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THE AMATEUR SERIES.

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POCAHONTAS.

A Musical Burlesque in Two Acts.

—:BY:—

WELLAND HENDRICK.

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CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON,
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- NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.**—A farcical drama in three acts. Time, two hours. Five males, four females.
- PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN. (THE)**—A farce. Time, fifty minutes. six males, three females.
- QUIET FAMILY, (A)**—A farce. Time, forty-five minutes. Four males, four females.
- REGULAR FIX, (A)**—A farce. Time, forty min. Six males, four females.
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- THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.**—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Three males, three females.
- UNDER THE LAURELS.**—A drama in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Five males, four females.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

POCAHONTAS,

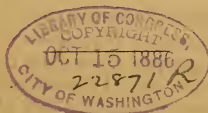
A BURLESQUE OPERETTA

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

✓
WELLAND HENDRICK.

WITH FULL DIRECTIONS FOR PRESENTATION, COSTUMES,
PROPERTIES, ETC., ETC.



CHICAGO:
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POCAHONTAS.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, *an Uncommon Man with a Common Name.*

POWHATAN, *King of the Tuscaroras.*

JOHN ROLFE, *a Seventeenth Century Dude.*

MAHOGANY, *Servant to Smith.*

SPECKLED THUNDER, *Lo, the Poor Indian.*

POCAHONTAS, *a Poetic Brunette.*

ANN ELIZA BROWN, *a Practical Blonde.*

CHORUS OF BRAVES, *Brave of Course.*

Time of Performance—One Hour.

COSTUMES.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.—Gentleman's dress of seventeenth century, full beard, broad-brimmed hat, loose jacket, tight breeches, high top boots, Elizabethan collar, sword.

JOHN ROLFE.—Dress similar to Smith's but dandyish, feather in hat, lace about sleeves and neck, gaudy doublet (coat), moustache.

MAHOGANY.—Regulation negro make-up.

INDIANS.—Ideal costumes after styles shown in historic cuts; blankets when entering for second chorus in Act I; elaborate dress for Powhatan and Pocahontas; braves in full paint; Pocahontas slightly painted; in Act II, large fur cloak.

ANN ELIZA BROWN.—Entering fully covered by sunbonnet and old-fashioned waterproof. Changes to fur cloak of Pocahontas, which being thrown aside, reveals elegant dress of olden times; the richer the dress, the better the effect.

(2)

TMP92-009183

PROPERTIES.

Banjo or guitar; gun or blunderbuss for Rolfe in Act I; wooden tomahawks; withes to bind Smith; handbox and bundles containing various articles of a woman's wardrobe.

HINTS FOR EASILY MADE SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

A wigwan of burlap can be arranged at back of stage in relief, as if showing one-half. Allow for exit, if possible, at back, so that in the opening scene the braves need not be actually in the wigwam. Decorate the wigwam with charcoal sketches of hieroglyphics. The stake can be screwed to the floor at the left and removed between the acts. Imitation buckskin can be made of flesh-colored underwear. Cut strips of black, orange and red calico four inches broad and slit for fringe. Place this fringe the length of sleeves and breeches. For cheap skirts for braves take burlap from twelve to twenty inches broad and ravel for fringe. Moccasins are easily found or imitated. Cover everything with beads, bright buttons, and anything gaudy. For head dress cut pasteboard crown piece to fit, sew outside, thickly, long feathers; cover with bright calico. Inside sew black yarn trimmed to hang down at right length for hair.

AIRS IN POCAHONTAS.

A large number of the airs can be found in Ditson's Songs of the American Colleges, published in cheap form. Many of the songs can be easily adapted to other tunes than those specified, if desired.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, means right—the actor facing the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center; *R C*, right center; *U E*, upper entrance, etc.

POCAHONTAS.

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Camp of Indians near Jamestown—Wigwam in background—Indian braves within—MAHOGANY seen at opening with banjo.*

SONG.—(*Air, "Polly-wolly-doodle."*)

MAHOGANY. Here's a poor lone darkey wid d'Injuns red,

M. and BRAVES. Sing polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

M. I hope dey'll leave de hair on my head. Sing, etc.

CHO:—

M. and Bs. We'll sing—all sing; we'll sing—all sing—

This old plantation lay,

While the jolly Tuscaroras

Join in the darkey chorus,

Singing polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

M. There's ol' Cap'n John an' Mahogany too, sing, etc.

Alone in de camp wid a bloody red crew, sing, etc.

CHO:—

POWHATAN. (*Giving Indian yell without at a distance.*)

Hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah-HEH.

Bs. (*Coming from wigwam and running off L.*) Hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah-HEH.

M. (*Coming out last.*) Well, now! s'pose dem Injuns was afraid of me? What was dat remark dey made—he-uh-we-uh, he-a-we-ur?

JOHN SMITH. (*entering L.*) Well, Mahogany, and how goes life with the red men?

M. Harmoniously, Ma'r's John, I recalled de words of de immoral poet, "Music hath charms to soothify de savage

breast"; but jes' as I was gittin' 'em so dey'd come in well on de chorus, somebody called out he-uh-we-uh-like, you know, and dey took a walk.

J. S. O, yes, that was the yell of the great Powhatan coming with his pretty daughter, and the Indians are running to meet them. Now, we must act with care, Mahogany. So far all's well; but I fear this Powhatan, who, they say, is a testy fellow, with no great love for the whites.

M. Then if he doesn't like your color, maybe he'll take a fancy to mine.

J. S. (*To JOHN ROLFE entering R.*) And whom have we here?

J. R. John Rolfe, sir, at your service.

J. S. How came you to leave Jamestown, I'd like to know?

J. R. To prospect for gold along the river bank, and to look for the Northwest passage to India, sir.

M. (*aside.*) His prospects 'd been better if he'd taken de gold from a savings bank and looked for de Norfwest passage to Canada.

J. S. Why didn't you stay at the settlement and tend the gardens?

J. R. Fact is, sir, when the corn and beans came up, not being acquainted with their botanical structure, we hoed 'em down for weeds. That left nothing to do; so we're out hunting for gold and gunning for Indians.

M. Right here comes de game you're after.

J. S. Yes, here are the Indians with Powhatan following. Now, sir, (*to ROLFE*) I've risked my life to make peace with them and quietly buy their land, and I hope you'll do nothing to upset my plans. We'll step back till we see what mood they're in.

M. It's de vindictive mood and very active voice, I should say by de noise dey make.

SONG.—(*Air, "Rig-ajig-jig."*)

Bs. (*entering L.*) Rig-ajig-jig, and here we come,
We come, we come, we come, we come, *etc.*

Powhatan is a warrior bold,

A warrior bold, a warrior bold;
His daughter is a maiden fair,
All decked with rings of gold.

CHO:—

Rig-ajig-jig, and here they come,
They come, *etc.* (*Enter POWHATAN and POCAHONTAS.*)

To win her smile shall be our pride,
Shall be our pride, shall be our pride;
With Speckled Thunder she shall dwell
And be his faithful bride.

CHO:—

Rig-ajig-jig, and away we go, *etc.*
(*Braves, except SPECKLED THUNDER, exeunt L.*)

POWHATAN. Yes, Speckled Thunder, son of Roaring Blizzard, the great chief, has brought his daughter to the wigwam of his favorite brave. But who are these? Does Powhatan see the pale face of whom his braves have told him? What words has the white chief for our ears?

SONG.—(*Air, "Ten Thousand Miles Away."*)

J. S. Now, Mister Powhatan,
 Just listen unto me;
 We've come from Mother England
 That's far across the sea.
 Our island's getting crowded,
 We'd like to buy more land;
 We'll pay your highest price, sir,
 For we boys have got the sand.

CHO:—

J. S., J. R. & M. O Mister Injun, please listen to our song;
 We're tender hearted fellows who never
 do a wrong.

We don't want very much, sir,
Say, from th' Gulf up to the Lakes;
And at the broad Pacific
We'll set the western stakes.

We'll pay a silver dollar
(aside) That's worth but eighty cents,
 And draw our note to balance,
(aside) Payable fourteen centuries hence.

CHO:—

We shall start a little nation
 On the mutual benefit plan,
 Where birth and brains are nothing,
 And where money makes the man.
 We'll make gov'nors of your sachems,
 Put a state house in the thicket,
 And run you for our pres'dent
 On the Demipublican ticket.

CHO:—

POW. The words of the pale-face are smooth. Come, let him talk to my braves as they sit around the council fire.
 (POW., J. S., PK., and SPECKLED THUNDER, *exeunt L.*)

J. R. Ah, me! Good natured black, did you but gaze upon that maiden fair,—marked you her ways?

M. I should remark. Did you see her flirt with me?

J. R. Out with you, you ebony rascal; you'd make an esthetic lover for her, wouldn't you?

M. Exactly. Dis lady of de woods has some Wilde notions of extetics, and wants a husband whose color matches hers. Here you have it!

SONG.—(*Air, "In the Morning by the Bright Light."*)

M. I'm a dusky dude from Darkeyville.

M. & J. R. Don't you try to cut me out!

M. As a ladies' man I fill de bill.

M. & J. R. Halle—halle—halle—hallelujah.

CHO:—

M. & J. R. In the morning, morning by the bright light,
 I'll meet Pocahontas in the morning.

M. Dis Injun girl did smile on me, Don't, *etc.*
 She's de nicest girl that ever I see, Halle, *etc.*

CHO:—

J. R. (*pointing L.*) Look there, Mahogany! Some one has met her by the bright light and cut us both out. Come back this way; we'll watch and see what means this lover-like display.

J. S. (*entering L. with Pocahontas.*) Yes, joys undreamed of you'd have with me in the far-away land of the whites.

SONG.—(*Air, "Reuben and Rachel."*)

PK. Pale-faced chieftain, do not ask it,

For another claimeth me.

J. S. O sweet maiden, be not cruel,

Come with me and happy be.

CHO:—

PK. No, no, no, it cannot be sir.

J. S. Yes, yes, yes, come go with me.

PK. & J. S. { I'll not } leave these gloomy forests,
 { We will }
 Fleeing o'er the mighty sea.

PK. I must do as papa says, sir,
 Speckled Thunder I must wed.

J. S. Pocahontas, don't you love me?—
 Oh! I wish that I were dead!

CHO:—

(*As they sing, POWHATAN and other Indians have entered, and creeping up, seize SMITH.*)

POW. Hold him, braves. Bind him to the stake. White man, you die. Your ways so smooth are those of the snake that crawls into the wigwam to poison the great chieftain's daughter. Your spirit goes quickly to appear before the Manitou. Give room and let the tomahawk of Speckled Thunder be painted with the blood of the white serpent.

M. (*aside.*) If he's calculatin' to paint de whole town red in dat way, guess dis chile better vacate.

SONG.—(*Air, "Nightingale Song," Pinafore.*)

PK. O father, spare, I pray, this man his life;
 He comes to us in peace and not in strife.

PK., J. R. & M. O spare him just one day!
 POW. & BS. We'll spare him not one day!

PK. O father, in all things I'll thee obey,
 And in return but this one thing I pray,—
 PK., J. R. & M. O spare him, *etc.*

POW. Powhatan would grant anything else to the daughter that he loves. An Indian's life he would give her, but the white man must die. Let him pray to his great Spirit who alone can help him. It is the custom that the brave may throw the tomahawk but once. If he find not the life blood of the captive, with his own life he pays the forfeit. Is the son of Roaring Blizzard ready?

J. S. (*music.*) Strike quick you redskin, and strike true. I fear you not, you speckled devil. John Smith, who fought at their own door the infidel Turks and Russians; who once swam a dozen miles in the Mediterranean to land, who has braved starvation, slavery and death in a hundred lands and seas, has no fear of any death you bring. Throw your cowardly hatchet.

(*Music. Braves fall back. SPECKLED THUNDER takes his place and balances to throw the tomahawk. As his arm comes over, POCAHONTAS has rushed in front of SMITH, and the brave holding to the tomahawk, lets it fly to one side.*)

POW. Is Speckled Thunder a squaw? Let him die!
 (*Braves with uplifted tomahawks advance.*)

PK. Stop them, father; the brave must not die. You promised me a red man's life when the life of the white you denied. And now I claim your word.

POW. The chief has said it; it must be so. But since his heart was faint that he killed not the captive, his promised squaw is taken away and given to the chief of the whites, who has faced his death so bravely.

M. (*Loosing SMITH.*) Well, did I ever! Why wasn't it my luck to be tied to dat stump?

J. S. Well said, noble Powhatan, you will find me a faithful son. I'll build my wigwam of logs on the bank of this mighty river which from the chief across the water we

call the James. Here after my roving life I shall find rest. The lovely Pocahontas will brighten with her smiles my cabin, while happy children will play about the door.

M. Speakin' of your squaw and little squallers reminds me of de classic words of a hymn, which wid a slight change fits de present occasion:—"John Smith'll have a little Injun."

ALL. Good!

SONG.—(*Familiar air.*)

ALL. John Smith'll have a little Injun,
John Smith'll have a little Injun,
John Smith'll have a little Injun,
One little Injun boy.

CHO:—

Oh! One little, two little, three little Injuns,
Four little, five little, six little Injuns,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Injuns,
TEN little Injun boys.

(*Dance.*)

CHORUS FINALE:—

Oh! Ten little, nine little, eight little Injuns,
Seven little, six little, five little Injuns,
Four little, three little, two little Injuns,
ONE little Injun boy.

TABLEAU.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS FOR CURTAIN.

	Braves.	Braves.		Braves.		
R.						L.
SPECKLED T.	POW.	PK.	J. S.	J. R.		M.

ACT II.

Scene as before; POWHATAN and POCAHONTAS walking.

SONG.—(*Air, "Spanish Cavalier."*)

POW. And now, daughter dear, I must soon go away;
Away to the woods I must go, dear;

And this gift I leave,
The best to receive,—
The blessing of your father on you, dear.

CHO:—

Pow. & PK. Say, { daughter } say when { I'm } far away,
 { father } { you're }
 Sometimes { you may } think of { me }, dear,
 { I will } { you }
Bright sunny days will soon fade away;
Remember what I say, and be true, dear.

Pow. The pale-face has come; the red man must go,—
Go from the grounds that he loves, dear,
And you who remain
Shall sing this refrain,—
The blessing of your father on you, dear.

CHO:—

And when I am gone, gone far away,
And wait death upon the cold ground, dear,
As faintly I breathe,
To you I shall leave
The blessing of your father on you, dear.

CHO:—

Pow. Powhatan goes now to smoke the pipe of peace with the white chief. With the braves then he will return for the marriage dance. The chieftain's daughter knows the custom of her people: That when two promise marriage they dance under the outstretched arms of the braves; and if he who dances with his chosen bride does not within twelve moons take her to his wigwam, each tomahawk under which he danced shall seek his blood. (*Exit L.*)

SONG.—(*Air, "Blue Bells of Scotland."*)

PK. O why, and O why should I leave my forest home
To be married to a man whose delight it is to roam?
And it's oh! in my heart I had rather live alone.

(*Speaking.*) Speckled Thunder says that Captain Smith is an old bummer, and I think that means a commercial traveler; so, of course, he'll be from home more'n half the time, and when he is at home he'll stay out to clubs and (*Tammany meetings) until three o'clock in the morning, and—

O dear, and O dear, while I'm glad I saved his life,
I wish 'twere not the fate that I should be his wife,
And it's oh! in my heart that there is a raging strife.

(*Speaking.*) I really don't think there is between us the congenial affinity of which the modern novelist writes so beautifully; I'm sure he'll never buy me icecream. But I saved his life, and so according to all the novels and a few United States histories I must marry him, but—

Suppose and suppose that John Rolfe had been the man,
Whom I saved from direful death by my cute impromptu
plan.

And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he'd been the man.

J. R. (*entering R.*) By chance, sweet maid, I've overheard your song, and know, with joy, my ardent love's returned. Will you, dear girl, be mine?

PK. It cannot be. It is a custom of the Indian maids, prevailing not among their sisters white, to marry as their parents wish them to.

J. R. But do not fear your father stern. A ship has even now at Jamestown just arrived; upon it we'll escape to foreign shores.

PK. I have for him respect far more than fear. But I do fear 'twould be impossible, if you're seen here in mien so like a lover, to rescue you as once I saved another. (*Exit.*)

J. R. Relentless fate that two fond lovers parts! May some kind chance show her the right, teach her her duty 'tis to marry not the man that has not won her love. (*Indians heard without.*) What comes there now?

(*Enter ANN ELIZA BROWN, R., with two Indians, carrying bandboxes and bundles. During the conversation the*

* May be changed to any local "gag" if preferred.

savages examine the luggage and exeunt in feminine apparel.)

ANN ELIZA. Where's John?

J. R. Where's John? Well, if it comes to that, I'm John.

A. E. You ain't.

J. R. I am.

A. E. You ain't my John.

J. R. I cheerfully confess I'm not your John.

A. E. Young man, this is no time for permisc'ous remarks. A lone female as hasn't seen the lover she's engaged to for six years, isn't to be fooled with. La me, well I remember the day he sailed out of Bristol harbor.

J. R. Mercury below zero, wasn't it?

A. E. I dunno; why?

J. R. O, nothing, only I thought from your general make up that it would be a cold day when you were le—

A. E. Young man, don't trifle with my felinks; I want my John.

J. R. So you intimated before. Do you happen to recall his other name?

A. E. His other name—

J. R. Yes, John Bunyan, or John Brown, or John Kelly?

A. E. (*shouting*) Smith.

J. R. What, *John* Smith!

A. E. It seems to me I did say John.

J. R. (*aside.*) Ah! Captain Smith, I have you now. But first I must palaver this impetuous damsel. (*aloud*) My good woman—uh—does this Mr. Smith—uh—spell his name with a Y?

A. E. Why, no. The idea; he spells it with an I.

J. R. Very good. I was merely going to remark that recent historians say that about all of John Smith is mythical; and certainly if you spell Smyth with a Y, four-fifths of him is myth. But probably the man you're after is a reality since he spells his name with an I, and I think that not far away is the *i*-dential Smith you want.

A. E. O, show me 'im, show me 'im.

J. R. Peace, my lady, be quiet, compose yourself; that is, I mean, so to speak, as it were, be calm. He is a prisoner

among the Indians, doomed to choose between the horrors of instant death—with prolonged torture, and the terrors of marriage—with an Indian girl.

A. E. O, show me 'er; show me 'er! I'll kill 'er dead.

J. R. No, that isn't what I want. Be calm, as I have before observed. I have a plan. This girl, whose name is Pokie (other name is Hontas—old Hontas is mayor of the city here), this girl, I have reason to believe, loves me. The red gentlemen have some ceremonies soon in which the lovers take the iron-clad oath, a preventive of breach of promise suits, you know. You change dresses with the girl, and all comes out as we desire.

A. E. How's that? You—

J. R. Get Pokie.

A. E. And I—

J. R. Get Johnnie.

A. E. And the Indians—

J. R. Get left. (*aside.*) Now I must see Pocahontas. Surely she'll throw off the faithless Smith and join the plot. (*aloud.*) I'm off now to perfect the plans; back soon—tra-la-la. (*Exit L.*)

SONG.—(*Air, "Good-Bye, My Lover."*)

A. E. The ship went sailing down the bay,
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye,
 We have not met for many a day, Good-bye, etc.
 My heart has ever since been true,
 Though then we sadly said adieu,
 Our parting sad I often rue, Good-bye, etc.

REFRAIN:—

The ship went sailing down the bay, Good-bye, etc.
 'Twas sad to tear my heart away, Good-bye, etc.

I fear we'll never meet again, Good-bye, etc.
 I'll try to bear my weary pain, Good-bye, etc.
 I've followed him across the sea,
 My every thought of him shall be;
 I hope he sometimes thinks of me, Good-bye, etc.

REFRAIN:—

J. R. (*entering with POCAHONTAS.*) Miss Pocahontas, I introduce you to Miss—to Miss—. What did you say your name was?

A. E. I didn't say.

J. R. Of course; but I've often heard Smith speak of you. Funny I can't recall.

A. E. Miss Ann Eliza Brown, sir.

J. R. Miss Pocahontas, Miss Ann Eliza Brownsir; Miss Ann Eliza Brownsir, Miss Pocahontas.

A. E. (*aside to ROLFE, pointing to POCAHONTAS.*) Mulatter?

J. R. Ma'am!

A. E. Beg parding; quadroon?

J. R. Madam, I'd have you know she's an Indian maid.

A. E. Maybe she is, but she's made like a mulatter too. (*To POCAHONTAS*) Glad to know you, miss. I hope as how you won't be offended if I suggest that your bangs is out of fashion, except for kitchen girls; but this is your summer boarding place likely, and you haven't seen the latest styles.

PK. As I'm but a country lass, my clothes I shape as the forest trees their leafy verdure drape.

J. R. (*aside.*) Mother Eve adopted that style literally, I believe, but with indifferent success.

PK. And as for ornaments, I needs must choose the plumage bright that the pretty birdlings use.

A. E. Yes'm, birds *is* fashionable on bonnets.

J. R. Come ladies, this isn't a sewing society; we must get to business. (*Enter MAHOGANY unseen.*)

SONG.—(*Air, "Jingle, Bells."*)

J. R. And now, my pretty dears,
 This is my little scheme
 To bring about what we three want,
 And cheat the Indians clean.
 The red men soon'll be here
 To dance the marriage jig;
 And you'll put on Eliza's dress
 And she will don your rig.

CHO:—

J. R., Pk., A. E. AND M.

Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha,
 A very clever plot.
 We'll sing and dance and fool 'em all,
 We're such a jolly lot.
 (M. Ha-ha-ha.) (*Repeat.*)

J. R.

We'll not tell Mr. Smith,
 So his joy'll come all at once,
 And if he isn't quite upset,
 You may set me down a dunce.
 So get into the tent
 And dress for the masquerade,
 And let the Indians come along,
 For our little plot is laid.

CHO:—

(*Exeunt ANN ELIZA and POCAHONTAS, going to wig-wam.* ROLFE, R.)

M. (*coming front.*) Say, things is gittin' mused. Fus' dis girl was goin' to marry dat—what's his name?—Streakled Lightning. Den Smif got her, and de las' I see dis Rolfe had her. Wonder if my turn won't come nex'. Great scheme, dis, I oberheard. Les' see; now if I go and tell Mar's Smif, he'll upset de plan an' get Pocahontas sure. I'll let de game perceed an' when dey get to fightin' I'll step in an' take de stakes. Dar's de old sayin', you know, between two stools a settin' hen gathers no moss. (*Plays on banjo.*)

J. S. (*entering, L., smoking, with POWHATAN.*) Yes, Chief, she is the fairest of Indian girls. She is more like the Spanish beauties I have seen in the castles of Grenada than an Indian maiden.

Pow. Listen, and you will know what no paleface knows. Many years ago there came across the great waters from the rising sun a mighty canoe with pinions of the swan spread out the breadth of many eagles' wings. A tribe of whites were left on shore. When they killed many red men with balls of lead, the red men killed them with tomahawks and carried a white squaw away. She was content to dwell in

the wigwam of a chief, the brother of Powhatan. He went to the happy hunting ground, and the paleface squaw following left a child whom she called Rebecca, but whom the Indians call Pocahontas.

M. (*aside.*) Eh! So she's a half-breed, is she? Den its' all up between us, for I's a stalwart, I is.

Pow. But she knows but one father and she loves him as her own, for the child was left to be the daughter of Powhatan.

M. Poked her on *you*, did dey? O, I see, dat's why you call her Pok-er-on-us.

J. S. It's not strange then that she likes the whites. (*Enter ROLFE.*) She will find true friends among the pale-face women.

J. R. (*aside.*) She has found one already. (*aloud.*) Captain Smith, a ship has just arrived bringing a lady—uh—in whom I have considerable interest—uh—

J. S. Yes, don't be bashful; go on.

J. R. I have brought her to yonder wigwam and would like leave for us to dance when the braves pledge the lovers to their vows.

J. S. 'Tis a good idea and agreeable to the chief, no doubt.

Pow. It shall be as the young brave wishes. My braves come! (*Enter braves, L; all dance.*)

SONG.—(*Air, "Virginia Reel."*)

Hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, hi-ho,

Hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, hi-a-way-ah, HEH.

(*Etc., ad. lib.*)

(*Braves with uplifted tomahawks form in double line in front of wigwam. POCAHONTAS and ANN ELIZA, their cloaks exchanged, the former with ROLFE, the latter with SMITH, dance through the line. The braves hand in hand circle around them. The cloaks are thrown off. The braves fall back. Tableau.*)

Pow. (*to SMITH.*) What means this, pale-face! Do you play with Powhatan as with a child?

J. S. I give it up, chief; it's a game I don't understand. But that Rolfe there—

J. R. Ah! you would flatter me. No, let Pocahontas explain. Poetry is called condensed prose; and one of her little rhymes will quickly tell the story.

PK. Dear father, John Smith is nothing at fault,
My true love and I need the blaming,
But while with our plot we've been naughty somewhat,
Not to do it were more to our shaming.

For our deft sleight-of-hand has brought joy to four hearts,
Who all will sustain my assertion.
This lady we've joined to her long lost love,
And saved *him* the remorse of desertion.

While the man at my side has found a true bride,
And a father-in-law quite indulgent,
And your daughter, who loves so to paint and crochets,
Has found a young lover effulgent.

Pow. The riddle is plain; and while it is not as was expected, doubtless it is better as it is. The red men according to their custom must see to it that their white brothers marry the squaws with whom they danced. So let them bury the hatchet. (*Joins their hands.*)

A. E. Yes, John, I must live with you now, for my uncle is dead.

J. S. What! the old miser?

A. E. Yes.

J. S. And left his money to you? (*Coming up.*)

A. E. To my sister—

J. S. O, pshaw! (*Going off.*)

A. E. Yes, to my eldest sister, to keep in trust for me. (*They embrace.*) What a nice country this is, John. We'll build our house on the banks of this river.

J. S. Yes, I'd thought of that before. But we won't have any log cabin this time. We'll have a brown stone front with a bay window and a mansard roof; won't we, Ann Eliza?

A. E. Yes, John, and a big cupoler on top.

M. I notice he says nothing 'bout chillun dis time. But de Smifs in dis country is already too frequent to suit a gen'man of my 'sclusive tendencies. Guess I'll cut 'em and tie to you (*taking POWHATAN'S arm*) Mar's Powhatan. Dis makes a black an' tan combination; doesn't it?

J. R. (*advancing with POCAHONTAS.*) And this is the savage's gentle daughter and her ever faithful lover. With her I'll proudly visit my native land; and she, king's daughter that she is, will a princess stand before our sovereign James. Years hence when a mighty people dwell where now grow these trees of the forest, and the soil whereon we stand is called the Mother of Presidents, the bravest sons of Virginia will boast that in their veins flows the blood of POCAHONTAS.

SONG.—(*Air, "The Torpedo and the Whale," Olivette.*)

ALL. Now you see it is no myth,
Pocahontas saved John Smith.
The brave raised his ax—oh!
She kept off the whacks—oh!
And O—and O—
She did it well, you know.

But because she saved his life,
She wasn't bound to be his wife;
One far more esthetic
Pleased her so poetic,
And so—and so—
She marries Rolfe, you know.

We've neatly mingled; less or more,
Cooper's tales and Bancroft's lore.
Our romance is ended,
And hist'ry defended,
And so—and so—
We'll bid adieu, you know.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

R.	Braves.	Braves.	Braves.	L.
M	Pow.	PK.	J. R.	A. E. B.
				J. S.

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