

METAMORA  
OR  
THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS

JOHN AUGUSTUS STONE

CHARACTERS

INDIANS

METAMORA, *chief of the Wampanoags*  
KANESHINE, *an Indian prophet*  
ANNAWANDAH, *the traitor*  
OTAH, *an Indian boy*  
INDIAN BOY, *child of Metamora*  
NAHMEOKEE, *wife of Metamora*  
INDIANS, WARRIORS, ETC.

ENGLISH

LORD FITZARNOLD

SIR ARTHUR VAUGHAN

MORDAUNT

ERRINGTON, *chief of the council*

WALTER, *an orphan*

CAPTAIN CHURCH

WOLFE

GOODENOUGH

TRAMP

OCEANA, *Mordaunt's daughter*

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, PEASANTS, ETC.

PROLOGUE

*Written by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.  
Spoken by Mrs. Barrett, New Park Theater,  
New York, December 15, 1829.*

Not from the records of Imperial Rome,  
Or classic Greece—the muses' chosen home—  
From no rich legends of the olden day  
Our bard hath drawn the story of his play;  
Led by the guiding hand of genius on,  
He here hath painted Nature on her throne;  
His eye hath pierced the forest's shadowy  
gloom,  
And read strange lessons from a nation's tomb:  
Brief are the annals of that blighted race—  
These halls usurp a monarch's resting-place—  
Traditions' mist-enshrouded page alone  
Tells that an empire was—we know 'tis gone!  
From foreign climes full oft the muse has  
brought  
Her glorious treasures of gigantic thought;  
And here, beneath the witchery of her power,  
The eye hath poured its tributary shower:  
When modern pens have sought th' historic  
page,

To picture forth the deeds of former age—  
O'er soft Virginia's sorrows ye have sighed,  
And dropt a tear when spotless beauty died;  
When Brutus "cast his cloud aside"; to stand  
The guardian of the tyrant-trampled land—  
When patriot Tell his clime from thralldom  
freed,  
And bade th' avenging arrow do its deed,  
Your bosoms answered with responsive swell,  
For freedom triumphed when th' oppressors  
fell!  
These were the melodies of humbler lyres,  
The lights of Genius, yet without his fires;  
But when the master-spirit struck the chords,  
And inspiration breathed her burning words—  
When passion's self stalked living o'er the  
stage,  
To plead with love, or rouse the soul to rage—  
When Shakespeare led his bright creations  
forth,  
And conjured up the mighty dead from earth—  
Breathless—entranced—ye've listened to the  
line,  
And felt the minstrel's power, all but divine!

While thus your plaudits cheer the stranger lay,  
Shall native pens in vain the field essay?  
To-night we test the strength of native powers,  
Subject, and bard, and actor, all are ours -  
'Tis yours to judge, if worthy of a name,  
And bid them live within the halls of fame!

ACT I. Scene 1

Sunset. A wild, picturesque scene; high, craggy rocks in distance; dark pine trees, etc. Rocks cross stage, with platform cross behind. Steps, etc., at back. A rude tomb, flowers growing around it. Half dark. Mordant discovered leaning on tomb. Slow music.

MORDAUNT: The sun has sunk behind yon craggy rocks; and day's last beams are fading from the clouds that hee in hurrying masses through the sky, like tattered banners of a flying host! Eng-land, my home! When will thy parent arms again enfold me? Oh! When for me will dawn a day of hope? Will not sincere repentance from my scathed brow efface the brand of regicide?

TRAMP: [Outside] What ho! Good Master Mordant! [Cannon]

MORDAUNT: Ha! What mean those sounds? Now, your news? [Enter Tramp]

TRAMP: A gallant bark, urged by the favoring breeze, makes for the crowded shore.

MORDAUNT: 'Tis he - he comes and with him hope arrives. Go, hasten, fellow; seek my daughter; say the Lord Fitzarnold comes to greet her. [Tramp crosses to R. behind] Mar-shal my followers in their best array - away to the beach and let loud music welcome him ashore. [Exit Tramp] What mingled feelings crowd about my heart, blended so strange and wild? Sunned by his sovereign's smile, Fitzarnold comes to woo and wed my daughter. Born on the heaving deep, the child of storms, and reared in savage wilds, her worth and beauty well may grace the courtly halls of Eng-land. And yet, to force her gentle will, whose every thought has been to soothe my sorrows and relieve my cares! Yet must she wed Fitzarnold. His alliance can with oblivion shroud the

past, clear from my scurcheon every rebel stain, and give my franchised spirit liberty.

Exit. Slow music, four bars. Enter Oceana, looking around as if in search

OCEANA: Sure, 'twas my father's voice, and loud in converse. Father! Dear father! Not here? And yet I thought - [Flute heard, distant] Ha!

whence that strain? So soft yet strange. Methinks some pious minstrel seeks the moonlight hour to breathe devotion forth in melody. [Music changes] Hark! It changes place and measure, too. Now deeper in the woods it warbles, now it seems aloft floating in plaintive tones through the air. This place - the hour - the day - heavens! 'tis my mother's birthday, and her grave undecked with flowers! O my mother, my dear mother! Perhaps her angel spirit hovers here o'er her lone daughter's steps, a guardian still. [Kneels to tomb] Ah, what flower is this? "Forgetmenot!" [Music ceases] My mother, look from thy seraph home upon thy child, and when for those thou lovest on earth thou breathest a prayer, oh, then forget me not. [Places flower in bosom. Enter Walter]

WALTER: Oceana!

OCEANA: Walter, was thine the strain but now I heard?

WALTER: 'Twas but an humble tribute to thy beauty, but could not match the sweetness of thy voice, whose every tone, attuned to dulcet sounds, can melt the soul to nature's harmony.

OCEANA: Walter, this from thee.

WALTER: Nay, blame me not; although dependent on Sir Arthur Vaughan, nameless and poor, yet do I not despair, for in my heart a sacred treasure lies I would not barter for my patron's gold.

OCEANA: What means't thou, Walter? WALTER: Thine own sweet image, which naught on earth can banish or efface - a whispered hope I dare not speak aloud - a light thine own bright eyes have kindled up.

OCEANA: Nay, Walter, you ask not of the danger I escaped!

WALTER: Danger! What danger? When?

OCEANA: 'Twas yesternight, when I was lingering on the eastern beach, all heedless of the coming night, a panther growing from the thicket rushed and marked me for his prey. Powerless I stood - my blood stood still - I shrieked as I

strove to fly, when at the instant, from a ready hand, swift as the lightning's flash, an arrow came and felled the monster as he crouched to spring.

WALTER: Didst mark who sent it?

OCEANA: Full well I did. High on a craggy rock an Indian stood, with sinewy arm and eye that pierced the glen. His bowstring drawn to wing a second death, a robe of fur was o'er his shoulder thrown, and o'er his long, dark hair an eagle's plume waved in the breeze, a feathery diadem. Firmly he stood upon the jutting height, as if a sculptor's hand had carved him there. With awe I gazed as on the cliff he turned – the grandest model of a mighty man.

WALTER: 'Twas Haups great chieftain, Metamora called; our people love him not, nor is it strange; he stands between them and extended sway, ready alike with words of power to urge, or gleaming weapon force his princely dues.

METAMORA: [*Outside*] Hah! Ha!

OCEANA: [*Going up*] Behold his dread encounter with a wolf. His vanquished foe with mighty arm he hurls down the steep height where mortal never trod.

METAMORA: Hah! Hah! [*Enters on rock, passes across and off*]

WALTER: [*At Metamora's exit*] 'Tis Metamora, the noble sachem of a valiant race – the white man's dread, the Wampanoag's hope. [*Enter Metamora down R.*]

METAMORA: Ha, ha, ha! Turned on me – brave beast; he died like a red man.

OCEANA: Chief, you are hurt; this scarf will staunch the wound. [*Offers it*]

METAMORA: No! [*Rejects it*]

WALTER: 'Tis Oceana – she whose life you saved.

METAMORA: Metamora will take the white maiden's gift. [*Oceana ties his arm with scarf*]

OCEANA: But yester'en thou savedst my life, great chief; how can I pay thee for the generous deed?

METAMORA: Hearken, daughter of the pale face; Metamora forgives not a wrong and forgets not a kindness. In the days of his age, Massasoit, my father, was in the white man's dwelling; while there, the spirit of the grave touched him and he laid down to die. A soft hand was stretched out to save him; it was the hand of thy mother. She that healed him sleeps in yonder tomb; but why should Metamora let his arrows sleep in the quiver when her daughter's

life was in danger and her limbs shook with fear? Metamora loves the mild-eyed and the kind, for such is Nahmeokee.

WALTER: Such words, and more than all, such deeds, should win you, chief, the love of all our people. Would you were more among us. Why never seek our homes? Sir Arthur Vaughan's doors will open to the Indian chief.

OCEANA: My sire will thank thee for his daughter's life.

METAMORA: The red man's heart is on the hills where his father's shafts have flown in the chase. Ha! I have been upon the high mountain top where the grey mists were beneath my feet, and the Great Spirit passed by me in his wrath. He spake in anger and the old rocks crumbled beneath the flash of his spear. Then I was proud and smiled, for I had slain the great bird whose wing never tires, and whose eye never shrinks; and his feathers would adorn the long black hair of Nahmeokee, daughter of Miantonemo, the great hunter. The war and the chase are the red man's brother and sister. The storm cloud in its fury frights him not. Wrapt in the spoils he has won, he lays him down and no one comes near to steal. The Great Spirit hears his evening prayer, and he sleeps amidst the roar of a mighty cataract.

WALTER: Were all thy nation mild and good like thee, how soon the fire of discord might be quenched.

METAMORA: Metamora has been the friend of the white man; yet if the flint be smitten too hard it will show that in its heart is fire. The Wampanoag will not wrong his white brother who comes from the land that is first touched by the rising sun; but he owns no master, save that One who holds the sun in his right hand, who rides on a dark storm, and who cannot die. [*Crosses to L.*]

WALTER: That lofty bearing – that majestic mien – the regal impress sits upon his brow, and earth seems conscious of her proudest son. [*Conch shell heard sounding, R.*]

METAMORA: Ha! My young men return from their evening toil, and their hands are filled with the sweet fish of the lake. Come to my wigwam; ye shall eat of fish that the Great Spirit of the waters sends, and your hearts shall be made glad. [*Going R. but returns and takes from his head an eagle plume*] Maiden, take this; it means speed and safety; when the startling whoop is heard and the war hatchet

SIR ARTHUR: Forebear, thou art too hot. Walter: 'Tis not the meanness of our state that galls us, but men's opinions. Poverty and toil and consciousness of lowly destiny sit lightly where no scorn is heaped upon them. But yesterday I was indeed content, for none despised, none had learned to scoff the son of charity, the wretched ship boy who could trace existence no further than the wreck from which you plucked him; but now 'tis changed, all suddenly begin to find me base.

SIR ARTHUR: Marty, go to! You wrong yourself and me. Have I not fostered you - like a father tutored you? In early life bereft of wife and child, wearied of discord and fierce civil strife, I left the haunts of wild and factious men, to woo contentment in this wilderness. My heart was vacant and received thee in. Do not by any rash, unworthy act forsake that heart. Who is it finds thee base?

WALTER: All, since Fitzarnold is expected here, sir Arthur: Fitzarnold! What a plague! There is naught talked of or thought of but Lord Fitzarnold! And yet this noble viscount, but for his coat and title were a man to look with scorn upon - a profligate and spendthrift as fame already has too truly shown him.

WALTER: And 'tis for such a man that Master Mordant sets me aside - for such a man his daughter must cast me off.

SIR ARTHUR: Tut! Master Mordant is too wise a man to give his daughter to this Lord Fitzarnold. Patience awhile, and watch the progress of this meteor. Patience, and trust to fortune. [Exit]

WALTER: This lordly suitor comes to wake me from my cherished dreams, and crush the hopes which lately looked so fair. And shall I yield the glorious prize I deemed was wholly mine? Yield, and without a struggle? No, by heaven! Look to thyself, Fitzarnold. Let Oceana be but true, I heed not all thy power, thy wealth, thy titles, backed though they be by Mordant's selfish views. [Exit]

Scene 3

The harbor. Ships anchored in the distance. Military music, Mordant, Fitzarnold, Good-enough, Church, Soldiers, Citizens (Male and female) discovered. A boat comes on from L.

gleams in the red blaze, let it be found in thy braided hair. Despise not the red man's gift; it will bring more good to you than the yellow earth the white man worships as his god. Take it - no Wampanoag's hand will ever be raised against the head or hand that bears the eagle plume. [Crosses to Walter] Young man, be thou like the oak in its spreading power and let thy tough branches shelter the tender flower that springs up under them. Look to the maiden of the eagle plume, and - come to my wig-wam. [Exit]

OCEANA: Teach him, Walter; make him like to us.

WALTER: 'T would cost him half his native virtues. Is justice goodly? Metamora's just. Is bravery virtue? Metamora's brave. If love of country, child and wife and home, be to deserve them all - he merits them.

OCEANA: Yet he is a heathen.

WALTER: True, Oceana, but his worship though untaught and rude flows from his heart, and Heaven alone must judge of it. [Enter Tramp]

TRAMP: Your father, lady, requires your presence. OCEANA: Say I come. [A distant drum]

WALTER: What is that?

TRAMP: The drum that summons Lord Fitzarnold's escort. He comes a suitor for my lady's hand. [Exit Tramp]

WALTER: Deny it, Oceana - say 'tis false!

OCEANA: It is -

WALTER: Oh, most unwelcome.

OCEANA: Oh, most unwelcome. WALTER: Heavens! You tremble - and your cheek is pale - my Lord Fitzarnold, that most courtly gentleman, and must my hopes - OCEANA: Walter, dost thou mean - WALTER: Obeys thy sire, I cannot say farewell. But, oh, when highborn revelers carouse, and proud Fitzarnold lords it at the board, give me brief thought to me! That blessed thought shall soothe the fond complainings of my heart and hush them to repose. [Exit Walter L. Oceana exits R.]

Scene 2

Lights up. A room in Sir Arthur's house. Enter Sir Arthur and Walter. WALTER: Yet hear me, sir.

*with Fitzarnold, Wolfe, and Sailors, who land. Shout.*

MORDAUNT: Long live the king! Welcome Fitzarnold! Rest to the sea-worn! Joy to each and all!

FITZARNOLD: I thank thee, Mordaunt! But I did not think to see such faces in the wilderness! Thy woody shores are bright with sparkling eyes, like Argonaut's adventurous sailors. But where's the golden boon we look for, sir? Fair Oceana – Mordaunt, where is she? [*Walter enters, L., and stands against wing*]

MORDAUNT: So please you, my lord, at home, eager to pay your lordship's kindness back, and prove she can discern thy courtesy.

WALTER: [*Aside*] Indeed! Dost say so, worldling?

MORDAUNT: Pray thee, regard these gentlemen, my lord – our council's father, Errington – and this our army's leader; elders of the State.

*Introducing them severally; Fitzarnold salutes them, and at last approaching Walter, extends his hand; Walter bows coldly but does not take it. Music eight bars*

FITZARNOLD: How now, young sir? Mordaunt, who is this?

MORDAUNT: My noble lord, I pray thee, heed him not! A wayward youth, somewhat o'er worn with study. [*Crosses to Walter*] Rash boy! Be wise and tempt me not; I can destroy –

WALTER: Thy daughter's peace and wed her there. [*Mordaunt gives Walter a look of hate and turns from him*]

MORDAUNT: Forth to the hall – a strain of music there. [*Crosses to R.*]

FITZARNOLD: Young sir, I shall desire some further converse with you.

WALTER: At injury's prompting, deeds, not words, were best. My lord, you shall find me. [*Touches his sword*]

FITZARNOLD: Now for thy fair daughter, Mordaunt, come.

*Music. Exeunt all but Walter and Wolfe. Peasants and Soldiers exeunt, R.*

WOLFE: Thou goest not with them?

WALTER: No, nor before, nor follow after. But why dost thou ask?

WOLFE: Because I know thee.

WALTER: Then thou knowest one who will not take a lordling by the hand, because his fingers shine with hoops of gold – nor shun the beggar's grasp if it be honest. Thou knowest me?

WOLFE: Yes!

WALTER: To know oneself was thought task enough in olden time. What dost thou know?

WOLFE: That thou wert wrecked and saved.

WALTER: Aye, more's the pity! [*Aside*] Had I been drowned I had not lived to love and have no hope.

WOLFE: Thou art a good man's son.

WALTER: A pity then, again. Were I a rascal's offspring, I might thrive. What more?

WOLFE: Thou shalt possess thy mistress.

WALTER: Didst mark that lord?

WOLFE: He is my master.

WALTER: Then I am dumb. Be faithful to him, and now farewell. [*Crosses to L.*]

WOLFE: Yet in good time I will say that you will bestow a blessing for.

WALTER: Indeed! What mean you?

*Enter Tramp, L., with packet*

TRAMP: News from the Indians. [*Shows packet*] 'Tis for the council by a horseman left, who bade me see it with all haste delivered.

The Indian tribes conspire from east to west and faithful Sasamond has found his grave! This packet must be borne to Mordaunt.

WALTER: Trust it with me.

TRAMP: That I will readily, so thou wilt bear it safely.

WALTER: Aye, and quickly, too. [*Takes packet, crosses to R.*] Let me remember Metamora's words – "Look to the maiden of the eagle plume."

*Exit hastily, followed by Wolfe, and Tramp. Quick curtain*

ACT II. Scene 1

*Music. Interior of a wigwam; a skin rolled. Stage covered with skins, etc. Child on skin near R. entrance. Nahmeokee near it. Metamora at L., preparing for the chase.*

NAHMEOKEE: Thou wilt soon be back from the chase.

METAMORA: Yes, before the otter has tasted his midday food on the bank of the stream, his skin shall make a garment for Nahmeokee when the snow whitens the hunting grounds and the cold wind whistles through the trees. Nahmeokee, take our little one from his rest; he sleeps too much.

NAHMEKKEE: Oh, no! But thou, Metamora, sleepst too little. In the still hour of midnight when Wekolis has sung his song, and the great light has gone down behind the hills, when Nahmekeek's arms like the growing vine were round thee—as if some danger lay waiting in the thick wood—thou didst bid me bring thy tomahawk and the spear that Massasoit had borne when the war cry of the Wampanoags was loudest in the place of blood! Why is thy rest like the green lake when the sudden blast passes across its bosom?

NAHMEKKEE: Nahmekeek, the power of dreams has been on me, and the shadows of things that are to be have passed before me. My heart is big with a great thought. When I sleep I think the knife is red in my hand, and the scalp of the white man is streaming. NAHMEKKEE: Metamora, is not the white man our brother? And does not the Great Spirit look on him as he does on us? Do not go towards his home today because thy wrath is kindled and it spreads like the flames which the for- white man makes in the dark bosom of the forest. Let Nahmekeek clasp her arms around thee; rest thy head upon her bosom, for it is hot and thy eye is red with the thoughts that burn! Our old men counsel peace, and the aim of the white man will spare. METAMORA: Yes, when our fires are no longer red, on the high places of our fathers; when the bones of our kindred make fruitful the fields of the stranger, which he has planted amidst the ashes of our wigwams; when we are hunted back like the wounded elk far toward the going down of the sun, our hatchets broken, our bows unstrung and war whoop hushed; then will the stranger spare, for we will be too small for his eye to see.

Trumper. Enter Ojah

OTAH: O son of Massasoit, the power of the white man approaches, and he looks not like one who seeks the Wampanoag's friendship! Look where the bright weapons flash through the clouds of his track. METAMORA: Hal! Let the paleface come with the calumet or with the knife, Metamora does not fear their power. Where is Annawandah, skilled in talk? Let him approach me. Exit Ojah

CHURCH: We shall expect thee, chief. [Crosses to R.]

METAMORA: I have breasted the cold winds of forty winters and to those that spoke kindly to me in the words of love I have been pliant—aye, very yielding like the willow that droops over the stream, but till with a single arm you can move the mighty rock that mocks the lightning and the storm seek not to stir Metamora when his heart says no. I will come!

METAMORA: I know the path. SIR ARTHUR: We must not go without thee, there.

CHURCH: Our troops shall form thy escort [To them] I will go.

METAMORA: Daughter of Miantinemo, peace! NAHMEKKEE: [Aside] Do not go.

METAMORA: Phillip! I am the Wampanoag chief, Metamora.

SIR ARTHUR: Phillip, our mission is—urge your presence at the council.

METAMORA: We are directed by our council's head, for the times are filled with doubt, and to make sure our bond of peace and love to

CHURCH: It is our custom. METAMORA: Well, speak; my ears are open to hear.

CHURCH: Although we come unbidden, chief- rain, yet is our purpose friendly.

METAMORA: Why do you bring your fire weapons if you come to hold a talk of peace?

CHURCH: [sic] METAMORA: My father, and the Good- Enter Church, Sir Arthur Vaughan, and Good-

OTAH: Look! The white warrior comes. Trumper. Enter Ojah

NAHMEKKEE: Like one who goes to steal. METAMORA: And he went with fear?

NAHMEKKEE: Alone. METAMORA: Humph! Was he alone?

METAMORA: Humph! Was he alone? row across the slumbering waters.

It was Annawandah passed out wigwam; his step was like the course of the serpent and he paused and listened. My eye followed him to the seaside, and his light canoe shot like an ar-

the moon was bright and a shadow passed me. the Good Spirit has filled with power to heal; bitten him as he lay stretched in the rays of the

sun. I rose from my seat to get the dried leaves

round thee—as if some danger lay waiting in

the thick wood—thou didst bid me bring thy

borne when the war cry of the Wampanoags

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METAMORA: Metamora cannot lie.  
 CHURCH: Stand to your arms.

*Trumpet. Exit Church, Goodenough, Otah and Soldiers*

SIR ARTHUR: Be thou not rash, but with thy tongue of manly truth dispel all charge that wrongs thy noble nature. Throw not the brand that kindles bloody war lest thou thyself should be the victim. [*Sir Arthur going L.*]

METAMORA: My father's deeds shall be my counsellors, and the Great Spirit will hear the words of my mouth. [*Exit Sir Arthur*] Now, Nahmeokee, I will talk to thee. Dost thou not love this little one, Nahmeokee?

NAHMEOKEE: Oh, yes!

METAMORA: When first his little eyes unclosed, thou saidst they were like mine; and my people rejoiced with a mighty joy, that the grandson of Massasoit, the white man's friend, should rule in the high places of his kindred; and hoped that his days would be long and full of glory. Nahmeokee, by the blood of his warlike race, he shall not be the white man's slave.

NAHMEOKEE: Thy talk is strange, and fear creeps over me. Thy heart is beating at thy side, as if thy bosom could not hold it.

METAMORA: Because 'tis full of thee – and thee, my little one. Humph! Bring me the knife thy brother wore in battle – my hatchet – the spear that was thy father's when Uncas slew him for the white man's favor. Humph! These things thou gavest me with thyself; thinkest thou this arm can wield them in the fight?

NAHMEOKEE: Ah! Thy bravery will lose thee to me.

METAMORA: Let not thy heart be troubled. If I require assistance from my people, I will lift up a flame on the lofty hill that shall gleam afar through the thick darkness.

NAHMEOKEE: I shall remember thy words.

METAMORA: Take in thy babe; I am going. [*Crosses to L.*]

NAHMEOKEE: Metamora, dost thou go alone?

METAMORA: No; Manito is with me.

*Exit. Nahmeokee exit*

Scene 2

*A room in the house of Mordaunt. Enter Oceana.*

OCEANA: Free from Fitzarnold's gaze, I feel myself again. Why came he here? His looks appalled [me] yet my father smiled – ah! he comes.

*Enter Mordaunt*

MORDAUNT: How now, my daughter; how is this? Why have you left his lordship thus?

OCEANA: I thought 'twas time.

MORDAUNT: It is not time to play the prude, when noble men confess thy charms and come fair suitors to thee. Fitzarnold loves thee and his alliance is so dear to me, I'll have no scruples of a timid girl to weigh against it. For long years I've nursed this fondness and I now command obedience.

OCEANA: That union must remain unblessed wherein the helpless hand is giving no heart to bear it company. O my father, how at the altar can I take that vow my heart now whispers never can be kept.

MORDAUNT: Hear me, rash girl, now that none o'erhear our converse. Learn thy father's destiny – the name I bear is not my own!

OCEANA: My father!

MORDAUNT: Thou didst not know my former life and deeds. Hardy adventure and the shock of arms, civil contention and a monarch's death make up the past, and poison all who come! 'Tis thou alone can clothe my future days with peace and shed one cheering ray o'er a dark scene of terror.

OCEANA: Art thou distraught?

MORDAUNT: Do not deny me, girl, and make me so! I am an outcast and a man forbid. Fitzarnold knows me and he asks my child – has power, and gaining thee preserves thy sire. Speak, Oceana! Thy resolve: what is it?

OCEANA: Thou canst not mean it, father! No, it cannot be!

MORDAUNT: Girl, it is as certain as our earthly doom. Decide, then, now between my honor and my instant death! For by thy mother's memory and by my soul, if my despair do find thee pitiless, my own right hand shall end a wretched life and leave thee nothing for a bridal dower but my curses and a blighted name. [*Crosses to R.*]

OCEANA: My throat is parched! I pray a moment's peace, a moment's pause.

*Business. Mordaunt paces the stage in great agitation, at last falls on his knee to Oceana.*

Walter enters, starts at seeing them and remains at back

MORAVANT: Look at thy father, lowly begging life of thee. I will not swear, I will not rave, my child, but I'll implore thee! If thou hast ever loved me and dost so still, show that affection now! Let not thy father's name forever stand a mark for men to heap their curses on - relen, my child.

OCEANA: I can endure no more - rise, my father. MORAVANT: Dost thou promise?

OCEANA: All, all!

MORAVANT: Swear, by truth! by honor! By the dead -

OCEANA: To wed Fitzarnold -

WALTER: [Comes up] Hold! Hold, rash girl, forbear! Thou art ensnared and wouldst pronounce thy doom.

MORAVANT: Lightning consume thee, meddling fool! What bringst thou here?

WALTER: No pleasant duty, sir; a message which the council sends thee here. [Gives packet to Moravant] I am no spy, nor do I care to know secrets too dread for thine own heart to hold.

MORAVANT: Beggar, begone!

Strikes him with packet and crosses to L. Walter draws sword. Oceana interposes

OCEANA: It is my father, Walter, mine.

WALTER: A blow.

OCEANA: Oh, thou wilt forgive him!

WALTER: Never! I will forth, and ere he shall enforce thee where thou hast no joy, will rend the mask he cheats us with. [Crosses to L.]

OCEANA: And if thou dost, by heaven I'll ne'er be thine.

WALTER: [Sheathes sword] Old man, an angel's bosom shelters thine. Instruct Fitzarnold in our quarter's cause. No daughter bars my way to him.

Exit. Enter Fitzarnold

FITZARNOLD: How now, you tremble; what has chanced?

MORAVANT: A moody beggar who abused my love and I chastised him for it - that's all.

OCEANA: My father -

MORAVANT: Go to thy chamber.

OCEANA: Would it were my grave. [Exit]

MORAVANT: My noble lord, that moody strippling whom you saw last night - whether set on by Vaughan, his patron, or by the vainness of his

Memora

own conceits, resolves to break my daughter's marriage.

FITZARNOLD: And wilt thou suffer this? What is the villain's state?

MORAVANT: Dependence on Sir Arthur Vaughan; his wealth a goodly person and the [law?] love of schools. [sic] [Bell tolls] Hark! I am summoned to the council. Wilt thou along?

METAMORA: Do it makes your men grasp their

the onset of the morora done that your spirits se heart is a str ready to spea ERINGTON: We shelter to a b christian met o synd doomed and thereby censure - and honesty.

METAMORA: Wh dunt and Church on raised platform. Mor- etc. Goodenough and Soldiers, R. Villagers, etc. Walter and Tramp.

ERINGTON: 'Tis news that asks from us most speedy action. Heaven has in sounds most audible and strange, in sighs, too, that amazed the lookers-on, forewarned our people of their peril. 'Tis time to lift the arm so long supine, and with one blow cut off this heathen race, who spite of reason and the word revealed, continue hardened in their devous ways, and make the chosen tremble. Colleagues, your voices - speak - are you for peace or war?

SIR ARTHUR: What is your proof your Indian neighbors mean not as fairly towards our settlements as did King Phillip's father, Massasoit?

ERINGTON: Sir, we have full proof that Phillip is our foe. Sasamond, the faithful servant of our cause, has been dispatched by Phillip's men, set on to murder him. One of his tribe confessed the horrid truth - and will, when time shall call, give horrid proof on't. I say this chieftain is a man of blood, and Heaven will bless the valiant arm that slays him.

When Metamora enters, all start and grasp their swords. The soldiers prepare to fire. All are silent and confused

Scene 3

Exunt



METAMORA: You sent for me and I am come.  
Humph! If you have nothing to say I will go back – if you fear to question, Metamora does not fear to answer.

ERRINGTON: Philip, 'tis thought you love us not, and all unmindful of our league of peace, plot with the Narragansetts, and contrive fatal disorder to our colony.

METAMORA: Do your fears counsel you? What is it makes your old men grave? And your young men grasp their fire weapons as if they awaited the onset of the foe? Brothers, what has Metamora done that doubt is in all your faces and your spirits seem troubled? The good man's heart is a stranger to fear, and his tongue is ready to speak the words of truth.

ERRINGTON: We are informed that thou gavest shelter to a banished man, whose deeds unchristian met our just reproof – one by our holy synod doomed – whom it is said you housed, and do hereby hast incurred our church's censure – and given just cause to doubt thy honesty.

METAMORA: Why was that man sent away from the home of his joy? Because the Great Spirit did not speak to him as he had spoken to you? Did you not come across the great waters and leave the smoke of your fathers' hearth because the iron hand was held out against you, and your hearts were sorrowful in the high places of prayer. Why do you that have just plucked the red knife from your own wounded sides, strive to stab your brother?

ERRINGTON: Indian, this is no reply for us. Didst thou not know the sentence of the court on him whom thou didst shelter?

METAMORA: If my rarest enemy had crept unarmed into my wigwam and his heart was sore, I would not have driven him from my fire nor forbidden him to lie down upon my mat. Why then should the Wampanoag shut out the man of peace when he came with tears in his eyes and his limbs torn by the sharp thorns of the thicket? Your great book, you say, tells you to give good gifts to the stranger and deal kindly with him whose heart is sad; the Wampanoag needs no such counselor, for the Great Spirit has with his own fingers written it upon his heart.

MORDAUNT: Why dost thou put arms into thy people's hands, thereby engendering mischief towards us?

METAMORA: If my people do wrong, I am quick

to punish. Do you not set a snare for them that they may fall, and make them mad with the fire water the Great Spirit gave you in his wrath? The red man sickens in the house of the palefaces, and the leaping stream of the mountains is made impure by the foul brooks that mingle with it.

SIR ARTHUR: Chieftain, since these things are so, sell us thy lands and seek another bidding place.

METAMORA: And if I did, would you not stretch out your hand to seize that also? No! White man, no! Never will Metamora forsake the home of his fathers, and let the plough of the strangers disturb the bones of his kindred.

CHURCH: These are bold words, chief.

METAMORA: They are true ones.

ERRINGTON: They give no token of thy love of peace. We would deal fairly with thee – nay, be generous.

METAMORA: Then would you pay back that which fifty snows ago you received from the hands of my father, Massasoit. Ye had been tossed about like small things upon the face of the great waters, and there was no earth for your feet to rest on; your backs were turned upon the land of your fathers. The red man took you as a little child \*and opened the door of his wigwam. The keen blast of the north howled in the leafless wood, but the Indian covered you with his broad right hand and put it back. Your little ones smiled when they heard the loud voice of the storm, for our fires were warm and the Indian was the white man's friend.\*

ERRINGTON: Such words are needless now.

METAMORA: I will speak no more; I am going.

MORDAUNT: Hold! A moment, Philip; we have yet to tell of the death of Sasamond, who fell in secret and by treachery.

METAMORA: So should the treacherous man fall, by the keen knife in the darkness and not ascend from the strife of battle to the bright haven where the dead warrior dwells in glory.

ERRINGTON: Didst thou contrive his murder?

METAMORA: I will not answer.

ERRINGTON: We have those can prove thou didst.

METAMORA: I have spoken.

ERRINGTON: Bring in the witness. [*Exit Good-*

\*Lines between asterisks are reprinted from the Forrest Home manuscript, because they are illegible in the University of Utah manuscript.

White man, beware! The mighty spirits of the blood of the false one, yet it is not satisfied! METAMORA: Come! My knife has drunk the

*Soldiers make a forward movement*

ERRINGTON: Seize and bind him.

*Stand up, general movement*

Stabs Annawandah, who staggers off, R. All

man, go follow Sasamond.

METAMORA: I will do that! Slave of the white ness home.

ERRINGTON: Phillip o'erawes him - send the wit- king.

METAMORA: I am Metamora, thy father and thy ERRINGTON: He does not answer.

a lie!

have bought thy tongue, and thou hast uttered thee so. Red man, say unto these people they METAMORA: Wampanoag! No, I will not call

esty.

ERRINGTON: We do, and will reward his hon- METAMORA: You believe his words?

and conscience-smoke revealed thy wickedness. ERRINGTON: He was thy trusty agent, Phillip,

his brother, his country and his god? to you the words of truth, when he is false

thee in unclouded glory. Elders, can he speak truth, when like the great light it shines on lie, and thine eye cannot rest upon the face of

Wampanoag has left thy veins. Thy heart is a hath entered thee, and the pure blood of the white man's hand to slay him! The foul spirit

wigwam and hast thou put a knife into the thy blood? Has Metamora cherished thee in his song, and the lips of the foe were thirsty for higan [*sic*], when thou hadst sung thy death

whom I snatched from the war club of the Mo- METAMORA: Let me see his eye. Art thou he known.

ERRINGTON: Behold, deceitful man, thy deeds are METAMORA: Annawandah!

*Goodenough returns with Annawandah*

ERRINGTON: Approach!

power to kill.

are not taken out, nor has its venom lost the too hard upon the serpent's fangs. His fangs METAMORA: Injurious white man! Do not tread

a serpent and his wiles are deep. power from execution. Come, we parley with

enough] We, too, long have stayed the arm of METAMORA: Injurious white man! Do not tread

for the priest I'll bring. [*Exit*] my Lord Fitzarnold! Thou wilt not thank me

WOLFE: My lord, be sure on't. Now for young

WOLFE: My lord! Wouldst thou to rival me?

WOLFE: Ha! Fitzarnold: How now! What meanest thou?

WOLFE: My lord! Fitzarnold: No, this night, and with tomor-

row's sun I spread my sail for England. row?

WOLFE: I will observe! Does my lord wed tomor-

a scribe and priest for me - will be silent? Go get a surgeon for this Mordant's wounds,

from me. Within there, Wolfe! [*Enter Wolfe*] his death may snatch his gold and daughter

must be mine tonight! Aye, this night, for fear

er our heads! This is no place for me. She

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ACT III, Scene 1

*Business. Metamora hurls hatchet into stage, and rushes out, C. Soldiers fire after him. Mordant, who has moved forward, receives a shot and falls in chair. Tableau. Drums, trumpets, and general confusion. Quick curtain*

ERRINGTON: Fire on him.

METAMORA: Thus do I smite your nation and

ERRINGTON: Secure him!

glean under your feet no more!

gleanance bursts, till the lands you have stolen

in the north and in the south shall cry of ven-

burning dwellings! From the east to the west,

shall start you from your dreams at night, and

down the mighty chasms. The war whoop

you like a cataract that dashes the uprooted oak

wrath of the wronged Indian shall fall upon

ask for vengeance; they shall have it. The

they stretch out their shadowy arms to me and

Wampanoag race are hovering o'er your heads;

Scene 2

*An Indian village, deep wood, set wigwam, R. Lights half down. Conch shell heard. Nahmeokee enters from wigwam.*

NAHMEOKEE: Sure 'twas the shell of Metamora, and spoke the strain it was wont when the old men were called to council, or when the scout returns from his long travel.

METAMORA: [*Outside*] Nahmeokee!

NAHMEOKEE: It is — it is Metamora.

*Enter Metamora*

METAMORA: Is our little one well, Nahmeokee?

NAHMEOKEE: He is. How didst thou leave the white man with whom thou hast been to hold a talk?

METAMORA: Like the great stream of the mountain when the spirit of the storm passes furiously over its bosom. Where are my people?

NAHMEOKEE: Here in the deep woods where Kaweshine,† the aged priest, tells them the mighty deeds of their people, and interprets to them the will of the Great Spirit.

METAMORA: Otah! [*Otah enters*] Summon my warriors; bid them with speed to council. [*Exit Otah*] I have escaped the swift flight of the white man's bullets but like the bounding elk when the hunters who follow close upon his heels. [*Reenter Otah with Kaweshine and all the Indians. Indian march, eight bars. Indians form at L.*] Warriors, I took a prisoner from the uplifted weapon of the Mohigan, when the victor's limbs were bloody and the scalps at his belt had no number. He lived in my wigwam; I made him my brother. When the spirit of sleep was upon me, he crept like a guilty thing away, and put into the white man's hand a brand of fire to consume me, and drive my people far away where there are no hunting grounds and where the Wampanoag has no protecting Spirit.

KAWESHINE: Annawandah?

METAMORA: Annawandah!

KAWESHINE: Where is he, chief of thy people, and where is the dog whose head the Great Spirit will smite with fire?

METAMORA: Where the ravenous bird of night may eat the flesh of his body. Here is the blood of the traitor's heart! [*Shows knife*] My peo-

†From this point on, the manuscript reads *Kaweshine* instead of the original reading, *Kaneshine*.

ple, shall I tell you the thoughts that fill me?

KAWESHINE: Speak, Metamora, speak!

METAMORA: When the strangers came from afar off, they were like a little tree; but now they are grown up and their spreading branches threaten to keep the light from you. They ate of your corn and drank of your cup, and now they lift up their arms against you. Oh my people, the race of the red man has fallen away like the trees of the forest before the axes of the palefaces. The fair places of his father's triumphs hear no more the sound of his footsteps. He moves in the region his proud fathers bequeathed him, not like a lord of the soil, but like a wretch who comes for plunder and for prey.

*Distant thunder and lightning*

KAWESHINE: The chief has spoken truly and the stranger is worthy to die! But the fire of our warriors is burnt out and their hatchets have no edge. O son of Massasoit, thy words are to me like the warm blood of the foe, and I will drink till I am full! Speak again!

METAMORA: "Chief of the people," said a voice from the deep as I lay by the seaside in the eyes of the moon — "Chief of the people, wake from thy dream of peace, and make sharp the point of thy spear, for the destroyer's arm is made bare to smite. O son of my old age, arise like the tiger in great wrath and snatch thy people from the devourer's jaws!" My father spoke no more; a mist passed before me, and from the mist the Spirit bent his eyes imploringly on me. I started to my feet and shouted the shrill battle cry of the Wampanoags. The high hills sent back the echo, and rock, hill and ocean, earth and air opened their giant throats and cried with me, "Red man, arouse! Freedom! Revenge or death!" [*Thunder and lightning. All quail but Metamora*] Hark, warriors! The Great Spirit hears me and pours forth his mighty voice with mine. Let your voice in battle be like his, and the flash from your fire weapons as quick to kill. Nahmeokee, take this knife, carry it to the Narragansett, to thy brother; tell him the hatchet is dug from the grave where the grass is grown old above it; thy tongue will move him more than the voice of all our tribe in the loud talk of war.

NAHMEOKEE: Nahmeokee will not fail in her

path; and her eyes will be quick to see where the stranger has set his snare.  
 METAMORA: Warriors! Your old and infirm must you send into the country of the Narragansett, that your hearts may not be made soft in the hour of battle.  
 NAHMOCKEE: Go you tonight, Metamora? Fitzarnold: Tonight! I will not lay down in my wigwam till the foe has drawn himself together and comes in his height to destroy. Nahmo- kee, I still will be the red man's father and his king, or the sacred rock whereon my father spoke so long the words of wisdom shall be made red with the blood of his race.  
 Hurried music. Metamora and Indians exult. Nahmokee goes in wigwam

Scene 3

*A chamber in Mordant's house. Clock strikes twelve as scene opens. Thunder distant. Enter Oceana in plain attire.*

pours its fury down, Fitzarnold's soul does swell above the din! Nay more, dares brave the storm within thy breast, and shrinks not from the lightning of thine eye.  
 OCEANA: Would it could kill thee! Fitzarnold: It can do more - can conquer like the fiery serpent. It pierces, and as it pierces charms - Oceana! OCEANA: Stand back! I will alarm my sire. Fitzarnold: And if thou dost, he will not aid thee. My treasures are embarked, ay, all but thee; thy father gives consent, the priest waits and ere morning, father, daughter, son, shall all be riding on the wave for England.  
 OCEANA: No, never! Fitzarnold: Convince thyself - [Stamps his foot. Now, Walter enters disguised as a priest.] Now, scornful lady, thy bridal hour has come; thy tauntings do but fan the flame that rages here. OCEANA: Is there no refuge? Fitzarnold: None, but in these arms. Fitzarnold: None, but in these arms. OCEANA: No hope - no rescue! Fitzarnold: None! None! OCEANA: Walter, on thee I call - Walter, where art thou? WALTER: [Throws off disguise] Walter is here. Fitzarnold: Villain! Thy life or mine! Fitzarnold draws, Oceana throws herself between them OCEANA: Forebear! No blood! [To Walter] Thou must come stainless to these arms. WALTER: Sayest thou? Will thou take me to them? OCEANA: I will - I do. They embrace Fitzarnold: Thy father's blood be on thee; he is Fitzarnold's victim.  
 Exit, R. Bell rings. Enter Tramp, L.  
 TRAMP: The savages approach! The Wampanoag chieftain and his crew, at distance, peal their startling yell of war! Haste, sir, to meet them. WALTER: Retire thee for a while, my Oceana - thou, sir, on the instant follow me - your sword! your sword!

Exit, R. with Oceana, Tramp follows

Scene 4

*A view of Mordant's house on the beach, R.*

Sea in distance, ship case leading down to opening of scene. L Fitzarnold hastily. Fitzarnold: Almight! every side! No hope their savage yells! No for on the waves my the fell savage mas War whoops. Exit mora and all the In dances. Music hurried METAMORA: [Point him! [To others] dwelling and drag look upon his triumph Metamora's triumph Oah and Kaweshim house when Oceana OCEANA: Forebear, y METAMORA: Warriors Throws her arrow OCEANA: Great Chief me? METAMORA: I am a mine enemy; I rid gance cries out for OCEANA: Will thou the high rocks with me. My foot; my the Indians return down R. METAMORA: Hah! MORDAUNT: Mercy! OCEANA: My father! to Mordant] METAMORA: He must fire of the sacrifice music of his dying OCEANA: Friends and METAMORA: The whi Prepare.

OCEANA: Then smile mangled breasts

*Sea in distance, ship on fire. Garden and staircase leading down to the water. Lights down at opening of scene. Distant yells heard. Enter Fitzarnold hastily.*

FITZARNOLD: Almighty powers! Hemmed in on every side! No hope. [*War whoop*] Hark to their savage yells! No means are left for flight, for on the waves my precious vessel burns – by the fell savage mastered! No retreat!

*War whoops. Exit Fitzarnold hastily. Metamora and all the Indians enter up staircase entrances. Music hurried, forte till all are on*

METAMORA: [*Pointing to Fitzarnold*] Follow him! [*To others*] Go into the white man's dwelling and drag him to me that my eye can look upon his torture and his scalp may tell Metamora's triumph to his tribe – go.

*Otah and Kaweshine are about to enter the house when Oceana appears*

OCEANA: Forebear, ye shall not enter.

METAMORA: Warriors, have I not spoken.

*Throws her around to L., Indians go in*

OCEANA: Great Chieftain! Dost thou not know me?

METAMORA: I am a Wampanoag in the home of mine enemy; I ride on my wrongs, and vengeance cries out for blood.

OCEANA: Wilt thou not hear me?

METAMORA: Talk to the rattling storm or melt the high rocks with tears; thou canst not move me. My foe! my foe! my foe!

OCEANA: Have mercy, Heaven!

*The Indians return dragging in Mordaunt and down R.*

METAMORA: Hah!

MORDAUNT: Mercy! Mercy!

OCEANA: My father! Spare my father! [*Rushes to Mordaunt*]

METAMORA: He must die! Drag him away to the fire of the sacrifice that my ear may drink the music of his dying groans.

OCEANA: Fiends and murderers!

METAMORA: The white man has made us such. Prepare.

*Business*

OCEANA: Then smite his heart through mine; our mangled breasts shall meet in death – one

grave shall hold us. Metamora, dost thou remember this? [*Shows eagle plume*]

METAMORA: Yes.

OCEANA: It was thy father's. Chieftain, thou gavest it to me.

METAMORA: Say on.

OCEANA: Thou saidst it would prove a guardian to me when the conflict raged. Were thy words true when with thy father's tongue thou saidst, whatever being wore the gift, no Indian of thy tribe should do that being harm.

METAMORA: The Wampanoag cannot lie.

OCEANA: Then do I place it here. [*Places it on Mordaunt's bosom*]

METAMORA: Hah!

OCEANA: The Wampanoag cannot lie, and I can die for him who gave existence to me.

MORDAUNT: My child! My child!

*Red fire in house*

METAMORA: Take them apart! [*Indians separate them*] Old man, I cannot let the tomahawk descend upon thy head, or bear thee to the place of sacrifice; but here is that shall appease the red man's wrath. [*Seizes Oceana; flames seen in house*] The fire is kindled in thy dwelling, and I will plunge her in the hot fury of the flames.

MORDAUNT: No, no, thou wilt not harm her.

OCEANA: Father, farewell! Thy nation, savage, will repent this act of thine.

METAMORA: If thou art just, it will not. Old man, take thy child. [*Throws her to him*] Metamora cannot forth with the maiden of the eagle plume; and he disdains a victim who has no color in his face nor fire in his eye.

*Bugle sounds*

MORDAUNT: Gracious heavens!

METAMORA: Hark! The power of the white man comes! Launch your canoes! We have drunk blood enough. Spirit of my father, be at rest! Thou art obeyed, thy people are avenged.

*Exit hastily followed by the Indians. Drums and trumpet till curtain. Enter Walter, Good-enough, Church, Soldiers, Peasants, male and female, all from behind house. Soldiers are about to fire, when Walter throws himself before them and exclaims*

WALTER: Forebear! Forebear!

*Walter and Oceana embrace. Tableau. Curtain*

WALTER: No tongue so blest as that which her-

alds peace -

No heart so mailed as that which beats, warm

for his fellow man.

Fare you well. [Exit Walter]

ERINGTON: Now to our labours - those new

levies made -

We may exterminate, with one full blow

This savage race, hated of man - unblest of

Heaven -

Surely a land so fair was ne'er designed to feed

the heartless infidel.

Cry L. H. "Indians! Indians!"

ERINGTON: Hah! More massacre! Mercy Heav-

en!

Enter Oceana L. H.

OCEANA: Oh Sirs shew pity to a captive wretch

whom heartless men abuse with taunts and

blows. If ye are men oh let the helpless find in

you kind pity - mercy and protection.

ERINGTON: Maiden,

Whom dost thou speak of?

OCEANA: An Indian woman

And her infant child, by these made prisoners.

Look there, they have taken her child from

her.

ERINGTON: Could I but tempt this

stripling to his death.

ERINGTON: Say is there one so reckless and so

brave will dare the peril to preserve his fel-

lows?

FITZARNOLD: Grave sirs, I know of none more

truly fit than young Walter to achieve the

ded. How proud the name requir'd by such

an act. How vast the joy his daring heart must

feel. Whose arm against such terror shall pre-

vail. And rescue numbers from a lingering

death.

WALTER: If my Lord so dearly holds the prize,

Why not himself adventure to attain it?

But I will go - for I have reasons for it

Would move me, felt I not my Lords great pity

for the captives woe.

SIR ARTHUR: Bravely said thou deserve'st our

thanks,

And if thou canst persuade the hostile chief

To draw his arm'd bands away and save the

blood, that else must flow so terribly.

ERINGTON: Take swiftest horse young man and

Heaven protect thee.

†lined out in the original.

GOODENOUGH: Hard times indeed to lose so good

a prize. [The brat is saleable] † 'Tis mine.

from him]

OCEANA: Man didst thou hear me? [Takes child

creature - and -

GOODENOUGH: Why 'twas I that caught the

OCEANA: Do so.

child?

NAHMEOKEE: Give poor Indian woman her

ERINGTON: Dost thou hear my question?

NAHMEOKEE: Give poor woman her child?

ERINGTON: Woman what art thou?

I am sure he is wounded, for I saw him fall.

Was with her, but he 'scap'd pursuit.

GOODENOUGH: No, a young and nimble man

ERINGTON: Came she alone?

A spy, 'tis thought sent by the cursed foe.

the glen.

GOODENOUGH: An Indian woman, we captured in

ERINGTON: How now, who hast thou there?

ERINGTON: Goodenough with the child, L. H.

Enter Nahmeokee with Officer, two Guards, as

prisoner. Goodenough with the child, L. H.

Summon our Elders

Your counsel now

FITZARNOLD: 'Tis th

ERINGTON: Take h

is sometimes slow

Yet is she sure.

NAHMEOKEE: Thy

find it so.

Excursi Errington

Nahmeokee and So

OCEANA: Fitzarnold

move

His sympathy? [

ly] My lord.

FITZARNOLD: Well

OCEANA: I have ob

FITZARNOLD: I have

lined out in the o

OCEANA: Measureless brute.

GOODENOUGH: For what? 'Tis only an Indian boy.

*Oceana gives Nahmeokee her child, who touch'd with her kindness, takes her scarf to wipe Oceana's eyes. The latter recognises it to be the one bound round Metamora's arm in first scene*

OCEANA: Nahmeokee!

NAHMEOKEE: Hush!

ERRINGTON: Who art thou woman?

NAHMEOKEE: I am the servant of the Great Spirit.

ERRINGTON: Who is thy husband?

NAHMEOKEE: One thou dost not love.

ERRINGTON: His name?

NAHMEOKEE: I will not tell thee.

ERRINGTON: We can enforce an answer.

NAHMEOKEE: Poor Indian woman cannot keep her limbs from pain; but she can keep silence.

ERRINGTON: Woman what is thy nation & thy race?

NAHMEOKEE: White man the Sun is my father and the Earth my mother – I will speak no more.

ERRINGTON: Captain take charge of this same stubborn wretch

Who neither will her name or nor purpose tell.

If she do prove as alleg'd a spy,

Nothing shall save her from a public death;

We must o'erawe our treacherous foe.

[And this obdurate & blasphemous witch

May in her death, keep death from many more.] †

Summon our Elders – my Lord Fitzarnold

Your counsel now may aid us.

FITZARNOLD: 'Tis thine, – & my poor service.

ERRINGTON: Take her away. [Cross R.] Justice is sometimes slow,

Yet is she sure.

NAHMEOKEE: Thy nation white man, yet may find it so.

*Exeunt Errington R. H. Goodenough, Church, Nahmeokee and Soldiers L. H.*

OCEANA: Fitzarnold of the Council – could I move

His sympathy? [Approaching him tremblingly] My lord.

FITZARNOLD: Well lady?

OCEANA: I have offended thee.

FITZARNOLD: I have forgotten it.

†Lined out in the original.

OCEANA: I have a boon to ask.

FITZARNOLD: Sayst thou – of me?

OCEANA: It will not cost thee much.

FITZARNOLD: No price too great to purchase thy sweet smiles of thee.

OCEANA: Then be this female's advocate my lord.

Thou canst be eloquent and the heart of good, But much misguided men may by thy speech

Be moved to pity and to pardon her.

FITZARNOLD: How so – a wandering wretch unknown?

OCEANA: Metamora has helpless prisoners.

FITZARNOLD: 'Tis true – and thou dost deeply feel for them.

Young Walter now seeks their enfranchisement.

OCEANA: I know it sir. [Aside] Be still my throbbing heart.

My lord what vengeance will her husband take.

Think you will aught appease dread Philip's wrath –

When he is told – chieftain thy wife's a slave?

FITZARNOLD: His wife – the Queen! Indeed! Dost say so?

OCEANA: Give not the secret unto mortal ear –

It might destroy all hopes of unity.

Preserve this captive from impending doom

And countless prayers shall pay thee for it.

FITZARNOLD: Thy kind approval is reward enough.

OCEANA: Shall she be saved?

FITZARNOLD: She shall be free – a word of mine can do it.

OCEANA: Thanks! Thanks! My Lord deceive me not.

FITZARNOLD: Fear not fair Lady. I have pledged my word.

*Exit Oceana L. H.*

FITZARNOLD: Thou thinks't me kind – ha! ha! I will be so. Philip has

Captives – & young Walter's there.

The Council dare not take this woman's life for that would doom their captive countrymen.

Imprisoned she is free from danger for the law protects her. But turn her loose to the wild fury

of the senseless crowd *she dies* ere justice or the Elder's arms can reach her. Ah! This way con-

ducts me straight to the goal. I am resolved to reach and seal at once my hated rivals doom.

[Oh! I will plead as Angels do in Heaven

Metamora

‡Tined out in the original. §The Lord Chamberlain's copy uses the original spelling.

Restore his captives and remove his dead coin

WALTER: Let Philip take our wampum and our side. What are the Elders' words?

mountain has turned back and pierced his own white man fear. The arrow he has shot into the

and their hands are thrust out for more. Let the riors have tasted, has made their hearts glad

METAMORA: No, young man, the blood my war- That made the white and red man brothers.

And once again renew with us the bond To urge the Wampanoags to disarm his band

To check the dire advance of bloody war, speak. WALTER: That I come friendly let this emblem

weapons are red with the blood of the battle? he tempt the ire of our warriors, when their

he comes into our country unbidden. Why does METAMORA: Hold! Let the young man say why

heard. Enter Walter As they are about to fire the pile, a shot is

ive's blood. man's soil! Come my lips are dry for the cap-

the abhor'd usurpers [Gun L. H.] of the red lift up the flame, till it devour in its fiery rage,

of death. Come round the tree of sacrifice and appear'd - prepare the captives for their hour

have fallen by the power of the foe are not yet deep into the sand - yet the spirit of those who

met, and the blood of the Stranger has sunk KANASHINE: Warriors, our enemies have been

riors. Lighs one-half down. rance leaning on his rifle. Kanashine's & War-

bound to the Snake R. H. Metamora at a dis- One-half dark. An Indian Retreat. Wolfe

Scene 2

R. H.] Thy boon is granted. She shall be free! [Exit

Oh yes, dear pleader for the captive one ing. Madden'd with his loss, sheds blood to surfeit-

band, And prove as merciless - while the lion hus-

Will rush upon her like the loosen'd winds Her freedom is her death - the zealot crowd

For mortals when they err and mourn for it. ‡

name. WALTER: I thank thee Chieftain, this is kindness

to me. Come good Wolfe tell me my father's the white man to my wigwam.

the hard hand has been laid upon her. Take meokee returns to her home. Woe unto you if

You must abide with the Wampanoag till Nah- METAMORA: Unbind the captive! Young man!

WALTER: Beneath yonder tree. man's prisoner. Where is thy horse?

METAMORA: Humph - Nahmeokee is the white queen a captive.

down powerless and the white men bore off the keen knife you gave Nahmeokee, but I sank

was wounded, with the other I grasped the weapons blazed in the thicket, and my arm

sate down to rest in the dark wood - the fire- OTAH: Our feet grew weary in the path, and we

METAMORA: Dead! OTAH: Nahmeokee!

METAMORA: Ha! [Enter Otah] OTAH: [Speaks without] Metamora!

WOLFE: Walter, listen to me. WALTER: My Father! Sayst thou?

And shewn thy father to thee. I had not told the secret of thy birth.

For I am childless and a lonely man. mourned

WOLFE: I was prepared to die, and only them. achieve thy rescue if gold or prayers can move

WALTER: [To Wolfe] Oh, my friend! I will shut against thee.

the fire-weapon he has taught us. My ears are as strong as the white man's. And the use of

METAMORA: Well, let them come! Our arms are And terribly avenge their countryman.

A thousand warlike men will rush to arms. If thou dost shed the trembling captives blood,

the Sun, WALTER: By Him who moves the stars and lights

bosom and it will not spare. swift and swollen, death dwells in its white

ters, but when the great rain descends, it is is very weak, and I can stand up against its wa-

of the mountains first springs from the earth it grows more numerous. When the great stream

ens his long weapons in secret, and each day METAMORA: Humph! And meanwhile he sharp-

And sink the hatchet to be raised no more. As shall forever quell our angry feuds

Until such terms of lasting peace are made And rest from causeless and destructive war,

courage in his hear-

METAMORA: No! He ERINGTON: Phillip

[Enter Errington & GOODENOUGH: Here er, or thy Chief. T

mark of the war u METAMORA: Boy! T

here? What come OFFICER: How is t

Let him lift up h take wing. Which

METAMORA: Stand b from her. [Enter

run. Drag her to GOODENOUGH: Foul

Goodenough and 4 child. Cling to th

in my flight. The the white garments,

cloud. [Shouts] H dimly appears a

shade of the coming through the narrow

blood. Who is he th and seek in the woo

ther. Mercy! Ha! side of the path. My

NAHMEOKEE: They c [Exit Fitzarnold]

FITZARNOLD: Hold NAHMEOKEE: They

FITZARNOLD: Woman women. NAHMEOKEE: Let the

meokee] - I must avoid th and Indian din hef

Mercy to her" - sb fanatic herd all cry

FITZARNOLD: Nahme Enter

S I

winds. Come old m your bones be carth

eye, one hair from b your quivering limbs

METAMORA: If one dr



METAMORA: If one drop fall from Nahmeokee's eye, one hair from her head, the axe shall hew your quivering limbs asunder and the ashes of your bones be carried away on the rushing winds. Come old man.

*Exeunt*

Scene 3

*Enter Fitzarnold.*

FITZARNOLD: Nahmeokee now is free, and the fanatic herd all cry aloud, "Oh mad rulers! Mercy to her" — she comes — and witch, hag and Indian din her ears. They come this way — I must avoid their clamor. [*Enter Nahmeokee*]

NAHMEOKEE: Let them not kill the poor Indian women.

FITZARNOLD: Woman away.

NAHMEOKEE: They will murder my child.

FITZARNOLD: Hold off — I cannot help thee. [*Exit Fitzarnold*]

NAHMEOKEE: They come upon me from every side of the path. My limbs can bear me no farther. Mercy! Hah! They have missed my track and seek in the wood, and in the caves for my blood. Who is he that rides a swift horse there, through the narrow path way of the glen! The shade of the coming night is over him and he dimly appears a red man riding the swift cloud. [*Shouts*] Ha, they have traced me by the white garment, the brambles tore from me in my flight. They come. Cling to me my child. Cling to thy mother's bosom. [*Enter Goodenough and 4 Peasants*]

GOODENOUGH: Foul Indian witch thy race is run. Drag her to the lake. Take her child from her. [*Enter Metamora*]

METAMORA: Stand back! or the swift death shall take wing. Which of you has lived too long? Let him lift up his arm against her.

OFFICER: How is this? King Philip ventures here? What comest thou for?

METAMORA: Boy! Thou art a child, there is no mark of the war upon thee. Send me thy Elder, or thy Chief. I'll make my talk to him.

GOODENOUGH: Here comes Master Errington. [*Enter Errington & Soldiers*]

ERRINGTON: Philip a Prisoner!

METAMORA: No! He has arms in his hand and courage in his heart, he comes near you of his

own will, and when he has done his work, he'll go back to his wigwam.

ERRINGTON: Indian, you answer boldly.

METAMORA: What is there I should fear?

ERRINGTON: Savage! The wrath of him who hates the Heathen and the man of blood.

METAMORA: Does he love mercy; and is he the white man's friend?

ERRINGTON: Yes.

METAMORA: How did Nahmeokee and her infant wrong you, that you hunted her through the thorny pathway of the glen, and scented her blood like the fierce red wolf in his hunger?

CHURCH: Why hold parley with him! Call our musqueteers and bear them both to trial and to doom. Heaven smiles on us — Philip in our power. His cursed followers would sue for peace.

METAMORA: Not till the blood of twenty English captives be poured out as a sacrifice. Elders beware, the knife is sharpened — the stake is fixed — and the captive's limbs tremble under the burning gaze of the prophet of wrath. Woe come to them when my people shall hear their chief has been slain by the pale faces or is bound in the dark place of doom.

NAHMEOKEE: Do not tempt them Metamora, they are many like the leaves of the forest and we are but as two lone trees standing in their midst.

METAMORA: Which can easier escape the hunter's spear? The tiger that turns on it in his wrath, or the lamb that sinks down and trembles? Thou has seen me look unmoved at a torturing death — shall mine eye be turned downward when the white man frowns?

ERRINGTON: Philip, the peace our young man offered thee. Didst thou regard his words?

METAMORA: Yes.

ERRINGTON: And wilt thou yield compliance?

METAMORA: I will. Nahmeokee shall bear the tidings to my people that the prisoners may return to their homes, and the war-whoop shall not go forth on the evening gale.

ERRINGTON: Let her set forth. Friends let me advise you,

Keep the Chieftain prisoner, let's muster men. And in unlook'd for hour with one blow we will overwhelm

This accursed race. And furthermore — [*Converses apart*]

NAHMEOKEE: [*To Metamora*] I will remember thy words.

METAMORA: Grieve not that I linger in the dark  
 place of the condemned, for the eye of the  
 Great Spirit will be on me there.  
 ERINGTON: We greet thee Phillip and accept thy  
 love. Nahmeokee may return.  
 METAMORA: 'Tis very good. The horse stands  
 neat the brow of the hill—speak not—I read  
 thy thought in thy eye. Go—go. Nahmeo-  
 kee. I am ready to follow you.  
 ERINGTON: Conduct him forth to prison. [*Sol-  
 dies attempt to take his gun*]  
 METAMORA: No! This shall be to me as my child  
 and I will talk to it, until I go back to my peo-  
 ple.  
 GOODENOUGH: Right well conceived, could it  
 but talk.  
 METAMORA: It can—when the hand of my great  
 fore-fathers is trampled on by the foot of the  
 foe—or when treachery lurks round the Wam-  
 panoag, while he bides in the white man's  
 home.

End of Act Fourth

ACT V. Scene 1

*Same as Act I, Scene 1. Lights down. Oceana  
 discovered leaning against tomb. Slow music,  
 four bars.*

METAMORA: Grieve not that I linger in the dark  
 place of the condemned, for the eye of the  
 Great Spirit will be on me there.  
 ERINGTON: We greet thee Phillip and accept thy  
 love. Nahmeokee may return.  
 METAMORA: 'Tis very good. The horse stands  
 neat the brow of the hill—speak not—I read  
 thy thought in thy eye. Go—go. Nahmeo-  
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 fore-fathers is trampled on by the foot of the  
 foe—or when treachery lurks round the Wam-  
 panoag, while he bides in the white man's  
 home.  
 ERINGTON: I have not wronged thee.  
 METAMORA: Not? Didst thou not contrive the  
 death of Nahmeokee, when the treacherous  
 white man thirsted for her blood? Did she not  
 with bended knees, her eyes streaming with  
 woes of the heart, catch hold of thy shining  
 broad garment thinking it covered man? Was  
 not thy hand upraised against her, and thy  
 heart, like thy hand, flint that wounds the  
 weary one who rests upon it?  
 FITZARNOLD: No! no!  
 METAMORA: I saw thee when my quick step was  
 on the hills, and the joy of Metamora's eyes felt  
 thy blows. I feel them now! "Revenge!" cried  
 the shadow of my father as he looked on with  
 me. I, too, cried revenge and now I have it!  
 The blood of my heart grows hotter as I look  
 on him who smote the red cheek of Nahmeo-  
 kee.  
 FITZARNOLD: As reparation I will give thee gold.  
 METAMORA: No! Give me back the happy days,  
 the fair hunting ground, and the dominion my  
 great forefathers bequeathed me.  
 FITZARNOLD: I have not robbed thee of them.  
 METAMORA: Thou art a white man, and thy  
 veins hold the blood of a robber! Hark! The  
 Spirit has sent me."

Memora

spirits of the air howl for thee! Prepare –  
[Throws him around to R.]  
FITZARNOLD: Thou shalt not conquer ere thou  
killest me. This sword a royal hand bestowed!  
This arm can wield it still.

*Draws; Metamora disarms and kills him*  
METAMORA: Metamora's arm has saved thee from  
a common death; who dies by me dies nobly!  
[Turns to Oceana] For thee, Metamora's  
home shall screen thee from the spreading fury  
of his nation's wrath.

*Hurry till change. Exit bearing Oceana*

Scene 2

*A chamber. Enter Sir Arthur, meeting Errington and Church.*

SIR ARTHUR: I have news will startle you.  
ERRINGTON: Is't of the chief?  
SIR ARTHUR: It is; he has escaped our power!  
ERRINGTON: Escaped! Confusion! How?  
SIR ARTHUR: But now we sought his prison and  
found it tenantless.  
ERRINGTON: But how escaped he? There was no  
egress thence, unless some treacherous hand  
unlocked the door.  
SIR ARTHUR: And so we thought, at first; but on  
minute search we found some stones displaced,  
which showed a narrow opening into a subter-  
anean passage, dark and deep, through which  
we crept until, to our surprise, we reached the  
tomb of Mordaunt.  
ERRINGTON: The tomb of Mordaunt?  
SIR ARTHUR: The ruined pile which now serves  
as our prison was, years since, when first he  
sought these shores, the residence of Mor-  
daunt, and this secret passage, doubtless, was  
formed by him for concealment or escape in  
time of danger.  
ERRINGTON: Indeed!  
SIR ARTHUR: Yes, and he had cause to be so  
guarded, for once, unseen by him, I heard  
that wretched man commune with Heaven,  
and sue for pardon for the heinous sin of Ham-  
mond of Harrington!  
ERRINGTON: Hammond! The outlawed regicide?  
SIR ARTHUR: Even so; it was himself he prayed  
for, the guilty man who gave to death the  
king, his lord, the royal martyr Charles. As  
Mordaunt, he here sought refuge from the

wrath of the rightful heir now seated on the  
throne.  
ERRINGTON: Think you the chieftain knew this  
secret way?  
SIR ARTHUR: 'Tis likely that he did, or else by  
chance discovered it and thus has won his free-  
dom and his life.  
CHURCH: We must summon our men. Double  
the guard and have their range extended.

*Exeunt Church and Errington*

WOLFE: [Without] Where is Sir Arthur  
Vaughan?  
SIR ARTHUR: Who calls? [Enter Wolfe] Now,  
who art thou?  
WOLFE: A suppliant for pardon.  
SIR ARTHUR: Pardon – for what?  
WOLFE: A grievous sin, I now would feign con-  
fess.  
SIR ARTHUR: Indeed! Go on! Declare it then; I  
will forgive thee!  
WOLFE: Long years have passed since then, but  
you must still remember when at Naples with  
your wife and child.  
SIR ARTHUR: Ha! Dost thou mean –  
WOLFE: The flames consumed thy dwelling and  
thou together with thy wife and boy, escaped  
almost by miracle.  
SIR ARTHUR: Ha!  
WOLFE: I there looked on midst the assembled  
throng, a stranger mariner. Urged by the  
fiend, and aided by the wild confusion of the  
scene, I snatched your boy and through the  
noisy throng I bore him to my anchored bark,  
thinking his waiting parents soon would claim  
with gold their darling. Next day came on a  
tempest and the furious winds far from the city  
drove us and thy child.  
SIR ARTHUR: Heavens! Can this be true?  
WOLFE: He grew up the sharer of my sea-born  
perils. One awful night our vessel stuck upon  
the rocks near these shores and the greedy  
ocean swelled over her shattered frame – thy  
son –  
SIR ARTHUR: Go on – go on –  
WOLFE: Was by mysterious power preserved and  
guided to his unconscious father. Walter is thy  
son.  
SIR ARTHUR: Man! Why didst thou not tell me?  
WOLFE: I feared thy just anger and the force of  
law. I became Fitzarnold's follower but to this  
hour has memory tortured me.

more the triumph of  
 fathers and Metama  
 Wampanoag's wro  
 OMNES: Battle! Batt  
 METAMORA: Ha! The  
 your bosoms; a wa  
 back the lost treasu  
 march, drums and  
 come! Go, warriors  
 member the eye of  
 you. [Warriors ex  
 should the palafac  
 thou with our infan  
 ry. My followers s  
 the Wampanoags p  
 the giant rock, his  
 NAMMOCKEE: O Me  
 METAMORA: Come  
 make my heart so  
 hard like the iron  
 Go in, Nahmeocke  
 meockee goes in  
 The knee that nev  
 thee, Manito. As  
 put out against Na  
 strength of the  
 them down from  
 and power, with  
 voice. Confound  
 lightning of thine  
 red war arm - wh  
 the foe - [Loud  
 Death, or my nat  
 Rushes off. Loud  
 will change

KAWESHINE: O chieftain, take my counsel and  
 hold out to the palafaces the pipe of peace. Ay-  
 antic and the great Mohigan join with our foes  
 against us, and the power of our brother, the  
 Narragansett is no more! List, o chieftain, to  
 the words that I tell of the time to come.  
 METAMORA: Ha! Dost thou prophesy?  
 KAWESHINE: In the deep wood, when the moon  
 shone bright, my spirit was sad and I sought  
 the ear of Manito in the sacred places; I heard  
 the sound as of one in pain, and I beheld gasp-  
 ing under a hemlock, the lightning had some-  
 time torn, a panther wounded and dying in his  
 thick red gore. I thought of the tales of our  
 forefathers who told us that such was an omen  
 of coming evil. I spoke loudly the name of Me-  
 tamora, and the monster's eyes closed instantly  
 and he writhed no more. I turned and  
 mourned, for I said, Manito loves no more the  
 Wampanoag and our foes will prevail.  
 METAMORA: Dost thou tell my people this?  
 KAWESHINE: Chieftain, yes; my spirit was trou-  
 bled.  
 METAMORA: Shame of the tribe, thou art no  
 Wampanoag, thy blood is tainted - thou art  
 half Mohigan, thy breath has sapped the cour-  
 age of my warriors' hearts. Begone, old man,  
 thy life is in danger.  
 KAWESHINE: I have spoken the words of truth,  
 and the Great Manito has heard them.  
 METAMORA: Liar and coward! Let him preserve  
 thee now!  
 About to stab him when Nahmeockee enters  
 from wigwam and interposes  
 NAMMOCKEE: He is a poor old man - he healed  
 the deep wound of our little one. [Gets to L.  
 of Metamora]  
 METAMORA: Any breast but Nahmeockee's had  
 felt the keen edge of my knife! Go, corrupted  
 one, thy presence makes the air unwholesome  
 round hope's high places. Begone!  
 KAWESHINE: Metamora drives me from the wig-  
 wam before the lightning descends to set it on  
 fire. Chieftain, beware the omen. [Exit]  
 NAMMOCKEE: [Aside] Will he not become the  
 white man's friend and show him the secret  
 path of our warriors? Manito guard the Wam-  
 panoag!  
 METAMORA: Men of Po-hon-cket, the palafaces  
 come towards your dwellings and no warriors  
 hatchet is raised for vengeance. The war  
 whoop is hushed in the camp and we hear no

SIR ARTHUR: And Walter is a hostage to the sav-  
 age foe; perchance they have murdered him!  
 WOLFE: No! Oceana's kindness to the Indian  
 queen has purchased his freedom and my own.  
 SIR ARTHUR: Where is he?  
 WOLFE: Looking for her he loves, fair Oceana!  
 Whom 'tis said, a party of the foe carried off.  
 SIR ARTHUR: Quick, let us arm and follow him.  
 For thee, this act of justice pardons thee.  
 Exeunt  
 Scene 3  
 Indian village. Groups of Indians. Kaweshine  
 and Oiah discovered. Kaweshine has been ad-  
 dressing them. His looks are gloomy and bewil-  
 dered.  
 METAMORA: [Outside, at change of scene]  
 Where are my people?  
 KAWESHINE: Ha! 'Tis our chief - I know the  
 sound of his voice, and some quick danger fol-  
 lows him.  
 METAMORA enters, bearing Oceana. Nahmeockee  
 enters from wigwam  
 METAMORA: Nahmeockee, take the white maiden  
 in; I would speak to my people; go in and fol-  
 low not the track of the warrior's band.  
 NAMMOCKEE: Come in, my mat is soft, and the  
 juice of the sweet berry shall give joy to thy  
 lips. Come in, thou art pale and yielding, like  
 the lily, when it is borne down by the running  
 waters.  
 She leads Oceana into wigwam  
 METAMORA: Warriors, I have escaped from the  
 hands of the white man, when the fire was  
 kindled to devour me. Prepare for the ap-  
 proaching hour if ye love the high places your  
 fathers trod in majesty and strength. Snatch  
 your keen weapons and follow me! If ye love  
 the silent spots where the bones of your  
 kindred repose, sing the dread song of war and  
 follow me! If you love the bright lakes which  
 the Great Spirit gave you when the sun first  
 blazed with the fires of his touch, shout the  
 war song of the Wampanoag race, and on to  
 the battle follow me! Look at the bright glory  
 that is wrapped like a mantle around the slain  
 in battle! Call on the happy spirits of the war-  
 riors dead, and cry, "Our lands! Our nation's  
 freedom! Or the grave!"

more the triumph of battle. Manito hates you, for you have fallen from the high path of your fathers and Metamora must alone avenge the Wampanoag's wrongs.

OMNES: Battle! Battle!

METAMORA: Ha! The flame springs up afresh in your bosoms; a woman's breath has brought back the lost treasure of your souls. [*Distant march, drums and trumpet heard*] Ha! they come! Go, warriors, and meet them, and remember the eye of a thousand ages looks upon you. [*Warriors exeunt silently*] Nahmeokee, should the palefaces o'ercome our strength, go thou with our infant to the sacred place of safety. My followers slain, there will the last of the Wampanoags pour out his heart's blood on the giant rock, his father's throne.

NAHMEOKEE: O Metamora!

METAMORA: Come not near me or thou wilt make my heart soft, when I would have it hard like the iron and gifted with many lives. Go in, Nahmeokee. [*Distant trumpets. Nahmeokee goes in wigwam. Metamora kneels*] The knee that never bent to man I bend to thee, Manito. As the arm was broken that was put out against Nahmeokee, so break thou the strength of the oppressor's nation, and hurl them down from the high hill of their pride and power, with the loud thunder of thy voice. Confound them – smite them with the lightning of thine eye – while thus I bare my red war arm – while thus I wait the onset of the foe – [*Loud alarm*] They come! Death! Death, or my nation's freedom!

*Rushes off. Loud shouts. Drums and trumpets till change*

## Scene 4

*Rocky pass. Trumpet sounds retreat. Enter Errington and Church.*

ERRINGTON: They fly! They fly – the field is ours! This blow destroys them. Victory cheaply bought at twice our loss; the red man's power is broken now forever. [*Enter Walter*] Is Oceana slain?

WALTER: No; the chieftain Metamora rescued her from the base passions of the Lord Fitzarnold whom Metamora slew to avenge the wrongs he offered to his wife, and Oceana by the chief was borne in safety to his lodge.

ERRINGTON: In safety?

WALTER: Yes; from the hands of Nahmeokee I received her, just as some Indians maddened by defeat, prepared to offer her a sacrifice.

ERRINGTON: Away then, Walter. [*Walter crosses to R.*] Sir Arthur now seeks thee out to claim thee as his own [son?]. [*Paranetical word sic.*]

WALTER: My father! I fly to seek him. [*Exit*]

ERRINGTON: The victory is ours; yet while Philip lives we are in peril! Come, let us find this Indian prophet whom Metamora banished from his tribe. He may be bribed to show us the chieftain's place of safety.

*Exeunt. Change*

## Scene 5

*Metamora's stronghold. Rocks, bridge and waterfall. Nahmeokee discovered listening. The child lays under a tree, R., covered with furs. Slow music, four bars.*

NAHMEOKEE: He comes not, yet the sound of the battle has died away like the last breath of a storm! Can he be slain? O cruel white man, this day will stain your name forever.

*Slow music, sixteen bars. Metamora enters on bridge. Crosses and enters L.*

METAMORA: Nahmeokee, I am weary of the strife of blood. Where is our little one? Let me take him to my burning heart and he may quell its mighty torrent.

NAHMEOKEE: [*With broken utterance*] He is here!

*Lifts the furs and shows the child dead*

METAMORA: Ha! Dead! Dead! Cold!

NAHMEOKEE: Nahmeokee could not cover him with her body, for the white men were around her and over her. I plunged into the stream and the unseen shafts of the fire weapons flew with a great noise over my head. One smote my babe and he sunk into the deep water; the foe shouted with a mighty shout, for he thought Nahmeokee and her babe had sunk to rise no more.

METAMORA: His little arms will never clasp thee more; his little lips will never press the pure bosom which nourished him so long! Well, is he not happy? Better to die by the stranger's hand than live his slave.

happy is made ready for thee. [*Sisbs her, she dies*] She felt no white man's bondage—free as the air she lived—pure as the snow she died! In smiles she died! Let me taste it, ere her lips are cold as the ice.

*Loud shouts. Roll of drums. Kaweshine leads Church and Soldiers on bridge, R.*

CHURCH: He is found! Philip is our prisoner. METAMORA: No! He lives—last of his race—but still your enemy—lives to defy you still. Though numbers overpower me and treachery surround me, though friends desert me, I defy you still! Come to me—come singly to me! And this true knife that has tasted the foul blood of your nation and now is red with the purest of mine, will feel a grasp as strong as when it flashed in the blaze of your burning dwellings, or was lifted terribly over the fallen in battle.

CHURCH: Fire upon him! METAMORA: Do so, I am weary of the world for ye are dwellers in it; I would not turn upon my heel to save my life.

CHURCH: Your duty, soldiers.

The Indian forest scores  
And that the hero, proud  
That it has merit  
play?  
Now, in my ear—  
And always seated  
Sir, I know you—  
But should I fall? *Falls*  
How shall I ask yet?  
'Tis for their worth  
Yet, not that they  
pand;  
Your smiles the sun  
Rich plants are both  
Again the Wampanoag  
Inspired by genius,  
While that embodied  
In fancy, this bade  
Have drawn a native  
A native bard—a  
And speak, less to the  
Here come I, then, to  
And I am counsel  
raigned;

Metamora

*They fire. Metamora falls. Enter Walter, Oceana, Wolfe, Sir Arthur, Errington, Good-enough, Tramp, and Peasants. Roll of drums and trumpet till all on*

METAMORA: My curses on you, white men! May the Great Spirit curse you when he speaks in his war voice from the clouds! Murderers! The last of the Wampanoags' curse be on you! May your graves and the graves of your children be in the path the red man shall trace! And may the wolf and panther howl o'er your fleshless bones, fit banquet for the destroyers! Spirits of the grave, I come! But the curse of Metamora stays with the white man! I die! My wife! My Queen! My Nahmeokee!

*Falls and dies; a tablan is formed. Drums and trumpet sound a retreat till curtain. Slow curtain*

EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. James Lawson.  
Spoken by Mrs. Hilson, New Park Theater,  
New York, December 15, 1829.

Before this bar of beauty, taste, and wit,  
This host of critics, too, who throng the pit,

A trembling bard the  
raigned;  
And I am counsel  
Here come I, then, to  
And speak, less to the  
A native bard—a  
Have drawn a native  
In fancy, this bade  
While that embodied  
Inspired by genius,  
Again the Wampanoag  
Rich plants are both  
Your smiles the sun  
pand;  
Yet, not that they  
'Tis for their worth  
But should I fall? *Falls*  
How shall I ask yet?  
Sir, I know you—  
And always seated  
Now, in my ear—  
play?  
That it has merit  
And that the hero, proud  
The Indian forest scores

A trembling bard has been this night ar-  
raigned;  
And I am counsel in the cause retained.  
Here come I, then, to plead with nature's art,  
And speak, less to the law, than to the heart.

A native bard – a native actor too,  
Have drawn a native picture to your view;  
In fancy, this bade Indian wrongs arise,  
While that embodied all before your eyes;  
Inspired by genius, and by judgment led,  
Again the Wampanoag fought and bled;  
Rich plants are both of our own fruitful land,  
Your smiles the sun that made their leaves ex-  
pand;  
Yet, not that they are native do I plead,  
'Tis for their worth alone I ask your meed.  
How shall I ask ye? Singly? Then I will –  
But should I fail? Fail! I must try my skill.

Sir, I know you – I've often seen your face;  
And always seated in that selfsame place;  
Now, in my ear – what think you of our  
play?  
That it has merit truly, he did say;  
And that the hero, prop'd on genius' wing,  
The Indian forest scoured, like Indian king!

See that fair maid, the tear still in her eye,  
And hark! hear not you now that gentle sigh?  
Ah! these speak more than language could re-  
late,  
The woe-fraught heart o'er Nahmeokee's fate;  
She scans us not by rigid rules of art,  
Her test is feeling, and her judge the heart.

What dost thou say, thou bushy-whiskered  
beau?

He nods approval – whiskers are the go.

Who is he sits the fourth bench from the  
stage?

There; in the pit! – why he looks wondrous  
sage!

He seems displeased, his lip denotes a sneer –  
O! he's a critic that looks so severe!

Why, in his face I see the attic salt –

A critic's merit is to find a fault.

What fault find you, sir? eh! or you, sir?  
None!

Then, if the critic's mute, my cause is won.

Yea, by that burst of loud heartfelt applause,

I feel that I have gained my client's cause.

Thanks, that our strong demerits you forgive,  
And bid our bard and Metamora live.

or thee. [Stabs her, she  
the man's bondage – free  
pure as the snow she  
ed! Let me taste it, ere  
ice.

drums. Kaweshine leads  
bridge, R.

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