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POCAHONTAS:

A

HISTORICAL DRAMA.

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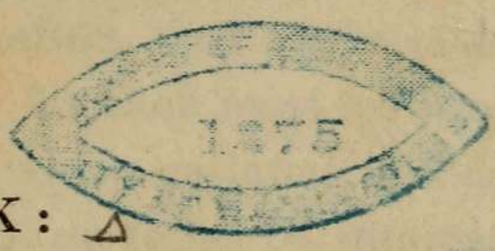
A HISTORICAL DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS;

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY AND NOTES.

BY A CITIZEN OF THE WEST.

Robert Dale Owen



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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

TOUCHING THE INFLUENCE OF HISTORICAL, ESPECIALLY OF DRAMATIC FICTIONS.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus. HOR., *A. P.* 180.

IT would be difficult, in the catalogue of human instincts, to put the finger upon one, of stronger power or more universal prevalence, than the love of fiction; or, more correctly expressed perhaps, the love of *narrative*. Not an exotic, the seedling of a cultivated nursery, the product of a luxurious hot-bed, not the peculiar growth of this country, or of that zone, or of either hemisphere, can this hardy instinct be considered; but a plant that springs up alike beside the lichen of Lapland, or under the bread-fruit of Tonga, indigenous in every climate, a native of the world.

When was the age, what the nation, that might claim exemption from its power? How far back must we trace man's history, to find the time when national and domestic traditions ceased to exist, or failed to interest? Whither must we travel in search of that nation, degraded even below curiosity, where the rude legend kin-

dles not the eye, arrests not the breath, of the listener? We must forget the fables and tragedies of Greece, the parables of Judea, the romances of Chivalry, the mysteries and pageants of the Dark Ages, no less than the fashionable tales and modern novels of our own time, if we deny, that it always has been, as still it is, natural for mankind to desire and delight in that which presents to their senses successive images of events, be they true or false, faithfully related or fancifully imagined.

And Fancy wins the day against Truth. While her severer sister is besieging, by gradual approaches, the reason, Fancy has already enlisted the feelings and subdued the soul. "Give me but the writing of the national ballads"—so exclaimed the shrewdest statesman England ever saw—"give me but the writing of the national ballads, and I care not who has the framing of the laws."

Let us allow something for the point of the apothegm, and in substance it is not without truth. His power who legislates for the fancy, is greater than his who enacts statutes for the conduct; as much greater as the warm impulses of the heart are stronger than the cold dictates of the understanding.

'These things ought not so to be,' will some one say. They *are* so. More—in our day and generation at the least, they will be so. No man, not even he who so long regulated the lever that now-a-days decides the march of armies and the motions of the political world—not Rothschild himself exerted, during the last twenty years, as home-felt an influence over civilized Europe as did Walter Scott.

In the propensity, then, which lies at the root of the Great Novelist's sway, we recognize an instinct, powerful beyond law or statute, universal without limit of race or clime. It is injurious, illegitimate. Is it? The proof. It may be perverted. And what human instinct cannot? It *has* been notoriously perverted. True. A parent may as innocently permit his child to swallow an intoxicating draught of ardent spirits, as suffer its mind to be poisoned, and its nerves unstrung, by drinking in the panic terrors that breathe from Mrs. Radcliffe's foolishly-horrible pages.

But it is peculiarly liable to perversion. Perhaps it is. The sharpest tool inflicts the deepest wound; yet that is a poor argument in favor of using a dull one.

All this is aside from what, in this utilitarian age of ours, will be admitted as the main question. Is the medium of imaginative narration a legitimate, as it is a powerful, instrument, in the formation of character?

Of the influence of Moral Fictions, it is not within my present purpose to speak. If it were, might I not safely challenge the production of a homily, or a code of maxims, or a set of moral precepts, to match, in influence, the noble lessons taught in "Helen?" But I leave to others the task of inquiring whether SENECA or MARIA EDGEWORTH has the more effectually acted on the morals of our age; and restrict myself at present to the inquiry, as it regards the Historical Branch of Imaginative Narration.

No one can, for a moment, so far misconceive what has been said, as to imagine that I purpose the absurd

inquiry, whether authentic history can be beneficially superseded by apochryphal romance. All will perceive that the only debatable question, is, whether fanciful narration may be safely and usefully admitted, *in aid* of historical research.

What is the chief advantage to be derived from the study of history? Assuredly not a dry recollection of mere names and dates. We study, or ought to study, history, as we study living man in the world around us. In history exists the whole by-gone world. By history, we live among our ancestors. By history, we come into contact with the mankind of former ages. By history, we travel among ancient nations, visit tribes long since extinct, and are introduced to manners that have yielded, centuries ago, to the innovating influence of time. Travel, society, show us men and things as they are; history shows us men and things as they have been. The one opens to us the past, as the other the present, world.

Grant, as methinks we must, that here is justly defined the province of history, and it follows directly, that that history is the most valuable, which the best supplies, for the past, what contact with society affords, for the present.

And what does contact with society afford us? A living, vivid picture of men and women, their sayings, their doings, their appearance, their manners; an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts, wishes, peculiarities, plans, objects of desire, modes of conduct. In a word, it places man before us, and we learn what he is.

Does HUME, does GIBBON, thus teach us, what men

and women have been? Are we, even in their luminous pages, introduced, in verity, to the society of days that are past? They narrate to us many and valuable truths. They exhibit the great features of human progress. They expound to us difficult and important lessons. But do they tell us all? Do we enter the chamber, penetrate to the closet? Or are we not, rather, stopped in the ante-chamber, nay, on the very threshold of the entrance-door? They have faithfully and with infinite labor conducted us—they only could have done it—to the vestibule. But if we are to enter the ancient edifice, if we are to be introduced to its inhabitants, to watch their doings, to learn their manners, to read their hearts, to feel with them and for them, we must have a guide other than the scrupulous historiographer. Fancy, unaided, could never have found her way thither; but, once there, she alone is privileged to enter; and, once beyond the threshold, she is at home.

Whence have we derived our most lively and lasting impressions of chivalry and the feudal rule? From Hallam or from Walter Scott? Who that recollects his impressions as he first turned over the pages of "Ivanhoe," and sat down in imagination, among the Stalworth barons of the twelfth century, to witness the "Gentle and Free Passage of Arms of Ashby-de-la-Zouche,"—who, with such recollections fresh upon him, will hesitate a moment for the answer?

But the author of the "Middle Ages" is more trustworthy than the author of "Ivanhoe." Is he so? It follows not, as a matter of course, merely because the

one is called a Historian and the other a Novelist. Both may be accurate, or both may be inaccurate. Which has the more thoroughly imbibed the genuine spirit of the olden time? That is the first question. And the second is, which has succeeded in conveying to us the more correct, ay, and the more vivid and attractive picture, of that which both seek to place before us?

The more attractive! There are those who will put in a demurrer here. The more correct, that is well; but the more *attractive!* Ought not every thing that is true and useful to be attractive—is it not always attractive—to a justly-balanced mind? Even if it be, how many justly-balanced minds does this motley world contain? And is it certain that the most faithfully-cultivated intellect will find the same interest in a cold and abstract dissertation, or a severe narrative of general facts, as in a picture that starts from the canvass, and speaks direct to the heart, glowing with the brightest colors of fanciful reality? Is it natural that it should?

Be this as it may, the world may be led, it cannot be driven. While it is a prostitution of talent to pander to men's prejudices, it is a waste of talent to disregard them. When the Grecian orator declared, that manner was the first, the last, the sole requisite of his art, he uttered, with exaggerated extravagance indeed, a wholesome truth. To what purpose shall we speak, to those who will not listen; or write, for those who refuse to read? A book unread is but a bundle of waste paper; and he who publishes useful truths, or conveys moral lessons, in a form that shall attract thousands, justly merits the praise

of tenfold success, compared to him who puts forth the same in a form that shall command the attention of hundreds only. If, through the attractive pages of "Jacqueline of Holland," ten persons have acquired a just idea of the feuds, so characteristic of these rude times, which, originating in a frivolous argument over a cup of wine, continued for more than a century to nourish the bitterest enmity, and kindle the deadliest wars, throughout the Low Countries—if ten persons are now acquainted with this, for one who would have learnt, from more sober history, even the names of the "Hoeks" and the "Kabblejaws," has not GRATTAN rendered, in aid of history, a valuable service? and to those whom, as the world now is, the novelist only can reach?

The value of the service, it will be replied, depends upon the accuracy of the portraiture. Most true. And it is no easy task, and no small merit, to attain to this species of accuracy. The Historian, often doubtless at expense of much labor and perplexity, must make himself master of facts. The Historical Novelist must do more. He must search the records of former times for something beyond mere narrative details; for the unrecorded spirit of the age. He must train his imagination to sojourn in the past; gradually to drink in the impressions that made men what we read that, centuries ago, they were; until the fancy becomes imbued—saturated—with the influences of other times and climes. Then only may the Novelist or the Dramatist proceed, safely and successfully, to summon before us, in attractive succession, images of the past. Without such preparation, the lite-

rary Glendowers of the age may "call spirits from the vasty deep" of the olden time for ever, and they will come not; or, if they come, it will be a dwarfish and a spurious and a short-lived race. Such failures indicate the difficulty, not the inutility, of the attempt.

That which has been said applies, in one sense, with even greater force to the Historical Drama than to the Romance. The one speaks to the ear, the other to the eye; the one is but the text to the painting, the other is the painting itself. The Drama, then, with all the drawbacks incidental to its peculiar structure, is yet one step nearer to reality, than the Novel.

And when the Dramatist is fortunate enough to obtain the aid of some of the master-spirits of the stage, how important is that one step nearer! Nearer, shall we say? Who, when SIDDONS stood before him, the living type—more than Imagination's type—of the regal Catherine—what charmed spectator, when her searching tones startled the very depths of his soul, ever paused to remember, that it was not the Queen of England, but only the daughter of ROGER KEMBLE who spoke? If the boards of Old Drury had actually been Blackfriar's Hall; if she who thus embodied every thing we ever dreamed of majesty had, in truth, been the unfortunate consort of the fickle Henry; if the chariot wheels of Old Time had, in very deed, been rolled back some three centuries, and the whole pageant, in its sad reality, been reënacted before our eyes—even then, should we have felt it more, in the actual review, than in the scenic representation? No. More than of any reality of common life, was, for

the time, the effect, when SHAKSPEARE and SIDDONS combined to enchain and enchant us.

Had the same prolific talents which, in modern day, have enriched the sister department of literature, reached the Dramatic branch—had we SCOTTS and EDGEWORTHS of the stage—the benefit, as well as the power, of the histrionic art would to-day have been unquestioned. Its influences would have been confessed as important as they are fascinating, Invidious, as common-place, is it for him who enters the arena to speak slightingly of his competitors: yet is the decline of the Modern Theatre and the paucity of dramatic talent among us, a matter of complaint so notorious, that it were affectation to overlook the facts.

The best talents of our own country—talents that are gradually establishing for America a respectable literary rank among her elder sisters—have been diverted to other channels. The genius that sparkles from the "Sketch Book," and tinges with romance the adventures of COLUMBUS—the skill that invests with living interest the humble doings of the rude Pioneer, and stirs the pulse and wins the tear for the fate of the "Last of the Mohicans"—the graphic pen that charms us in "Hope Leslie," or that which domesticates us by the "Dutchman's Fireside"—well may the lover of the Drama regret, that these and other kindred spirits should have passed by the neglected entrance, perchance shrunk from the technical trammels, of a department of literature, which, had they attempted, they could scarcely have failed to enrich.

So, also, as a general rule, has it been in England. The dramas of Byron and Baillie, indeed, are distinguished exceptions. Nor are others, on either side the Atlantic, wholly wanting. Yet, even while we admire the spirit and nature of "Tell" or of "Rienzi," the bold vigor of the "Gladiator," the classic elegance of "Ion," and the deep pathos of "Fazio," we are reluctantly constrained to the confession, that these and a few other efforts worthy to be named beside them, cannot redeem from merited reproach or obscurity, the general character of the dramatic effusions of the age. Will the Romanticists of the modern French school claim, for their Drama, a reserving exception? If they do, can we admit their claim? On the score of talent, yes. On that of good taste or useful influence, alas, no! Dumas and Hugo have an excuse for the extravagancies that disfigure and degrade their best productions. In avoiding the measured uniformity and dull formalities of the Aristotelian school, with its inviolable unities and its intolerable confidants, it might be natural enough that the pendulum should swing to the opposite extreme, and that the despotic monotony of the Classicists should be superseded by the horrors and the license of their rivals. But the excuse does not alter the fact. It cannot render "Lucrèce Borgia" a fitting heroine; it cannot legitimize the attempt to perpetuate the disgusting atrocities of the "Tour de Nesle;" it cannot make "La Reine d' Espagne" decent or tolerable. These *night-mares of the stage*, as Hugo himself very ingenuously calls them, will fade away—it is fitting they should—with the morn-

ing light of sober judgment. Or if, in the libraries of our children, they still find a place, it will be on some dusty shelf, beside the "Castle Spectre" or the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

A more legitimate exception, perhaps, might be made in favor of the German Drama. A large proportion of Germany's voluminous authors have occasionally written for the stage. Even her Milton himself, the elaborately enthusiastic KLOPSTOCK, has, after his own antique fashion, deigned to woo Melpomene. The same giant intellect which, in later years, rioted in "Faust" and startled in "Stella," had devoted one of its earliest efforts also to the Drama, producing "Goetz of Berlichingen;" a play of no little merit, though but indifferently adapted for representation. And, SHAKSPEARE out of the question, it might be no easy task to match some of the happier creations of SCHILLER's dramatic fancy; take for example the beautiful conception of TEKLA's character in his "Wallenstein."

Yet, withal, it will hardly suffer denial, that the proportion of modern literary talent which has flowed in the dramatic channel, is small, compared to that which has taken other directions; and small indeed, compared to the importance of the art and its neglected capabilities of affording instruction and delight. Now that the Tale, the Novel, the Romance, have been elevated to a rank which, in former days, belonged to graver efforts only, and that distinction in that line is a hopeless reward, except for talents of the highest order, may we not hope for a corresponding improvement in a department

nobler and worthier still? When that improvement comes, small need will there be to challenge, for the Dramatic Art, a rank which even SHAKSPEARE's powers of enchantment have proved insufficient, with many, fully to secure for it: a rank as an art not fascinating only, but useful; an art, that shall improve the affections as well as gratify the imagination; a Promethean art, that shall breathe life into the unimpassioned marble of history, and upon the cold beauty of the moral code; an art practically philosophical, that shall exhibit what it desires to explain; that shall place the Past before our eyes, and cause us to know it; that shall embody Virtue to our senses, and cause us to love it; an art, that, like a pure soul in a fair form, shall win while it teaches, and convince the understanding by first mastering the heart: an art, in fine, in accordance with the genius of the times —with that mild spirit of modern reform, which strives not, as our headstrong ancestors used, to dam up the passions and propensities of youth, until, like the arrested torrent of some Alpine valley, the gathering stream outburst its ruptured barrier, carrying devastation in its path; but rather seeks gently to guide the mountain torrent through field and meadow, so it may scatter verdure and freshness over the very scenes it once covered with desolating inundation.

He who prefixes to a dramatic production such an Essay as the above, risks the imputation of presumption; or, at the least, the charge of special pleading. Is the

Dramatic Art so high of rank, so arduous of acquirement? Yet the Essayist, it would seem, thinks he has striven, and successfully, to overcome the difficulties he himself accumulates, and win the laurels of his own selecting. Or are the claims for the Historical Drama and its capabilities, overwrought, exaggerated? Then is it but the common-place and partizan endeavor of the student or the professor, to exalt, above all other arts and sciences, that to which his own time and thoughts have chanced to be devoted. I well recollect, though some fifteen or eighteen years have run by since then, the flourish of the hand and the complacent smile with which a certain worthy professor of the art—the *science* he called it—of dancing, after having bestowed on me for some months the benefit of his instruction in what he was pleased to call the subordinate and elementary branches, at length proceeded to initiate me into the higher, now almost antiquated, mysteries of Terpsychore's inner Temple. "I am about to offer you"—and he said it with the air of an ambassador presenting his credentials—"I am about to offer you a few instructions in the minuet, that masterpiece of art, which exhibits the triumph of the elegant accomplishment of which I have the honor to be an unworthy professor: to offer you a few instructions, I say; for, as an eminent member of our profession has justly expressed it, a man's life is too short to learn to walk a minuet with propriety."

I will confess, that the consequential air of my quondam ball-room Mentor has, now and then, crossed my

conscience, as I wrote. Yet the self-accusation does not seem to me fairly sustained. Opinions similar to those here expressed touching the rank and value of the Dramatic Art I held for years before I penned, or expected to pen, a line for the stage. It was precisely the conviction, that this is an important, and has been a neglected, branch, that induced me, at the suggestion of a friend, to adopt an episode from the early history of our country, as the subject of a historical drama. That I believe my production to have some merit, at least as adapted for closet perusal, its publication may argue. But the inference were illiberally illogical, that, because I express exalted ideas of what a Drama ought to be, I must needs conclude mine even to approach what I imagine of perfection.

The conception of a lofty or faultless standard in any art is a first step, an important one, even if a comparatively easy one also. No man ought to neglect it. If we fail, let us fail nobly. If our powers prove insufficient to support us in an effort towards the envied eminence, let us, at the least, breast the ascent boldly, our eyes fixed on the distant summit. Thus, if it be not ours to ascend whither few have ever ascended, yet shall our progress, such as it is, be in the right direction; and the award of conscience shall soften the regret of disappointment. It is useful and meritorious to seek perfection, even while it is mortifying and discouraging to perceive how far we fall short of our aim. His course, then, who strives after a higher and worthier style of Art than he fully attains, is honorable, even in failure. It

merits not, indeed, in that case, the praise of success; but neither should it incur the charge of vain presumption.

"POCAHONTAS" is the result of a winter's leisure. In preparing to write it, I was led into a useful course of study; and the hope that somewhat similar benefit may follow its perusal has decided me to risk that approval from the public which I should have hesitated to claim for its unaided merits, as a mere work of art. The subject, too, is much in my favor. The story of my heroine is in every heart. It is intimately connected with the very first successful effort to colonize Northern America from Europe, a marked epoch in our history. It is connected, too, with the fates of a noble race, which is fast fading away from the earth; and that, through our agency: a race, the savage magnificence of whose character appears to me indifferently well adapted to dramatic effect.

The characters introduced into the piece, with two trifling exceptions, are strictly historical; and every principal event represented or alluded to, in the course of the Drama, occurred, if Smith's own history may be trusted, with very little variation as here set down. There was opportunity and temptation to simplify the plot, and concentrate the interest of the play, by departing, somewhat widely, from the recorded history. But I have preferred making what I could out of the genuine materials before me; rather at expense, as I now incline to believe, of its chances of popularity in representation. Except a few unimportant details,

such, for instance, as the manner in which Smith receives the wound that caused his departure for Europe, the mode and exact time of Pocahontas' capture, and a few of similar character, I have adhered to the historical text.

The object I proposed to myself was, to exhibit a faithful episode out of our early history. To this object I have sacrificed, as to my thinking a Dramatist ought, so much of artificial rule, as was inconsistent with reasonable accuracy. The events of the play follow each other at the distance of a few hours or days, except that an interval of several months must be supposed to elapse between the termination of the third, and the commencement of the fourth, Act. I could not, without entirely altering the framework of the piece, and either violating both truth and probability, or else weakening the general effect by the lame expedient of causing to be tediously narrated what ought to be forcibly exhibited—except at such sacrifice. I could not preserve the strict unity of time; and such sacrifice I did not think it worth. Yet I have somewhat condensed the events, and slightly altered, in one or two instances, their chronological order. An adherence to the *spirit* of this unity of time seems to me very desirable in a Drama; since to spread its events over several years, as in strictness history would have required me to do in this case, does certainly somewhat mar the effect, by leaving chasms too wide and frequent for the imagination to overleap, without being somewhat rudely awakened to the fact, that it is not reality which is passing before it.

Unity of place I have been able moderately to preserve; but in regard to unity of action, the sticklers for Aristotelian rule will doubtles discover much to fault. Here again, however, strictness was incompatible with my main intention; that being, not especially to perpetuate any one very marked event, but to exhibit, as it were, a sample of early Colonial life. In doing so, I necessarily introduce much that is not essential to the catastrophe of the piece. Again, therefore, I sacrifice the lesser to what I consider the greater, object.

But it is idle to deprecate criticism by an endeavor to explain away imperfections or enumerate difficulties. Such as it is, the piece must abide the ordeal of public opinion, and stand or fall by its intrinsic worth.

The notes appended may aid an opinion as to its accuracy in regard to national portraiture and historical minutiæ.

Of Pocahontas' success as an acted Drama, I am not sanguine. Though, from want of experience, I am a poor judge in such a case, (in which, by the way, the most practised are often at fault,) yet I am aware that my Drama will be found lacking in two elements, important in a technical point of view. Its scenes embody little deep tragedy, and less broad humor. I feel it to be deficient in that bold, startling style of finish, which shows so much better than it reads; a defect similar to that of a scene painter, who, neglecting to make allowance for distance and glaring light, should lay on his colors with an elaborate care, which would call forth our approbation in a landscape suspended on a parlor

wall, but shows weak and ineffective when viewed from the boxes, and beneath the gas-lights, of a theatre. Were it as easy to supply, as to distinguish, deficiencies, these defects would have been corrected.

As it is, should any of our theatrical managers—trusting, perhaps, to the national character of the subject and the diversity of incident in the piece, to carry it through—deem it worthy their notice, I should consider it essential, even for moderate success, to curtail and partially to re-cast it, for the stage. In its present form, if no other objection lay against it, it is too long for representation.

POCAHONTAS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOHN RATCLIFFE, *President of the Colonial Council of Virginia.*

JOHN SMITH,
JOHN MARTIN,
GABRIEL ARCHER,
GEORGE PERCIE,
} *Members of the Council.*

JOHN ROLFE, *a Young Planter.*

CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT, *Sea-Captain; afterwards Vice-Admiral of the Colony.*

SAMUEL ARGAL, *Captain of a Merchant Vessel.*

JOHN LAYDON, *a Colonist.*

HANS KRABHUIS, *a Dutch Gunner and Carpenter.*

HENRY SPILMAN, *a Youth.*

Powhatàn, *Sachem, or Principal Indian Chief.*

Nantàquas, *his Son.*

Utta Maccòmac, *his Counsellor.*

Paspàho, *a young Chief.*

Rawhùnt, *a Brave.*

Namòntac, *an Indian, who accompanied Newport to England.*

A Powah, *or Indian Priest.*

ANNE BURRAS, *afterwards Dame Laydon.*

Pocahòntas,
Nomòny,
} *Daughters of Powhatàn.*

POCAHONTAS.

ACT I.

[TIME: *The autumn of* 1607.]

SCENE I.

In the Forest, near to JAMES' *river, in Virginia; before the Blockhouse of* JAMESTOWN.

The curtain, rising, discloses LAYDON *and* KRABHUIS *seated on a fallen log; the former cleaning a matchlock, the latter twisting matches of tow.*

KRABHUIS.

Do you mark me, sirrah?

LAYDON.

Marry do I, old Hans. In three strands—well?

KRABHUIS.

Ay, in three separate strands, hard-twisted, this fashion, look ye; then cover up with good, hempen tow, so the twists appear not, thus: and lastly—ah! there's the secret—

LAYDON.

Pooh! I have it already, old boy.

KRABHUIS.

The devil fetch thee for a self-important varlet, that knows every thing—in his own conceit.

LAYDON. (*Aside.*)

Aha! we must stroke the bear's hair with the grain. (*Aloud.*) My good friend Hans, I'm not an old veteran carronadier like thee; yet, belike, I may know how to dip and finish off a good match, all the same.

KRABHUIS.

My best pipe—my meerschaumer—against thy bandaleer there, thou know'st it not.

LAYDON.

Done! thou prince of Dutchmen; done! Thy pipe is mine; and by this token. The match must be boiled—

KRABHUIS.

Well, thou dull knave, in what?

LAYDON.

In vinegar—

KRABHUIS.

By St. Willebrod, I guessed it. In vinegar! Hand me thy bandaleer, Jack; my own's just worn out. Boil a slow match in vinegar! By St. Peter! In vinegar!

LAYDON.

Ay, in Cape wine vinegar, saltpetre and—

KRABHUIS.

Ha' done! a God's name. Why, there's not a young

imp of a powder monkey has weathered his first three weeks' voyage, but knows it must be boiled in the lees of old wine.

LAYDON.

Go to, Hans Krabhuis! Thou'lt tell me next, belike, that a cup of sack is wholesomer without sugar than with it.

KRABHUIS.

Good, Sir Malapert! And who will say me nay?

LAYDON.

That will I, John Laydon.

KRABHUIS.

Now out upon thee for a beardless springald! Art a learned leech, mayhap, or—or—a discarded serving man?

LAYDON.

Neither, old Verjuice! I served my worthy master so long as it suited me; and I left him, because it was my fancy to join thee and other choice, meek, amiable, sweet-tempered spirits—in this American frolic of ours.

KRABHUIS.

Frolic! I could break thy saucy pate across. Frolic, thou devil's cub! A murrain light on them who beguiled us from comfort and good rations at home, to herd it here, in this cursed country, among dirty, heathen Indians!

LAYDON.

Why, God-a-mercy! how now? i' the dumps, old

Sourkrout? What's the matter with the country? Show me a Dutch forest like this we live in. Pick me a likelier river than that same James' River yonder, or a richer soil than this beneath our feet. But there lacks, I warrant me, a dank Zealand mist, to curtain the bright sun. Why, thou eternal Dutch grumbler, I'd match an American moon, any fair night, against the best noon-day sun, ever shone out in thy drizzly land of fogs. What ails thee at the country?

Enter, during the last speech, MARTIN, *carrying a rough trough, filled with earth, which he sets down, wiping his forehead and sighing deeply, then taking from his pocket several phials, containing tests.*

LAYDON. (*To* KRABHUIS.)

Gold dust man, look ye there!

KRABHUIS. (*Without looking.*)

What ails me? Heaven grant me patience! What ails me, thou brainless popinjay? Every thing ails me—

Enter SPILMAN.

SPILMAN.

Bad news, my masters!

LAYDON.

What! are the Indians astir?

SPILMAN.

Worse than that.

LAYDON.

The fort on fire?

SPILMAN.

Worse than that.

LAYDON.

What then, a' God's name?

SPILMAN.

An ordonnance. A notice posted up against the block-house door yonder, and signed by President Ratcliffe.

KRABHUIS.

I could have sworn it! Some other precious, kind decree of our most gracious Council!

SPILMAN.

Our daily rations of wheat and barley—

LAYDON.

Are increased?—are they?—what, to a pint each a day? Is't not so, good lad? These half pint measures comport but grudgingly with this stomach o' mine. I've drawn up my old belt—let's see!—one, two, three holes, already. By the rood, I shall be a thing for a puff of wind to capsize, if these short rations hold on much longer. Come, good Spilman; 'twas but a jest about thy bad news; our rations are increased?

KRABHUIS.

Now, thou thrice-sodden fool, where should the increase come from? From these savage, howling woods? They grow wild bears and panthers in plenty, that the devil himself can't shoot; but you'll hardly find much wheat or barley among them. Increased! By St. Andrew, but our worthy Councillors are too damned considerate for that.

LAYDON.

Out, old screech-owl! thou can'st snuff bad news as far off as yonder red-throated turkey-buzzard can a deer's putrid carcase. Tell us, good Spilman, how is't?

SPILMAN.

Master Krabhuis has e'en guessed aright. Our rations are reduced to one third of a pint of wheat, and the same of barley each day, until farther notice. Our grain is almost out, they say; and no news of Captain Newport or his vessel yet. Pray Heaven, we don't starve at last, in this forsaken wilderness!

LAYDON.

Now, shame thee, Spilman, for a chicken-hearted soul. Isn't Captain Smith gone out to cater for us? and when did he ever return empty-handed?

KRABHUIS.

The foul fiend fetch me, but it's all of a piece. Burnt to a cinder to-day; frozen to an icicle to-morrow! Starved on a handful of musty wheat and mouldy barley at home; and if we visit those powowing Indians and find them, mayhap, in a good humor, then crammed to bursting by the unlicked savages; their tomahawks at your throat all the while, if you cannot stomach a dinner at every dirty lodge in the village—ten or a dozen, may be, in one forenoon—by way of making friends with the filthy wretches, forsooth!

LAYDON.

Nay, man, never quarrel with the dumb savages, because they're hospitable in their own way. Marry, what king over the water would entertain a company of foreign intruders but the one half as gallantly as that grim, Indian Sachem did us?

SPILMAN.

King Powhatan?

KRABHUIS.

King Powhatan! Marry come up!

LAYDON.

Ay, and as goodly a king as e'er an anointed among them, if civil doings bespeak gentle blood. (*To* SPILMAN.) Was't with us at our first talk before the old fellow's lodge?

SPILMAN.

Alas, no! I missed it all.

LAYDON.

(*To* KRABHUIS.) Thou wast?

KRABHUIS.

Alas, yes! I endured it all.

LAYDON.

Did you? Then you heard old Powhatan's talk——

KRABHUIS.

Not I. I took no note of their gibberish.

LAYDON.

'Fore George, but it was gallantly said, and well worth noting too.

SPILMAN.

What was't?

LAYDON.

Now, I'd give a tester I could mouth it like some of these playermen. Ah! Spilman, an thou hadst seen them at the Globe! Dost know the Globe, boy?

SPILMAN.

No.

LAYDON.

No? What, not the grand theatre—the Globe at Bankside—where Will Shakspeare and Ben Jonson show off their plays and pageants. Why, man, our bonnie King James wrote that player Shakspeare a letter with his own royal hand—

SPILMAN.

To a playerman?

LAYDON.

I tell thee, yes.

SPILMAN.

Well, but Powhatan's speech.

LAYDON.

Ah, true. Beshrew me but I must try if I can't play the Indian Chief myself.—Ah! the very thing!

[*Snatches the blanket in which* KRABHUIS *had been depositing his matches, and flings it, Indian fashion, over his shoulders.*

KRABHUIS.

A plague of all such mummery! Here's a coil! My matches all spilt about—and be hanged to you!

SPILMAN.

Let's have old Powhatan's speech, good master Laydon.

LAYDON. (*Pompously.*)

"Why should we be offended? Have the pale-faced strangers raised the tomahawk against us? What do they want? A little land which we can easily spare."

SPILMAN.

Bravo, Laydon! No playerman could do it better.

LAYDON.

(*To* KRABHUIS, *who is grumblingly collecting his matches.*)

There, old Krab, your blanket: and tell us how many acres of his Dutch bogs and marshes your famous Prince Maurice would spare to this same heathen chief, if *he* landed, with his canoes, at the quay of Rotterdam.

KRABHUIS.

Why, thou foul-mouthed royster, thou—dost liken the noble Prince Maurice—

LAYDON.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! That was a sore place I rubbed against.

SPILMAN.

Master Laydon, did you see the Indian King's daughter?

LAYDON.

Ay marry did we. A rare wench, by this light!

KRABHUIS.

A dingy, black-haired—

LAYDON.

Come, come, thou sworn old croaker! For the grim-painted chief, thou shalt abuse him and welcome; for the girl—

KRABHUIS.

How now! Because Anne Burras smiles now and then on thy milk-sop face, thou must needs stand up, knight-errant for every thing, black or white, that wears a petticoat; or—for that matter—that goes without one. Content thee! Anne may jilt thee yet.

LAYDON.

What! in favor of thy lanthern-jawed nut-cracker of a Dutch phiz, perhaps?

MARTIN. (*Who has been engaged in testing.*)

Gold! by all that's sacred!

[*They all start up and crowd round* MARTIN.

LAYDON.

There, old Hans, there! What sayest thou to the country, now?

[*They examine the earth and return.*

LAYDON.

Think of that, man. Gold! Yellow gold!—Dost hear?

[*Slaps him on the back.*

KRABHUIS.

Hear! one hears about it at every turn; I'd like to

see a little of it. And hark'e, sirrah Laydon, another time, when you get into your gold ecstasies, I'll thank you to keep your hands off my back, (*rubbing it*) for it has the rheumatics—or, if you don't—sapperment!—

LAYDON.

The rheumatics! Now, that comes of staying here, grumbling in fort, instead of roughing it in the woods with Smith and his choice spirits, God bless him!

SPILMAN.

Ay, God bless our noble Captain Smith; he's the life of the Colony.

MARTIN. (*To* SPILMAN.)

Here, sirrah Spilman, take this sample to the Block-house, and pray Master Ratcliffe and Master Archer of their love, to come hither. A pretty fellow to be idling your time chattering there.

LAYDON. (*Aside.*)

It's gall and wormwood to these councillors, to hear Smith praised. (*To* KRABHUIS.) I tell thee, Hans, I jest not. Thy rheumatism shall be cured, if thou wilt, ay—in three weeks—and Captain Smith shall be thy leech.

KRABHUIS.

What! this same soldier-leech of thine cures the rheumatics by camping out o' winter nights, I warrant me?

LAYDON.

I'faith, old fellow, thou hast hit it exactly. I'll tell thee how we set out our forest bed-chamber. 'Twas

Smith's own invention. He deserves a king's patent for it. When we've chosen our camping ground o' nights, we first dig away the snow and make a blazing fire—

KRABHUIS.

Is this your captain's notable invention?

LAYDON.

Hush! good, patient, honey-tempered Hans; and mark me. When the ground's dried and well warmed, we move the fire to another spot, and down with our mats, right in the warm ashes. When the ground cools, egad we shift our fire again, and get into another snug berth. And so on, all through the night. Match me a prescription like that, old Hans, to smoke out rheumatism! It should be written in letters of gold.

KRABHUIS.

What! alongside that other receipt of thine, for making slow matches? What was't again?

LAYDON.

Why, what should a sage old gunner like thee want with a receipt from a raw, beardless youth—

KRABHUIS.

Come, come! You dip your matches—

LAYDON.

In vinegar, saltpetre and mealed powder, all scalding hot; and then soak them in spirits of wine.

KRABHUIS.

What now, mad-cap Jack! What! In spirits of wine? a slow match in spirits of wine? Nay, but that passes

even thy addlepate's absurdity ! As I live by bread—or rather by rotten barley—on my soul I believe thou knowst not the difference between a quick match and a slow one.

(*Enter* ANNE BURRAS, *unobserved.*)

By St. Peter, a proper youth ! in spirits of wine ! and not know a quick match from a slow one ! Thou shouldst be promoted to the office of chief carronadier to the expedition.

ANNE. (*Aside.*)

All Greek and Hebrew to me, about their matches and their spirits of wine. No matter. I'll e'en put in my say.

LAYDON.

Well, well ! 'twas no such great matter. A quick match it might be, for aught I know. Where's the odds ?

KRABHUIS.

The odds ! Jesu Maria ! the odds ! A right proper youth ! Where's the odds between thy conceited shallowpate and mine ? The odds ! Asks where's the odds between a quick and a slow match ! A mighty proper gallant, on my life !

ANNE. (*Comes forward.*)

As I live, a very miracle of a youth ! What think you, Master Krabhuis ? will he not discover the philosopher's stone, anon ?

LAYDON.

Anne here !

ANNE.

Why, Master Laydon, where were your eyes, your ears, your senses, your perceptions ?—

LAYDON.

Nay, Anne—

ANNE.

What has addled your brain, dislodged your wit, exhausted your wisdom, banished your sensibility, confounded your understanding—

LAYDON.

Why, Anne—

ANNE.

Art light-headed, distraught, phrenzied, lunatic, possest, moonstruck—not even to know a quick match from a slow one!

KRABHUIS.

By my saint, but the mad-cap wench mouths it like any clerk.

LAYDON.

Content thee, sweetheart: I can explain it all.

ANNE.

Well, Sir.

LAYDON.

My eyes were useless to me—for thou wert not here. My ears were listening—for thy footsteps. My brain was filled—with thy remembrance. My wit, my wisdom, my understanding were all gone off—in search of Anne Burras. I was light-headed—with thy image; and possest—with thoughts of thee!

ANNE. (*Aside.*)

I ran my fingers in the fire, that time!

LAYDON.

And now thou art here, my wit, my wisdom, my understanding have all returned to me. I know, and can explain—even the difference between a quick and a slow match.

KRABHUIS.

Canst thou? Let's have it then.

LAYDON. (*To* ANNE.)

There was a couple—a paragon of a couple—she, so pretty! he, so tight and trig! He said, "Wilt thou?" and he kissed her. She said, "Will I not?" and thereupon they married.

ANNE.

Is that an Indian story, master Laydon?

LAYDON.

Ay, it happened in the Indian country. That—was a quick match. Then there was another couple. They were young, too. He asked her. She said "Nay." He asked her again. She said "Nay:" and with nay, and nay, and nay, they both grew old and withered. That—was a slow match.—Anne!

ANNE.

What's your will, master Laydon?

LAYDON.

Here's master Krabhuis,—didst ever see a poor man

look so stupid? Not a word of my explanation has he understood. It wouldn't be right—it wouldn't be charitable—would it, sweetheart?—to leave him in ignorance. Can't we explain it to him? (*Approaches her.*) Wilt thou?

ANNE.

What, play the interpreter between thee and mynheer? I must learn Dutch first.

[*Runs off*, LAYDON *after her, who meets* SPILMAN.

SPILMAN.

A bear! a bear! your matchlocks, boys! quick! quick!

LAYDON.

Where? where? (*Snatching his matchlock.*) Now for a rich dinner, if luck serve. Where?

SPILMAN.

Right on the river bank. Don't you see him yonder?

KRABHUIS. (*To* LAYDON, *who is running off.*)

Thy bandaleer, blockhead! Wilt shoot without powder?

LAYDON.

Give it me.

KRABHUIS.

Blow thy match! Tread softly! Down behind the brush! So!

[*Exeunt* KRABHUIS, LAYDON *and* SPILMAN.

MARTIN.

(*Alone; looks after the hunters for some time.*)

So! The fools are gone at last. Three asses after one bear. The bear's the wiser animal; and he'll outwit them.—There! he takes the water. (*A shot is heard.*) I could have sworn they'd miss him. Bravo, Bruin!

Enter RATCLIFFE *and* ARCHER.

RATCLIFFE.

What's the matter, master Martin? What shot was that?

MARTIN.

'Tis nothing. Some of the men after a bear.

ARCHER.

But you sent for us.

MARTIN.

I did. What think you of the sample of gold dust I sent you?

ARCHER.

I'm no refiner; and, in sooth, good Martin,
My thoughts, just then, were elsewhere.

MARTIN.

Elsewhere! what
You have no faith in finding gold dust here.

ARCHER.

I've said I'm no refiner.

RATCLIFFE.

But not said
What else was in your thoughts.

ARCHER.

What need? You guess it.

RATCLIFFE.

How know you that?

ARCHER.

I know what his thoughts are,
Who plays the puppet to the man he hates.

RATCLIFFE.

The puppet! This to me, Sir!

ARCHER.

Ay! to you!
And from a friend who bears you love and kindness.
You are the President of this our Colony—
That is, in name.—Nay, wince not: 'tis the truth;
And you have felt it too, albeit your blood
Is something of the coldest.

RATCLIFFE.

You speak plainly.

ARCHER.

Plain dealing ever is the surest play;
In such a game as ours, the only one.
In name you are our President. The sentry
Lowers his matchlock as you pass him by;
You occupy the arm-chair in our Council;

Needs there some odious notice, setting forth,
That mouldy barley and worm-eaten wheat
Are waxing scarce, or that six shrimps a day
Are more than our lean storehouse can supply—
President Ratcliffe's name is signed thereto.

RATCLIFFE.

Well, Sir, what more? The tale is somewhat old.

ARCHER.

The burden and ill odor of the office,
Its dangers and its labors, these are yours;
But, for its powers, prerogative and honors,
These are in other hands.--President Smith's!

MARTIN.

President!

ARCHER.

Ay Sir, President in all
Except the empty name, the hollow semblance,
The idle trappings. Master Ratcliffe here
Consents to wear these for him—

RATCLIFFE.

Master Archer!—

ARCHER.

Consents to sit at home, and warm his fingers
Over a blazing log-heap, while the other
Is winning riches, favor, honor, power—
Gaining our soldiers' hearts, paving the way,
With his good sword, up to the Presidency.

RATCLIFFE.

Well, have you done?

ARCHER.

And then, when Smith returns,
He'll bow to him, and take him by the hand,
Call him his excellent and noble friend,
Seat him beside him in the public meeting—
Hear him relate his feats and hairbreadth 'scapes—
How he had slain the Indians, ta'en their Idol;
The which he caused redeem with stores of maize,
Ven'son and turkeys, all which savory spoil
He had brought safely home to share among them.
And then the loud acclaim—the deafening shout:
"Welcome our brave defender, Captain Smith,
The guardian angel of our Colony!"
While men and women crowd in tears around,
Embrace his knees, and pray God save his life—
His precious life, without whose wakeful care
The Indian tomahawk and scalping knife
Long since had rid this land of Yengeese guests.
And President Ratcliffe, where is he, the while?
Who asks? Who cares? Why, they've forgotten quite,
That such a man exists.

RATCLIFFE. (*In high anger.*)

I'll hear no more!

ARCHER.

Now, Heav'n be praised! I've roused thee at the last.
I like that tone.

RATCLIFFE.

I think you meant it well;
Nor will I quarrel with a fair intent,
Because it clothes itself in bitter words.
And yet, you do but spur a willing horse.
Who is there, that would play a part like mine,
Say he could help himself?

ARCHER.

He can, who will!

RATCLIFFE.

The apothegm is trite.

ARCHER.

And true.

RATCLIFFE.

I know not.
If will were power, our former President,
Methinks, were hardly now the guarded prisoner
Of this same upstart Smith.

ARCHER.

Why, look you, Ratcliffe;
It is not every man who has a will.
Some purpose faintly, and to-morrow's sun
Sees their will change from what it was to-day.
Others, more constant, yet are called away
From what they will by pastime or convenience.
Some have a will that sleeps and wakes by fits;
A blazing, all-consuming fire one week,
Or e'er the next, a dull and drifting smoke.
But show me him, who, when he wills a thing,
Wills it for ever—wills it hour by hour,
And day by day—wills it, from youth to age,
From age to death—a deep resolve, that turns
As true to one unchanged and constant point,
As needle to the pole—last thought at night
And first at morn; a will that slumbers not,
But breaks, in dreams, through sleep; a burning wish,
That, like the sacred flame in Vesta's temple,
Lives on through chance and change, by day, by night,
Imperishing, unquenched! Show me the man

Who bears about him such a will as that;
And you have shown me one, whom nature formed
To bend his fellows unto his caprice;
In great things, or in small, for good or evil,
To make his will the guide and rule of theirs.

MARTIN.

And such a man is Smith.

ARCHER.

Has that been proved?

RATCLIFFE.

Nay, ask yourself if he has failed to compass
Whate'er he undertook. Before we landed,
He was by vote excluded from our Council;
And what availed it? Ere a month was past,
He had obtained a trial, gained his cause,
Received a verdict for two hundred pounds
Against our President; regained his seat,
And won fair praise throughout the settlement,
By casting into common stock the fine,
That, by his trial, he had wrung from Wingfield.

MARTIN.

Ay, that was aptly timed. Two hundred pounds
Presented to a half-starved Colony,
Were no mean advocates for public favor.

RATCLIFFE.

And since that time, has he been less successful?
What was the issue of the various plans
To profit by his absence 'mong the Indians,
And, having seized the pinnace, quit for ever
This wild, ungrateful country?—Kendal's slain,
And Wingfield lies in prison. What avails
Plot or conspiracy 'gainst such a man?

MARTIN.

You will not find, throughout the settlement,
Except ourselves, five persons, but will swear
By Smith and Smith alone.

RATCLIFFE.

He might be urged
To penetrate still further through the forest
Into the Indian country. Earl' or late
Some lucky tomahawk will do its office.
He bears no charmed life.

ARCHER.

Why, that were well—
If other ventures failed.

RATCLIFFE.

What are your plans?

(ARCHER *hesitates, and looks at* MARTIN.)

MARTIN.

Are you for England, Archer?

ARCHER.

If I were?

MARTIN.

Then you may count on me. I've not enjoyed
One day of health since first I landed here,
Among these swamps and marshes. Could I leave
This grave of Europeans,—see my country
Once more before I die—I'd die in peace.

ARCHER.

The pinnace is afloat!

RATCLIFFE.

Indeed!

ARCHER.

The sailors
That man her are won over!

RATCLIFFE.

So! that's news!

MARTIN.

They favored Smith; how did you win them over?

ARCHER.

They pined for England as for Paradise.
That longing after home—that little spark,
That lives so long within the exile's heart—
I fanned it to a blaze—and they were moved.
I weighed their love for kindred, friends and country,
Against their love for Smith—and they were won.

RATCLIFFE.

By Heav'n, 'twas bravely done. But in the fort—
Among the people shall we find supporters?

ARCHER.

Give me but one short day ere Smith return,
And, by your good assistance, we'll so work
Upon the public mind, that one and all
Shall cry, "For England!"

RATCLIFFE.

Why, the plan shows fairly.

MARTIN.

There's one thing I must know.

ARCHER.

And what is that?

MARTIN.

'Tis all important—

ARCHER.

Well?

MARTIN.

My gold dust here—
Will there be stowage room within the pinnace—

ARCHER. (*Impatiently.*)

Ay, ay, 'twill serve for ballast.—Master Martin,
Let me advise you hasten to our store room
Without delay; there you'll find empty sacks
Enough, God knows—

MARTIN.

True, true, I didn't think on't.
The very thing. They shall be packed to-night.
'Tis excellent advice; I'll profit by it.

[*Exit* MARTIN.

ARCHER. (*Looking after him.*)

What a past-saving slave of gold is that!

No matter.—He's a Councillor, and, faith!
His name will pass for something.

RATCLIFFE.

Let us haste—

ARCHER.

Lo! what an easy-baited fool is man!
Seek him where'er you list, from pole to tropic,
In East or Western World—take the Caucasian,
Of ample forehead and symmetric limb,
Or the dull, low-browed, unawakened Caffree;
The Patagonian, or dwarf Laplander;
The gentle Islander of Southern Seas,
Ripened to prematurity, beneath
The softening influence of a genial sky,
Or the seal-fisher, of far Arctic shores,
Creeping to manhood, through the chills and darkness
Of his drear, six-months night; the dainty courtier,
Fawning it in a tap'stried antechamber,
Or the dusk Indian, rude and stern and free,
In his wild woods: take note of man in these
And all his thousand strange diversities,
And you will find him, civilized or savage,
Yet the same, easy fool, will spend his substance,
Venture his life, barter his very soul,
To win an empty sound, yclept—a TITLE!
Or, if his poor ambition reach not even
So high as that, will follow, silly sheep,
The first bell-wether that may cross his path;
Yielding, with loyal readiness, his will,
In virtue of the tinkling ornament
That decks his leader's neck. And here—even here—
Amid these wild savannahs, these rank forests,
The self-same bait will serve!

RATCLIFFE.

Now, master Archer,

The time, methinks, is somewhat illy chosen
For moralizing thought. At any moment
Smith may arrive.

ARCHER.

You're right. How sits the wind?

RATCLIFFE.

'Tis westerly.

ARCHER.

Heav'n favors us.

RATCLIFFE.

But how,
In this tempestuous season, with a bark
So frail and ill-appointed as our pinnace,
May we expect, across a wintry ocean,
To reach our native shores?

ARCHER.

I care not, Ratcliffe,
The tempest shall be welcome, so it bear me
Far from his hated presence. The rude blast
And angry surge shall be to me a pleasure,
So I exchange for them Smith's scornful smile
And taunting courtesy. Come weal, come wo,
I must for Europe—

Enter SMITH.

RATCLIFFE.

Captain Smith!

SMITH.

God save you!

RATCLIFFE.

But just returned?

SMITH.

Even now, from Kecoughtàn.

RATCLIFFE.

Your coming's unexpected.

SMITH.

And unwished for.—
Nay, master Ratcliffe, no excuse, I pray you;
A guest unwelcome has himself to blame.
One word of counsel, master Archer.

ARCHER.

Well, sir?

SMITH.

It is an Indian habit, and a good one,
For such as lead a forest life like ours,
Not to speak loudly, save in time of peace.

ARCHER.

And doubtless 'tis an Indian custom, too,
And a right honest and praise-worthy custom,
To creep, with stealthy and eavesdropping step,
Toward those engaged in private conversation.

SMITH.

Nay, master Archer, there you wrong the Indian.
His native sense of courtesy is strong;
Stronger, perchance, if in less courtly garb,
Than under damasks, taffeties and tissues.

ARCHER.

You did not learn it, then, among the Indians?

SMITH.

Nor elsewhere. Eagerness is loud and blind,
And thus o'ershoots its mark. Yet heard I nothing
Save what before I knew, that you would fain
Forsake this Colony, and sail for England.

RATCLIFFE.

And wherefore should we not?

SMITH.

I'll tell you, sir.
Albeit this land conceal not, in her bosom,
Rich mine of gold, or bed of orient pearl;
Albeit Arabia's perfumes breathe not out
From her primeval forests; nor Cathay's
Odorous spices load her green savannahs;
Yet she is blessed with better riches—such
As make a nation prosperous and great:
With soil, as rich as India's self can boast;
Forests, might build a navy for the world;
And noble rivers, an untaxed highway,
Down whose wide-spreading waters, in rude craft,
The wealth of provinces may safely glide.
A sun, that's warm and bright; a territory,
That stretches from the tropic to the pole.
Needs but the hand of industry, and here
Cities may rise, shall rival Europe's marts,
And States spring up, shall, one day, bear away
The palm of greatness from the Eastern World.

ARCHER.

Our noble Captain waxes eloquent.

SMITH.

And shall we now, because we find not here
The baubles Cortez and Pizarro purchased
With blood of thousand unoffending victims,
Because the dreams that Marco Polo dreamt,
Of Indian gems and Oriental fanes,—
Cipango's shores of gold—Antilla's treasures—
Are only dreams,—shall we, like hounds at fault,
Basely give o'er the chase—abandon all
We've risked our lives to win?

ARCHER.

Ah true! 'twere pity
To leave this stately citadel of ours,
Built out of pine logs!

SMITH.

Nay, 'twill serve our turn.

RATCLIFFE.

Where have you left your men?

SMITH.

I found the pinnace
Afloat, her sails shook out, anchor apeak,
And every thing prepared for instant voyage.
(*Looks sternly at* ARCHER.)

ARCHER.

Well, sir?

SMITH.

I bade my soldiers haste on board
And say, 'twas my request that no one stir

In further preparation, till the Council
Should meet, deliberate, and make known their will.

ARCHER.

I would have spoken plainer.

SMITH,

Plainer?

ARCHER.

Yes;
I would have said, "Till Captain Smith decide
Whether we shall stay here or sail for Europe."

RATCLIFFE.

Nay, you are over-hasty, master Archer.
I must, in fairness, say for master Smith,
That he has done us good and faithful service,
Obtained provisions and sought out the country,
As we requested.

ARCHER.

Not as we requested.
Our Council vote, if I remember rightly,
Was, to explore the Chickahominy
Up to its source.

SMITH.

It was explored.

ARCRER.

Was it,
Up to its source?

RATCLIFFE.

Nay, Archer, you forget;
There were good reasons why the party ventured
No further up the stream. The Indian tribes
Mustered in numbers, wore a hostile bearing,
In sooth, 'twas dangerous—

ARCHER.

Ah! that explains it!
These savages are worse than Turks to deal with;
Their scalping knives are sharp.

RATCLIFFE.

I honor prudence.
Discretion should be handmaiden to valor,
And life is sweet.

ARCHER.

True; and, among these Indians,
It might be short as sweet.

SMITH.

Nay, good my masters,
Ye cast the bait with an unskilful hand.
Ye cannot touch my vanity so nearly,
That it should tempt me leave the fort, until
I see this scheme of cowardly desertion
Put down, for good and all. Content ye, then.
Let me but see that question set to rest,
The safety of the Colony established,
And if I trace not this same Indian river,
Despite the worst its savage tribes can do,
To its extremest source, an' were it but
The smallest rill that trickles, drop by drop,
From its far fountain-head,—then shall ye brand me,
As coward, braggart, traitor, what you will.

(*A loud noise without.*)

RATCLIFFE.

There spoke our fearless Captain!

(*Shouts again.*)

Hearken, sir,
Your welcome home. Let's to the Council Chamber.

ARCHER.

The Council Cabin, call it.

(*Enter* LAYDON, SPILMAN, ANNE BURRAS *and other Colonists, tumultuously.*)

LAYDON.

Welcome! welcome!
Our good and brave defender! welcome home!

(*They crowd round* SMITH *and grasp his hands.*)

SMITH.

I thank your love, my friends. It well repays
Fatigue and danger, when your smiling faces
Greet my return among you. Have my thanks!

LAYDON.

You'll take me with you next time?

SMITH.

Ay, good Laydon.

SPILMAN.

And me?

ANOTHER COLONIST.

And me?

ANNE.

I wish I were a man!

LAYDON.

But I don't wish it, pretty Mistress Anne!

[*Curtain drops.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

In a meadow, near the source of the river Chickahominy. POCAHONTAS *and* NOMONY *are discovered shooting at a mark. As the curtain rises,* POCAHONTAS *shoots.*

NOMONY.

I've fairly lost the mockasins!

POCAHONTAS.

Nay, nay,
You have another shot. But mind your aim,
You'll win them yet. Stay! here's a better arrow,
The one you have is warped.

NOMONY. (*Shoots.*)

I told you so:
I've missed.

POCAHONTAS.

But scarcely by a finger's breadth;
'Tis much if I shoot closer.

NOMONY.

Pocahontas—

POCAHONTAS.

Why call me by that uncouth name? It sounds
From your lips, dearest, still so cold and strange.
Call me Matòkes, as you used to do.

NOMONY.

What! Cross our father's will, his strict command?

POCAHONTAS.

It seems like parting from a friend, to lose
The old, familiar name that you, Nomony,
My father, brother, all have called me by,
Ever since I remember. And besides,
I cannot see the use of such a change.

NOMONY.

Not see the use of it! Now, dearest sister,
Have you forgotten what our Powhas said
Of dangers threatening your life?

POCAHONTAS.

They said
The Yengeese were magicians.

NOMONY.

Well?

POCAHONTAS.

They said,
That with their wicked spells, these strange white men
Strike whom they will, provided they discover
The victim's real name.

NOMONY.

Well, dear Matokes,
Is that not cause enough to change your name?

POCAHONTAS.

My name! And wherefore mine? Are the Pale Faces
My enemies alone? I think them friendly,
But say they're not—am I to be protected
From their dark arts, and thou, my father, brother,
And all the other members of our tribe
Remain exposed?

NOMONY.

Nay—

POCAHONTAS.

Say that evil happen;
Grant that our race were stricken by these strangers;
And all I ever loved or cared to live for
Were swept away, like leaves before the tempest—
Canst thou believe Matokes would survive
A day—a single hour? Thou know'st I could not.
Call me Matokes, then, or let me have
Some better—some less cold and selfish reason,
Why I should change my name to Pocahontas.

NOMONY.

Well, then, because my father wills it.

POCAHONTAS.

That's
A better reason.—Call me what thou wilt,
I'm thy Matokes still; and thou—thou art
My own Nomony! (*Kisses her.*) We forget our game.

[POCAHONTAS *shoots.*

NOMONY.

That shot has split the hackhack. Take them, sister,

[*She offers her a pair of mockasins.*

It is but labor lost to shoot against you ;
My father's arrow is less sure than yours.

POCAHONTAS.

Nay, dear Nomony, nay. I'll none of them.

NOMONY.

You like them not ? I thought them very pretty.

POCAHONTAS.

They're beautiful.

NOMONY.

And yet you like them not ?

POCAHONTAS.

Nomony, were they made for me ?

NOMONY.

For whom
Should I have made them ?

POCAHONTAS.

And thou think'st they'll fit ?

NOMONY.

Try them.

POCAHONTAS.

Thou think'st they'll fit ?

NOMONY.

How can I tell ?

POCAHONTAS.

True: thou hast never seen my foot—know'st not
Whether 'tis large or small—

NOMONY.

Nay—

POCAHONTAS.

Canst not tell
My foot-prints from a war-chief's, they're so like.
And when thou work'st a pair of mockasins,
Thou makest them the self-same size, no matter
For whom they're meant—for me, thy graceless sister,
Or for some skilful hunter; say—suppose—
Paspaho.—Ah!—Nay, darling, never blush;
He is a brave young warrior, well deserving
An Indian maiden's love.

NOMONY.

Take them!

POCAHONTAS.

I will not;
They were not fairly won.

NOMONY.

Indeed they were.

POCAHONTAS.

Show me thy bow. See! it was overstrung.
[*Adjusts the string.*
Unless some good Manitto had directed,
Thou couldst not help but miss. There! try again.
Come! must I nock thy shaft for thee?

NOMONY.

(*Raises the bow and takes aim; then drops it.*)

Indeed
I need not try. I cannot hit the gourd.

POCAHONTAS.

Not while thy little hands are trembling so.
Nomony! I could tell our Indian girls
A saucy secret, that should teach them how
To win thy mockasins.

NOMONY.

Now, Pocahontas!—

POCAHONTAS.

Content thee! I'll not tell them—but I could—
That when it comes Nomony's turn to shoot,
If they but whisper young Paspaho's name,
Their game is safe.

NOMONY.

Now shame thee, dearest sister!
I marvel how it happens, thou hast never
Been caught thyself. Thou art so beautiful!
And thou couldst love so truly. [*Kisses her forehead.*
Pocahontas!
Is there not one among the thousand braves
That throng our father's lodge—not one among them
To whom thy heart belongs?

POCAHONTAS.

Not one, Nomony.

NOMONY.

It is so natural a thing to love!
So difficult to keep one's heart from loving!
At least I've found it so. I know not—

[*The cry of a panther is heard.*

POCAHONTAS.

Hush!
An arrow! quick!—Art ready? Mind thy aim!
A full hands-breadth behind the shoulder-blade—

NOMONY.

I'll hit him.

POCAHONTAS.

Ay! thy hand is steady now.
One moment till he pass that sapling.—Now!—together!

[*They shoot. Then start, look at each other, and both assume a crouching attitude of attention.*

NOMONY.

It is his arrow. List!

POCAHONTAS. (*Rising.*)

Thine ear is quick;
It *is* Paspaho's step—and what a shot!
Up to the feather!

Enter PASPAHO; *dragging in the panther dying, and pierced with three arrows.*

PASPAHO.

Good!

POCAHONTAS.

Look! dear Nomony,
Your arrow is much better placed than mine.

NOMONY.

But then Paspaho's!

POCAHONTAS.

Tut! he is a warrior,
And a young chief to boot. What were he worth,
Unless he could outshoot two silly girls?

PASPAHO. (*Looking on the dead panther.*)

Panther! the fate of war has gone against thee;
But thou hast borne it as beseems a warrior,
That will I say for thee. No cry; no whining.
Panther! thou art an honor to thy tribe;
And when I meet thee, in the spirit-land,
Then shalt thou hear, that I, like thee, have fallen
Without a groan, before my enemy.

POCAHONTAS.

You came to search for us, Paspaho?

PASPAHO.

Yes.
When eagles are abroad, the gentle dove
Cannot with safety leave the parent nest
And wander forth alone.

(POCAHONTAS *looks round enquiringly.*)

PASPAHO.

The pale-faced strangers!

NOMONY.

The Yengeese warriors! Ha! within these woods?
Where?

PASPAHO. (*Pointing towards the river.*)

Chickahominy!

POCAHONTAS.

I fear them not.

PASPAHO.

I fear them not; I hate them!

POCAHONTAS.

Is that just?
Are they not friendly?

PASPAHO.

When a Redskin says,
"I am thy friend;" and smokes the pipe of peace,
The sun himself is not more sure to rise
From out the forest at the morning dawn,
Than he to bide his word. But, for the Longknives,
They wear two faces.

POCAHONTAS.

How is this, Paspaho?
You are not wont to nurse unjust suspicion.
I do believe you fear these wondrous strangers
Will steal our maidens' hearts.

NOMONY.

Nay, now you wrong him.

PASPAHO.

By the Great Spirit, yes! If any maiden

Of the pure blood of our untainted race
Forsake the warriors of her native tribe,
For these pale-faced and sickly-skinned intruders
Upon our hunting-grounds—why, let her go,
For aught Paspaho cares!

POCAHONTAS.

Nay, chafe thee not!
I did but jest. [PASPAHO *lays his ear to the ground.*
How far?

PASPAHO.

But scant three bow-shots.

POCAHONTAS.

Nomony, let us hence. It were not seemly
That they should find us here.
[*They are going off.* NOMONY *looks back.*

PASPAHO. (*To* NOMONY.)

The trail is safe.
They cannot cross it, for our spies are out.

NOMONY.

Thinkst thou I fear them? [*She still lingers.*

POCAHONTAS.

Come, Nomony, come!

NOMONY.

Paspaho! (*He springs to her side.*) I have seen thee, many a time,
Head our war parties 'gainst the Mannahoacs,

And they are fierce and cruel—yet I never
Bade thee hold back when others raised the hatchet.
But these are men not like to other men ;
And they have stolen, so my father says,
The Great Wahconda's thunder. Promise me
You'll not provoke them. Promise me !

PASPAHO.

I've said it.

[*Exeunt* POCAHONTAS *and* NOMONY. PASPAHO *again lays his ear to the ground, then rising, remains in an attitude of eager attention. Enter, to him,* NANTAQUAS.

PASPAHO.

Well ! how many ?

(NANTAQUAS *holds up eight fingers.*)

NANTAQUAS.

Five are below the riffle, left to guard
The big canoe. Our warriors are upon them.
Two more remain below the meadow. Smith
And his two Indian guides— [*A shot is heard.*
The Yengeese thunder !

PASPAHO.

See ! [*They both assume a fixed attitude of attention.*
It is Smith !

NANTAQUAS.

And, by my father's head,
He strikes like a red warrior !

(*Indian war-whoop. Another shot.*)

PASPAHO.

Two are down!
Squaws! Coward dogs!

[*He rushes out;* NANTAQUAS *after him. War-whoop continued. Enter, from the opposite side, an Indian in his war-paint and head-dress. He stops short, shoots an arrow; then, throwing away his bow, draws his tomahawk, and rushes out after the others. Shortly after, enter* SMITH, *grasping an Indian with his left hand, and defending himself against* PASPAHO, NANTAQUAS, *and several others. He retreats, step by step, across the stage.*

SMITH.

St. George and merry England!
Take that!—and that! [*Strikes down an Indian.*

PASPAHO.

Agreskouay! give strength!
Strike home! Agreskouay!

NANTAQUAS.

See! the morass!

PASPAHO.

There we can take him.

NANTAQUAS.

Let us save his life,
He is a gallant brave!

[SMITH *is beaten off the stage. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Jamestown Blockhouse.

Enter ANNE BURRAS *and* SPILMAN.

ANNE.

Tell him, no, good Spilman. Tell him, at once, no, no, no ; and there's an end on't.

SPILMAN.

But old Krabhuis will never take a "no, no, at once, and there's an end on't." You know that as well as I do, mistress Anne.

ANNE.

But he shall take it. What does the man want with me ?

SPILMAN.

How can I tell ? I suppose he wants you help twist his matches.

ANNE.

I'll have nothing to do with him or his matches either. An old fool ! When I make a match, it won't be with him, you may tell him.

SPILMAN.

Fye, mistress Anne. Wait till he asks you first.

ANNE.

How, Sir Impudence ?

SPILMAN.

Oh, in this heathen country, the girls refuse before they're asked, do they? [*Runs off.*

ANNE. (*Alone.*)

The young rogue! And that old, sour, grumbling goat! He to think of a trig young girl like me! I would not take a kiss from his vinegar lips, no, nor for —pah! it turns my stomach to think on't. I would not let him touch my little finger—not for the best farthingale ever was sold in East Cheap. Ah! dear East Cheap! (*Looks from the window.*) What a wild wood is this! I wonder if Captain Smith will soon return. I dreamt of tomahawks and painted Indians all last night. (*Goes to a rude cupboard.*) I must finish poor Laydon's doublet for him, before he come back. (*Seats herself at her work, and sings :*)

'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its living treasures dwell;
In cabin or in princely hall,
In forest haunt or hermit's cell.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fairy spells have pow'r to bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert vernal spring.

'Tis free where'er the heart is,
Nor rankling chains, nor dungeon dim
Can check the mind's aspirings,
The bounding spirit's pealing hymn.

The heart gives life its beauty,
Its warmth, its radiance, and its power,
Is sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its drooping flower.

(*While she is singing,* LAYDON *enters from behind, and stands silently observing her.*

ANNE.

He's a comely youth. There's not a blither in the settlement. Heigho! I wish I could get these Indians and their scalping knives out of my head. He's a brave lad, too. He never hangs back when blows are going. If he did, I'd none of him. If he were but here! That odious Krabhuis would soon draw in his horns, then. Heaven help the men! I would to the Lord and all the saints, that some charitable soul would send them over two or three score of goodly wenches from Gracechurch street or Farringdon Without. There's spinsters enough, there, can't even get a smile from a 'prentice boy. And then I should not be plagued to death with their fooleries. Who knows but some ancient withered dame might take up with that old, Dutch crab? Heigho! I wonder if John Laydon would fancy any of them.

LAYDON. (*Comes forward.*)

Nay, sweetheart; that would he not.

ANNE.

(*Starts, then resumes her work.*)

Who will ensure me of that?

LAYDON.

Look in thy glass, pretty Anne.

ANNE.

My glass can't tell me whether men are constant. (*Looks up at* LAYDON.) How! thou'rt wounded! there's blood on thy collar! Gracious God! [*Drops her work.*

LAYDON.

'Tis nothing; a mere scratch.

ANNE.

I am a fool. (*Picks up her work again.*) Where's Captain Smith?

LAYDON.

Captain Smith?

ANNE.

Ay, you know his name, I suppose.

LAYDON.

Captain Smith—

ANNE.

Well, well; what ails the man? Has he lost his memory among these Indians?—Or how? they have not killed him, have they?

LAYDON.

No—that is—I think—I hope—

ANNE.

John Laydon! What! You think? You hope?—

LAYDON.

I cannot think these Indians—

ANNE.

You cannot think? Out upon you! How! You left him in their hands?

LAYDON.

They fell upon us at unawares—

ANNE.

They seized him, and you ran away! you! John Laydon! A coward for my bachelor! I swear by St. Dunstan, I'll have the basest varlet in the settlement—I'll have that old, Dutch crab-apple to my sweetheart, before thee! A coward! Out upon it!

LAYDON.

Tell me—

ANNE.

And no excuse but a poor scratch like that? I'll none of thee, I say. Nay, get thee gone!

LAYDON.

I'm going, Anne; content thee! (*Goes a few steps, then looks back.*) Bless thee for that look! Anne, will you hear me one word before I go?—You will. Tell me; if I do return and bring back Captain Smith. If I do—then—then—

ANNE.

Well, what then?

LAYDON.

Then, Anne, you'll go with me before our good Chaplain? A quick match it shall be. Wilt thou?

ANNE.

What! disturb his Reverence' meditations with earthly vanities? I'll do no such uncivil thing.

LAYDON.

You will not? (ANNE *hangs her head.*) You will not?—Well!— [*Is going.*

ANNE.

What's the man in such a hurry for?

LAYDON.

You bid me begone.

ANNE. (*Gives him her hand.*)

Laydon! Be not overrash. Bring back Captain Smith in safety, and then—

LAYDON.

Dear Anne!

ANNE.

Why, I'll e'en go with thee—

LAYDON.

Before Chaplain Hunt?

ANNE.

If—if his Reverence be not overbusy.—Go!

LAYDON. (*Snatches a kiss.*)

I'm gone! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Powhatan's Lodge.

Enter POWHATAN *and* UTTA MACCOMAC.

POWHATAN.

Not yet returned ?

UTTA.

Not yet, but young Paspaho
Followed their trail, to warn the truant fawns
That wolves were near.

POWHATAN.

Wolves ! say'st thou, old Maccomac ?

UTTA.

The wolf is fierce and cruel.

POWHATAN.

Are they so ?
Do they not live at peace and make us presents ?

UTTA.

The wolf is harmless, if his maw be filled ;
But take him gaunt and hungry, and then see
Whether his teeth be sharp and jaws be strong.

POWHATAN.

You do not love the Yengeese.

UTTA.

Do I love
The Mannahoacs?

POWHATAN.

They have been our foes,
E'er since the scattered hairs of the first deer
Peopled with game our forests.

UTTA.

These Longknives
Will be our foes, till the last, straggling deer
Forsake our hunting-grounds, and we are left
Without or land or food.

POWHATAN.

There's space enough,
Methinks, for us and them.

UTTA.

One deer is food enough
For a starved wolf; but, once among the herd,
He will kill twenty.

POWHATAN.

Why do you believe
The Yengeese so rapacious?

UTTA.

Why do you
Believe the eagle swift, the panther strong,
The pole-cat loathsome?

POWHATAN.

Tell me, aged warrior,
What you have seen.

UTTA.

My Sachem! I will tell you.
I've seen these Yengeese, when they landed first,
Humble and friendly; craving our permission
But for a single tree, to which they might
Secure their big canoe. And then I heard them
Say, that among their warriors some were sick,
And longed for the green shelter of our forests.
We suffered them spread out their blankets there,
And so they landed. Next their Chief entreated
For maize and venison,—that they might not starve.
Winter came on. They could not leave us then,
For there was too much ice. They promised us
In spring they would be gone. Meanwhile they begged
For leave to put up wigwams, to defend them
Against the cold. That, too, we granted them.
In spring, when ice was gone, they wanted land—
A little land, but just enough to grow
Herbs for their soup. That, too, we granted them.
At last, when they appeared to have forgotten
Their promise of departure, and across
The great Salt Lake, still other warriors came
To join the first, we told them, they must go.
They pointed to the big guns round their wigwams
And told us, they would stay. And they have stayed!
And now, the same meek strangers, who once prayed
But for the poor permission to make fast
Their winged canoes upon our native shores—
These self-same pale-faced strangers, if we fail
To send them corn—the labor of our squaws—
Bear-meat and ven'son—the hard-earned spoils
Of an uncertain chase—why, they will threaten—
Ay, by Agreskouay! and more than that.

They loose their thunder on our sacred Okee,
Kill braves and squaws, pillage our store-houses,
And act their will, as if the Mighty Spirit
Had given this land to them, and not to us.
You bade me tell you, Sachem, what I've seen ;
I've told you.

POWHATAN.

You are wise. Your years are many.

UTTA.

I shall not live to see the end of this ;
But you may ; or, if not, your children will.

POWHATAN.

If these Longknives but touch one single hair
Of Pocahontas' head, may the Great Spirit
Spurn me from out His blessed hunting-grounds
To suffer want and penury for ever—
So I repay it not—ten thousand fold—
On their accursed race ! Think'st thou, Maccomac,
Our Powahs speak the truth, when they declare
Her change of name will cheat these sorcerers ?

UTTA.

They say so.

POWHATAN.

What ! thou think'st there's danger still ?

UTTA.

It is not that I fear.

POWHATAN.

What is it, then ?

UTTA.

Three times in dream I've seen the Great Hobamoc,
In likeness of a monstrous snake. Three times
My ears received his words.

POWHATAN.

Let mine receive them.

UTTA.

"If the Longknives remain within your lands,
They will pull down your Council House, beginning
First at one end, then at the other, meeting
Each other at the centre ; and the fire,
Yet burning brightly there, they will put out,
Even with the blood of those who had received them
In peace and kindness. Indian blood shall run
Into that Council Fire, till not a spark
Remain to light another !"

POWHATAN.

He spake thus ?

UTTA.

I've said it.

Enter POCAHONTAS *and* NOMONY. *They seat themselves in silence ; and no word is spoken for some time.*

POCAHONTAS.

Father !

POWHATAN.

Speak !

POCAHONTAS.

The Yengeese warchief
Is taken. [*They relapse into silence.*

Enter RAWHUNT *and seats himself. After a pause he speaks.*

RAWHUNT.

The pale-faced captive!

POWHATAN.

Bring my Council robe
Of rarowcan. [*Exit* NOMONY.
See that my brave Panieses
Surround the lodge; and send the Powah hither.
[*Exit* RAWHUNT.

Re-enter NOMONY, *with a robe of racoon skins, which* POWHATAN *puts on, and then ascends his throne.*

POWHATAN.

Nomony, Pocahontas.

[*Signs to them to be seated on the steps of his throne, at either side.*

Bring the Pale Face
Before me! [*Exit* UTTA MACCOMAC.

Enter a procession of Indians, including PASPAHO, NANTAQUAS *and others;* SMITH *held by two in the centre; the procession closed by* RAWHUNT *and an* INDIAN PRIEST. *They file off on either side of the throne, bringing* SMITH *in front. At a sign from* POWHATAN, *the Indians who hold him fall back and leave him standing alone.* UTTA MACCOMAC *stands by the throne. A loud shout from the Indians.*

POWHATAN.

(*To* UTTA MACCOMAC, *after regarding* SMITH *for some time.*)

If that stranger's skin were red,
I would adopt him.

UTTA.

But his skin is pale.

POWHATAN.

He bears him like a Sachem!

UTTA.

He's a Yengeese!

POWHATAN. (*To* SMITH.)

Pale Face! what art thou?

SMITH.

I'm a warrior!

POWHATAN.

What hast thou done to prove it?

SMITH. [*Points to the Indians.*]

They can tell thee.
Three I have killed. Their scalps are mine. I claim them.

POWHATAN.

Thou art a pris'ner.

SMITH.

I would not have been,

With ten to one against me ; but I sunk
Into a treacherous swamp, and there was taken.

POWHATAN.

A chief looks where he treads.

SMITH.

A warrior looks
Before, and not behind him.

POWHATAN. (*To* UTTA.)

He will die
As bravely as a Redskin !

UTTA.

Try him ! Squaws
Can speak big words.

POWHATAN. (*To* SMITH.)

White warrior ! Thou shalt die !

(*A wild shout from the Indians.*)

SMITH.

Know'st thou from whence I come ?

POWHATAN.

No.

SMITH.

I will show thee.

[*Takes a compass from his pocket, and lays it on the step before* POWHATAN.

SMITH. (*Aside.*)

Now fortune stand my friend ! My faithful compass !
My guide, companion, aid me ! Ha ! it works !

POCAHONTAS.

It moves! it lives!

NANTAQUAS.

It is a Spirit!

SMITH. (*Takes it up, and offers it to* POWHATAN.)

Touch it.

POWHATAN. (*Touches the glass.*)

I cannot.

SMITH.

It will show you where I live;
It will revenge me, too, where'er I die.
Move it!—Again!—

POWHATAN.

It points to the Potomac!

[*The Indians continue moving it several times; expressing, by signs, their astonishment.* POWHATAN *beckons the Powah to him.*

See!

SMITH.

It is my Manitto. It protects me
In danger. It has often saved my life.
It showed my nation where the Redskins live;
And it can tell me, how I must return
To my own country.

POWHATAN. (*To the* POWAH.)

Does he speak the truth?

POWAH.

Brave Sachem! I have told you, that the Yengeese
Are great Magicians. Did I speak the truth?
Behold their Medicine!

POWHATAN.

Will it revenge him,
If he should suffer death?

POWAH.

Not, worthy Sachem,
If you bestow but corn and game enough,
To furnish forth a fitting sacrifice,
Such as the Mighty Spirit loves to look on.

POWHATAN.

Powah! it shall be done.

[*An Indian comes forward, takes a mantle of furs from his shoulder, and gives it to* SMITH.

FIRST INDIAN.

I came to see you.
You gave me beads. I sat beside your fire,
And warmed me. Take it. It is cold.

SMITH.

I thank you.

[*The Indian returns to his place. Another Indian rushes towards* SMITH, *raising his war-club. At a signal from* POWHATAN, *two of the guards arrest him.*

SECOND INDIAN.

My son is sick. Hobamoc must have life—
My son's, or else this Whiteskin's.

[*A pause. The Indian reluctantly returns to his place.* SMITH *takes from his neck a silver chain; and, approaching* POCAHONTAS, *on one knee presents it to her, throwing it over her neck.*

POWAH. (*To* POWHATAN.)

He has cast
His spell upon your daughter!

POWHATAN. (*Seizes the chain, and dashes it from him.*)

Quick! the block!

[*A large stone is brought in by two Indians; another stands prepared with a huge war-club.* SMITH *looks round, as if meditating escape.*

POWHATAN.

Guard well the door!

SMITH.

It needs not. Take my life.

POWHATAN. (*Rises.*)

Chiefs, warriors, braves! The captive stands before you;
One of that stranger-race, who came among us
Scarcely nine moons ago; their best war-chief.
'Twas he who seized our Okee, he who slew,
In Kecoughtan our brethren. He it is,
To whom the Whiteskins look for help and counsel.
Without him, they are like a herd of deer
Before the hunters.

SMITH.

By my father's beard,
Thou say'st the thing which is not. I'm but one—

But one of many—one of thousand warriors,
From my own land, all—all as good as I;
And they'll avenge me.

POWHATAN.

You yourselves have seen him
Practise his sorceries against our daughter;
His life is mine; but see! I give it you,
To save or to destroy. Speak! Life or death?

INDIANS.

Death!

POWHATAN. (*To* SMITH.)

Thou hast heard it!

SMITH.

I have heard it. [*A pause.*

(SMITH *approaches* POCAHONTAS.)

Maiden!
I knew the stake I played for was a great one;
A stake of life or death: and I had thought,
If that I lost it, I would pay the forfeit,
Without one uttered word. And yet—and yet—
Rather for thy sake, maiden, than my own,
There's something I would say. It is the first—
'Twill be the last word I shall ever speak
To thee. I've fought against thy nation—slain
Some of thy countrymen; and, if thou wilt,
I am thy nation's foe. Yet never—never—
In word or deed—by art of sorcery—
Or in aught else, have I conspired against
Thy life or welfare. If we ever meet
In some bright Land of Spirits, there thou'lt know

That I have spoken truth. (*To* POWHATAN.) Strike! I am ready!

[*At a sign from* POWHATAN, *the Executioner, who had retired, approaches* SMITH, *and signs to him to lay his head on the block.* SMITH *kneels and prepares to obey.* POCAHONTAS *rushes between them, and motions the Executioner away.* POWHATAN *starts up, then suddenly reseats himself.*

NOMONY.

Sister!

SMITH.

I thank thee, gentle maiden. Now
I am content to die!

[POCAHONTAS *turns appealingly to* POWHATAN.

POWHATAN.

It may not be;
His life is forfeit.

[SMITH *lays his head on the block.*

POCAHONTAS.

Then take my life too!

[*She throws herself down beside* SMITH, *folds his head in her arms, and lays hers upon it. The Executioner pauses and looks at* POWHATAN. (*To the Executioner.*)

Fearest thou a woman? Strike!

[*The Executioner raises his club, and again turns to* POWHATAN. POWHATAN *rises and looks round to the Indians, as collecting their suffrages.*

POWHATAN.

His life is thine!
Thou hast redeemed it.

[POCAHONTAS *resumes her seat.* SMITH *rises.*

POWHATAN.

Stranger! thou shalt dwell
Among us, and make Yengeese ornaments
For her who saved thy life, and tomahawks
For me and for my warriors.

SMITH.

I will send thee
Beads, hatchets, tomahawks—whate'er thou choosest—
If thou wilt suffer me return in safety,
To my own people.

POWHATAN.

Wilt thou give me two
Of the big guns that stand around your lodges?

SMITH.

Yes, I will give them.

[POWHATAN *turns to* UTTA MACCOMAC, *as asking his counsel.*

UTTA.

Wilt thou trust the words
Of a two-tongued Yengeese?

POWHATAN. (*To* SMITH.)

Why should I trust thee?

SMITH,

Because I fear not death—as thou hast seen.
A brave man lies not.

POWHATAN.

I will trust thee.

SMITH.

Send
Some of thy warriors with me, to receive
The gifts I've promised thee.

POWHATAN.

Rawhunt! take thou
Some braves along with thee, and bring the presents.

[RAWHUNT *signs to some of the Indians.*

SMITH. (*To* POCAHONTAS.)

Brave Indian maiden! wilt thou trust so far
The honor of the man whom thou hast saved,
As visit, with thy train, the Yengeese lodges,
Thou shalt be dearly welcome!

POCAHONTAS.

I will come.

POWHATAN.

When I receive thy presents, I will give thee
The Capahousic country, and for ever
Esteem thee as my son.

SMITH,

(*Whose eyes had been fixed on* POCAHONTAS, *starts.*)

Thy son!—(*To the Indians.*) I'm ready.

[*Exeunt* SMITH *and Indians. A loud shout. Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before the Jamestown Blockhouse.

Enter ANNE BURRAS, *followed by* KRABHUIS.

KRABHUIS.

But I could tell thee—

ANNE. (*Impatiently.*)

Nothing that I care
To hear.

KRABHUIS. (*Mysteriously.*)

There are great plans—

ANNE.

Great fiddlesticks!
[*Is going.*

KRABHUIS. (*Detaining her.*)

There are great plans, I say.

ANNE.

I'd give this 'kerchief
To know one plan.

KRABHUIS.

What is't?

ANNE.

The quickest way,
When an old fool runs after a young girl,
To rid her of him.

KRABHUIS.

Pshaw!—The plan is—

ANNE.

What?

KRABHUIS.

To pack up and begone.

ANNE.

And leave him here?
Why, that were not amiss, if one could find
A chance.

KRABHUIS. (*Astonished.*)

And you would leave him?

ANNE.

Marry would I;
And thank my lucky stars for such a riddance.

KRABHUIS.

You would?—

ANNE.

You doubt it still?

KRABHUIS.

Nay, if you say so—

ANNE.

Say so! God grant me patience! Say so! Now,
I'd like to know what language I must speak,
To be believed. Say so! Is't not enough,
That I have said so full five hundred times,
I must repeat it yet?

KRABHUIS.

I thought you gave
Encouragement.

ANNE.

By heaven! this passes bounds!
Encouragement! If to say: "Out, old fool!
"Pack off! Begone! Away! I'll none of you!"—
If you call that encouragement, inform me
How I must tell a man that I detest him.

KRABHUIS.

Well! if there be a riddle in this world,
A woman's one! I could have sworn you liked him—
Ah! now I see it all! You sent the youth—

ANNE.

The youth?—

KRABHUIS.

So! sweetheart, so! You sent him off
Among the Indians, to be rid of him.
Fie! what a cunning jade! Oh how he'll storm

When he returns, and finds us all gone off
For England.

ANNE.

Ha!

KRABHUIS.

You did not guess it, sweetheart,
Before?

ANNE.

Guess what?

KRABHUIS.

That all was nearly ready
For embarkation.

ANNE.

Is it?

KRABHUIS.

Ratcliffe, Archer
And master Wingfield, master Martin too,
Are in the scheme. 'Tis all arranged—all settled—
The pinnace will be out—

ANNE.

Will it?

KRABHUIS.

To-morrow,
Or next day at the latest.

ANNE.

At the latest?

KRABHUIS.

Yes, if we can but persuade the men to go.
Oh! some will grumble; but the greater part
Favor the plan. They like old England better
Than these black woods. Don't you?

ANNE.

Now God forgive them!

KRABHUIS. (*Astonished.*)

For what?

ANNE.

Smith and his men, they're to be left?

KRABHUIS.

Of course.

ANNE.

They talk of slimy, treacherous reptiles
Crawling in these wild woods, whose slightest bite
Is instant death. I'd take one to my bosom,
Sooner than to consort with damned traitors,
Like these!

KRABHUIS.

The saints protect us!

ANNE.

Tell me—quick—
Thou vile, old dotard! where are master Ratcliffe
And master Archer to be found?

KRABHUIS.

Lord Jesus!

ANNE.

What! you must swear! I'll have an answer. Speak!
Thou black-souled serpent!

KRABHUIS.

I believe—I think—

ANNE.

Well?

KRABHUIS.

They are in the Blockhouse. Why—

ANNE.

I'll find them.

[*As she is going out, she observes a paper on the ground, picks it up, looks at it and exit hastily.* KRABHUIS *lifts up his hands and eyes in astonishment, then exit cautiously after her.*

Enter, from the other side, RATCLIFFE *and* ARCHER, *as in search of something lost.*

RATCLIFFE.

You lost it here?

ARCHER.

I think so.

RATCLIFFE.

Then 'tis gone.
The wind, perchance, has drifted it away.

ARCHER.

Why, 'tis a calm.

RATCLIFFE.

Then, ten to one, some idler
Has picked it up. See! Here are recent foot-prints—
A woman's, too, unless my eyes deceive me.
I thought I saw a petticoat whisk round
The corner of the Blockhouse, but just now—
What moves you? Was't important?

ARCHER.

Master Ratcliffe,
We must set sail this day.

RATCLIFFE.

This day? How now?
What have you lost that renders you thus urgent?

ARCHER.

A list of all our trusty friends; a sketch
Of our resources—secret plans—in short,
What will convey to Smith, or to his friends,
Enough to mar the whole.

RATCLIFFE.

Then all is lost!

ARCHER.

Say, rather, all is gained, if we are firm
And prompt. Smith may be dead. At all events,
He is a prisoner—his friends are weak—

[*Re-enter* ANNE BURRAS, *followed, at a little distance, by* KRABHUIS.

ANNE.

Your pardon, gentlemen.

RATCLIFFE.

Fair mistress Anne,
What would you?

KRABHUIS.

Master Ratcliffe, she's stark mad,
Be careful!

ANNE.

I would know if it be true,
As master Krabhuis here declares it is,
That there's a plan to ship us off for England,
And leave our Captain Smith and all his men
In the wild Indians' hands.

RATCLIFFE.

I didn't know
You were a politician, pretty Anne.

ANNE.

Is't true or false?

RATCLIFFE.

Now, in good sooth, fair mistress,
You question sharply.

ANNE.

It is true, then.

(*To* KRABHUIS, *who is about to interrupt her.*)

Peace!
(*To* RATCLIFFE.) You cannot do it.—Nay, your pardon yet—
If you are base and cold-blooded enough
To leave the men who risk their lives for yours

To torture, chains or death—all are not so.
Some little spark of gratitude and honor
Is left among us yet. And may I never
Know happiness in life, or peace in death,
So I proclaim you not, throughout the fort,
False-hearted, rotten traitors! (*Holds up the paper.*) Ay! look there!
And read your condemnation!

[ARCHER *snatches at the paper.* ANNE *escapes and exit.* ARCHER, *who is about to follow her, is detained by* RATCLIFFE.

RATCLIFFE.

Let her go!
Good master Archer, 'twere an easier task
To catch and tame the whelp-robbed lioness,
Than that same fire-brand wench. Her bachelor
Is with them. (*A shot is heard.*) What is that? A vessel! Look! [*A loud shout without.*
Newport's, by heaven! I see the British Jack
At his mast-head. His boat's put off already.
Let's on to meet him. [*Exeunt.*

[*Loud shouts. Several Colonists cross the stage, crying out,* "NEWPORT'S *come!*"—"*News from old England!*"—"*Letters! Letters!*"—*They hurry by.*

Enter SMITH, LAYDON, RAWHUNT, *and several Indians.*

SMITH.

It is Captain Newport,
My brave old friend!

Enter, hurriedly, ANNE BURRAS. *She stops short, at sight of* LAYDON. *He springs towards her, and she falls on his neck.*

LAYDON.

Now, now to Chaplain Hunt !

[*Exeunt*, LAYDON *and* ANNE *to the fort ;* SMITH *and Indians towards the River.*

SCENE II.

Powhatan's Lodge.

Enter POCAHONTAS *and* NOMONY. POCAHONTAS *with bow and quiver.*

NOMONY.

Thou *wilt* go, then ?

POCAHONTAS.

Why should I not, dear sister ?

NOMONY.

So far already thou wilt trust him ?

POCAHONTAS.

Ay !

That will I.

NOMONY.

Thou art rash.

POCAHONTAS.

He's honorable !

NOMONY.

How know'st thou that?

POCAHONTAS.

Did'st thou not mark his face?

NOMONY.

A face can lie.

POCAHONTAS.

Look on Paspaho's face,
And say it can.

NOMONY.

Ah! thou art caught at last!
And, dearest, think by whom!—by a Paleface!

POCAHONTAS.

Thy shot is wide o'the mark.

NOMONY.

Thou lov'st him not?

POCAHONTAS.

Do I not love my father—old Maccomac—
My brother—thee—thine own Paspaho?

NOMONY.

Sister!

POCAHONTAS.

Well, dear Nomony?

NOMONY.

I confessed to thee,
And now thou play'st me false! Is this like thee?
The Palefaces have changed thee.

POCAHONTAS.

The Great Spirit
Forgive thee thy suspicions, dear Nomony!

NOMONY.

Thou lov'st him not?

POCAHONTAS.

Not as thou lov'st Paspaho.

NOMONY.

Well, it is strange!—I saw thee tremble—spring
To save his life—lay down thy head on his—
Even when the fatal club was raised above you—

POCAHONTAS.

He would have done the same—and more—for me.

NOMONY.

And yet thou lov'st him not?

POCAHONTAS.

I love to call him
My father.—May the Good Manitto keep thee!

[*Is going.*

NOMONY.

I'll go with thee.

POCAHONTAS.

And leave our father here
Alone? Indeed thou shalt not. Here he comes;
And thy Paspaho with him. Sweet, farewell!
[*Kisses her, and exit.*

Enter POWHATAN *and* PASPAHO.

PASPAHO. (*To* POWHATAN.)

It is Namontac.

NOMONY.

What, returned already,
Across the Great Salt Lake, from Yengeese Land?

POWHATAN.

Let him come hither.

NOMONY.

Is it possible?
Returned from Yengeese Land! Ah me! what wonders
He must have seen and heard!

Re-enter PASPAHO *with* NAMONTAC; *the latter wearing a Spanish hat, and a bright scarlet cloak, over his Indian dress.*

NOMONY.

Is that Namontac?

NAMONTAC. (*Advancing to* POWHATAN, *kneels.*)

Great Sachem! may'st thou see a hundred snows!

NOMONY. (*Aside.*)

He looks and moves already like a Yengeese!

POWHATAN.

What hast thou seen?

NAMONTAC.

If I could count the leaves
That autumn winds have strewed throughout our forests;
If I could say how many deer are found
In Aragisca, I might tell thee, too,
What I have seen.

POWHATAN.

Do the Palefaces dwell
Beyond the Great Lake, where the sun first rises?

NAMONTAC.

They do.

POWHATAN.

How far?

NAMONTAC.

Two moons ago we left
Their country; and their winged canoes are swift.

NOMONY.

So far as that!

POWHATAN.

Are they a mighty nation?
I bade thee count their warriors, and I gave thee

Long stalks of cane to notch the number on.
Where are they?

NAMONTAC.

Sachem! Indians may be counted;
There is no number for a Yengeese nation!

POWHATAN.

Are they so many?

NAMONTAC.

You may sooner reckon
The pebbles of the lake!

[PASPAHO *and* NOMONY *put their hands to their mouths, in token of astonishment.*

POWHATAN.

I bade thee see
The Yengeese God. Hast thou obeyed me?

NAMONTAC.

No.
I asked to see him, but the Whiteskins said
He dwelt above the clouds, and that no man
Could find him out. I asked to see their Okees—
They understood me not, until I called them
The Spirits that protect their braves in war—
But they, too, dwell, it seems, in Yengeese Land,
Above the clouds.

POWHATAN.

That's strange! The Yengeese Sachem—
Dwells he above the clouds too?

NAMONTAC.

No, I saw him.

POWHATAN.

Is he a mighty warrior?

NAMONTAC.

Powhatan!
I am a brave. Dost thou believe my words?

POWHATAN.

Speak! I believe thy words.

NAMONTAC.

The Palefaced Nation
Are great, and rich, and powerful. They dwell
In lodges framed of rock. Their mighty guns
Roar louder than the thunder—raining death
Wherever they are pointed. They have warriors,
All clad in Yengeese iron, active and brave,
With longknives sharper than our tomahawks;
And seated on the back of these strange beasts,
You've seen among them here. And yet—oh strange!
Their Sachem's an old squaw!

POWHATAN.

A woman?

NAMONTAC.

No;
But an old, coward squaw.

POWHATAN.

The Yengeese Sachem!

PASPAHO.

A squaw! and yet his warriors obey him!

NAMONTAC.

I've said it. Can I lie? Am I a coward?
He cannot look a warrior in the face!

POWHATAN.

And this is he, the Great and Mighty Chief,
Of whom Palefaces say his power's so great
No people can resist it; and his goodness
Is bright as is the sun! The Yengeese lie!

NOMONY.

Where did'st thou see him?

NAMONTAC.

In his lodge of rock,
With all his braves and counsellors about him.
I strode towards his throne. As I came near him,
I saw his pale face turn yet paler—heard him
Call out in terror to his warriors
To stop me—bid them seize my tomahawk.
I drew it to defend me; and I saw him
Shake in his seat for very fright, till Newport,
The Yengeese Chief who guides their great canoe,
Spoke friendly words, and calmed the Sachem's fear.

PASPAHO.

I thank the Great Wahconda I was born
A Redskin!

POWHATAN.

Are the Yengeese forests large
And richly stocked with game?

NAMONTAC.

I did not see
In all their land a forest, that would shelter
One goodly herd of deer.

PASPAHO.

No forests? How!
Where are their hunting-grounds?

NAMONTAC.

They've none.

PASPAHO.

What! none!
Where do their elk and bears and beavers live?

NAMONTAC.

They've none.

POWHATAN.

No game? Poor Yengeese! Little wonder
That they should leave their land, and come to ours
In search of food!

NAMONTAC.

Nay, they have food enough.

POWHATAN.

Food, and no hunting-grounds!

NAMONTAC.

Even so, great Sachem.
I dwelt among them in their mighty village—

The Yengeese name it London. In the midst,
Is an enormous lodge, so huge, so wide,
That it would cover up an Indian village,
Trees, wigwams, fields and all. There Yengeese chiefs,
All robed in black, conduct their sacrifices.
My father Newport led me up—and up—
Till we had reached its utmost top, so high
The clouds were close above us. Then I looked
Over that settlement, far—far away,
To where the earth rose up to meet the sky,
All round and round me. Mighty Sachem! there —
In all that vast extent that spread below me,
Like to a burnt savannah, with red rocks
Springing up over it—I nothing saw,
Save only painted lodges and black smoke:
No tree, no shrub; not even one single patch
Of fresh, green earth.

PASPAHO.

And men live there?

NAMONTAC.

They swarm
Like locusts.

PASPAHO.

Have they squaws and white papooses?

NAMONTAC.

They have.

PASPAHO.

And pass their lives in that huge village?

NAMONTAC.

From earliest infancy to white-haired age.

PASPAHO.

Well, that's the greatest marvel yet, of all!
Without, or forest shade, or green savannah,
They live, they love!

NAMONTAC.

Even so.

PASPAHO.

What! woo a maiden
Within the square walls of a painted lodge?
No shady path, no moon to look upon them;
Not even a bush or shrub, to veil their meeting
From common eyes! The Yengeese cannot love.
Can they, Nomony? [NOMONY *drops her eyes.*
Think'st thou love can grow
In soil like that?

NOMONY.

I—(*Raises her eyes.*) I could love thee, even
In Yengeese land, Paspaho!
[*He extends his arms. She springs to him. They embrace.*

POWHATAN.

It is well.
(*To* NOMONY.) See that Namontac has to eat,—that is,
If he can relish still our Indian fare.

NAMONTAC.

May this arm lose its strength; may every child
That's born to me turn out a worthless coward;
May I be called to follow a warchief,
Who shakes and trembles like a Palefaced Sachem—

If I forsake, for any Yengeese fashion,
The customs of my Indian Fatherland!

NOMONY.

Come, then, Namontac. We will try thee. Come!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Jamestown Blockhouse. Two demi-culverins on one side.

Enter NEWPORT, SMITH, ROLFE, SPILMAN, *and a Sailor.*

SMITH. (*To* NEWPORT.)

A man must sojourn in wild woods like these,
Throughout long, dreary months, to know the value
Of friends and news from home.—This is our Block-house,—
Our fort, our castle. Rolfe, what think you of it?

ROLFE.

'Tis passing quaint. It looks like some rude fortress,
A true-souled painter would go leagues to sketch.
I like it.

SMITH.

Thou hast come to stay among us?

NEWPORT.

Are you so lame a suitor, master Smith,
As put that question to the youth already?
Show him some dark-haired, bright-eyed Indian girl—

Some graceful mermaid of these ocean-forests—
And ask him then, whether he'll sail with me,
Or anchor here among you.

ROLFE.

I believe
I shall return with Newport.

NEWPORT.

To be sure!
It would be strange if you believed aught else.
You have not seen them yet.

SMITH.

I cannot show him
An Indian maiden here. These forest fawns
Are shy, and trust us not.

NEWPORT.

By Jove! they're right there.

SMITH.

But, an' it please you, I will summon hither
My Indian guides. I owe them thanks and kindness;
And to their Chief, for his fair courtesy,
Such presents as these children of the wild
Take pleasure in. Good Spilman, bid them hither.

[*Exit* SPILMAN.

NEWPORT. (*To the Sailor.*)

Here, Jack, we've lots of beads and other baubles,
Hatchets and nick-nacks lying in our boat;
Bring us an armful of them.

SAILOR.

Ay, ay, Sir.

[*Exit Sailor.*

NEWPORT. (*To* SMITH.)

I marvel you escaped these heathen savages
Unscathed in life and limb.

ROLFE.

How happened it?
Tell us, good master Smith.

SMITH.

I have related
How I was taken prisoner, and carried
Before their Sachem, Powhatan.

NEWPORT.

Ay, ay!
We know all that.

ROLFE.

But how did you escape?

SMITH.

I owe my life to a young Indian maiden.

NEWPORT.

So, so!

ROLFE.

Indeed!

SMITH.

The deathsman stood beside me,
His club upraised, my head upon the block,—
She rushed between us, pleaded for my life,
In the soft, silvery tones of woman's pity;
Till the grim savage dropped his club, abashed,
And her stern father pardoned me.

NEWPORT.

Her father!
What! She's a princess then?

ROLFE.

The Sachem's daughter?

NEWPORT.

Smith, you're a lucky fellow—young Charatza,
In former days, and now this—

SMITH.

Nay, good Newport,
Forgive me, but I cannot, even in jest,
Hear light word spoken of that Indian maiden.
Had you but seen her there—her dark eyes flashing—
Her slender form, where childhood's bounding grace
Contended yet with woman's richer beauty;
Her raven tresses parted, on a brow
Such as one dreams of under summer skies,
Or poet's fancy paints, in some far planet,
Where doubt and fear have never entered yet—
Had you but seen her, in her innocence,
Confront that savage executioner—
The tameless spirit of her forest race
Mantling her clear, dusk cheek, kindling her eye,
Breathing its power over her graceful limbs,
Till their slight muscles seemed to grow to steel,

So calm, so firm she stood; while scarcely rose
The deerskin vest above her gentle bosom,
Or sank the full tones of her music-voice,
Even when she bade him strike, and bowed her head
To meet the blow—oh! had you seen her then,
Offering, at nature's promptings, her young life
To save a stranger's, you would wonder not,
If, on that stranger's ear, the lightest word
That seems to link her name with aught unholy
Should jar—should sound—ay! even like profanation!

NEWPORT.

Good master Smith, I am a rough, old seaman,
Forgive me if my tongue missed stays just then;
I meant not harm.

SMITH.

Enough, enough, good Newport.

NEWPORT.

I'll treat your Indian princess, from henceforth,
As if she were our own King James' daughter,
And heir apparent to the British throne.
And master Rolfe here, too, I'll answer for't,
Will do the same.—'Fore George, the lad's as silent,
And grave, as if his father had just died.
Besee thee, master Smith, or this same youth
May take the wind out of your sails, himself.
He's just the sort of tinder, catches fire
At maiden's eyes.—How now! Aground again!
By Neptune's head, I'd rather take my ship,
Without a pilot, up to London bridge,
Than thread the shifting channels and nice scruples
Of these same gallants' whims.

SMITH.

My good old friend—

NEWPORT.

Well! I must give that subject a wide berth
Another time. Here comes a face of news.

Enter LAYDON, *from the Blockhouse, and Sailor with Indian toys, which he spreads out.*

LAYDON. (*To* SMITH.)

Our Indians—

SMITH.

Well?

LAYDON.

They will be here anon—

SMITH.

I know they will.

LAYDON.

I would I had been sooner—
There's mischief in them!

SMITH.

Ah! what proof?

LAYDON.

They're coming!
And there's no time—enough, I've watched them close,
I know their ways and signs—they're plotting mischief.
You'll hear on't soon.

SMITH.

Hand me thy bandaleer.
[*Sprinkles powder on the ground.*
And fetch me—quick! a lighted match—and, stay!
[*To* LAYDON, *who is going.*
Mark me! a bowl of our strong waters.

LAYDON.

Ay!
[*Exit* LAYDON.

NEWPORT.

What mean you, master Smith?

SMITH.

Our Indian guides
Have spied our weakness—noted our small numbers—
There's danger from them—and it must be met.

NEWPORT.

But how?

SMITH.

See here they come!

Enter RAWHUNT *and Indians.* *Soon after* LAYDON *with a match and bowl.*

(*To the Indians.*)
My brothers, look!
(*Pointing to the presents.*)
Your father Newport comes from Yengeese Land,
And he has brought, from our Great Father there,
These presents for your Sachem. Take them!

RAWHUNT.

Bro ther!
Your talk is good. But where are the big guns?

SMITH.

There! take them too. (*Pointing to the demi-culverins.*)

[*The Indians endeavor to move them, but cannot. They testify their astonishment by exclamations, and by putting their hands to their mouths.*

Take them!

RAWHUNT.

Big guns are heavy!

SMITH.

There's Yengeese thunder in them. Dost thou see
Yon spreading oak upon the river bank?

RAWHUNT.

I see it.

SMITH.

Laydon!

[*Signs to him to fire the cannon.* RAWHUNT *remains unmoved. The others start, and exhibit astonishment.*

SMITH.

Yonder tree was strong;
Its numerous limbs, and far out-spreading branches
Gave spacious refuge from the wintry storm.
Where are they now?—Your Sachem's great and brave,
He is the parent tree of many tribes;
A hundred chiefs sit down beneath the shelter
Of his wide lodge. Yet Powhatan might fall.

RAWHUNT.

Indians are many.

SMITH.

Yengeese guns are loud.

RAWHUNT.

So is our warwhoop.

SMITH.

But it cannot kill.

RAWHUNT.

Our hatchets can.

SMITH.

Wouldst thou behold our power?
Then see! If you refuse us maize and game,
We'll burn your land—we'll set your lakes and rivers
On fire! Behold!
[*He applies a match to the powder; it ignites: he touches the strong water; it blazes up.*
Red warriors! Take your choice!
Will you have war? Remember fire can burn
And thunder kill.—Or, will your Indian Sachem
Bury the hatchet underneath the tree
Of peace? Then we will take you by the hand
And make you presents. Laydon, lead them in.
Set food before them. [*Exeunt* LAYDON *and Indians.*

NEWPORT.

By my troth, friend Smith,
The jest worked bravely.

ROLFE. (*To* SMITH.)

Thou art greatly changed.

SMITH.

Changed!

ROLFE.

Ay.

SMITH.

What mean you?

ROLFE.

That there was a time,
When my brave friend had paused to ask himself,
If it were just—if it were honest—noble—
Thus to excite the fears and blind the eyes
Of simple-hearted savages.

NEWPORT.

And so,
You think it would be far more noble, honest
And just, to let those simple-hearted savages
Cut all our throats.

ROLFE. (*Laughing.*)

That's a true sailor's version
Of my wise sermon.

NEWPORT.

'Tis a true one, boy.

ROLFE.

Dear Smith, we've made you grave.

SMITH.

I but bethought me,
How, underneath the world's fierce, tropic sun,

The morning freshness of our youth exhales,
Or ere we mark its flight!

Enter POCAHONTAS.

POCAHONTAS.

My father! [*Kneels to him.*

SMITH.

Ha!

NEWPORT.

As I'm a living man, his Indian princess!

[SMITH *raises her.*

POCAHONTAS.

Thou bad'st me to thy lodge, and I am come.

ROLFE. (*Aside.*)

Th' embodied spirit of her forest race!

SMITH.

Thou'rt come!—I owe thee life, thou noble creature!
Life, that is dear, even to the crippled wretch;
To me now doubly dear, since it was purchased
At risk of thine. I owe thee life and freedom—
My being—all that gives that being value.
Thou'st flung upon me such a load of debt,
That gratitude herself is crushed beneath it,
And lays her down, despairing!

POCAHONTAS.

This is strange!
I understand it not. In sooth I thought,
Had I been captive ta'en by Yengeese braves,
Thou wouldst have ventured more than that for me.

SMITH.

For thee!

POCAHONTAS.

Thou wouldst not?

SMITH.

Would not do't for thee?
Would not? That's bitter! Have I shown a spirit
So base, so craven, thou canst breathe a doubt,
And ask me if I would?

POCAHONTAS.

I knew thou wouldst.
See then! If thou hadst risked thy life for mine,
I would have borne thee love and filial duty,
And thought the debt redeemed. And would it not?
I did not know there *was* a debt, so great,
Love could not cancel it.

SMITH.

There's none! There's none!

POCAHONTAS.

Then see how quickly thou canst pay thy debt,
And never be the poorer. Wilt thou be
My father?

SMITH.

I!—Thy father?—I!

POCAHONTAS.

Ah me!
They told me white men were too cold and proud
To love!

SMITH.

Thy father, saidst thou?

POCAHONTAS.

Thou wilt not?

SMITH.

Dear maiden!—

POCAHONTAS.

Ah! thou wilt! I see it in
Thine eyes. I am thy daughter Pocahontas.

SMITH.

All that the truest, fondest parent ever
Was to an only daughter, will I be
To thee!

POCAHONTAS.

Father! my heart is very glad.
Albeit the race to which I owe my birth
Is an unmixed one, I love the Yengeese.
I came among you as a stranger; now
The white men are my brethren.

SMITH.

Gentle maiden!
God grant the generous confidence thou giv'st,
Meet fair return from those whom thou hast trusted.

POCAHONTAS.

And will it not? Oh yes! I'm sure it will.
I like the Yengeese faces. [*Looking at* ROLFE.

NEWPORT.

Pretty dove!
I'd give my last year's wages, for thy sake,
To be a younger man.

SMITH.

And hast thou ventured,
These forests through, alone?

POCAHONTAS.

Nay, not alone.
Two Indian maidens came with me; but they
Lost heart when they perceived the Yengeese lodges,
And tarried in yon copse. 'Tis I alone,
Who do not fear the Yengeese.

SMITH.

Sweet wild flower!
May the cold touch of icy-hearted doubt
Ne'er reach thy pure, warm spirit!

POCAHONTAS.

I must go
And fetch them.

ROLFE. (*Detaining her.*)

Gentle maid, hast thou a brother?

POCAHONTAS.

A brother? Yes. A brave young warrior,
Nantaquas.

ROLFE.

Only one.

POCAHONTAS.

One only brother :
But I've two fathers ; one my Indian father,
And one my Yengeese.

ROLFE.

Wilt thou have two brothers ?
Nantaquas, one ; the other—a white man ?

POCAHONTAS.

An' if I like his face.

ROLFE.

Sweet ! Wilt thou have
Me for thy brother ?

POCAHONTAS.

Thee ?—my father Smith—

SMITH.

Thy father ! well—

POCAHONTAS.

See now ! thou hast forgotten
Already that thou hast an Indian daughter.
Tell me, (*pointing to* ROLFE,) is he a brave-souled warrior ?

SMITH.

He is.

ROLFE.

Thou wilt ?

POCAHONTAS.

Yes—yes ; I like thy face.

ROLFE.

My sister ! [*Kisses her hand.*

POCAHONTAS.

I must go.

ROLFE.

And thy new brother—
May he go with thee ?

POCAHONTAS.

Come !

ROLFE.

Dear sister !

POCAHONTAS.

Come !

[*Exeunt* ROLFE *and* POCAHONTAS. SMITH *continues to gaze after them, absently.*

NEWPORT. (*To the Sailor.*)

Jack !

SAILOR.

Ay, Sir !

NEWPORT.

Overhaul these krinkum-krancums.

SAILOR.

Ay, ay, Sir.

NEWPORT.

Take them to the Blockhouse. Find
John Laydon. Tell him, they are for the Indians.

SAILOR.

The Indians it is, Sir. [*Exit Sailor.*

NEWPORT.

We must coax
These heathen savages—and scare them too.
God ! 'twas well done !

SMITH. (*Starts from his reverie.*)

Well done ?

NEWPORT.

I say the trick
Was first-rate.

SMITH.

What ! the trick ! You call't a trick ?
He's above that !

NEWPORT.

Why, Smith—

SMITH.

I know he is !

NEWPORT.

He's moonstruck, certes.

SMITH.

Do you call't a trick ?

NEWPORT.

Well, well ; a stratagem, an't like you better.

SMITH.

A stratagem!

NEWPORT.

I swear, by all the saints,
Henceforward you shall pick your words yourself.
Here I begin commend the shrewd conceit
You passed upon these silly Indians;
And for I called it what it was, a trick;
You start; cry "Trick!" cry "Stratagem!" as if
One had arraigned you for high treason.

SMITH.

Ah!
The Indians was it?

NEWPORT.

Why, who should it be?

SMITH.

True; we must see to them.—I am a fool—
A selfish fool.—You said the Indians,
Yes, they're our enemies—our enemies?
Yet we must guard against them. Yes, we must.
And that is not so easy. There are weapons
Sharper than tomahawks.

NEWPORT.

Now, master Smith,
I know thee not. What is come over thee?
Thou wav'ring thus!

Enter ARCHER.

ARCHER.

God save yo u, master Newport!
Will't please you seek our Council?

SMITH. (*Draws.*)

Gabriel Archer!
I do impeach thee here of secret treason
Against this Colony. Behold my proofs! [*Shows a paper.*
Either before our Council thou shalt clear thee
Against these witnesses from thine own hand,
Or, by the God that sees us, thou shalt go
With Newport back to England!

NEWPORT.

Here's a storm!

ARCHER.

Can this be master Smith, so courtly-calm,
So smoothly-mannered?

SMITH. (*Sheaths his sword.*)

Ay! so wags the world.
I loathe it! I am sick of villany.
To-day you play the easy fool—pass by
Some hell-engendered plot to take your life;
To-morrow, when the plot is spun again,
And you but cry, "Hold there!" oh then, forsooth,
You are unmannerly, uncourtly, rude,
Guilty of speaking out above your breath,
And calling traitors by untitled names
Before their faces. I have borne't too long.
I'll bear it, by the God of Heaven, no longer.
The serpent-villains that benet me round
Shall hear on't now. Ay, shall they! On, I say,
On to the Council chamber!

Enter JOHN LAYDON *and* ANNE.

LAYDON.

Noble Captain!
One moment! She is mine! Bestow your blessing!
[*They kneel to him.*

SMITH.

Ye have it—both—may ye be happy—ay!
Ye *can* be happy. Ye have found each other.
Ye will remain together—day by day—
In weal or wo—come sunshine or come storm—
Together ye will be! Oh, ye are happy!
Why ask my blessing? Blessed are ye already.
From Care's hot breath, from Sorrow's burning sting
Secure, beneath the shade of Love's protecting wing!

[*Curtain drops.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Blockhouse.

Enter KRABHUIS *and* MARTIN.

MARTIN.

You won't go, then?

KRABHUIS.

I cannot, master Martin.

MARTIN.

One half of all the gold we find shall be yours.

KRABHUIS.

I cannot go.

MARTIN.

My good friend Krabhuis, what ugly name was it, now, that Captain Smith bestowed on you?

KRABHUIS.

When?

MARTIN.

Why, the same day he arraigned master Archer before the Council, and had him packed off in Newport's ship, like a felon, for England.

KRABHUIS.

'Tis so long since I've forgotten.

MARTIN.

Dutch traitor, was it?

KRABHUIS.

Damnation! I'm busy, master Martin. [*Is going.*

MARTIN.

Nay, but a word. Would you leave this place?

KRABHUIS.

Would I?

MARTIN.

A vessel may be expected daily. Help me make out my hundred bags of gold dust against its arrival, and you shall return with me to England. Come!

KRABHUIS.

I cannot go.

MARTIN.

What! not to make your fortune?

KRABHUIS.

I tell you, no!

MARTIN.

Then stay, for a dull, old fool as thou art. I'll do without thee. [*Exit* MARTIN.

KRABHUIS. (*Alone.*)

Old fool! old fool!—Old ass, art thou. Ass? Fie! That's slander. That's but blackening an honest four-footed reputation. Ass! By the rood, but I repent me the defamation. When an ass sticks his nose to the ground, he finds wherewithal to fill his belly. But that

two-legged mole, there, lacks an ass's wisdom. Dull old fool, quotha! Jilted by a bitter wench, cursed by her varlet bachelor!—abused for a Dutch traitor by that swash-buckler Smith, and for an old fool by this mole, Martin. What's a fool? One that is kicked, and cursed, and beaten, and trodden and spit on; and then, when he sees revenge in his path, picks it not up. Traitor! Look to it, Captain Smith,—President you call yourself now—look to it! Wingfield and Archer you've sent to England; they were rattle-snakes: Krabhuis you sent not; he was but a fangless worm, and you could set your heel on him unstung. Look to it! Traitor! I've paid for the character; and, by my soul, what I've paid for is mine own, and I'll use it. There's a whole powder magazine of revenge lies hid in the scowling looks of these Indians. An old carronadier might set a match to it. (*Goes to the window.*) So! master Rolfe and his dingy, heathen sweetheart. What! kissing hands, is it? I hate the sight of them! And there's Smith, too. Dutch traitor! I'll throttle him!

Enter SMITH, ROLFE, POCAHONTAS, *and* NOMONY.

POCAHONTAS. (*To* ROLFE.)

Now, brother, now, your promise. Hast forgotten?

ROLFE.

My promise?

POCAHONTAS.

Ay! the speaking leaf.

NOMONY.

Yes, yes,
The speaking leaf! I'm glad you thought of it.

[*They go to a table, on which lie writing materials.*

SMITH. (*To* KRABHUIS.)

Krabhuis, you're something of a carpenter.
I promised Sachem Powhatan I'd send him
An English workman to fit up his lodge.
Say, will you go?

KRABHUIS.

I will.

SMITH.

Do what you can,
To pleasure the old Chief.

KRABHUIS.

Ay! he shall say
That I'm his friend.

SMITH.

And tell him that his daughters
Are safe and well.

POCAHONTAS.

And that to-morrow's sun
Shall light us to his lodge. [*Exit* KRABHUIS.

NOMONY.

Oh, I'm so glad!

ROLFE.

So glad! to-morrow! why so soon?

POCAHONTAS.

So soon!
We have been here—how long is it, Nomony?

NOMONY.

The moon of flowers had just commenced, and now
'Tis one half gone.

POCAHONTAS.

Is't possible?

ROLFE.

No, no;
It cannot be.

POCAHONTAS.

I think it cannot be.

NOMONY.

Indeed it is. I have not lost a day.

ROLFE.

Lost! I have gained, within that short half month,
More days of bliss than in long years before.
Not lost a day! So shrewd a reckoner?
I've found your secret, dear Nomony.

NOMONY.

Have you?

ROLFE.

Your body has been dwelling here among us;
Your heart—

POCAHONTAS. (*To* NOMONY.)

Nay, sister, never look at me.
I've told him nothing.

ROLFE.

Ah! I've guessed it.

NOMONY.

How?

You've seen him?

ROLFE.

Him! that little tell-tale word!
I've never seen him, no; but I can speak
To those I never saw.

NOMONY.

Can you?

ROLFE.

Look here! [*Writes.*
Take that to Captain Smith, and ask him what
It says.

NOMONY.

What says it, Sachem Smith?

SMITH.

What's this?

NOMONY.

Rolfe's speaking leaf. What says't?

SMITH. (*Reads.*)

"Nomony loves."

NOMONY.

Nomony! Give it me! Nomony! I?
[*Turning it round, and examining it in all directions.*
It cannot be. Where are my legs, my arms
My body? This like me! Look, Pocahontas!

POCAHONTAS.

'Tis very strange.

NOMONY. (*To* ROLFE.)

You told him what it was.

ROLFE.

Indeed I did not.

NOMONY.

Let me see't again.
Nomony !—Ah ! Rolfe, let me shut you out,
While Sachem Smith speaks to the leaf again ;—
Then see if you can tell us what it says. [*Shuts him out.*
Speak to it, father Smith.

SMITH.

What shall it say ?

NOMONY.

Oh, any thing. Say—Pocahontas loves not.

SMITH.

Loves not ? [*Writes.*

NOMONY.

Ay, that will tease him. Make it say it.
Now, brother Rolfe, come in. What says the leaf ?
[*Giving it.*

ROLFE.

Ah ! cruel leaf ! Is't truth ? She loves not ?
[*Looking at* POCAHONTAS.

NOMONY.

Who?

ROLFE. (*To* POCAHONTAS.)

Thou lov'st not?

NOMONY.

Let me see't!

ROLFE. (*To* POCAHONTAS.)

Thou said'st so! Thou!

NOMONY.

No, no; content thee; it was I who bid it
Say that. Rolfe, can a Red Man make it speak?

ROLFE.

Any one can. You or your sister.

NOMONY.

Can I?
I'd give my bow, of yellow orange wood—
The best in all our settlement—to know
That Medicine!

POCAHONTAS.

I think I understand it.

NONONY.

Well?

POCAHONTAS.

It is possible, to put a sign,

A mark of something that you both have seen,
And both can understand.

ROLFE.

But we can put
A mark for that which we have never seen.

NOMONY.

Indeed! Oh, show me that. Rolfe, turn your back,
And don't look round.

POCAHONTAS.

Now, sister, 'tis my turn.
[*Whispers* SMITH, *who writes.*
Give it to Rolfe. [*To* NOMONY.

ROLFE. (*Reads.*)

"Paspaho."

NOMONY.

Thou hast seen him?

ROLFE.

Never.

NOMONY. (*Looking at the paper.*)

And that's Paspaho! (*To* ROLFE.) Is he tall or short?

ROLFE.

Nay, you put writing to an unfair test;
I cannot tell.

NOMONY.

Not tell! How can the leaf
Name whom it never saw, yet know not whether
He's tall or short.

ROLFE.

Smith did not tell it that.

NOMONY.

Tell it, good Sachem Smith. [SMITH *writes.*
(*To Rolfe.*) Now see, an' if it knows. You smile!
What is't?

ROLFE. (*Reads.*)

"Paspaho's a young warrior, tall and brave."

NOMONY. (*Kisses the paper.*)

Dear leaf, I love you!

ROLFE.

I will teach you how
To write, an' if you will.

NOMONY.

To write! what's that?

ROLFE.

To speak on such a leaf.

NOMONY.

Oh joy! I'm ready.

ROLFE.

I cannot teach you in an hour—a day ·
We must have many days.

NOMONY.

Must we? I'm sorry.
But we shall soon return.

ROLFE.

I'll bless the art
Of writing while I live!

NOMONY.

And when I've learnt it,
If I have something that I fain would say
And yet not wish to speak it, then I'll make
The leaf speak for me.

POCAHONTAS.

Ay, and think, dear sister,
How sweet, when one is absent far from those
One loves, to send a speaking leaf like this,
And bid it say, we live and love them still.

ROLFE.

In many lands, beyond the Great Salt Lake,
These speaking messengers are daily sent,
Folded and fastened, so that he who bears them
Knows not their contents. Thus, far distant tribes
Speak to each other.

POCAHONTAS.

Strange!

ROLFE.

The deeds of warriors
Are noted down upon these speaking leaves;
Which never die, nor spoil by being kept.

And thus their children and their children's children
Hear what has happened thousand snows before.

POCAHONTAS.

Oh! if I could but cross that Great Salt Lake!

ROLFE.

Would you?

POCAHONTAS.

Ay would I!

ROLFE.

Wilt thou go with me—
With thy white brother?
[*She gives him her hand.* SMITH *regards them fixedly.*

Enter LAYDON.

LAYDON.

Sirs, the Council waits.

SMITH. (*Suddenly, and with eagerness.*)

We come!

LAYDON.

An expedition to the mountains
Is spoken of.

SMITH.

I am athirst for action!
Athirst!—
My blood is creeping through my laggart pulses,
As they would cease to beat.
I want the cool, fresh air—
The stirring forest breeze—the wild bird's song—

The free, blue sky! My heart is straitened here,
Within this fort. I must abroad—abroad!
This weary rest, this toilsome idleness
Is killing me!

ROLFE.

Dear Smith, I scarcely know you
Of late.

POCAHONTAS.

My father, you're a true war-chief,
Who cannot rest within a peaceful lodge;
But needs must out into the forest-depths,
To strike the deer, or throw the tomahawk.
You cannot live at peace.

SMITH.

At peace?—Too true!
I cannot live at peace.

POCAHONTAS.

Your wand'ring thoughts
Could never centre in a wigwam.

SMITH.

No?
Who told you that? Have I been tried?

POCAHONTAS.

My father,
Have I offended you?

SMITH,

Offended me?

POCAHONTAS.

Ah no !
That is my father's voice and look again.
I'm happy !

LAYDON.

Gentle Sirs, the Council waits.

SMITH. (*To* ROLFE.)

Come !

ROLFE.

We must go, indeed.

SMITH.

Dear Pocahontas !
Thou think'st me cold and wayward.

POCAHONTAS.

Nay--

SMITH.

Thou dost—
I know thou dost. But see ! My mind is filled
With many and distracting thoughts at times,
That force their way against my better will,
And cloud my brow with care—never unkindness—
Never !—I swear to thee !

POCAHONTAS.

My own, dear father !

SMITH.

Rolfe, we are waited for.

ROLFE.

Sweet friends, farewell!
[*Exeunt* SMITH, ROLFE *and* LAYDON.

NOMONY.

(*Looking at the paper which she holds in her hand.*)
I'll teach Paspaho how to make it speak.
What joy 'twill be to him!

POCAHONTAS.

How changed I am!
Think'st thou I'm proud, Nomony?

NOMONY.

Art thou thinking,
That thou hast cause to be so?

POCAHONTAS.

No.

NOMONY.

Why ask, then?
Thou know'st I do not think thee proud. 'Tis I
Am proud of thee.

POCAHONTAS.

How quickly, in the moon
Of haze, the forest changes! Hast thou marked
How, in a single night, the woods and meadows
Put off their dark-green dress, and prank themselves
In gay and brilliant scarlet, or rich brown,
Or vivid crimson; showing out, like warriors,
Stained with the bright pocone. Even so of late
Is it with me. 'Tis autumn in my soul.
From day to day my feelings change their hue

Like to a seared leaf. Thoughts strange and new
Crowd on my mind. Nomony! thinkest thou
Woman was made to be the friend of man,
To share man's confidence—win his respect—
To be—to be—his EQUAL? That's the word.
Are not these strange—strange thoughts?

NOMONY.

Alas! dear sister,
It is not good for Indian maids to dwell
Among these Yengeese.

POCAHONTAS.

Is't not good to feel
Something within, that tells me, I am born
To aid, but not to slave; to stand beside,
Not crouch behind, the Chief who says he loves me?
To be the object—not of his desire,
In idle moment, when nought better's found
To fill his thoughts, and then be thrust aside,
Like some vain trinket, when the humor's o'er—
To be the object—of his soul's affections!
To dwell—not only in a hunter's lodge,
But in a warrior's heart!

NOMONY.

I am content
Prepare a hunter's meal; care for his children;
If need be, till his field. Our mother labored
Thus for our father; and she surely knew
What it was right to do.

POCAHONTAS.

Come, dear Nomony!
Our bows! Let us abroad! We'll strike a deer,
Yet, before night-fall.

NOMONY.

Ay! that's better far,
Than nurse such strange and Yengeese phantasies.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Powhatan's Lodge.

Enter UTTA MACCOMAC *and a* POWAH.

POWAH.

I am content.

UTTA.

My limbs wax old, but yet
My spear can pierce the buffalo, my traps
Can take the beaver. In Maccomac's lodge
Game never lacks.

POWAH.

In all the settlement
Is none more richly stocked. Do I not know it?

UTTA.

But pleasure me in this—awaken in him
Doubts of this cursed race—arouse his anger—
Kindle a war with them—and I shall be
Thy debtor while I live. While game is found
Within my lodge, one share shall be for thee.

POWAH.

It is enough.

UTTA.

He comes! Now get thee gone.
I'll send for thee anon. [*Exit* POWAH.

[UTTA MACCOMAC *seats himself on a mat, wraps his blanket around him, sinks his head, and remains, as in silent meditation.*

Enter POWHATAN *and* RAWHUNT; *the latter carrying presents.*

POWHATAN.

There! spread them out! [*Takes up a hatchet.*
Good! that is sharp. And here are braveries,
[*Taking up shreds of scarlet cloth.*
Fit for a Sachem.—Ha! what's this? Rawhunt,
[*Takes up a small looking-glass.*
See! a red warrior! Ha! that is myself.
Its lips—its eyes are moving! It will speak!
Hush!—How it looks at me!—A wondrous nation
Are these Yengeese!

[RAWHUNT *takes up a string of blue beads.*

POWHATAN.

Good!

RAWHUNT.

These are precious jewels.
They take their color, so the Yengeese told me,
From the blue sky; and they are never worn,
Except by some great Sachem.

POWHATAN.

Give them! Ah!
How beautiful they are! 'Tis my command,
That no one but myself and Pocahontas
Presume to wear these jewels.
[*Hangs the beads around his neck.*

UTTA.

Powhatan!

POWHATAN.

My ears are open.

UTTA.

Hast thou seen the Powah?

POWHATAN.

No.

UTTA.

He desired to see thee.

POWHATAN. (*To* RAWHUNT.)

Bring him hither.
[*Exit* RAWHUNT.

[POWHATAN *seats himself. He and* UTTA MACCOMAC *preserve profound silence.*

Enter RAWHUNT *and* POWAH. *The* POWAH *advances to the centre, and speaks, after a pause.*

POWAH.

Kiehtan is great! From out his blessed dwelling,
Westward above the Heavens, forth he looks
On his Red Children. (*Distant thunder.*) Hark! he's angry with them!
They have offended him.

POWHATAN.

Kiehtan is great!

POWAH.

His wrath is terrible! The rushing fire

That sweeps across the gay and green savannah,
Scattering black destruction as it goes,
Swifter than deer can bound, or warrior run,
Is far less dreadful.

POWHATAN.

Wherefore is he angry
With his Red Children? Speak! My ears are open.

POWAH.

When from the mountains come the hungry wolves
Ravenous and fierce, even the dull buffaloes,
As sinks the sun below the forest trees,
Will form a circle round their young—a shield—
A living fence, to guard them from their foes.

POWHATAN.

Ha! that way points the danger! Pocahontas—

POWAH.

When maize is ripe, the tawny rattlesnake
Is charged with two-fold venom. That's the time, too,
When it is dull, half-blind, an easy prey
To the good hunter. He who hears its rattle—
The alarum furnished by the Mighty Spirit—
And crushes not the reptile ere it sting,
Is duller, blinder than the snake itself;
Deserves, enveloped in its slimy folds,
A crackling death. Kiehtan protects him not.

POWHATAN.

They send us many presents.

POWAH.

The Great Spirit
Abhors the Whiteskins—wills their utter ruin—

Theirs—or if yet, perchance, his own Red Children
Are blind and dull enough to sit them down
And let the serpent sting—then *their* destruction,
Who slight his warnings and despise his words.

Enter NANTAQUAS; *also* POCAHONTAS *and* NOMONY, *who retire to a corner of the lodge and seat themselves.*

NANTAQUAS.

A Whiteskin.

POWHATAN.

Let him enter.

Enter KRABHUIS.

POWHATAN.

Who art thou?

KRABHUIS.

A friend to thee; an enemy to those
Whom I have left. [*Distant thunder.*

POWHATAN.

What seekest thou?

KRABHUIS.

Revenge!

POWHATAN.

Against thy brethren?

KRABHUIS.

My brethren? Do brethren strike and spit,
And tread on one another? Say, my foes.

POWHATAN.

Thy plans?

KRABHUIS.

The night is dark, and will be stormy.
I know where sleep the Yengeese. Captain Smith
Is with them.

POWHATAN.

Smith?

UTTA.

We will take his scalp!

POWHATAN.

I promised him the Capahousic country,
Called him my son—

POWAH.

Kiehtan demands his scalp.

POWHATAN.

My promise—

POWAH.

The Great Spirit sets thee free,
Absolves thee from a promise to a Whiteskin.

POWHATAN.

Kiehtan is great! (*To* UTTA.) Go! Summon my Panieses.
Where is Paspaho?

NANTAQUAS.

Long before the sun
Painted the east with crimson, he went forth

To find my sisters ; or—these were his words,—
To take the scalps of those who had bewitched them.

NOMONY.

Ah ! well-a-day !

POWHATAN.

They're here.

NANTAQUAS.

But he is not
Returned.

POWHATAN.

Maccomac ! Do thou head the party.

UTTA.

I am an aged hemlock. The cold winds
Of seventy snows have whistled through my branches.
My limbs are dead and stiff. But I will go.
My soul shall lodge within my arm, and strike
These Yengeese. [*Still increasing storm.*

POCAHONTAS. (*Aside to* NOMONY.)

I must go.

NOMONY.

What ! In this storm ?
Go whither ?

POCAHONTAS.

Hush ! [*She goes out unobserved.*

POWHATAN.

Maccomac, spare his life.
He is a gallant warrior.

UTTA.

I have heard.

POWHATAN. (*Looks out.*)

Kiehtan is with us. See! in such a storm,
The deer's quick sense would fail to catch a footfall.
And Whiteskins are dull-eared.

KRABHUIS.

Give me to eat;
I'm hungry.

POWHATAN.

Hungry and seek revenge?—But you're a Paleface!
Your blood is mixed with water!—Pocahontas!

NOMONY.

She is not here.

POWHATAN.

I thought she was. Nomony,
Let him have food. [*Exeunt* KRABHUIS *and* NOMONY.
Nantaquas, do thou be
Maccomac's shield.

[NANTAQUAS *strikes the ground with his club, then raises it before* MACCOMAC, *as defending him.*

POWHATAN.

'Tis well. Come! Let us forth.
My words shall nerve my warriors, ere they go,
To strike, as only Redskins strike, the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Tent in the Forest.

Enter SMITH *and* ROLFE ; *bringing in between them* PASPAHO ; *his hands bound behind him.* LAYDON *follows them. They lead* PASPAHO *to the centre of the tent, where he remains standing, motionless. Thunder and rain.*

SMITH. (*To* LAYDON.)

See that our men stretch up their tents at once.
'Twill be an ugly night. Look to it, Laydon.
[*Exit* LAYDON.

ROLFE.

An Indian Apollo, by St. George !

SMITH.

Methinks I know his face. What is thy name ?

PASPAHO.

I've none ! I am dishonored !

SMITH.

Is a brave
Dishonored, if, for once, the fate of war
Should go against him ? Last time, it was I
Was taken.

PASPAHO.

We were many ; thou but one.

SMITH.

Thou art a gen'rous youth. What is thy name?

PASPAHO.

Paspaho.

SMITH.

Ha!

[*Cuts, with his dagger, the withes that bind* PASPAHO'S *hands.*

Thou'rt free.

PASPAHO.

Thou knowest me?

SMITH.

Ay, for a brave young warrior, and the friend
Of her, whose sister once preserved my life.
Right glad am I, I hurt thee not. Thy hand!

PASPAHO.

Paspaho and Nomony are from henceforth
Thy friends. [*Distant thunder.*

SMITH.

Our first embrace was but a rough one,
Yet honest. Honest shall our friendship be.

PASPAHO.

Where is Nomony?

SMITH.

She is home returned.—

Thou would'st be gone?—What! through this gathering storm?—
Well! go in peace!

PASPAHO. (*Takes his hand.*)

My brother! [*Exit* PASPAHO.

ROLFE.

There's a heart
Beats under that dusk skin, might grace a court.

SMITH.

Ay might it. Yet right sorry should I be
To see the noble savage bend his knee,
A changeling in some royal antechamber;
Where worth and rank take birth from Princes' smiles,
And not from gallant deeds or fair desert.
Courtiers, methinks, are like to casting counters;
To-day of gold, to-morrow of base copper;
Varying in worth as the computant will;
Through one short game denoting tens of thousands,
The next, perchance, degraded down to units;
In nothing fixed, inherent, borrowed all. [*Thunder.*

ROLFE.

And yet, dear Smith, in Transylvanian Court,
What time thou won'st thy Turkish coat of arms,
They say thou ruffled'st it, in courtly trim,
Among the gayest.

SMITH.

He who drains the cup
Best knows, an' if the draught be worth its price.

ROLFE.

Such draughts seem sweet.

SMITH.

Like to the famed bdellium,
Arabia's costly gum—of rich aroma,
And bitter taste. [*Looks out on the night. Tempest rising.*

ROLFE.

A night of storm and splendor!

SMITH.

Now shalt thou see Dame Nature, in a garb,
Such as in other lands she scorns to wear,
And dons, here in her favorite haunts alone,
Where the majestic forest stretches, still,
Its giant arms in welcome; and where men,
Unweaned from her, have not yet learned to hate
The simple lessons their Great Mother teaches.

ROLFE.

To me, in such a garb, she's doubly welcome.

SMITH.

Cast man adrift on such an ocean forest,
Leave him to sink or swim amidst its waves;
You've made him a philosopher—a sage—
Who learns to sift, of men and things the chaff
From out the wheat. Take me a dainty gallant—
What hundreds such I've seen!—a thing that lives
In plays and feasts, and masques, and such love toys,
That picks one half a becafico's wing,
And doubts 'twill play the fiend with his digestion;
A thing made up of laces, cloth of gold,
Long hose, and curiously trussed points,
And tricksy riding shoes of costly cordwain;
Bepowdered and becurled, and bedwarfed
In mind and body; thrumming a bandore;
Or, to ape luckless Raleigh, puffing forth

A cloud of smoke from his new-fangled weed:
Or else, perchance, with cringing, courtly congee,
Prating of love—of love!—to butterflies.
Oh, how I loathe them!—Take me such an one,
And set him—ay, in such a night as this,
Amid these crashing forests; how his soul
Would shrivel up within his sapless carcase,
And shrink away, beneath the voice of nature,
In her wild majesty! (*Loud thunder and lightning.*)
Look, Rolfe, again!
It lightens in my soul! A scene like that
Relumes within me all youth's brightest dreams.
'Tis like the stirring up of a dead fire,
To make it burn afresh.

ROLFE.

How grand it shows!
See how the riven branches fall around,
And how the stately trees bend down their heads,
Beneath the furious blast.

SMITH.

'Tis worth a year
Of life, to witness such a storm as that.
It is amid such scenes that Nature prints,
On human hearts, her best—her loftiest impulse.
Well may the race be brave, and free, and noble,
Inhabits such a country.

ROLFE.

They are worthy
The land that gives them birth. I like them all.
I feel my heart drawn toward them. I've seen
Their venerable Sachem only once,
Yet do I love and honor him already.

SMITH.

He's shrewd and cunning.

ROLFE.

Cunning ! Nay, you wrong him.
His high, dark brow and noble Roman features
Bear impress, not of craft but dignity.
[*Very loud clap of thunder.*

SMITH.

The Spirit of the Storm's abroad to-night.
See there ! the bolt has struck yon gnarled oak.
Mark the wide spiral rift the fire has ploughed
Adown its aged trunk. Its topmost limb
Sways, totters—

ROLFE.

Now Heaven help the traveller
Abroad in such a night. (*Vivid flash of lightning.*)
Ha ! what is that ?
A human form !—By Heavens, the falling bough
Has buried it ! No, no ; there 'tis again.
An Indian maiden !—God ! 'Tis she ! [*Rushes out.*

Soon after, re-enter with POCAHONTAS.

ROLFE.

Great God !
Thou Pocahontas ? Thou art hurt !—

POCAHONTAS.

Not I.

ROLFE.

That crashing limb—

POCAHONTAS.

Well, what of it?

ROLFE.

It fell—

POCAHONTAS.

Near me. What then? Heard'st ever of an Indian
Kill'd by a falling bough? He must have lost
His eyes first.

ROLFE.

But the tempest and the darkness!

POCAHONTAS.

The darkness! Ah, I had forgot; the Yengeese
Can't find their way, except in broad daylight.
The tempest! It has sprinkled a few drops
Upon my mantle. [*Shakes it.*

ROLFE.

And alone too!

POCAHONTAS. (*In an altered tone.*)

Ay!
Who bears an errand like to mine, must bear it
Alone! My father Smith—

SMITH.

What is't? Thou'rt moved!
Thine eyes fill up with tears! Dear maiden, speak!
What is't?

POCAHONTAS.

Alas! alas! thou'lt know too soon—
Too soon? Too late!—Brave Yengeese, thou'rt betrayed!

Thy friends are false. Those—those I love and honor
Conspire thy death. This very night—

SMITH.

This night?

Thy father, is't?

ROLFE.

It is not—it cannot be.
He is so good, so noble!

POCAHONTAS. (*To* ROLFE.)

Thou art so!

[*He extends his arms to her; they embrace.* SMITH *starts.*
(*To* SMITH.) This night—even now—they thread the forest depths.
Haste thee! Prepare! Summon thy warriors!
[SMITH *gazes on her absently.*
What! thou, my Yengeese father! Is it thou?—
Thou in the hour of danger—

SMITH.

Danger! Ha!

Danger! Ha, ha!

POCAHONTAS.

My father, art thou ill?

SMITH.

Ill?—Why, what makes thee think I'm ill?

POCAHONTAS.

Thy looks are wild.

SMITH.

Are they? The times are wild.

What think'st thou of the storm that howls without?
What think'st thou of a maiden that would come
Through such a storm, to warn a stranger friend
Against a father?—Oh, I hate myself!
Down, down rebellious spirit!

POCAHONTAS.

My dear father!
The moments fly! They come! Thy life—

SMITH.

My life—
Maiden, is't dear to thee?

POCAHONTAS.

Thou know'st it is.
Have I not saved it once?

SMITH.

True, true, 'tis thine—
Thine only. I must save it—if thou bid'st me.
I will! By Heavens I will! It shall be saved.
Loathed, worthless as it is, 'tis thine alone:
It shall be saved. Thine now by double purchase!
It shall be saved!—Now it is thou look'st wild.
Unknit me that dear brow.—How beautiful
It is! Thou art a bright, protecting spirit!
And he must be, or more or less than man,
Who loved thee not. Rolfe, thou shalt stay with her—
Shalt guard this tent and its brave guest.

POCAHONTAS.

He shall not.

ROLFE.

Indeed I must.

POCAHONTAS.

I tell thee, thou shalt not.
The Mighty Spirit keep ye both! I go.

ROLFE.

Alone?

POCAHONTAS.

Alone.

ROLFE.

Nay, let me go with thee.

POCAHONTAS.

A warrior thou? and in the very hour
When danger broods around, would'st fly thy post,
Forsake thy war-chief, leave thy comrade-braves?—

ROLFE.

But there is danger—

POCAHONTAS.

None to me alone;
To me, with thee, there's much.

SMITH.

Without there! Ho!
Laydon!

Enter LAYDON.

LAYDON.

You called?

SMITH.

You killed a deer this morning.
Divide its skin in slips, and let the men
Therein wrap up their matches from the rain.
Show not a spark of fire within the camp—

LAYDON.

Ay, ay.

SMITH.

See that their matchlocks all are loaded—
Bandaleers filled—

LAYDON.

The men are wet and weary.

SMITH.

One glass from out the cordial cask to each.
Five minutes space—and all must be prepared.
The Indians approach us. Go! [*Exit* LAYDON.

POCAHONTAS.

The spirit
Is in thine eyes again. Now—now I know
My father.

SMITH.

God reward thee, gen'rous maiden,
For thy dear kindness.

POCAHONTAS.

Fare ye well!

SMITH.

Farewell. [*Exit* POCAHONTAS, *and returns again.*

POCAHONTAS.

A word. Utta Maccomac leads
Our Indian warriors. The old man loves me,
Save him for my sake.

SMITH.

Here I pledge my life
For his.

POCAHONTAS.

I thank thee. [*Exit* POCAHONTAS.

SMITH.

Rolfe, thy sword and matchlock.
Come! Come!

Enter LAYDON.

LAYDON.

A messenger in headlong haste!

SMITH.

What! from the fort?

LAYDON.

'Tis Spilman.

SMITH.

Let him enter.
[*Exit, and re-enter with* SPILMAN.
Thy news?

SPILMAN.

That Captain Argal is arrived,

With Ratcliffe, Archer, and I know not whom ;
And brings, his sailors say, a new commission,
Deposing you, and granting powers to others—

ROLFE.

Great God !— [*Exit* LAYDON.

SMITH.

Nay, prithee, Rolfe.
(*To* SPILMAN.) What more ?

SPILMAN.

A band of these new comers was preparing,
Even as I left the fort, to follow you ;
Be sure with no fair purpose. Archer leads them.
They are well armed—are three to one against you.
I heard their threats—but they've no Captain Smith
To lead them on. I knew that you could beat them,
If you were warned—

SMITH.

Thou art a gallant boy.
I warrant thee a sturdy soldier yet.
Come ! thou shalt fight by me.

SPILMAN.

Shall I ? Oh joy !

Re-enter LAYDON.

LAYDON.

The men are ready—swear they'll stand by thee
Unto the death—

SMITH.

My own brave fellows ! So !
The plot is thick'ning. Indians and Whites !
So be it. Come ! Come on ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

In Powhatan's Lodge.

NOMONY *is discovered, alone. She goes to the entrance of the lodge and listens.*

NOMONY.

How weary wears the night !—To take the scalps
Of Rolfe—of Sachem Smith ?—Poor Pocahontas !
But these Yengeese are great.—Ah ! poor Nomony !—
Beset on every path ! A loser still
Whoever wins the battle. When Kiehtan
Has need of warriors in the Spiritland,
They say he chooses from on earth the bravest,
And takes them to himself.—Ah, dear Paspaho !—
[*Goes again to the door.*
A footfall !—his !—I'd swear to it, among
A thousand !

Rushes out, and re-enter with PASPAHO.

NOMONY.

Safe ! unwounded ! How thou look'st
Upon me !—Speak to me !

PASPAHO.

Thou'lt spurn me.

NOMONY.

Spurn thee !
Cruel Paspaho ! And thy first word, too,
After so long an absence ; and to me
Thine own affianced bride !

PASPAHO.

My life was his—
His—Sachem Smith's—he gave it me—

NOMONY.

Kiehtan
Be praised! I'll be his daughter—love him
As Pocahontas does. 'Twas my life—mine
He gave thee.

PASPAHO.

Still thou lovest me?

NOMONY.

For ever!
How happened it? Come, tell me, dear Paspaho.

PASPAHO.

The Yengeese God is greater than Kiehtan!

NOMONY.

You fought?

PASPAHO.

Thou lov'st me still, and I will tell thee
How a Red Warrior, thy chosen one,
Attacked—and was defeated by—a Yengeese.
He was alone. I met him in advance
Of his war-party; armed with but a sword.
I drew my arrow to the pile. It struck him—
It would have pierced a panther through and through—
And yet it fell from off his breast—ay, blunted,
As from some flinty rock. Ere I could draw
Another arrow, he had closed with me
In a death-struggle. Long we tugged and strained,

Hither and thither, on the river bank;
There where 'tis steepest, just above the ford;
Thou know'st the spot?

NOMONY.

I know it well; go on.

PASPAHO.

At last we neared the edge. Our footing failed;
Snapped short the crashing brushwood underneath us,
And down the bank, into the rushing stream,
Both toppled headlong.

NOMONY.

Ah!

PASPAHO.

I felt his grasp
Even then, amid the gurgling waters, fixed
Upon my throat. He is a great Warchief!
Nomony, I have fought in many battles;
Thou know'st I have—thou'st seen the scalps that hang
Around my lodge—yet never, until then,
By flood or forest, or in open fight,
Or nightly ambuscade,—I've tried them all—
Have I endured the pain—the burning shame—
To feel I was o'ermaster'd! I would die
Beside the stake, ere feel that pang again!

Enter POWHATAN *and* MACCOMAC; *followed by Indians.*

POWHATAN. (*To* MACCOMAC.)

Had notice, say'st thou?

UTTA.

I am sure they had.

We found them all drawn up—their thunder ready—
Their scouts ahead—no chance of a surprise :
I'm sure that they had notice.

POWHATAN.

Or, perchance,
By their dark arts our plans were known to them
Without the aid of human agency.

UTTA.

I caused search round the village, to discover
If any one were absent.

Enter NANTAQUAS.

Well, Nantaquas ?

NANTAQUAS.

The number is complete in every lodge
Except our own. My sister is not here—

POWHATAN.

My daughter ! Pocahontas !—Here, Nomony !
[*She advances, and stands in silence before him.*
I see it all. Answer me not.—Great Spirit,
Deep—deep is thy revenge ! —And to a Yengeese—
To a vile, pale-faced stranger ! She—my own !
Mine !—I've no daughter. None. I spurn her from me !

Enter RAWHUNT *and a* POWAH, *fantastically dressed. After various grotesque movements, the* POWAH *advances to the centre, and addresses* POWHATAN.

POWAH.

Broad hunting-grounds had the Red Sachem ;
Came Palefaces over the Lake ;
From Hobomac's Land, on the Red Man's strand,
The Whiteskins their settlements make.

Kiehtan spake loud to the Red Sachem,
Fell his words on a closed ear ;
The Red Man made peace, with the pale Yengeese,
His doom let the Sachem hear !

Thou hast offered these strangers the Swan's pinion,
The Raven's they send thee instead ;
(*To* RAWHUNT.)
Speak, Bringer of woe ! that the Sachem know
What has fallen on a Loved One's head.
Speak !

RAWHUNT.

In the eagle's claws the dove is captive.

POWAH.

So shall it be with those neglect the warnings
And worship of Kiehtan. In olden time
Loved and obeyed was He, by his Red Children.
How is it now ? Where are the sacrifices
Piled to his honor ? Cold and colder yet,
His worship grows. Upon your Sachem's heart
Has fallen his revenge.

POWHATAN.

Thou Mighty Spirit !
But hear my talk this once—this only once !
Thou art offended—seekest to avenge thee—
That is but just. Yet, hear me, Great Kiehtan !
Thy Red Child offers thee a compact. Hear !
When, on our passage from these hunting-grounds
Unto the Land of Spirits, thou shalt guide
The fortunate canoes of gallant braves
Across the Deep, unto the blessed haven
Of happiness and peace—then, then Kiehtan,
Take thy revenge ! Cast my canoe adrift !
Frown on my voyage ! Let malignant fiends
Taunt me with cowardice—impiety—

Ay, at their pleasure. Let them sink my boat,
Cast me to struggle in contending floods,
Feed my delusive hopes with baseless visions,
Strand me at last upon some barren shore,
Where foot of game ne'er tracked the scorching sands;
And, to fill up the measure of my tortures,
Transfer my spirit into some vile reptile—
The slimiest—deadliest ever crawled on earth;
There to drag out a long and loathed life.
Let me endure all this—what more thou wilt—
I care not what—a chief knows how to suffer—
But save my daughter, shield her guiltless head,
Give her to me once more! And yet—and yet—
Betray me! my Matokes!—Ha! the chain!
Their damned sorceries! 'Tis they have changed
Her truth to falsehood. Curses light upon them!
Snakes! Locusts! Base Magicians! Whiteskinned thieves!
They blight our land—they blast our happiness—
Usurp our hunting-grounds—insult our Gods!
Their Yengeese wiles seduce our maidens' hearts;
Their Yengeese poison steals our warriors' courage;
Their Yengeese arts bepale our unmixed blood;
Their Yengeese spells make white our Indian souls!
Curses upon them!

UTTA.

They shall die!

PASPAHO.

Shall die!
On to the war-post! Let us paint it red!

INDIANS.

On! On! [*A loud, wild shout from the Indians.*

[*Exeunt tumultuously.*

The Scene changes to the vicinity of the Indian Village, the war-post in the back of the scene. UTTA MACCOMAC *and* PASPAHO *head a party of Indians, who rush in, striking the post with their tomahawks. War Dance. At its conclusion enter* NOMONY. *The Indians rush out into the village with wild cries.* UTTA MACCOMAC, PASPAHO *and* NOMONY *remain.*

NOMONY.

My father! dear Paspaho!

UTTA.

Speak, my daughter.

NOMONY.

Ye will go with me?

UTTA.

Whither?

NOMONY.

You ask whither,
And Pocahontas captive? Will ye go?

UTTA.

Where'er thou goest I will go with thee.

PASPAHO.

Ay, to the death!

NOMONY.

Kiehtan reward ye! Come!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Council Chamber in the Blockhouse.

Enter ARCHER *and* ARGAL.

ARGAL.

We are the first.

ARCHER.

Ay, they're not sated yet
With news and toys from England.

ARGAL.

Where's our pris'ner?

ARCHER.

Bestowed in the lock-up room; safely guarded.

ARGAL.

How does she bear her?

ARCHER.

Like some Eastern queen
In chains: her grief o'ermastered by her pride.
No word upon her lips; but all her soul
Within her full, dark eye. Were the hate less
I bear her leman Smith, perchance my heart
Had played the fool, and sent her back, unransomed,
To Powhatan.

ARGAL.

To whom?

ARCHER.

The Indian Chief, her father.

ARGAL.

You've small respect unto the laws of nations,
Methinks, on this side the Atlantic. Now,
In Europe one would call it breach of faith,
Thus, in a time of peace,—

ARCHER.

Pshaw! phsaw! If Cortez,
Or bold Pizarro had imported scruples
Like these into this western hemisphere,
Would golden Mexico or rich Peru
Have showered into the lap of favored Spain
The wealth of half a world?

Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN.

I greet ye both.

ARCHER.

What news of Smith, good Martin?

MARTIN.

He's expected
With every hour.

ARCHER.

I would these councillors
Would haste them.

ARGAL.

Here they are.

Enter RATCLIFFE, PERCIE, *two other Councillors and Sentinel.*

ARCHER.

Greet ye, my masters.

RATCLIFFE.

You're early, master Archer.

ARCHER.

You are late.
Time presses. Business waits. Let us proceed.
Who takes the chair?

RATCLIFFE.

Who has a right to take it,
Until Sir Thomas Gates arrive, and bring
The new Commission?

ARGAL.

Captain Smith.

ARCHER.

He's absent,
And superseded too. Let master Ratcliffe,
Our former President, resume the chair.

MARTIN.

Content.

PERCIE.

Content.

[ARCHER *accompanies* RATCLIFFE *to the chair. Councillors sit.*

RATCLIFFE.

Proceed we, then, to business.

ARCHER.

My masters ! it behooves me make report
Unto this council of the expedition,
Which, in obedience to your request,
The gallant Captain Argal and myself
Did undertake, to find this Captain Smith,
And cause him hasten hither, and resign
A power was never justly his, and ever
Abused in his hands. The elements
Conspired against us. A tornado swept
Through the thick forest, scattering destruction ;
Uptearing, by their roots, the sturdy oak
And stately poplar. Thunder, lightning, rain
Swept down upon us, till our soldiers murmured,
At dangerous and rude exposure to the blast.
Thus we returned unwillingly, perforce,
The object of our mission unfulfilled.
Not wholly empty-handed, ne'ertheless,
Have we returned. We captured a fair prize ;
The favorite daughter of the Indian Sachem,
Young Pocahontas ; an important hostage ;
A pledge which, wisely used, while in our power,
Will tie her father's hands—ensure us peace
And plenty.

RATCLIFFE.

Sir, the Colony's beholden

Unto your zeal and forethought. [*A noise without.*
Sentinel!
Who dares disturb the Council?

SENTINEL.

Captain Smith.
Shall I admit him?

RATCLIFFE.

No—Yes—Gentlemen,
What say you?

SMITH *thrusts aside the Sentinel, and enters, followed by* ROLFE.

SMITH. (*To the Sentinel.*)

Sirrah, you are malapert,
Or ill apprized of your duty.

ARCHER.

So!
The Council's to be braved—her dignity
Insulted in the person of her officer!
Shall this be borne?

SMITH.

Aha, my old friend Archer,
Returned from England?

ARCHER.

Shall this insolence
Be longer borne?

SMITH.

Marry, Sir, no, it shall not.
I'll see to it, that next time we've a sentry,

Shall know his duty better, than refuse
Admittance to the Council's President.

RATCLIFFE.

Things are much changed, good master Smith, since last
We met together. There's a new commission—

SMITH.

Is there? I'd like to see it.

RATCLIFFE.

Listen, Sir,
The Company of South Virginia have obtained
From good King James a new and ample charter.
It makes them a Perpetual Commonalty;
Granting, in absolute sovereignty, to them,
And to their heirs for ever, all the lands
Extending from Cape Comfort, southernly,
Two hundred miles along the coast; and northward,
Two hundred more from the same promontory;
And thence from the Atlantic Ocean, westward
Unto the Southern Sea; with all the islands
Within a hundred miles along the coast
Of both the seas aforesaid.

SMITH.

That is well.
What more?

RATCLIFFE.

The London Council of our Company
Issue a new Commission, nominating
Fresh officers. Their names—ay, here they are—
"Our General, Lord Thomas De La Warre,
Lieutenant-general, Sir Thomas Gates,

Admiral, Somers; Marshall, Thomas Dale;
Ferdinand Wainman, General of Horse;
And Captain Newport, our Vice Admiral."

SMITH.

Right noble names, and gallant-sounding titles!
What reasons, an' it please you, gives the Council
For such a change?

RATCLIFFE.

That they have small content
With what has yet been done, or with the emprise
Of our good President. No route discovered
To the South Sea; no mines explored or worked;
No gold or silver gathered from the Indians;
No pearl fishery commenced; in short,
While Spain has gotten her uncounted riches
From her New World, we from ours have won
Nothing that might repay the toil and treasure
Expended on a colony like this.

SMITH.

Oh! they are wondrous wise, these merchant rulers;
Considerate—most considerate, i' faith!
Merciful—so that mercy fill their purses;
Just—an' if justice would but turn to gold.
With every virtue underneath the sun,
That will but yield the profit of a vice.
I'm sick of will-and-will-not gentry, I;
Men who would be at once both black and white;
Would pluck the fruits of Hell, on road to Heaven;
Would serve two masters, and take hire from both;
Men, who will scorn a brazen-conscienced cut-throat,
Then grumble that they've not a cut-throat's pay;
Expect the end, while they disclaim the means;
Covet the rich reward a villain earns,

And deprecate the villainy that earns it ;
Would buy damnation in the Devil's market,
Yet higgle at the price the Devil asks !

RATCLIFFE.

I must not sit, and hear such terms applied
Unto our Council —

SMITH.

Now, I'd stake my life,
These men would read Las Casas' blood-stained page,
And start and weep over the tale of crime ;
How thou, of summer isles the loveliest,
And most unfortunate, fair Hispaniola,
Saw'st thy poor children, peaceful erst and bless'd,
Torn from thy smiling vales,—to dig for gold !
Or, when they fled that torture, hunted down
By bloodhounds, in their native mountain-wilds !
How thy Caciques perished in treacherous flames ;
How she—the noblest of thine island-daughters—
Her nation's pride—Zaragua's hapless princess—
Anacaona, graceful, beautiful,
With but one fault, too generous kindness shown
Unto cold-blooded wretches—how she met,
Even at the hands of those her princely bounty
Loaded with benefits—a felon's death !
Yes, I'll be sworn they'll read these brutal horrors,
And lift their eyes to Heaven, and thank their God
They are not Spaniards. Yet they've small content—
Ay, that's the phrase—in that the Spanish coffers
Groan beneath countless ingots ; and, the while,
Their own contain not, too, the price of blood.
They twit you with a catalogue of treasures
Obtained in Mexico by Fernand Cortes ;
But speak of Guatimozin's bed of coals,
Ask if they sanction hellish deeds like that—
And straight their Hazael consciences take fire

And cry: "What! are we dogs to do these things?"
But yet they've small content!—Consistent souls!
They miss the million and a half of pesos
Ta'en by Pizarro as an Inca's ransom;
Why then, a' God's name, let them cast aside
These shackling, inconvenient, lady-scruples,
That, in the wearing, mar so grievously
Their rising fortunes' promise. Ay! and let them
E'en seek them out—they'll find them by the thousand—
Men who have Spanish hearts and iron hands,
To do their dirty work;
Men, who will bring home gold, and leave behind them
A desert, strewed with bones, and soaked with blood!

RATCLIFFE.

Again I must protest—

SMITH.

Wilt please you, Sir,
Show me this new commission?

RATCLIFFE.

'Tis not here.

SMITH.

Not here?

RATCLIFFE.

Not yet arrived. The ship that bears
Sir Thomas Gates, Newport, and Admiral Somers
With their commissions, parted company,
During a storm, from mine and Captain Argal's,
And has not since been heard of. Yet we hope,
Seeing our London Council's will is known,
Albeit informally, that Captain Smith
Will not resist it.

ROLFE.

Until the Commission
Arrive that supersedes him, I, for one,
Protest—

SMITH.

Dear Rolfe, I pray thee,—it is I
Must speak to this. Deposed I will not be.—
Nay, never frown nor start. The Presidency
Is mine, until Sir Thomas Gates arrive;
Mine to retain or abdicate. The soldiers
Love me, and they have sworn that they'll support
My claims at point o' the sword.—Your patience yet!
Not for the sake of holding what is mine
By every honest title, will I risk
The shedding of one drop of English blood
Here, in a land of strangers. Master Martin,
Into your hands I'm willing to resign
My Presidency.

MARTIN.

Nay, I'll none of it.

RATCLIFFE.

There's one, who, by a recent service rendered
Unto our Colony, has well deserved
The office.

SMITH.

Who?

RATCLIFFE.

Good master Archer here.

SMITH.

Indeed? Well, let us hear.

RATCLIFFE.

But yesternight
He captured a rich prize.

SMITH.

A prize?

RATCLIFFE.

And one
May buy us plenty, peace, whate'er we will
From these wild Indians.

SMITH.

Well?

RATCLIFFE.

A prize
Shall tie their hands, unlock their storehouses,
Humble their Chief—

SMITH.

Come! what's the talisman?
Shall work such wonders? Out with it!

RATCLIFFE.

A prize
Shall be to us, what to Pizarro was
Peru's rich Inca.

SMITH.

Ha!

RATCLIFFE.

A pledge so dear
To Powhatan—

SMITH.

To Powhatan?—A pledge?—

ROLFE.

She was alone!

SMITH. (*To* ROLFE.)

What! thy thought echoes mine?
For shame, Sir; shame! Dost think thy countrymen
Are Spaniards—base, ice-hearted, faithless villains?—
Look there, good Rolfe; look there!—the dress and features
Of our own native land. And thou wouldst have them
Do deeds would blacken an Ovando's name—
Repay dear service with a dungeon's chains—
Make war on women—trample under foot
Gratitude, honor, justice, decency?
Now shame thee!—(*To* ARCHER.) So! you've ta'en the Sachem's son?

RATCLIFFE.

His daughter.

SMITH.

Pocahontas?

RATCLIFFE.

Pocahontas.

ROLFE.

Oh, my heart smote me, when she went alone.
Poor maiden!

SMITH. (*In suppressed tones.*)

But ye know not—cannot know—
That but for her—for her—even yesternight,
Myself, Rolfe, all our men had fallen victims
To Indian stratagem ; that, at the risk
Of her own life she warned us. Gracious Heaven !
Her lips had hardly spoke the safety word ;
Her steps had hardly left our rescued tents ;
Her heart had hardly beat with joy, to feel
That those she ventured life to save, were safe—
Before, just God ! at White Men's hands, she met
Such retribution !

ARCHER.

Let her father send us
A ransom worthy of a Sachem's daughter,
She shall return unharmed.

SMITH.

Vile, coward villain !
A ransom ! By the living God that made me,
Before the veriest trifle, were it but
A paltry rabbit-skin—ay ! one poor ear
Of corn—shall be exacted as the price
Of Pocahontas' freedom, ye shall tear me,
Yes ! limb from limb.—Unharmed ! Return unharmed !—

ROLFE.

Dear Smith, be calm.

SMITH.

Calm ! I'll not throttle him.
I will not—but I could. Return unharmed !
By Heavens, that's pleasant ! Oh, these savages—
These bestial heathen—ign'rant Pagan wretches—

What virtues they will learn of their white neighbors!
How they will venerate Christian morality,
And English honor, gallantry, good faith,
When they shall learn, that she, to whom we owe
Our very lives—that she—shall not be murdered!
Nay, shall escape the torture, if her father
Will but reward—as in all duty bound—
Such rare, unheard-of, unexampled mercy
With a rich ransom!

RATCLIFFE.

Smith, you're over-bitter:
Your princess has been treated with respect.
This chamber's hardly richer in appointments
Than our lock-up room.

SMITH.

The lock-up room! Rolfe,
Take Laydon and a dozen of the bravest—
I bade them stay without. Hast thee—begone!
[*Draws.*
I'll see to it, meanwhile, that no one stir
From hence.

RATCLIFFE.

Ho! treason! treachery!

ARCHER.

Traitor!
Cursed traitor! [*Draws.*

ROLFE.

You're alone.

SMITH.

Begone! I'll stop them,
An' were they twice the number.

RATCLIFFE.

Sentinel!
Arrest him!

[SMITH *rushes on the Sentinel, disarms him and thrusts him out.*

SMITH.

Rolfe! she pines in hateful chains!
If thou'rt a man, begone!

[*Exit* ROLFE. ARCHER *attempts to rush out after him, but is stopped by* SMITH.

SMITH.

My life or thine,
Ere thou shalt win that door!

[*They fight.* ARCHER *gives back. The others draw.* SMITH *stations himself with his back against the door.*

SMITH.

Come on! Come on!
I'd like to find out the best sword among ye.

MARTIN.

Nay, master Smith—

RATCLIFFE.

Smith, we are lothe to shed
A comrade's blood.

SMITH.

Rest where ye are, then. Hear me!
But one short quarter of an hour—but one—
And ye shall all be free. Before that time
No human step shall pass this door, except
Over my lifeless body. Take your choice!

ARCHER.

I'll match him yet.

[*Throws up a window, and springs out.*

SMITH.

Curse on my carelessness!

[*Rushes out through the door. Councillors after him.*

SCENE II.

The Lock-up room in the Jamestown Blockhouse.

POCAHONTAS *discovered, lying on a mat, manacled.*

POCAHONTAS.

Chains! these are Yengeese chains! How cold they are!
They've chill'd my very heart! The sun! the sun!
The rich, bright, living sun! The happy wake,
Ay! even now, beneath his glorious rays,
Feel his warm influence gushing through their veins,
And kindling up within them joy, and love,
And gratitude!—Ha! gratitude! Kiehtan
Shut out that thought!—Cold, cold and dark!
[*Rising slowly, she approaches the window.*
Without
Still sings the free, wild bird. Without, without,
There's light and happiness! The mist's within me;
The darkness on my soul! [*Re-seats herself.*
Death! death, Great Spirit!
Let me have death—let me have death in tortures—
But suffer not that thus my spirit die,

Shut out from all that's good and beautiful
On earth. [*Distant sound of voices.*
'Tis his!

ROLFE. (*Without.*)

Back, back, upon your life!
[*Clashing of swords.*

POCAHONTAS. (*Starts up.*)

The sun shines out! The cloud's from off my soul!
He comes!

[*The door is forced, and* ROLFE, *with one or two others, rushes in.*

ROLFE.

In chains! in chains! Cursed villain!—There!
[*Looses them.*
My Pocahontas! speak to me! Thou'rt free!

POCAHONTAS.

I've found thee true and brave; that's more than freedom.

ROLFE.

How thou must hate the Whiteskins!

POCAHONTAS.

I love thee!

ROLFE.

Lov'st me! Dear, gen'rous, noble-hearted maiden!
My life—my life shall prove to thee, how deeply

I value the rich gift thou tender'st me.
But now, thy safety—

POCAHONTAS.

Am I not with thee?

[*A noise of arms without.*

ROLFE.

So soon! Poor Smith! I fear me—

POCAHONTAS.

How, my father!
Speak! What of him? Tell me—

ROLFE.

Alone I left him—
Alone amidst his enemies and thine.
Their swords were drawn—he forced me from him—
forced me
To leave him there, and fly to rescue thee.

POCAHONTAS.

I'm happy! happy! All my Yengeese friends
Are brave and true.

[*Renewed noise of arms.* ARCHER *and others rush in. He and* ROLFE *engage. Meanwhile his soldiers, overpowering* ROLFE'S, *seize and carry off* POCAHONTAS. ROLFE, *making a furious blow or two at* ARCHER, *rushes out after the soldiers. Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

In the Forest, near Jamestown.

Enter UTTA MACCOMAC, PASPAHO, *and* NOMONY.

UTTA.

What! to their very lodges!

NOMONY.

Yes, my father.

UTTA.

Thou'rt mad!

NOMONY.

So let me seem.

UTTA.

Trust these Yengeese!
And in the very face of treachery,
The blackest—basest!—

NOMONY.

Tell me, good Maccomac—
Tell me, Paspaho; if we find my sister
At liberty--among her friends—nay more,
With one has chosen her—will be to her—
What I—

UTTA.

Unto Paspaho.

NOMONY.

Well?

PASPAHO.

What then?

NOMONY.

Will ye not take the Yengeese by the hand,
And call them brothers?

UTTA.

If it should be so—
But this is idle talk; it cannot be.

NOMONY.

It is enough. Ye both have promised me,
That where I go, there ye will go with me.
Let's to their lodges.

PASPAHO.

Never until now,
Nomony, did I know thee. Powhatan
Has not a bolder heart.

NOMONY.

Nay, dear Paspaho,
I deem the risk but small. And then my sister!
Oh, I *must* see her! Never since I first
Awoke to consciousness of light and life,
Has the sun risen up, from out the forest,
And I not looked on Pocahontas' face!

UTTA.

Paspaho, thou shalt near, with stealthy step,
The Yengeese wigwams, and shalt bring us word
What passes there. And we will follow thee,
At slower pace.

PASPAHO.

Good! [*Exit.*

UTTA.

Come, Nomony, come!

NOMONY.

My sister! I shall see thee—kiss thy cheek—

UTTA.

Nay, slowly, slowly.

NOMONY.

Ah, I had forgotten;
Thou shalt control my steps. Come on. Come on!
[*Exeunt,* MACCOMAC *still holding her back.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Jamestown Blockhouse.

Enter, hurriedly, SMITH *and* LAYDON, *armed. They pause and look anxiously towards the River.*

SMITH,

This way? Thou'rt sure it was?

LAYDON.

If I am sure
Yon sun shines on us.

SMITH.

Ha! I see them—yonder
Upon the beach. Laydon!

LAYDON.

My noble Captain!

SMITH.

One word! Spare English lives. Restrain thy sword.
Rescued she must be, cost it what it may,
But spare our country's blood.

LAYDON.

Trust me.

SMITH.

Come on!
[*They rush out.*

Enter Dame LAYDON. *She stops and looks after them.*

ANNE.

Gone! There they are! Just Heaven! The very deer
Can hardly match that speed. Alas! alas!
How slow to peace, how swift to violence

Are men! They near the beach.—A shot.—Another!
[*Shots.*
The smoke rolls over them!—My husband!—God!
One little moment bears, within its womb,
A life, a lifetime's happiness.—Who's that?—
There is but one can deal such blows as these.
God save thee, gallant Smith!—They yield. They fly!
He turns him hither.—Ha! his Indian princess!
Now, now I see it all. He's rescued her,
And bears her hither.—He's pursued! He flags!
He's wounded!—No.—He gains on his pursuer!—
How pale he looks! And blood upon his dress!
That Archer follows him. They come! Just God!
[*Retires to the back of the stage.*

Enter SMITH, *wounded, bearing* POCAHONTAS. *Soon after,* ARCHER. POCAHONTAS *springs from his arms.*

POCAHONTAS.

My father, heed me not. Defend thy life
Against that bold, bad man.

[*They fight.* ARCHER *is wounded and falls.* SMITH *leans on his sword.*

POCAHONTAS.

My father! Ha! [*Binds, with her sash, his wound.*

SMITH.

'Tis nothing. I am faint—a little faint—
'Twill pass. Thanks! Thanks!

Enter ROLFE, ARGAL, LAYDON, *and others.*

ROLFE.

Wounded, and pale and bleeding!

LAYDON.

My Captain! To die thus!

SMITH.

I shall not die.
Look to his wounds. [*Pointing to* ARCHER.
My daughter! Pocahontas!
Ay! let me see thee!—So!—Dost thou remember
That day thine Indian father bade prepare
The block for me?

POCAHONTAS.

Do I remember it?

SMITH.

Dost thou remember, too, who stepped between
Me and my coming fate—what bright, young form
Smiled through that moment's darkness—cast her life—
Her young—her happy life, with all its dreams,
Its promises, its hopes—dost thou remember
Who flung these fresh, rich treasures down, a ransom
For a poor, stranger's life?

POCAHONTAS.

I am rewarded.

SMITH.

And who, through tempest-darkness—ay, through men,
With passions that out-storm the elements,
Came to a Yengeese tent, braving the anger
Of her own kindred—came, and brought us life;
Departed, and in guerdon of the boon,
Received, at White Men's hands, a dungeon's chains?

POCAHONTAS.

I pray thee, peace, my father. Life for life
I owe thee.

SMITH.

Rolfe, come hither. Look at her!
Weigh all we owe her in cold justice' scales;
Then tell me, if there be, within the reach
Of human power, a reward too rich
For kindness like to that.

ROLFE.

None, none, dear Smith.
We may exhaust the stores of our invention
And rest poor bankrupts then.

SMITH.

Now, Rolfe, thou err'st.
There's a reward—there is but one on earth,
But there *is* one—that will out-recompense
Even deeds like these.—Didst ever sit thee down,
And think what hours, what days, what weeks, what years
Go to make up a life—to be told out
Lingeringly, one by one—this hour, the next,
The next again, and yet the following,
And still the day holds out—and then the week—
The month—the year—the LIFE!—Didst e'er bethink thee
What were the value of some Potent Spell,
Should shed around each moment, hour and day,
Each week and year—down to the closing scene—
The blessed breath of peaceful happiness;
A spell should breathe its influence benign
On our first waking sense, and yield its power
The last, to sleep's unconsciousness: a sun
Should gild with roseate hue alike the scenes
That memory recalls or hope prepares;
And, at each moment, through a long—long life,
Should fall upon the conscious heart, like balm,
And tell it, it is happy!

ROLFE.

Smith, dear Smith,
Thy wound! Thou tremblest—art exhausted—come!
Thou'st need of rest—

SMITH.

Rolfe, hast thou read my riddle?
Hast thou, dear Pocahontas?—Ah, thou hast—
I see thou hast.—He loves thee! Thou lov'st him!
Your hands! God bless ye both!

POCAHONTAS.

My dear, dear father!
Oh, thou art ill!

SMITH.

I'm sure he loves thee—sure—
His is a noble nature, Pocahontas.
Thou wilt be happy. I shall hear of it—

ROLFE.

Hear of it? See it.

SMITH. (*To* POCAHONTAS.)

I shall hear of it;
And that shall be my happiness. The spell—
The mightiest upon earth—the spell of love—
Familiar, mutual, requited love—
Shall be upon thee; and its charmed power
Shall, at each moment, at a wish, call up
More wealth than ever crossed the desert sands;
Gems purer—costlier far, than Araby's:
Unsunned treasures, from that richest mine,
The human heart. And I shall hear of it!
Thine hours shall be of sunshine. With each day,

Afresh within thy heart shall gush the thought,
That thou art loved, and lov'st. I'll hear of it
Beyond the broad Atlantic. That shall be
My happiness!

POCAHONTAS.

My father! The Atlantic!

Enter UTTA MACCOMAC, PASPAHO, *and* NOMONY. NOMONY *rushes to her sister's arms.*

NOMONY.

My sister!

POCAHONTAS.

Dear Nomony! Thou! How's this?

NOMONY.

Thou'rt free? Thou'rt happy? (*To* UTTA.) See! I told thee so.

SMITH.

Old warrior! Paspaho! Hear my words!—
The last before I cross the Great Salt Lake—
Ye seek revenge?—revenge is ta'en already:
[*Points to* ARCHER.
Your Sachem's daughter's freedom?—she is free.
What would ye more? Look on that Yengeese chief;
[*Pointing to* ROLFE.
His heart and Pocahontas' heart are one.
They have joined hands and hearts. So let it be
With Red Men and Yengeese. Let them sit down
Within the lodge of peace, and let their hearts
Henceforth be one. Old Chief, are my words good?

UTTA.

Thy words are good.

SMITH.

Paspaho ?

PASPAHO.

They are good.

SMITH.

It is enough. My task is done. Good Laydon,
Let me lean on thee. I am faint and weak.

POCAHONTAS.

Dear father !—

SMITH.

Captain Argal, may I ask
A berth within your vessel, when it sails
For England ?

ROLFE.

Nay—

ARGAL.

The best my ship affords
Shall be at Captain Smith's command. To-morrow
I shall weigh anchor.

SMITH.

Yes, so should it be.

ROLFE.

To-morrow ! Smith, by the dear love I bear thee,

By all that thou hast done for me and mine,
By Pocahontas' love unto her father—

SMITH.

Good Rolfe, content thee ; but I bear a wound—
Nay, start not—it is deep, but yet I feel,
It needs but some well-skilled chirurgeon,
And my own native air—

POCAHONTAS.

We will go with thee,
And I will tend thy couch.

SMITH.

It may not be.

POCAHONTAS.

It must.

SMITH.

It must not be.

ARCHER.

(*He raises himself with difficulty.*)

He bears a wound
About him, no chirurgeon's skill can cure—
Will rankle—fester—at his very heart!—
Even now the thought is sweet—how sweet!—it quenches
My burning thirst for vengeance—ere I die! [*Dies.*

ROLFE.

He's gone!

SMITH.

Heav'n sain his soul! 'Twas a bold spirit,

But one who never knew the healing power
That lodges in a good and firm resolve,
And that shall turn to nought his prophecy.
Once more, dear friends. Once more! Your hands!
Farewell!

[*He joins their hands, kisses* POCAHONTAS' *forehead; and, supported by* LAYDON, *is crossing the stage towards the Blockhouse.*

POCAHONTAS.

My father!

[*He turns and extends his arms to her. She rushes to him; they embrace.* SMITH *gradually disengages himself, seems about to speak; but at last, pressing her hand to his lips, exit.* POCAHONTAS *remains motionless looking after him; then returns a few steps.* ROLFE *springs to her; she drops her head on his shoulder.* PASPAHO *and* NOMONY *embrace.*

UTTA.

Ugh! Good! Good!

[*Curtain falls.*

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

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Page 34.

The Globe at Bankside.

It was at the same time when, by English enterprise, were first unconsciously laid, in an obscure corner of south-eastern Virginia, the foundations of the Republic which was to solve, at last and for ever, that great Political Problem, which has ever divided mankind—it was at that very time that the Prince of Dramatic Poets was building up, in the British Metropolis, a reputation that promises to co-exist with the world. We read, in the life of Shakspeare, prefixed to Chalmer's edition:—"In 1603 he and several others obtained a license from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c., at the Globe theatre and elsewhere."

Page 34.

Wrote that player Shakspeare a letter with his own royal hand.

At the conclusion of the advertisement to *Lintot's* edition of Shakspeare, the writer says: "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased, with his own hand, to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person living can testify."

Page 35.

Why should we be offended, &c.

This speech, as recorded of Powhatan, is strictly historical; and well marks the spirit of the first reception given by the Indians to their white visitors.

Page 36.

Gold! by all that's sacred!

"In searching for fresh water in the neighborhood of Jamestown, the settlers discovered in a rivulet some particles of a yellowish isinglass" (qu. mica?) "which their sanguine imaginations transformed into gold dust."—*Belknap* I. 276.

Smith himself, in describing the soil and productions of Virginia, says: "These waters wash from the rocks such glistering tinctures, that the rock, in some places, seemeth as guilded, where both the rocks and the earth are so splendent to behold, that better judgements than ours might have beene perswaded they contained more than probabilities."—*Gen. Hist. Virg. Book* II. *ch.* 1.

Martin was especially smitten with the gold-dust mania; or, as Smith phrases it: "Captain Martin was opposit to any thing, but only to freight the ship with his phantasticall gold."—*Book* III. *ch.* 3.

Page 38.

When the ground's dry and well warmed, we move the fire, &c.

This expedient was actually resorted to, as Captain Smith's history informs us, by himself and his men. He adds: "And thus many a cold night have wee laine in this miserable manner; yet those that most commonly went upon all those occasions, were always in health, lusty and fat."—*Book* III. *ch.* 7.

Page 48.

Before we landed,
He was by vote excluded from our Council, &c.

It is hardly necessary to call to the reader's recollection, that all the

facts alluded to in this scene, Smith's degradation and exclusion from his seat at the Colonial Council Board, his subsequent triumphant exculpation, his obtaining from President Wingfield and distributing among the needy Colonists, a fine of two hundred pounds sterling, his popularity and unbounded influence, his success in obtaining supplies from the Indians; on one occasion (at Kecoughtan, where Hampton now stands) by taking and causing them to redeem, their *Okee* or Idol, his discovery and discomfiture of a plot to leave the settlement, Kendal's death and Wingfield's imprisonment in consequence of the same, as well as the subsequent plots by Archer and Ratcliffe to desert Jamestown and return to England—are faithfully historical. Those who have access to the somewhat uncouth, but almost sole authentic "*Generall Historie of Virginia, &c. by Captaine John Smith*, 1632," will find every particular there given in quaint detail. Others may refer to "*Belknap's American Biography*," Art. *Smith*; or to "*Hillard's Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith.*"

Page 57.

To explore the Chickahominy
Up to its source.

"Smith had been once up the river Chickahominy, but because he had not penetrated to its source, exceptions were taken to his course as too dilatory. This imputation he determined to remove." —*Belknap* I. 264.

TO ACT II.

Page 62.

Call me Matòkes, as you used to do.

"Pocahontas' real name was *Matokes*, which they concealed from the English, in a superstitious feare of hurt by them if her name were knowne."—*Purchas His Pilgrimes, Part* V. *Book* viii. *ch.* 5.

Page 62.

Have you forgotten what our Powahs said?

"The office and dutie of the Powah is to be exercised principally in calling on the devill and curing diseases. He is eager and free of speech, fierce in countenance, and joyneth many antick and laborious gestures to the same, over the partie diseased."—*Winslow's Narrative of the Plantations, published in Purchas. Part* IV, *Book* x, *ch.* 5.

"The Jugglers, called by the English *Powahs*, a name adopted from the Indians in the neighborhood, are also known in the languages of the country by the names of *Meden*, *Hitch Lalage*, *Loache*, &c.; and by the French termed *Jongleurs*."—*Halkett's Hist. Note p.* 36.

"Les Jongleurs ne sont néansmoins les ministres de ces Dieux prétendus, que pour annoncer aux hommes leurs volontés, et pour être leurs interprètes: car, si l'on peut donner le nom de sacrifices aux offrandes que ces peuples font à leurs divinités, les prêtres parmi eux ne sont jamais les jongleurs: dans les cérémonies publiques, ce sont les chefs, et dans le domestique ce sont ordinairement les pères de famille; ou, a leur défaut, les plus considerables de la cabanne."—*Charlevoix, Journal Hist. p.* 363—4.

"A class of men whose trade it is, to expound dreams, and negotiate between the Manitto and the votary."—*Volney, View of the Soil and Climate, &c.*

"They are a set of professional impostors, who, availing themselves of the superstitious prejudices of the people, acquire the name and reputation of men of superior knowledge and possessed of supernatural powers. As the Indians in general believe in witchcraft, and ascribe to the arts of sorcerers many of the disorders with which they are afflicted in the regular course of nature, this class of men has arisen among them, who pretend to be skilled in a certain occult science, by which they are able, not only to cure natural diseases, but to counteract or destroy the enchantments of wizards or

witches, and expel evil spirits."—*Heckewelder, Hist. Acc. of Indians, p.* 22.

Smith himself thus describes a Priest or Powah, whom he saw during his captivity:—" A great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle, and many snakes' and weasels' skinnes, stuffed with mosse; and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head, in a tassell; and round about the tassell was a coronet of feathers, the skinnes hanging round about his head, back and shoulders, and, in a manner, covered his face; with a hellish voyce, and a rattle in his hand."—*Gen. Hist. of Virg. Book.* III. *ch.* 2.

Page 62.

They said
The Yengeese were magicians.

" *Yengeese;* an Indian corruption of the word *English;* whence probably the nickname *Yankees.*"—*Buchanan's North Amer. Indians, p.* 20.

Page 62.

These strange white men
Strike whom they will.

" It is incredible to what a degree the superstitious belief in witchcraft operates on the mind of the Indian. The moment his imagination is struck with the idea that he is bewitched, he is no longer himself. Of this extraordinary power of their conjurers, of the causes which produce it and the manner in which it is acquired, they have not a very definite idea. The sorcerer, they think, makes use of some deadening substance, which he conveys to the person he means to " strike," in a manner which they can neither understand nor describe. The person thus " stricken " is immediately seized with an unaccountable terror. His spirits sink; his appetite fails; he is disturbed in his sleep; he pines and wastes away, or a fit of sickness seizes him, and he dies at last, a miserable victim to the

workings of his own imagination."—*Heckewelder, Hist. Acc. p.* 232—3.

Page 62.

Provided they discover
The victim's real name.

"The Indians had the notion that the Europeans were great magicians; but that they could not materially harm any one against whom their magic was exercised, when the object was known to them only under a fictitious name."—*Halkett. p.* 107.

Page 63.

That shot has split the hackhack.

"*Hackhack* is properly a gourd; but since the Indians have seen glass bottles and decanters, they call them by the same name."—*Heckewelder.*

Page 66.

Thou art so beautiful!

An original portrait of Pocahontas was, for many years, preserved, in an old country seat, a few miles from Petersburg, Virginia. It has now gone to decay; but an authentic and seemingly well-executed copy, in oil, is in the possession of Mr. Herring of New-York, the publisher of the National Portrait Gallery. It is a face on which one returns to gaze again and again; a countenance of placid, even of intellectual beauty. The effect, indeed, is, for me, somewhat marred by the stiff, European dress; and the features are no longer those of early youth. It is not *my* Pocahontas; but rather the Rebecca of after-years. Still, from the splendor of the risen day one may judge what the bright morning may have been.

It was my intention to prefix to this Drama an engraving from the portrait in question. But as Mr. Herring purchased it for the express purpose of enriching, with a costly copy therefrom, his National Work, I am, of course, unable to do so. I rejoice, even

though I have been unsuccessful in procuring this valuable illustration for my own work, that, at least, the form and features of one of the most interesting characters that adorn early American History, will not be lost to the public.

Page 68.

Panther! the fate of war has gone against thee, &c.

"The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his enemies. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear and broke his backbone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him and addressed him in these words: 'Hark ye, bear! you are a coward and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.' I was present at the delivery of this curious invective. When the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him, how he thought the poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'Oh,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well. Did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"—*Heckewelder.*

Page 68.

And when I meet thee, in the Spirit-land, &c.

"But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."—*Pope.*

Page 70.

Head our warparties 'gainst the Mannahoacs.

"The Mannahoacks inhabited the upper Potomack and Rappa-

hanock, and waged perpetual war with the Powhatans."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

Page 71.

The Great Wahconda's thunder.

"WAHCONDA, literally 'Master of Life,' is a title very commonly applied by Indians to the Great Spirit. See *James' Account of Long's Expedition*, I. 188.

Page 71.

Five are below the riffle, &c.

See Smith's History, or Belknap's Biography. Smith, after having ascended the Chickahominy in his shallop as far as she would swim, left most of his party with her in a safe place, and proceeded in a canoe with two of his men only and two Indian guides, to the meadows at the river's head. Leaving his two men with the canoe, he proceeded with his Indian guides across the meadow. Here he was attacked by the Indians. He is said to have bound one of his Indian guides to his arm and so defended himself, killing three of his opponents and wounding others. In retreating towards his canoe, minding his enemies more than his footsteps, he plunged with his guide into an oozy swamp and stuck fast in the mud. The Indians, astonished at his bravery, did not approach him, till, almost dead with cold, he begged them to draw him out.

Page 72.

Agreskouay! give strength!
Strike home! Agreskouay!

"Il paroit que dans ces chansons (de guerre) on invoque le Dieu de la guerre, que les Hurons appellent *Areskoué*, et les Iroquois *Agrescoué*. Son nom est le cri de la guerre avant le combat, et au fort de la mélée."—*Charlevoix Journ. Hist. p.* 208.

Page 74.

'Tis home where'er the heart is, &c.

This song is altered from some fugitive ballad, that pleased me at the time I read it, and has remained in my memory; though I have forgotten, or never knew, the author's name.

Page 80.

E'er since the scattered hairs of the first deer
Peopled with game our forests.

"They have several ridiculous conceits concerning their original; as that a hare came into their country and made the first man; and two other hares came thither; the first killed a deer for their entertainment, which was then the only deer in the world; and, strewing the hairs of that deer, every hair became a deer."—*Bloome's State of His Majesty's Isles and Territories in America. London*, 1687.

This superstition we find elsewhere alluded to:—

"They sacrifice to a hare, because, according to report, the first ancestors of the Indian tribes had that name."—*Loskiel.*

"Presque toutes les Nations Algonquines ont donné le nom de Grand Liévre au premier Esprit.—*Charlevoix Journ. p.* 344.

Page 80.

These Longknives
Will be our foes, &c.

"The Virginians, whom the Indians call Longknives, and who were the first European settlers," &c.—*Heckewelder.*

Page 81.

I've seen these Yengeese, when they landed first, &c.

"Long and dismal are the complaints, which the Indians make

of European ingratitude."—"The great man wanted only a little, little land, on which to raise greens for his soup. He was to raise greens on it, instead of which he planted great guns."—*Heckewelder.*

"In the year 1789, the American General Knox gave an entertainment at New-York to a number of Indian chiefs, sachems and warriors. Before dinner, several of these walked from the apartment where they were assembled to the balcony in front of the house, from which there was a commanding view of the city and its harbor, of the East and North Rivers, and of the island upon which New-York now stands, and which, at the first settlement of the Dutch, got the name of Manhattan. On returning into the room, the Indians seemed dejected; their principal chief more so than the rest. This was observed by General Knox, who kindly asked if any thing had occurred to distress him. 'Brother,' replied the chief, 'I will tell you. I have been looking at your beautiful city, the great water, your fine country; and I see how happy you all are. But then, I could not help thinking that this fine country and this great water were once ours. Our ancestors lived here; they enjoyed it as their own in peace; it was the gift of the Great Spirit to them and their children. At length the white people came in their great canoe. They asked only to let them tie it to a tree, that the waters might not carry it away. They then said that some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice afterwards came, and they could not go away. They then begged a piece of ground to build wigwams for the winter; this we granted. They then asked for some ground to keep them from starving; we furnished it to them, and they promised to depart when the ice was gone. When the ice was gone, we told them they must now depart; but they pointed to their big guns round their wigwams, and said they would stay; and we could not make them go away. Afterwards more came.'"—*Boudinot, Star in the West. ch.* 5. *Trenton*, 1816.

Page 82.

They loose their thunder on our sacred Okee, &c.

"They proceeded down the river to Kecoughtan, where the natives treated them with contempt, offering an ear of corn in exchange for a musquet, &c. Finding that courtesy and gentle treatment would not prevail, Smith ordered his boat to be drawn on shore, and his men to fire at them. The affrighted natives fled to the woods; but soon re-appeared to the number of sixty or seventy, formed into a square, carrying their Idol *Okee*, composed of skins, stuffed with moss and adorned with chains of copper. They were armed with clubs and targets, bows and arrows, and advanced, singing, to the charge. The party received them with a volley of shot, which brought several of them to the ground, and their Idol among them. Smith, having in his hands so valuable a pledge, was able to bring them to his own terms. He stipulated that six of them should come unarmed, load his boat with corn," &c.—*Belknap*, I. 261—2.

Page 82.

May the Great Spirit
Spurn me from out His blessed hunting grounds,
To suffer want and penury for ever, &c.

"The habitation of Kiehtan (or the Great Spirit) they say, lyeth westward in the Heavens. Thither all good men go when they die, to see their friends and have their fill of all good things. Thither the bad men go also; but he bids them *quachet*, that is to say, walk abroad, for there is no place for such; so that they wander in restless want and penury."—*Winslow*, 1624; *quoted by Purchas*, IV, 1667.

Page 83.

Three times in dream I've seen the Great Hobamoc,
In likeness of a monstrous snake.

"Another power the Indians worship, whom they call *Hobba-*

mock, and, to the northward of us *Hobbamoqui*. This, as far as we can conceive, is the Devil."—"This Hobbamock appears in sundry forms unto them, as in the shape of a man, a deer, a fawn, an eagle, &c., but most ordinarily a snake."—*Winslow, quoted by Purchas*, IV.

Page 83.

They will pull down our Council House, &c.

Wherever I have found, among well-authenticated records of Indian eloquence, expressions suited to my purpose, I have employed them as nearly word for word, as the form to which I have restricted myself, permits. I prefer the reputation—to speak of reputation only, and not, as in such a case one ought to speak, of utility—but I covet rather the reputation of accuracy in national portraiture, than that of fertility in poetical invention.

Accordingly, in the following beautiful fragment of an Indian complaint, preserved and recorded by the indefatigable *Heckewelder*, will be found most of the expressions employed in the lines following that above quoted:

"No sooner had the white people obtained a footing on our lands, than they began to pull our Council House down, first at one end, then at the other, and at last meeting each other in the centre; where the council fire was yet burning bright, they put it out, and extinguished it with our own blood! with the blood of those who with us had received them! who had welcomed them to our land! Their blood ran in streams into our fire, and extinguished it so entirely, that not a spark was left us whereby to kindle a new fire."

Page 84.

Bring my Council Robe
Of rarowcan.

"Before a fire upon a seate like a bedsteade, hee (Powhatan) sat, covered with a great robe of rarowcan (racoon) skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by."—*Smith's Gen. Hist. Book* III. *ch.* 1.

Page 84.

See that my brave Panieses
Surround my lodge.

"The *Panieses*, the third class, are men of great courage and wisdom, highly esteemed by all sorts of people, and are of the Sachem's council. In war, their Sachems, for their more safety, go in the midst of them."—*Winslow, quoted by Purchas*, IV.

Page 87.

It is a spirit!

The American reader need hardly be reminded, that this incident of the compass is strictly historical.

Page 88.

If you bestow but corn and game enough,
To furnish forth a fitting sacrifice.

"At the decrease of the moon the Indians carried a great dish of their greatest dainties to the door of the temple, as an oblatory sacrifice; which the priests offered to their God, and then carried it home, and feasted themselves with it."—*De La Salle, Exped. and Discov. in North Amer.* 1678.

Page 88.

I came to see you;
You gave me beads, &c.

The two incidents here introduced, illustrating, as they do, two of the chief traits of Indian character, gratitude and superstitious revenge, are strictly historical. The name of the grateful and benevolent savage should be preserved. It was MAOCASSATER.

Page 92.

—and make Yengeese ornaments
For her who saved thy life, and tomahawks
For me and for my warriors.

"Two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on Captaine Smith, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head; and being ready with their clubs to beat out his braines, *Pocahontas*, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells and beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest."—*Gen. Hist. of Virg. B.* III. *ch.* 2.

Page 93.

I will give thee
The Capahousic country, and for ever
Esteem thee as my son.

"Powhatan told Smith now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James' Town to send him too great gunnes and a gryndstone; for which he would give him the country of *Capahousic*, and for ever esteeme him as his son Nantaquas."—*Gen. Hist. of Virg. B.* III. *ch.* 2.

To ACT III.

Page 103.

Now, now to Chaplain Hunt!

"About this time there was a marriage betwixt John Laydon

and Anne Burras, which was the first marriage we had in Virginia."—*Gen. Hist. of Virg. p.* 73.

Page 107.

In Aragisca.

The Indian name for Virginia. It occurs in a speech addressed in August, 1678, by the Onondagua Indians to the Governors of New-York and Virginia; given in the "*History of the Five Nations, &c.*, by the Hon. Lord Cadwallader Colden, his Majesty's Consul and Surveyor General of New-York;" 3d ed. printed by Lockyer Davis, London, 1755. I do not recollect to have met with it elsewhere.

Page 107.

I bade thee count their warriors, &c.

"Another order Powhatan gave Utta Maccomac was, to count the number of people in England. Accordingly, on his landing at Plymouth, the obedient savage began his account by cutting a notch on a long stick for every person he saw; but soon grew tired of his employment; and, at his return, told Powhatan they exceeded the number of leaves on the trees. Another command from his Prince was, to see the God of England, the King, Queen, and Princes."—*Belknap*, I. 309.

Page 110.

Of whom Palefaces say his power's so great
No people can resist it, and his goodness
Is bright as is the sun!

The expressions occur in one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered by an Indian. It was addressed, in the year 1790, by *Corn Plant*, *Half Town*, and *Big Tree*, Chiefs and Counsellors of the Seneca Nation, "To the Great Council of the Thirteen Fires." (The Congress of the Thirteen States.) I extract entire the pas-

sage containing the above expressions, because it affords a specimen well worth preserving, of the shrewd and close logic of which some of the Aborigines are capable. It will be remembered, that the Seneca Nation sided with the British during the Revolutionary War.

"Father! when you kindled your thirteen fires separately,* the wise men assembled at them told us, that you were all brothers, the children of one Great Father, who regarded the red people as his children. They called us brothers, and invited us to his protection. They told us, that he resides beyond the Great Water, where the sun first rises; that he was a king whose power no people could resist, and that his goodness was as bright as the sun. What they said, went to our hearts. We accepted the invitation, and promised to obey him. What the Seneca Nation promises, they faithfully perform; and when you refused obedience to that king, he commanded us to assist his beloved men to make you sober. *In obeying him, we did no more than you yourselves had led us to promise.* The men who claimed this promise told us that you were children, and had no guns; that when they had shaken you, you would submit. We hearkened unto them and were deceived, until your army approached our towns. We were deceived; but your people teaching us to confide in that King, had helped to deceive us; and we now appeal to your heart, is all the blame ours?"

President Washington must have been not a little puzzled, to reply to such an argument as that.

Page 110.

I saw him
Shake in his seat for very fright.

I have followed the usually received opinion of James' personal timidity, notwithstanding Hume's scepticism on that subject: "Of political courage James certainly was destitute; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal

* Meaning, before the union of the States, and their secession from English rule.

bravery ; an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious."—*Hume's England*, VI. 663.

Page 120.

Your talk is good ; but where are the big guns ? &c.

" The next morning betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the salvages with what kindnesse he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverings and a millstone to carry Powhatan. They found them somewhat too heavie, but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poor salvages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes, and sent to Powhatan, his women and children, such presents, as gave them, in generall, full content."—*Gen. Hist. Virg. p.* 49.

Page 125.

Wilt thou be
My father ?

The following curious passage occurs in Smith's account of his interview with Pocahontas, then the wife of Rolfe, after her arrival in England :

" Hearing shee was at Branford, with divers of my friendes, I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word shee turned about, obscured her face as not seeming well contented ; and, in that humor, her husband, with divers others, wee all left her two or three hours, repenting myself to have writ shee could speak English. But not long after, shee began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done, saying, ' You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and hee the like to you. You called him Father, being in his land a stranger, by the

same reason must I doe you.' Which, though I could have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter. With a well-set countenance shee said: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people but mee? and feare you here I should call you Father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call mee childe; and so I will bee for ever and ever your countrieman.' "—*Smith's Hist. Virg. p.* 123.

I know not whether the above will be considered as making in favor of my version of the story. At all events it indicates a degree of sensibility and delicacy of feeling in my heroine, which, but for such indications, must be considered as hardly appertaining to the character of an untaught Indian maiden. Indeed, every thing that remains on record touching the demeanor of Pocahontas favors the belief, that her's was a character which might have graced any country, the most civilized; and any station, the most exalted. Burke, in his history of Virginia, speaking of her reception in England, says: 'Pocahontas had many honors done her by the queen on account of Captain Smith's story; and being introduced by the Lady De La Warre, she was frequently admitted to wait on her Majesty, and was publicly treated as a Prince's daughter. She was carried to many plays, balls, and other public entertainments, and very respectfully received by all the Ladies about the Court. Upon all which occasions she behaved herself with so much decency, and showed so much grandeur in her deportment, that she made good the brightest part of the character Captain Smith had given of her. In the meantime while she gained the good opinion of every body so much, that the poor gentleman her husband had like to have been called to an account, for presuming to marry a Princess Royal without the King's consent; because it had been suggested that he had taken advantage of her being a prisoner, and forced her to marry him. But upon a more perfect representation of the matter, his Majesty at last was pleased to declare himself satisfied.' "—*Burke's Hist. Virg. pp.* 30—31.

TO ACT IV.

Page 136.

Wingfield and Archer you've sent to England.

" Smith had a tedious interval while they were digging, washing and packing their fancied gold dust; and the only recompense he had for this long vexation, was the pleasure of sending home Wingfield and Archer, when Newport's ship departed."—*Belknap*, I. *p.* 276.

Page 136.

The speaking leaf.

Writing, we are told, the Indians looked upon in the light of " divination by the speaking leaf." The hint of this scene and some of its details, are borrowed from " Mariner's Tonga Islands," where the author gives a lively picture of the impressions actually produced on the simple natives by this to them the most wonderful of European arts. This is one of the cases in which it behooves the faithful pourtrayer of aboriginal character, to copy rather than to invent.

Page 137.

I promised Sachem Powhatan I'd send him
An English workman to fit up his lodge, &c.

Powhatan, so in his history Smith informs us, promised that if Smith would send men to build him a house after the English mode, and give him some guns and swords, copper and beads, he would load his boat with corn. Smith sent him three Dutch carpenters, who treacherously revealed to Powhatan the plans of the English.

Page 138.

The moon of flowers had just commenced, and now
'Tis one half gone.

The Indian mode of reckoning time is very simple. Their year

begins about the vernal equinox; and their menstrual periods are reckoned from one full moon to another. They have, of course, thirteen months. These they name from some natural occurrence by which they are usually marked. The first month they call the hunting, or bird, or singing month, because in it they begin to hunt, and the birds begin to pair and sing. The second they call the flower month, because in it the greater part of the plants are in blossom. The third they call the planting month, as during it they chiefly plant the seeds of such vegetables as they cultivate. And so on. The eighth month, alluded to, later in this scene, in the lines

How quickly in the moon
Of haze, the forest changes!

is called the bear, or smoky or hazy month, because the bears are now fat, and the season for killing them commences; and because the atmosphere is generally very smoky, chiefly, perhaps, from the fires that prevail. It corresponds to part of our October and November. See *Hunter's Captivity*, *p.* 304—5.

Page 141.

I'd give my bow, of yellow Orange wood, &c.

"The wood of the Osage Orange, or bow-wood tree, is of a deep yellow. They manufacture it into bows, which are held in high estimation. I knew a Sioux to give a horse for a single one; and among the upper tribes, they frequently bring three or four beaver skins each. The tree flourishes between the latitudes of 30° and 40°."—*Hunter*, *p.* 173.

Page 146.

My heart is straitened here
Within this fort. I must abroad, abroad!

I have forgotten which of the German poets it is, who has a ballad, beginning:

Knapp! sattle mir mein Degenross,
Dass ich mir Ruh' erreite;
Es ist mir hier zu eng' im Schloss,
Ich will—ich muss—in's Weite!

Page 148.

Like warriors
Stained by the bright pocone.

"*Pocones* is a small root that groweth in the mountaines, which, being dryed and beate into powder, turneth red. And this they use for swellings, aches, anointing their joynts, painting their heads and garments."—*Gen. Hist. Virg. B.* II. *ch.* 2.

Page 151.

These are precious jewels;
They take their color, so the Yengeese told me,
From the blue sky.

When Newport, like a true sailor, had, by his profuse liberality to Powhatan, so depreciated among the savages the value of European merchandize, that a pound of copper would not purchase what, before, could have been bought for an ounce, the necessary supplies could never have been had for the Colony, had not Smith's genius, ever ready at invention, suggested a successful artifice. "He had secreted some trifles, and among them a parcel of blue beads, which, seemingly in a careless way, he glanced in the eyes of Powhatan. The bait caught; and the Sachem earnestly desired to purchase them. Smith, in his turn, extolled the value of them, as the most precious jewels, resembling the color of the sky, and proper only for the noblest sovereigns of the universe. Powhatan's imagination was all on fire; he made large offers. Smith insisted on more, and at length suffered himself to be persuaded to take between two and three hundred bushels of corn for about two pounds of blue beads: and they parted in very good humor, each much

pleased with his bargain. In a subsequent visit to Opechancanough, king of Paumunkee, the company were entertained with the same kind of splendor, and a similar bargain closed the festivity; by which means the blue beads grew into such estimation, that *only the Princes and their families were able to wear them.*"—*Belknap*, I. *pp.* 274—5.

With what conscious superiority will the civilized wearers of diamonds and pearls, and the courtly candidates for stars and ribbons, smile at the credulous simplicity of these ignorant savages!

Page 152.

Kiehtan is great!

KIEHTAN; an epithet much used formerly by the Atlantic Indians, in addressing their Deity. "The meaning of the word *Kiehtan*, hath reference to antiquity; for *chise* is an old man; and *kieh-chise*, a man that exceedeth in age."—*Winslow.*

See, further, a former note, at page 221, also extracted from *Winslow.*

Page 152–3.

The rushing fire
That sweeps across the gay and green savannah, &c.

To those who have never witnessed the magnificent and desolating effects often produced by a fire in the prairies, the following pirited sketch of such a scene, occurring at night, extracted from "Irving's Indian Sketches," may be acceptable.

"I resumed my journey; and, after toiling for an hour, through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached the grove, erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down was soon asleep, before a huge fire, which I built against the trunk of a fallen tree.

"I was awakened by the increasing violence of the gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire

for a short time, I again threw myself on my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes. A kind of superstitious feeling came over me; and, though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction; and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger; for my feelings were so wrought up, that I momently expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up and sat by the fire. Suddenly a swift gust swept through the grove and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth, before they were creeping up in a tall, tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattering clumps of dry grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

"Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distinct moan. As it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air. The slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds; dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly up into the air. Flakes of blazing grass whirled, like meteors, through the sky. The flames spread into a vast sheet, that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy darkness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast, they threw long pyramidical streams upwards into the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting, at each bound, a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap. The flames rushed onward with a race-horse speed. The noise sounded like the roar of a

stormy ocean, and the wild, tumultuous billows of flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks—the dry leaves still clinging to their branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree, the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for a hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was transient. In a moment had the fire swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape. Every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked up every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of gray smoke, filled with the burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

"For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended, the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies."—*Vol.* II. *pp.* 226, *et seq.*

Page 153.

Even the dull buffaloes
Will form a circle round their young, &c.

"The buffalo cows are proverbially attached to their young; and form at night a circular phalanx round them, to protect them from the attacks of the wolves."—*Ibid. p.* 165.

Page 153.

When maize is ripe, the tawny rattlesnake
Is charged with twofold venom, &c.

"Towards the close of the summer, the rattlesnakes become in appearance partially blind, their ability to move is diminished, and their bite becomes more deadly. The Indians erroneously ascribe this difference in its habits and character to a diffusion of the inordinately secreted poison through its system."—*Ibid. p.* 171.

"The Indians believe the rattles are designed to alarm their enemies."—*Ibid.*

Page 156.

I am an aged hemlock.

"A distinguished Oneida Chief, named Skenandon, who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty, and had become blind, said, just before his death: 'I am an aged hemlock. The winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top.'"—*Buch. Amer. Ind. p.* 178.

Page 160.

Courtiers, methinks, are like to casting counters, &c.

The idea occurs in that quaint old medley of shrewdness, learning, and absurdity, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Page 160.

In Transylvanian court,
What time thou won'st thy Turkish coat of arms.

Smith's romantic adventures while serving, during the siege of Regal, in the army of the Prince of Transylvania; the prowess he displayed in defeating, successively, three Turkish champions, and which the Prince rewarded by a pension and a grant of a coat of arms, bearing three Turk's heads in a shield—these and the other marvellous incidents of Smith's eventful life are notorious to the American reader.

Page 161.

Long hose, and curiously trussed points,
And tricksy riding shoes of costly cordwain.

"Riding shoes of costly cordwain" and "long hose" are mentioned by Burton (1624) among the marked extravagancies assumed by the gallants of his day.

Page 161.

Thrumming a bandore.

"Bandore.—A musical stringed instrument resembling a lute, introduced into England about the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign."—*Johnson.*

Page 164.

What is't? Thou'rt moved!
Thine eyes fill up with tears!

In Smith's letter "To the most high and vertuous Princesse, Queen Anne of Great Brittaine," the which, as he tells us, "he writ to deserve Pocahontas' former courtesies, and make her qualities knowne to the Queen's most excellent Majestie and her court"—he thus alludes to the incident above narrated:

"When her father, with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteen with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eies gave mee intelligence, with her best advice to escape his furie."—*Hist. Virg. p.* 121.

Page 165.

He is so good, so noble!
Thou art so!

Max. Er ist so gut, so edel—
Tekla. Das bist du!—
Schiller's Wallenstein, Act 5, *Scene* 3.

Page 169—70.

That Captain Argal is arrived,
With Ratcliffe, Archer—

"Such was the state of the Virginia Colony, when Captain Samuel Argal arrived on a trading voyage, and brought letters from the Company in England, complaining of their disappointment and blaming Smith as the cause of it. They had applied to the King to recal their patent and grant another; in virtue of which they appointed Thomas Lord De La Warre, General; Sir Thomas Gates, Lieutenant General; Sir George Somers, Admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, Marshal; Sir Ferdinando Wainman, General of Horse; and Captain Newport (the only one of them who had seen the country), Vice-admiral. Gates, Somers, and Newport had each a commission investing either of them, who might first arrive, with power to call in the old and set up the new commission. The fleet sailed from England in May 1609, and by some strange policy,* the three Commanders were embarked in one ship. This ship, being separated from the others in a storm, was wrecked on the island of Bermuda,† another foundered at sea; and when the remaining seven arrived in Virginia, two of which were commanded by Ratcliffe and Archer, they found themselves destitute of authority; though some of them were full enough of prejudice against Smith who was then in command. A mutinous spirit soon broke out, and a scene of confusion ensued. The new comers would not obey Smith, because they supposed his commission to be superseded; the new commission was not arrived, and it was uncertain whether the ship which carried it would ever be seen or heard of. Smith would gladly have withdrawn and gone back to England; but his honor was

* "Because they could not agree for place, it was concluded they should all go in one ship."—*Hist. Virg. p.* 89.

† Their adventures and exertions during a nine months' sojourn on this island, will be found in *Purchas, Vol.* V., and, abridged, in *Belknap, Art. Delaware.* The island was reputed to be enchanted; but one of the shipwrecked colonists quaintly and honestly admits: "Whereas it is reported that this island of Bermudas with the islands about it are enchanted, and kept by evil and wicked spirits, it is a most idle and false report. God grant that we have brought no evil and wicked spirits with us, and that there come none after us; *for we found nothing there so ill as ourselves.*"—*Jordan's News from Bermuda*, 1613.

concerned in maintaining his authority, until he was regularly superseded, and his spirit would not suffer him to be trampled on by those he despised. Finally, he offered to resign to Martin, who was one of the old Council, but Martin would not accept the command."—*Belknap*, I. 297—302.

Page 172.

He was alone. I met him in advance
Of his war party.

"The chief of Paspiha meeting him alone in the woods, armed only with a sword, attempted to shoot him, but he closed with the savage; and, in the struggle, both fell into the river; where, after having narrowly escaped drowning, Smith at last prevailed to gripe him by the throat, and would have cut off his head; but, prevailed on by humanity, he led him prisoner to James' Town.

"This intrepid behavior struck a dread into the savages; and they began to believe, what he had often told them, 'that his God would protect him against all their power,'" &c.—*Belknap, p.* 294–5

Page 174.

Enter a Powah, and addresses Powhatan.

"On any extraordinary occurrence, or the prevalence of any fatal epidemic, some of the old men, or a prophet, addresses the Indians in an authoritative tone of voice, and assures them, that the calamity which threatens them is a visitation from the Great Spirit," &c.—*Hunter, p.* 217.

Page 175.

Thou hast offered these strangers the Swan's pinion,
The Raven's they send thee instead.

"They use significant emblems, such as the wing of the swan and wild-goose, wampums and the pipe, for, or as overtures for, peace. Any article, but in general a skin, painted black, or the wing of the raven, represents the death of friends."—*Ibid. p.* 184.

Page 175.

In olden time
Loved and obeyed was He, &c.

"It seemeth the Indians are various in their religious worship in a little distance, and grow more and more cold in their worship to Kiehtan; saying, in their memory he was much more called on."—*Winslow in Purchas* IV.

Page 175.

Thy Red Child offers thee a compact: hear!
When, on our passage from the hunting-grounds, &c.

"Many Indians think, that the pleasure or displeasure of the Great Spirit is manifested in the passage, or attempted passage, of the good and bad from this to another world. On this eventful occasion all are supplied with canoes; which, if they have been brave warriors and otherwise virtuous and commendable, the Great Spirit guides across the Deep to the haven of unceasing happiness and peace. On the other hand, if they have been cowardly, vicious, and negligent in the performance of their duties, they are reprobated to the evil phantasies of malign spirits, who either sink their canoes, and leave them to struggle amidst contending floods, or feed their hopes with delusive prospects, and bewilder them in inextricable errors, or strand them on some shore, and there transfer them into some beast, reptile, or insect, according to the enormity of their guilt."—*Hunter, p.* 220–1.

To ACT V.

Page 183.

The Company of South Virginia have obtained, &c.

Copies of this second Charter are preserved in *Stith's Virg. Appendix* No ii., and in *Hazard, Coll.* i. 58—72. By this Charter the Company was made "one body or commonalty perpetual," and incorporated by the name of "The Treasurer and Company of Ad-

venturers and Planters of the City of London, for the first Colony in Virginia."—" To them were granted, in absolute property, what seem formerly to have been conveyed in trust only, the lands extending from Cape Comfort (now Point Comfort, or more familiarly, Old Point) along the sea-coast southward, two hundred miles; from the same promontory two hundred miles northward; and from the Atlantic westward to the South Sea; and also all the islands lying within one hundred miles along the coast of both seas of the aforesaid precinct."—*Chalmers.*

Page 184.

Men who will scorn a brazen-conscienced cut-throat,
Then grumble that they've not a cut-throat's pay.

In the general train of sentiment that runs through this and the succeeding paragraph, and which is naturally suggested by Smith's situation, the admirer of Mrs. Barbauld will recognize a likeness to that which pervades her admirable essay on "Inconsistency in our expectations;" an essay that may rank among the first in the English language.

Page 185.

How thou, of summer isles the loveliest
And most unfortunate, fair Hispaniola! &c.

Few have access to the horrors recorded in Las Casas' frightful narrative, which one is fain to believe overcolored by the amiable enthusiast who penned it. But Washington Irving's pages have made every American acquainted with the cold-blooded Ovando's cruelty and the beautiful Anacaona's fate.—See *Irving's Columbus, Book* XVII. *chaps.* 1 and 2.

END OF NOTES.

ERRATA.—Page 62, line 15, for "*Powhas*" read *Powahs.*
Page 165, line 8, for "*It is not—it cannot be,*" read *It is not—cannot be.*
Page 185, line 19, for "*Zaragua*" read *Xaragua.*

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