Joseph Croswell’s
A New World Planted
or,
The Adventures
Of the
Forefathers of New-England;
Who Landed in Plymouth,
December 22, 1620.
An Historical Drama – In Five Acts

Prepared at Springfield College
for The Pocahontas Archive

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Introduction

Joseph Croswell’s *A New World Planted* (1802) includes arguably the earliest appearance of Pocahontas in American drama, an important distinction when considering how popular Pocahontas-themed plays would become for much of the nineteenth century. At the same time, labelling Croswell’s play as an origin point for the theatrical Pocahontas figure is difficult for four main reasons. Firstly, its influence on dramatic literary history is questionable given that we have no record of the work having ever been staged (although handwritten notes in the existing 1802 typescript do point to some attempt at rehearsal, if not performance, and the play was evidently deemed worthy enough to be reprinted in 1804). Secondly, Croswell’s play has a big geographical problem. Unlike virtually all other historical plays to feature Pocahontas, *A New World Planted* is set in Plymouth, Massachusetts, not Jamestown, Virginia. The woman known to history as Pocahontas, the Pamunkey daughter of the Virginia-area leader Powhatan, appears as the invented Wampanoag character “Pocahonte,” a daughter of the real-life chief Massasoit. Thirdly, the play lacks one of the most defining aspects of the Pocahontas legend, that being the iconic rescue of a white settler (usually John Smith) in defiance of her fellow natives. Lastly, Pochonte’s time on stage is short, and her subplot is not quite resolved.

Given all of these differences from the historical record and the subsequent literary legend we have come to know, Pocahontas’s appearance in *A New World Planted* could be – and has been – written off as mere Native American tokenism. Indians, one might argue, are so unimportant and interchangeable to Croswell and his audience that indigenous names, regions, and tribal affiliations can be exchanged without consequence. Further supporting that argument of sheer racist indifference to the historicity of Native Americans is the fact that no English figures migrate up from Jamestown to join the Pilgrims. Pocahontas is free to move about the
country, but neither Smith nor Rolfe drop by Massachusetts, and Croswell maintains a scrupulous (albeit romanticized) fidelity to the historical personalities and offices of the Mayflower separatists.

Nevertheless, a more complex explanation for Pocahontas’s “partial” or blended appearance may lie in the nationalistic aims of Croswell’s play, and the broader cultural drive to invent some moment in colonial history to serve as a historical point of origin for the United States. In her awkward and incomplete dramatic appearance, Pocahontas constitutes an experimental moment in the development of the Pocahontas legend as national allegory. Without discounting the inherent racism of moving her story to New England, one could argue that her appearance suggests an awareness on Croswell’s part of the impossibility of leaving her out of the developing legend of American colonial history. She must be woven into the story of American settlement, even if it means stitching together different historical moments and regions. Her appearance, in that way, resembles Croswell’s decision to have the Massachusetts Pilgrims rather improbably look forward to the rise of the Virginian Washington in the play’s patriotic epilogue.

Today, many still take for granted Croswell’s idea that United States history “begins” with Plymouth Rock. Yet the English Calvinist separatists who reached Massachusetts aboard the Mayflower in 1620 never thought of themselves as founding an independent nation like the United States, nor did anyone else consider them in those terms until the late 18th or early nineteenth century. Croswell’s tale of the New England settlers is one of the earliest attempts in US literature to define the “moment” in which a uniquely American culture was born on the continent. While the specific conditions of European settlement certainly shaped regional cultures over the ages, few scholars today rigidly adhere to the “New England Origins” theory.
that traces the freedom impulse of the American Revolution to the Calvinist religious communities of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. We are much more likely to imagine a cultural pre-history for the United States as a cacophony of voices and ethnicities, including not only the English settlers of the Eastern Seaboard but also Native Americans, Africans, the Spanish, the French, and the Dutch. If we look closely, we can see this interplay in the text’s ruminations on the role of otherness in the early United States – on the social and political status of anyone who isn’t white, male, and Protestant. In addition to conflated indigenous tribes, subplots feature a brogue-speaking Irish sailor named Paddy, an all-women conference, and an African American indentured servant. These figures are to some degree intended to provide comic relief from the more serious, historically based mythologies of Pilgrim courage and fairness. Yet, if we see past the stereotyped silliness and slapstick comedy, the presence of these marginalized figures poses real questions about national belonging that test Plymouth’s proto-US rhetoric of democratic inclusiveness.

Thus, in many ways, Croswell’s play gives us an especially clear vantage point for seeing how the Calvinist Pilgrims became imagined as the forefathers of a nation synonymous with religious freedom. We can see the now-familiar story taking shape before our eyes. We can see by its villains how deeply the tale was originally to involve Catholic villains and anti-popery, an aspect of the Plymouth legend largely absent from today’s iterations. It thus seems only fair that we accord the same position to the Pocahontas legend in this very early iteration of the dramatic plot. She, too, is experimentally being woven into the story as early US writers like Croswell tried to figure out how to combine the Jamestown settlement with the story of Plymouth.

In producing this web-based critical edition, our primary goal has been to provide visitors to the Pocahontas Archive with a reliable, readable, searchable, and open-source copy of the
play, many portions of which are illegible in existing database digital scans. Through careful
study of the 1802 play alongside an 1804 reprinting, we have been able to determine the
accuracy of all but a few of the play’s lines. Editorial footnotes are included to clarify allusions,
idiomatic expressions, or archaic spellings.

For generously supporting this collaborative project of faculty and undergraduate
research, we are grateful to Springfield College, particularly Anne Herzog, Dean of Arts,
Sciences, and Professional Studies, and Alice Eaton, Chair of the Humanities Department.

**Further Reading on A New World Planted**

Lubbers, Klaus. *Born for the Shade: Stereotypes of the Native American in United States

Reed, Percy Isaac, Ohio State University. *The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in
Native American Plays Prior to Eighteen Seventy.* 1918. Web.

https://archive.org/details/realisticpresent00reediala


Print.
A NEW WORLD PLANTED
OR,
THE ADVENTURES
OF THE
FOREFATHERS OF NEW-ENGLAND;
WHO LANDED IN PLYMOUTH,
DECEMBER 22, 1620.
AN HISTORICAL DRAMA – IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOSEPH CROSWELL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CARVER, Governor of New Plymouth
BRADFORD, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
BREWSTER, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
WARREN, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
WINSLOW, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
STANDISH, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
HOPKINS, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
FULLER, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
ALDEN, Councillors or Assistants to the Governor.
MASSASOIT, An Indian King friendly to the Settlers.
TISQUANTO, Natives, faithful to the Emigrants.
SAMOSETT, Natives, faithful to the Emigrants.
HOBOMAC, Natives, faithful to the Emigrants.
LYFORD, Leaders in the Rebellion against the Settlement.
OLDHAM, Leaders in the Rebellion against the Settlement.
MOLTON, Leaders in the Rebellion against the Settlement.
BILLINGTON, Leaders in the Rebellion against the Settlement.
POCAHONTE, A native beauty, daughter of MASSASOIT.

HAMPDEN,

JONES, A young gentleman, who came to view the country
CLARK, in love with POCAHONTE.
SAILORS, WOMEN, GUARDS, &c. Captain of the ship that brought the Settlers.

MATE OF THE SHIP.
PROLOGUE.

FORGIVE, enlighten’d Audience, a bold, 
Tho’ but a partial effort to unfold, 
A scene, too vast for Mortals to display; 
A New World planted in America. 
What holy fires of zeal and piety, 
Inspir’d our great Forefathers\(^1\) to be Free? 
Was it prelatic\(^2\) tyranny and power, 
That forc’d these Pilgrims from their native shore? 
‘Twas the great purpose of th’ Omnipotent, 
The will of heaven, produc’d the great event: 
So MOSES, from the Egyptian bondage fled, 
Thro’ the Red Sea, by heav’n divinely led, 
The frighten’d element, all quiv’ring stood, 
Nor dar’d approach the presence of its God: 
But PHARAOH’S host presumptuously pursu’d, 
And the huge waves leap’d o’er them in a flood. 
Thus heaven oft’ times displays vindictive wrath, 
And scourges the proud tyrants of the earth: 
If lordly bishop’s, who surround a throne, 
Had made this story to their monarch known, 
His royal myrmidons had ne’er been sent, 
O’er the Atlantic, to our continent:\(^3\) 
But we dismiss the theme, and in its place 
Show Men who did adorn the human race. 
Not Endor’s Sorc’ress, but the Muse inspires,\(^4\) 
To represent again our ancient Sire’s; 
And time consents to retrograde his flight, 
And waft us near two cent’ries back this night:

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\(^1\) **Forefathers:** This term alludes to the occasion for which the play was published, an annual commemoration of the English arrival in Plymouth known as “Forefathers’ day.” Ceremonies of the sort date back to 1769 but were suspended during and following the Revolution. At the time of Croswell’s writing, the event had been reinstated.

\(^2\) **Prelatic:** The adjectival form of “prelate,” meaning a high-ranking church official. Notice how early in the play Croswell links tyranny to church hierarchy, which sets the stage for the villains’ Roman Catholicism.

\(^3\) **Myrmidons...our continent:** This complicated argument is built on a series of biblical parallels and imagery from antiquity. First, Croswell argues that the Pilgrims’ leaving of England is akin to the Israelites’ flight from bondage in Egypt as described in *Exodus*. Next, Croswell evidently suggests that if only King George III had been aware of this biblical episode – if he had learned from Pharoah’s mistake and known the futility of attempting to enslave God’s chosen people once they’ve escaped – then the Revolutionary War (1775-1783) might have been avoided. Lastly, the British soldiers who fought the war are dubbed “myrmidons,” the Greek warriors who accompanied Achilles during the Trojan War. This remarkable analogy not only elevates American history to the level of biblical and epic literature but also locates the origins of US independence in the Plymouth settlement.

\(^4\) **Endor’s Sorc’ress:** An allusion to the “Witch of Endor,” from the Book of Samuel in the Hebrew Bible, who helps Saul disobey God’s command by communing with the dead. The prologue claims that it will conjure the spirits of the long-dead Pilgrims in a more genial way, by invoking the Muse.
Then o’er the far fam’d Rock\textsuperscript{5} to take his stand,
That we may see the worthy patriarch’s land.
Play’rs you may retire – the Audience wants
To recognise the real Emigrants –
To note the virtues, that they will display,
To see them act themselves throughout the Play:
Here CARVER, BRADFORD, BREWSTER, will appear,
WINSWLOW and WARREN, will attend us here,
STANDISH and HOPKINS you may see again,
Your virtues prov’d, if you approve these men:
For ’tis an Eulogy to any age,
When real Worth, is honor’d on the Stage.

\textsuperscript{5} Rock: Plymouth Rock.
A NEW WORLD PLANTED, &c.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

ACT 1.

SCENE Ist – Represents Plymouth shore, the ship at anchor within the beach, the boat at the rock on which the passengers land.

Enter Governor CARVER, BRADFORD, BREWSTER, WAR-REN, WINSLOW and Capt. STANDISH.

Carver. THANKS to the great disposer of events,
That we’ve arriv’d, though oft’ attack’d by storms,
And o’er the backs of liquid mountains borne,
Then down towards the centre of the globe,
Our bark was hurl’d, yet Providence divine
Hath brought us safe to these desired shores.

Brewster. O let us render praise and thanks to heav’n,
As we’re preserv’d in crossing the wide ocean.
In the Creator’s works, perfection shines,
And is discover’d in exact proportion
To our weak efforts and our dull perception:
How of’t I’ve wish’d these separating waters
Had been compress’d, and form’d a narrow sea
To render emigration more secure.
Now we survey the wisdom of creation,
Extending this vast sea, which now may prove
A barrier to screen us from our foes –
And this new world, with pleasure I presage,
A safe retreat from persecution’s rage.

Bradford. Thanks to kind Providence, that we at last,
Have unmolested, landed on this shore;
Tho’ when we reconnoitre’d round the Cape,
The hostile savages attack’d our men.
Perhaps this spot, unpeople’d by the natives,
By heav’n is meant, a resting place for us.

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6 reconnoitre’d: An abbreviation of “reconnoitered,” a military term meaning to observe and survey enemy forces.
A NEW WORLD

When we look back on all our suff’ring past,
The happy contrast elevates our souls,
And the grand works of nature charm our eyes –
Vast forests, waving in the chilly air,
Whose tow’ring height, of’t checks the flying clouds,
Where the advent’rous eagle builds her nest: –
Here navies in embryo lie conceal’d,7
And never failing stock for stately domes.
These massy rocks, high cliffs and sounding shore,
Are fix’d as faithful centinels to check
The bold invasions of the encroaching sea.

   Winslow. Creation here, in its primeval form,
Sublimely stands and always something new
Affords philosophers to contemplate,
The pond’rous rocks are rent – perhaps the shock
At Calvary, pervaded all the globe.8
The swarms of birds that tamely flutter round,
And seem by curiosity impell’d
To gaze on us, as a new sort of men,
Brings to my mind, the quails, by Providence
Sent to sustain the Israelites of old.9
That friendly Rock, projecting in the sea,
Affording us a safe and easy landing,
Will be remember’d by our grateful sons.

   Car. I feel rejoic’d, that we have shun’d the storm
That is collecting o’er our native land,
And hope our breth’ren there, will fly to us,
And so elude their persecutors’ rage.
But now our local situation claims our thoughts:
Are all our fellow Pilgrims Safe on shore?

   Brews. They all have landed, and we now must learn
To realize, this is our residence –
We are to plant a new and untry’d soil,
Without experience of the grain, or culture:
Perhaps our doubtful harvest may fall short –
Therefore this proposition I submit,
To write our friends, to send us flour and grain,
That none of our society may want.

7 Here navies in embryo lie conceal’d: The ample wooded lands will make good supplies for shipbuilding in the distant future.
8 Calvary: The spot of the crucifixion of Christ. On observing the split rocks, Winslow suggests that they were “rent” at the moment of Christ’s death on the cross, along with the other spontaneous natural occurrences reported in the New Testament.
9 Quails…to sustain the Israelites of old: The birds in the sky remind Winslow of Exodus, in which God provides the Israelites with quail to eat in the desert after they have escaped slavery in Egypt.
'Tis the supreme delight of having wealth,  
To distribute our bounty to the poor,  
Before we force them to implore our aid,  
And paralyze the dignity of Man  
With ev’ry laudable and fine sensation  
Disseminated in the human breast  
Which nothing can obliterate but crimes –  
May sweet philanthropy pervade our hearts,  
Encircling the great family of Man.  
But circumscribed to this local sphere,  
We’ll shew our friendship to the pilgrims here.

Scene II. Enter a native called SAMOSET.

**Samoset.** Welcome, Englishmen! welcome Englishmen!  
**Car.** Ha! who are you – may I call you a friend?  
Do you live here, and can you speak our tongue?  
**Sam.** I am Samoset, a Sachem of this land  
That now is desolate: three summers gone  
A sickness came and swept our tribe away,  
All but myself and Squanto, and I’m glad  
To see you here, to settle on this land.  
**Car.** I stand amaz’d! where did you learn our tongue?  
**Sam.** Four summer’s past, Tisquanto and myself,  
Were coax’d by Captain Hunt, on board his ship,  
Who hoisted sails and carried us to England:  
Two summer’s we stay there, and learn your talk,  
Then we get back, and find no Indians here.  
**Breeds.** The ways of Providence are wonderful –  
Events are all mysteriously connected,  
But our beclouded reason can’t survey,  
The nice relations of the various acts  
That constantly are passing in our sight,  
Which hasty time consigns to dark oblivion.  
Thus these poor Savages were stole away,  
To fit them for interpreters for us.\(^\text{10}\)  
**Standish.** Now friendly native, I applaud your courage,  
To make this social visit on our landing:  
When honesty pervades the human heart,  
Base panic fears, find no admittance there.  
I never thought to find a native here,  
That could articulate a word of English.

\(^{10}\) *To fit them for interpreters for us*: Brewster reasons that the kidnapping of these indigenous people must have been God’s way of providing interpreters for the Pilgrims.
Which sometimes check’d my ardor for the voyage.
My honest friend, I wish to know what tribes
Are bord’ring round – their distance, and their force –
And with what nation now, do you reside?
    Sam. No tribes are near, but the great Massasoit,
One day’s journey off, at Pacanokik;
I and Tisquanto, both have join’d his tribe.
     Car. Is Massasoit a wise and virtuous man?
Will he be friendly to the settlers here?
    Sam. He’s a wise king and loves to live in peace –
Most kind to those, that need his aid the most.
     Car. Friend Samoset, we wish you’d stay with us
As an Interpreter: we’ll treat you well,
And recompence your services for us.
    Sam. I’ll stay, and do you all the good I can,
For I was treated well by your great tribe.
     Car. We thank you Samoset, and now we wish
You’d introduce to us, king Massasoit.
    Sam. I will go quick, but you had better send
One of your council with me to the king –
Then he will come and have a talk with you.
     Car. Doth any friend incline to take this tour.
     Win. This rout with Samoset, I wish to take,
To see the king, and view the country round:
Hampden who came to make discov’ries here,\footnote{Hampden who came to make discov’ries here: Winslow refers here to the historical John Hampden, who visited the Plymouth Colony in the early 1620s but was not a member of the Puritan faith. Hampden, who will later in the play become the lover of Pocahont, is introduced here in terms vaguely reminiscent of John Smith.}
Will gladly go with me on this excursion.
     Car. May you be prosper’d and return’d in peace ;
Your judgment and discretion will suggest,
All that is proper to inform the king,
And will preclude instruction, or a message. –
We’ll now retire awhile, to entertain
This friendly native with our English fare.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE III. – Enter Mrs. CARVER, Mrs. BREWSTER, Mrs. STANDISH, and Mrs. HOPKINS.

     Mrs. Car. Welcome on shore dear friends in this strange land.
How pleasing ’tis to tread the solid earth,
Free from the jerks and tossing of the Ocean, -
Enjoying sweet and undisturb’d repose.
O what tremendous scenes we’ve pass’d of late!
I never shall forget that dreadful storm,
Three days before we anchor’d at the Cape,
When the mad sea seem’d bent on our destruction:
To hear the hallowing of the anxious seamen,
The singing of the wind amongst the shrouds,
While the vast billows strove to overwhelm us,
And kept a violent onset through the night.

_Mrs. Hop._ Welcome sweet rest – we realize thy charms,
When liberated from our rolling prison.
This dreadful voyage will always haunt my mind.
And check my vagrant thoughts of a return:
But busy fancy, uncontrool’d by fear,
Over the monstrous ocean swiftly glides –
Finding our former houses and our friends,
Noteing each feature, and their pleasing manners –
Then hastens back, before the dawn of day:
Yet these phantastic visits do afford
In some degree, a melancholy pleasure.

_Mrs. Stand._ When’ere I close my eyes in sweet repose,
Imagination takes the sole command,
And nightly trips across the wide Atlantic:
Or else presents my friends around me here.
I had last night the most impressive dream,
Stamp’d with reality, that yet remains.
I was in England, or I thought I was,
At the old mansion-house, where I was born:
My brother and my sisters, all were there
And overjoy’d to see me once again:
How plain before the gate, the elm tree stood,
And the old dog was pleas’d and welcom’d me.
My sisters told me that I must attend,
To hear a pious minister that night,
Who privately would preach, altho’ suspended.¹²
We went and heard the good man, half an hour,
When two pursuivants¹³, with many soldiers
Rush’d in the house, and seiz’d the minister:
We fled, but they pursu’d, and took us all.

¹² _suspended_: The Anglican Church has revoked the preaching authority of this “pious minister” in Mrs. Standish’s dream, presumably due to his Puritanical beliefs.
¹³ _pursuivant_: a junior officer of arms, appointed by the monarch to oversee matters of ceremonial importance.
I did attempt to run up the back stairs –
My feet rebell’d, I could not mount a step,
And a huge grenadier, with glit’ring arms,
Pursu’d and took me – when I scream’d and wak’d,
And pray’d and hop’d that it might prove a dream.

Mrs. Brews. We all feel anxious for our friends at home,
And fearless fancy makes her visits there;
But I have faith that many will embark,
And risque their lives across the boist’rous deep.
O how ’twould make the very desert smile,
If our dear Pastor, Robinson14 should come:
But virtue shines most in our resignation –
Yet, to alleviate our sinking minds,
New relatives may be adopted now.
Then let us view the pious Pilgrims here,
As nat’ral brother’s and sister’s dear;
For charity thus practic’d, will afford
To ev’ry pious mind, a sweet reward.

[Exeunt Omnes

ACT II.

SCENE I. – Enter LYFORD and OLDHAM.

Lyf. ’Tis best to check sedition in the bud:
I have been preaching to these fanatics,
And imperceptibly, have interwove
The real doctrines of the Church of Rome.
Brewster, sometimes would stare me in the face;
Then I was forc’d to veer about, and broach
Some fav’rite tenet of the Independents.

Old. If arts and arguments have no effect,
To proselyte these stubborn sectaries,
Our friends at home, have furnish’d me with guns,
An argument that carries demonstration,
And I shall arm the natives in our cause.

Lyf. I should approve at first, the mildest course,
To lure the wand’ring sheep into the fold:
Our conduct would more plausible appear,

14 Robinson: John Robinson (1575-1625), known as the “Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers,” was an early and influential separatist whose teachings shaped the beliefs of those who would later found the Plymouth Colony. He remained with members of his religious community in Holland, never reaching North America.
If strong coercive measures should ensue.

Old. I’m positive that leniency is vain,
And that our Church doth oft employ the sword;
Therefore I have engage’d a trusty friend,
To set on fire their magazine of powder,
Which may facilitate our grand design.
I have my emissaries with the natives,
And with the passengers that lately landed.

Lyf. You’re indefatigable in your plans.
Such wise precautions must infuse success.
‘Tis strange these bold enthusiasts came here,
After the king rejected their petition,
And would not grant them liberty of conscience.

Old. At our next interview, I’ll introduce
Molton and Billington, our trusty friends;
Then some bold plot, or project we’ll invent,
To overturn this mushroom government.

Lyf. We must be secret in our enterprize,
And mind this text, “to be like serpents wise,”15
Then to great honor we may hope to rise.

Old. Such trusty friends, we never ought to shun,
True to our cause, “like dials to the sun.”

[Exeunt Omnes.

Scene II. – Enter Gov. CARVER and Capt. STANDISH

Car. Winslow and Hampden have not yet return’d:
This mission fills my mind with sad regret –
If they’re cut off, I can’t forgive myself
For countenancing this imprudent step.
The native that came here, talk’d smooth and fair;
A spy that’s politic might do the same.
Winslow seem’d anxious to perform this tour,
And I too suddenly, gave my consent.
The burning of our house, which I suspect
Was perpetrated by incendiary here.

Stan. Winslow and Hampden, both I think are safe,
If not, I would immediately march on,
And be reveng’d upon the treach’rous tribe:
But I suspect internal foes much more –

15 “to be like serpents wise”: Presumably a reference to Matthew 10:16: “Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.” (King James Bible)
The band of ruffians that have harbour’d here
Are not our friends, and I shall urge their sailing.
If we can settle peace with Massasoit,
`Twill add new strength to our young feeble state:
But under Providence, we must depend
Upon ourselves, and learn the art of war.

 *Car.* The equilibrium of my mind’s derang’d,
By a new weight in the disponding scale,
For now the Naragansett’s threaten War,
And have sent their savage signal here,
A bundle of their arrows, closely bound,
In the black skin of an enormous snake.
What answer shall we send them, brother Standish?

 *Stan.* Send back the skin, charg’d well with ball and powder,
And let the villains know we are prepar’d.
I thought your spirits seem’d to be depress’d
Below their usual point of fortitude;
These vapours soon will vanish into air.

Scene III. – *Enter WINSLOW, TISQUANTO, & HOBOMAC.*

*Car.* Welcome my brother Winslow, I rejoice
That you’r return’d from this advent’rous tour:
But where’s Hampden – is he alive and well?

 *Wins.* Hampden was charmed with his new acquaintance,
And chose to stay some days with Massasoit.

*Car.* Who are these natives that have come with you?
Are they our friends, and can they speak our tongue?

 *Wins.* Yes they are friends, and understand our tongue:
Speak for yourselves, Tisquanto and Hobomac.

 *Tisq.* Great Gov’nor I am Sachem Tisquanto:
Captain Hunt carry us away to England,
There we learn your talk.

 *Hob.* I am Hobomac, pinese Sachem,\(^{16}\) Massasoit
Send us here to help you.

*Car.* Welcome, kind natives here: we do rejoice
To find such friends, in this wild wilderness:
We’ll show our gratitude for all your favours.

 *Wins.* King Massasoit, is highly gratify’d,
And thinks we honor him, by such a visit.

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\(^{16}\) *“pinese Sachem”*: A high-ranking counselor and warrior. Hobomac enjoys a trusted position, but one below the rank of Massasoit.
He wishes peace and friendship firmly settled,
And soon will come, attended by his guard,
To consummate his pacific intention.
His presence and deportment strike an awe;
A thoughtful gravity sits on his brow,
And subjects most sublime employ his mind.
Tho’ unacquainted with the lore of schools,
He traces nature’s climax and explores
The virtues of each vegetable order;
And oft at night, his wond’ring eyes survey
The various glittering orbs of Heaven,
Noting the different stations of the stars,
And revolutions of the wand’ring planets.
Thus he permits his mind intuitive,
The pleasing task, to range thro’ natures works.

Car. I’m charm’d with your account of Massasoit,
And wish to see so great a personage.
Now circumstances wear a pleasing aspect –
My mind was much perplex’d an hour ago.

Stan. How many active men can they produce,
And does a martial spirit animate them?
Do they inhabit houses close compact,
That all may muster on a short alarm?

Wins. The town’s compact, extending a short mile;
No stately domes are there, but humble cots
Of savage architecture: the slight frame
Are poles fix’d firm in earth, forming a circle,
The top extremities bent to the centre;
The sides and roof are closely interlaid,
With bark and moss, and plaister’d o’er with clay,
And the smooth ground is made a lasting floor,
Upon its centre shines the sparkling fire,
And perpendicular, an orifice,
Attracts and voids the curling fumes of smoke.
The king can muster full five hundred men,
Expert at fighting with their bows and arrows.

[Exeunt Omnes.]
SCENE IV. – Enter HOPKINS, FULLER, and ALDEN.

_Hop._ Well, our advent’rous agent hath return’d, 
And gives a pleasing detail of his mission.

_Ald._ Yes, Providence again smiles on our cause, 
And stamps our pilgrimage with approbation.

_Ful._ Many circumstances have occur’d, 
That shew our emigration is approv’d: 
Our landing here, far from our destin’d port, 
Where no inhabitants are left alive: 
Our finding grain hid in the sand, to plant, 
And now this powerful tribe are pacific, 
And may promote our interest by their trade.

_Hop._ Events like these, must elevate our hopes 
And give a sanction to our enterprize. 
But now dejection’s seated in my mind, 
I mourn a sad misfortune: my black boy¹⁷ 
Is lost, he wander’d in the woods alone: 
Two days pass’d and he hath not return’d, 
Perhaps some wolf hath torn his limbs apart. 
I do regret my being so remiss, 
Had I but spoke, he never would have stray’d, 
He never disobey’d me in his life. 
The friendly natives that came here, are gone 
Thro’ woods impervious to search for him.

_Enter LYFORD._

_Lyf._ My friends, I’m glad to see you here to day, 
Tho’ I expected – but he is not here; 
I will withdraw – perhaps you are in private.

_Ful._ No, Mr. Lyford, in our infant state 
We’re all embarked in a common cause, 
With hearts devoted to the public good: 
We scorn to house a party secret there – 
Our thoughts were issuing in free discourse, 
On peace and friendship with kind Massasoit.

_Lyf._ My course of life and studies all forbid

¹⁷_My black boy_: This episode involving the disappearance and safe return of a black indentured servant has no apparent historical basis. While Plymouth colonist Stephen Hopkins did bring two servants with him on the Mayflower, both were white. Croswell likely invented this “black boy” story to provide a comic conclusion to the scene, one emphasizing the growing friendliness between settlers and natives. Its inclusion might also owe something to the literary history of “contact literature” and New World drama. It has been suggested that the historical Stephen Hopkins was an inspiration for the character of Stephano in _The Tempest_, due to the fact that Hopkins was a part of the Bermuda shipwreck upon which Shakespeare’s play is loosely based. Croswell’s episode in which the natives, having never seen a black person, mistake the boy for a spirit, does resemble the racist “contact” humor that animates Shakespeare’s subplot involving Stephano and Caliban.
An acquisition of politic knowledge.
Permit me then to ask – have we a right
To exercise the power of sov’reign states,
By forming Treaties with the savage tribes?
I only hint my doubts of such an act;
If I am right, the remedy is easy;
Send a petition to our gracious king,
Praying his Highness to appoint our rulers:
Then all our Acts would have the force of laws.
How lovely `tis to live in unity,
In all respects, both civil and religious –
If harmony is best, let us submit
Our judgement to the great majority,
And have a pious monarch for our head.

Ald. If any have come here to act as spies,
To bring us under the Egyptian yoke,
I would advise them soon to reembark.18
Or they will realize our power to punish.

Lyf. I’m satisfy’d that I don’t understand
Affairs of State, and therefore may be wrong:
But charity, I hope will hide my faults.
I now declare I honor your just cause,
And noble fortitude in coming here:
Altho’ I stand suspended by the Church,
For faults committed inadvertently;
My ardent wishes are to be restor’d
As Pastor of my well beloved flock.
Adieu, dear friends, `till I see you again.

(Exit Lyford.

Ald. I fear we harbor vipers in our bosom.

Enter HOBOMAC and TISQUANTO, leading the black boy.

Tisq. Is Mr. Hopkins here? – we found his boy;
He was on a high tree, great way off,
And Indians powowing and dancing round:
They thought `twas Otow, the bad spirit – for he
Don’t look like Indian, nor like you. I tell them
`Twas a boy you lost: then they stop, and up the
Tree I go and fetch him down.

[They let him go, and he runs to his master.]

Hop. I do rejoice to see my boy alive,
And feel grateful to these friendly natives,
Who must retire with me and taste our fare.

[ Exeunt Omnes.

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18 reembark: re-embark or disembark for England.
ACT III.

SCENE I. – Enter WINSLOW and HAMPDEN.

Wins. Welcome my friends; how have you pass’d your time,
Since I left you at the Massasoit’s court?
I apprehend you’ve made a pleasing visit
By your long stay. Does any news transpire?

Hamp. I had a message from king Massasoit,
That I have just deliver’d to the Gov’nor –
Purporting that some tribes had met together
In a dark swamp, to meditate on War;
Using most strange enchanting sorceries,
And intermixing threats against our state:
But I must hasten back to Massasoit –
His rural seat delightfully enchants,
It seems a Paradise in this New World.

Wins. Hampden, I am your friend – therefore explain
The attracting cause, that draws you to this tribe,

Hamp. I wish I had a confidential friend –
And solicit you to act that part.
Our friends the adventurers, I know are grave,
And solemn, like the Senators of Rome.
I should be loath my juvenile amours,
Altho’ conducted with the strictest virtue,
Should interrupt their pious meditations.

Wins. You have that confidential friend in me,
And may disclose your mind without reserve;
But the true cause that hastens your return
I can conjecture – for when I was there
I saw a female dress’d in English clothes
That Samoset procur’d for her in England:
A modest bashfulness and pleasing smiles
Adorn’d her face, which of’t she strove to hide.
Just as the Moon attempts her form to shroud,
And seems to start, to get behind a cloud:
But when the beauteous Orb appears in sight,
We view the object with renew’d delight.
Hamp. The lady you describe is Pocahonte,  
The only daughter of king Massasoit;  
She’s a lively penetrating wit,  
And learn’d to speak some English of Tisquanto:  
She offered to learn me to use the bow,  
To hunt the deer and shoot the flying fowl,  
If I would teach my native tongue to her.  
Thus we alternately employ’d our time –  
I never shall forget the pleasing task  
Of our excursions thro’ thick shaded paths,  
Hunting the various tenants of the woods.  
Here sweet felicity despotic reigns,  
And constantly her sov’reign power maintains.  

Wins. I think your tu’tress\textsuperscript{19} understands the bow,  
And hath already shot an English deer.  

Hamp. Without reserve I will disclose my mind,  
And when you know the symptoms of my case,  
I wish for your opinion and advice.  
I’ve sometimes read romantic tales of love,  
But always rated them beneath attention.  
What can it be – possessing all my soul,  
Laughing at my ideas of calm repose,  
And momently a tickling on my mind  
The fascinating sound of Pocahonte?  
What makes that name, that did seem harsh at first,  
Become so sweet and pleasing to me now?  
The charms of music once was my delight;  
Concerts and serenades and chorusses,  
Perform’d with skill to suit the royal ear,  
But all was flat and wretchedly discordant,  
Compared to the sound of Pocahonte.  

Wins. My worthy friend, I must conclude you’re caught  
And from all circumstances, I pronounce  
Your case, a most confirmed state of Love.  

Hamp. Well, if ’tis Love, I cannot check the passion.  
Altho’ you apprehend that I am caught –  
Yet I presume, that I have caught a prize,  
A pearl of more intrinsic worth, than all  
The lands contain’d in this vast continent.

\textsuperscript{19} tu’tres: Tutoress, or female teacher. Winslow is referring to Pocahonte’s teaching of Hampden to hunt but also implying that he has fallen in love with her.
Wins. But let us call calm reason to our aid,  
And contemplate the weight of each objection;  
Your friends in England are in good repute –  
And your own property would give a right  
To join the brilliant circles of the fair –  
And to select from them a beauteous bride:  
How will it sound, that you are close ally’d  
In marriage vows, with a young tawny savage?

Hamp. ’Tis true my family are in repute,  
And beauty triumphs with the British fair:  
But Pocahonte is of royal blood –  
She’s beautiful and kind – of brilliant wit  
That sparkles in her eyes: her lovely mein  
And whole deportment’s overcharg’d with charms,  
That doth not ask, but forces admiration.  
I know she’s browner than European dames,  
But whiter far, than other natives are,  
And modest blushes of’t adorn her cheeks. –  
If precious metals do appear in sight,  
All men prefer yellow to the white:  
And the gay Sun, when mounted up at noon,  
Looks more majestic than the pale fac’d Moon.  
When nature strives the nicest taste to suit,  
She gives a darker tincture to the fruit.

Wins. Perhaps, you’ll introduce her to our women,  
And let some days elapse, before you close  
A contract of such consequence to you.  
Meantime, I will with caution contemplate  
Each circumstance relating to your case –  
And when we meet again, I will disclose  
The ultimate conclusion of my mind.

Hamp. She longs to pay a visit to our women,  
But I’ve obstructd the design, for fear,  
She’d dart a flame of love in other hearts,  
For it would be impossible for stoicks20  
To stand unmov’d at such a beauteous form.  
Then I must hasten back, and so exclude  
European eyes from glancing on her charms.  
In meditating on my situation,  
Make liberal allowance in my scale,

20 stoicks: Stoics.
For the fond passion incident to Man.
Let not a word transpire of our discourse.

[ Exit Hampden.

WINSLow, soluS.

This is a curious problem to resolve,
As various circumstances claim attention.
Alliances in kingly families,
By marriage, is esteem’d good policy,
As it preserves their peace, and guards their states:
This seems to favour Hampden’s proposition.

Pocahont and Samoset: enter, which stops the Soliloquy of Winslow.

Enter PocaHonte and SamoSeT

WinS. You’re welcome to our settlement, kind friends;
I’m overjoy’d that you have made this visit,
And shall with pleasure wait on Pocahonte,
To see the Gov’nor and our English women.
What news do you bring us, friend Samoset?

Sam. The king is coming here to see you all:
Poor Pocahonte is quite dull to day;
She had a dream, that her friend Hampden’s gone
On board a ship, and hoisted sail for England.

Pocahonte shakes her head, and makes signs to Samoset to hold his tongue.

Poca. I do confess a friendship for the settlers,
And most for those, that visited my father:
Therefore, I wish to know if Hampden’s gone.

WinS. He was with me not half an hour ago.
And then in haste, set off to Massasoit.

Pocahonte jumps up and claps her hands.

Poca. Then I’m alive again: where did he go?
I fear that he is lost among the woods:
Come, let us haste and make a search for him.
A jealous thought intruded on my mind,  \_[Aside\]
’Twas a false blossom of the tree of Love.

Sam. But stop, I have not seen the Gov’nor yet.

Poca. I cannot stay – but now must hurry home:
Go quick and see the Gov’nor – then run back
And try to overtake me in the woods.
Wins. I'll be your company, a mile or two,
If its agreeable to Pocahontes.

Poca. I thank you Mr. Winslow, for the favour,
And feel much pleas’d with your civility.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE II. – Enter CARVER, BRADFORD, BREWSTER
and STANDISH

Car. Advice is just received, that Massasoit
Is marching on in state, with a strong guard,
To have a friendly interview with us;
And the presumption is – ’twill terminate
In peace and friendship guarantee’d by Treaty.
Within an hour at most, he will appear;
Then we with dignity, must welcome him.

Stan. Our men must all parade in marti
Rending the air with trumpets and with drums:
’Twill give a grand idea of English tactics,
And honor our great visitor and us.

Car. Haste, Captain Standish—order out our men,
And form them into military ranks,
And animate their souls to make a show
Of a strong phalanx disciplin’d to arms.

[Exit Standish.]

Enter HOBOMAC.

Car. What news Hobomac—have you seen Massasoit?
Hob. He’s one mile off, on the high hills
With many men: the woods seem all alive.

Car. Go quick and bring me word if they should halt.

[Exit Hobomac.

Enter WINSLOW.

Brad. This interview to-day with Massasoit,
May be propitious to our infant state,
And to our children a rich legacy.

Brews. My hopes and fears, alternately prevail:
Why should he bring a num’rous retinue?

Car. To magnify his dignity and power.
His men I think will halt, and but a few
Attend on him to negotiate the treaty.
Enter SAMOSET.

Sam. Is the great Gov’nor here?—for Massasoit
Is on the hill on ’tother side the brook.
Car. My brother Winslow, go with Samoset,
And with due deference, invite the king
To gratify the Gov’nor by his presence.

[Exit Winslow and Samoset.

Car. My brother Bradford and my brother Brewster,
Attend before the door, to introduce
This royal personage into my presence.
When he appears in sight, the trumpeters
Must sound their music, till he enters here.

SCENE III.—Enter BRADFORD, BREWSTER, STANDISH, and ALLERTON, conducting MASSASOIT and two Sachems.

Carver rises from his arm chair, and shakes hands with Massasoit – when Samoset conducts the King and two Sachem’s to some green cushings on the floor, on one side of the room, and they sit on them.

Car. I’m happy now, to have so great a king
With his wise council, visit me this day.
May the posterity of both the parties,
Have cause to celebrate with joyful hearts,
The anniversary of this convention;
For now we may cement a lasting peace,
That may we trust be mutually a blessing.
We came three thousand miles across the ocean,
From the great and powerful English nation;
And now we wish to live in amity
With all the native tribes in this new world.
We can afford a beneficial trade,
As we shall have great store of goods from home.

Samoset goes to Massasoit and explains the Speech in a low voice.

Sam. King Massasoit approves the Gov’nor’s Speech:
He says ’tis good, and ev’ry word is right,
And now he’s ready to conclude a treaty.

Car. Brother Allerton, read what you have draughted,
That Massasoit may judge of the contents.
Aller. We, the Governor of Newplymouth on the one part, and Massasoit on the other part – do mutually agree
for ourselves and for our Subjects, that a firm peace and Friendship shall be established this day between the afore-
said Parties, and that there shall be a free trade and inter-
course between the said Parties: and if any of Massasoit’s
men shall happen to be in the territory of Governor Car-
ver, they shall be treated like friends and brothers; and if
any of Governor Carver’s men happen to be in the domin-
ion of Massasoit, they shall be treated in like manner. We
further agree, that in case one of the Parties aforesaid shall
be engaged in War, the other party shall aid and assist the
said party. – And it is further agreed by the aforesaid par-
ties, that Massasoit shall use his influence with other tribes,
to induce them to form similar Treaties with the said Gov-
ernor Carver. It is also further agreed by the said parties,
that in all the Trade and Barter, which may take place be-
tween the said parties, that the strictest honesty and punctu-
ality shall be observed.

Samoset goes to Massasoit, and explains in a low voice not to be understood by
the Audience, and returns and says,

Sam. The King is pleas’d, and much approves your talk:
He say’s the Treaty’s wise and very good.
Car. Desire the King to ratify this contract,
By making of his mark upon the Treaty.

Samoset goes to Massasoit, and talks in private. The King and Sachems then rise
off the cushings and come to the table. The Governor then signs one of the Contracts, and
gives Massasoit the pen, and points to the place where he should make his mark, who
accordingly does. The Governor then shakes hands with him and takes a glass of wine, &
gives a toast, viz.

Car. Long peace between the English of Newplymouth
And our Ally, the great King Massasoit.

Samoset whispers to the King the explanation. Then Gov. Carver hands him a glass of
wine.

Mass. Wame nuckone nashpee, mosogheonk kah,
wonnomittuoonk.21

Sam. This is the Gov’nor’s toast in Indian words.

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21 Wame nuckone…: Most likely gibberish resulting from Croswell’s attempt to approximate the sound of Algonquian speech.
Samoset hands a glass of wine to each of the Sachems who drink silently. The Governor folds one of the papers and puts it in his pocket, and gives Massasoit the other, who puts it in his bosom.

Car. I now presume to intreat of Massasoit,
To have his company this day to dine,
With his two Counsellors and all our friends,
That have attended on this great occasion.

Samoset whispers [to] Massasoit and explains. Gov. Carver leads Massasoit out. The two Sachem's and the other company follow in Procession. The trumpets play at the door, and the drums beat outside with the guard.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE IV. – Enter Lyford and Oldham.

Old. Lyford, this Treaty with king Massasoit,
Doth constitute the essence of rebellion.
Who could have thought that the sagacious Carver
Would thus expose himself to royal vengeance.

Lyf. This is a fruitful subject of complaint,
And possibly may wake the jealous King
When he perceives his sov’reignty usurp’d.
Tho’ I have found enough to write upon,
To some that have much influence at Court,
Who previously advis’d me to accuse them,
And urg’d my coming here on the design.

Old. I think ‘twas politic, to try the effect
Of numerous complaints and accusations:
But I’ve another project to pursue,
That may produce a sudden revolution.

Lyf. We’ve been disgrac’d and basely punish’d here
By these vile sectaries, and in revenge
I’ll lend my aid to crush this feeble power.
In all my letters to my friends at home,
I’ve interceded them, to urge the King
to constitute you Governor of this land.

Old. I know you’re firm and steady in our cause,
Therefore I have requested in my letters
To have the Romish Mass esatablish’d here,
And to have you appointed to preside.
Your zeal, if back’d with power, would have full scope,
To punish or reform these Heretics,
And extirpate delusion from the land.

Lyf. Perhaps our Sov’reign think ‘tis premature,
To interrupt and scare this hive of bees,
Lest they fly off and get beyond his reach.
When these sectaries have subdued the soil,
And are established more firmly here,
Then he can fix the curb and use the rod,
Appointing rulers of their Church and State.

Enter MOLTON and BILLINGTON.

*Old.* Welcome good friends, what news transpires to-day?
*Mol.* Fine news indeed, there’s been a grand parade,
The potentates of this new world have met
And settled peace and friendship by a Treaty;
Thus Carver tried to aid his tottering power.

*Old.* This is another act of his rebellion,
But we shall crush his Treaty in embryo;
How stand the natives, will they join the league?
*Mol.* Some Sachems are already in our pay,
And now are quartered at our rendezvous.

*Old.* The prospect brightens now, with such allies,
We’ll soon destroy this upstart Commonwealth.

*Lyf.* I’m positive, from all this information,
That these sectarians are doomed to fall.

*Old.* What news of Weston’s men, friend Billington?
*Bil.* They wait impatiently to join our band;
If we procrastinate, their aid is lost,
As they must all embark, the first fair wind.

*Mol.* I think our brave allies, on my return
Will be collected at our rendezvous,
And wait, expecting to receive their orders;
Let us employ them while they’re in the mood,
For Savages are fickle and impatient.

*Old.* The time is come to execute our vengeance,
We can’t expect to raise a greater force.
Our enemies are ignorant of our plan,
And every flying hour is fraught with danger,
That our deep plot will prematurely burst,
And sound a loud alarm to the foe.

*Lyf.* I think the destinies are now unveil’d,
Closing the date of this mushroom Republic;
From long delays, great danger may arise;
Fate says, ‘tis time to attack our enemies.

*Old.* We’ll all retire and haste to our head quarter’s,
And animate our brave auxiliaries,
Then rush like lions on the unguarded foe.  
On us the pleasing talk devolves by fate,  
To overturn this new disloyal state.  
More lasting fame by this we shall acquire,  
Than Nero got by setting Rome on fire,  
Or that incend’ry to preserve his name,  
Who burn’t the temple of the Ephesian dame.  

_Bil._ Altho’ I’m zealous in this righteous cause,  
As I’ve demonstrated by the late fire,  
Yet from the fight, I must absent myself,  
For the effluvia of the nitrous grain,  
And the stentorian clanger of the gun,  
Immediately relaxes all my nerves,  
And renders me, reluctantly a coward.  
Yet I shall aid you in the grand design,  
If your bold efforts should abortive prove;  
Perhaps I may discover by some Hecate,  
What pois’ nous plants or shrubs grow in this soil;  
Then secret war can be with safety wag’d—  
Sinon did not his arms, but art emply,  
To introduce an ambuscade in Troy;  
If in the Grecian ranks he’d chose to stay,  
The town had stood and flourish’d till this day;  
For all the power of the besieging force,  
Could not within the gates, have drove the horse.

_Exeunt Omnes._

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—_The Scene draws and discovers CARVER and HOBOMAC._

_Carv._ My council will be here immediately,  
Then we’ll conclude arrangements of defence;  
And if ’tis requisite to more aid,  
I shall apply to our friend Massasoit.

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22 Or that incend’ry...: A reference to the arsonist Herostratus, who set fire to the Temple of Artemis in Ephesus (one of the Wonders of the World) for the purpose of gaining notoriety in the fourth century BCE. As a result of his actions, a law was passed forbidding the use of his name, which is probably why he isn’t named here.

23 Hecate: The Greek goddess of witchcraft. She also appears in Shakespeare’s _Macbeth_ in dialogue with the three witches.

24 Sinon: A warrior and spy who feigns disloyalty to the Greeks in Virgil’s _Aeneid_ in order to gain the trust of the Trojans. He then tricks the Trojans into admitting a wooden horse full of Greek soldiers inside the city walls.
Enter BRADFORD, BREWSTER, WINSLOW, WARREN, and STANDISH

Carv. I’m glad my friends that you so speedily
Have here attended, on my hasty summons;
For matters of vast import do require
Calm consultation and firm fortitude.

Stand. If aught of dang’rous consequence awaits,
Disclose it all, we’ll brace our spirits up,
And stand prepar’d to combat every danger.

Carv. Great Massasoit hath sent Hobomac here,
To unfold a treacherous plot against our State;
Oldham and Lyford and the traitor Molton,
Are the chief heads of this conspiracy,
And many by their bribes have been seduc’d.

Brews. Alas! this plot creates disponding thoughts,
A solemn crisis now involves is all.

Brad. What rage and malice popish\textsuperscript{25} zeal inspires,
Lyford the hypocrite, extoll’d our cause;
When he first came and tender’d us his labours,
We let him preach and did supply his wants,
But when his dark, malignant plan appear’d,
Tending to violate our sacred rights;
We then inflicted a mild punishment,
Producing, not repentance but revenge.

Wins. Our foes, now doubly infamous appear,
Mark’d with rebellion and ingratitude;
Such culprits should inspire our resolution,
To deal chastisement with a liberal hand.

War. It seems expedient now, to send out spies,
To learn the numbers of the rebel force
That we may plan our measures of defence;
Imperious circumstances may require
An application to King Massasoit,
To send his warriors here to our relief.

Enter TISQUANTO

Tis. Where is the Gov’nor?

Carv. I’m here, speak quick, what news have Tisquanto?

Tis. I run so fast that I am out of breath, I have

\textsuperscript{25} \textit{popish}: A derogatory term for Roman Catholics similar to “Papist.”
been hunting—on that high land, most to the
Clouds, that Indians call Munx-hill—I heard
A noise, I stopt and hear it more—tis the war whoop
Of Indian—I keep still and hear it louder
Sound, `tis certain war whoop and it moves this
Way, then I set out and run, to let you know.

Carv. Go Standish quick, order a cannon fir’d
To hasten in our boat that’s in the bay,
And to collect our Men on the parade;
Then speedily return to us again.

War. I think `tis requisite that we apply,
Immediately for aid to Massasoit.

Carv. Hobomac, go, intreat of Massasoit
To send immediately to our relief,
Full fifty of his warriors well arm’d.

Exit Hobomac.

Brews. Altho’ black clouds o’erspread the hemisphere,
Threat’ning to burst in a tremendous storm,
And desolate at once, our feeble state,
Yet I predict that we shall be preserv’d.

Enter Captain STANDISH

Stand. I’ve fir’d a cannon and alarm’d our men,
Who press with eagerness to the parade,
Equip’d with arms and ready to engage;
Half have already muster’d, who intreat
That I would lead them on to the attack,
And stop the progress of the daring foe;
And if the Gov’nor orders, I will march.

Carv. Go valiant Captain now, and play the men;
Take the chief leaders if you can alive,
And bring them bound before our judgement seat,
That we may then investigate the plot;
If you require more aid, send speedily,
And we will march at once to your relief.

Tis. I wish the Gov’nor would let me go and fight for you,
And if there’s any news, I’ll run and bring it quick.

Carv. We thank Tisquanto, for this gen’rous offer;
Go, be the messenger of news for us.

Exit Standish & Tisquanto.
Carv. Standish will now lead off one half our men.
It is important, that the other half
Attend immediately on the parade,
Equip’d in arms and ready for a march;
`Tis requisite that we should nominate
A brave Commander of our last resource;
Winslow, I mention for this arduous task,
If he consents to undertake the trust.

Wins. I thank the Gov’nor for this post of honor.
And freely consecrate my feeble powr’s
To the high duties it devolves on me.

Carv. Hopkins, is next in office I propose,
The older Counsellors must be retain’d,
In this perplexity of our affairs.

Hopk. I am much pleas’d to take an active part;
For war of the defensive kind, is just.

Carv. We will retire and animate our men,
To be in preparation to advance,
If sad necessity makes the demand.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE II.—Enter Mrs. CARVER, Mrs. BREWSTER, Mrs. STANDISH, Mrs. HOPKINS, and Mrs. MARTIN.

Mrs. Stan. O my dear friends I am distress’d with fear;
My husband’s gone into the field of battle,
And I presage he never will return;
He’s no idea of any panic fear,
But seeks impetuous the hottest fight.

Mrs. Brew. Alas! `tis dreadful to be harass’d now,
By treacherous men with savages combin’d;
After our dang’rous voyage, I did expect
To rest in peace, I’m sure I could dispense
With scanty meals and with the coarsest fare.

Mrs. Hop. This dreadful plot, dear friends, I apprehend,
Prepresents a threat’ning aspect to us all;
Then `tis most prudent not to haste away,
And travel round that narrow winding beach,
That we may be convey’d on board the ship.

Mrs. Carv. Dear friends, I know we are in jeopardy,
But we’ve been sav’d in crossing the wide ocean,
And still I’ve hopes, but let us now retire
To furnish out provisions for our men,
In case they’re all obliged to take the field!
If prosperous tidings should meantime arrive,
Immediately the Gov’nor will send us word.

Mrs. Mar. I think this dreadful day will put an end,
To all our sufferings, and serve to form
A far more tragical catastrophe,
Than ever yet was acted on the stage.

Mrs. Hop. What can guard us when all our men are gone?
Our destinies seem drawing to a close;
I’ve always try’d to keep my spirits up;
But this new trouble sinks me in despair.

Mrs. Mar. O dismal day, what can frail women do;
I never saw the like of it before!

Mrs. Car. In every exigence of human life,
There’s something always requisite to do;
And in this dang’rous crisis, our dear men
Must risque their lives and fight in our defence;
Then with provisions they must be supply’d,
Which doth devolve a duty on us all.

Mrs. Hop. We’ll go and strive to do as you propose,
And try to comfort our distressed children.
Alas! they’ve no idea of half our danger;
We’ll go, tho’ feeble. May Heaven protect us,
And while we live aim to perform our duty.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE III.—Enter CARVER, BRADFORD, BREWSTER, WARREN and WINSLOW.

Carv. I am astonish’d at the resolution,
Conspicuous in the conduct of our men;
How punctually they have conven’d in arms,
And stand impatient to begin their march.

Wins. They swell with rage and long to join the fight.

Enter SAMOSET

Carv. Welcome friend Samoset, what news have you?
Sam. I have been hunting at Manumit, but when I hear your men had gone to fight, I run here To help you if I can.

Carv. I thank you for the friendship, Samoset, Now you may march with Captain Winslow’s men.

Wins. Come, friendly Samoset, to the parade; Your noble virtuous conduct shall be known, As a most rare, conspicuous instance, Of honor and fidelity in Man.

Exit Winslow and Samoset.

Brews. With much anxiety I do expect Each moment now to see Tisquanto here, Describing what I almost dread to know; The effects of the first onset with the foe.

Enter TISQUANTO.

Tis. We march four miles and meet your enemies All walking quick this way, then the fight began; It was hard work, they try to get all round Our men, for many Indians there and white men too; But Captain Standish move a little back; and Now he wants a few men sent, so go clear round Your foes and fall upon their backs, and make a Shout; then he will push right hard upon them.

Carv. Lett’s haste immediately to the parade, And hurry on our troops, Tisquanto will Oblige us much to guide our party there.

Tis. If they will go with me, I’ll lead them the right track. [Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE IV.—Enter Mrs. CARVER, Mrs. MARTIN, Mrs. BREWSTER, Mrs. HOPKINS and Mrs. WHITE, with an infant in her arms, (born on the passage, see History.)

Mrs. Carv. I did expect to see my husband now, But he is gone, and I am faint with fear; My resolution hath sustain’d me long, And I’ve endeavor’d to console your minds; But real danger now appears unmask’d.

Mrs. White. O trouble now repeated, I have just
Surviv’d the heavy loss of a king husband;
And now our dreadful fate seems to unfold
A shocking and promiscuous massacre.
O my poor babe, you’ve no idea of woe.

Enter Gov. CARVER, BRADFORD, BREWSTER and WAR-REN.

Mrs. Carv. O my dear husband, do give us advice,
In case our men are overpower’d by numbers;
Can we escape no way? must we wait here
’Till swift destruction overtakes us all?
Mrs. Hop. I hope the Gov’nor, and his Councillors
Will contemplate some plan to save our lives;
For ev’ry flying moment seems to bear
The horrid noise of an assailing foe.
Carv. I know the danger shews a threat’ning front,
And if defeat prepond’rates in our scale,
We’ll take our course down on the sandy beach,
That leads us back again unto the ship;
But I expect in half an hour, Tisquanto
Will bring important tidings of the fight;
Then we can judge precisely how to act.
Mrs. Hop. As we’re in danger here, without a guard,
And our retreat is round that narrow beach,
We’d better now begin our tedious tour;
For thro’ the bushes we shall travel slow,
With all our little ones to lead along.
Mrs. Mar. [deranged in mind.] Now where’s the fidlers in this Masquerade?
I long to dance since we’ve got back to England.

Capers about and sings lol de rol, &c.

You all look strange upon me, and I think
That I have not a friend left in the world.

She sets in a chair and weeps.

Carv. Do lead that poor distressed woman out.
Mrs. Carv. No, let her sit, we’d better keep her still;
For as she weeps, I think she’ll grow more calm.
Mrs. Brews. Our dis’mal situation, hath o’erborn
Her nature, and derang’d her mental power’s.
Enter Capt. JONES, Mr. CLARK the mate, & 9 sailors.

Carv. You’re welcome, Captain Jones, and all your men. I never was more glad to see my friends.

Capt. Jones. We heard your cannon fir’d, and did suspect Something of dangerous tendency to you; I call’d all hands on deck and said, my lads, Our worthy passengers are now in trouble; They all cry’d out, we’ll risque our lives for them.

Carv. My worthy friends, this is a dang’rous crisis,
We are in trouble, traitors and savages
Were marching here to put us to the sword,
And our brave men have all gone out to strive,
To check the progress of the assailing foe.

Stubbs, the boatswain. Tell from what point, you think the storm will burst,
We’ll place ourselves in front and take it all.

Clark, the mate. We’ll go and take the cannon from the hill,
And charge them deep, and form a strong main guard
That can’t be pass’d while we remain alive.

Jones. There’s not a man belonging to the ship,
But what would risque his life in your defence.

Carv. We thank our loving friends—your plan is good,
To take the cannon and to form a guard;
Only observe, Tisquanto is our friend
And messenger, then let him pass unhurt;
My brother Warren, go with Captain Jones
And fix upon the best commanding scite,26
That may be most conductive to our safety.

[Exit Warren, Jones, and Sailors.

Mrs. Carv. How kind and civil all these seamen are,
To offer their assistance in our trouble;
In dreadful storms at sea, during the voyage,
They were expos’d to wet and piercing cold;
Then I would hand to each a glass of cordials;
Their manly kindness now, repays me well,
With a rich cordial for my sinking spirits.

Enter TISQUANTO (out of breath.)

Carv. Speak quick, Tisquanto, what news of the fight?
Tis. I’ll tell you—in a minute—great news—

26 scite: site.
Good news—brave Captain Standish—and
His men—have beat’em all—and got great victory!

Carv. O blessed news! O may we render thanks!
But are you sure our men have won the day?

Tis. The fight is done—and now your men have
Got most here, and bringing of their prisoners along.

Carv. O happy glorious news, cheer up your hearts,
And let us haste, to welcome our brave friends.

Mrs. Carver leads the delirious woman out.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE V.—Enter 5 Sailors belonging to the ship, viz.—
MAINTOP, BINACLE, KELSON, SAWNEY and PADDY.

Main. I did expect to find the Gov’nor here; I wish to
know if he has any further service for us.

Bin. You’ll not see him to day, he’s busy with the sol-
diers and the prisoners.

Main. I’m glad the storm is over; when we first came on
shore, it griev’d my heart, to see the frighted women, wring-
ing of their hands—now all seem overjoy’d and run to meet
their friends.

Saw. How plain we heard their guns, fath we was right
not to rush on and leave our post; I wish’d for a broad sword
in case they had attack’d our lines.

Pad. If fifty tousand had attack’d us, we’d blown them
All to purgatory, before they got two miles of us.

Saw. I think our passengers many bonny soldiers, and
show more real courage than all your swearing blustering
sparks.

Kel. What gallows looking fellows the prisoners are,
how quick a rogue, will show it by his looks.

Bin. Aye, but Oldham looks the worst; a stout dog, fit
to command a pirate ship of seventy-four.

Kel. Did you mind that wound on one side of his head;
I think he must have lost an ear and part of a cheek; but
His head is wrapt in a handkerchief.

Bin. Aye, fath I did, Standish gave him that, just before
They surrender’d.

27 gallows looking fellows: the prisoners look like criminals who will end up being hanged. This phrase resembles
one found near the opening of Shakespeare’s The Tempest.
Enter EZRA, the cabin boy.

Kel. What the de’el do you want here, Ezra, with your dirty face and ragged clothes? your orders were to stay by the boat; we did not intend you should follow us about, looking as you do; suppose the Gov’nor should come in, I should be ashamed to have you seen.

Ez. I saw two savages along the shore, that fear’d me almost out of my wits.

Kel. Did you take care to secure the boat.

Ez. I had no time to make the painter fast,\(^{28}\) for I was forced to run.

Kel. Go back, ye coward and make her fast, for if she goes adrift you’ll fare the worse.

Saw. The scarish little babboon has done wrong; he knew very well he was not to follow us, but to keep himself out of sight.

Kel. No whimpering, begone directly, or fath you and I’ll be two; don’t think you’re in your mother’s chimney corner; the savages will never barbecue you in your dirty trim; I say be gone; I’ll venture you.

Exit EZRA (wiping his eyes.)

Main. I feel concern’d about the boy myself, and think we’d better hasten after him.

Kel. No, let him go, for sailor boys should be so train’d as to be void of fear.

Bin. There’s one thing, lads, I might have told you of before—but better late than never; the Captain is much pleased with our conduct, and says we have behaved like Englishmen; he has given orders to cook, to furnish a grand feast to night, and his clerk is to deliver as much wine and brandy as we please to call for.

Pad. Thanks to our noble Captain, by my shoul’\(^{29}\) a better man never stept between the stem and stern of a ship.

Saw. Fath he’s none of your milk sops; I think he’s of Scotch descent; for Jones is derived from Johnston, a mickele name in Scotland, and of the same clan that I belong to myself.

Pad. Fate, I think we’d better gang to the boat; I begins to fear the savages may ketch the boy.

\(^{28}\) I had no time to make the painter fast: Ezra had no time to tie the rope (“painter”) on the ship’s bow to anything stable.

\(^{29}\) by my shoul’: by my soul, rendered phonetically to suggest an Irish brogue.
Bin. Let’s haste on board, my lads, and spend the night
In toasting of our doxes,\(^{30}\) and intermixing jovial songs and
Mirth.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.**—The Scene draws and discovers a Special Court
seated, viz. CARVER, BRADFORD, WINSLOW, (whose
arm is slung in a handkerchief,) BREWSTER, WAR-
REN and ALDEN, Judges, and ALLERTON,
the Clerk.

Wins. ‘Tis a slight hurt, that scarcely claims attention;
Hopkins and Fuller also, have been wounded,
Which may prevent there presence here to day.

*Enter Capt. STANDISH, a Sergeant, and 4 armed men, guard-
ing the prisoners, OLDHAM, LYFORD and MOLTON.*

Carver beckons Standish to take a seat on the bench, and he does; Oldham has a
white handkerchief round his head, some blood on it.

Carv. Unbind the prisoners, for Englishmen,
When at the bar, must not be tried in chains;
Let the indictment now be read aloud.

*Allerton, the clerk.* Oldham, Lyford, Molton, hold up
your hands; you are all charg’d with being fomenters,
and chief actors in this horrid plot, intending to destroy this
new Colony; you have sedue’d many of the natives and
some abandon’d men, that lately landed here, to join your
league. You did, with your combined force, attack the
loyal subjects of King James: you have attempted to sub-
vert our state and to overturn our system of religion: you
have employed incendiary’s to burn our houses, and have
destroyed our property. —

What say you prisoners at the bar, are you guilty, or
Not guilty?

*Old.* Not guilty.
*Lyf.* Not guilty.
*Mol.* Not guilty.

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\(^{30}\) *doxes*: a slang term for opinions, usually of a religious nature, but here it may refer back to the preceding debate
over Ezra’s ethnic origin. In other words, Paddy may be suggesting they toast and celebrate their differences, which
would make thematic sense.
Al. The Court will hear your pleas attentively.

Brews. I think these men had better own their guilt,
And trust their lives to a consid’rate Court;
But if they plead, we’ll patiently attend,
And estimate the weight of their defence.

Old. Altho’ as criminals we do appear,
Taken in arms, on a full march this way,
Yet that’s no proof of any harm intended;
And commentators on our English laws
Declare, intention constitutes all crimes.
Who knows what we intended, but ourselves;
Then no good proof against us can appear,
And our own evidence in law is good;
As Littleton and Coke\(^31\) do both concede,
Unless we’ve been detected in that crime
Which all good men detest, call’d perjury;
But we were never tainted with that sin;
Then in strict law our evidence is good.
But must we witness now against ourselves?
This is abhorrent to our English code;
Then from respect alone to this high Court,
We’ll give an honest detail of this rout,
Nor spare a circumstance, altho’ malignant,
Preferring truth, to ev’ry consequence:
Your honor’s know, ‘tis natural in man
To seek retaliation for affronts;
You know that we’ve been sentenc’d heretofore
To a most base, degrading punishment:
Thus by excitements founded in our nature,
We form’d a plan to put you all in fear,
That our terrific noise might stimulate,
To adequate concessions on your part,
For the indignity confer’d on us.
Thus our sole object, I have now set forth,
And our proceedings which by cooler minds
May be consider’d as temerity, —
Now the dark side I freely have disclos’d,
I hope the Court will patiently attend
To what is meritorious in our case;

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\(^31\) Littleton and Coke: Oldham is referring to the *Institutes of the Laws of England* (1628-1644) by Sir Edward Coke, the first part of which is a commentary on a land treatise by Thomas Littleton. “Coke on Littleton,” as it is often called, is widely seen as a foundational document of common law.
We’ve spent much time in writing to our friends, Imploring favors for this infant state; And that they’d use their influence with the King To grant that blessing—liberty of conscience. — I now submit my plea to this wise Court.

_Sits down._

_Lyf._ My brother Oldham, hath related facts That will preclude much that I had to say; Which I with approbation do adopt, Especially that part that doth relate To our unwearied pains in writing home, In favor of the pious Pilgrims here; And speedily, I think, you’ll realize The effects of our assiduous exertions: But now, with shame I must confess our fault In this ostensible and sham parade: This hostile show of what was pacific; But still, my worthy pious friends, I hope, Will entertain their charity for me.

_Sits down._

_Mol._ I am not us’d to speak in such a place, But hope the Court will pardon our offence.

_Enter Capt. JONES._

_Bows to the Court and hands the Clerk some letters._

_Jones._ I take the liberty to hand some letters, Sent by the prisoners on board my ship, To be transmitted to their friends at home; Perhaps they’ll throw some light on this dark plot. _Carv._ The Court presents their thanks to Capt. Jones— I wish the Clerk would now peruse these letters, And watch if treason lurks unfolded there: But if they’re innocent, seal them with care And not divulge a word of their contents.

_Carver beckens Capt. Jones who takes a seat on the bench._

_Lyf._ All that I wrote is of a private nature, Relating to my family affairs; And that the Court may not be trouble’d longer
I freely now plead guilty to the charge.

Old. To stop investigation of the case,
I do without reserve, confess my guilt.

Mol. I also do plead guilty to the charge.

Al. These letters are of a malignant nature,
Tending to ruin our new settlement:
They represent us in an odious light—
Asserting that we execrate the King,
And all Bishops in our daily prayers.
One letter praises Oldham, as most fit
To be commission’d Gov’nor of this land;
Another says, Lyford would serve the church,
And purge our heresy from this new world,
If he was consecrated Bishop here;
But adds, one company of British troops
Would prove a great support to the good cause;
Another says, “if tumults should arise
By our unwearied efforts to support
The just prerogatives of church and state,
Impute it all to our unbounded zeal
And loyalty to James the best of Kings.”
May’t please the honor’d Court, what I’ve rehers’d
Is but a specimen of their contents.

Brad. What inmates have we foster’d in our bosom!

Carv. As all the pris’ners have confess’d their guilt,
Let us deliberately weigh their case,
And carefully conclude upon their doom,
So that our consciences, in time to come,
May intimate the highest approbation.
I do propose the sentence we shall pass,
Shall either be of BANISHMENT or DEATH.

A pause for half a minute.

Wins. When recollection points the doubtful struggle,
And their dark deeds are clearly demonstrated,
With the catastrophe that would ensue,
If there combined forces had prevail’d,
My conscience dictates what I shall award.
Mild punishments for such atrocious crimes,
Would but disseminate rebellion here;
Therefore I would annihilate the germ,  
That our posterity may live in peace;  
Then my decided sentence is, for DEATH.

_Pause one quarter of a minute between each speech._

_Brews._ I know their crimes are great, but still methinks,  
If doubts, altho’ remote should but appear,  
‘Tis best to err upon the lenient side;  
I fear that fame would sound it thro’ the world,  
To the reproach of our principles,  
That we, in the formation of our state,  
Cemented the foundation stones with blood.  
Then if tranquility can be secur’d  
By sending these malignant men away,  
Not to return again on pain of death,  
I vote for BANISHMENT.  

_Ald._ We ought to make examples of such traitors;  
I know that penal laws were made to check,  
The perpetration of atrocious crimes;  
‘Tis also true, they really were design’d  
To punish guilty rebels for their deeds;  
My sentence on these felons, then is, DEATH.  

_War._ There is a mild and philanthropic maxim,  
That oft’ is mention’d in our English Courts,  
That we had better screen^32 ten malefactors,  
Than punish wrongfully one harmless man; —  
I’m sensible of their enormity,  
And they confirm it by their pleading guilty,  
If what they say will pass for evidence;  
But as strict justice, in its consequence  
Might bring an odium on our affairs—  
My judgement vibrates to the lenient side:  

_BANISHMENT._

_Brad._ Half of their crimes, would sentence them to death  
In any Court in Europe, but I hope  
Humanity will be predominant  
In the tribunals of this Western World;  
May our judicial acts be never drawn,  
From precedents of sanguinary Courts; —  
I’m positive that we shall be secure

^32 _screen_: to protect, in this case, from legal punishment.
From these abandon’d popish devotees,
If sent across the wide Atlantic Ocean,
To suffer Death if ever they return.

BANISHMENT.

Stan. Those harden’d traitors have lived much too long;
I ought to have slain them in the field of battle,
And do repent conducting of them here.
But in this Court of justice I must check
My ardent zeal and trust the weighty cause,
To calm deliberation and to law;
But my judgement of their just demerits,
Without the shadow of a doubt is DEATH.

Car. I feel a double weight devolve on me:
Your votes are equal—mine will turn the scale;
I’m sensible of their malignant deeds—
Should we award them DEATH, our consciences
Would rest serene and justify the act;
But weighty consequences ought to sway
Our judgements in the trial of this cause,
Not founded on the pris’nors feeble claims:
Mercy’s sublime and of an heavenly extract,
Conferring dignity on human nature,
Raising the soul with most refin’d delight
Towards the exalted station of the Angels,
While its beneficence diffusing round,
Creates a paradise in this bleak world:
O may this principle be foster’d here,
And always flourish with unfading lustre.
`Tis true some lives are lost in this rebellion,
The tragical effect of horrid War,
But providentially but few of ours.
This was in the noise and heat of battle,
And from assaying with deliberation
This weighty cause, in all its various parts,
The issue that preponderates in my mind, is

BANISHMENT. Sits down.

Car. rises again. The Court will be exceedingly oblig’d
To Captain Jones, to take the prisoners
On board this ship, and land them safe in England.
Jones. With all my heart, I’ll do you any favour.

Aller. Pris’ners, attend and harken to your doom;
You’re sentenc’d by this honorable Court
To a perpetual banishment of England—
Not to return again on pain of Death.

Car. The guard must have strict orders to convey
These guilty men safely on board the ship.

Stan. Sergeant of the guard, convey these traitors
Safely on board the ship, by a quick march.

Exit Capt. Jones, the guard and Prisoners.

Car. What cause of joy and gratitude to heaven,
For this most wonderful deliverance;
Perhaps this victory may be a prelude
Of halcyon days to our posterity.
It yields a satisfaction to my mind,
That we shall serve as humble “steping stones”
Ush’ring a numerous population here.
This country may become a paradise,
Compared to the oppressed states of Europe,
If but two principles can be maintain’d,
Unalt’rably like laws of Medes and Persians,
Equal taxation, in the strictest sense,
In a just ratio on all property,
And no monopolies of public land:
The forms of government or men that rule,
Are circumstances of a trifling nature,
Compared to these fundamental maxims.
[Which if observed will keep a Nation free…]\(^{33}\)

**Elder BREWSTER,**

Speaks to the persons on the Stage, near the front, his face towards the audience.

This Speech to serve as an

**EPILOGUE.**

Now the afflicting scene of war is o’er,
And the chief Traitor’s banish’d from our shore;
I feel a powr’ful impulse, to relate

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\(^{33}\) *Which if observed will keep a Nation free…*: This is the legible portion of a line that was handwritten into the 1802 typescript. An illegible phrase is indicated by the ellipsis. The 1804 typescript does not contain this handwritten line.
The future destinies of our new State. —
This infant settlement will soon increase,
And savage nations, sue to us for peace:
Before my sight, new towns successive come,
Emerging from the forest’s shady gloom:
The wond’ring natives, view the changing scene
Of rising domes and meadows cloath’d in green
Our son’s industrious, cultivate the soil,
And cheering hope alleviates their toil—
The trees prolific, proudly do display,
Their fruits to ripen in the blaze of day:
The sporting winds, rustling the bearded grain,
Of pliant stalks, that scarce their load sustain,
Beck’ning the swains that soon will reap the field,
And finds the harvest a rich treasure field.
The grateful kine\textsuperscript{34}, bring a rich tribute home,
Low’ning to make the modest milk maid come.
Below the hills, bright sol withdraws his light,
And shuts the beautious landscape from my sight.
Commerce will thrive, their ships the world explore,
And bring rich cargoes to our peaceful shore. —
Swiftly I move in my predicting mind,
And leave old time, near eight score years behind.
What do I see! what does this phalanx mean?
My pencil fails, to paint the hostile scene
Our sons seem all in arms! be still my fears,
For at their head a shining chief appears;
Wisdom and valor in his face, I see,
Hark!—WASHINGTON they shout, and Victory!
Why are our children vex’d with war’s alarms?
And their fields thus throng’d with shining arms?
The British Monarch envies their free state,
And sends vast armies here, to fix their fate;
Our Statesmen stand in view and heroes bold,
’Tis premature, their virtues to unfold;

\textsuperscript{34} \textit{kine}: Cows (an archaic plural).
In years to come, the faithful trump of fame,
Shall to a list'ning world, their deeds proclaim;
Destroying time, partial to such renown,
Will thro’ all ages hand the record down—
As sage Astronomers, with piercing eyes,
Thro’ telescopes survey the spangle’d skies,
And far beyond the ken of human sight,
In endless space are found new orbs of light:
So thro’ the shades of dark futurity,
The splendor’s of our unborn race, I see;
For now, the nineteenth century’s come in view,
And blessings on our country rise anew:
Philosophers and Statesmen I survey,
Guiding the Councils of America:
Such luminaries in our hemisphere,
Portend the great millenium is near
But the tir’d optic’s of the mind oppress’d,
With these refulgent scenes, retires to rest.

_Exeunt Omnes._

(Published 1802)

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**A Note on the Editors**

**Kaitlyn Bergstresser** is a graduate of Springfield College and the recipient of the 2017 “Outstanding Senior Award” from the college’s Department of Humanities. Bergstresser is currently pursuing a graduate degree at New England College.

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