kunderwarka or she shall die. Kunderwarka will bind her to tree and shoot arrow through her heart!

[*Pocahontas screams as Kunderwarka drags her to tree. He binds her thereto, steps away some paces and adjusts arrow to bow.*]

Kunderwarka. Let Matoaka speak quick, for the arrow will find her heart!

Pocahontas. Dog of a Wanasqueak! Matoaka hates you like the poison snake. She would rather have Kunderwarka's arrow than his heart! Let Kunderwarka shoot, and then let him prepare for the fire that Matoaka's father will make for him. Matoaka defies the dog of a Wanasqueak!

[*Kunderwarka draws his arrow to the head. A shot rings out from the woods. His arm falls wounded, and he grasps it with his other hand, looks round and flees into the forest.*]

[*Enter Rolfe, running with gun in hand, followed by Laydon and Anne Burras.*]

Rolfe. By God—Master Laydon! We have found an angel in distress and lifted her! [*Releases Pocahontas from tree.*] [*To Pocahontas*]: Thou angel of the tribes! Thank God that to John Rolfe has been vouchsafed the saving hand. What means this dastard deed? [*Takes her in his arms.*]

Pocahontas. [*Bursting into tears.*] The Wanasqueak dog would kill the daughter of Powhatan because she loves him not; he would— [*Pocahontas' agitation is suddenly turned to amazement at the sight of Anne Burras, the first white woman she has seen, and she forgets present troubles in astonishment.*]

Pocahontas. Oh! see! Yenghees woman! with the face like the rose, and eyes like the evening star! Oh, beautiful Yenghees!

Pocahontas loves you! [*Extending her arms.*] Come, be sister to Pocahontas!

[*Anne advances to Pocahontas and clasps her in her arms with deep emotion, kissing her repeatedly.*]

Anne. You sweet, pretty dear! Indeed Anne will be a sister to you! John has told me of all your tender mercies. [*Kissing her again.*] Were it not for you, I should never have seen him again. God bless your sweet soul—how can I thank you? You darling you! You shall come and live with us—you shall, and there'll be nothing in Anne's home too good for you!

Pocahontas. The name of my beautiful sister is Anne?

Anne. Yes, dear one; and Anne's heart goes out to thee. Thou hast been a very angel to my people, and Anne gladly kneels to the Princess Pocahontas, and kisses her hand in gratitude.

Pocahontas. Anne must not love Pocahontas too much, for she has not two hearts, and Anne loves the brave yonder; is it not so?

Anne. [*Somewhat confused.*] Yes, dear, Anne loves him.

Pocahontas. Then Anne must make him happy quick; he has been long time away from his love. He has told Pocahontas of his love for Anne, and said he had great pain here. [*Indicating heart.*] Go to him, dear Anne, and love him. See, he is hungry for your lips. [*Anne, laughing, goes over to Laydon. Rolfe approaches Pocahontas and gently leads her aside, making two groups at opposite sides of stage. Dumb love show between conversations.*]

Laydon. Truly a dusky and confiding beauty, Anne; she took to you on sight. No English girl had ever such a friend before.

Anne. I little dreamed this land could yield so sweet a flower, or one of such tender mercy. There are, indeed, earth-angels, and this is one of them.

Laydon. Forget not thy sweet self, dear Anne, for to John Laydon thou art an angel unexcelled!

Anne. Dost thou see my wings—John?

Laydon [*Drawing her passionately to him.*] No, sweet one, but I see these lips. [*Kissing them.*] I see this lovely hair. [*Kissing it.*] And wings would but obstruct the arms that now enfold thee. [*Kissing her again.*] And—

Anne. [*Blushing and confused, and tearing herself away.*] Fie, John! thy reason has left thee entirely, methinks! Marry, Sir, thou takest liberties indeed, and we are not alone.

Laydon. Go to—sweet! They look not this way, and if I mistake not, they have their own affairs to look after; and don't forget that this is a land of liberty.

Rolfe. [*To Pocahontas.*] Thank me no more. One look from those sweet eyes and Rolfe is well repaid. Thou lovest not this Kunderwarka, then?

Pocahontas. No, no, no! Pocahontas hates him!

Rolfe. Whom is it thou lovest?

Pocahontas. Ne saugeau.

Rolfe. What does that mean?

Pocahontas. I love a person.

Rolfe. Who is that blessed man?

Pocahontas. [*Confused.*] Pocahontas cannot tell that now.

Rolfe. [*Kneeling and taking her hand.*] Say John Rolfe!

Pocahontas. Sageau Binuh?

Rolfe. Say it in English my pretty one.

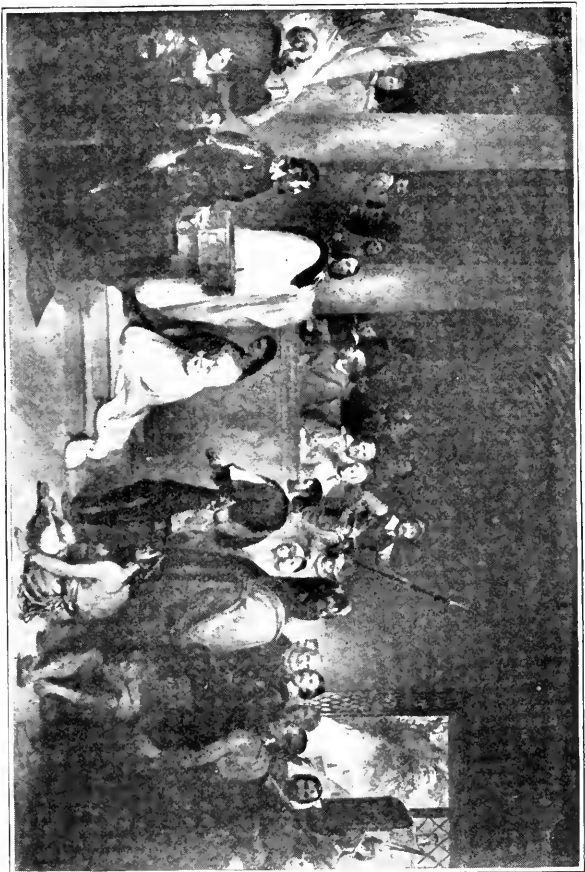
Pocahontas. Lovest thou a person?

Rolfe. [*Clasping and kissing her.*] This is the person!

Pocahontas. [*Pleased but confused.*] Pocahontas will see. She must speak truth to the beautiful brave. Pocahontas' heart goes out to the werowance Smith. He is so good, so kind, but [*sadly*] he knows not that Pocahontas loves him. He thinks not of any woman. Pocahontas will see. She has much love for Rolfe, who saved her life. Maybe she love him—by-and-by. Pocahontas would stroke his hair in friendship. [*Rolfe kneels, Pocahontas strokes his head, he clasps and kisses her passionately, to which she offers no resistance. They rise and separate a little, and Rolfe looks over to where Anne and her lover are busily engaged in each other's arms. He coughs loudly to attract their attention. Laydon and Anne break away and come forward.*]

Rolfe. How now, Master Laydon—'tis a pleasant day, methinks.

Laydon. [*Looking confusedly up at the sky.*] Yes, sir, but yonder cloud threatens somewhat.



THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS, BY CHAPMAN.

Rolfe. [*Looking merrily at Anne.*] Yet, Sir, I wot thou wilt not lack for sunshine, let come what weather may.

Laydon. Marry, Sir, the weather here is not so gloomy as at home.

Rolfe. Yet, friend Laydon, thou hast imported thy sunshine. Thou didst much complain of the weather until lately.

Laydon. [*In desperation.*] Thou, Sir Rolfe, dost not seem to need such importation. The native sunshine agrees with you full well, or I mistake not.

Rolfe. [*Laughing.*] Come, Laydon, let's mind our own business and talk about yours. When is the happy day?

Laydon. Perhaps yonder angel might tell thee.

Rolfe. Angel Anne! Wilt thou tell us?

Anne. [*Blushing.*] Well, Sir, I see I'll have no peace until 'tis over with. John will bear me witness that I wanted him to wait six months; [*John bows affirmatively*], but he did threaten dire things upon himself if I persisted, and so, though I seem too lightly won, I promised him to-morrow to be his wife.

Rolfe. Truly thou art both wise. Uneasy is the love that waits, and full of pain, but satisfied, it mounts to heaven again!

[*Exeunt. Laydon and Anne together. Rolfe and Pocahontas together, both couples walking close and in earnest conversation.*]

SCENE V.

Jamestown, the following day. Before a rude church, of which the interior shows altar and benches.

[*Enter O'Trigger, McLoyne and Fullfat.*]

Fullfat. And there'll be a 'appy marriage 'ere to-day, but there's no 'appiness for Fullfat. Single hexistence is not 'appiness. If I'd stayed at 'ome in Hengland, I might 'ave been a 'appy 'usband myself by now. My good father hoften told me that roving stones gather no moss, and now I hunderstand it.

O'Trigger. Mile stones don't gather none, aither. Shure, Fatty, phwy wud ye be a mossback, inyhow? I'd, myself, rather be sleek

an' shiney from sliding through the wur'rd thin stay at home and grow barnacles, an' marrid loife ain't all po'try an' plum-duff!

Fullfat. 'owever, O'Trigger, there's no place like 'ome, no matter what you say.

O'Trigger. O, it's a sofa ye want, an' yer ar'm chair near yer own foiresoide, an' yer slippers, an' a good woife ter bring ye th' wash-pay at th' ind uv ther wake, is it? No, no, Fatty, they'd have ter widen th' doors fer ye after a spell—ye'd devilip so. It's single cussedness an' har'rd wur'rk ye nade—it is. Sthay in Virginny, and ate cor'm an' cultevate yer appetite. What's ther day er th' month?

McLoyne. It's the Fourth o' July, an' hot eno' to bake mealies.

O'Trigger. Shure, there moight be hotter fourths of July thin this. Fourth o' July! shure, it has a nate roll under one's tongue! I do not know phwy, but I loikes the sound uv it!

McLoyne. Hoot, mon! that's all domned foolishness; one day's as good as anither.

O'Trigger. O, I don't know. It depinds on raysults, as me Uncle 'Tim uster say whin he wint fishin'. He oftin told me that whin he wus a wur-rkin' man he loiked Sundays, holidays, and pay-days th' best, an' with a long vacashun between 'em—fer him, he sed. All days didn't look aloike ter me Uncle 'Tim.

McLoyne. Och! I never did see inything funny in Irish jeuks.

O'Trigger. In course, ye niver did—ye're Scotch. Ye nade yer jokes well-seasoned be age—ye do. Ye till a joke ter a Scotch family, an' they see ther pint in ther nixt ginerashun.

Fullfat. Ha-ha! that's 'ard on the Scotch, but, anyhow, Terry, the Irish aint much, and they don't cut much figure 'ere.

O'Trigger. No, they don't, but there's no tilling phwat they'll do later on, Fatty, an' ye're half Dutch yersilf, an' ther Irish aint much, as ye say, no—the Irish ain't much, but they're a damned soide better than th' bloomin' Dutch! That's po'try, an' I've been known ter do it before.

McLoyne. Ah, Terry, ye be not th' only Jeuker, lad, an' tho' I be Scotch, I'll give ye one'll pull ye a little—I'll bet.

O'Trigger. Thin lit it come an' break th' reputashun of yer nashun.

McLoyne. Well, here's a riddle for ye lad—why are there no Scotchmen in hell?

O'Trigger. I do not know phwy there be no Scotchmen in hell.

McLoyne. Ha, ha, ha! It's because—ha, ha!—hell is so full of Irishmen, there be nae room for iny Scotchmen! Ha, ha!

O'Trigger. There are no Scotchmen in hell, it is?

McLoyne. No, ha, ha!

O'Trigger. An' th' reason is because hell is so full uv ther Irish there be no room for thim?

McLoyne. Yes, ha, ha!

O'Trigger. Well, thin, [*Taking off coat and rolling up sleeves,*] we'll try an' lit ther Irish make a little hell for th' Scotch on airth!

McLoyne. Haud ye han', mon—this is nae practical jeuk! An' see, here comes the lady!

[*Enter procession, led by Minister Hunt, in clerical vestments. Behind him Anne Burras, on the arm of John Laydon, and Pocahontas, on the arm of Rolfe. Following these, an orderly procession, consisting of gentlemen, men-at-arms, and some Indians. They take positions in the church. Minister reads marriage service over couple, who are married in regular form, according to Episcopal service. Rolfe and Pocahontas act as bridesgroom and bridesmaid. Bride is given away by Smith. After ceremony, they file out of church and range themselves outside, where every man insists upon his privilege of kissing the bride. Exeunt Indians.*]

Percy. Three cheers for the first marriage on the soil of Virginia! [*Rousing cheers.*]

Smith. Here's hoping it may not be the last! [*Cheers and laughter. Exeunt Laydon and wife, and Rolfe and Pocahontas.*]

Percy. Indeed, Captain Newport, saving the happy Laydon yonder, we all have great grievance against you. Why brought you not more wenches to cheer our hearts?

Newport. Forgive me, Sirs, and I'll try to do better next time. These late happy circumstances give much promise for the future, and will greatly cheer the gentlemen in London. If female freight is to be gotten, there'll be no bachelors when next I land. [*Laugh-*

ter.] But, now to other business. Gentlemen, I need your counsel. You know my commission from his gracious majesty for the honoring of this sullen savage, Powhatan. In his wisdom, our sovereign, James, has minded to exalt this savage with the dignity of vice-king. As you know, I brought with me the crown and robes and sundry presents. We did send these tidings to Powhatan, with the command that he appear here at Jamestown for the ceremony, to which the haughty Indian did make reply in terms nowise polite—that, being a king himself, in his own right, he accepted no commands, and that we must bring the honors to him at Werowococo and crown him at his own court. Forsooth, Sirs, it seems a pretty piece of impertinence. For my part, I would let the beggar go, but the royal commission distinctly enforces upon me its fulfillment. I would welcome the suggestions of the council.

Smith. With due respect to his Majesty, but with my knowledge of these savages, I am opposed to the whole proceeding. It can serve no purpose, and will likely do much harm. The numerous gifts for the occasion could be better employed in trading for food. Mark me, gentlemen, if the wily Powhatan take not these things as evidence of our fears, and hereafter drive harder bargains upon our necessities. Already, since my release, which they sorely regret, their temper hath changed. I give my opinion as a member of the council, and with no dictation.

Percy. Please you, Captain Newport, with all respect to Sir Smith, I see no legitimate means of opposing our sovereign's will. I move we comply with its terms by taking a suitable number of men and perform the ceremony at the court of Powhatan.

Newport. Those in favor of Sir Percy's motion will raise their right hands. [*All raise hands, including Smith.*]

Newport. It is well; we march to-morrow, then, to Werowococo. [*Exeunt. Drop.*]

SCENE VI.

Werowocomoco, court of Powhatan, council of State. Powhatan and braves seated in dignified silence. Enter Indian guard.

Guard. The Yenghees have come, and wait outside the council.

Powhatan. Who is their chief, and how many does he bring?

Guard. The werowance Smith leads them, and they have so many [*Indicating number with fingers of both hands.*]

Powhatan. Do they bring their fire-irons with them?

Guard. They all bring fire-irons.

Powhatan. [*To braves.*] My warriors will hide their weapons near them.

Powhatan. [*To guard.*] Bid the Yenghees enter.

[*Enter English. Previously posted by Smith, they spread themselves so as to command view of every portion of the assemblage.*]

Powhatan. The werowance Smith and Captain Newport and braves are welcome. Let them speak.

Newport. The great Powhatan knows our mission. Our great King James would, by our hands, do much honor to his brother of the Powhatans. He would have us crown Powhatan his king-brother of all this land.

Powhatan. The great James is mighty king among his people. Powhatan is king here. The Yenghees king cannot make Powhatan more king. [*Smith and Newport exchange significant glances.*]

Smith. Our great King James wants the friendship of Powhatan and his people, and would thus honor him. He would have Powhatan wear the scarlet robe of royalty and crown him with the crown of gold. He sends many presents to his brother over the sea.

Powhatan. Powhatan has heard the words of werowance Smith. The werowance is a great brave. He speaks and Powhatan listens. Let the werowance tell Powhatan if the Yenghees are friends of his people.

Smith. Surely, O great chief—you cannot doubt it! Is not our present mission a friendly one?

Powhatan. Then, why do my brothers of the Yenghees bring their fire-irons to the friendly council of Powhatan? See, my braves have no weapons. Only our enemies come so.

Smith. Let the great Powhatan know that a ceremony so exalted as this requires the presence of soldiers as representatives of our king, and when on duty our soldiers always carry their weapons.

Powhatan. Powhatan will accept the crown from King James. He will be glad to get the presents from his brother. Let the Yenghees do the will of their great king, but let them also honor the customs of the Powhatans, and place their fire-irons outside the council in charge of my braves, until the crowning is over.

Smith. The great Powhatan is our friend, is he not?

Powhatan. The werowance has spoken truly.

Smith. Then let the great chief know that what he asks of us is, in our country, a request of our enemies, not of our friends. Let the great Powhatan know that in our country, when we come before mighty warriors such as he, we always come in full dress, and our weapons are a part of our apparel. [*The argument of Smith prevails, and Powhatan relinquishes his treacherous designs, with some show of discomfiture.*]

Powhatan. Powhatan understands the words of Chief Smith. Let him do the will of his king.

[*Newport motions to one of his men, who brings forward an ornamental box. The box is opened before Powhatan, and the robe and crown taken out and laid at his feet.*]

Newport. Will the great chief now rise? [*Powhatan rises.*]

Newport. [*Producing parchment with seal and ribbon, and reading.*] To our royal brother, Powhatan, king of thirty tribes, and lord of the colony of Virginia, under our dominion:—

GREETING:

Know all men by these presents, that I, James, King of England and Scotland, do of my sovereign will, through my agents delegated, invest you with these, my tokens of royalty, and proclaim you King Powhatan, the First, of Virginia, under my do-

minion, the state and dignity pertaining thereto, to have and to hold during the term of your natural life. James I., Rex.

Newport. You have heard, O chief, the proclamation of our Royal James. You will now kneel, please you, to receive the sign and insignia of royalty according to the proclamation.

Powhatan. Powhatan knows not the meaning of the word kneel.

Newport. It means this. [*Kneeling to show Powhatan.*]

Powhatan. Then, let the Captain Newport know that Powhatan, the king, does that before no man. He kneels not. Let the crowning and the presents be taken away—for Powhatan is not a slave. He is a king. His warriors will never be slaves; and 'tis slaves alone that kneel. [*With a gesture of disdain.*] No, let the Yenghees depart in peace from Powhatan's council. Let them send the crown back to the great James. Powhatan does not need it. He is king that was, king that is, and king that will always be. This is the country of Powhatan. The Yenghees came as beggars to the doors of my people. They did want a little land, and Powhatan did give them a little land, but he will not kneel! Go tell your king that the king of the Powhatans kneels to none!

Smith. Pray you, Captain Newport, there is some great error here. Let me see the parchment. [*Reads parchment very attentively.*]

Smith. Ho, Captain, thou hast made a great mistake. See here, what the royal James hath written: [*Reads.*] My worthy ambassador, Newport, will be mindful that King Powhatan is a mighty prince, equal to myself. He will, therefore, confer the crown upon him while standing, for Powhatan does not and must not kneel, not even to me.

Powhatan. The werowance Smith has good eyes. Powhatan is glad he sees what others do not. Powhatan will take the presents now; and the crown. [*Two soldiers come forward, each taking a side of the scarlet robe. They carry it around Powhatan and ceremoniously place it about his shoulders. Newport takes crown, and, standing on tip-toe, places it on the head of Powhatan.*]

Newport. I salute thee, King Powhatan the First, of Virginia! [*Soldiers present arms, and Opechancanough gives signal for dance by Indians. At signal from Powhatan, they stop.*]

Newport. We will now depart for Jamestown. Has the king aught to say?

Powhatan. Powhatan would send message and present to his great brother, James. He would have Captain Newport speak to him and tell that Powhatan does not kneel. He would have the white chief give this present to the Yenghees king. [*Takes off old moccasins and presents them to Newport.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

London. Court of King James. Eight years later, 1616. Reception room; Lords and ladies are discovered sitting and standing, engaged in laughter and conversation. The Duke of Buckingham is conversing with Captain John Smith.

Buckingham. Indeed, Sir Smith, thou talkest entertainingly. Thy discourse whets desire to see these Indians. If there be many wenches in Virginia like to this Pocahontas, it must be a land of dusky and confiding beauties, fit for any appetite. I wonder not at thy enthusiasm. [*Slapping him on shoulder and laughing.*]

Smith. Your Grace mistakes the purport of my words. These simple savages, vindictive and cruel as they can upon occasion be, have many excellent virtues, enough. I assure you, to put to blush our vaunted piety. This dear and blessed Pocahontas, whom you will shortly see, was in purity but a type of her people. That man who knowing, could hold wanton thoughts of her—would foul an angel.

Buckingham. Come, Sir Admiral, admit that thou wert slow; or at least, unloved.

Smith. Slow, perhaps, your Grace, yet fast and sure enough for the necessity, as methinks, the record will show.

Buckingham. I question it not, Sir, but I have given scant attention to this Virginia. Marry, there are more important things than the ventures of tradespeople for our high thoughts.

Smith. I would your Grace had been with us upon this trades-

men's venture. Thy knowledge and experience, if I may say it, would both be greater. You who sit in silken security at home can never feel the great pulse-beat of nature, or know her mighty wisdom.

Buckingham. Well, that may be, but each to his fate and taste say I. Thou hast had a bounding career, Sir Smith, and hast set thy feet in many strange places, so I hear.

Smith. Your Grace has heard aright. I have been a wanderer indeed. My hope is that I've left my footprints in the firmer ground, that those who follow may trace my path aright, and none despitefully my memory use. I hold it a most precious thing to live beyond the limits of our little day and in the kinder memory of our kind.

Buckingham. If thou hast found thy fortune, Sir, it is enough. Let others fret over our memories, say I.

Smith. In worldly goods, your Grace, my wanderings and labors have profited me but little. I may most truly say that my whole estate and fortune is covered by my hat. Since thou hast been so kind to mention my fortune, may I be so bold to hope that thou wilt seek to better it by urging my late plans upon his majesty?

Buckingham. This shall have my thoughts, I promise you. But let us to the guests, for here they come.

Usher. The Lord and Lady Delaware!

Buckingham. [*Approaching Lord Delaware.*] My Lord Delaware is welcome. 'Tis a quaint embassy, Sir, that comes to-night before the Court of England.

Delaware. Your Grace has never entertained a nobler. The spirit of a new world breathes in these halls to-night, and future ages will unfold the story, deeming it most precious.

Usher. Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuna!

[*Enter Don, with suite, preceded by page, bearing standard of Castile. Buckingham approaches, bows very low and engages the Don in conversation, sotto voce.*]

Usher. Sir Thomas Dale, Sir John Rolfe, the Lady Rebecca Rolfe!

[*Enter Pocahontas, in English attire, with suite of Indians, in native costume. All conversation stops and company turn interested looks upon the newcomers. Buckingham approaches and leads Pocahontas to seat provided for her. Indians seat themselves on rugs about her, forming a group apart from balance of company, and facing the state reserved for king. Company indulge in conversation. Lady Delaware, patroness of Pocahontas, approaches her.*]

Lady Delaware. The Lady Rebecca may feast her eyes to-night. This all must seem most strange to her.

Pocahontas. It makes me very sad. Which one is your great king?

Lady Delaware. The king, your ladyship, has not yet come. He will be here anon.

Pocahontas. Oh, see! Captain Smith! [*Rises and rushes to Smith with manifestations of surprise and great pleasure. Smith bows low and with the reserve necessary to the etiquette of the court.*]

Pocahontas. [*Taking his hand fervently and kissing it.*] Pocahontas is so glad, so glad to see you. Oh, my father! Why—they did tell me you were dead. Oh, why was this? Pocahontas has never forgotten you!

Smith. My dear lady, we must not discuss these matters here. Their majesties come presently, and 'twould ill become my station to be thus found monopolizing their guest. Return, I pray you, to your station. See, already we are the subject of comment, not kindly, I'll warrant you.

Pocahontas. [*Misconstruing Smith's attitude as one of indifference, is visibly pained.*] You did promise Powhatan that what was yours, should be his, and he made a like promise unto you. I am Powhatan's daughter. You being in a land of strangers, called him father, and Pocahontas will call you father here.

Smith. [*Painfully embarrassed.*] My dear Pocahontas, you are the daughter of a king, and I a simple subject. I should not hold converse at the court of the royal James with his royal guest.

Pocahontas. You were not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people but myself, and do

you fear that I should call you father here? I tell you that I will call you father, and you shall call me child, and stroke my head as you used to. The heart of Pocahontas is a throne, and her friends are always her guests in any place. [*Taking his hand and kissing it.*] They did always tell me that you were dead, and I believed it. Oh, Pocahontas is so, so sorry, yet—so glad!

[*Flourish of trumpets is heard.*]

Smith. My dear child, if thou lovest me, seek your post; the King comes, and 'twould be my ruin to find me thus!

[*Pocahontas resumes her seat. Company compose themselves for entrance of royalty.*]

Usher. Make room for his Royal Highness, the King, her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, his Highness, the Prince Charles!

[*Enter royal party. King and Queen under canopy, borne by four attendants. They are ushered by dukes. Standard bearer carries the royal gonfalon. Entire company rises, bow, and remain in this attitude until the royal pair are seated, when they also resume their seats.*]

Usher. His Grace, the Bishop of London!

[*Enter the Bishop in state dress, with suite. Company, except royalty, rise and seat themselves upon his taking state.*]

King. [*To Buckingham.*] Our thanks, my lord, for your kind offices in this reception. Upon my faith, but 'tis a company worthy of our audience [*looking at Pocahontas and Indians*] and entertainment. Is the company complete?

Buckingham. Your royal list, Sire, is filled to-night. So great the interest in these new guests of thine that Saint Pauls would not hold the host who clamored for the invitations. Marry, Sire, we have been sore beset for days past in this business.

King. Thy discretion, my lord, merits our thanks. Let the guests be brought before us.

[*Buckingham bows to Lady Delaware, who arises, approaches Pocahontas, bows to her and leads her to the royal presence. Previously instructed, Pocahontas observes the full court etiquette, and drops on one knee before their majesties.*]

Lady Delaware. I present to your majesties the Lady Rolfe, Princess Pocahontas, of Virginia.

King. The daughter of my royal brother, of Virginia, is very welcome.

Queen. [*Extending her hand and raising Pocahontas.*] I gladly clasp the hand of her who comes so kindly heralded, a small recompense, I feel, for such devotion as thou hast shown to our imperiled people. You have quite touched my heart, Princess.

Pocahontas. Pocahontas is glad the great Queen loves her. Pocahontas feels it here. [*Placing hand over heart.*]

Queen. Although thou wert not a stranger to my thoughts, I never fully knew thy sweet, surpassing virtue until this letter [*Producing letter.*] from our Admiral Smith enlightened me. Indeed, Princess, thou art an angel, and we must hold you until you leave a blessing. I would speak with thee again when I may privately enjoy thy discourse. [*Pocahontas and Lady Delaware bow low and return to their places.*]

Buckingham. [*Introducing John Rolfe.*] Sir John Rolfe, your majesties' humble servant from Virginia. [*Rolfe bows very low, receives a slight nod from the Queen, and a disdainful glance from the King.*]

Buckingham. [*Bringing Smith forward.*] Sir John Smith, Admiral in your majesties' service.

King. Ah, Sir Smith, we greet you! Thou hast done the state some service, and we are not unmindful. I believe thou hast some matter now before the court?

Smith. My service, Sire, has ever been to thy advancement. The opportunity to further serve your gracious majesty and my country would be my best recompense, and for this I humbly proffer hand and heart.

Queen. [*Extends hand, which Smith kisses.*] I thank thee, Admiral, for this most kindly letter and the kindly heart which prompted it. Be sure, Sir, it has touched me deeply.

Smith. Your majesty was ever gracious. There is no worthier object to thy hand than her of whom 'tis writ.

King. If thou wilt favor us, Sir Admiral, we would a little

later hear with pleasure thy discourse upon this most interesting subject.

Smith. Your Highness' command shall ever be my duty.

Buckingham. [*Introducing Dale.*] Sir Thomas Dale, commander of your Majesty's fleet.

King. We owe you thanks, Sir Dale, for this quaint embassy thou hast brought from our domain of Virginia. I almost envy you adventurers your rich experience. Truly, thou hast made a pleasant break in our monotonous lives with these Indians. It is all most interesting.

Dale. Monotony, Sire, is not to be desired, but 'tis seldom dangerous. Hadst thou shared awhile the perils of thy colonists, methinks thou would welcome monotony as a happy relief.

King. True, Sir Dale, but monotony is like the burden on the helpless beast, that grows heavier with the miles. On the path of danger a beggar may be king, monotony doth make a king a beggar, even on his throne. Pray you, Sir, bring forward these Indians, I would admire their movements and their forms.

Queen. [*Placing her hand upon the King's arm, with slight alarm.*] Please, my noble lord, not too close! Their savage mien, even from this distance, doth give me chills.

Dale. [*Smiling.*] I warrant them domesticated, my gracious lady. Pray have no fear.

[*Dale walks to Indians, and, motioning them to rise, he leads them before the king, where they stand in respectful but not servile attitude, neither bowing nor kneeling. All eyes are turned upon the group with breathless curiosity.*]

King. [*To Dale.*] Which one, Sir Dale, will understand me? [*Dale indicates Chiscomauna.*]

King. The King of England is glad to welcome his wild children of Virginia.

Chiscomauna. Chiscomauna is glad.

King. What does Chiscomauna think of his trip, and of this land of England?

Chiscomauna.—Chiscomauna did much wonder at the wide sea

and the ships and at the stone wigwams, and the great tribes of the Yenghees. Chiscomauna much fears for his people over the great waters.

King. What dost thou fear?

Chiscomauna.—The Yenghees are many as the waves of the great waters. Chiscomauna has looked out over a great sea of white faces, and he fears the rise of the tide. The Yenghees are the people of the sea. They have many ships, and the great waters is their pathway. Chiscomauna sees the Yenghees in the land of his fathers. The Yenghees must have room, and the people of Chiscomauna must give them room. The land of Powhatan is a great land, but the Yenghees are many, and they will come, and there will be two peoples in the land of Powhatan, but only one will stay. Chiscomauna has spoken.

Queen. Verily, but this is philosophy, and the very wisdom of nature.

King. Statesmanship, Madam! a quaint sagacity, and an eloquence to grace the court of any king.

King. Come, my good Chiscomauna, thine eye prophetic looks through melancholy's glass. Thou pinest for thy native sunshine, and this it is that gives a sombre edge unto thy thoughts. But know you this—and to your king relate my utterance—that James, his brother of the Island Kingdom, means him no ill. The English—as you say—will go to the land of Powhatan, but they will go as friends. Say to your king that the English land is small, and its people many, and that they must live through commerce. They need but the products of your virgin soil, your timber and stones, and metals and skins, and for these things he shall be recompensed. Say also, to your king that those of my people who come among you are but a symbol of this brave young England, bursting the bonds of their small island prison, and that the world is wide enough for them and for the tribes of Powhatan.

Chiscomauna. Chiscomauna has heard the words of the great king; he will tell them to his council.

King. 'Tis well, my good Chiscomauna. And now, for your entertainment, we will a little later engage in some festivities, at

which I hope you and your people will favor us with your dances, for nothing in all England could so entertain us.

Chiscomauna. My people will be happy to dance before the great king. [*Indians return to places.*]

King. [*To Buckingham.*] Bid Sir Smith approach.

[*Smith comes before king bowing.*]

King. Thou art blessed with fluent speech, Sir Admiral, and we would hear in brief the story of thy part in our far colony.

Smith. Your gracious majesty honors me beyond my worth. I fain would be excused. There is a speechlessness that falls on those who strive to do their mission well. Let this, Sire, give me indulgence now.

King. Marry, Sir Admiral, but thou art modest. At least a word about the colony, its wealth and prospects?

Smith. 'Twould take a score of prophets, Sire, to dream its future. Its wealth is not the wealth of cities that, once despoiled, are desolate, but 'tis the boundless wealth of generous nature ripe to the service of our hands. No sudden spoil that Spaniards seek is there, no gold, no precious stones, but yet is this Virginia richer than the spoils of empires, or the plundered treasures of the ages. In that vast land the firmer fortitude that finds a way—though barriers loom—will have rich recompense, but labor, looking forward to his toil, must walk with patience at his side to reach the goal. Nor must we grudge the seed unto the willing soil, for then we would be like unto the barren sands that drink the generous rain and render nothing. This is the substance, Sire, of what these eyes have seen beneath the light of reason. A greater England lies beyond the sea, and under heaven we will haul its banner to the mast-head of the world! God grant your Majesty may live to see its waking glories!

King. And our dear Princess yonder—surely thou wouldst say a word of her?

Smith. No more, your Highness, than that to John Smith she saved his life, and to King James his colony.

King. A saving angel o' the Lord indeed, for she had naught to gain and much to fear. How dost thou account for this great mercy in a savage breast?

Smith. Pity, Sire, is woman's noblest attribute, and she came among us a pitying angel. The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity, and pity is the note that stirs our kinder qualities.

King. A very feast of reason; by heavens, friends—[*Turning to assemblage.*] our guests turn hosts and entertain us! Let us now try to recompense them. [*To Buckingham.*] Your Grace, we must not longer keep our good Lord Bishop waiting, think you we better now retire for preparation?

Buckingham. The time is all too short, your Highness. The invitations call for a ball in masques and fantastic costumes. The costumes may be waived, but masques are necessary. If it suit your royal pleasure, then, I think we should not longer tarry.

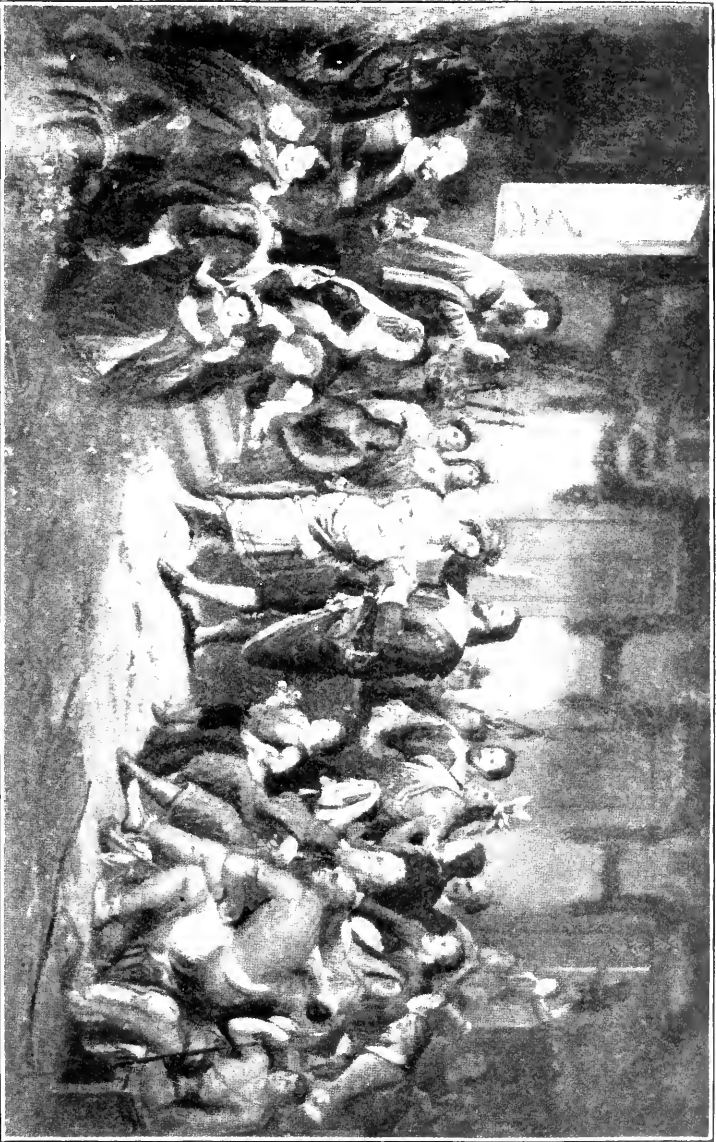
[*Company make exit to music, in same manner as entrance, royal party leading, followed by the rest, with due form and ceremony.*]

SCENE II.

No dialogue. Grand fantastic and masque ball at the mansion of the Bishop of London. Entire company take part, variously costumed and engaged in the minuet, quadrille and sword dances. The Indians join in, and do their war and other dances around the others. Curtain falls upon a grand spectacular grouping of fantastic dancers, and Indians in motion.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT IV.



THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS TO JOHN ROLFE.

EPILOGUE.

GRAND SPECTACULAR BALLET.

SCENE I.

Jamestown, 1621, five years later. Road just outside village, forest scene with moonlight. Enter Percy, Rev. Mr. Hunt, and John Laydon.

Percy. Thou wilt shortly be a busy man, your reverence?

Hunt. 'Twill be the pleasantest business of my life, Sir Rolfe, and I pray that God will smile upon it.

Laydon. It is a pretty programme, for never before, I'll warrant, hath Cupid crossed the ocean with such heavy business on his hands.

Percy. Aye, that is so, and for this sweet stroke the good Sir Edwin Sandys merits a cozy nook in the temple of fame. He is a very high-priest at the shrine of love.

Hunt. A generous inspiration, surely, one that will convert this land of trial and suffering to one of refuge and delight.

Percy. It is indeed the dawn of happy times, full of glorious promise. It is no paltry thing to stand as sponsors to a nation as we have done. The cruel years have passed, and we that bore them and their bitter burdens will, ere another sunset, see the crowning of our labors.

Laydon. And yet for me, one contemplation gives it a deep tinge of sadness.

Percy. And what is that, friend Laydon?

Laydon. That neither Smith or that dear Pocahontas will be here to share the joy and victory.

Percy. Thou art not alone in that reflection. Ungrateful would we be indeed, to let their memory dim. To them alone is due this nation's birth, and their fair fame will be a nation's precious heritage.

Laydon. And, yet, Sir Smith has many enemies, and is much maligned, and others, even now, are reaping honors that should be his.

Percy. That is the portion of the truly great. John Smith will live in song and story when long posterities of those who pestered him are cast to nature's dust-bin, unhonored and unknown. It takes great men to make great kings, and James himself will not be free of future scorn for his neglect of this same Smith. He should be here to-morrow, an honored guest and representative of the king, but as it is not so, I propose that we draw up a letter of greeting and appreciation and send it to him. Most of the men would sign it.

Hunt. An excellent idea, Sir Percy, and don't let us forget it.

Laydon. I heartily indorse it, and further suggest we make a purse, to have our friends at home put flowers, in our name, upon the grave of Pocahontas, the lonely stranger in a land of strangers.

Percy. This, too, shall be done. Perhaps, some generation of the future, heart-touched at her story, will bring her sainted ashes to repose amid the scenes she knew and loved so well.

Hunt. Nay, Sir Percy, let her lie in peace beneath our English flowers, a shrine for pilgrims from a newer world, and a sweet bond of union between two lands.

Percy. Your Reverence is right, but let her story be a household one in this Virginia, and let us do our part to keep her memory fresh. Laydon, where do the ships now lie?

Laydon. Hard by Point Comfort, in the lower bay. They weigh anchor with the sunrise.

Hunt. How many maidens are reported in the ships?

Laydon. Ninety, and 'tis most amusing to note the antics of our men in their contriving of fond artifices for the morrow.

Percy. Ninety rosy English girls! Marry, after the loneliness of all these years, 'tis a prospect to make the heart jump. No guests will ever find such fond hospitality as these, I'll warrant. Already are our men tumultuous with devotion.

Hunt. 'Twill be a scene to pass to song and story, one of those which history yields but once.

Laydon. Just fancy, sirs! the beauty of Devonshire, the lilies of Kent, and the roses of Surrey! a bouquet fit to grace the plains of paradise!

Percy. But thou, at least, good Laydon, wilt not hold forth with supplicating hands to-morrow. Thy wife will see to that, will she not?

Laydon. Nor have I any inclination, Sir. Not all the sweetness of England could lure my heart from my dear Anne. The lads are welcome to these dear maids, my own cup of happiness is full, I assure you.

Hunt. Truly, Master Laydon, thou hast above us all, been greatly blessed.

Laydon. Yes, your Reverence, and I am not unmindful of God's goodness to one so ill-deserving.

Percy. Indeed, Laydon, thou hast been the one contented man of all this colony, and not a little envied. The grumblers have been many, but this cargo will silence them, no doubt of that. When fortune fiddles, even lame men dance, and the colony has found its fortune.

Laydon. Poor chaps, they'll get but their just deserts. These darlings come to befriend their toils and recompense their sufferings. But how about thyself, Sir Percy, surely one so well deserving must not go lacking?

Percy. Bless you, Laydon, 'tis not for me. Long has the grass grown o'er the saintly form I loved; long has the sea wind wailed above her, and when from a new-made mound I turned and went forth in the world alone, I left my heart within it. My love, Laydon, is in the grave, and that is why I hither came to smother sorrow in a sea of peril.

Laydon. My heart bleeds for you, Sir, but surely you are still too young to wed with melancholy. Thou art the man to make the best of women happy, and consolation often comes to those who seek it.

Percy. No more o' it, Laydon! In Egypt, I'll marry the moon! What is the programme for the morning?

Laydon. The Governor hath issued orders that rude, unseemly

behavior will not be tolerated. The men are enjoined to restrain their ardour, and to await in the public square the coming of the maids. The last man deposited to-day his tobacco in the warehouse and received his certificate, and each will hold his precious passport to Love's court to-morrow. There'll be sweet dreams this blessed night in Jamestown.

Hunt. Gentlemen, the night's no longer young, and drowsy eyes would ill become to-morrow's happy scenes.

Percy. Away, then!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ballet. Public Square at Jamestown. Back canvass should show a prosperous village. Colonists assembled in gala attire, much talk and laughter. Indians, in full finery, move about among them. Booming of cannon announce the nearby landing of maids. Great cheering. At command of Percy, men range themselves in military order on one side of stage, Indians behind them. March music by orchestra—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." No dialogue.

Entrance of Maids. All costumed alike and keeping step to music. They form line opposite men and drop courtsey; then march half way towards men and drop another courtsey. Men advance to meet them, bow with hands over hearts and both lines return to position. Both lines advance, open, and pass to opposite sides of stage, maids now in front of Indians. Indians give whoop and commence dance, maids, in terror, rush towards men, who advance open-armed and receive them, holding them thus for an instant in protective and reassuring attitude. They part and occupy first position.

Selection of Wives. Selection is made by men advancing singly to center of stage, looking upon the object of his choice, and

holding forth his arms. Maid courtseys, then goes forth to meet him. This is repeated until whole line is paired. They march in pairs around stage, to Mendellsohn's wedding march. General dance, Indians doing native dance around and between others. Suddenly bugle call, at which company make two lines on each side of stage and look expectantly towards rear.

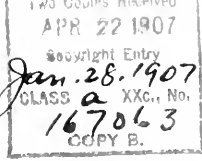
Entrance of Allegorical figures. Enter to patriotic marches Columbia with pole and liberty cap, Britannia with trident of Neptune and shield. Soldier, in Continental uniform, bears the American flag behind Columbia. Sailor performs the same office for Britannia. They halt near front of stage. Orchestra plays Star Spangled Banner and God Save the King. Company then line up behind. Enter, from opposite sides of stage, Uncle Sam and John Bull; they advance to front of stage, extend and shake hands. Curtain falls upon grand tableau of Indians, colonists and their wives, and allegorical figures grouped appropriately.

CURTAIN.

FINIS.







VIRGINIA'S WELCOME, 1907.

BY GEORGE F. VIETT.



Her flaming festal flags unfurled
And gates thrown open wide,
The Old Dominion greets the world
With friendship, joy, and pride.
She calls upon the stately host—
The children of her line,
And bids them yield devotion at
The Nation's sacred shrine.

No stint is in the mother's heart,
No check upon her hand,
No discord in the greeting note
Of welcome to her strand;
Virginia knows them for her own
By every ancient sign,
By race, by creed, by tongue, by flag,
And heritage divine.

Open lies the seaward way,
Open lies the land;
Open is Virginia's heart
And open is her hand;
And by these symbols will she claim
Her children, kin and kith,
By lovely Pocahontas, and
By gallant Captain Smith!

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===== PRESENT =====

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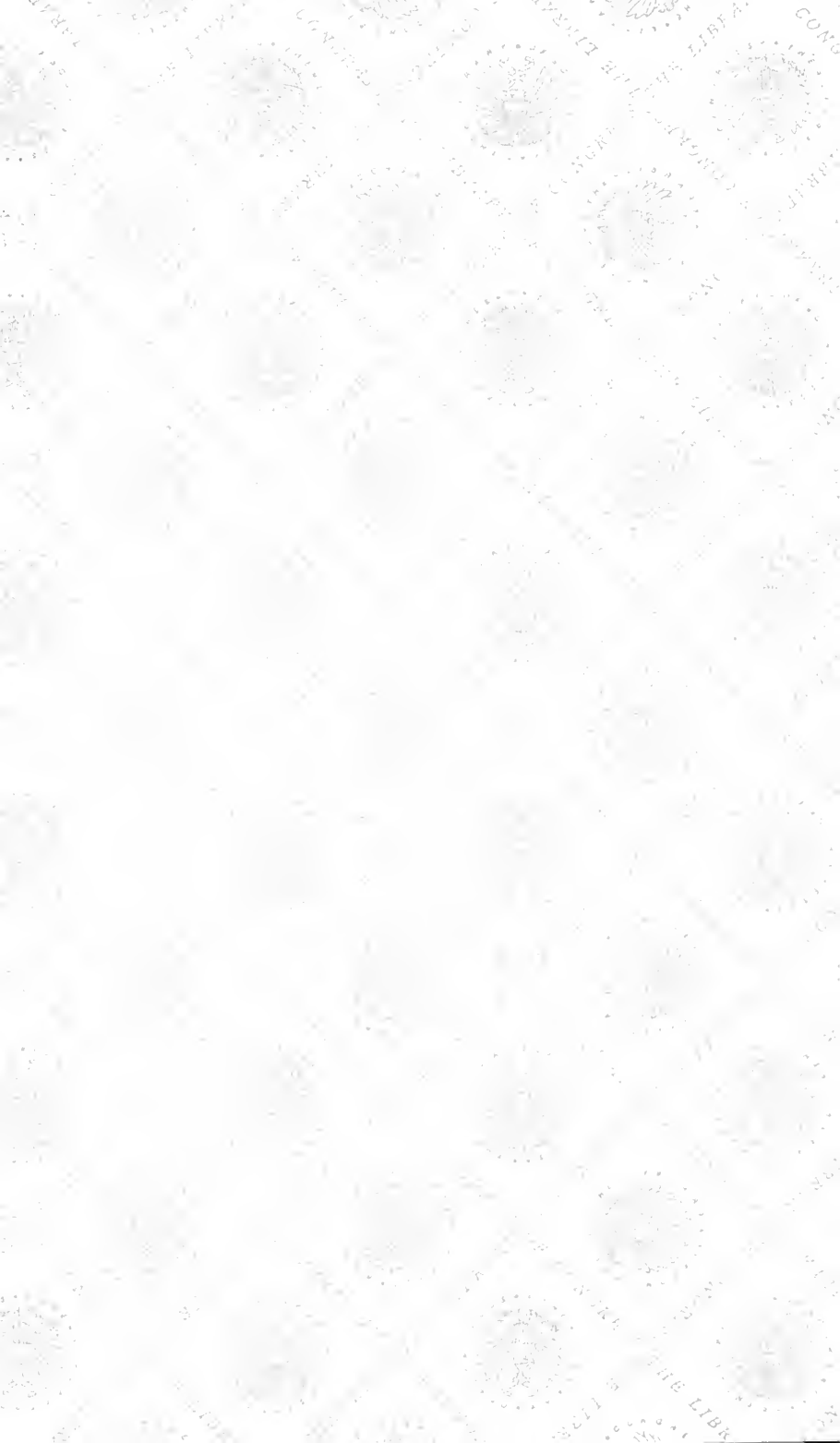
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