

# Metamora

## & Other Plays

BY

JOHN AUGUSTUS STONE • SILAS S. STEELE  
CHARLES POWELL CLINCH • JOSEPH M. FIELD  
H. J. CONWAY (?) • JOHN H. WILKINS  
JOSEPH STEVENS JONES • JOHN BROUGHAM

EDITED BY EUGENE R. PAGE

A series in twenty volumes of hitherto unpublished plays collected with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, under the auspices of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, edited with historical and bibliographical notes.

BARRETT H. CLARK  
GENERAL EDITOR

*Advisory Board*

ROBERT HAMILTON BALL, QUEENS COLLEGE  
HOYT H. HUDSON, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY  
GLENN HUGHES, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
GARRETT H. LEVERTON, FORMERLY OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY  
E. C. MABIE, UNIVERSITY OF IOWA  
ALLARDYCE NICOLL, YALE UNIVERSITY  
ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA  
NAPIER WILT, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A complete list of volumes, with the names of plays contained in each, will be found at the end of this volume.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS  
BLOOMINGTON

METAMORA;  
Or, THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS

*An Indian Tragedy in Five Acts  
as played by Edwin Forrest*

By John Augustus Stone

METAMORA;  
Or, THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS

IT SEEMS especially appropriate that this volume of *America's Lost Plays* should open with the publication of nearly the whole of that long-lost classic of melodrama, *Metamora; or The Last of the Wampanoags*. One of the earliest, and certainly the most popular, of the dozens of "Indian" dramas of the last century, *Metamora* was also the favorite vehicle of America's greatest melodramatic actor, Edwin Forrest.

The discovery of this famous play is a romantic story in itself. Pursuing a vague reference in George D. Pyper's *The Romance of an Old Playhouse*, Mr. Barrett H. Clark wrote to Mr. Pyper, and also to Dr. Maud May Babcock in Salt Lake City, asking them to investigate the manuscripts mentioned in Pyper's book. The result was the discovery of four acts of the missing Stone play. Through the cooperative efforts of Professor Wallace A. Goates of the University of Utah, the manuscript was made available to the editors of this series. The original remains in the possession of the University of Utah, through whose courtesy this printing has been made possible. Thus, one of the most discussed and most valuable of "lost" plays is brought to light through the helpful cooperation of all concerned. The efforts of Professor Goates and of the Salt Lake City photographers, Hatch and Hatch, have made the University of Utah manuscript of *Metamora* an especially clean copy in microfilm.

Until the discovery of the University of Utah manuscript, *Metamora* was known only by the lines of the leading rôle, preserved in a manuscript in the Forrest Home, Holmesburg, Pennsylvania. This relatively inaccessible manuscript has never been printed. Through the courtesy of Mr. Frank H. Warner of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Forrest Home, the editor of this volume has been given permission to use this material. As a result, the University of Utah manuscript is supplemented in the following pages by a large part of the missing fourth act. In addition, one or two illegible speeches have been clarified from the Forrest Home manuscript.

Grateful acknowledgement is due to Mrs. Randolph S. (L. Ruth Murray) Klein, of Philadelphia, whose generous assistance in making for the editor a careful copy of the Forrest Home manuscript made use of this material possible.

*Metamora* was one of several plays written by actor-playwright John Augustus Stone. Born in Concord, Mass., on December 15, 1800, Stone made his début as Old Norval in *Douglas* on the stage of Boston's Washington Garden Theatre in 1820. From the beginning of his career, the youthful Stone specialized in the rôles of old men. His first New York appearance, at the City Theatre, on July 10, 1822, was in the part of Old Hardy (*The Belle's Stratagem*). For a decade, Stone was a popular though never a star performer at the City Theatre (1822-23), the Chatham Garden (1824 and 1827), the Bowery (1826 and 1831), and the Walnut Street and Chestnut Street Theatres of Philadelphia. His wife was the actress, Mrs. Legge, who later married N. H. Bannister.

Early in his career as actor-dramatist, Stone responded to Edwin Forrest's call for new native plays with his prize-winning tragedy, *Metamora*. In the *Critic*, for November 28, 1828, Forrest had advertised an offer of five hundred dollars and a half-benefit for "the best tragedy, in five acts, of which the hero, or principal character, shall be an aboriginal of this country." From fourteen plays submitted, the Committee of Award, headed by William Cullen Bryant, chose *Metamora*. Forrest's offer was one of the first attempts to encourage native dramatic talent with the promise of decent reward. In various prize competitions, Forrest received a total of two hundred plays, of which he used nine. Two of these nine, *Metamora* and *The Ancient Briton* (1833), were written by Stone.

The possibilities of the Indian theme had been faintly indicated by such plays as Custis's *The Indian Prophecy* and Bird's *Sagamore*, but it remained for *Metamora* to start a vogue which resulted in thirty-five such plays within twenty years. *Metamora* and its followers filled the stage with sentimentalized Indians of the Cooper pattern, "an extinct tribe which never existed." While *Metamora* declaimed through his tragic life in a stage wilderness, *Pocahontas*, *Oralloosa*, *Onylida*, *Osceola*, *Ontiata*, *Hiawatha*, *Oroonoka*, *Tuscalomba*, *Lamoriah*, and many more romantic Indian plays followed in rapid succession. But none of them surpassed *Metamora*. If Forrest made it a success, it in turn provided Forrest with a sure-fire "vehicle." For nearly forty years, wherever he appeared, *Metamora* spelled popularity. In New York and Philadelphia, New Orleans and Saint Louis, the crowds came to see and be stirred. In twenty-five years Philadelphia had only two seasons without *Metamora*. In New York it was always in Forrest's repertoire. A twelve-day schedule in Saint Louis, featuring *Metamora*, brought a record profit of \$2157. Even after Forrest's death, *Metamora* was played by Collier, and certain others, as late as 1887.

There were criticisms of the play, and Rees complained in 1845 that "Indian plays of late have become perfect nuisances," but not even Brougham's hilarious burlesque could stop *Metamora*. Its success was a remarkable impetus to American plays by American authors. The initial production, at the Park Theatre on December 15, 1829, was marked by a prologue and epilogue which begged the audience not to condemn the play merely because it was American. Groups of authentic Indians frequently attended productions of *Metamora*, and on one occasion, at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, such a group chanted a genuine Indian dirge! What a pity Stone could not have been present!

Stone had two lesser successes. His thorough revision of James Kirke Paulding's *The Lion of the West* kept that play on the boards, after its author had declined to make the revision himself. The play was rewritten except for the leading part, Colonel Nimrod Wildfire. In his *The Knight of the Golden Fleece*, Stone struck a popular note again. With George H. ("Yankee") Hill in one of his favorite rôles, Sy Saco, this play remained popular for fifteen years.

In contrast to these successes, Stone's life was tragic indeed. Despondency and ill health are the supposed causes of his suicide by drowning in the Schuylkill River, near Philadelphia, on May 29, 1834. His death was commemorated by Forrest, who erected a monument in Machpelah Cemetery, "To the Memory of John Augustus Stone, Author of *Metamora*, by His Friend Edwin Forrest."

Of Stone's plays only one, the unacted chronicle play, *Tancred; or, The Siege of Antioch*, has been published (1827). The scarcity of his writings has suggested the inclusion, following *Metamora*, of the only other material available, one act only of his *Tancred, King of Sicily* (a totally different play), first produced at the Park on March 16, 1831, with Stone in the cast.

Besides *Metamora* and the two *Tancred* plays, Stone wrote:  
*Restoration; or, The Diamond Cross*.

Chatham Garden (N. Y.), November 4, 1824.  
*The Démoniac; or, The Prophet's Bride*. Bowery (N. Y.), April 12, 1831.  
*The Lion of the West* (revision). Park (N. Y.), November 14, 1831.  
*The Ancient Briton*. Arch (Phila.), March 27, 1833.  
*The Knight of the Golden West; or, The Yankee in Spain*.

Park (N. Y.), September 10, 1834.  
*Fauntleroy; or, The Fatal Forgery*. Charleston.  
*La Roque, the Regicide*. Charleston.  
*Touretoun* (?)

The University of Utah manuscript is the primary basis for the lines of *Metamora* as they appear here. In general, the differences between the Utah and the Forrest Home manuscripts are frequent but slight. There are many trivial variations, such as "white man" for "pale face," "were thirsty" for "thirsted," "tell you" for "say to you." The Forrest Home manuscript contains a total of ten lines not included in the Utah version.

The most conspicuous difference is in the names of the characters. The University of Utah manuscript cast, for a production at Salt Lake City on January 10, 1866, has several changes from the original names, as indicated by the play-bills of 1829 and by the Forrest Home manuscript. Guy of Godalmin has become Mordaunt, Horatio is changed to Walter, Holyoke to Goodenough, Kanshine to Kaneshine or Kaweshine, and Wisconeki to Annawandah. At least one of these changes must have been made prior to the production of Brougham's burlesque of *Metamora* in 1847. Brougham's burlesque character of Badenough obviously represents Goodenough and would be pointless as a reference to Holyoke.

Early reviews imply the discovery that Horatio (Walter) was actually the son of the villain, Fitzarnold, whereas this development does not occur in the copy here printed, and can neither be proved or disproved from the Forrest Home manuscript. In the fourth scene of the last act, the University of Utah manuscript refers to an action of *Metamora's*, which in the Forrest Home manuscript, is depicted in a brief appearance of the hero. These are the only important variations.

The original Park Theatre cast, December 15, 1829, had Forrest as *Metamora*, Richings as Lord Fitzarnold, Chapman as Sir Arthur Vaughan, Woodhull as Guy of Godalmin (Mordaunt), Barry as Horatio (Walter), Laughton as Errington, T. Placide as Church, Nexsen as Wolfe, Povey as Tramp, Wheatley as Holyoke (Goodenough), Blakely as Kanshine, Miss S. Parker as the child, Mrs. Hilson as Oceana, and Mrs. Sharpe as Nahmeokee.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

## INDIANS

METAMORA, <i>chief of the Wampanoags</i>	G. B. WALDRON
KANESHINE, <i>an Indian prophet</i>	J. R. CLAWSON
ANNAWANDAH, <i>the traitor</i>	J. M. SMITH
OTAH, <i>an Indian boy</i>	H. MAIBEN
INDIAN BOY, <i>child of Metamora</i>	(MISS E. CLAWSON)
NAHMEOKEE, <i>wife of Metamora</i>	MISS ADAMS
INDIANS, WARRIORS, ETC.	

## ENGLISH

	( <i>Costumes</i> )	
LORD FITZARNOLD	( <i>rich shape, Charles II</i> )	N. S. LESLIE
SIR ARTHUR VAUGHAN	( <i>dark shape</i> )	E. G. WOOLEY
MORDAUNT	( <i>dark shape</i> )	J. S. LINDSAY
ERRINGTON, <i>chief of the council (Puritan shape)</i>		D. E. MCKENSIE
WALTER, <i>an orphan</i>	( <i>plain shape</i> )	J. S. SIMMONS
CAPTAIN CHURCH	( <i>breast plate, trunks</i> )	THOMPSON
WOLFE	( <i>plain</i> )	J. C. GRAHAM
GOODENOUGH	( <i>do</i> )	KELLY
TRAMP	( <i>do</i> )	MCINTOSH
OCEANA, <i>Mordaunt's daughter</i>		MRS. LESLIE
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, PEASANTS, ETC.		

(The page above is, except for punctuation, a reproduction of the cast of characters, as they appeared in Salt Lake City, January 10, 1866, included in

the manuscript itself, except for the name in parenthesis which has been copied from a playbill originally appearing in the *Deseret News Print*. The page from the original manuscript has been reproduced rather than the *Deseret News Print* playbill because of the descriptions of costumes contained in the former.)

*Note:* The previously missing fourth act of *Metamora*, newly discovered by Dr. Richard Moody, will be found at the end of Volume XIV (see page 401).

## ACT I.

SCENE I: *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. Mordaunt discovered leaning on tomb. Slow music.*

MOR. The sun has sunk behind yon craggy rocks; and day's last beams are fading from the clouds that fleet in hurrying masses through the sky, like tattered banners of a flying host! England, 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 Mordaunt! [*Cannon*]

MOR. Ha! What mean those sounds? Now, your news? [*Enter Tramp*]

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

MOR. From England! Ha!

TRAMP. St. George's banner floats from her high mast, and her long signal pennon gleams with green and gold.

MOR. '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*] Marshal 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 England. 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 scutcheon 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*]

WALT. Oceana!

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

WALT. '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.

WALT. 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?

WALT. 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!

WALT. Danger! What danger? When?

OCEANA. 'Twas yestere'en, when I was lingering on the eastern beach, all heedless of the coming night, a panther growling 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.

WALT. 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.

WALT. '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.

META. [*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.

META. Hah! Hah! [*Enters on rock, passes across and off*]

WALT. [*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.*]

META. 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*]

META. No! [*Rejects it*]

WALT. 'Tis Oceana—she whose life you saved.

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

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

META. Harken, 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.

WALT. 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.

META. 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  $\times$  in its fury frights him not. Wrapt in the spoils he has won, he lays him down  $\times$

and no one comes near to steal. The Great Spirit hears his evening prayer, and he sleeps amidst the roar of a mighty cataract.

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

META. 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.*]

WALT. 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.*]

META. 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 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 e'er 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 wigwam. [*Exit*]

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

WALT. 'Twould 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.

WALT. 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*]

WALT. What is that?

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

WALT. Deny it, Oceana—say 'tis false!

OCEANA. It is—

WALT. Untrue?

OCEANA. Oh, most unwelcome.

WALT. Heavens! You tremble—and your cheek is pale—my Lord Fitzarnold, that most courtly gentleman, and must my hopes—

OCEANA. Walter, dost thou mean—

WALT. Obey thy sire. I cannot say farewell. But, oh, when highborn revelers carouse, and proud Fitzarnold lords it at the board, give one brief thought to me! That blessed thought shall soothe the fond complainings of my heart and hush them to repose. [*Exit Walter L. Oceana exit R.*]

SCENE 2: *Lights up. A room in Sir Arthur's house. Enter Sir Arthur and Walter.*

WALT. Yet hear me, sir.

SIR A. Forebear; thou art too hot.

WALT. '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 A. Marry, 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?

WALT. All, since Fitzarnold is expected here.

SIR A. 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.

WALT. And 'tis for such a man that Master Mordaunt sets me aside—for such a man his daughter must cast me off.

SIR A. Tut! Master Mordaunt 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*]

WALT. 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 Mordaunt's selfish views. [*Exit*]

SCENE 3: *The harbor. Ships anchored in the distance. Military music. Mordaunt, Errington, Goodenough, Church, Soldiers, Citizens (male and female) discovered. A boat comes on from L., with Fitzarnold, Wolfe, and Sailors, who land. Shout.*

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

FITZ. 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*]

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

WALT. [*Aside*] Indeed! Dost say so, worldling?

MOR. 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*]

FITZ. How now, young sir? Mordaunt, who is this?

MOR. 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—

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

MOR. Forth to the hall—a strain of music there. [*Crosses to R.*]

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

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

FITZ. 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?

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

WOLFE. Because I know thee.

WALT. 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!

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

WOLFE. That thou wert wrecked and saved.

WALT. 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.

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

WOLFE. Thou shalt possess thy mistress.

WALT. Didst mark that lord?

WOLFE. He is my master.

WALT. 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.

WALT. 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.

WALT. Trust it with me.

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

WALT. 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.*

NAH. Thou wilt soon be back from the chase.

META. 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.

NAH. Oh, no! But thou, Metamora, sleepest 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 Nahmeokee'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?

META. Nahmeokee, 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.

NAH. 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 to-day because thy wrath is kindled and it spreads like the flames which the white man makes in the dark bosom of the forest. Let Nahmeokee 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.

META. 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. [*Trumpet; enter Otah*]

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.

META. 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 Otah*]

NAH. Our child would not rest in the mid-hour of night for the hidden snake had bitten him as he lay stretched in the rays of the sun. I rose from my seat to get the dried leaves the Good Spirit has filled with power to heal; the moon was bright and a shadow passed me. It was Annawandah passed our 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 arrow across the slumbering waters.

META. Humph! Was he alone?

NAH. Alone.

META. And he went with fear?

NAH. Like one who goes to steal. [*Trumpet. Enter Otah*]

OTAH. Look! The white warrior comes. [*Enter Church, Sir Arthur Vaughan, and Goodenough, with musqueteers (sic)*]

CHURCH. Although we come unbidden, chieftain, yet is our purpose friendly.

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

CHURCH. It is our custom.

META. Well, speak; my ears are open to hear.

SIR A. Philip, our mission is—

META. Philip! I am the Wampanoag chief, Metamora.

SIR A. 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 urge your presence at the council.

NAH. [*Aside*] Do not go.

META. Daughter of Miantinemo, peace! [*To them*] I will go.

CHURCH. Our troops shall form thy escort there.

META. I know the path.

SIR A. We must not go without thee, chief.

META. 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! [*Crosses to R.*]

CHURCH. We shall expect thee, chief.

META. Metamora cannot lie.

CHURCH. Stand to your arms. [*Trumpet. Exit Church, Goodenough, Otah and Soldiers*]

SIR A. 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.*]

META. 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?

NAH. Oh, yes!

META. 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.

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

META. 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?

NAH. Ah! Thy bravery will lose thee to me.

META. 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.

NAH. I shall remember thy words.

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

NAH. Metamora, dost thou go alone?

META. No; Manito is with me. [*Exit. Nahmeoquee 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*]

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

OCEANA. I thought 'twas time.

MOR. 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.

MOR. 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!

MOR. 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?

MOR. 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!

MOR. 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*]

MOR. 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—relent, my child.

OCEANA. I can endure no more—rise, my father.

MOR. Dost thou promise?

OCEANA. All, all!

MOR. Swear, by truth! by honor! By the dead—

OCEANA. To wed Fitzarnold—

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

MOR. Lightning consume thee, meddling fool! What bringst thou here?

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

MOR. Beggar, begone! [*Strikes him with packet and crosses to L. Walter draws swords. Oceana interposes*]

OCEANA. It is my father, Walter, mine.

WALT. A blow.

OCEANA. Oh, thou wilt forgive him!

WALT. 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.

WALT. [*Sheathes sword*] Old man, an angel's bosom shelters thine. Instruct Fitzarnold in our quarrel's cause. No daughter bars my way to him. [*Exit. Enter Fitzarnold*]

FITZ. How now, you tremble; what has chanced?

MOR. A moody beggar who abused my love and I chastised him for it—that's all.

OCEANA. My father—

MOR. Go to thy chamber.

OCEANA. Would it were my grave. [*Exit*]

MOR. My noble lord, that moody stripling whom you saw last night—whether set on by Vaughan, his patron, or by the vainness of his own conceits, resolves to break my daughter's marriage.

FITZ. And wilt thou suffer this? What is the villain's state?

MOR. 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? [*Fitzarnold crosses to L.*]

FITZ. I trust he finds no favor with your daughter.

MOR. She shall be thine, my lord; thine with free will and full contentment. Now for the council. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE 3: *Flourish. The council chamber. Errington, Sir Arthur and Church on raised platform. Mordaunt and Fitzarnold seated at table, L. Elders, etc. Goodenough and Soldiers, R. Villagers, etc. Walter and Tramp.*

ERR. 'Tis news that asks from us most speedy action. Heaven has in sounds most audible and strange, in sights, 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 devious ways, and make the chosen tremble. Colleagues, your voices—speak—are you for peace or war?

SIR A. What is your proof your Indian neighbors mean not as fairly towards our settlements as did King Philip's father, Massasoit?

ERR. Sir, we have full proof that Philip is our foe. Sasamond, the faithful servant of our cause, has been dispatched by Philip'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. [*Metamora enters suddenly and remains at C. When Metamora enters, all start and grasp their swords. The soldiers prepare to fire. All are silent and confused*]

META. 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.

ERR. 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.

META. 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.

ERR. 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 thereby hast incurred our church's censure—and given just cause to doubt thy honesty.

META. 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?

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

META. 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.

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

META. 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 A. Chieftain, since these things are so, sell us thy lands and seek another bidding place.

META. 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.

META. They are true ones.

ERR. They give no token of thy love of peace. We would deal fairly with thee—nay, be generous.

META. 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.\*

ERR. Such words are needless now.

META. I will speak no more; I am going.

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

META. 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.

ERR. Didst thou contrive his murder?

META. I will not answer.

ERR. We have those can prove thou didst.

META. I have spoken.

ERR. Bring in the witness. [*Exit Goodenough*] We, too, long have stayed the arm of power from execution. Come, we parley with a serpent and his wiles are deep.

META. Injurious white man! Do not tread too hard upon the serpent's folds. His fangs are not taken out, nor has its venom lost the power to kill.

ERR. Approach! [*Goodenough returns with Annawandah*]

META. Annawandah!

ERR. Behold, deceitful man, thy deeds are known.

META. Let me see his eye. Art thou he whom I snatched from the war club of the Mohigan [*sic*], when thou hadst sung thy death song, and the lips of the foe were thirsty for thy blood? Has Metamora cherished thee in his wigwam and hast thou put a knife into the white man's hand to slay him! The foul spirit hath entered thee, and the pure blood of the Wampanoag has left thy veins. Thy heart is a lie, and thine eye cannot rest upon the face of truth, when like the great light it shines on thee in unclouded glory. Elders,

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

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

ERR. He was thy trusty agent, Philip, and conscience-smote revealed thy wickedness.

META. You believe his words?

ERR. We do, and will reward his honesty.

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

ERR. He does not answer.

META. I am Metamora, thy father and thy king.

ERR. Philip o'erawes him—send the witness home.

META. I will do that! Slave of the white man, go follow Sasamond. [*Stabs Annawandah, who staggers off, R. All stand up, general movement*]

ERR. Seize and bind him. [*Soldiers make a forward movement*]

META. Come! My knife has drunk the blood of the false one, yet it is not satisfied! White man, beware! The mighty spirits of the Wampanoag race are hovering o'er your heads; they stretch out their shadowy arms to me and ask for vengeance; they shall have it. The wrath of the wronged Indian shall fall upon you like a cataract that dashes the uprooted oak down the mighty chasms. The war whoop shall start you from your dreams at night, and the red hatchet gleam in the blaze of your burning dwellings! From the east to the west, in the north and in the south shall cry of vengeance burst, till the lands you have stolen groan under your feet no more!

ERR. Secure him!

META. Thus do I smite your nation and defy your power.

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

### ACT III.

SCENE I: *A chamber in Mordaunt's house. Enter Fitzarnold.*

FITZ. Mordaunt wounded, and perhaps to death, struck by a shot that was leveled at the chief; and the fierce storm of war at distance heard, which soon may burst tremendous o'er our heads! This is no place for me. She must be mine tonight! Aye, this night, for fear his death may snatch his gold and daughter from me. Within there, Wolfe! [*Enter Wolfe*] Go get a surgeon for this Mordaunt's wounds, a scribe and priest for me—wilt be silent?

WOLFE. I will observe! Does my lord wed tomorrow?

FITZ. No, this night; and with tomorrow's sun I spread my sail for England.

WOLFE. Ha!

FITZ. How now! What meanest thou? Wouldst thou to rival me?

WOLFE. My lord!

FITZ. Well, well; go see thy duty done. [*Exit*]

WOLFE. My lord, be sure on't. Now for young Walter. I will fulfill my duty but not to thee, my Lord Fitzarnold! Thou wilt not thank me for the priest I'll bring. [*Exit*]

SCENE 2: *An Indian village, deep wood, set wigwam, R. Lights half down. Conch shell heard. Nahmeokee enters from wigwam.*

NAH. 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.

META. [*Outside*] Nahmeokee!

NAH. It is—it is Metamora. [*Enter Metamora*]

META. Is our little one well, Nahmeokee?

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

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

NAH. 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.

META. 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.

KAWE. Annawandah?

META. Annawandah!

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

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

META. 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 people, shall I tell you the thoughts that fill me?

KAWE. Speak, Metamora, speak!

META. 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. O 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*]

KAWE. 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!

META. "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.

NAH. Nahmeokee will not fail in her path; and her eyes will be quick to see where the stranger has set his snare.

META. 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.

NAH. Go you tonight, Metamora?

META. Tonight! I will not lay down in my wigwam till the foe has drawn himself together and comes in his height to destroy. Nahmeokee, 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 exeunt. Nahmeokee goes in wigwam*]

SCENE 3: *A chamber in Mordaunt's house. Clock strikes twelve as scene opens. Thunder distant. Enter Oceana in plain attire.*

OCEANA. I know not how it is but every thunder peal seems to bear words portentous. The moaning blast has meaning in its sound and tells of distant horror—it is the hour when I bade Walter come! Can he have braved the tempest? Hark, I hear a step! [*Knock*] How my heart beats. [*Enter Fitzarnold*] It is—it is Fitzarnold!

FITZ. Fitzarnold, lady! Why this wonder? Is it fear? Can she whom thunder frights not shrink from me?

OCEANA. My lord, the hour is late; I feign would know who sent thee hither.

FITZ. Thy honored father.

OCEANA. Thy purpose?

FITZ. Read it there. [*Gives letter*]

OCEANA. Ha! Tonight! Be thine tonight?

FITZ. Aye, tonight. I have thy father's secret.

OCEANA. I know thou hast, and in that mean advantage wouldst mar his daughter's happiness forever—away! I blush that thus I parley words with thee—get thee gone. [*Crosses to L.*]

FITZ. Yes, when thou goest with me; not till then, lady. I will not waste the time that grows more precious every moment to me. [*Thunder*] What though the lightning flash and thunder roll—what though the tempest 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!

FITZ. 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.

FITZ. And if thou dost, he will not aid thee. My treasures are embarked, aye, 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!

FITZ. Convince thyself—[*Stamps his foot. 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?

FITZ. None, but in these arms.

OCEANA. No hope—no rescue!

FITZ. None! None!

OCEANA. Walter, on thee I call—Walter, where art thou?

WALT. [*Throws off disguise*] Walter is here.

FITZ. 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.

WALT. Sayest thou? Wilt thou take me to them?

OCEANA. I will—I do. [*They embrace*]

FITZ. 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.

WALT. 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 Mordaunt's house on the beach, R. 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.*

FITZ. 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.*]

META. [*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.

META. Warriors, have I not spoken. [*Throws her around to L. Indians go in*]

OCEANA. Great chieftain! Dost thou not know me?

META. 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?

META. 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.*]

META. Hah!

MOR. Mercy! Mercy!

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

META. 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!

META. 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*]

META. Yes.

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

META. 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.

META. The Wampanoag cannot lie.

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

META. Hah!

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

MOR. My child! My child! [*Red fire in house*]

META. 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.

MOR. No, no, thou wilt not harm her.

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

META. 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*]

MOR. Gracious heavens!

META. 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, Goodenough, Church, Soldiers, Peasants, male and female, all from behind house. Soldiers are about to fire, when Walter throws himself before them and exclaims*]

WALT. Forebear! Forebear! [*Walter and Oceana embrace. Tableau. Curtain*]

#### ACT IV.

The fourth act of *Metamora* is missing from the University of Utah manuscript. Scene and property plots provided at the beginning of the manuscript, together with the Forrest Home manuscript, which includes Metamora's lines, cue lines, and a few stage directions, and clues from the rest of the play suggest the following summary:

The plot of Act IV is chiefly concerned with the capture of Nahmeokee by the white men, the capture of Walter (Horatio) by the Indians, and the demands and threats of the Indian chieftain, Metamora. There are three scenes: an oak chamber, a dark wood, and a landscape. The first scene, obviously located in one of the white men's houses—perhaps that of Errington, the head of the council—shows Nahmeokee a captive. Because Metamora does not appear in this scene, no part of it can be given here. Scene 2 introduces Walter (Horatio), captured by the Indians and about to be killed, until Metamora learns of the capture of Nahmeokee and decides to hold the youthful hero as a hostage. In the third scene Metamora, going to the rescue of his wife, meets the white men with Nahmeokee in the open country, and after several defiant speeches, accepts an offer of peace. Thereupon Nahmeokee is released and sent home to inform the Indians of the terms. (We later discover that Metamora keeps his agreement, but that an attempt to kill Nahmeokee is made by the white men.)

The following pages include the lines from the Forrest Home manuscript, together with a few parenthetical explanations and speculations. (See the introductory note to this play for acknowledgements and additional information concerning this manuscript.)

SCENE 1: Missing from both the University of Utah manuscript and the Forrest Home manuscript.



action of a play when one can examine only the lines of the principal character.

As might be expected, the Indian play was not one of Forrest's major successes in London. It was not performed during his first engagement at Drury Lane in 1836/37, and during his second engagement in 1845/46 it endured for only four performances: March 26, 28, 31, and April 2, 1845, all of these at the Princess's Theatre in London. This was apparently all the audience would accept. The *Times* reported that "such utter rubbish" had never been seen. The *Era* called it a senseless production: "To untangle the plot of *Metamora* was as difficult as to discover perpetual motion." However unenthusiastic the London reception, we can now be grateful to Forrest for exposing his Indian to the poisoned darts of the English critics. We can now print the "lost" fourth act of *Metamora*.

## METAMORA

## ACT IV

*Scene 1:*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Errington—Lord Fitz-Arnold—Walter and Church L. H. (A room in Sir Arthur's house.)*

SIR ARTHUR. Welcome my brother.

ERRINGTON. The strife is over: but the wail of those who mourn some captive friend still wounds the ear and fills our hearts with sadness.

FITZ-ARNOLD. The follower of mine, surprised or else too venturesome in the fight, was dragged away in bondage.

SIR ARTHUR. Old Wolfe.

FITZ-ARNOLD. The same—a moody but a faithful man doomed no doubt to torture or to death.

WALTER. Faithful indeed. But not to him thou think'st. *Aside.*

ERRINGTON. He will avenge the captives fall.

WALTER. But must they fall—is there no way to save them?

ERRINGTON. None young sir unless thy wisdom find it.

WALTER. They might be ransomed.

SIR ARTHUR. True they might. And from my wealth I'll pay whatever price the Indians power will yield them for.

ERRINGTON. But who so rash to bear such offer unto Philip in his present mood?

FITZ-ARNOLD. *Aside.* Could I but tempt this stripping to his death.

ERRINGTON. Say is there one so reckless and so brave will dare the peril to preserve his fellows?

FITZ-ARNOLD. Grave sirs, I know of none more truly fit than young Walter to achieve the deed. How proud the name required by such an act. How vast

<sup>1</sup> Except for some minor alterations, the text printed here duplicates the Lord Chamberlain's copy. I have retained the shifts from prose to poetic lines, though more often than not this would seem to have been done simply at the discretion of the copyist. To make the reading easier I have capitalized the character names, set them at the margin, and spelled them out. In the manuscript the form and abbreviations change whenever a new copyist's hand is introduced. (There are six different handwritings in this fourth act.) I have added punctuation at the ends of sentences: the original frequently has a dash or nothing at all.

the joy his daring heart must feel. Whose arm against such terror shall prevail. 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.

ERRINGTON. Take swiftest horse young man and Heaven protect thee.

WALTER. No tongue so blest as that which heralds peace—  
No heart so mailed as that which beats, warm for his fellow man.  
Fare you well. *Exit Walter.*

ERRINGTON. Now to our labours—those new levies made—  
We may exterminate, with one full blow  
This savage race, hated of man—unblessed of Heaven—  
Surely a land so fair was ne'er designed to feed the heartless infidel.  
*Cry L. H. "Indians! Indians!"*

ERRINGTON. Hah! More massacre! Mercy Heaven!  
*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.

ERRINGTON. Maiden,  
Whom dost thou speak of?

OCEANA. An Indian woman  
And her infant child, by these made prisoners.  
Look there, they have ta'en her child from her.

*Enter Nahmeokee with Officer, two guards, as prisoner.  
Goodenough with the child. L. H.*

ERRINGTON. How now, who hast thou there?

GOODENOUGH. An Indian woman, we captured in the glen.  
A spy, 'tis thought sent by the cursed foe.

ERRINGTON. Came she alone?

GOODENOUGH. No, a young and nimble man  
Was with her, but he 'scap'd pursuit.

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

ERRINGTON. Woman what art thou?

NAHMEOKEE. Give poor woman her child?

ERRINGTON. Dost thou hear my question?

NAHMEOKEE. Give poor Indian woman her child?

OCEANA. Do so.

GOODENOUGH. Why 'twas I that caught the creature—and—

OCEANA. Man didst thou hear me? *Takes child from him.*

GOODENOUGH. Hard times indeed to lose so good a prize.

[The brat is saleable.]<sup>2</sup> Tis mine.

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 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.]<sup>3</sup>

Summon our Elders—my Lord Fitz-Arnold

Your counsel now may aid us.

FITZ-ARNOLD. 'Tis thine, & my poor service.

ERRINGTON. Take her away. (*x R.*) Justice is sometimes slow,

Yet is she sure.

<sup>2</sup> Lined out in the original.

<sup>3</sup> Lined out in the original.

NAHMEOKEE. Thy nation white man, yet may find it so.  
*Exeunt Errington, Holyoke R. H. Goodenough, Church, Nahmeokee and Soldiers L. H.*

OCEANA. Fitz-Arnold of the Council—could I move  
 His sympathy? *Approaching him tremblingly.* My lord.

FITZ-ARNOLD. Well lady?

OCEANA. I have offended thee.

FITZ-ARNOLD. I have forgotten it.

OCEANA. I have a boon to ask.

FITZ-ARNOLD. Sayst thou—of me?

OCEANA. It will not cost thee much.

FITZ-ARNOLD. 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.

FITZ-ARNOLD. How so—a wandering wretch unknown?

OCEANA. Metamora has helpless prisoners.

FITZ-ARNOLD. '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?

FITZ-ARNOLD. 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.

FITZ-ARNOLD. Thy kind approval is reward enough.

OCEANA. Shall she be saved?

FITZ-ARNOLD. She shall be free—a word of mine can do it.

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

FITZ-ARNOLD. Fear not fair Lady. I have pledged my word.

*Exit Oceana L. H.*

FITZ-ARNOLD. Thou thinks't me kind—halha!

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 Elders arms can reach her. Ah! This way conducts 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

For mortals when they err and mourn for it.]<sup>4</sup>

Her freedom is her death—the zealot crowd

Will rush upon her like the loosen'd winds

And prove as merciless—while the lion husband,

Madden'd with his loss, sheds blood to surfeiting.

Oh yes, dear pleader for the captive one

Thy boon is granted. She shall be free! *Exit R. Hand.*

*Scene 2: 1/2 Dark.*

*An Indian Retreat. Wolfe bound to the Stake R. H. Metamora at a distance leaning on his rifle. Kaneshine & Warriors. Lights 1/2 down*

KANESHINE. Warriors, our enemies have been met, and the blood of the  
 Stranger has sunk deep into the sand—yet the spirit of those who have fallen  
 by the power of the foe are not yet appeas'd—prepare the captives for their  
 hour of death. Come round the tree of sacrifice and lift up the flame, till it  
 devour in its fiery rage, the abhor'd usurpers *Gun L. H.* of the red man's soil!  
 Come my lips are dry for the captive's blood.

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

*Enter Walter.*

METAMORA. Hold! Let the young man say why he comes into our country  
 unbidden. Why does he tempt the ire of our warriors, when their weapons  
 are red with the blood of the battle?

WALTER. That I come friendly let this emblem speak.

To check the dire advance of bloody war,

To urge the Wampanoags to disarm his band

And once again renew with us the bond

That made the white and red man brothers.

METAMORA. No, young man, the blood my warriors have tasted, has made  
 their hearts glad and their hands are thrust out for more. Let the white man  
 fear. The arrow he has shot into the mountain has turned back and pierced  
 his own side. What are the Elders' words?

WALTER. Let Philip take our wampum and our coin

Restore his captives and remove his dead

<sup>4</sup> Lined out in the original.

And rest from causeless and destructive war,  
 Until such terms of lasting peace are made  
 As shall forever quell our angry feuds  
 And sink the hatchet to be raised no more.

METAMORA. *Humph!* And meanwhile he sharpens his long weapons in secret, and each day grows more numerous. When the great stream of the mountains first springs from the earth it is very weak, and I can stand up against its waters, but when the great rain descends, it is swift and swollen, death dwells in its white bosom and it will not spare.

WALTER. By Him who moves the stars and lights the Sun,  
 If thou dost shed the trembling captives blood,  
 A thousand warlike men will rush to arms  
 And terribly avenge their countryman.

METAMORA. Well, let them come! Our arms are as strong as the white man's. And the use of the fire-weapon he has taught us. My ears are shut against thee.

WALTER. *To Wolfe.* Oh, my friend! I will achieve thy rescue if gold or prayers can move them.

WOLFE. I was prepared to die, and only mourned  
 For I am childless and a lonely man  
 I had not told the secret of thy birth.  
 And shewn thy father to thee.

WALTER. My Father! Sayst thou?

WOLFE. Walter, listen to me.

OTAH. *Speaks without.* Metamora!

METAMORA. Ha! *Enter Otah.*

OTAH. Nahmeokee!

METAMORA. Dead!

OTAH. Our feet grew weary in the path, and we sate down to rest in the dark wood—the fire-weapons blazed in the thicket, and my arm was wounded, with the other I grasped the keen knife you gave Nahmeokee, but I sank down powerless and the white men bore off the queen a captive.

METAMORA. *Humph!*—Nahmeokee is the white man's prisoner. Where is thy horse?

WALTER. Beneath yonder tree.

METAMORA. Unbind the captive! Young man! You must abide with the Wampanoag till Nahmeokee returns to her home.

Woe unto you if the hard hand has been laid upon her.  
 Take the white man to my wigwam.

WALTER. I thank thee Chieftain, this is kindness to me. Come good Wolfe tell me my father's name.

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 Fitz-Arnold.*

FITZ-ARNOLD. Nahmeokee now is free, and the fanatic heard 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.

FITZ-ARNOLD. Woman away.

NAHMEOKEE. They will murder my child.

FITZ-ARNOLD. Hold off—I cannot help thee. *Exit Fitz-Arnold.*

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 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.

ERRINGTON. We greet thee Philip and accept thy love.

Nahmeokee may return.

METAMORA. 'Tis very good. The horse stands neath the brow of the hill—speak not—I read thy thought in thy eye. Go—go. Nahmeokee. I am ready to follow you.

ERRINGTON. Conduct him forth to prison. *Soldiers 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 people.

GOODENOUGH. Right well conceived, could it but talk.

METAMORA. It can—when the land of my great fore-fathers is trampled on by the foot of the foe—or when treachery lurks round the Wampanoag, while he bides in the white man's home.

*End of Act fourth.*

———remember thy words. (Errington.)

META. Grieve not that [I?] linger in the dark place of the condemned, for the eye of the Great Spirit will rest on me there.

———Nahmeokee shall return. (Probably Errington.)

META. 'Tis very good. The horse stand under the brow of the hill. Speak no more. I read thy thought in thine eye, but the white man must not know it. It will do. Go Nahmeokee. I am ready to follow you.

———forth to prison. (Apparently some business omitted here. Part of this speech seems addressed privately to Nahmeokee. The following stage direction supports the conclusion that at this point the white men attempt to seize the Indians, despite the previous agreement.) [*Soldier attempts to take his gun*]

META. No. This shall be to me as my child, and I will talk with it till I go back to my people.

———could it but talk.

META. It can! When the land of my great forefathers is trampled on by the foot of the foe, or treachery lurks round the Wampanoag when he bides in the white man's home, then—it *can talk*.

## ACT V.

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

OCEANA. Tomb of the silent dead, thou seemest my only refuge! O Walter, where art thou? Alas! the kindly promptings of thy noble heart have led thee to captivity, perhaps to death! Welcome the hour when these dark portals shall unfold again, and reunite parent and child in the long sleep of death. [*Enter Fitzarnold*] Ah! Fitzarnold here!

FITZ. I come with words of comfort to thee and feign would soothe thy sorrow.

OCEANA. I do not ask your sympathy, my lord.

FITZ. A sea of danger is around thee, lady, and I would be the skillful pilot to guide thy struggling bark to safety.

OCEANA. Nay, but let me rather perish in the waves than reach a haven to be shared with thee.

FITZ. Thou hast no choice; thy father willed thee mine, and with his latest breath bequeathed thee to me. Walter, my stripling rival in thy love, has left thee here defenseless and alone. I deem as nothing thy unnatural hate, and

only see thy fair and lovely form; and though thy flashing eyes were armed with lightning, thus would my arms enfold thee.

OCEANA. [*Clings to tomb*] Now, if thou darest, approach me—now whilst with my mother's spirit hovering o'er me—whilst thus with tearful eyes and breaking heart I call on Heaven to blast the bold audacious wretch, who seeks a daughter's ruin o'er her parents' grave.

FITZ. Aye, despite of all.

META. [*In tomb*] Hold! Touch her not!

OCEANA. Hark to that voice! Kind Heaven has heard my prayers. [*The door of the tomb opens, and Metamora appears. Oceana faints and falls*]

FITZ. Philip here!

META. He is the great spirit [who?] has sent me;\* the ghosts are awaiting for thee in the dark place of doom! Now thou must go. Tremble, for the loud cry is terrible and the blaze of their eyes, like the red fire of war, gleams awfully in the night.

FITZ. I have not wronged thee.

META. 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.

FITZ. No! no!

META. 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 Nahmeokee.

FITZ. As reparation I will give thee gold.

META. No! Give me back the happy days, the fair hunting ground, and the dominion my great forefathers bequeathed me.

FITZ. I have not robbed thee of them.

META. Thou art a white man, and thy veins hold the blood of a robber! Hark! The spirits of the air howl for thee! Prepare—[*Throws him around to R.*]

FITZ. 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*]

\* This is the actual reading of the manuscript. A more plausible reading would probably be: "He is. The Great Spirit has sent me."

META. 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 A. I have news will startle you.

ERR. Is't of the chief?

SIR A. It is; he has escaped our power!

ERR. Escaped! Confusion! How?

SIR A. But now we sought his prison and found it tenantless.

ERR. But how escaped he? There was no egress thence, unless some treacherous hand unlocked the door.

SIR A. And so we thought, at first; but on minute search we found some stones displaced, which showed a narrow opening into a subterranean passage, dark and deep, through which we crept until, to our surprise, we reached the tomb of Mordaunt.

ERR. The tomb of Mordaunt?

SIR A. The ruined pile which now serves as our prison was, years since, when first he sought these shores, the residence of Mordaunt, and this secret passage, doubtless, was formed by him for concealment or escape in time of danger.

ERR. Indeed!

SIR A. 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 Hammond of Harrington!

ERR. Hammond! The outlawed regicide?

SIR A. 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.

ERR. Think you the chieftain knew this secret way?

SIR A. 'Tis likely that he did, or else by chance discovered it and thus has won his freedom 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 A. Who calls? [*Enter Wolfe*] Now, who art thou?

WOLFE. A suppliant for pardon.

SIR A. Pardon—for what?

WOLFE. A grievous sin, I now would feign confess.

SIR A. 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 A. Ha! Dost thou mean—

WOLFE. The flames consumed thy dwelling and thou together with thy wife and boy, escaped almost by miracle.

SIR A. 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 A. 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 A. Go on—go on—

WOLFE. Was by mysterious power preserved and guided to his unconscious father. Walter is thy son.

SIR A. 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.

SIR A. And Walter is a hostage to the savage foe; perchance they have murdered him!

WOLFE. No! Oceana's kindness to the Indian queen has purchased his freedom and my own.

SIR A. Where is he?

WOLFE. Looking for her he loves, fair Oceana! Whom, 'tis said, a party of the foe carried off.

SIR A. 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 Otah discovered. Kaweshine has been addressing them. His looks are gloomy and bewildered.*

META. [*Outside, at change of scene*] Where are my people?

KAWE. Ha! 'Tis our chief—I know the sound of his voice, and some quick danger follows him. [*Metamora enters, bearing Oceana. Nahmeoqee enters from wigwam*]

META. Nahmeokee, take the white maiden in; I would speak to my people; go in and follow not the track of the warrior's band.

NAH. 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*]

META. Warriors, I have escaped from the hands of the white man, when the fire was kindled to devour me. Prepare for the approaching 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 warriors dead, and cry, "Our lands! Our nation's freedom! Or the grave!"

KAWE. O chieftain, take my counsel and hold out to the palefaces the pipe of peace. Ayantic and the great Mohican 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.

META. Ha! Dost thou prophesy?

KAWE. 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 gasping under a hemlock, the lightning had sometime 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 Metamora, 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.

META. Didst thou tell my people this?

KAWE. Chieftain, yes; my spirit was troubled.

META. Shame of the tribe, thou art no Wampanoag, thy blood is tainted—thou art half Mohican, thy breath has sapped the courage of my warriors' hearts. Begone, old man, thy life is in danger.

KAWE. I have spoken the words of truth, and the Great Manito has heard them.

META. Liar and coward! Let him preserve thee now! [*About to stab him when Nahmeokee enters from wigwam and interposes*]

NAH. He is a poor old man—he healed the deep wound of our little one. [*Gets to L. of Metamora*]

META. Any breast but Nahmeokee's had felt the keen edge of my knife! Go, corrupted one, thy presence makes the air unwholesome round hope's high places. Begone!

KAWE. Metamora drives me from the wigwam before the lightning descends to set it on fire. Chieftain, beware the omen. [*Exit*]

NAH. [*Aside*] Will he not become the white man's friend and show him the secret path of our warriors? Manito guard the Wampanoag!

META. Men of Po-hon-e-ket, the palefaces come towards your dwellings and no warrior's hatchet is raised for vengeance. The war whoop is hushed in the camp and we hear no 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!

META. 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.

NAH. O Metamora!

META. 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.

ERR. 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?

WALT. 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.



ERR. In safety?

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

ERR. Away then, Walter. [*Walter crosses to R.*] Sir Arthur now seeks thee out to claim thee as his own [son?]. (Parenthetical word *sic.*)

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

ERR. 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.*

NAH. 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.*]

META. 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.

NAH. [*With broken utterance*] He is here! [*Lifts the furs and shows the child dead*]

META. Ha! Dead! Dead! Cold!

NAH. 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.

META. 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.

NAH. O Metamora! [*Falls on his neck*]

META. Nay, do not bow down thy head; let me kiss off the hot drops that are running down thy red cheeks. Thou wilt see him again in the peaceful land of spirits, and he will look smilingly as—as—as I do now, Nahmeokee.

NAH. Metamora, is our nation dead? Are we alone in the land of our fathers?

META. The palefaces are all around us, and they tread in blood. The blaze of our burning wigwams flashes awfully in the darkness of their path. We are destroyed—not vanquished; we are no more, yet we are forever—Nahmeokee!

NAH. What wouldst thou?

META. Dost thou not fear the power of the white man?

NAH. No.

META. He may come hither in his might and slay thee.

NAH. Thou art with me.

META. He may seize thee, and bear thee off to the far country, bind these arms that have so often clasped me in the dear embrace of love, scourge thy soft flesh in the hour of his wrath, and force thee to carry burdens like the beasts of the fields.

NAH. Thou wilt not let them.

META. We cannot fly, for the foe is all about us; we cannot fight, for this is the only weapon I have saved from the strife of blood.

NAH. It was my brother's—Coanchett's.

META. It has tasted the white man's blood, and reached the cold heart of the traitor; it has been our truest friend; it is our only treasure.

NAH. Thine eye tells me the thought of thy heart, and I rejoice at it. [*Sinks on his bosom*]

META. Nahmeokee, I look up through the long path of thin air, and I think I see our infant borne onward to the land of the happy, where the fair hunting grounds know no storms or snows, and where the immortal brave feast in the eyes of the giver of good. Look upwards, Nahmeokee, the spirit of thy murdered father beckons thee.

NAH. I will go to him.

META. Embrace me, Nahmeokee—'twas like the first you gave me in the days of our strength and joy—they are gone. [*Places his ear to the ground*] Hark! In the distant wood I faintly hear the cautious tread of men! They are upon us, Nahmeokee—the home of the happy is made ready for thee. [*Stabs 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.

META. 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!

META. 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. [*They fire. Metamora falls. Enter Walter, Oceana, Wolfe, Sir Arthur, Errington, Goodenough, Tramp and Peasants. Roll of drums and trumpet till all on*]

META. 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 tableau is formed. Drums and trumpet sound a retreat till curtain. Slow curtain*]

END

TANCRED, KING OF SICILY;  
Or, THE ARCHIVES OF PALERMO

By John Augustus Stone

ACT IV