

# POCAHONTAS

## ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1. *The banks of James' River. View of the river—two ships and a sloop at anchor in the distance—on one side of the stage a hut—composed of mats and reeds; on the other rocks and cliffs. Indians on the cliffs gazing at the shipping, and making signs to each other.*

(Enter MATACORAN and SELICTAZ, as from the chase; MATACORAN with a light hunting spear in his hand, SELICTAZ carrying his bow and game—down rocks.)

SELICTAZ. There, my prince, behold the great canoes. Have I not told thee truly?

MATACORAN. They are call'd barques, and bear the adventurous English in search of their darling gold, the god they worship! Away to Weorocomoco, and report this coming to the king. I will follow quickly on thy track. Fly with thy utmost speed—away.— (Exit SELICTAZ.) Barclay! English! come forth.

(Striking with his spear against the hut.)

(Enter BARCLAY.)

BARCLAY. Give you good morrow, Prince. So early return'd from the chase; yet, by your game, it would seem you have not drawn an idle bow.

MATACORAN. Tell me, Englishman, are those the barques of thy country; or those wild rovers of which I have heard thee speak, who, acknowledged by no country, are consider'd enemies by all?

BARCLAY. (Aside, with ecstasy.) 'Tis the flag of England. Prince, those are the barques so long expected with succours for the colony.— (Aside.) Alas! they have come too late.

MATACORAN. Why do they remain at rest? why not approach the shore?

BARCLAY. They await some signal of recognition from those they expect to find here. I have bethought me of the old pennon under which I sail'd when first leaving my native land to seek adven-

tures in the New World. From amid the wreck of our misfortunes, I have preserv'd the flag with the fondness of an old man's treasure. An' it please you, Prince, I will ascend the cliff, and waving the well-known signal of friendship, they of the ships will answer with their ordnance, and presently prepare to land. MATACORAN. Do as thou hast propos'd, and with the least delay. (BARCLAY enters the hut, then returns bearing a flag, ascends the cliff and waves it. A gun is fired from the ship; MATACORAN starts, Indians utter cries, and fly from the cliffs in great terror.) 'Tis well; and now, Englishman, hear me. The strangers, no doubt, will question thee as to the fate of thy comrades; beware of thy speech in reply, lest they become alarm'd at thy tale. Speak of the great King's virtues and clemency; how he sav'd thy life, that thou might teach his people the arts of the white man; and hath given thee lands and wives; and how his favours have made thee forget that ever thou wert a native of countries beyond the sea.

BARCLAY. Since I have taken service with the great King, I have not much to complain of; but all his favours, and his kingdom in the bargain, can never make me forget Old England, the land of my birth and affections; and tho' far distant from her, she is ever present to my sleeping and waking thoughts, while my heart, at sight of those vessels, yearns for the embrace of my countrymen. Surely, Prince Matacoran, the brave in war, the just in peace, the favourite of his king, the friend of his country, must admire that patriotic feeling in another, which he himself possesses in no ordinary degree. 'Tis one of the first of the virtues; and one of the last that will abandon the generous bosom.

MATACORAN. You're right;—but if you English so love your own country, why cross the wide sea to deprive the poor Indian of his rude and savage forests? But see, the smaller barques approach laden with the strangers; hear me—look

well to thyself. I must on to Weorococo, and report to the king. Be assur'd of his favour, if thou prove faithful—but, if false, beware of his anger, for it is terrible.

BARCLAY. That, Prince, we can only judge of by imagination. No victims having ever surviv'd, so as to be able to speak feelingly on that subject.

MATACORAN. Look well to thyself, thou knowest Matacoran, and by this time thou should'st know how to value his friendship and protection; and see, the spear of Matacoran is sharp.

(Exit MATACORAN.)

BARCLAY. Yes, and unsparing as 'tis keen. They come, my countrymen come; I will retire, and observe them from a distance. (Exit BARCLAY into the hut.)

(Boats arrive with SMITH, PERCY, ROLFE, WEST, and Soldiers. Trumpet sounds—SMITH draws his sword and leaps ashore. Banner of SMITH borne by PERCY.—Three Turks' heads on a field; motto—Vincere est Vivere, Accordamus.)

SMITH. God save the King! Lieutenant, advance my banner—and now plant it deep, where nor force, nor fraud, shall ever root it out again. This goodly land, which the brave Raleigh nam'd from the virgin Queen, we will possess for her successor, the royal James; whom God preserve, and grant a long and prosperous reign over these fair realms. Welcome, comrades, welcome to Virginia.

PERCY. A right fair and goodly land it seemeth, but sadly deficient of inhabitants. We have only seen some fishers in light canoes, which at approach of our barques, and discharge of our ordnance, skimm'd like dolphins o'er the waves, and soon vanish'd from our sight.

ROLFE. It was surely no savage hand which hung the English pennon from the cliffs. Here seems to be a dwelling, and tho' rude, is yet of better structure than the Indian native wigwam.—What ho! there! within!

(Enter BARCLAY.)

BARCLAY. Save ye, noble sirs.

SMITH. Thy tongue is English, but the freshness of health so mark'd in the natives of Albion's salubrious isle, is marvellously chang'd in thy complexion, which is as tawney as a Morisco's. How fares the world with thee, comrade! wert

thou of Weymouth's or of Grenville's crews?

BARCLAY. Thou see'st, Sir Cavalier, the solitary remnant of all the English whom ambition and avarice have sent at various times to settle and to perish in this inhospitable land. Mine is a tale of sorrow.

SMITH. Let it be a short one, then; for we have come not to mourn over past misfortunes, but to prevent future ones. To your tale.

BARCLAY. Soon after the departure of the ships, the colonists, divided amongst themselves, threw off all rule, and instead of fortifying the tower, and cultivating the soil, began to oppress and plunder the natives, who, in return, waylaid and slew them. The wily Powhatan, profiting by our disunions and the weak state to which sickness had reduced us, surpris'd and laid waste the settlement, ere a second harvest had ripen'd for our use. I was alone preserv'd by the influence of the powerful Prince Matacoran, the general and chief counsellor to the King.

SMITH. Thy tale is as sombre as thy visage. But come, thy condition shall be mended; thou shalt take service under thine own liege lord, our gracious master. Thou canst materially aid us in our enterprise here, and the reward of thy fidelity shall be lands and privileges in this colony, which, trust me, profiting by the experience of those who have gone before us, we shall know how to conquer, aye, and to hold too; or, if thou would'st rather seek thy guerdon in thy native land, thou shalt be recommended in our despatches to the royal James.

BARCLAY. My allegiance is due to my rightful sovereign, whom I will well and truly serve. But, Sir Cavalier, I am now old, and my long sojourn from my native land would make me a stranger and friendless there, while I have here much consideration from the grandees of the savage court. My children, altho' the offspring of an aboriginal mother, are dear to me, and so may it please your gracious pleasure, I would prefer to end my days in Virginia.

SMITH. Be it so, I understand thee. Be secret and thou wilt be safe. Go gain us what intelligence thou canst.

(Exit BARCLAY.)

WEST. I do not much like this renegado.

SMITH. By my faith, Master West, but we are of the condition of the host, whc.

having but one flaggon for the use of all his guests, must serve peer, and peasant alike; now be our thirst for intelligence ever so great, we must drink from this renegado, our only cup.

PERCY. The ruthless hand of Powhatan has indeed so lopp'd the branches from the colonial tree, as to have left only this wasted and wither'd stump. But let Esperance, the motto of the Percy, bear us out at every need.

ROLFE. From the tale of this renegade countryman of ours, I opine that in the King Powhatan we shall meet with a savage of no ordinary sort; an' he possess as much courage, as 't is said he hath craft, he may prove to us a troublesome customer.

SMITH. For my part, having held warfare with wild Tartar and Hern, the savages of the Old World, I care not how soon I break a lance with his savage majesty of the New. But come, my masters, let's to our muster, and prepare our array for the morrow's pageant. 'T is fitting that we appear in our best harness, and that in its best burnish too, that we may strike upon the minds of the natives here, fair impressions of our might and grandeur. I pray of you, worthy sirs, that ye appear in all your braveries, for ye well know that first impressions are strongest, whether in love or warfare. Allons! we will pitch our camp and array our forces, and to-morrow on to the savage court, where we will invest his heathen majesty with the crown and mantle sent to him by the Lord's anointed; then demand, in behalf of our gracious sovereign, dominion in and over the countries from the mountains to the sea, and if denied us—why then—*Dieu et mon Droit*—for God and our right. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

SCENE 2. *The interior of the hut of BARCLAY.—MANTEA mending a net.*

*(Enter POCAHONTAS and OMAVA, with baskets of shells.)*

POCAHONTAS. The blessings of this fair morning upon you, Mantea, and good father Barclay. Do you know, that while with Omaya, gathering shells upon the beach, we heard a noise of thunder, and looking out upon the wide sea, we beheld those great canoes which bear the

English, from one of which a white cloud arose; it seem'd as tho, it contain'd the spirit of sound, it floated awhile majestically in the air, and then disolv'd away; and while we gaz'd upon a spectacle so new and imposing, came to land the lesser canoes fill'd with the gallant strangers. Oh, 't was a rare sight to behold the chiefs as they leap'd on shore, deck'd in all their braveries; their shining arms, their lofty carriage, and air of command, made them seem like beings from a higher world, sent here to amaze us with their glory.

MANTEA. The English, my princess, have indeed arriv'd, and Barclay has gone to join his countrymen, while I have been so lost in fear and wonder, as to remain without the power even to look abroad. Whether this coming may prove of ill or good to Virginia we shall soon determine. I fear we shall have sad times again.

POCAHONTAS. Come good, come ill, Pocahontas will be the friend of the English. I know not how it is, but my attachments became fix'd upon the strangers the first moment I beheld them. Barclay has told me much of his native isle, and I have listen'd to his tale with all the admiration of a young untutor'd mind. But now I can well believe all that I have heard of that fair land, when I see that it doth produce such noble creatures.

MANTEA. Lady, beware how you make known your fondness for these strangers. Recollect you not, that your hand is destin'd to reward Prince Matacoran for his exploits against the English in the late wars? Powhatan so wills it.

POCAHONTAS. Matacoran is the sworn enemy of the whites, and implacable in his hatred; but sooner shall the sun cease to shine, and the waters to flow, than Pocahontas be the wife of Matacoran.

MANTEA. This powerful prince is the general and chief counsellor to the king, and first in his favor and affection, renown'd in war, and wise in council.

POCAHONTAS. Matacoran is brave, yet he lacks the best attribute of courage—mercy. Since the light of the Christian doctrine has shone on my before benighted soul, I have learn'd that mercy is one of the attributes of the divinity I now adore. To good father Barclay I owe the knowledge which I have acquir'd of the only true God, whose worship I in secret perform; and rather than be the bride of that fierce and vindictive

prince, I would fly to the depths of the forests, and take up my abode with the panther.

(Enter BARCLAY and NAMOUTAC.)

BARCLAY. My princess—let me say my own good child, this poor hut is always made cheerful and happy by thy presence. Know you my companion?

OMAYA. Ah! it is, it is indeed Namoutac.

POCAHONTAS. Thy love hath made thee sharp-sighted, girl; thou hast the 'vantage of me.

BARCLAY. 'Tis indeed Namoutac, tho' scarcely to be recognized as the wild Indian boy who used to climb like a squirrel for birds' nests, and dive in the rivers for shells. Namoutac can tell you much of his travels, and of the English who have just landed in Virginia.

OMAYA. Tell me, Namoutac, whether the English maidens wear their plumes as high as we do, and whether in painting they use most, the red or the yellow.

NAMOUTAC. Indeed, girl, I believe the English dames carry their heads to the full as lofty as ye do here, and they have quite as much red on their cheeks, tho' the yellow is not admired.

BARCLAY. Cannot you tell the princess somewhat of your adventures?

NAMOUTAC. Were I to live to the age of Powhatan, I could not relate a thousandth part of the wonders I have seen, or the persons I have met with in that world of itself. Agreeably to the orders of my king, I commenc'd notching a stick for every person I met, but soon threw it away in despair, as all the sticks in Virginia would not suffice to notch down the numbers in yon mighty realm.

OMAYA. Indeed, Namoutac, I do not think your travels abroad have much improv'd your taste in dress; I think you look'd far handsomer when you were formerly plum'd and painted among the young warriors in attendance on the king.

POCAHONTAS. Do tell me truly, Indian, what effects have your travels abroad had upon your attachments to your native country?

NAMOUTAC. In good truth, lady, I can say, all which I have seen has impress'd me with the most exalted ideas of the power and grandeur of a people, who are as gods are to men: Still amid all the splendours of the courts of Europe, I have never forgot my native land, but long'd to re-visit even its poverty and

nothingness; while amid the pomp and pageantry of England, I sighed for the sports of our rude forests, and the wild, free life of an Indian. I wish'd to be away from the restraints of civiliz'd society, to throw off the cumbrous dress which fetter'd my limbs, and re-assume my primitive nakedness and liberty; to enjoy the hunt and the dance, and again to become a son of Virginia.

POCAHONTAS. How call you the chiefs of the English lately arrived?

NAMOUTAC. The leader is Smith, a renown'd chieftain in the three quarters of the world; his lieutenant, Master Percy, kinsman to the great Werowance Northumberland, whose territory alone could produce more bowmen than the whole kingdom of Powhatan; then Master West, related to the noble Lord de la War; then Master Rolfe, of gentle blood, with others of lesser note. I must to the king. How my heart will throb as I re-visit Weorocomoco and its well-remember'd scenes, where the earliest and happiest days of my life have been pass'd.

OMAYA. And so you have not forgot the Weorocomoco and the merry dances we us'd to have there. I long to see you dress'd and painted as becomes you; for really, Namoutac, in these clothes you are hardly tolerable.

NAMOUTAC. The sun shines for the last time upon Namoutac the English. Its morning beams will cheer him while roaming in his native forests, seeking the favourite haunts of his youth, dress'd in the garb of his country, his limbs will again become vigorous and elastic, he will be as swift as the deer of the hills, his heart will be as light as the feathers of his plume; such will soon be Namoutac the Indian. Namoutac the English, will be no more. (Exit NAMOUTAC.)

BARCLAY. Behold the force of early habits, as exemplified in this young native. Princess, the strangers are bound to your father's court, and soon as the presents are landed, will invest Powhatan with the regalia sent by the English monarch. It will be an imposing spectacle.

POCAHONTAS. But I must hasten to Weorocomoco, to prepare fitting entertainments for such noble guests. Omay, we will take the near way path.

OMAYA. We shall soon overtake Namoutac, and then we will fly by him to shew our speed, while in his clumsy clothes he will come toiling after us.

POCAHONTAS. Adieu, Mantea—adieu, good father Barclay—soon will I be here again; for I am no where so happy as under this hospitable roof.

(Exit POCAHONTAS and OMAVA.)

BARCLAY. Come, Mantea, you may now gaze on the ships without fear of the English. This way; be not alarm'd.

(Exeunt both.)

SCENE 3. A wood.

(Enter ROLFE.)

ROLFE. I am completely lost amid the mazes of this interminable wood. My companions, intent on the pursuit of game, have left me to indulge in the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful, which is every where to be found in the wild and picturesque scenery of these interesting regions. What a vast and splendid park this savage king possesses here; how insignificant appear our European pleasure grounds, where a few trees have been planted and train'd by the hand of art, when compar'd with these noble forests, planted by the hand of nature. Our pieces of water, too, as they are called, where a few small fishes are fed and fatten'd, to those magnificent rivers, which, rising in the mountains, traverse the country for some hundred miles, then rush with indescribable grandeur to the sea. And the contrast holds equally good with regard to animals; in the European parks a herd of tame stags lie lazily about the keeper's lodge; in the forests of Virginia, the wild buck arouses him from his leafy lair, flashes his bright eye indignant on his pursuers, and then bounds gracefully away over these interminable lawns. Verily, things are on a great scale in this New World. I will rest me awhile on this shady bank, till our hunter's horn announces the conclusion of the chase.

(Reclines on a bank.)

(Enter POCAHONTAS and OMAVA.)

OMAVA. Why, lady, you tire; Namoutac cannot be far before us.

POCAHONTAS. Indeed, girl, I am not much us'd to racing of late; I would fain take breath awhile. Hereabouts is the shady bank and the old oak at which we us'd

to rest; we will stop but for a moment, and then resume our chase of Namoutac. Come—ah! 'tis occupied, and by a stranger.

(Discovers ROLFE.)

ROLFE. (Coming forward.) But will be most cheerfully relinquished, maidens, to your better use. 'Tis a pleasant seat, and invites the weary to comfort and repose; I pray you rest from your fatigue.

POCAHONTAS. Thanks, courteous stranger; altho' our journey has been somewhat rapid, we have but little need of rest.

ROLFE. The duties of a Cavalier to your sex are the same whether in the Old World or the New; I therefore pray ye accept my service. Say whither do ye roam thro' these extensive forests? Seek ye your friends, or is it in the mere wantonness of health and spirits attendant on the gay morning of life, that ye have come abroad to gather flowers in this wild garden of nature?

POCAHONTAS. We go, Sir Cavalier, to Weorocomoco, the abode of Powhatan, the sovereign of these countries; where, if report speaks truth, we may soon expect the English.

ROLFE. I am greatly mistaken, if I am not addressing the Princess Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of the king, and the friend of Barclay.

POCAHONTAS. Such is my name and character.

ROLFE. Again I tender my duteous service; and tho' I should be but a bad guide in the forest, yet I may afford ye protection on your way.

POCAHONTAS. The paths are well known to us whose feet so often traverse them, and ere the shadows of the trees are much more aslant, we shall reach the abode of Powhatan. Adieu, courteous stranger, at Weorocomoco we shall meet again.

(Exeunt POCAHONTAS and OMAVA.)

ROLFE. What gone! why they have flitted away like the nimble fawns which start from the thicket to avoid the hunter's aim. And see, they now hold on their light and rapid course, and are now hidden by the luxuriant foliage. How full of grace and courtesy is this princess—savage, should I say. By my faith, and such be the damsels of the savage court, we shall need all the advantages of our civilization when we appear before them. (Horn sounds.) Ah! 'tis our wild gallants; they have at length stricken the

deer, and now blow a mort. Here they are.

(Enter PERCY and WEST.)

PERCY. Well, Master Rolfe, still given to meditation! but if our eyes have not deceiv'd us, thou art not solitary in thy musings—surely we saw something of the female form glide swiftly away, as tho' alarmed at our coming. Perhaps some sylvan deity of these shades, who pitying thy forlorn and solitary state, came to amuse thee, and to sing wood notes wild, as a cure for thy melancholy.

WEST. Or rather say the driads of this wood, who finding him absorb'd in dreamy musings on his absent love, came to console the hapless swain, and try if the tawny maidens of Virginia could not make him forget the fair dames of Europe. What say you, Master Rolfe?

ROLFE. Why, my merry masters, I say that ye are bad woodsmen, and have shot wide of your mark; an' ye draw no better bow at the stag, your arrow had as well remain'd in its quiver.

PERCY. We'll guess no more, Master Rolfe, but are all attention to your story.

ROLFE. Well, you must know, that while resting on this bank, and listening for echoes from your horn, came tripping by no less a personage than the Princess Pocahontas, and a light-footed damsel, her hand-maiden, and after a few words of fair and courteous speech, they vanish'd like fairies from a moon beam.

PERCY. And so, Sir Knight of the Wood, a fair princess has form'd thy adventure; but, if I mistake not, thou wilt yet have to win by sword and lance, and not by soft and gentle dalliance of words. Our valiant captain doubts the sincerity of the friendship with which we are to be receiv'd, and bids us all look to our arms. Now his experience of Turk, Tartar, and Hun, will make him keep a wary eye upon the proceedings of his savage majesty here, and at all events be prepar'd for the worst.

WEST. Master Rolfe looks grave. My broider'd doublet to a carman's frock but he is in love with this dark princess.

PERCY. A match, I say, between Master Rolfe, and the tawney daughter of Virginia.

WEST. Agreed, agreed.

ROLFE. My meeting with the damsel was purely accidental; still let me say, that tho' of dark complexion, she is well fa-

your'd both in form and feature, of a mir'd carriage, courteous and discreet discourse.

WEST. Excellently well describ'd. match, a match, I say: but hark'ee, Master Rolfe, an' ye succeed your father-in-law Pohawtan, who they say is we stricken in years, and become king of these realms, I pray ye make me, your old camarado, your master of the horse

ROLFE. Well, my merry masters, here's hand to each of you, and right royally swear, to grant all your wishes, and thousand largesses beside, so soon as wed the princess, succeed Powhatan, and become sovereign lord of these realm. The day I mount the throne of Pawmukkee, thou, Master West, shalt mount the horse of state, thou Master Percy, the viceregal seat in the government of the gold mountains; while our valiant captain, as commander of the forces, will march to the conquest of the Monecan and tribes far westward toward the setting sun. Now, my bon camarados an merry wags, having dispos'd of the gift of royalty, I become plain Master Rolfe again, and propose that we burnish our harness for the morning's pageant, as it is fitting we appear in proper knightly array where a princess is to be won. Lieutenant, we wait thy leading.

PERCY. Nay, my liege, we thy humbl squires, know better our places than to precede the heir presumptive to a throne.

ROLFE. What! at your waggeries again—well, ye shall be pleasur'd. Allons, my noble vassals, allons. (Exeunt omnes.)

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1. *The palace of Powhatan at Werocomoco. POWHATAN seated on throne which is covered with bear skins POWHATAN wearing a coronet of feathers, and a robe of skins, a spear in his hand; on his right the Princess, on his left, OMAHA, with fans of feathers, double rows of guards with spears, bows and arrows.*

(Enter MATACORAN.)

MATACORAN. The English have arriv'd, is it the great King's pleasure the stranger be brought before him?

POWHATAN. Bring they the presents?

MATACORAN. They do, great King.

POWHATAN. And their guns?

MATACORAN. They have weighty guns in their boats, such as ten of the strongest of our warriors could not lift.

POWHATAN. I like not their guns.

MATACORAN. They say these great pieces are brought to give salvos of welcome at thy coronation, such as is due at the coronation of a king.

POWHATAN. Well, be it so, introduce the strangers to my greatness.

*(Flourish of trumpets. Soldiers marching. Drums and trumpets. Banner of SMITH borne by ROLFE. SMITH, uncovered, bearing a scroll. PERCY bearing a coronet. WEST, the mantle. Soldiers.)*

POWHATAN. English, ye are welcome to the dominions of Powhatan—welcome.

SMITH. Great King, I will display, and read my credentials, which are under the sign manual of my sovereign, and the great seal of England. *(Reads.)* "To the high and mighty Powhatan, sovereign of Pawmunkee. These. We, James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King; Defender of the faith; greet thee well, and by these presents we do command our trusty and well beloved cavalier and captain, Smith, that he do invest thee with a crown, which we have sent as a token of our love; and to acknowledge thee by right and title as holding the realm of Virginia in vassalage of us, and our heirs, forever. And we do further command our right trusty and well-beloved cousin, Percy of Northumberland, that he do invest thee with the scarlet mantle as a badge of thy royalty, to be worn as such by thee, and thine heirs, forever. Sign manual and great seal of England."

*(SMITH and PERCY, bearing coronet and mantle, invest POWHATAN with them.)*

SMITH. In the name of the most puissant James, I crown thee King. *(Flourish.)*

PERCY. And I thus invest thee with the mantle of royalty. Hail to the King. *(Flourish.)*

SMITH. God save the great Powhatan, King of Pawmunkee. *(Flourish.)*

*(Flourish of drums and trumpets. Cannon fired without—at the firing the Indians exhibit great terror. POWHATAN leaves his throne. SMITH re-seats him.)*

SMITH. Our shew of gratulation hath

alarm'd your highness; it is now over, dismiss thy terrors. These ceremonies were commanded by my royal Master, as due to the coronation of so great a King as thou. I pray your highness, that ye will be pleas'd to visit us at James' Town and inspect the presents.

POWHATAN. If your king has sent me presents, I also am a king; this is my land, you must come to me, not I to you. Yet, Captain Smith, many do inform me that your coming hither is to invade my people, and possess my country. We fear your arms, now lay them aside, for they are useless in times of peace.

SMITH. Great King, thou art falsely inform'd; we came not only to be friendly with thee, but to aid thee with our arms in thy wars with the Monecans.

POWHATAN. It suiteth not with my greatness to have foreign aid in my wars, Captain Smith; I am old, and have seen the death of my people for three generations. I know the difference between peace and war better than any one in my country. I am old, and soon must die. This tale, that thou art come to destroy my country with thy arms, troubleth me, and affrighteth my people. What can ye gain by war, when we can fly to the woods, whereby ye must perish for want of food. Think ye that Powhatan is so simple as not to know that it is better to eat good meat, laugh, and receive presents from you, than to live in the woods, eat acorns, and be hunted by you, that if a twig break every one cryeth, there cometh Captain Smith! thus ending my miserable life, and leaving my pleasures to you. Be assur'd of our love, and come not with guns and swords, as if to invade your foes.

SMITH. King!—our arms are a part of our apparel; had we intended to do you a harm, what has there been to prevent us? View kindly as friends those who would be terrible to thee as foes.

POWHATAN. Well, Captain Smith, ye are a great Werowance;<sup>1</sup> we will be kind to thee, and accept thy presents. But come, my favourite daughter hath entertainment for thee in a dance. Come, the dance, I say, the dance.

*(SMITH, PERCY, ROLFE, and WEST are placed on stools in the centre of the stage. Suddenly come dancing in from each side Indian girls with*

<sup>1</sup> Ruler.

bows and arrows, then youths with spears; they present the weapons as if to slay them, retire, and bring in pine branches, which they hold over the English in form of a canopy. The English rise, the dancers form in two lines, the King, having POCAHONTAS and OMAVA on each side of him, leads the way, the English follow, the Indians holding the pine branches over the train. Exeunt all but MATACORAN, who, during these ceremonies, stands apart, his arms folded, and looking sternly on. He comes forward.)

MATACORAN. And lick we feet which soon will trample us in the dust, fold we to our bosoms those serpents which will soon entangle us in their coils, and then sting us to the death. Why this idle pageantry of crowning him a king, who is a king already! The coming of these pallid strangers bodes no good. Matacoran despises their friendship and disdains their gifts; and swears, by the heroic fame of his fathers, eternal enmity to the invader, and devoted fidelity to his king and country. (Exit MATACORAN.)

SCENE 2. Interior of BARCLAY'S hut.

(Enter MANTEA and ROLFE.)

MANTEA. Be seated, good sir; rest thee awhile, and such hospitality as this poor hut can afford, shall ever be at the service of Barclay's countrymen.

ROLFE. Thank thee, good dame. I left thy husband but a little while ago. I came to expedite the landing of the stores and presents.—Who have we here?

(Enter POCAHONTAS and OMAVA.)

POCAHONTAS. Mother, I have hasten'd to tell thee how we receiv'd the noble strangers. (Sees ROLFE.) Ha! the handsome Cavalier!

ROLFE. Lady, you have made the English for ever your debtors, by the kind and flattering manner in which you receiv'd them. Of a truth, we were all most happy and content while at Weorocomoco.

POCAHONTAS. Our means were small compar'd to the quality of our guests; yet, such as they were, most freely offer'd, and we hope most pleasingly receiv'd.

ROLFE. May we not hope, lady, that thou

wilt not always bury thy rare qualities in these wilds; thou should'st to England where many will approve thy visit, and thou find much to admire.

OMAYA. Oh do, dear lady; we shall be delighted. Namoutac has told us of the royal court, and of the great ladies there who are of such circumference that they could not enter the door of our king's palace, and so laden with braveries that pages are employ'd to carry them.

POCAHONTAS. I fear that a Virginian female would be but a poor personage where there is so much show and grandeur.

ROLFE. Pardon me, lady, thy worth and dignity will not be obscur'd, even by the state and splendour of the English court; the one is the genuine adornment of nature, the other the mere effect of art. An' ye will go, I could hope to be your squire; and trust me, lady, the kindness which you have shewn to my countrymen will be remember'd to thee in England.

OMAYA. Oh do, dear lady, go; and we will carry with us our best plumes, and good store of red paint; and when my lady is deck'd in her armlets and blue beads she will appear as royally as the best of them.

POCAHONTAS. Good girl, thy warm imagination foresees many pleasures in the far country, while thy long and faithful attachment to me, makes it sure, that if I go abroad, thou shalt accompany me.

OMAYA. Thank'ee, thank'ee, dear lady and when we come back, I shall take care to show Namoutac what it is to have travell'd—I shall indeed.

(Enter an INDIAN, with fruit.)

INDIAN. Barclay bade me give this fruit to an English Cavalier I should find here. He begs you will look to its seed immediately; it hath a rare seed, and ye'll find it worthy of your notice.

ROLFE. (Opens the fruit and discovers a billet.) Aha! something in the wine. (Aside.) Indian, I find indeed it is most pleasant fruit, and of a winning flavour; tell Barclay the seed will be well car'd for.—Away. (Exit INDIAN.)

ROLFE. (Reads.) "A panther lurks near the great oak, and will molest the gentle doe an' there be no lion to guard her on her way."—How's this, the prince's menac'd; treachery abroad! her safety be my care. Lady, it behooves thee to return to Weorocomoco without delay, but



as a panther has been seen near the great oak, I will guard thee on thy way in safety to thy father's palace.

POCAHONTAS. Nay, good Sir Cavalier, we will not intrude so much upon thy courtesy. We have often tarried at the great oak, sometimes to enjoy the shade of its spreading branches, sometimes to shelter in its ample hollow from the summer shower, yet have we never seen beast other than the pretty deer that graze in the forest, or the nimble squirrel, leaping from tree to tree, chattering to its mates.

ROLFE. Not only duty and honour, but a warmer impulse, bids me be thy protector. I long to prove my sincerity: let's away—an' the panther spring, I will defend my charge, aye, to the very death.

(*Exeunt POCAHONTAS, OMAVA, and ROLFE.*)

MANTEA. The good Spirit guard them in safety. Here comes my husband, he seems in haste, and much disorder'd.

(*Enter BARCLAY.*)

BARCLAY. Where is the princess and the Cavalier?

MANTEA. Gone, and the cavalier gone with her.

BARCLAY. Heaven be prais'd, then all is well. Hear me, Mantea—I have just discover'd a horrible conspiracy to surprise and murder my countrymen; and the Indians knowing the attachment of the princess to the English, have caus'd Namoutac to lie in ambush at the oak, to seize the amiable girl and bear her off, till the conspiracy is completed. Happily my billet has been read and understood, and the brave Cavalier will, I trust, defeat the plan, and protect the dear child from harm. Be secret on your life.

MANTEA. Return ye to Weorocomoco to give the alarm to the English?

BARCLAY. I dare not leave this place; the Prince Matacoran has order'd me to remain here in charge of the presents; altho' no one would steal them, for they consist of a grindstone, of which the Indians know not the use, and two demi-culverins, which twenty could not carry away. I have had no means of communication with my countrymen but by the billet—Heaven send them a safe deliverance.

MANTEA. I think I have discover'd that

the princess and cavalier are not indifferent to each other.

BARCLAY. 'Tis well; but let women alone, whether savage or civiliz'd, for finding out the secrets of her sex. Hear me, Mantea, be silent, be secret, if it is in the nature of a woman to keep a secret; your life, your husband's life, your children's lives depend upon your prudence in the matter of this conspiracy. Come, take up the nets, and let's to our fishing; we must appear as if nothing had happen'd a little while—and then—

(*Exeunt MANTEA and BARCLAY.*)

SCENE 3. *A wood, within which is a temple of matting and poles—an image of the Okee, or God—a PRIEST prostrate before it.*

POWHATAN. Now, priest—what says Okee; is he propitious?

PRIEST. Great king, the god will indulge thy prayer, but demands a heavy sacrifice.

POWHATAN. Well, fifteen youths, I suppose, will content the Okee.

PRIEST. Fifteen, my king! Okee demands an hundred.

POWHATAN. Enormous! Why at that rate, I shall soon have none to offer; my kingdom will be depopulated. Go, try if he will not be content with fifty.

PRIEST. I dare not provoke the god; he will not be question'd a second time.

POWHATAN. An hundred! I never gave more than fifty in all my wars.

PRIEST. Thy wars were with Monecans—the English are not Monecans.

POWHATAN. If I give an hundred youths to the sacrifice, what am I promis'd, priest?

PRIEST. The entire discomfiture of all thy enemies.

POWHATAN. But their guns—?

PRIEST. Will become harmless as blunted arrows—their lightnings may flash, their thunders roll, but they will be no more than the rumbling and glare from the summer cloud, where no bolt descends to shiver the pine.

POWHATAN. Ensure me the head of Captain Smith, and the hundred is granted. Go, select the youths, array them in their white vestments, our affairs admit of no delay.

PRIEST. All thy enemies shall be in thy power—so the god has promis'd.

(Exit PRIEST.)

POWHATAN. But a little while, and these proud invaders will share the fate of their countrymen. They have brought me a crown, 't were better to have been an hoe or a hatchet. They ask the lands from the mountains to the sea; but will they be content with part, when their object is to take the whole? This Smith is a warrior; his air and manner is that of command—and then their dreadful fire arms. My daughter, too, favours these English; but I have sent Namoutac with a party, to seize and bear her to a distance, till my scheme has taken effect. I'll to the prince and hold deep counsel; and, ere another moon, I trust that my land will be rid of these formidable invaders. (Exit POWHATAN.)

SCENE 4. *A wood. The great Oak in the centre—a hollow in its side.*

(Enter ROLFE.)

ROLFE. I have preceded my charge that I may reconnoitre the enemy, and see if the coast be clear. This is the spot alluded to in Barclay's billet. What a giant of the forest is here! Centuries have witness'd its growth, centuries have witness'd its prime, and centuries will elapse ere its final decay,—within its vast hollow, a cavalier, arm'd cap-a-pie, with lance in rest, might caracole a steed, and yet touch not the sides. But hark! I hear footsteps approaching; I will take 'vantage of the cover this mighty tree affords, and form my ambuscade.

(Enters the tree.)

(NAMOUTAC and Indians come through the wood.)

NAMOUTAC. Hide ye in the adjoining thickets, and when ye shall hear my whoop, rush forth, seize the princess and Omayá, and bear them to the canoes, which shall convey them to Pawmunkee. —Down, down, they are coming.

(Indians hide.)

(Enter POCAHONTAS and OMAÝA.)

POCAHONTAS. Here is the great oak.

OMAYÁ. And nothing seems to disturb the stillness of the scene. save the birds, which sing in joyous melody, and the playful squirrel, which pursues his gambols amid the limbs of this aged father of the forest. All is peace, and sure no

cruel animal lurks hereabout to destroy two such harmless beings as we are.

(Whoop heard. NAMOUTAC and Indians rush forth to seize POCAHONTAS and OMAÝA—at the same moment ROLFE comes from the tree, fires a pistol, Indians run off screaming.)

NAMOUTAC. Aha! Sir Cavalier, is it thou why you have really spoil'd a pleasant frolic.

ROLFE. Villain! confess thy treachery, or you die. (Presents a pistol.)

NAMOUTAC. A love affair, Master Rolfe, nothing more. I wish'd to surprise the damsels, and bear off Omayá, after the manner of love affairs, of which I have heard report in thy country; nothing more, Master Rolfe—nothing more.

ROLFE. Rascal, in my country where love affairs are conducted by treachery and outrage to the female parties, they end in the death of the traitors. Now you have play'd your part in this love affair, shall play mine by shooting you through the head. (Presenting pistol.)

OMAYÁ. Oh, good Sir Cavalier, do spare poor Namoutac; his travels have turn'd his brain—he would not have behav'd so when he was only an Indian.

ROLFE. Begone, fellow! and when you next propose to alarm an innocent female, beware lest you find an English cavalier for her protector. (Exit NAMOUTAC.) Thy guileless heart, my princess, knows not yet of the ways of treachery and deceit. This alarming affair happily ended, let us proceed.

POCAHONTAS. Whatever may have been the intention of those who surpris'd us, thy gallant deliverance claims our gratitude and regard.

ROLFE. A regard, dear lady, which I hope will be mutually increased on our further acquaintance. Yet speak not so favourably of a service which every cavalier is bound to render to thy sex. Come let's on with our journey; and the gentle fawn of Virginia need fear no panther when the lion of England doth guard her on her way. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 5. *Wood. Distant view of Weorcomoco.*

(Enter MATACORAN and SELICTAZ.)

MATACORAN. Go, Selictaz, to all the tribes friendly to Powhatan, bid them must

their warriors and repair to Weorococo; promise them much bounty at the hands of the king, and great rewards in the spoils of the English.

SELICTAZ. I go, my prince, but opine they will come in but tardily, the tribes do so much fear the arms of the English.

MATACORAN. Bid them not fear those noisy weapons; the thunder rolls not always, and in its pauses our arrows will enter our enemies' bosoms, and our spears strike home. Tempt their avarice, Selictaz, by saying much of the riches of the strangers; say the king will relieve his people from the burthens lately impos'd—say every thing to induce the distant tribes to give their aid in driving these accurs'd English into the sea.

SELICTAZ. You shall be obey'd; and I hope to return with many of these fierce and hardy warriors.

MATACORAN. Yet stay, thou can'st not well be spar'd; we shall have need of thee in a daring enterprize that will be this night attempted. Go, send Yaamayden; teach him as I have taught thee; and say further, that Matacoran will lead in the war, and uphold the fame and manhood of the Indian.—Go. *(Exit SELICTAZ.)*

*(Enter INDIAN.)*

INDIAN. The king awaits thee near the ancient tomb.

MATACORAN. I come. *(Exit INDIAN.)* All now is prepar'd, an' if Powhatan do not shrink from the trial our success is certain; and from the fate of Smith and his comrades these pallid adventurers will learn in future better to respect the courage and ability of the Indian, than with a few score of followers to expect to overcome and conquer a country inhabited by thousands of warlike men. The accepted moment is at hand, and ere another sun shall rise to cheer with its beams the too confident English, the spear of Matacoran will have drank deeply of their blood, or Matacoran be gather'd to his fathers, to enjoy the happiness reserv'd for the brave.

*(Exit MATACORAN.)*

SCENE 6. *A wood—on one side of the stage the ruins of a tomb, in large letters thereon, "Madoc, 1170."*

*(Enter POCAHONTAS.)*

POCAHONTAS. 'Tis superstitious awe gives privacy to this tomb, erected by the first

conquerors of this country, and suppos'd to contain the ashes of Madoc, their chief. What could have caus'd Namoutac to lie in wait with arm'd men to surprise us in the wood, when but for the brave Cavalier, what might not have been our fate? All is not well.—Ah! here comes the king and with him Matacoran; they are in deep conference, and seek this secluded spot to hold their councils. Could I but learn the subject of their debate, it might throw much light upon late events. Time was, I should have fear'd to enter this sepulchre, but since the light of true faith dispell'd the first darkness of my mind, this solemn place with all its wild tales has no terrors for me. The prince being engag'd in this conference bodes no good to my English. I will retire into the tomb, and may learn that which will enable me to protect him who so late protected me.

*(POCAHONTAS goes into the tomb.)*

*(Enter POWHATAN and MATACORAN.)*

POWHATAN. To-night say'st thou? and the plan so well arrang'd that the English cannot escape? I have order'd the sacrifice of an hundred youths to the god; Okee would not for less ensure me the destruction of my enemies, the possession of their riches, and the heads of their chiefs.

MATACORAN. 'Tis well to sacrifice to the gods; but, believe me, king, the gods of the English are as much superior to our gods, as their guns are superior to our bows and arrows. But if we cannot succeed by open force, we must resort to stratagem. Hear my plan. The feasts of the coronation being over, the English will return to the vicinity of their ships. I have selected for their guide Selictaz, who will conduct them to the old ruinous hunting lodge on the banks of the river; there supplied with good victuals, they will feast and carouse, for not like we do the English prepare for war, by fasting and hardihood; they are a people who have much regard for the belly and after eating they will sleep; then, my king, we will approach and pin them to the soil they so greedily covet.

POWHATAN. A good plan; but keep they no watch to alarm the sleepers of danger?

MATACORAN. Barclay has told me, that English warriors guard their camp by a charm'd word, which, if spoken by a foe,

makes that foe a friend. Now Selictaz is directed to obtain that charm'd word, which is always given out when the guard is set. That obtain'd, we proceed secure to the work of death.

POWHATAN. Brave and wise Matacoran, success to thee; and the English once destroy'd, name thy reward; a still greater Werowance shalt thou be, and rule over the countries conquer'd from the Monecans.<sup>1</sup> Bring me the head of Captain Smith, and thou shalt be second only to the king.

MATACORAN. Since first I enter'd the ranks of men, I have been in the service of my country; how faithfully, how daringly I have serv'd her, the renown of thy arms, O king! will best declare. Yet of all the spoils of war, what hath been the share of Matacoran? None—for Matacoran fought not for wealth, but for glory and Pocahontas. Now he must fight for glory and his country.

POWHATAN. Nay, my prince, be of good heart, the girl is young and knows not thy worth. Drive out the English from my shores, and the choicest of my gifts and my beloved daughter, shall be thy reward.—I swear it.

MATACORAN. No—as an unwilling bride I would not receive even Pocahontas to my arms. She has seen the strangers, and no longer looks upon an Indian warrior with favour or regard. 'Tis no matter—Matacoran must have done with love. Glory and his country must return and possess his soul. Talk not of reward, king; thou hast often seen me return from the combat cover'd with mine own and my enemy's blood—say, did Matacoran ever ask reward? Tho' he hath added country to thy kingdom, and led many captives to thy feet, one boon alone he crav'd, and 't was her whose image nerv'd his arm in battle, and sooth'd the agonies of his many wounds—her who inspir'd the generous passion which bloom'd in his boyhood, and ripen'd in the man.

POWHATAN. Your long and constant attachment deserves the possession of its object. Pocahontas shall be thine.—Again I swear it.

MATACORAN. While I now bid adieu to a hopeless passion, the remembrance of once happy days clings in fondest twinings around my heart, and soothes me, as

<sup>1</sup> Monacan, a nation to the west of Powhatan.

the mild radiance of twilight continues to shed its comforts on nature after the departure of the brighter sun. In my gay morning of life I sought renown in all the manly games, that my brow might receive the wreath from the hand of Pocahontas. How oft have I launched my light canoe, when the angry waves had driven our boldest fishers to the land, and drenched with the spray, have gain'd the distant shore to procure rare shells for the armlets of her I lov'd. How oft have I plung'd into the depths of the forests, and pierc'd with my arrows the bird of many dyes, that with its beauteous feathers I might plume the coronet of Pocahontas. Aye, I have dar'd death in an hundred battles, that, when returning victorious, Pocahontas might hail me with honour to the brave.

POWHATAN. My good and gallant prince, I swear my daughter shall—

MATACORAN. Enough, enough—'t is the expiring struggle of love. Now Matacoran breathes alone of war, and pants for the combat. The bowmen await their chief. Adieu, my king—Matacoran will deliver his country from her invaders, or soon exist only in his fame.

(Exit MATACORAN.)

POWHATAN. How brave and noble is this prince! and then that silly girl of mine to reject his love, and place her affections upon these pale-fac'd strangers. But Namoutac has by this time remov'd her afar, till the English are destroy'd, and Matacoran returns victorious to claim her as his bride. This night, this eventful night, Powhatan, old king, thou hast need of all thy craft and energy, or soon thy white head will no longer wear the crown so lately plac'd upon it. The sun which rises to-morrow will either behold thee a victorious king, or a humbled prisoner.

(Exit POWHATAN.)

(POCAHONTAS comes from the tomb.)

POCAHONTAS. What have I heard! treachery and massacre against those whom they so lately receiv'd with every shew of hospitality and kindness. And Matacoran—he the brave and noble—and the reward of his achievement to be the hand of Pocahontas. No, chieftain, no. When Pocahontas rewards courage it must be unmix'd with treachery. Namoutac's conduct is explain'd. What is to be done? Can I fly to the English whom Selictaz leads on to sacrifice? The

bands of Matacoran beset the path on every side; the river is the only hope. (*A flash of lightning.*) Hal a storm is brewing, and how will these little hands, us'd only to guide the canoe in sportive race on a smooth and glassy surface, wage its struggling way, when raging billows uprear their foamy crests? Brave English, gallant, courteous Rolfe. (*Thunder.*) Night comes on apace—Oh, night of horror! (*Clasps her hands and looks up to heaven as if in prayer.*) Thank thee, good Spirit; I feel thy holy influence on my heart. English Rolfe, I will save thee, or Pocahontas be no more. (*Rushes out.*)

SCENE 7. *A hunting lodge composed of mats and poles. View of the river.*

(*Enter SELICTAZ, leading the English. Indians following with baskets on their heads.*)

SELICTAZ. Rest ye here, my noble captain, and your good companions. The king, most careful of thy persons, commends thee to this rude lodge as a shelter against the falling dews, and the storm that seems fast gathering; and of his gracious bounty has sent ye good store of victual.

SMITH. The king is most royal in his bounty, and most ample in his stores.

SELICTAZ. The king desires that ye will not spare the victual, but feast and be merry. (*Aside.*) 'T will be thy last feast.

SMITH. On your return, present our humble duty to his highness; and had we a flask of good Rhenish here, in troth we would drink a deep carouse to his highness's health, and that of his daughter, our esteem'd good friend.

SELICTAZ. Had ye not better lay aside your armour? Sure it will hinder your rest.

SMITH. The English soldier is so us'd to his iron panoply that it seems as light to him as thy thin harness is to thee. Lieutenant, prepare for the night.

PERCY. The watch-word, an' so please ye, and we'll set the guard.

(*SELICTAZ gives attention.*)

SMITH. What ye like; suppose thine own fair mistress.

ROLFE. What say ye to the Princess Pocahontas, our well approv'd friend?

SMITH. The princess then, with all my heart.

WEST. Aha! Master Rolfe, remember the wood—thou hast an arrow in thy heart—deep, deep, I say.

PERCY. This charm'd word will protect us in our rest, but disturb the sleep of our bon camarado.

WEST. Of a truth, she is the friend of the English.

SMITH. Be that the watch-word—Pocahontas, the friend of the English.

(*SELICTAZ retires satisfied.*)

PERCY. So please ye, any further orders?

SMITH. None. And now to rest, each in his soldier's cloak, his shield his pillow, and embracing his arms as he would soft and yielding beauty. Gentle sirs, good rest to ye, and many sweet dreamings of your lady loves; while wrapped up in my roquelaire, I will think awhile; till lull'd by the measur'd pacing of the guard, and the wild plaintive notes Virginia night birds sing, I too shall slumber. The guardian spirits which watch o'er the soldier's rude couch, keep ye all in their holy keeping. Give ye good night—good night.

(*Slow music—curtain falls.*)

ACT THIRD.

SCENE 1. *The hunting lodge as before. Night. Thunder and lightning. The river appears agitated. English asleep. Soldier on guard. Pocahontas is seen in a canoe struggling with the waves; she lands, and approaches the guard; a paddle in her hand.*

SOLDIER. Who comes there? Stand.

POCAHONTAS. Oh, for breath (*leaning on her paddle*). I fear that I shall expire ere I can save them.

SOLDIER. What, ho! I say, the watch-word, or I fire. (*Presenting his piece.*)

POCAHONTAS. 'T is Pocahontas comes—Pocahontas, the friend of the English.

SOLDIER. Right—Pass.

POCAHONTAS. What, are they so still, and death so near? English, arouse ye, or ye die.

SMITH. (*Starting up.*) Who calls? Is it day-dawn already? Ah, my mistress, what can have brought thee abroad, and the elements so rude and angry? Surely thou has held some revelry to-night, and supposing that we poor soldiers are but

illy content, have tripp'd down with thy light-footed damsels, and will again surprise us with a masquerade. But that my beard is grizzled, and my face marvelously ill-favour'd by scars of foreign service, I might hope this visit was made to me, and receive thee as my lady love.

POCAHONTAS. A more fearful fate awaits thee;—even now, Matacoran at the head of seven hundred bowmen, all chosen from my father's guard, comes to surprise and slay thee. Arm, arm; I pray thee arm, and away.

SMITH. To arms there, ho! (*English spring up, arm, and are mustered by Percy.*) By my faith tho', mistress, it would be but of ill savour to the fame of English cavaliers, were they to fly from the foe, leaving thee a distrest damsel behind. What say ye, Master Percy, could we expect favour from our dames were such ill fame to befall us?

PERCY. Let the enemy come, we will bide their brunt. The Percy fears no odds.

ROLFE. We are but eighteen in all; but then our men-at-arms are all veteran soldiers bred in battle, and for our captain, a braver heart never throbb'd against a corslet.

SMITH. Thank ye, my stout and worthy gentlemen. We will give this prince a right soldierly welcome—first a volley of hail shot, and then on him with sword and target.

POCAHONTAS. Nay, nay, your courage will not avail ye, the darkness will mar the superiority of your arms, while from every side will fly the poison'd arrows. Can Pocahontas ask a boon, which the English will deny?

SMITH. After thy generous service, lady, thy boon is granted ere 't is ask'd.

POCAHONTAS. Then fly! O! fly, my English, ere 't is too late. Fly, I beseech ye.

SMITH. Thou hast prevail'd. But thou must bear us company; within our steely circle we will place our protectress, and the harm that reaches her must first destroy us.

POCAHONTAS. No, I must return; should the king learn that I have preserv'd thee, not even his belov'd daughter will escape his wrath. Pocahontas gone, who will befriend the English?

SMITH. Lady, thy nobleness wins all our hearts. Grant me, I pray ye, a single feather of thy plume. (*She gives a feather.*) This will I wear on my helm.

—Aye, and when the chivalry of Euro hold tournament in honour of the dames, I, thine own true knight, will appear in the lists, proclaim the Prince Pocahontas the most peerless of her sex, and shiver a lance in honour of the flow of Virginia. (*Exeunt all the English.*)

POCAHONTAS. Now all is well—yet he the wind roars among the lofty pine the heaving surge beats heavily on the shore, while the blazing sky serves light Matacoran on his way. I must launch my little barque, and as it toss amid the foam and fury of the wave feel sure that good and guardian Spirit which urg'd me to the rescue of my fellow creatures, will not forsake me amid the dangers of the storm. (*Pocahontas re-embarks, and is seen at first struggling with the waves.—Exit.*)

(MATACORAN, SELICITAZ, and Indian enter. They rush to the spot where a lamp burns, and where SMITH was sleeping.)

MATACORAN. Now, soldiers, strike, and spare not; strike for your country—Hail escap'd! (*Turning to SELICITAZ.*) Villain! thou hast deceiv'd me, and thou shalt die. Where are the English?

SELICITAZ. Dread chief, an' I play ye false, let my bosom receive your spear I left them buried in sleep, what hath alarm'd them I know not. Some spirit my Prince, some spirit has come to their aid, and marr'd thy purpose.

MATACORAN. Be it a good or evil spirit, I defy its power. Let's on, the day is dawning—we dare do by courage what we have fail'd in by surprise. On, I say. (*As they are going off, they meet Indians with HUGO DE REDMOND prisoner. Indians carrying his musket, shield, and sword.*)

MATACORAN. Stop—who have we here?

INDIAN. Prince, we found this old warrior lost in the mazes of the forest. We have disarm'd and brought him here to abide thy pleasure.

MATACORAN. Who art thou? How cam'st thou away from thy companions?

HUGO. So please ye, Sir Savage, I am Hugo de Redmond, an old man-at-arms in the service of King James. My limbs are stiff, I had sat me down to await the day dawn, when these painted devils sprang upon me, and master'd my arms; an' my match had not gone out,

they would not have found me an easy conquest.

MATACORAN. Where is thy leader and his warriors?

HUGO. Not far off.

MATACORAN. What are the numbers of the English warriors?

HUGO. Including the soldiers in the barques, about three-score.

MATACORAN. Ha! not more?

HUGO. An' I be not greatly mistaken, you'll find 'em enough.

MATACORAN. Do not deceive me; we Indians have strange tortures for our prisoners; we stick them full of splinters from the oily pine, and then light them into flame, and dance round, singing their funeral songs.

HUGO. Sure, an' the devil's own dance it must be. Well, old Hugo has stood fire in the four quarters of the Old World, and it matters little if he die by fire in the New. I was born in a camp, cradled in a buckler, and these white locks and batter'd arms, are proofs of my long and faithful service. I am thy prisoner, Sir Savage, do with me as you list.

MATACORAN. I like thy boldness. An' I give ye liberty what will ye do?

HUGO. Rejoin my banner with all speed.

MATACORAN. And then—

HUGO. Fight the enemies of my king and country.

MATACORAN. I like thee, old Warrior. Thou shalt return to thy chief, and tell him that Matacoran admires his valour, and bids him to the combat.

HUGO. On my life an' he'll not baulk ye in your bidding.

MATACORAN. Thy sword and shield I keep in pledge, which thou may'st redeem in battle; take thy other arms, a brave soldier should never be unarm'd. Thou'rt free—Go.

HUGO. Thank 'ee, Sir Savage. Here's my hand, in an hour hence it will seek thy life in battle. Hugo hopes to redeem his arms where the combat thickens. Farewell, noble, generous enemy, farewell. (Exit HUGO.)

MATACORAN. Soldiers! the hour is come. Be not alarm'd at their noisy arms; grapple with the foe, and his thunder will cease. We exceed them in numbers, of twenty to one—shame if they overcome us. They have great store of riches, win but the battle, and take all my share; this trusty blade will be all my spoil. On, comrades, on—the spirits of thy fathers,

thy king, country, all, will behold thy battle. On to victory! 'Tis Matacoran leads the way. (Exeunt cheering.)

SCENE 2. *Woody country. View of James River. Reports of musketry. Indians fly in terror across the stage.*

(Enter MATACORAN and SELICTAZ.)

MATACORAN. Fly, Selictaz, to the rear, and bid the guards receive these cowards on their spear points, and turn them back upon the English. (Exit SELICTAZ.) Now to my chosen guard, and form them on the river bank. The rout continues! Stop, cowards! Ah, those dreadful arms. Stop—'t is your general calls you.

(Exit MATACORAN.)

(Enter SMITH, PERCY, ROLFE, WEST, and Soldiers.)

SMITH. Well done for the onset; spare your shot, and press them, brave comrades, with sword and target. Be my banner, like the eagle of Virginia, soaring above our battle, nor let it rest from its majestic flight, till it perches in triumph on the palace of Powhatan. On, I say! let my war cry be Victory and Virginia! (Exeunt.)

SCENE 3. *A Wood. Alarms. Reports of musketry.*

(Enter SMITH, pressed by many Indians. SMITH with an Indian tied to his left arm, uses him as a buckler; he throws the Indian from him dead. SMITH is forced over the bank, and appears as fighting in the water. The Indians overpower, and bear him off in their arms.)

(Enter MATACORAN.)

MATACORAN. There, now, stand firm: and if their armour should resist your arrows it will not repel a spear when thrust by the vigour of a brave man's arm. See, your prince advances first to meet the foe. Indians, place your trust in the spear, in courage, and Matacoran. (Discharge of musketry heard, two Indians fall dead, the rest fly in disorder, uttering loud cries.) All is lost. Oh! cowards, your general's curse, the curse of your king and country attend your flight.

What remains now to face the foe,  
nought but despair and Matacoran.

(*English enter and attack MATACORAN, who defends himself bravely—he is beaten down on one knee. HUGO enters and covers him with his buckler.*)

HUGO. Spare, comrades, spare the prince;  
'tis your father Hugo commands ye.  
(*English desist. MATACORAN rises.*)  
Brave, generous chief, the fortune of war  
is against thee, but thy courage demands  
esteem from thy enemies.

MATACORAN. I have fought to the last,  
courted death, and hop'd to fall with my  
falling country.

HUGO. Prince, I now claim my old arms,  
and am happy that the act of their red-  
emption has been in saving the life of  
a gallant enemy.

MATACORAN. (*Giving up sword and buck-  
ler.*) There! in my hands they have  
been unfortunate, but not dishonour'd.

HUGO. When I was thy prisoner, thou  
said'st that a brave man should never be  
without arms, restor'd to me a part of  
mine; I admir'd thy courtesy then, and  
now offer thee in return a sword just  
flesh'd in this its maiden battle. Look,  
Prince, when old Hugo's wars are ended,  
and his last peace made, it will remind  
thee that honour and generosity could  
dwell in the bosom of so humble a being  
as a poor English man-at-arms.

MATACORAN. Good old warrior, I accept  
thy gift, tho' it comes too late; for Mata-  
coran has fought the last of his country's  
battles. Thy countrymen I can never  
love; but honour bids me say, they have  
about them much to admire. Lead on,  
lead your prisoner to your chief.

(*Exeunt all.*)

#### SCENE 4. Interior of BARCLAY'S hut.

(*Enter BARCLAY—meeting MANTEA.*)

MANTEA. Hath the thunder ceas'd—how  
fares the English?

BARCLAY. It still echoes among the pines.  
Three wounded English are just brought  
down to be embark'd—they report that  
our leader, the valiant Smith, is taken  
and carried to Weorocomoco. It seems  
impossible to believe it.

MANTEA. Oh! sad, sad day for us all.

BARCLAY. Do not so soon despond—tho'

a leader be slain, English soldiers are  
not long without another. The brave  
Percy may by this time have restor'd the  
day. The daring valour of Smith led  
him too far in pursuit of the flying en-  
emy, when slipping from a bank into the  
river, he was overpower'd by numbers,  
and the hero, before whom hundreds had  
fled, was taken and carried captive to  
Powhatan. (*Knocking at the door.*)  
Be still, on your life. Who's there?  
(*Without.*) Mowbray!

(*Barclay opens the door.*)

(*Enter MOWBRAY.*)

BARCLAY. My dear friend and country-  
man, what news, what news?

MOWBRAY. Good.—Victory to the English,  
thanks to the gallant Percy.

BARCLAY. And our leader—but I can see  
by thy looks—taken, Smith taken?

MOWBRAY. 'Tis even so. His chivalric  
courage bore him head-long on the foe,  
when tired with slaying them, accident  
threw him into the water, where the  
weight of his armour, and the numbers  
who press'd upon him, render'd resist-  
ance vain, and he was borne off on the  
shoulders of the Indians.

BARCLAY. I trust the captain made his  
peace with God before the battle, for  
Powhatan allows his prisoners no time  
for prayer; and ere this the gallant soul  
of Smith is join'd to the souls of those  
made perfect in another and a better  
world.

MOWBRAY. Let's still indulge a hope.  
Percy, Rolfe, and West, learning the fate  
of their leader, furiously charg'd the In-  
dians sword in hand, routed, and pursued  
them towards the savage capital. Amid  
the rout <e> and carnage, one Indian,  
Prince Matacoran, was unappall'd; he  
fought like a lion, disdaining to fly, till  
old Hugo de Redmond, the father of our  
men, rush'd to the rescue, cover'd the  
chief with his buckler, bidding the sol-  
diers spare so gallant an enemy. By  
this act of generosity calling forth shouts  
of admiration from our ranks.

BARCLAY. And the Prince—the brave, the  
stern Matacoran?

MOWBRAY. Despoil'd of his arms, he is  
led in chains, an hostage for the safety  
of the valiant Smith: ere this our troops  
have reach'd the savage capital, the sol-  
diers rending the air with cries for their  
ador'd commander.

BARCLAY. Come, Mantea, let's on to We-



orocomoco. An' our leader lives, Virginia is ours.

MOWBRAY. Aye, Virginia will be ours—  
Victory and Virginia! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 5. *The palace of POWHATAN.  
Guards, etc.*

(*Enter POWHATAN, meeting POCAHONTAS  
and OMAVA.*)

POWHATAN. A strange tale this I hear of  
Namoutac and the Cavalier in the great  
tree. Namoutac is a fool, and deserv'd  
to be shot for his idle frolic. But, girl,  
something of greater moment claims at-  
tention. How comes it that ye continue  
to refuse the Prince as thy husband, the  
pride of my kingdom, the favourite of  
its king?

POCAHONTAS. I love not Matacoran, my  
affections are plac'd on another.

POWHATAN. Hear me, girl! the Prince is  
now engaged in combat with the English,  
whom he expects to destroy or drive  
from Virginia. An' he perform either  
of which good services thou shalt be his  
reward—aye, the bride of Matacoran.

POCAHONTAS. An' the Prince conquer the  
English, he will find better reward in  
their spoils, than in me, an unloving  
wife.

POWHATAN. He asks not reward, nay, re-  
fuses even thy ungrateful self; but I  
have sworn, yea, solemnly sworn, thou  
shalt be his, so prepare yourself to obey  
my will.

(*Enter SELICTAZ, in great haste.*)

POWHATAN. Ha! what news, Selictaz?  
what of the Prince? how goes the battle?  
speak, if thou canst gather as much  
breath. An' thy news be great as thy  
haste, 't will be worth relating.

SELICTAZ. Great King! Smith! the leader  
Smith.— (*Panting.*)

POWHATAN. Well—Smith is not near We-  
orocomoco, I hope!

SELICTAZ. Aye, great King, very near.

POWHATAN. (*Alarmed.*) Guards—there!  
say quickly thy say—

SELICTAZ. Smith is a prisoner, and will  
be here anon.

POWHATAN. Ha! prisoner! Smith a pris-  
oner! and alive! Smith a prisoner!

SELICTAZ. 'Tis even so—Smith is thy  
prisoner, and alive.

POWHATAN. Far beyond my hopes, thanks  
to the gods, and the brave Matacoran.  
Aha! girl, what say'st thou now to thy  
darling English, thy valiant Smith?  
Aha! wilt thou not now be the bride of  
Matacoran, the victorious Matacoran?

POCAHONTAS. Never! tho' he were victor  
of the world.

POWHATAN. Oh! joy, joy; say, Selictaz,  
how long before the remaining English  
are brought captives to my feet.

SELICTAZ. That, King, is a very doubtful  
matter; for tho' the leader is taken, the  
battle doth not abate. In truth, my  
King, there seemeth to be many Smiths  
in the field; they fight as tho' they were  
all Smiths.

POWHATAN. How fares the Prince?

SELICTAZ. I left him at his wonted place,  
the thickest of the battle. (*A yell.*)  
But hark, I hear the Indians who bear  
the captive Smith on their shoulders to  
make the greater haste to thy presence.  
Shall I usher them in?

POWHATAN. Wait yet a moment, while I  
ascend my throne, and put on the crown  
and mantle, that I may receive the pris-  
oner in the royalty of his own making.  
Come, girl, take thy place at my side—  
take thy place, I say.

POCAHONTAS. Excuse me, father, I'm not  
us'd to such sights. I am not well.

POWHATAN. Thou wilt be well when the  
English are destroy'd. Take thy place.

(*POCAHONTAS and OMAVA take their  
places on the throne. POWHATAN  
ascends and seats himself on the  
throne.*)

POWHATAN. Now bring the captive to my  
feet. Take with thee my guard, Selictaz,  
lest he may escape.

(*SELICTAZ and guard go out and re-  
turn with SMITH, his clothes stained  
and in disorder, his plumes broken.  
Indians bearing his arms.*)

POWHATAN. Thou'rt welcome, Captain  
Smith, tho' thou now com'st with not  
quite so gallant a train as when thou  
last did deign to visit my poor house.

SMITH. My train will be here anon.

POWHATAN. Aye, as captives like thyself.

SMITH. No! but as conquerors, to plant  
my banner in victory on the throne where  
thou now sittest.

POWHATAN. How! and their leader taken?

SMITH. That's no matter, the Percy does  
battle in my stead; and were he to fall,  
I would say, as old King Hal said of the  
Percy who fell at Chevy Chase, good he

was, but thank God I've many as good as he.

POWHATAN. Captain Smith, the king admires thy boldness. What would'st thou give for thy ransom? No doubt all the rich lading of thy barques; but then, Captain Smith, I would not set thee at liberty; for my people would fear thee, tho' thou wert in chains.

SMITH. Not a rusty nail would I give for ransom. I tell thee again, old fool, 't is not thee but we are the conquerors in this fray—that my banner, borne on the wings of victory, will soon be planted on thy throne—my war cry be heard in thy palace, and the royal James be sovereign of Virginia.

POWHATAN. Bold man, thou speak'st as tho' thou wert king, and I a captive.

SMITH. Accident overcame me; give me again but my sword and buckler, and see with what ease I'll cut my way thro' thy guards—aye, and with their king to command them.

POWHATAN. 'T is too much—thou shalt die, and that forthwith.

SMITH. 'T is well.

POWHATAN. Yet the king is merciful—is there aught thou would wish to say ere the blow fall? (*A noise of musketry at a distance.*) Hah! thy moments are few. Executioners, bring forth the stone of sacrifice; and hark'ee, see that ye provide your heaviest clubs; and their heads be as hard as their hearts, ye will need your heaviest weapons.

(*Executioners bring in the stone, and poise their clubs, as if prepared for sacrifice.*)

POCAHONTAS. Oh! father! shew mercy to the brave unfortunate.

OMAYA. Spare, oh! King, the noble prisoner!

POWHATAN. Silence both.

POCAHONTAS. Delay, father, only till thou canst hear more of the battle—spare, spare the gallant Smith, thy daughter, thy favourite 't is who implores thee.

POWHATAN. Hah! thy tone is chang'd. The prisoner shall die, and that anon.

POCAHONTAS. Only till one other messenger arrives. Mercy, mercy.

POWHATAN. Guards! take these silly girls away.

(*Guards remove POCAHONTAS and OMA YA to the rear of the throne—guarding them there.*)

POWHATAN. Captain Smith, if you have

aught to say, be brief, for thine hour is come.

SMITH. Thanks for thy savage courtesy. Hear me. When the blow is struck, and Smith ceases to live, but in his fame, do with my senseless corse as thou listeth; thou wilt find upon it many scars of honourable service. It matters not, whether it shall gorge the maws of thy cannibals, or be urn'd in marble, to await the slower progress of the worm. My heart preserve; give it my lieutenant, to be by him embalm'd and convey'd to England. That England, for whose glory it did so truly beat in life, will give it place amid the cemeteries of her illustrious dead.

POWHATAN. It shall be done, the king is merciful.

SMITH. Plant my banner on my grave, the three Turks' heads, the cognizance of my achievement on the plains of Transylvania, that when the chivalry of Europe shall hereafter pass that way, they may lower pennon and lance in memory of Smith.

POWHATAN. The king admires thy warlike fame; that too shall be done.

SMITH. Give my gold chain to thy admirable daughter; it was given me by Charitza, the most peerless lady of the Old World, and I now bestow it on Pocahontas, the most peerless of the New. I have done, proceed in thy bloody work. (*Noise of musketry nearer than before.*) Ah, 't is the glorious sounds of war, which for the last time I hear. Brave Percy, good lieutenant, spare thy shot, and on them with sword and target. See my pennon, how gaily it flies above the smoke—look on it, my veterans, and it will remind you of your lost commander. Hah! they fly! now, Percy, press them home. Give them not time to rally—well done. Now, comrades, shout my war cry in their despairing ears—Victory and Virginia! aye, victory and Virginia.

(*SMITH, exhausted, sinks into the arms of the Indians, who bind him, and lay his head on the stone of sacrifice.*)

SELICTAZ. (*Hastily, and in affright.*) From the height, O king, I beheld our army flying before the English like unto a herd of frighten'd deer, while the smoke from the enemy's guns can plainly be perceiv'd as it curls amongst the tops of the loftiest pines.

POWHATAN. Take with thee my chosen guard, and fly to the succour of the Prince—quick, away.

(*Exeunt SELICTAZ and guards.*)

POWHATAN. Executioners, I shall wave my fan of feathers thrice, and then cry strike. When you hear that word, let fall your weapons and with all thy force. Now attend—once, twice—

(*Waves the fan of feathers, POCAHONTAS breaks from her guard, and rushes to the feet of the king.*)

POCAHONTAS. King—father, if ever thy poor child found favour in thy sight; spare, O spare the noble prisoner; 'tis Pocahontas, thy darling, who entreats thee—her, whom from infancy thou hast cherished in thy bosom. Spare, spare; here will I embrace thy feet, till thou shalt forget the king, and once again be the father.

POWHATAN. Away, girl—away.

(*Noise of musketry still nearer.*)

POCAHONTAS. Hark! hear you not those dreadful arms; think that ere long thou may have to ask that mercy thou now deny'st—Spare.

POWHATAN. Hah, impossible—attend there, thrice. (*Waves the fan.*) The word alone remains—attend.

(*Executioners raise their clubs.*)

POCAHONTAS. (*Rising with dignity.*) Attend, but first to me. Cruel king, the ties of blood which bound me to thee are dissever'd, as have been long those of thy sanguinary religion; for know that I have abjur'd thy senseless gods, and now worship the Supreme Being, the true Manitou, and the Father of the Universe; 'tis his Almighty hand that sustains me, 'tis his divine spirit that breathes in my soul, and prompts Pocahontas to a deed which future ages will admire.

(*She rushes down from the throne, throws herself on the body of SMITH, raises her arms, and calls to the executioners to "Strike"; they drop their weapons. POWHATAN descends, raises up and embraces his daughter.*)

POWHATAN. I am subdued, unbind the prisoner. My child, my child.

(*SMITH is unbound, and kneels to the Princess. Reports of musketry close at hand. PERCY, ROLFE, WEST, and soldiers enter, sword in hand, driving INDIANS before them. PERCY*

*mounts the throne and plants the banner there.*)

PERCY. Victory—victory and Virginia. God save King James, Sovereign of Virginia.

(*Drums and trumpets. Soldiers shout.*

PERCY, WEST, and ROLFE embrace SMITH. MATACORAN is brought in, in chains, guarded.)

PERCY. Thanks to God, we have arriv'd in time to the rescue of our noble commander.

SMITH. Nay, dear and valued friends, you must be content with victory. My rescue is due to her before whom I kneel in admiration and gratitude. (*Kneels.*)

PERCY. Thanks, noble mistress, thanks for the life of our belov'd Captain. An' we had not knowledge of thy excelling worth before this, thou would'st now amaze us with thy virtues. (*Kneels.*)

WEST. Honour thanks thee, England will thank thee, while Virginians to remotest ages will venerate thy fame, and genius hand thee over to immortality. (*Kneels.*)

ROLFE. And love thanks thee. (*Kneels.*)

HUGO. An old soldier's thanks for preserving the life of a rever'd comander.

(*Kneels.*)

MOWBRAY. In behalf of all the veterans, who have grown grey under the command of Smith, thanks, noble lady, thanks.—Long live the flower of Virginia. (*Shouts.*)

SMITH. And now let me place my gold chain, the symbol of the preux chevalier, and which I bequeath'd to this lady at my death, around the neck of her who hath preserv'd my life.

PERCY. And bind two in thy golden shackle, the good and gallant Master Rolfe, and thou wilt unite the hands of those whose hearts have long since been united.

SMITH. Aha! Master Rolfe, do ye plead guilty to the charge?

ROLFE. Aye, and glory in the guilt.

SMITH. What sayeth the lady?

POCAHONTAS. She will most cheerfully submit to wear the chain which binds her to the honour'd master of her fate, even tho' the chain were of iron instead of gold.

SMITH. May every happiness attend this union of virtue and honour.

ALL. Amen, amen.

PERCY. So please ye, the prisoner.

(*Enter MATACORAN, guarded.*)

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SMITH. Aye, true, unbind him; the brave honour the brave alike in misfortune and prosperity.

HUGO. So please ye to favour your veteran Hugo, let this grateful task be mine. When I was a prisoner, this chief releas'd me, and gave me a chance to redeem mine arms, and now old Hugo performs the most pleasing duty of all his long and arduous services—to relieve a fallen enemy.

*(Takes off MATACORAN'S chains.)*

SMITH. Chief, our wars are ended; thy noble bearing claims all our esteem. Thou hast fought for thy country—we for ours. Let's in future be friends, and join in friendship those hands, which lately wielded the weapons of enmity. Matacoran shall be of power and influence in the country which he hath so gallantly defended, and shall hold of the royal James posts of honour and trust in the newly acquired colony of Virginia.

MATACORAN. Hear me, chief. Know that Matacoran scorns thy friendship, and hates all thy kind. The fortune of war is on thy side; thy gods are as much greater than the gods of the Indian, as thine arms are greater than his. But altho' thy gods and thine arms have prevail'd, say did not Matacoran fight bravely in the last of his country's battles? and when his comrades fled, singly did he face the thunders of his foe. Now that he can no longer combat the invaders he will retire before them, even to where tradition says, there rolls a western wave. There, on the utmost verge of the land which the Manitou gave to his fathers, when grown old by time, and his strength decay'd, Matacoran will erect his tumulus, crawl into it and die. But when in a long distant

day, posterity shall ask where rests that brave, who disdaining alliance with the usurpers of his country, nobly dar'd to be wild and free, the finger of renown will point to the grave of Matacoran.

*(MATACORAN rushes out.)*

SMITH. Brave, wild, and unconquerable spirit, go whither thou wilt, the esteem of the English goes with thee.

POWHATAN. Captain Smith, after what hath pass'd thou might well distrust my friendship for the future. But experience makes even an Indian wise. We cannot resist thee as enemies, therefore, it becomes us to be thy friends. In the name of Virginia, I pledge friendship to the English, so long as grass grows and water runs.

SMITH. And dost consent to the union of thine admirable daughter with worthy Master Rolfe?

POWHATAN. Aye, and let their union be a pledge of the future union between England and Virginia.

*(Enter BARCLAY, MANTEA and NAMOUTAC.)*

POWHATAN. And mine be the privilege of giving away the bride. And may the fruits of this union of virtue and honour be a long line of descendants, inheriting those principles, gifted with rare talents, and the most exalted patriotism. Now it only remains for us to say, that looking thro' a long vista of futurity, to the time when these wild regions shall become the ancient and honour'd part of a great and glorious American Empire, may we hope that when the tales of early days are told from the nursery, the library, or the stage, that kindly will be received the national story of POCAHONTAS, OR THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA.