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An Historical PAGEANT OF ILLINOIS



Book of Words

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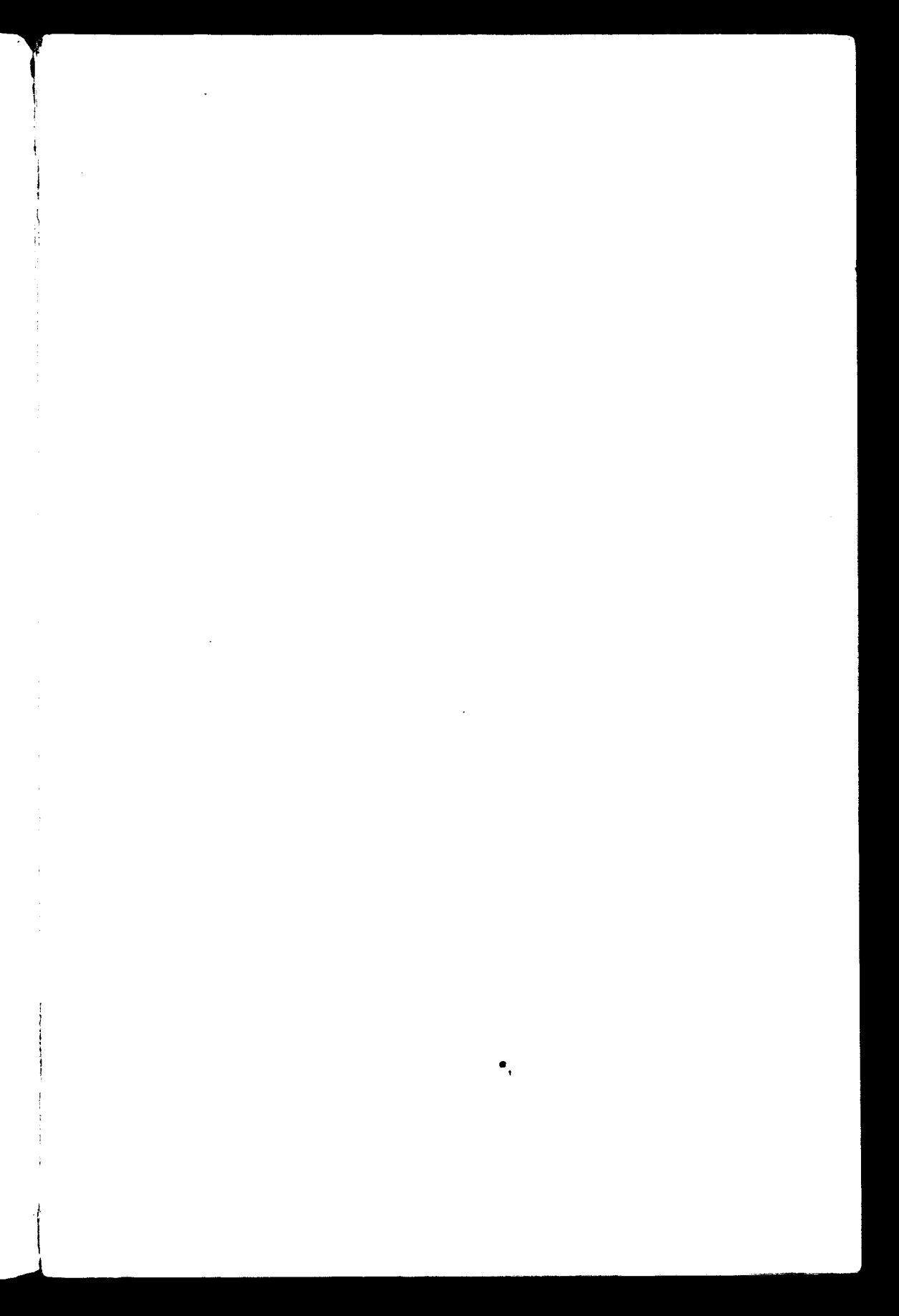
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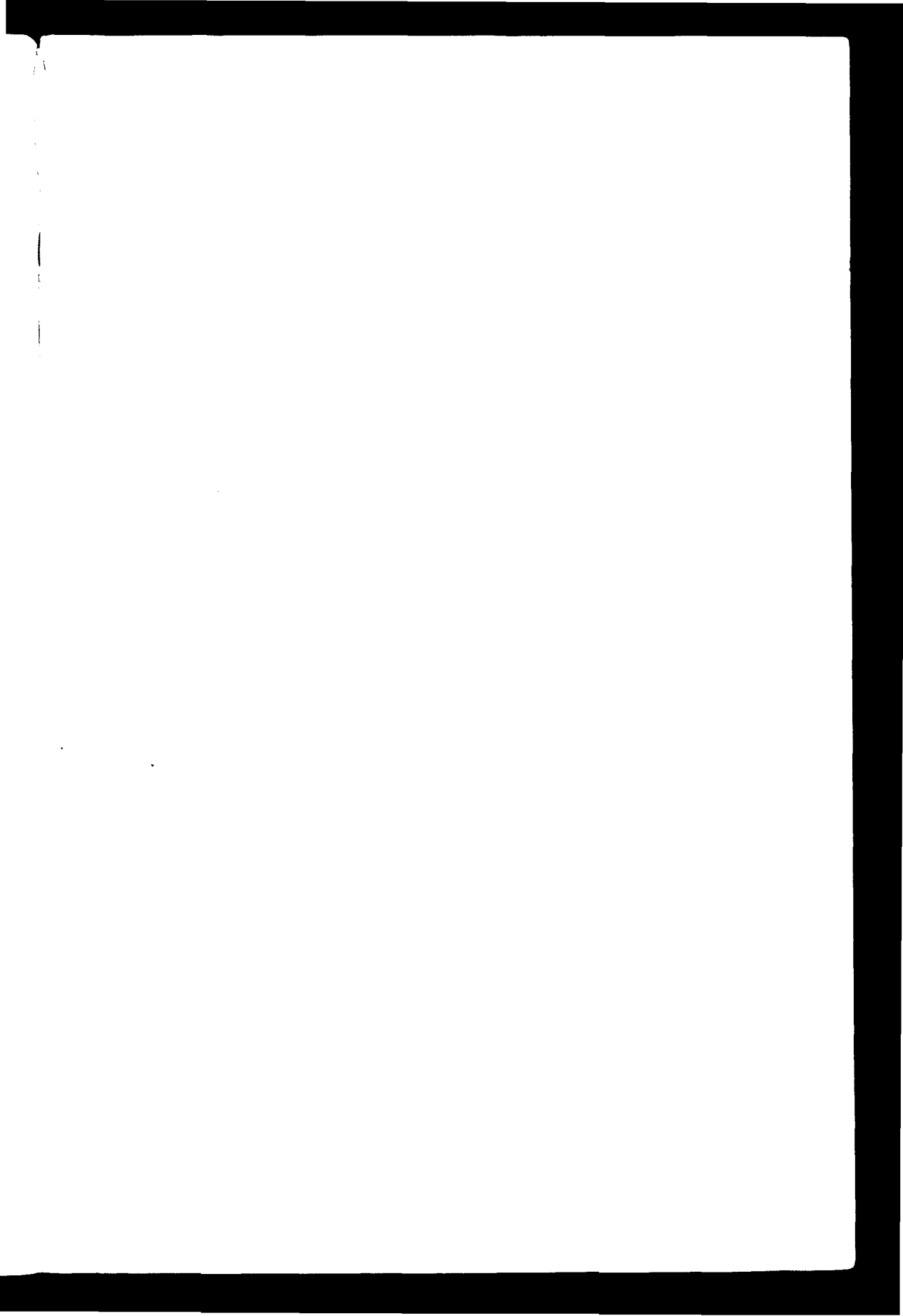
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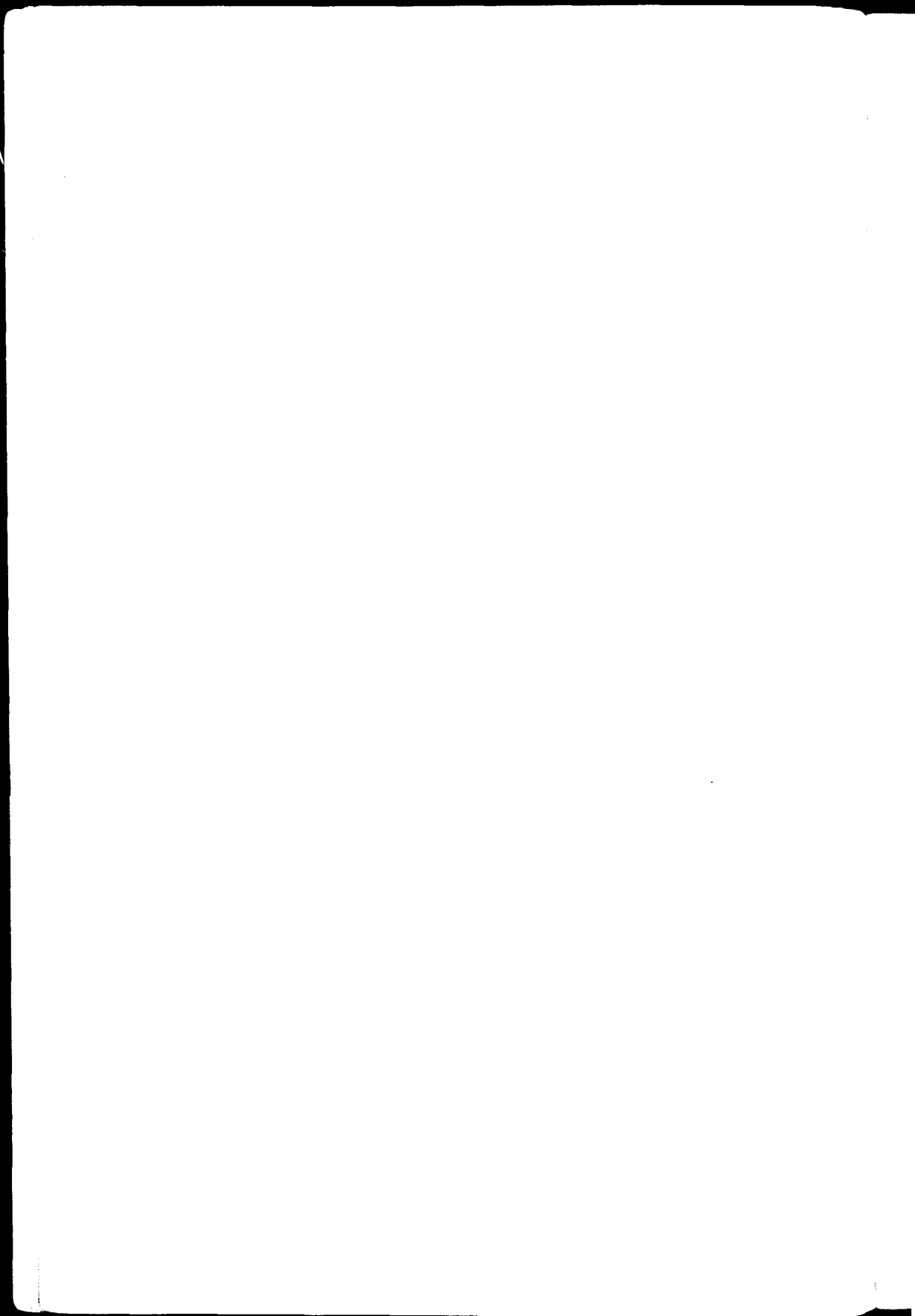
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*An Historical PAGEANT
OF ILLINOIS*



BOOK OF WORDS
AN HISTORICAL
PAGEANT
OF
ILLINOIS

by
Thomas Wood Stevens



Produced at
Northwestern University
October 7, 8, and 9, 1909
Benefit of
Northwestern University Settlement

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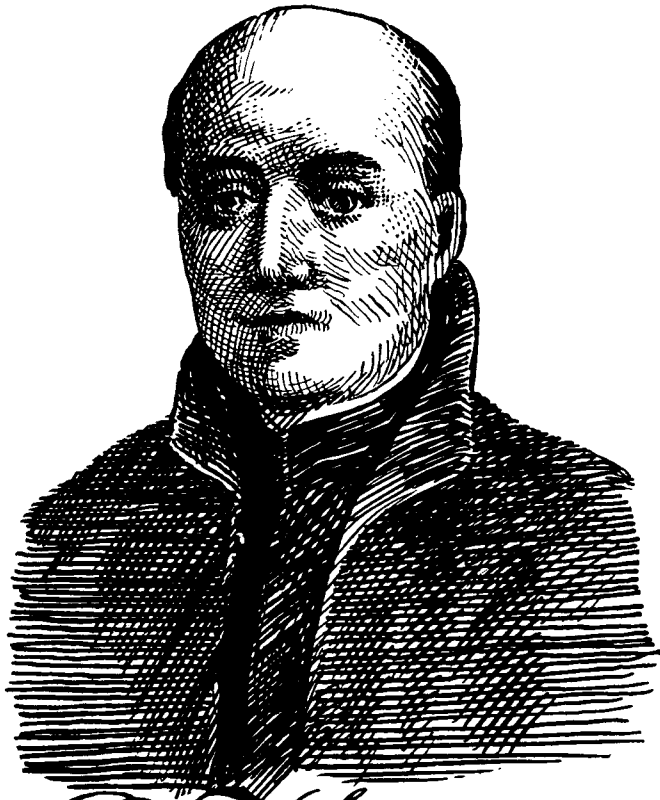
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THE ALDERBRINK PRESS
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*From a Painting in Montreal
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NOTE.—This pageant attempts to present, in a short space of time, a few of the most stirring events in the history of Illinois. As the number of scenes is necessarily limited, only such as may be considered turning points in the story of the State are chosen; and further than this, the choice is governed by the availability of the material for dramatic representation. It is comparatively easy to represent an event; it is difficult even to suggest the development of a commonwealth. Hence the swift culmination of a frontier struggle is preferred to the more important but slow and undramatic progress of civilization. As the early history is clearly the more readily adapted to the purposes of a pageant, no further justification for the emphasis on this period need be sought.

In most cases the event itself is so presented as to make clear its culmination rather than the diverse causes, many of them remote, which brought it about. To do this events which actually occurred during several successive days are frequently shown as taking place in a single scene; and frequently conversations are transplanted from place to place; such liberties have

their excuse in the compression which they bring about. It is probable that no single event of the pageant, with the necessary evident causes, could be literally shown just as it occurred, in a single evening.

Numerous authorities have been consulted and the effort has been to make the work as accurate as possible. In some cases the more picturesque tradition has been preferred to the literal record—as for instance when the story of the taking of Kaskaskia follows the tale as given in Denny's "Memoir," rather than the fact as it occurred; the tradition is full of the color of the times, and its place as a western hero-tale is established. Similarly, in the treatment of Tonty, a conversation is adapted from Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Story of Tonty"—a purely fictitious work—because it represents one of the best romantic fabrics that has yet been made of the material.

With this explanation the pageant is submitted as historical.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

White Cloud.	Donald Robertson.
The Great Sachem of the Illinois.	Mr. Mendenhall.
Council Chief of the Pottawatomies.	Mr. Fesler.
An Indian Messenger.	Mr. C. F. Poole.
Pere Marquette.	Rev. George Craig Stewart.
Louis Joliet.	Mr. Lawrence D. Ely.
Tonty.	Mr. Gibson.
An Indian Girl.	Miss Mary Doyle.
Nicolas Perrot.	Mr. Dalton.
The Mohegan Hunter.	Mr. Boynton.
La Salle.	Mr. Alfred H. Granger.

Hennepin, a Recollet Friar.	Mr. Pingrey.
Barbe Cavalier.	Miss Morland.
Nicanope, Chief of the Illinois.	Mr. Schilling.
Pontiac.	Mr. Laurence Hamilton.
An Illinois Chief.	Mr. F. J. Cowley.
Neyon, the French Commandant.	Mr. Jewell.
Rocheblave.	Prof. Baillot.
George Rogers Clark.	Prof. Lardner.
Pere Gibault.	Prof. Salvio.
Two Provosts of the Ball.	Mr. George Miller.
	Mr. Warner Coburn.
The Fiddler.	Mr. Edwin Stringham.
An Indian.	Dr. Hurlbut.
Mr. Raycliff.	Mr. H. H. Hoyt, Jr.
A Young French Lady.	Miss Ella McClary.
Captain Heald.	Rev. E. Reginald Williams.

Captain Wells.	Mr. Percy Eckhart.
Ensign Ronan.	Mr. Truman Brophy.
Mr. Kinzie.	Mr. R. R. Gilkey.
Black Partridge.	Mr. George Calkins.
Chief of Miamis.	Mr. Chester Brown.
Captain Stillman.	Mr. Cyril Courtney.
Blackhawk.	Mr. Laurence Hamilton.
Blackhawk's Messenger.	Mr. Cowley.
A Young Lady.	Miss Hazel Mackaye.
A Young Trooper.	Mr. Ralph Holmes.
A Soldier.	Mr. John Rice.
A Corporal.	Mr. Richard Babcock.
Lincoln.	Mr. Fentriss.
Blackbird, Chief of Pottawatomies.	Mr. Kieth.
Pioneers, Indians (men and women), American Soldiers, French Soldiers, Dancers, Habitants, Settlers, Rangers, etc.	



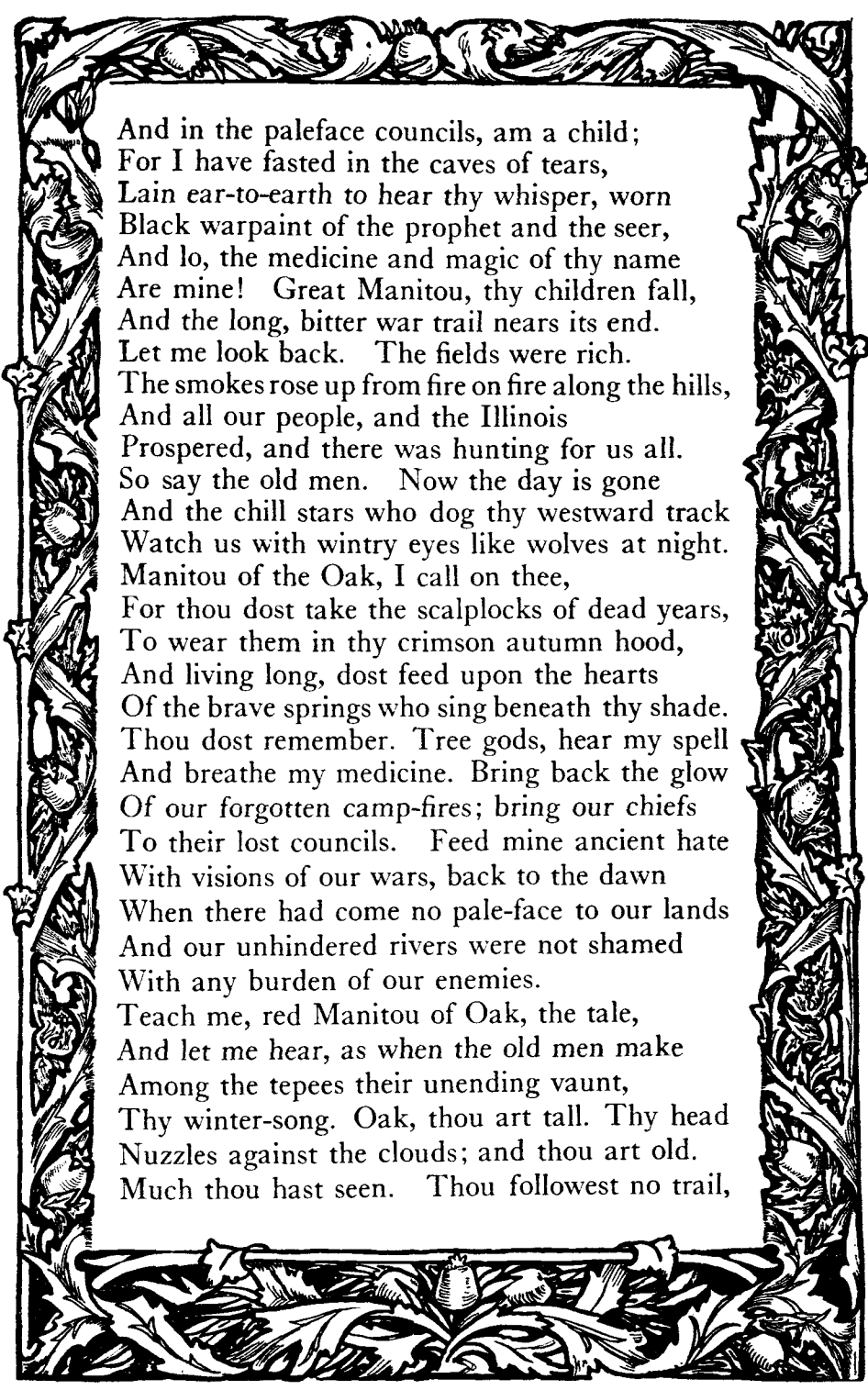
AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF ILLINOIS
SCENE ONE

A low chant is heard in the darkness, gradually drawing nearer, and closing with a sound of drums. The light grows clearer, and discloses the figure of White Cloud, the Prophet.

WHITE CLOUD



REAT MANITOU, WHO
LIVEST IN THE SUN,
WHOSE VOICE WE HEAR
AMID THE BATTLING
CLOUDS, SPIRIT WHO
MAD'ST THE WORLD
FROM THE RED CLAY,
And in the world the children of thy might,
I, Wau-ba-kee-shik, White Cloud, cry to thee:
For in my peoples' councils I am wise,



And in the paleface councils, am a child;
For I have fasted in the caves of tears,
Lain ear-to-earth to hear thy whisper, worn
Black warpaint of the prophet and the seer,
And lo, the medicine and magic of thy name
Are mine! Great Manitou, thy children fall,
And the long, bitter war trail nears its end.
Let me look back. The fields were rich.
The smokes rose up from fire on fire along the hills,
And all our people, and the Illinois
Prospered, and there was hunting for us all.
So say the old men. Now the day is gone
And the chill stars who dog thy westward track
Watch us with wintry eyes like wolves at night.
Manitou of the Oak, I call on thee,
For thou dost take the scalplocks of dead years,
To wear them in thy crimson autumn hood,
And living long, dost feed upon the hearts
Of the brave springs who sing beneath thy shade.
Thou dost remember. Tree gods, hear my spell
And breathe my medicine. Bring back the glow
Of our forgotten camp-fires; bring our chiefs
To their lost councils. Feed mine ancient hate
With visions of our wars, back to the dawn
When there had come no pale-face to our lands
And our unhindered rivers were not shamed
With any burden of our enemies.
Teach me, red Manitou of Oak, the tale,
And let me hear, as when the old men make
Among the tepees their unending vaunt,
Thy winter-song. Oak, thou art tall. Thy head
Nuzzles against the clouds; and thou art old.
Much thou hast seen. Thou followest no trail,

So thou rememberest. Oak, I bid thee speak,
I bid thy shadows clear. I bid the morn,
To burn anew—the red morn of our tribe.

As he ceases to speak, the light fades from White Cloud, and the fires of the council encampment begin to glow. The Indians arouse themselves, and make preparations for the Corn Dance; a long line of women bearing bundles of cut maize comes in; the smoke ascends from the altar of the Corn Manitou, and the chiefs commence the dance and the chant; then a second circle of the children is formed around the men; finally the women form their circle, outside of the children, and the dance continues, growing more animated; it ceases suddenly as the chant stops.

THE CORN CHANT

Kitchemanedo,
Master of Life
Made man of the pipe-clay
Alone;
Made woman of pipe-clay
To be his sister;
Made the corn for her lover,
Her lord,
Last wooer, first lover,
Her comfort and lord.
So hath the Master of Life,
Kitchemanedo
Sent us the corn.

As the chant stops, the Great Sachem of the Illinois enters, followed by his old men and warriors, and bearing the Calumet.

GREAT SACHEM

Am I welcome?

COUNCIL CHIEF OF THE
POTTAWATOMIES

We dance, all our people, for joy that you have come.

GREAT SACHEM

Your tribe is gathered for thanksgiving—for the Corn Dance. You enjoy a good harvest?

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our harvest has been rich. We have sent messengers to your great lodge with our tribute—the payment of the seed-corn.

GREAT SACHEM

The calumet goes round, and your people dance, and the harvest is full. But in the southward country our brothers are at war. The Iroquois and the Miamis band against us. The peaceposts are blackened. We must help our brothers.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our young men shall take bows and axes, and cut down your enemies as the winter cuts down the dried corn.

GREAT SACHEM

So you have sworn upon the sacred fire and the red earth; and you have exchanged with us the calumets. But now, against the Miamis, we have a new war, for

the pale-faces from beyond the mountains have given to our foes their weapons of fire and thunder, and the Miamis drive our warriors before them as the red deer run before the hunting of the wolves.

COUNCIL CHIEF

We have heard of these pale men. They are manitous.

GREAT SACHEM

This is light talk, this talk of manitous. But their medicine is strange and powerful. They smile, and speak of love, and the friendship they bear us, but their thunders slay us from the thickets. There are pale-faces of two kinds, good and evil; the good are to be taken into our lodges, for they are wise; the evil ones are death; so much we know. Your young men must be resolute.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Why should not we also seek the palefaces and learn their witchcraft; it is folly of us to die and be no wiser.

GREAT SACHEM

Soon enough we shall learn it.

A messenger enters and stands before the Great Sachem.

What word do you bring us, young man with feet like the wind?

MESSENGER, pointing southward.

The Black-Gown.

A number of Indian children come running in after the messenger, looking behind

*them. All eyes turn in that direction.
After a slight pause, Marquette enters,
followed by Joliet and five Frenchmen,
bearing packs and canoes.*

MARQUETTE

I am welcome?

GREAT SACHEM

I thank thee, Black-Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for the labor of your coming. Never shone the sun so tenderly as to-day; never rustled the ripe corn so pleasantly as now, since you are with us. Our river, that was so angry at the rocks which chafed it, flows calm and silent, since the canoes of the white men have passed. Behold, Black-Gown, I give thee my little son, that thou mayest know my heart. Thou art beloved of the Great Spirit. Ask him to cherish me and my people.

MARQUETTE, *to Joliet.*

Here, Louis, is my mission.

JOLIET

In all our travels, we have seen no chief so gracious, no people so well favored for the work of the Church. It may be, father, thou art right.

GREAT SACHEM

Black-Gown, one medicine I ask of thee. The pale-faces have given their thunder weapons to our enemies, the Miamis. Give us also weapons, that we may defend our lodges and our women.

MARQUETTE

If I gave you weapons you would kill the Miamis who are my children also.

GREAT SACHEM

We would defend our hunting grounds.

MARQUETTE

I bring you another word, my son—a word of peace.

The Great Sachem turns aside to consult with his old men, and Marquette makes a sign to his followers, who go off, all save Joliet, who comes forward with the Jesuit.

MARQUETTE

Louis, my friend, I have come to the end of my journey. Thou hast been to me the trustiest shield, the cheeriest comrade. I have loved thee well, and while yet I live thy name shall not fail from my prayers. But here thou art to leave me.

JOLIET

While yet thou livest. What does that mean, father?

MARQUETTE

We have passed over many streams, and many portages. We have seen the Great River, and the Pictured Rocks, and the lake of the Illinois. No other Frenchman has seen them. Behold, how great a field for the Church, how wide a domain for the Cross. Louis, I have before me the task of my destiny, and I must not shrink.

JOLIET

Nor do I shrink, father. I will stay with thee.

MARQUETTE

Nay, my son. I have seen thine eyes wet when our carriers sang their songs of France. I have seen thee

wistful, even to tears, when we have spoken of Quebec, the home thou didst leave to come with me. No, Louis. Thou shalt go on. I will remain. It is only for a little while.

JOLIET

It is true, I have longed for home.

MARQUETTE

I knew it, Louis.

THE GREAT SACHEM, *coming forward again.*

Black-Gown, dost thou refuse the weapons to me and my people?

MARQUETTE, *going back to the group of carriers, who have brought in a great cross of white birch wood.*

My children, I have for you no weapons. I desire that you shall live at peace with the Miamis, and the Iroquois, and all the forest people.

GREAT SACHEM

Then I and my tribes are to be slain, and thou wilt do nought to help us?

MARQUETTE

I will bring you my faith, as my brothers have taken it to the Miamis.

A threatening murmur arises among the Indians, and some of the young men move toward Marquette.

GREAT SACHEM

And will thy faith shield us from our foes ?

MARQUETTE

Yea, truly it will, for it is the faith of peace, and love.
Behold, here I set up this cross for a sign.

GREAT SACHEM

The rains will rot it down, and the snows will cover it.

MARQUETTE

Not so, for it shall be in your hearts.

*He leans heavily on Joliet's shoulder, and
it is seen that he is very weak in body.*

GREAT SACHEM

Thy medicine, Black-Gown, means nothing to us. We
wish to know thee and thy Manitou; we were ready to
be thy children, and thou dost offer us a sign of birch
wood.

MARQUETTE

I bring you more than a sign, for I bring you truth. I
will teach you of the life that dies not, and of the true
God, and of the Holy Church; I will teach you of the
creation, and the redemption, and of the Blessed Virgin;
I will make plain to you the law of Christ, which is the
law of love. Kneel down, all you who seek the truth.
Here I set the Cross, and here, while I may, I will abide.

*The Indians fall on their knees, as the
light gradually fades. At last only Pere
Marquette and the Great Sachem are left
standing; then the Indian kneels, and the
light fails wholly from the scene.*



SCENE TWO
WHITE CLOUD



PEACEFUL THE BLACK-GOWN
CAME. WE WELCOMED HIM.
HE TAUGHT HIS FAITH; WE
LISTENED AND WE LOVED.
FOR HE WAS PATIENT, BRAVE,
AND KIND. HE LIVES

In drowsy annals of our winter nights.
But those who followed in the Black-Gown's trail
Brought harsher magic and a hopeless war.
Seeking the paths that we had never trod
They searched the blue horizons for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas;
They spoke to us of mysteries, shoulder-wise
As they with tireless footsteps hastened on.
So the four hunters in our mystic tale
Pursue each year the bear who never dies,
And stain the leaves of autumn with his blood
Till all the oaks and maples flame with woe,
And the still snows come down on them like sleep;
But in the spring the bear awakes, his wounds
Healed, and the hunters take their bows and strike
The chase that follows through the fruitless years.

La Salle, and Tonty of the Iron Hand,
Great Captains in this idle paleface quest,
Came hither long ago, and claimed the ground
For some old king beyond the sunrise. These
Were strong-heart men, these finders of the way
Who hunted the great rivers to their ends,—
Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold,
Wan children of the sheltered lodges, these
Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes
And trod our trails out with intrepid feet,
The Captains of the white man's outer march.

*The lights come up gradually, showing
the village of the Illinois asleep, and
Tonty's party encamped among them.
Tonty, alone, watches by Marquette's cross.*

TONTY

How strange a service is this, that I must watch by a
Christian cross that was set here in the wilderness by
our enemies. The wood may yield to us; the rivers
may give up their secrets; but the hatred of those behind
us will not abate. My Captain, this is a great endeavor,
and we have fought hard in it, but the battle is not won.
Little men bark at your heels for a few beaver pelts;
but you look forward and see an empire. So be it.
Your vision is mine, La Salle.

*Enter, an Indian Girl, Omawha's
daughter.*

THE GIRL

Iron Hand.

TONTY

Princess.

THE GIRL

Man with the Iron Hand, I have this to tell you. Turn back, for you and your chief are betrayed.

TONTY

My chief never turns back.

THE GIRL

You must all die if you go on. There has been council-talk in the dark.

TONTY

Tell me of this council-talk.

THE GIRL

The Miami, Monso, came last night. He spoke long to our old men. He brought presents from the Iroquois. He said the Sieur de la Salle would break our tribe in his hand, if our people let him pass. He said the Black-Gowns sent him, and the Iroquois. Turn back, Man-with-the-Hand-of-Iron, or our chiefs will slay you all. I have spoken.

TONTY

This is girl's talk.

THE GIRL

This is true-talk, Iron-Hand.

She starts away from him.

TONTY

Stop, Princess, and tell me why?

She runs out, and is gone. Tonty turns to arouse his followers. It is now full day, and the village is waking up.

Rouse yourself, Jolycœur. The Sieur de la Salle will soon be here from the portage.

NICOLAS PERROT (called Jolycœur.)

Who was that talking, Tonty?

TONTY

A young squaw.

NICOLAS PERROT

What did she want?

TONTY

She came to me about you.

NICOLAS PERROT

About me? Well, what did the young woman want of me?

TONTY

She wanted to buy you, knowing you were good for nothing to me, to keep the dogs away from her children.

NICOLAS PERROT

Tonty, I'm not one to endure insult forever.

TONTY

Listen to me, Nicolas Perrot. I have heard your complaints, and your treasons; heard them long enough.

I say nothing to Monsieur de la Salle, but I warn you.
That is all.

Enter an Indian Messenger, the Mohegan.

What word, Mohegan?

THE MOHEGAN

Monsieur de la Salle is come, Iron Hand.

TONTY

Fall in line, men.

The Frenchmen of Tonty's party are drawn up in a line. The Indians of the village gather to see La Salle's party, the chiefs grouped together at the back of the stage.

Enter La Salle, followed by Hennepin, Barbe Cavelier, and the men of the party.

THE MEN OF TONTY'S
PARTY, *cheering ironically.*

Welcome to the Sieur de la Salle!

La Salle salutes them coldly, and goes over to Tonty, laying his hands on his shoulder.

LA SALLE

All has been well with you, Tonty?

TONTY

All has been well, my Captain.

LA SALLE

I thank God for that.

TONTY

I have information for you. Let me give it before you meet the council.

La Salle and Tonty walk aside, talking earnestly, while Hennepin and Barbe come up.

HENNEPIN

But for my roving disposition, mademoiselle, I should never have come out here to your uncle's estate. It's a great park he has, but I caution you—you must not expect too much of his chateau. It does not keep up the state which the grounds might seem to promise.

BARBE

Father, I do not like anyone to rail at my uncle.

HENNEPIN

I must rail at something, my child. Your uncle can bear it as well as another.

BARBE

Where are we to be lodged, father?

HENNEPIN, *beckoning to Tonty, while La Salle speaks with the chiefs.*

Signor Tonty, here's a lady pestering me with questions. Now as I have brought her out here, at her uncle's wish, to marry her off to you, I hold that you should be the one to reply.

Tonty comes forward.

BARBE

Keep your distance, Monsieur Tonty. I will not be given away without consideration by anyone.

TONTY

It is true that I have the word of your uncle, Monsieur de la Salle.

BARBE

I am told that this is true.

TONTY

Mademoiselle, I have not the experience to know how one should approach one's betrothed. I was never married before.

BARBE

It is my case also, monsieur.

TONTY

How do you like this land of the Illinois, Mademoiselle ?

BARBE

I am enchanted with it.

TONTY

You delight me when you say that. In a few days we shall come to our fort on the Rock of Saint Louis, mademoiselle.

BARBE

That will be very agreeable, monsieur.

TONTY

We often have hunting parties from the Rock. The country is full of game.

BARBE

It is pleasant to amuse oneself, monsieur.

TONTY

Mademoiselle, I hope this marriage is agreeable to you?

BARBE

Monsieur de Tonty, I have simply been flung at your head.

TONTY

I would I had more experience in matters like this, that I might not prove so distasteful to you, mademoiselle. But at the Fort Saint Louis there has been little thought of gallantry, and I am rusty with my bows and my manner of suing.

BARBE

This Fort Saint Louis of yours—is it a chateau on a mountain, monsieur?

TONTY

A stockade on a cliff, mademoiselle.

HENNEPIN, *coming down between them.*

The council begins. Your affairs move too slowly, my children.

He leads Barbe aside. The circle of the Indians is formed, and Tonty takes his place beside La Salle. Nicanope, the Illinois chief, rises to speak.

NICANOPE

My brothers, it is not alone that we may feast together that we meet here in our village. We would save you

from the dangers you do not understand. You have said that you wish to go down our river to the Great River, and even to the end of that Great River. You have given us presents, and we love you. So we tell you, this is not possible. For the River of the Mississippi belongs to the evil manitous; in its waters are terrible serpents, and on its shores are tribes who let none pass, but take all such as travel that way, and devour them. And if by your great valor you escape the serpents and the shore-clans, you will at last be swept into a great water-fall, which plunges downward into a gulf too deep to be measured. Do not go, my brothers, but turn back. The Great Manitou, the Master of Life, forbids it.

LA SALLE

My brother, did you not, only yesterday, promise my friend that you would help me to go down the Great River. Have the serpents and the water-fall, and all this danger, come up in the night?

NICANOPE

Yesterday, my brother, we did not know.

LA SALLE

I thank you for the friendly warning which your affection bids you utter. But we were not asleep last night when Monso came to tell you that we were spies of the Iroquois. The presents he gave you, that you might believe his lies, are at this moment buried under your council lodge. If he told you the truth, why did he skulk away in the dark? Even now, while I am speaking, could we not put your chiefs to death, if we so

willed? If you are our friends, our brothers, as you say, go after this Monso, and bring him back, that he may look me in the face. For I tell you, openly, that I will not turn back, now nor hereafter.

The chiefs gather around Nicanope, the circle breaking up and leaving the white men in a group at one side, the chiefs at the other, and La Salle and Tonty in the center. Perrot comes forward from the group of Frenchmen, and addresses La Salle.

PERROT

These are brave words, Monsieur de la Salle, but they are foolhardy as well. We believe what the Illinois have told us of this river, and we can not find it in our hearts to go forward.

LA SALLE

Nicolas Perrot, do you know that this is mutiny and treason?

PERROT

I know we can not go forward to our certain death merely to please you, monsieur. This is the wilderness of the Illinois, not the parade-ground of Fort Frontenac.

LA SALLE

Are there no faithful men?

Tonty comes up on one side of him, Hennepin on the other.

TONTY

You still have friends, my captain.

LA SALLE

Here, then is my answer. I speak as Saint Lusson spoke at Sault Sainte Marie, and loyal men will hear me to the end.

He draws his sword and steps forward, repeating solemnly the Proces Verbal de la Prise de Possession.

In the Name of the Most High, Mighty, and Redoubted Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this land of the Illinois, and of all countries, rivers, lakes and streams adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered, and those which shall be discovered hereafter, from the seas of the North and the West to the South Sea; declaring to the nations thereof that they are vassals of His Majesty, and bound to obey his laws; and I promise them on his part protection against the invasions of his enemies. I bind all his subjects in this dominion to his laws, and to the authority of those who govern in his name, on pain of incurring treason against His Most Christian Majesty. And I warn all others against seizure and infringement, on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms.
Vive le Roi!

Hennepin and Tonty kneel during the speech, and rise at the end of it, shouting,

TONTY AND HENNEPIN

Vive le Roi!

The men break away from Perrot, and swing over to La Salle, all save five.

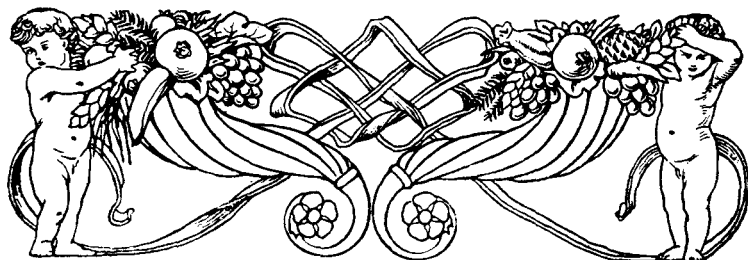
THE LOYAL MEN

Vive le Roi!

LA SALLE

Forward!

Perrot and his mutineers persist for a moment, gazing at La Salle; then their heads drop, and they return to their packs. The Indians stand together and watch the movement without any show of feeling. The Frenchmen take up their packs and canoes, and start down the trail. La Salle falls in behind them with Hennepin, Tonty with Barbe. As they pass from sight, two figures stand clear of the Indian group: Nicanope, who watches them in wonder, holding his calumet, and the girl, Omawha's daughter, who follows alone to the center of the stage, looking after Tonty; she stands for a moment, irresolute, her back to the audience, and her hands over her face, weeping. Then she turns slowly and goes back to the lodge. The lights fade from the stage, and White Cloud again appears.



SCENE THREE
WHITE CLOUD



O COLD THIS CAPTAIN WAS—
LA SALLE, WHO BURNED
IN SECRET WITH INDOMI-
TABLE FLAME.
OUR PEOPLE KNEW, FOR WE
COULD UNDERSTAND

A heart which never showed how deep its wounds,
How grave its causes—we, the red folk, knew.
But there were little men of his own clan
Whose hate could never sleep; they tracked him down.
And after him the winters and the springs
Danced round the camp fire of the shifting sun;
And braves, just come of age to hunt and woo
When Tonty of the Iron Hand was here,
Grew old, and sage, and died at last of years
Before another chieftain lived whom I,
The Prophet, raise to honour with my spells:
And when he came, he was an Ottawa,
A man of mine own race, who loved his land
And dared to battle with the robbers twain,
England and France, who bargained, field by field
Our ancient hunting grounds away. This chief

Was Pontiac, the last of our high sachems.
And even now I hear his drums resound,
See his great war-belt swinging in the lodge,
And answer, in my heart, his dauntless call.

The scene is still the village of the Illinois; eighty-five years have elapsed since the last episode, and the Illinois now gather, unwillingly enough, to hear the demands of Pontiac, who, after his defeats in the East, comes to rally the western tribes to resist the cession of the land to the English. The lights appear on the council, as Pontiac enters.

PONTIAC

My children, as I have spoken before, so now I speak. This war is for the lives of our people, and the land which the Giver of Light made for our heritage. Listen to my speech, which is true-talk. The English say that the French have given them the land. But this could never be, since we have never sold our land. My children, our father, the French king, sleeps, and the English have seized his forts and his houses. But when the French king wakes—what then?

AN ILLINOIS CHIEF

We have heard all this, Pontiac. We own the land. We hate the English. But the English are very strong. What do you require of us.

PONTIAC

First, I give you these presents, that you may know my friendship.

Pontiac's people bring forward some bales, and among other things, a large cask of brandy. He then produces a great war-belt, which he holds up before him as he speaks.

I require of you now some swift and true messengers, that I may send this belt to call together my people. Behold, in it are woven the totems of all my tribes and all my villages. Your messengers shall carry this, with my war call.

Four Indians step forward to act as messengers.

PONTIAC, *to the four.*

Take now my great war-belt, and go down your river and the Mississippi; wherever there is smoke of a village, stop and carry my word. Say that I, Pontiac, will drive back the English from the North and East, and let them hold back those who came from the South; let the rivers be closed; let no canoe of the English pass, but sink it with lead and with arrows. I have spoken. You, who carry my war-belt, be faithful.

AN ILLINOIS CHIEF

We have given you messengers, brother, but our warriors cannot help you in the East and the North. We are a peaceful folk, and our harvests have been poor, and our strength wanes. We cannot war against the English.

PONTIAC

Then I will bring upon you my Ottawas, and the Miamis, and the Iroquois—all those who have hated

you. I will burn up your people and your tepees, as the fire eats the dried grass of the prairies.

AN OLD CHIEF

Our father, the commander of the French, will soon be here. Let us speak in peace until he comes.

PONTIAC

My father, the French king, will help me when I am ready. I will not wait. I ask of you now, my warriors, that the war song begin; for if you fail me, you shall surely die.

One of Pontiac's men seats himself on the ground and begins beating a drum. His people throw off their blankets and prepare for the war-dance. The cask of brandy is broached, and the drink is handed round. A murmur of the rising war-song is heard. Enter Neyon, French commandant, with troops. Pontiac proffers him a belt of wampum.

PONTIAC

Father, with this belt I open your ears that you may hear. I bring you this war belt, that you may know I have not forgotten to hate the enemies of the French and the black cloud that is over us all. I ask you, for the last time, that you will aid us against the English. Or, if you will not do this, give us powder and lead and we will raise the hatchet alone, for we know that the French king is old, and has slept, but now he is awake again and we may sweep the English from our lands.

NEYON

Pontiac, our hands are tied. Our father, the French king, has forbidden us to injure the English. With this paper he has forbidden us, and we dare not disobey. If you and your tribes are wise, you will cease this warfare and bury your hatchet forever, since our father, the king of the French, has given this land to the English.

PONTIAC

Father, the French king could not give our lands. He did not own our lands.

NEYON

With this paper our hands are tied. Untie this knot and we will aid you.

PONTIAC

You tell me the French king has yielded to the English—that his scalp hangs in their lodge? Yet you hold in your hands my war-belt.

NEYON

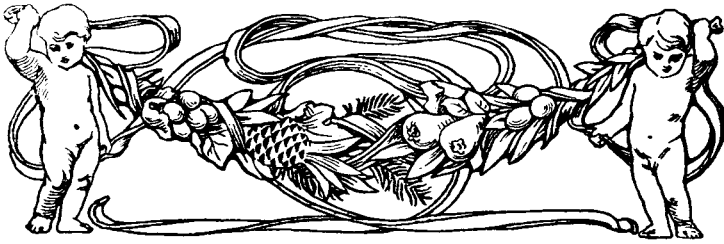
I give you back your war-belt. Pontiac, our friendship is over.

PONTIAC

I, too, here drop from my hands the chain of our friendship. Take my defiance, Frenchmen. Against you, as against the English, my people will fight forever. This belt you have scorned, but I have sent from me another, woven with the totems of seven and forty tribes. By that belt I defy you—I and all my warriors.

During the last speeches the Illinois have been crowding around the brandy cask, behind Pontiac. At the last words, he draws himself up by the cask; a brave from the group around the barrel lurches forward, clings to Pontiac for a moment, then falls at his feet. There is a noise of drunken laughter. Neyon gives an order to his men, and they file out, leaving Pontiac staring at the figure at his feet. As he turns toward the Indians they break into laughter and loud yells and rush off in the opposite direction from that which Neyon has taken. Pontiac goes over to the cask and tips it over. It is empty. The lights disappear from the stage, and in the gloom the Indians remove their encampment.

INTERMISSION.



SCENE FOUR
WHITE CLOUD



LET NOW THE MOONS CHANGE
SWIFTLY, AND THE SPRINGS
SCATTER THE SNOWS WITH
THEIR RETURNING FEET.
AND LET THE YEARS DEPART.
I MOURN THEM NOT.

Great Pontiac died, and for his mighty life
A vengeance fell upon the Illinois;
Keener than prairie winds, it licked them up,
And all their treasons passed, like scalps that hang
Unprized amid the tepees' dust and smoke;
For Pontiac, though his war-belt fell apart,
And in his death was nothing glorious,
Loved well his land and folk, and hated well
The spoilers of his nation. Peace to him,
And fortunate hunting in the woods of Death.
The Frenchmen passed; they were our friends and
brothers;
The English followed, and were foes to us.
And last the Long Knives, folk we never knew,
And never loved, and never understood.
They seized our soil, and with unresting plows

Made our broad prairies burn with yellow grain;
So they grow rich, while we slink in and out,
Poor ghosts of an unwelcome past. Behold
How first they came, with Clark in the still night;
And how, in the fulfillment of our people's hate
Long afterward, we found the war-path clear,
And the white beaches crimsoned at our tread.

Kaskaskia, a grove in the village. Laughing groups of habitants, in festal array, come in with flowers to decorate the scene of the dance. They bring two small canopied booths, which are set up, one at each side of the stage, for refreshments and for the fiddler. At the back of the stage they erect a floral arch or doorway, through which, as soon as it is set up, come the two Provosts of the ball, who are to be the masters of ceremony. They instantly set to work ordering the guests, marshalling the girls along the left side of the stage, and the men along the right, enforcing their authority in the most courteous manner with verbal instructions. The scene is to be carried by all concerned in a key of decorous gayety.

THE PROVOSTS, seating the
guests in order.

Pray you, monsieur,—pray you, mademoiselle.

Enter Commandant Rocheblave, with a guest, a young Englishman, dressed in the height of fashion.

THE PROVOSTS

Welcome to you, monsieur le Commandant. We are honored supremely.

ROCHEBLAVE

Gentlemen, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raycliff.

A PROVOST

We are enchanted. Monsieur Raycliff is an Englishman?

MR. RAYCLIFF

A traveller.

ROCHEBLAVE

We are all in the English service, Mr. Raycliff. At your service.

THE PROVOSTS

By your permission, monsieur le Commandant, the dance may begin?

Rocheblave nods, and the Provosts confer aside. A coureur de bois enters, and goes immediately to the Commandant.

THE COUREUR

Captain, I beg to report—

ROCHEBLAVE

Wait till the dance is begun. I have a guest—

THE COUREUR

It is in haste. The Long Knives are up the river in force. They are coming down upon us, I am told.

MR. RAYCLIFF

Long Knives?

ROCHEBLAVE

The Americans, he means. I have heard this tale before. It is not possible.

THE COUREUR

I have reported, monsieur le Commandant. They say that Clark commands them—Clark of Virginia.

Mr. Raycliff is visibly alarmed. Rocheblave comforts him.

ROCHEBLAVE

Be off, you'll alarm the ladies.

Exit the coureur de bois.

These tales come every day. We no longer pay attention, Mr. Raycliff.

Enter the Fiddler. General murmur of approval. Rocheblave and his guests take seats and the Provosts select the dancers, inviting them forward and lining them up at the back, in couples. Seven couples have thus been called forward. The Provost at the right selects a young Frenchman; the Provost on the left selecting a young lady. The man comes forward, but the lady stands still, very proud and rebellious.

THE PROVOST

Pray you, mademoiselle.

THE YOUNG LADY

No, monsieur le Provost, I will not dance.

THE PROVOST

Mademoiselle, the gavotte waits; monsieur attends.

A gesture at the waiting swain.

THE YOUNG LADY

It is not that I have been two years chosen queen of the king's balls. It is that I do not choose.

THE PROVOST

This is most unusual, mademoiselle. Most unusual.

THE YOUNG LADY

I do not choose to dance with the gentleman you have called. Besides, Monsieur le Commandant has a guest. Do the honored provosts know that he does not dance?

THE PROVOST, *speechless*
with rage:

Mademoiselle!

THE YOUNG LADY

I have not heard the Provosts inquire of the guest. I do not know he does not wish to dance. Why not ask him? I will wait.

ROCHEBLAVE, *coming forward:*

Monsieur le Provost. I have a guest. May I beg for him the honor of a dance?

Turns to the rejected partner.

Monsieur, you place me perpetually in your debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to my guest, Mr. Raycliff. Again I thank you.

The Provost leads Mr. Raycliff forward, and presents him. The young lady makes him a deep bow, makes an ironical curtsey to the Provost, and the dance begins. The crowd has gathered, till the sides of the stage are crowded with guests, settlers, soldiers, and Indians. At the back, however, there is still an open space, through which the shadowy figures of Clark's men can be seen marching past, their rifles in their hands.

Enter, unnoticed, George Rogers Clark, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel, except that his boots are missing, and he wears moccasins. When the figure of the dance permits, he saunters over and leans against the tree, right center.

An Indian, who has been sitting on the ground leaning against the tree, spies him and darts out, standing straight before him for an instant. Then the Indian whirls suddenly, and runs over to Rocheblave.

THE INDIAN

The Long Knives!

THE COUREUR DE BOIS

Rushing in center.

The Americans! We are surrounded.

ROCHEBLAVE

Coming down to confront Clark.

Silence. Who are you, sir?

CLARK

Colonel Clark, at your service.

At the words the crowd is seized with terror, and everything is in confusion. Women scream, men shout, and in the distance the war-whoop of the Indians is heard.

ROCHEBLAVE

By whose authority do you come here?

CLARK

By the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. You are surrounded, Captain. Your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE

Insolence! Men, this gentleman is our prisoner.

As the French soldiers move forward, the Americans rush in and surround Clark, threatening the others with swords and pistols.

CLARK

Gentlemen, I pray you, continue your entertainment. I speak for the Governor of Virginia. Monsieur Rocheblave, I must again demand your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE

I will not surrender my garrison to your night-prowlers. I will not—

CLARK

Put this man under guard. Disarm him. Search the town, and bring me all the Britishers you find. I'll

know whether we are to be openly defied or not. Let all keep within their houses, on pain of death, till I order otherwise.

The guests have been departing hastily during the scene, the men conducting the ladies out. Clark watches them go, his face lowering. At the last, the fiddler comes over to him, bows humbly, and offers his greeting.

THE FIDDLER

Monsieur the new Commandant, I trust you will not forget me, when you desire that there shall be a dance, for the people of the post.

CLARK

I shall call on you, Monsieur.

Enter Pere Gibault.

PERE GIBAULT, *frightened
but intent upon his duty.*

Is this the American commander?

CLARK, *severely.*

I am Colonel Clark, at your service.

PERE GIBAULT

I am a man of peace, monsieur le Commandant, and know nothing of your war. I speak for my people, who are loyal subjects. I am called Pere Gibault.

CLARK

I am glad to meet you, sir.

PERE GIBAULT

I have come to speak for my people. Everywhere they beg for their lives, and the village is mad with fear. Monsieur le Commandant, I must know what their fate is to be. Are they to be slaves of the Americans?

CLARK

You do not understand, Mr. Gibault. We have come to free these people, not to enslave them. They are to be citizens, not subjects. Mr. Gibault, ours is a war for liberty, for justice. I must have order among your people. But they are free, now, as they never were before.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not to be driven from their homes by your "Long Knives?"

CLARK

Certainly not.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not even to lose their property?

CLARK

Not a penny.

PERE GIBAULT

Tell me, Monsieur Colonel Clark, are they to be allowed to come to worship as they were?

CLARK

We have nothing to do with churches, save to defend them from insult. By the laws of Virginia, your religion has as great privileges as any other.

PERE GIBAULT

Monsieur Clark, my son, I am overwhelmed at your kindness. I am already, in my heart, a citizen of Virginia. I must tell my people.

He starts to go, but returns.

Though I know nothing of the temporal business, I can give them some advice, in the spiritual way, that shall be conducive to your cause. God bless you, Monsieur Clark.

Exit Pere Gibault.

The fiddler comes back, having lingered.

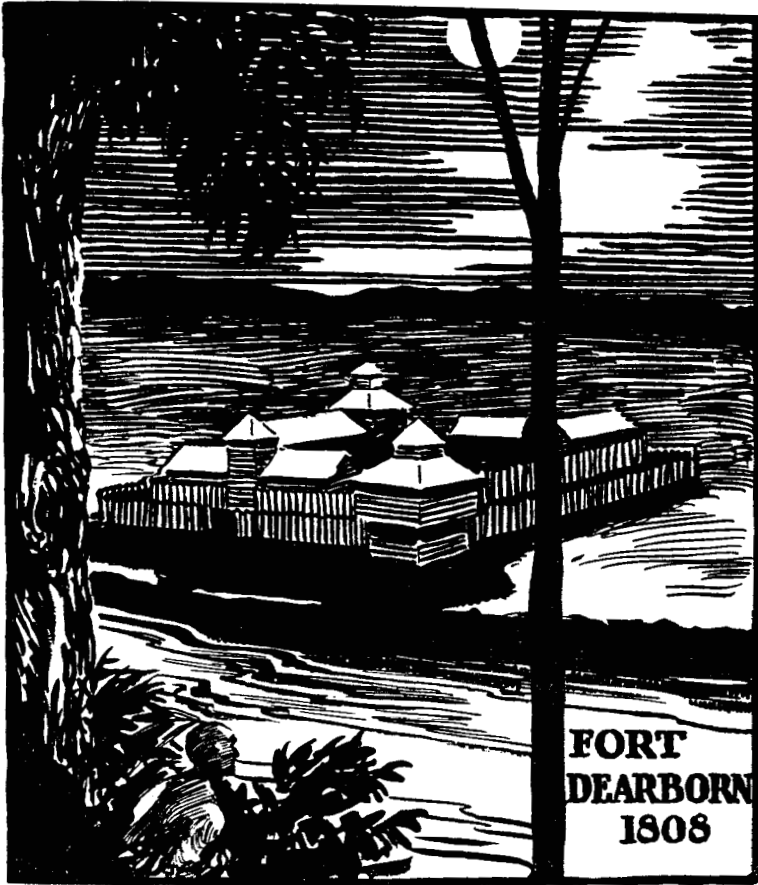
THE FIDDLER

I see that it will be necessary for me to play to-night. Our people will want music. I hear them already singing.

CLARK

You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings.

As he speaks, the townspeople flock back, cheering and exultant. They cross the stage and go on, taking Clark with them.



SCENE FIVE

*Parade-Ground before Fort Dearborn.
Captain Heald and Lieutenant Ronan
appear, with Mr. Kinzie; the Captain
replying to the trader's protest against
leaving the fort.*

CAPTAIN HEALD

I understand your objections, sir, and I know that it

is only their love for you and your family that holds the Indians to their pledge.

KINZIE

I fear it will not hold them.

CAPTAIN HEALD

Mr. Kinzie, your advice was doubtless good, but my orders were positive. I must evacuate the fort, and I have been ordered to give out the supplies to the Indians. The goods have been distributed. We have no stores, and must move. The Pottawatomies have promised us an escort, and I believe they will furnish it.

KINZIE

I advised you against the delivery of arms, ammunition and liquor.

CAPTAIN HEALD

I have taken your advice, and had the arms destroyed and the liquor poured into the river.

KINZIE

Secretly? Your treaty with them is broken, as you know, by the action.

CAPTAIN HEALD

Secretly.

KINZIE

Captain Heald, I have to tell you that the Indians know of the destruction of the arms, and that even now they are drunk with the whiskey they have lapped up from the river.

ENSIGN RONAN

That puts a cap to our folly, sir. We shall be shot down like cattle.

CAPTAIN HEALD

Are you afraid, sir?

ENSIGN RONAN

No, sir. I can march where you dare not. But I do not hope to escape.

KINZIE

If you must move, it is better that it be done at once. The news you had has reached the tribes as well. They know that war has been declared, and that the British have taken Mackinac.

Enter Black Partridge.

BLACK PARTRIDGE

Father, I come to deliver to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our friendship; but our young men are resolved to imbrue themselves in the blood of the white people. I can not restrain them. I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy.

He gives the medal to Captain Heald, who tosses it contemptuously to Ensign Ronan. Kinzie, understanding the Indian's motive, shakes hands with him, silently. Black Partridge goes out.

ENSIGN RONAN

There is your last word, Captain.

MR. KINZIE

How much ammunition has been saved?

CAPTAIN HEALD

Twenty-five rounds to the man.

MR. KINZIE

And we have as many women and children to take safely to Fort Wayne!

CAPTAIN HEALD

The start from the fort is to be made at once. Gentlemen, our escort is in sight.

They look off to the right, where the Pottawatomies are expected, and turn back toward the Block House. At the same time, Captain Wells enters from the left, at the head of a band of Miamis. Captain Wells is on horseback.

CAPTAIN HEALD

You have come just in time, Captain. We need you.

CAPTAIN WELLS

Is it true, sir, as Winamac has told me, that you intend to evacuate the fort?

CAPTAIN HEALD

The order has been given.

CAPTAIN WELLS

Do you realize that you have no chance to survive this march? By Heaven, sir, you will all be cut down. Can we not stay and defend the fort?

CAPTAIN HEALD

We have no provisions. All is in readiness for the start.

Captain Wells dismounts.

What are you going to do?

CAPTAIN WELLS

I was reared among the Miamis, Captain. There is much of the red man in me. I am going to my death, and our old custom is to blacken the face when there is no hope. I must do that, and then I am ready.

The white men go into the fort, passing around the block-house.

The Pottawatomies enter from the right, Blackbird leading. They form and wait. Captain Wells reappears at the head of his Miamis, his face blackened with wet powder. The Dead March is played, and the garrison marches out, swinging around the stage and going off to the southward, left. The regulars follow the Miamis, the militiamen come after the regulars; after them the women and children, Mr. Kinzie walking beside the wagons; at the close, Ensign Ronan with a rear-guard, and the Miami chief, with a few of his men. Blackbird's men fall in beside the procession, and he himself rides along the lines. The Dead March continues to the end of the movement. As the last wagon is about to disappear,

a distant shot is heard, and a shout from the southward. The rear-guard halts. Captain Wells comes riding back, shouting.

CAPTAIN WELLS

We are surrounded. Charge!

Blackbird comes riding back along his lines, ordering his men to lie flat and fire. The Miami chief rides over to him, speaks defiantly, though his words can not be heard for the shouting, and rides off, right, taking his men with him.

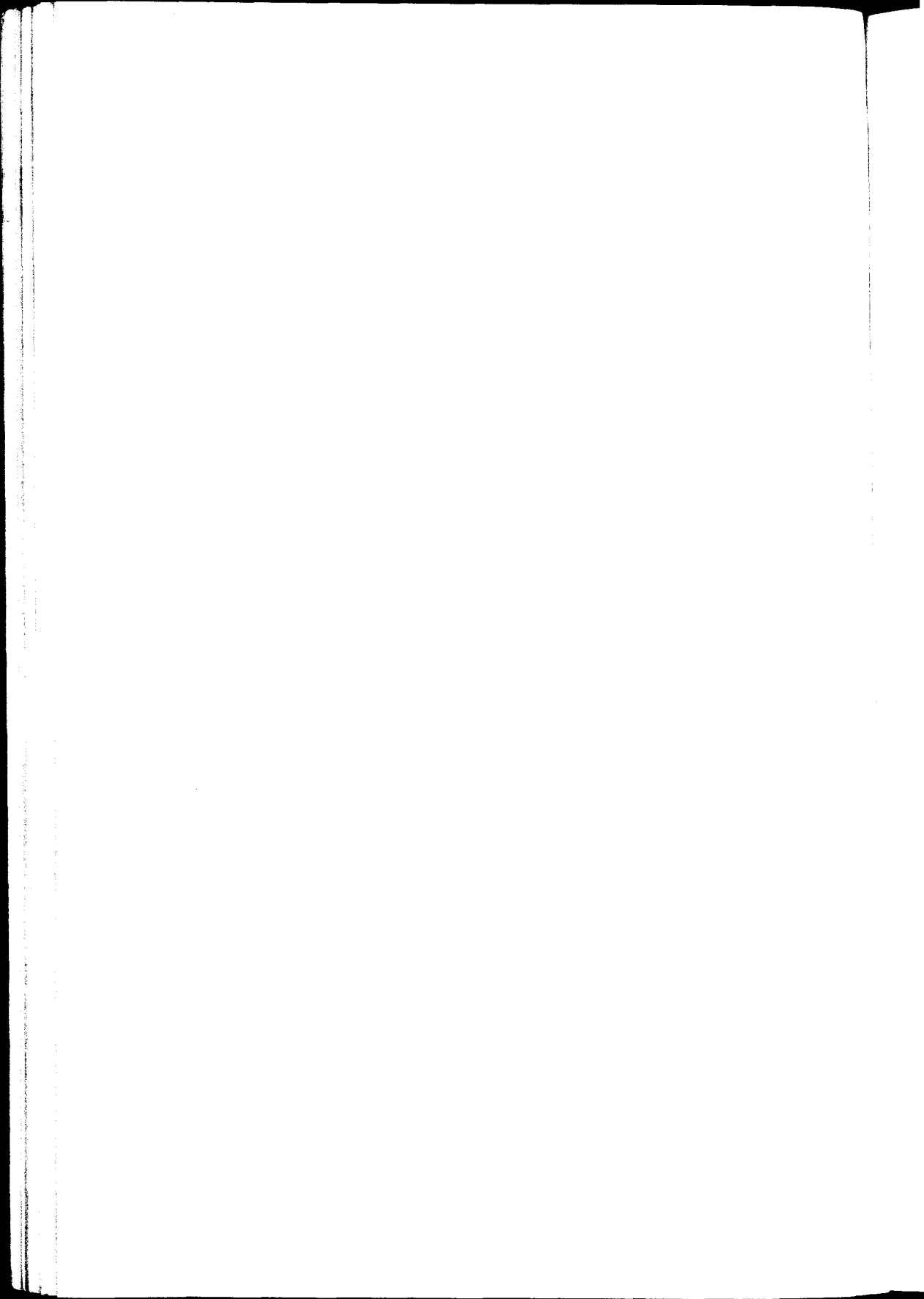
Ensign Ronan, who has drawn up his rear-guard around the wagon, is wounded, and falls, but continues fighting, leaning against the wagonwheels. The women form a close group behind the wagon. Black Partridge appears in the midst of the group, and kills an Indian who is about to strike one of the women with his tomahawk. Captain Wells enters again, from the left, on foot. He goes straight toward Blackbird, shouting and striking at him with his sword. The Indians attempt to capture him, but he eludes them, coming down stage. He turns and aims a pistol at Black Partridge, but is himself shot, and falls. They leap forward to take him; he raises his head proudly, and receives another bullet which kills him. The regulars now appear, falling back slowly from the southward,

and forming in a solid group around the wagon. Blackbird raises his hand, and there is an instant of silence. Captain Heald, from the group, raises a white handkerchief tied to a musket.

CAPTAIN HEALD

Blackbird, we surrender.

The lights are cut off from the stage, suddenly, and the group marches off to the right, carrying the dead.





SCENE SIX

Captain Isaiah Stillman's company of volunteers is seen in the act of making camp. Everything is being done in a haphazard and unmilitary style; horses are picketed, tents unfolded, and fires lighted, all at once. Captain Stillman, the only uniformed man in the troop, sits brooding over the disorder.

A SOLDIER

Look here, Captain, I want to go home for overnight.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Where do you live?

A SOLDIER

Down below Dixon's.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

You mean you want to go home over to-morrow night.

SOLDIER

I 'low I could get back in two or three days.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Now I can't have this sort of thing. What if Black

Hawk should attack us? I'm responsible for the discipline of this company.

SOLDIER

I suppose it would be awkward for you if the Indians should come and scalp us, and we wa'nt all on hand.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN,
(rising.)

What do you want to go for?

SOLDIER

Well, my crop is getting in bad shape, and me off here soldiering. I'm not doing any good here. We don't even know where the Indians are. If we did, I'd be the first to get out and shoot the whole tribe of 'em.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

No you wouldn't. I have been elected Captain of this company and I won't give up my rights.

Enter a tall young trooper on horseback.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

How d'ye do, Captain? Have you seen any real live fighting Indians?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

No.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Neither have I.

THE SOLDIER

Do I go, or don't I, Cap?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Go, or I'll put you in irons.

(Exit, The Soldier.)

THE YOUNG TROOPER

I hear there's been trouble down the river.

Captain Stillman starts up violently.

The soldiers down there haven't enough to eat. It's pretty serious.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN, *suddenly hospitable.*

Won't you stay to breakfast?

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Thank you, no. I'm pretty hearty, and they say there's plenty of wild onions down yonder.

Exit the Young Trooper, saluting awkwardly.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Who is that fellow?

A CORPORAL

I don't know. Came from down in Sangamon County, I guess.

Enter, on horseback, a young woman; she is evidently tired, having ridden a long way. She reins up, looks around the camp, and her eyes light on Captain Stillman's uniform. She dismounts quickly, leaving her horse to a couple of rangers, and goes over to the Captain. The men crowd forward to hear what is said.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, General this is such a relief. I've been so frightened.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

There, there. It's all right now. We'll protect you. There's no danger.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

You're so good. It has been a terrible experience. But I feel quite calm now.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

That 's right, that 's right. How can we serve you, miss ?

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Why, General, the Indians have burned our barn. Burned it right to the ground, and three wagon-loads of fodder in it. I want you to go right after them. We can't have our property destroyed this way. You've got to do something.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Do something! Show me the Indians, and I'll show you. Won't we, boys ?

THE COMPANY

Well we should say so! Indians!

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Are you General Atkinson ?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

I am Captain Stillman, of Stillman's Volunteer Rangers, at your service.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, that's too bad. Pa told me to tell General Atkinson himself.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Well it's just as well you found me. I'll go after 'em for you.

A Scout comes running in.

THE SCOUT

Three Indians, Captain, with a white flag.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

I hope, sir, I'm not going to see you temporize with these robbers.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Observe me, Miss. I trust I shall not disgrace my uniform.

The three Indians with the truce flag are brought in. The spokesman stands forward, shakes off the rangers with dignity, and begins to speak.

THE INDIAN

Is it to the Great White Beaver that we make salutation?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN,

testily:

No, it is not. Who is this White Beaver?

THE CORPORAL

The Indians call General Atkinson the White Beaver.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Well I don't see why everybody takes me for old General Atkinson.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

It's your uniform.

THE INDIAN

I come from Black Hawk—

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Leave out the palaver—

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Remember, sir, no compromise with these savages.

THE INDIAN

My message is for the White Beaver—

THE CORPORAL

Then why didn't you take it to him?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

You'll deliver your message to me. Where's Black Hawk?

THE INDIAN

I can not give you the message of our Chief—

THE CORPORAL

Look here, Cap, we'd better hold these three fellows.

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Take them out there and tie them to a tree. Old Black Hawk will come after them, and we will get him yet.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

What strategy!

THE CORPORAL

Come along, Injuns.

There is a great shout at this, and the Indians resist. The camp is instantly in an uproar. The Indians are finally hustled off at the left, when the Scout runs in from the right, shouting.

THE SCOUT

Here comes Black Hawk.

On the heels of the Scout comes Black Hawk in a towering rage, riding into the center of the camp.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Now, Captain!

BLACK HAWK

Where are my messengers whom I sent you with my peace flag?

CAPTAIN STILLMAN

Messengers?

BLACK HAWK

What does it mean, chief of the white men, that you take our envoys, and that you violate our truce flag? If this is the kind of war you offer, look to yourselves. I demand that my people be returned to me.

THE CORPORAL

Was that a peace-flag? We thought it was a kerchief.

The camp breaks into loud laughter and Black Hawk rides out raging. Many of the rangers follow along after him, shouting and laughing. The others turn again to their tasks.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Are you going to let him get away? Aren't you going to send somebody to see where he goes?

A shot is heard from the left, followed quickly by others. Men appear, running back from that direction, shouting.

A FUGITIVE

It's the whole Sauk nation. Indians!

The rush continues, other men running across from the left and all in terror. Captain Stillman looks about for his sword, finds it, and attempts to stem the panic. The Young Woman follows him up, and he brings her back, putting her in the lee of the tree, right center, and going back to his task. He is instantly swept along with the rout, and every one of the rangers is seen to flee. Almost on their heels Black Hawk enters, followed by about twenty of his band. They pursue hotly, now and then pausing to load their muskets, and in a moment they have all passed, and the stage is left clear, save for the young woman and the camp equipment.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

My, what a battle! I ought to have gone for General Atkinson, as pa said.

She goes up stage, looking about for her horse, but not finding it.

Here's a fix. They've got my horse.

Shakes her fist after them.

Enter the Young Trooper.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Thought I heard shooting. Where's Cap Stillman?

THE YOUNG WOMAN

He's run away.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Have the Indians been here?

THE YOUNG WOMAN

I should say so. There's been a battle. Stillman's company is retreating.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

A battle? And I missed it. (*He dismounts.*)

THE YOUNG WOMAN

You 're bleeding.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Yes. I too have been fighting a desperate battle, with the mosquitoes.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

I'm so disappointed.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

You can't be any more disappointed than I am.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

How am I to get home?

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Where do you live?

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Down below Dixon's Ferry. Where are you from?

THE YOUNG TROOPER

I hate to confess it, Miss, in the present circumstances, but I'm Captain of a company up the river. I came down here foraging. You better take my horse.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

That's mighty good of you.

He helps her to mount.

Where shall I send him back?

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Never mind about that—I'll trade him for yours.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

How'll you get back to your company, Captain.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

I'll walk.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Good bye.

THE YOUNG TROOPER

Good bye.

She rides off, and he follows, on foot, carrying his bundle of wild onions. After a few moments, the Indians of Black Hawk's band come back, and pick up the camp equipment, carrying it off, and leaving the stage clear.

WHITE CLOUD



ANITOU, THESE ARE IDLE
THINGS. I SEE
THROUGH ALL THIS FLAME
AND FIGHT, THE WINTER
FALL;
WE COME FROM BARREN
VICTORIES TO BEG

For food. And while we stand aside and sulk,
Desiring war but never daring it,
The pale-face beaver people build their dams,
The furrows creep across the hunting grounds,
And foolish treaties bind us to our woe.
For one swift hour the glory of our dawn
Shone out while Black Hawk claimed his own, and
made

The border ring with panic at his wrath;
For he was one who dared to love his land
And lead his warriors, as a chieftain still.
But beaver work stands firm against the frost,
While eagles flee before the winter stars;
We watch the leafage of our state drift down
While here they build another, fashioned strong
By laws we may not learn, and mysteries

They offer us too late. For us the trail
Leads on to night. Great Manitou, my prayer
Is granted, and my darkened eyes behold
The ruin of our nations. Oak, I make
My sacrifice to thee, and so depart
Wise in thy bitter dream, uncomforted.

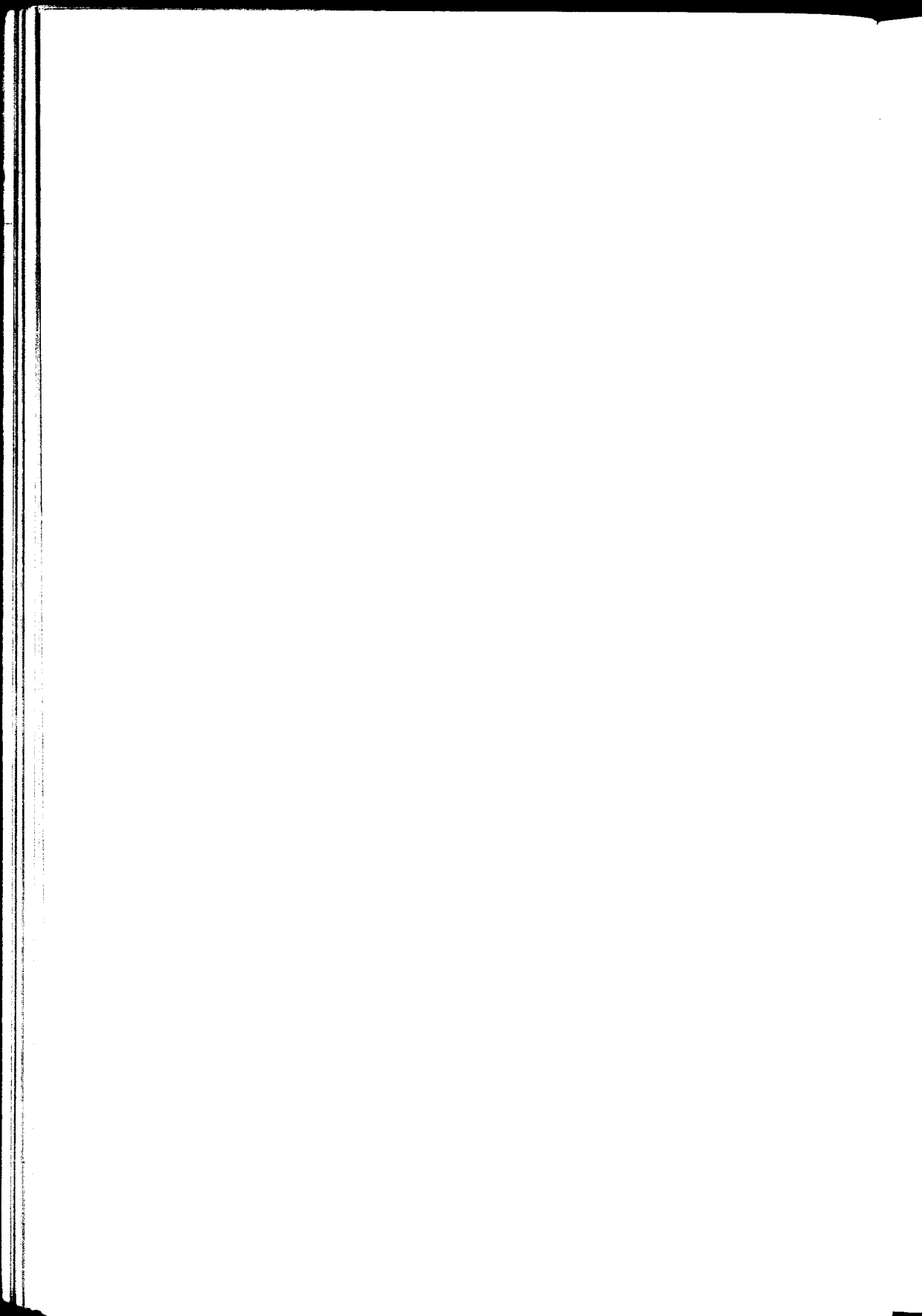
*The music changes, the lights go down,
and twenty-eight years are supposed to
elapse. A torchlight procession appears,
bearing transparencies, and singing, the
occasion being Lincoln's first Campaign.
Lincoln appears, riding in a gig, and the
procession closes.*

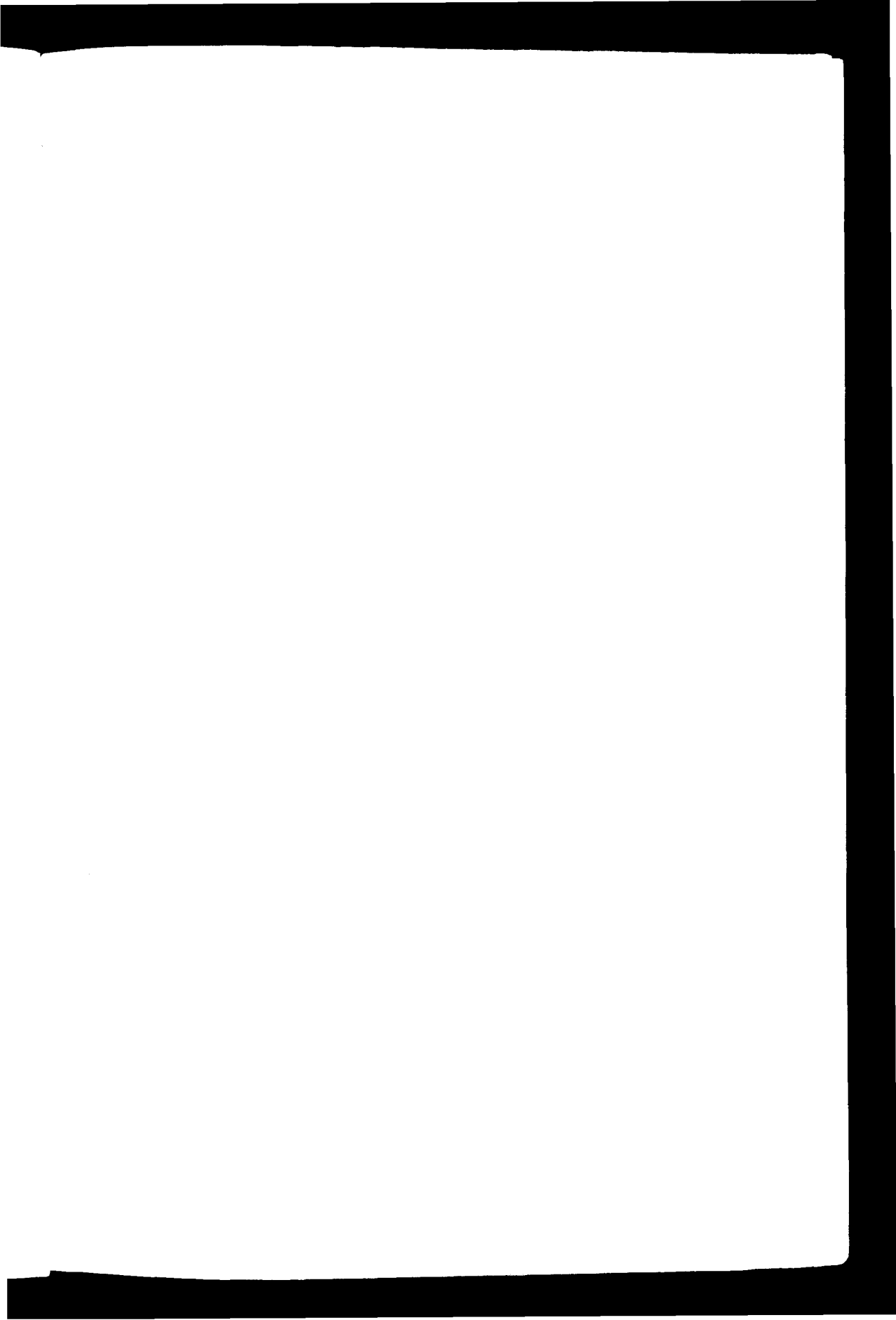
*There is a slight pause, and the Pioneer's
Chorus is heard; the various characters
of the Pageant march past, in reversed
chronological order, Marquette and the
Great Sachem of the Illinois coming last.*

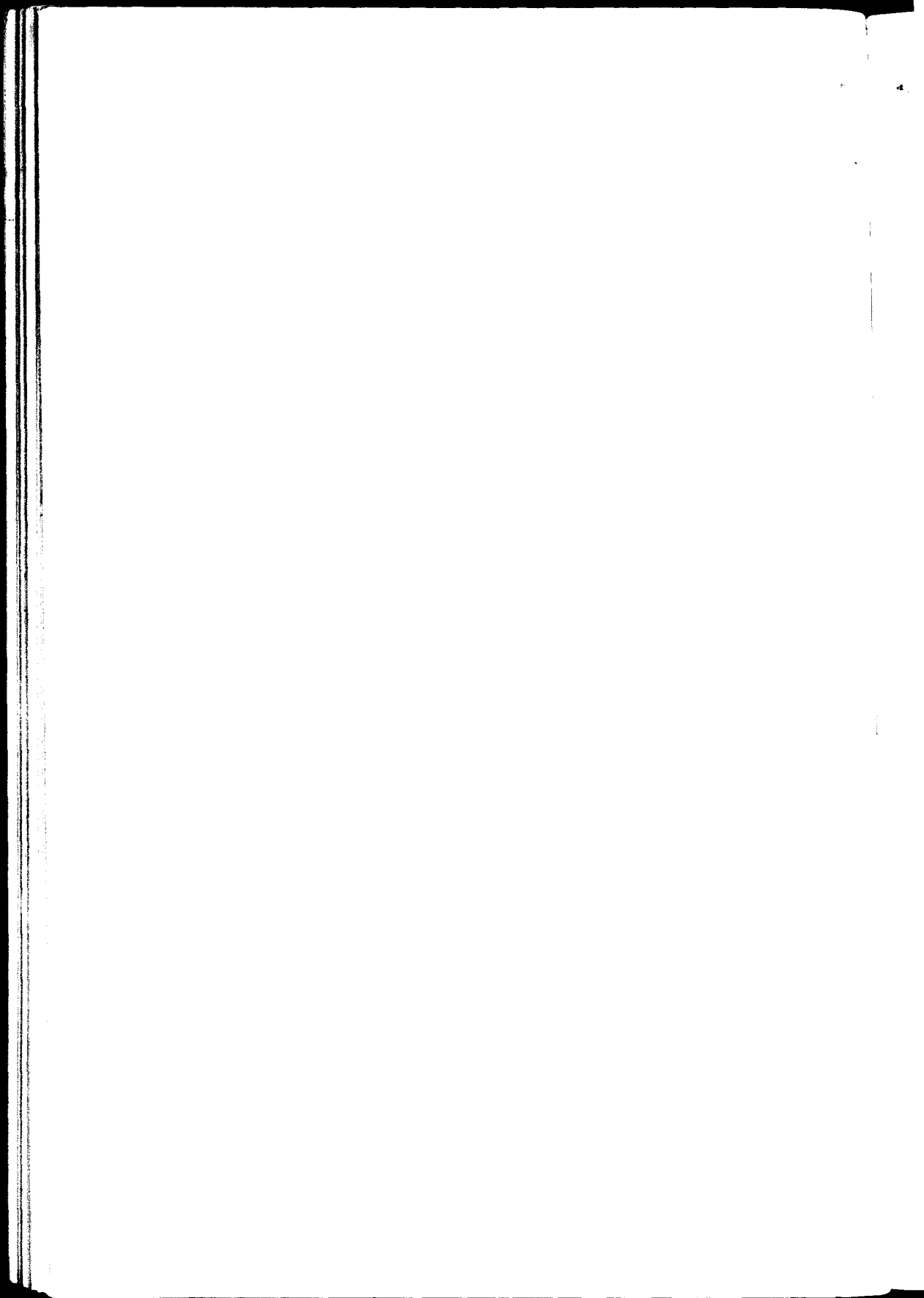
CHORUS OF PIONEERS

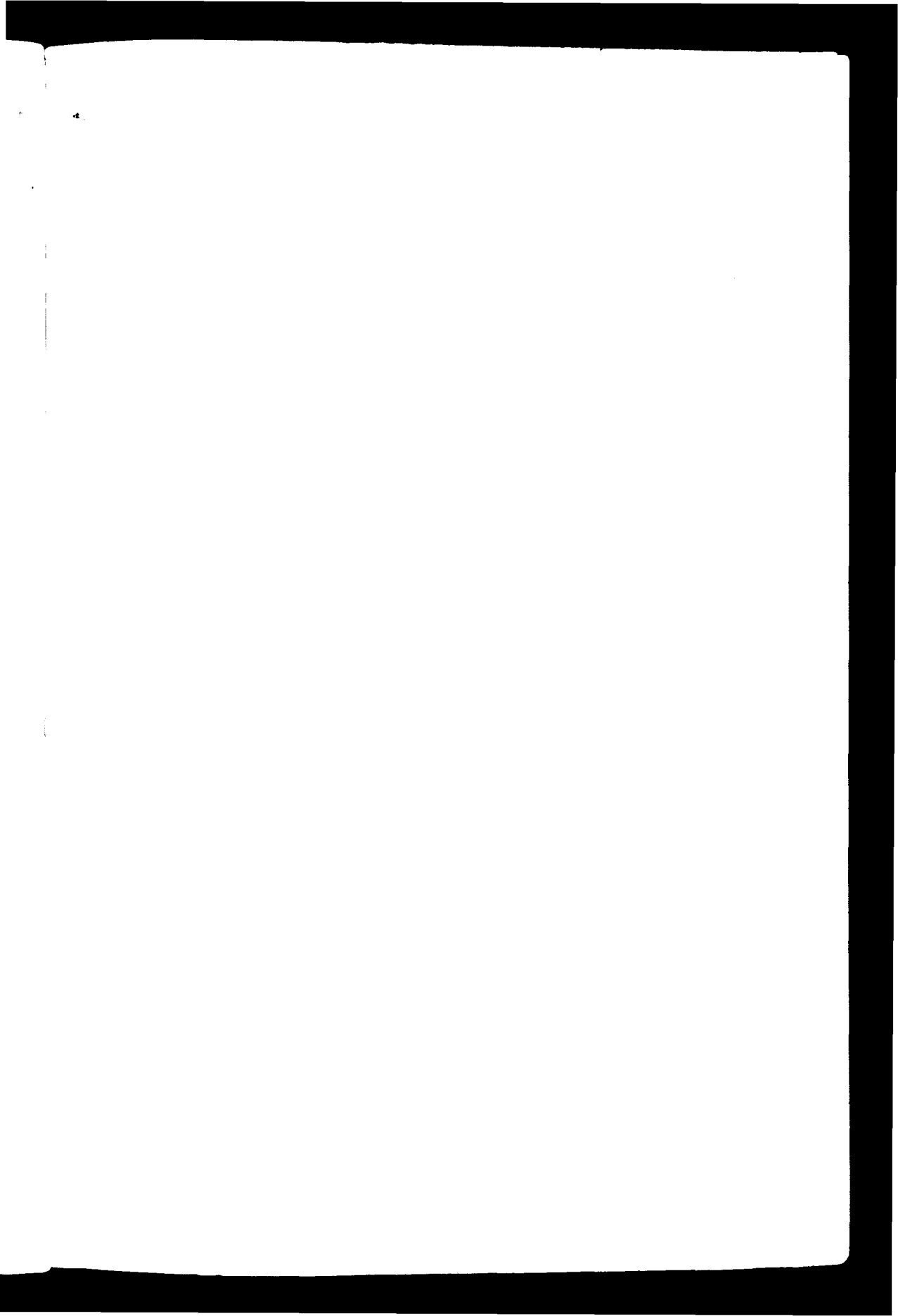
Not ours the roads the Romans laid,
Not ours the old world, trodden way,
Nor any path beneath the shade
Of ancient law or sceptered sway;
No cypresses in ordered lines,
No towers upon the beetling crest,—
Our trails are linked across with vines,
We find new ways, and may not rest
Until we know the hidden streams
That stray from out the guarded West.

We search the lakes out, shore by shore,
Till all the waters shall be known
As our familiar trading lore,
By star and sun and land-mark stone;
The rivers we must break to bear
The argosies of coming peace,
And virgin lands must learn to wear
The mantle of the golden fleece;
We may not pause for death or fear
Nor turn until our need shall cease.

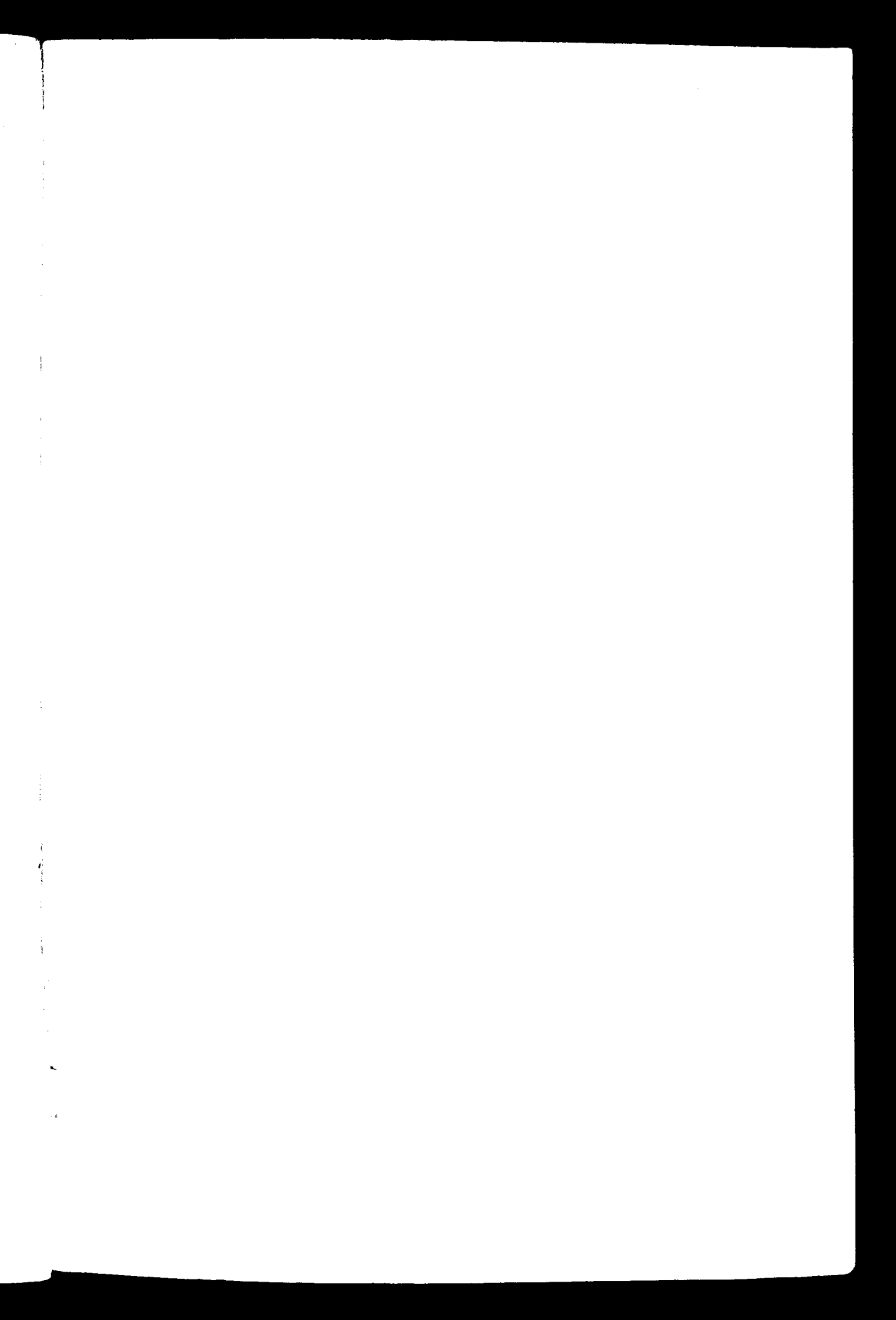








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