PLAYS AND PAGEANTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

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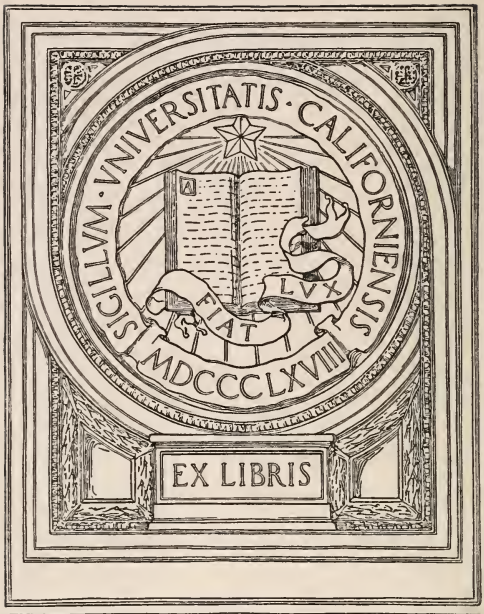
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PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PAGEANTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Author of "The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children" and "The Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays for Young People"

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PREFACE

THE one-act plays for young people contained in this volume can be produced separately, or may be used as links in the chain of episodes which go to make up outdoor or indoor pageants. There are full directions for simple costumes, dances, and music. Each play deals with the *youth* of some American hero, so that the lad who plays George Washington or Benjamin Franklin will be in touch with the emotions of a patriot of his own years, instead of incongruously portraying an adult. Much of the dialogue contains the actual words of Lincoln, Washington, and Franklin, so that in learning their lines the youthful players may grasp something of the hardihood and sagacity of Washington, the perseverance of Franklin, and the honesty and dauntlessness of Lincoln, and of those salient virtues that went to the up-building of America —a heritage from the time "when all the land was young."

The plays are suitable for schools, summer camps, boys' clubs, historic festivals, patriotic societies, and social settlements and playgrounds. The outdoor plays are especially adapted for a "Safe and Sane Fourth." All the plays have stood the test of production.

"The Pageant of Patriots"—the first children's patriotic pageant ever given in America—was produced in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., under the auspices of Brooklyn's ten Social Settlements, May, 1911. The Hawthorne Pageant was first produced on Arbor Day, May, 1911, by the Wadleigh High School, New York City; Pocahontas was given as a separate play at Franklin Park, Boston, by Lincoln House, and some of the other plays have been given at various schools in New York City.

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PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

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THE HAWTHORNE PAGEANT

Can be produced in park or woodland in its outdoor arrangement. Is suitable for co-educational schools, girls' schools, girls' Summer camps. Is appropriate for Hawthorne's Birthday (July 4), Arbor Day, May Day, or any day during Spring and Summer. In its indoor form it can be given in school halls or in a small theater. In this form it is appropriate for co-educational schools, girls' schools, settlements. It can be given any time during the Autumn, Winter, or Spring.

LIST OF SEPARATE ONE-ACT PLAYS

PATRIOTIC PLAYS: THEIR USE AND VALUE

THE primary value of the patriotic play lies in its appeal to the love of country, and its power to revitalize the past. The Youth of To-Day is put in touch with the Patriots of Yesterday. Historic personages become actual, vivid figures. The costumes, speech, manners, and ideas of bygone days take on new significance. The life of trail and wigwam, of colonial homestead and pioneer camp, is made tangible and realistic. And the spirit of those days—the integrity, courage, and vigor of the Nation's heroes, their meager opportunities, their struggle against desperate odds, their slow yet triumphant upward climb—can be illumined by the acted word as in no other way. To read of the home life of America's beginnings is one thing; to portray it or see it portrayed is another. And of the two experiences the latter is the less likely to be forgotten. To the youthful participants in a scene which centers about the campfire, the tavern table, or the Puritan hearthstone will come an intimate knowledge of the folk they represent: they will find the old sayings and maxims of the Nation-Builders as pungent and applicable to the life of to-day as when they were first spoken.

The patriotic play has manifold uses. It combines both pleasure and education. It is both stimulating and instructive. In its indoor form it may be the basis of a winter afternoon's or evening's entertainment, in its outdoor form it may take whole communities and schools into the freedom of the open. It should rouse patriotic ardor, and be of benefit ethically, esthetically, and physically. It should wake in its participants a sense of rhythm, freedom, poise, and plastic grace. It should bear its part in developing clear enunciation and erectness of carriage. To those taking part it should bring the exercise of memory, patience, and inventiveness. It should kindle enthusiasm for the things of America's past. In what way can national hero-days and festivals be more fittingly commemorated than by giving a glimpse of the hero for whom the day is named? Thus the patriotic play is equally adaptable for Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Columbus Day, and the hundreds of other days—not holidays—that lie in between.

If the patriotic play is produced in the right way it should contain the very essence of democracy—*efficient team-work, a striving together for the good of the whole.* It should lead to the ransacking of books and libraries; the planning of scene-setting, whether indoor or outdoor; the fashioning of simple and accurate costumes by the young people taking part; the collecting of suitable stage properties such as hearthbrooms, Indian pipes, and dishes of pewter. The

greater the research, the keener the stimulus for imagination and ingenuity, two things that go to the making of every successful production. Fortunately, the patriotic play is inherently simple, its appeal is along broad general lines, so that it requires no great amount of money or energy to adequately produce it. And, as history is made up not of one event, but of a series of events, so an historical pageant is a logical sequence of one-act patriotic plays or episodes. The one-act patriotic play shows one hero or one event; the pageant shows, through one-act plays used in chronological order, the development and upbuilding of America through the lives of her heroes.

In its pageant form, the patriotic play, with dances, songs, pantomime, and spoken speech, lends itself to schools, communities, and city use, in park, in armory, and on village green: in its one-act form it lends itself to both indoor and outdoor production by schools, patriotic societies, clubs and settlements, and, last, but not least, the home circle. And in the hope of assisting teachers and producers to fit appropriate plays to appropriate occasions notes on the subject have been added to the individual plays in the table of contents.

THE PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS

(Outdoor)

THE PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS

EPISODES

PROLOGUE

Spoken by The Spirit of Patriotism

People of ———, ye who come to see
Enacted here some hours of Pageantry,
Lend us your patience for each simple truth,
And see portrayed for you the Nation's Youth.
Spirit of Patriotism I. Behold
How at my word time's curtain is uprolled,
And all the past years live, unvanquishèd
As are the laurels of the mighty dead.
I am the spirit of the hearth and home!
For me are flags unfurled and bugles blown.
For me have countless thousands fought and died;
For me the name of "Liberty" is cried!
I am the leader where the battle swings,
I bring the memory of all high things.
And so to-day I come to bid you look
At scenes deep-written in the Nation's book.
The youth of all the heroes you shall see—
What lads they were, what men they grew to be.
How honor, thrift, and courage made them rise
By steps that you can learn if you be wise.

First, Pocahontas in a woodland green;
Then life among the Pilgrim folk is seen—
Thrifty Priscilla, Maid o' Plymouth Town,
In Puritanic cap and somber gown!
For the next scene comes life in Southern climes—
The Ferry Farm of past Colonial times.
Then Washington encamped before a blaze
O' fagots, swiftly learning woodland ways.
Then Boone with Rigdon in the wilderness
Dauntlessly facing times of strife and stress.
Crossing the Common in the morning sun
Young Benjamin Franklin comes: about him hung
Symbols of trade and hope—kite, candles, book.
The crystal gazer enters, bids him look
At all the guerdon that the years will bring.
The Vision next: Trianon in the Spring,
And Franklin honored by the Queen of France
With courtly minuet and festal dance.
Lastly, a cabin clearing in the West,
Where on a holiday with mirth and zest
Lincoln's companions take their simple cheer.
These are the scenes to be enacted here,
Shown to you straightway in a simple guise.
Youthful the scenes that we shall here devise
On which the beads of history are strung.
Remember that our players, too, are young.
All critic-knowledge, then, behind you leave,
And in the spirit of the day receive
What we would give, and let there come to you
The Joy of Youth, with purpose high and true.

COSTUME

The Spirit of Patriotism. The Spirit of Patriotism should wear a long white robe, with flowing Grecian lines, made either of white cheesecloth, or white cashmere. It should fall from a rounded neck. Hair worn flowing, and chapleted with a circlet of gold stars. White stockings and sandals. Carries a staff from which floats the Stars and Stripes.

PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

CHARACTERS

Princess Pocahontas
Chief Powhatan
Captain John Smith
Eight Young Indian Braves
Eight Young Indian Maidens
Two Indian Women
Two old and withered Squaws
Six or seven little Indian children.
Other followers of Powhatan

Time: *Mid-afternoon on a mild day in 1609.*

Place: *Virginia.*

Scene: *An open glade showing a small Indian encampment.*

At the opening of the scene the glade is deserted, the men of the tribe being engaged in a skirmish with the white men, while the women and children have gone foraging. There are two teepees, one at right, and one at left, their doors closed. By the side of teepee at left a pile of fagots, and a wooden block.

Further front, facing audience, a great war-drum, gaily painted. A skin-covered drum-stick. At right,

towards front, the smoldering remains of a fire. The whole appearance of the camp shows that it is not permanent—a mere pausing-place.

The space between the teepees is absolutely unobstructed, but there are trees and bushes at the back and sides.

By degrees the Indians who have been foraging begin to return. One of the Indian women enters carrying fagots. One of the older squaws rekindles the fire. Next come the children, with merry shouts, carrying their little bows and arrows. The Indian maidens enter gaily, carrying reeds for weaving. They move silently, swiftly, gracefully. Two of their number begin to grind maize between stones. Two others plait baskets. An old medicine-man, with a bag of herbs, comes from the background, and seats himself near the drum, at left, taking an Indian flute from his deerskin belt, and fingering it lovingly. An Indian woman, arriving later than the others, unstraps from her back a small papoose, and hangs it to the limb of a tree. The Indian children stand towards the front of the greensward, shoot in a line their feathered arrows, run and pick up the arrows, and acclaim in pantomime the one who shot the best. Then they go towards background, doing a childish imitation of a war-dance. The mother of the papoose, having finished her duties in setting one of the teepees to rights, now takes down the papoose from the tree where it swings, and seating herself in the center of the greensward, croons an Indian lullaby. The Indian maidens

group themselves about her, seated in a semicircle on the ground, swaying rhythmically. At the back of the stage one of the little Indian boys sees an Indian maiden approaching, clad in white doeskin. Cries aloud delightedly: "Pocahontas!"

The Indian maidens and the squaws rise and fall back before the entrance of Pocahontas with gestures of salutation and respect.

ALL

(clearly and enthusiastically).

Pocahontas!

[*Pocahontas comes down center with a basket filled with branches that bear small red berries. The children and two of the maidens gather about her, and then fall back as she begins speaking, so that she has the center of the stage. Greatest interest is evinced in all she does.*

POCAHONTAS

(speaking slowly, as one does in an unfamiliar tongue, yet clearly and deliberately).

I—Pocahontas—daughter of Powhatan, great chief, —speak—language of—paleface. Powhatan teach me. *(Points to way from which she has come.)* Yonder—I—went. Prayed to River God.

[*Makes gesture of worship, raising basket above her head. The semicircle about her widens*

respectfully. A maiden then approaches and takes basket. Pocahontas smiles in sudden childlike delight, and holding out chain of beads that fall from her neck to her waist, says with pretty intonation:

Beads. Jamestown.

[*Watches them for a moment as they glimmer in the sun. Then with sudden laugh seizes the Indian maiden nearest her, and by gesture summons the other Indian maidens. One of the very old squaws with a half-wry, half-kindly smile begins a swift tapping on the drum that has in it the rhythm of dance music. The Indian children withdraw to the doors of the teepees, and Pocahontas and the Indian maidens dance. The old medicine-man adds his flute-notes to the rhythm of the war-drum.*

The Indians being a notably silent people, this scene must be given mostly in pantomime.

From the forest at right comes the faint sound of a crackling branch. Instant attention on the part of all. The dance stops. The Indian maidens stand poised, listening. The women shade their eyes with their hands. A small Indian boy lays his ear to the ground, and then cries: "Powhatan!" *Two expectant semicircles are formed. All look to-*

wards right. Powhatan enters. Pocahontas runs to meet him. Tableau.

Powhatan then indicates that others are coming from right. Young braves enter with John Smith in their midst. His hands are bound behind him, his face is white and drawn. Children at sight of him scamper to teepees. The rest show signs of curiosity. Pocahontas stands with clasped hands and startled eyes, regarding Smith most earnestly. A brave bears Smith's weapons. Smith is led to right foreground. Block of wood is brought him for a seat.

The Indian women, maidens, and children retreat to the extreme background, where they sit in a semicircle, watching. Then Powhatan and braves withdraw to left, where they form a circle and confer, one brave at at a time addressing the rest in pantomime, with many gestures, some towards Smith, some towards the path by which they brought him. Occasionally the words "Algonquin," "Chickahominy," "Jamestown," "Opeckankano," "Washunsunakok" *are spoken. When Powhatan speaks in pantomime the others listen with occasional grunts of satisfaction and approval. It is evident that the prisoner and the fate awaiting him are under discussion.*

Pocahontas alone remains near the center of

interest. She glances first at her father and the braves, sees they are deep in discussion, and then crosses to John Smith, with every sign of interest and awakening pity. She brings him water in a wooden bowl. He drinks thirstily. She then goes to one of the teepees, and brings him a cup of milk. This she holds for him to drink from, as his hands are bound.

POCAHONTAS

(gravely, as she puts down the cup).

How!

SMITH

(with equal gravity).

How!

POCAHONTAS

(touching herself lightly).

Pocahontas. Daughter of Powhatan.

[*Touches Smith questioningly.*

SMITH

(answering her).

Smith. John Smith.

POCAHONTAS

(repeating it after him).

John Smith.

SMITH.

From Jamestown.

POCAHONTAS

(nods, says slowly).

Pocahontas *likes* paleface.

[*Meantime the pantomimic discussion held by Powhatan and his braves is drawing near its close. There comes a shout of triumphant acclaim "Wah! Wah! Wah!" hoarse and loud. Powhatan, having in pantomime rendered his decision, now stands with arms folded, at left. Braves to right, and take Smith to center. Powhatan stands at the extreme left. The braves form a semicircle about Smith. The women and children in the background rise silently, and peer forward. Smith is forced to one knee. A brave holds aloft the hatchet.*

POCAHONTAS

(looking from Smith to her father, and then running towards the latter with a cry).

No! No!

[*Powhatan regards his daughter gravely, yet unrelentingly. Pocahontas, center, stretches out her arms in pleading. Powhatan shakes his head. Pocahontas then goes towards Smith, and again with animated pantomime, indicating first Smith and then the way by which he has come, pleads for him. Powhatan*

shakes his head. He is obdurate. Pocahontas bows her head dejectedly. Turns to go back to where she has been standing. Then changes her mind, runs to her father, and with every evidence of pleading and humility, falls on her knees before him, arms outstretched. For a moment they are still as statues. Then Pocahontas takes from her neck her string of beads, and, by gesture, offers it as a ransom for Smith.

POCAHONTAS

(speaking slowly).

Pocahontas, daughter of Great Chief, asks of Great Chief John Smith's life.

[*Tense pause. Powhatan, with arms folded, considers deeply. Then makes sign of assent, but gives back necklace to Pocahontas, who rises with pantomime of joy. Powhatan makes sign to braves to release Smith. Smith is unbound. His weapons are given back to him. He chafes his wrists and presents his compass to Powhatan.*

SMITH.

Great Chief! *(Turns first to Powhatan, and then to Pocahontas.)* Great Princess! John Smith grateful!

[*Powhatan touches him on shoulder.*

POWHATAN

(grunting).

Umph!

[*Indicates by gesture peace-pipe which has been lit at fire. All braves sit in semicircle facing audience, and pass it (not too slowly!) from one to another, including Smith and Powhatan. Then all rise.*

SMITH

(standing center).

John Smith goes to Jamestown. John Smith friend of great chief, Powhatan. Palefaces always remember Powhatan! Always remember Pocahontas!

BRAVES

(all together).

Wah! Wah! Wah!

[*Exit Smith, right. Smith is watched by the Indians in silence deep and respectful.*

POCAHONTAS

(to Powhatan).

Great Chief safely returned. Captive set free. Shall we go yonder? *(Points.)* Pray to River God?

[*Powhatan nods gravely. He and Pocahontas exeunt left. The braves follow next. The Indian maidens, women, and children form the end of the procession. The stage is thus left empty, and the scene ends.*

COSTUMES

POCAHONTAS. Pocahontas should wear the traditional costume of "white doeskin with a scarlet mantle flecked with gold sequins." A great chain of pearls should be about her neck. Another chain which reaches to her waist should be of white and blue beads—large beads that will catch glitter from the sun. About her head a band of tan, and a white quill. The embroidery about the neck of her Indian robe is of pearls. The basket which she carries should be white, with a motif of rich blue and scarlet. She wears a tan (dressed deerskin) girdle, heavily embroidered in red beads. Her stockings and moccasins are tan-colored also, the moccasins embroidered in scarlet. The ends of her braids are bound in scarlet and gold. White canton flannel, skilfully slashed for fringing, will make the Indian dress, which should fall in straight lines from a square neck. It should reach to about three inches above the ankle, and should be heavily fringed. The robe, worn fastened at the shoulders, should be of scarlet cloth. The deerskin belt is of cotton khaki. The moccasins can be made of the same material, cut sandal fashion. Or low canvas ties without heels, bead-embroidered.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. Tan-colored costume of the seventeenth century. The coat of tattered, weather-stained brown velvet, the puffed sleeves slashed with tan satin that is soiled and frayed. Great tan boots coming to the knee. A white lace collar at neck, much the worse for wear. A brown leather girdle.

POWHATAN. Indian dress of tan (dressed deerskin), the neck and breast of it gorgeously painted with blue, green, and scarlet. Great chains of shells and beads. A huge head-dress of black feathers that hangs down his back almost to his knees. It should be the largest and most magnificent of all the Indian head-dresses, as it is the insignia of chiefdom. Tan stockings and tan moccasins. The material of his costume may be cotton khaki. (The imitation khaki is best, as the real material is too heavy.)

THE MEDICINE-MAN. The medicine-man is old. He wears a wig of long, white, coarse hair. His costume is of cotton khaki, decorated with beads, bits of looking-glass, and feathers. He wears no feathers on his head. A piece of fur is fastened to his shoulders. His blanket is black, with white cabalistic signs. It can be made of canton flannel.

INDIAN BRAVES. The braves who follow Powhatan should wear costumes resembling those of the chief, save that they are less gorgeously painted, and wear fewer strings of beads and shells. Their head-dresses, too, are shorter. They should be of gray, black, and brown feathers. Their faces are, of course, stained brown, their arms and necks likewise. Red and black war-paint should also be on their faces. Unless wigs of long hair are to be worn, the boys wearing the feathered head-dresses should be careful to see that their lack of long hair is concealed from view. Often the Indian braves wore their long matted locks braided; and black cheesecloth cut into strips and then braided and fastened

to a tight black cap will make a splendid wig of this sort—the braids of hair should hang in front of the ears. The Indian braves should carry bows, arrows, and tomahawks.

THE INDIAN MAIDENS. The Indian maidens should wear tan fringed dresses, of the same length and fashion as that of Pocahontas. Necklaces and bracelets of shells. The necks of the dresses embroidered in beads and shells. They wear their long black hair in two braids, the ends of the braids bound either with scarlet, corn-yellow, or vivid blue. They have moccasins and tan-colored stockings. Their bead-embroidered footgear should be in striking color on a tan background. But their chief glory is their blankets. These should be barbarically glowing, since it is partly in their wild flare of color that the beauty of the Blanket Dance lies. The following designs for them are taken from the Indian motifs and colorings studied from the collections in various museums of natural history, and however startling they may seem at first, their color-scheme should be faithfully carried out, as much of the success of the scene depends on them. The material used may be canton flannel throughout. They should be the size of the average, every-day blanket.

1. Blanket made of equal halves of deep royal purple and pale turquoise blue.

2. Blanket of deep cobalt blue. Fastened in the center a great oval of orange.

3. Blanket made of equal halves of pale lemon and black.

4. Blanket made of equal halves of very dark green and very pale green.

5. Blanket made of equal halves of deep violet and white.

6. White blanket with disks of scarlet at each of its four corners.

7. Blanket of equal halves of royal purple and pale lavender.

8. Blanket of very pale green, with large white disk in center.

Each Indian maiden should wear a band of gay-colored cheesecloth, red, green, or blue, bound about her forehead. This band should match the color that fastens her braids. In the back of the head-band should be fastened a quill of contrasting shade. It need hardly be added that the Indian maidens wear neither feather head-dresses nor war-paint. Their arms, necks, and faces should be stained light brown. The tan-colored stockings are to simulate bare skin.

Squaws. The squaws wear the same cotton khaki costumes as the Indian maidens, save that their blankets are of more somber colors, and their headgear is either omitted altogether, or consists of black, bronze, or dull green.

The Little Indian Boys. They should dress in exact imitation of the older braves, save that they wear no war-paint.

Properties. For either an indoor or outdoor representation of this scene where it is impossible to have a real fire, have a pile of fagots and amongst them

place large bunches of joss-sticks bound together with thread. These will burn easily and safely, and the blue smoke from them will simulate a waft from woodland embers.

The log can be made of two small vinegar barrels fastened together, covered with brown burlap, and then flecked with green and brown paint. The teepees should be of canvas, unbleached cotton, or burlap fastened over three slender, strong poles, stuck into the ground. They should be equal to bearing the weight of the canvas or burlap, and yet light enough to be removed and carried off the scene by the young Indian braves as they leave in the direction of the river when the scene ends.

Dances. At the place indicated in the scene, the Indian maidens give one or more characteristic Indian dances. "The Blanket Dance," one of the most widely known and picturesque of the Indian dances, follows somewhat the lines of a Virginia Reel. The Indian maidens stand in a line facing each other, their blankets wrapped about them. The head couple, facing each other, spread wide their blankets behind them like great butterfly wings. Then they dance forward and back, forward and back, beckoning, retreating, gesturing, and finally dance off, with one blanket wrapped about two pairs of shoulders. Then the next couple, and so on. All sorts of fantastic steps, gestures, bendings, and swayings can be introduced. A wide space should be left between the dancers, so that all they do can be clearly seen. Dancing in great circles, like a mild war-dance, yet without the whoops and wild gestures of the

latter, is another form that lends itself to the out-of-doors. Another dance is the Eagle Dance; with arms spread wide, holding their blankets at wing-like angles, the dancers circle about each other, the dance growing wilder and wilder. Still another dance is the symbolical one of the Four Winds—North, South, East, West—done by four Indian maidens. The South Wind gentle and swaying; the West Wind fantastic, with arms upraised; the East Wind with streaming hair and rain-drops shining on finger tips; the North Wind wilder than them all, and finally driving them all before her.

Music. Piano: MacDowell's "An Indian Idyl," "From an Indian Lodge." These can be had orchestrated. For a band: "Tomahawk Dance," by Andrew Herman. "Indian War Dance," by Bellstedt. "The Sun Dance," by Leo Friedman.

PILGRIM INTERLUDE

PILGRIM CHANT

(Tune: Oxford. To be sung off stage by the Puritan maidens before they enter to take part in the episode.)

Gone is now the sullen winter,
Gone the famine and the snow;
In the forest, like a promise,
See the first white mayflowers blow.

Fresh hope thrills us with their coming,
They, too, braved the winter long;
Then at Springtime took new leafage,
Frail yet steadfast, small but strong.

Cling we thus to our new country,
Let us struggle and endure;
We have found a land of Freedom,
And our heritage is sure.

THE SPINNING LESSON

(A Pilgrim Interlude)

CHARACTERS

PRISCILLA MULLINS
JOHN BILLINGTON } Lads of Plymouth Town
DEGORY MARTIN }
RUTH
PATIENCE
DIANTHA
MIRIAM } Youthful Pilgrim Maidens
LETTICE
ANNE
STAR-OF-SPRING, an Indian maiden
NATIQUA, a squaw, her mother
FOREST FLOWER, another Indian maiden
HERON'S WING, a young Indian brave

SCENE: *A grassy glade at Plymouth in the Spring of 1621. Trees right, left, and background. At the beginning of the scene the grassy stage is deserted. There presently enters from background Anne, a young Pilgrim maid of about fourteen, whose somber garb shows out darkly against the green background. She looks quickly about her, right and left, shielding her eyes with her hand. Then she calls back over her shoulder to her companions, Diantha and Lettice.*

ANNE

(calling).

Come quickly, Diantha. Here is a fair spot for our corn-shelling, and not a prowling Indian in sight.

[*Diantha, slender, dark, and somewhat older than Anne, enters with Lettice. They carry between them an Indian basket of capacious size, in which are dried ears of corn.*

DIANTHA

(clearly).

Nay, we need have no fear; for on one side Captain Miles Standish keeps watch, and on the other John Alden; so as for Indians——

LETTICE

(as they come to center).

One Indian only have I seen this day, and to see him is ever a sign of good omen.

DIANTHA.

That means that Squanto is in Plymouth Town, our good, true Indian friend. He it was who taught us how to shell the corn, so many months agone; he it was who taught us, this Spring, the manner of sowing it.

LETTICE

(holding up Indian basket).

And here is one of the Indian corn-baskets that Captain Standish found buried in a strange wilderness spot when he first explored these forests.

ANNE

(drawing near to Lettice).

These forests—! Oh, my heart! As night draws on how dark and fearsome they appear! And now that Spring is in the land it sets me longing for English hedgerows.

[*Sits on ground, left, and begins to shell corn.*

LETTICE

(joining Anne in her work).

Do you remember the Spring in Leyden, Diantha?

DIANTHA

(looking upward as she stands).

Why, even here the Spring is very fair! Do not the sunlight, the blue sky, and the budding trees make your heart sing with joy?

ANNE.

Sit, then, Diantha, and let us have a quiet hour.

DIANTHA

(standing behind them, half-gay, half-mocking).

A quiet hour—! Hither come Patience and Miriam and Ruth, the greatest clatter-tongues in Plymouth. See! They have been gathering wild plum blossoms!

[*Enter Miriam, Patience, and Ruth from background. They hasten towards Diantha. The exquisite white of the blossoms they carry makes them look like heralds of the Spring.*

MIRIAM

(excitedly).

Diantha, what dost think! Priscilla Mullins hath declared herself weary of spinning in her own door-yard, and since Squanto hath told us that we need not fear the Indians she hath besought Degory Martin and John Billington to bring hither her spinning-wheel.

PATIENCE

(wide-eyed).

Was ever the like known in Plymouth!

RUTH

(as all look eagerly towards background).

Hither she comes!

PRISCILLA

(clearly in distance).

Have a care, Degory.

DEGORY.

Aye, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

(as they emerge from background).

Stumble not, John Billington.

JOHN BILLINGTON

(sturdily).

Not while I bear such a burden.

[*They set down the spinning-wheel, center.*

PRISCILLA.

I thank you. Will you come for me when the shadows o' the pines grow long across my doorway?

[*The Pilgrim lads nod, and exeunt, left background.*

PRISCILLA

(to Pilgrim maidens).

Well, and have you no word of greeting? Why, they are dumb with astonishment! And is it so strange a thing to bring one's wheel outdoors? 'Twas out of doors that this wood first grew! *(Touches wheel.)* All day I have longed to be out in these wide spaces—and yet there was work to do. But see—now I weld heart's desire and work together!

[*She begins to spin. Meantime Pilgrim maidens group about her. Tableau.*

MIRIAM.

You are ever one to see the bright side of things, Priscilla, and—— Look, Priscilla—an Indian!

[*At sound of that dread word all the maidens draw near to Priscilla. From the woods in right background appears Star-of-Spring, the little Indian maiden. She carries a basket of shell-fish on her head, steadying it with her hand. She is so intent on walking carefully that she does not see the group of Pilgrims until she is nearly upon them. There ensues a period of unflagging pantomime. Star-of-*

Spring, upon seeing the group of dark-clad maidens, starts back, half terrified. Priscilla rises, and as an overture of peace and good-will, takes a few steps towards her. Star-of-Spring retreats still further towards right. Priscilla returns to her wheel.

Star-of-Spring, emboldened, takes a step towards the Pilgrim maidens. Pilgrim maidens, quite as wary of Star-of-Spring as she is of them, retreat a little way to left. At this Star-of-Spring's last fears vanish. She wishes to be friends. With pretty pleading she holds out to them her basket of shell-fish. Places it on the ground and then steps back, bowing, with arms wide and outstretched palms.

PRISCILLA.

She means we should accept it. Is that not truly generous!

DIANTHA

(reassured).

It must be Star-of-Spring, the little Indian maid of whom Squanto has so often told us.

[*Diantha takes up basket. Pantomime of delight on part of Star-of-Spring. She draws near to Anne, and with a quaint grace touches Anne's cap and kerchief. Tries on Anne's cap, and looks at herself in a barbaric bit of looking-glass that dangles from one of her many chains of beads. Then laughs, gives*

back the cap, and is in turn fascinated at the sight of Priscilla when she begins spinning. Star-of-Spring approaches the wheel with pantomime indicating awe and delighted curiosity. She first inspects it, and then begins to talk in dumbshow with quick, animated gestures. The Pilgrim maidens are somewhat bewildered.

DIANTHA

(as the meaning of the scene dawns on her).

Priscilla! She wishes to spin!

ANNE.

Thou hast done many strange things in this new land, Priscilla; but I doubt not that the strangest of all is to give an Indian maiden her first lesson in spinning!

[*Priscilla rises. Star-of-Spring seats herself. Business of Priscilla's teaching her to spin. Haltingly and somewhat fumblingly she does at length manage to compass the first rudiments of her lesson. The Pilgrim maidens stand grouped about her. Tableau.*

DEGORY

(from background).

The shadows of the pines lengthen across your doorsill, Priscilla!

[*At sound of the new voice Star-of-Spring rises,*

and hastily retreats, right. Degory Martin and John Billington enter from background.

DIANTHA.

Only think, Degory, Star-of-Spring, an Indian maid, hath had a spinning lesson!

DEGORY.

The shadows are lengthening. Twilight comes apace here in the forest. 'Tis time you all came home.

[*The maidens of Plymouth follow him as he and John Billington take the spinning-wheel and spinning-stool with them. They make their exit at center background. Star-of-Spring, who has lingered at edge of trees, right, steals out to look after her departing playmates. Stands at place where spinning-wheel was. Again shakes her head, as if in perplexity over the strange arts of the pale-faces. Finds on grass part of a skein of flax. Tosses it lightly in the air. Catches it again as it falls. Begins a characteristic dance, swaying, tossing skein, catching it. Each step of the dance takes her further into background. Then she comes down center again, like a tossing bough or a blown flame. She does not perceive the group entering from left. Her mother (Natiqua), Forest Flower, and Heron's Wing. They also are so occupied with portage that they do not perceive Star-*

of-Spring until they are almost up to her. Heron's Wing and Forest Flower carry between them a birch-bark canoe. Behind them trudges Natiqua, bent beneath a double pile of fagots. They pass, in picturesque silhouette, back of the spot where Priscilla had been seated with her spinning-wheel. Then they and Star-of-Spring become aware of each other. They stop. Natiqua frowns. Star-of-Spring points to place where Priscilla sat with her spinning-wheel, and by animated gestures portrays what has taken place. But neither Natiqua, Forest Flower, nor Heron's Wing is in the least interested. Natiqua shakes her head and frowns. It is evident that the wonders of the palefaces are not to her mind. She lets slip from her back her double pile of fagots, then replaces one, and Star-of-Spring takes up the other. Then, in Indian file, they cross the scene to right, and slowly disappear from view.

COSTUMES

Pilgrim Maidens. The Pilgrim maidens should wear plain black dresses ankle length, with white cuffs and Puritan caps, and white kerchiefs. These dresses may be made of black cambric, worn with the glazed side turned in.

The Pilgrim Lads. The Pilgrim lads wear black

suits, with full knee-breeches, black stockings, and low black shoes with silver buckles. Their hair comes to their ears, and they have white collars turned down on their coats, and deep white cuffs on their sleeves.

The Indians. The Indians wear costumes of cotton khaki, the necks gaily painted with Indian designs. Strings of beads and shells. Natiqua has a green and scarlet blanket. She and the Indian maidens wear their hair in braids. They also have a gay strip of cheesecloth—red, green, or yellow—bound about their brows, and a quill stuck upright in the back. Heron's Wing has a head-dress of blue-gray heron's feathers. All wear moccasins. (See description of Indian costumes in "Princess Pocahontas.")

FERRY FARM EPISODE

CHARACTERS

LORD FAIRFAX
MARY BALL WASHINGTON
GEORGE WASHINGTON
AUNT RACHEL
SAMBO
LUCY
DINAH
PETER
NELLY
SUSY
UNCLE NED
} Plantation hands

SCENE: *The lawn of Ferry Farm, 1748. A wide expanse of green. Trees right, left, and background. The trees in background supposedly screen the Colonial house from view. At the left the estate supposedly stretches to the highway. At the right, behind the trees, it is given over to flower and vegetable gardens.*

At the beginning of the scene the grassy space is deserted, but from the distance, right, comes the sound of singing. The sound swells louder and louder in the rhythm of one of the oldest of African songs, "Mary and Martha just gone 'long to ring those

charming bells." The first verse is sung before the singers appear. With the second verse those who have been at work in the fields come into view, their gay and colorful costumes bright against the green background.

Two of the children run into sight first; then comes a group of nine or ten young people. Some carry between them baskets heaped quite high with fruit and vegetables. One boy holds a hoe. A girl carries a rake. Another an armful of dried corn on the ear. Two more a low basket heaped with cotton. In the center of this group hobbles old Aunt Rachel, turbaned, and leaning on a cane. By her side walks Lucy, carrying a great bunch of pink "Winter Roses."

The third verse is sung as this group emerges into full view of the audience. The children stand looking at Aunt Rachel as they sing, as if they were catching some of the words from her. She beats time with her finger to see that they learn correctly. Other voices take up the song in right background, swelling it higher and higher. Uncle Ned, with his fiddle under his arm, comes slowly from right to join the group in foreground. The baskets are set down. The boy leans on his hoe, the girl on her wooden rake, rapt and happy. All are given over to the rhythmic joy of the music.

UNCLE NED

(with a sigh of happiness).

I certainly do love music. Nothing cheers the heart like singing—unless it's the voice of the fiddle.

SUSY

(hopping up and down).

Play to us, Uncle Ned, play to us!

[*Uncle Ned tucks his fiddle under his chin and begins to play. At first the air is chant-like, and has a strain of melancholy, then it grows gayer and gayer, until it turns into a dance tune. The children first stand about Uncle Ned in a circle, listening. Then they begin to dance, with swaying bodies and cries of delight. Here and there a girl and boy dance opposite each other, hands on hips. There should be five or six dancing groups in all. Uncle Ned finishes with a flourish, and turns towards left.*

THE CHILDREN.

Play us another tune, Uncle Ned! Play us another tune!

UNCLE NED

(to a little girl who is especially imploring).

No, no, honey. There's work for me to do up yonder at the house.

[*Goes off, left background.*

AUNT RACHEL

(still swaying a little and nodding her head).

It certainly does take the fiddle to make old bones feel young again. Where are you going, Susy?

SUSY

(taking up her basket and indicating left).

Off to the stables.

AUNT RACHEL

(center).

And where are *you* going, Lucy?

LUCY.

Up to the house with this bunch of roses for Mistress Washington.

SUSY.

Look! Here comes Nelly from the house now.

NELLY

(running down from background).

Have you-all heard the news? This is the day that Master George is leaving for his surveying trip with Lord Fairfax. See! Mistress Washington is coming to speak to us now!

[*All look in the direction of house. Madam Washington is seen approaching from the background, center, a stately figure in Colonial dress, her hair slightly touched with gray. Cries of* "Good-morning, Mistress Washington! Good-morning!" *Children skip up and down. Baskets, hoe, and rake are alike forgotten. Madam Washington stands in center, and the plantation children*

are grouped in a wide semicircle about her, so that all she does is in full view of audience. Lucy presents Madam Washington with a bunch of roses. Madam Washington takes them, bows, and smiles. Lucy drops a courtesy.

MADAM WASHINGTON.

How is your fever, Aunt Rachel?

AUNT RACHEL.

Better, better, I thank you.

LUCY.

Is this the day that Master George is starting for——

PETER

(as he comes running down from background).

Mistress Washington! Mistress Washington! Lord Fairfax has come, and Master George's horse is all saddled and waiting.

[*Madam Washington turns and follows Peter back to the house.*

AUNT RACHEL

(indicating left).

Come, children! You can see the road from here. There he is on his horse!

[*Young George Washington, in tan-colored frontiersman's garb, is seen dimly through the*

trees. With him a stately figure that is Lord Fairfax. They wave and bow in direction of house. Then George waves in direction of plantation group in foreground.

SAMBO

(shielding his eyes with his hand).

I can see him! I can see him!

ALL

(looking off towards left, waving, gesticulating).

Good-by, good-by, Master George!

OTHERS.

Come back soon, Master George. Good-by! Good-by!

AUNT RACHEL

(sadly shaking her head).

He is gone! How we will miss him!

[*An instant's dejection falls on the group. They stand saggingly, joy gone from them.*

AUNT RACHEL

(brightening).

It's only for a short time. Only for a short time. He'll be back. He'll surely be back.

[*The group brightens. A tambourine drops jinglingly. It is picked up. Baskets and hoe*

are resumed. The group starts towards background, leisurely, tunefully singing:

(Air: Chorus of "Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow.")

Bright shines the sun, the clover-fields are white,
Through the woods the happy children go:
As gay are our hearts as flowers swinging light,
When balmy airs of Springtime blow.

Gaily we work with spade and rake and hoe,
Golden shines the burnished sun of noon;
Then in the fields the shadows longer grow,
Time to be looking for the moon!

Then twilight comes, and then the velvet night,
Stars shine like a beacon through the gloam,
The old cabin road is gray beneath their light,
The long road that leads us to our home.

[*As they sing the darkies move towards background. The voices grow fainter and fainter. The scene ends.*

COSTUMES

Lord Fairfax. Plum-colored velvet. Three-cornered black hat. White wig with cue.

George Washington. Frontiersman's suit of cotton khaki, made on Indian lines, with Indian tunic,

and knee-breeches. Tan stockings, with strappings of khaki wound round them, and moccasins.

MADAM WASHINGTON. Dark green quilted petticoat. Overdress and bodice of dark green, flowered in old rose. Elbow sleeves. White ruffles of lace. White lawn fichu. Powdered hair.

The plantation negroes wear tropically bright colors. All the colors are solid. Aunt Rachel has a bright blue dress with a white apron and kerchief, and a black cloak across her shoulders. She wears a scarlet and yellow turban, and huge gold hoops in her ears. The negro girls wear red and blue and green cotton dresses with white kerchiefs, and colored aprons—a yellow apron with a red dress, and so on. Some of them wear gay little turbans. Their feet are bare. The boys wear black knee-breeches, and bright-colored shirts, open at the neck. Uncle Ned wears black knee-breeches, low black shoes, and a faded scarlet vest with gilt buttons opening over a soft white shirt.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FORTUNE

(Founded on a legend of his youth.)

CHARACTERS

GEORGE WASHINGTON, a Youthful Surveyor
RICHARD GENN, JAMES TALBOT, KEITH CAREY } Young lads who serve respectively as "chainmen" and "pilots"
A FRONTIERSMAN
RED ROWAN, his daughter

SCENE: *An open woodland glade that is part of the wilderness portion of Lord Fairfax's estate beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, 1748. Trees at right, left, and background. Trailing vines. Low bushes. Underfoot a carpet of rotting leaves. At the left, near foreground, a fire smolders. Near it are spread a bearskin used as a sleeping-blanket, some pine boughs, surveyors' tools, and a tin box. At the right a fallen tree-trunk, mossed, vine-covered. The time is mid-afternoon. The lads who enter wear the garb of frontiersmen; but when the play begins the forest glade*

is deserted until Richard Genn's voice is heard from the woods in background.

RICHARD GENN.

Come on, then, Washington. Hurry there, Talbot! *(Genn enters, carrying chains and a surveyor's pole, and comes quickly to the fire.)* Why, the ashes have kept their heat since morning. We will not have to start another fire.

JAMES TALBOT

(entering with Washington from background).

That's good hearing, for I'm famished. How say you, Washington?

WASHINGTON

(laughing and coming to fire).

I could eat a wild turkey, feathers and all. This life in the wilderness makes one keenly hungry. What's in the box, Richard?

TALBOT

(delving into tin box).

Bacon. Some dry bread.

WASHINGTON.

Toast the bacon between the bread, and we'll have such a feast as is due to young surveyors who've tramped a good ten miles since morning. Now then, Richard. Here are some sticks. Let each lad toast his own.

TALBOT

(helping to prepare).

The very smell of it makes me ravenous. *(To Genn.)* I wonder where your Uncle is, and Colonel Fairfax?

GENN.

Miles from here, doubtless. *(Stretches.)* But I *am* stiff!

WASHINGTON.

And where can Carey be?

TALBOT.

Oh, Carey's lagged behind to get a shot at some grouse that he means to have for supper. Hark!

CAREY

(in background).

Lads! Lads! Where be ye?

WASHINGTON

(calling in answer).

Here, Carey, here. *(To the others.)* That's he, now. Well, Carey, what luck?

CAREY

(entering from background).

Any luck but pot luck. Missed both times. No grouse for us. I almost wish I'd raided some frontiersman's cabin.

[*Sits at fire.*

WASHINGTON.

"Get what you can get honestly." *(Passes him the bacon.)* "Use what you get frugally." That was an old saying I learned from my copybook, and even in the wilderness it seems to hold true.

RICHARD GENN

(as they sit about fire, eating).

What's to be done when this meal is finished?

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Naught that I know of. I can do no more till I receive further orders from Colonel Fairfax.

TALBOT.

Well, then, we've a half-holiday. 'Tis the first idle time we've had in three weeks. Up before dawn, and to bed before star-rise! I tell you it makes the hours spin fast. How shall we pass our leisure?

CAREY.

I'm going back for those grouse.

[*Rises.*

TALBOT.

I've seen the bronze of a wild turkey's wing.

[*Rises.*

GENN

(smacking his lips).

I'd like to have that same turkey wing here before the fire! *(Rises.)* I'm with you, Talbot, for what-

ever a sportsman's luck may bring. And you, Washington?

WASHINGTON.

I'd best wait here to see if a message comes from Colonel Fairfax. If in one hour the message does not come, I'll join you.

GENN

(ready to start).

Well, then, Talbot.

[*The three lads start.*

WASHINGTON

(to Carey).

I wish you luck! May you flush a grouse at every ten yards!

[*Lads laugh, and exeunt, background. Washington looks after them a moment, and then takes surveying paper from his pocket.*

WASHINGTON.

Now for my wilderness chart!

[*Pores over it. From the distance comes the sound of a frontiersman's ax, which he is too absorbed to notice. Red Rowan enters from the right, a wild, picturesque young figure in a scarlet cloak.*

WASHINGTON

(to himself, as he bends over his chart).

'Tis not so easy as Little Hunting Creek!

RED ROWAN

(approaching him).

Nothing is easy in the wilderness!

WASHINGTON

(starting up, gazing at her, and then brushing his hand across his eyes).

I thought I was studying before the fire; but instead I've been dreaming . . . dreaming!

RED ROWAN

(shaking her head).

No dream! Only a woodsman's daughter. You can hear my father yonder, felling oaks. I saw the glimmer of your fire and came.

WASHINGTON

(with a boyish courtesy and shyness).

Will you—will you not be seated?

RED ROWAN

(seated on bearskin, looking at fire).

Folks call me Red Rowan.

WASHINGTON.

My name is Washington. George Washington.

RED ROWAN

(still looking at the fire).

You have a shrewd fire, and the air is chill in these mountains.

WASHINGTON.

Will you not have some bacon and bread? I wish there were more to offer you.

RED ROWAN.

I'll have a taste of the bacon and a morsel of bread. *(Washington begins to prepare them).* I thank you.

WASHINGTON

(toasting bread and bacon).

The wilderness must be rough-seeming to you.

RED ROWAN.

I'm well-used to deep forests and long, hard journeys, for the love of a trail is in my blood. My grandfather was a gentleman rover, and my father a frontiersman, and my mother was—a gipsy.

WASHINGTON

(surprised).

A gipsy?

RED ROWAN

(nodding).

Aye, but she died when I was little, and lies buried oversea. 'Tis ten years now since my father came from England, and brought me with him.

WASHINGTON.

You have known little of a roof, then.

RED ROWAN.

Aye, or of schooling. But forests are kind teachers, and have given me much. There is a lore deeper than the lore of books. You too must know it. For with lonely campfires and winding roads and sharp, white, frosty stars one comes to gather wisdom. Schoolbooks may give you the past, but it is in my blood to know——

WASHINGTON

(as she pauses).

The future—!

RED ROWAN

(slowly, gazing at fire).

Or so I tell myself. I must ofttimes make up fancies to help the long days pass. *(Rises.)* Come, for a jest, let me read your palm, Master Washington. And in after years you may say: "Why, so Red Rowan told me!"

WASHINGTON.

Would you have me put faith in witchcraft?

RED ROWAN

(offended).

Do I look like a witch? Nay, but you know right well I do not. Come, let me read your hand. 'Tis a mere jest, and will do no harm, and you need not believe a word I say.

WASHINGTON.

I will not, if it is flattering; for I have learned aforetime that *humility is the forerunner of advancement.**

RED ROWAN

(seated on mossy log, as she reads his hand).

What would you wish to be?

WASHINGTON

(simply).

When I grow older, a man of deeds, not words.*

RED ROWAN.

Well, then, give hither. *(Reading his hand.)* Your name is Washington, and you come from beyond Blue Ridge. All this I know. For the rest, let me read. You are well versed in woodcraft, but not so well in books.

WASHINGTON.

There I must mend me.

RED ROWAN.

Aye. You are a notable horseman: your wrist is quick at the foils; you can swim, climb, and fight, if need be. You are strong, and your valor equals your strength, your courtesy, your bearing. The line of truth is here. You smile?

* Washington's own words.

WASHINGTON.

I was thinking of the matter of a hatchet and a cherry tree!

RED ROWAN

(still reading).

Through all your life, success will smile upon you. Here are the marks of battles. Here are the lines of hardships and of victories. And all these little lines—see, marches, marches, marches! You'll be a colonel, and perhaps a general. You laugh? Some day you'll see! 'Twill all come true! You'll fight in a great cause.

WASHINGTON

(puzzled).

What cause is there to fight for?

RED ROWAN.

That I do not know. But here 'tis clearly written. And you will win. Your name will be on all men's tongues. 'Tis a long road, and all up hill. But at the summit—triumph! Remember that. Upon the summit is triumph.

WASHINGTON

(half-soberly).

And for the rest?

RED ROWAN.

You'll be upon a farmstead with great, rolling acres.

WASHINGTON.

Forest or farmstead, I care not which. That part is true enough, Mistress Rowan. There was a time when I wished to go to sea; but now I hope to spend my life at Ferry Farm.

RED ROWAN

(rising).

Part of it will be spent far otherwise. Remember that I told you.

WASHINGTON

(courteously).

Aye, I'll remember, tho' 'tis but a jest.

RED ROWAN

(pausing).

Aye, a jest wrought of gipsy magic. I wish you well, Master Washington, and I thank you for your hospitality.

FRONTIERSMAN'S VOICE

(calling from right).

Rowan!

RED ROWAN

(answering).

I'm coming, father. *(To Washington.)* Remember, Master Washington, that I told you.

[*Exit Rowan, quickly and lightly.*

WASHINGTON

(smiling to himself).

Remember! Why, 'tis the merest jest.

CAREY

(from background).

Time's up, George! There's wondrous sport. Are you not coming?

WASHINGTON

(to Carey).

Aye, I am coming. *(To himself.)* But the merest jest! "To fight in a great cause—!" "A long hill, and a hard, and at the summit—triumph!" *(Shaking off the spell the words have cast on him).* The lads would laugh, did I but tell them! *(Calls, in answer to impatient steps, and crackling of leaves in background.)* I come!

[*He makes his exit into background, running blithely, and the play ends.*

COSTUMES

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Frontiersman's suit, modeled on Indian lines. The suit is tan-colored, supposedly made of dressed deerskin. The breeches and tunic are fringed, Indian fashion. There is neither paint nor beading upon the suits. Moccasins. The other lads wear suits of the same kind. The material

can be cotton khaki. The moccasins can be made of the same, and beaded.

Red Rowan. Dress of leaf-brown homespun made rather short, and quite plain, open at the neck, the sleeves coming to the elbow. A cloak of vivid scarlet, gathered in simple folds at neck, and falling to the ankles. Both dress and cloak may be made of cambric, using the unglazed side. Tan stockings. Moccasins. The latter may be made of cotton khaki, and beaded.

DANIEL BOONE: PATRIOT

CHARACTERS

DANIEL BOONE, a pioneer.
ROGER KENTON, a lad
ALLAN RIGDON, another
BLAIZE PRITCHARD, a trapper
EDWARD BRYAN
JAMES COLBY
BLACK FISH, an Indian Chief
HAWK EYE, a young Indian Brave
EAGLE'S FEATHER, another
Other Pioneers, Trappers, Indians

(Note: The events comprised in this play cover a longer period of time than is suggested here.)

SCENE: *An open woodland. Place, the Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, 1778. Trees right, left, and background. A slightly worn path leads to background where the salt springs are supposed to be. Tall poles with skins on them. A large kettle swings over the fire in right foreground. Near it are other kettles, iron saucepans, and sacks for salt. In center background a hollow tree with swinging moss covering its opening. A fallen log near the kettles serves as a seat.*

The play begins by young Allan Rigdon coming out of woods, left, with a few fagots which he feeds to the fire, bending over it, and looking in the kettle. James Colby comes by the half-worn path from background, carrying a bucket of water.

COLBY

(calling).

How comes the salt, Rigdon? If 'twere not that these licks give it in such abundance, 'twould try a lad's patience sorely. 'Tis like a girl's work—tending kettles! And hardly a man's work—carrying water from a spring. *(Puts down pail of water.)* 'Faith, my arms are stiff, and my fingers also! If an Indian sprang at me from a thicket I could not so much as cock my gun! What shall I do next? Carry more water? The rest are still drawing it—*more* girl's work, if you'll leave me call it so! *(As a slight sound is heard at left.)* Heaven's mercy! What's that? *(Seizes gun.)* Is it Indians?

BOONE

(quietly approaching from left).

And if it were, would your work be only *girl's* work, Colby? It shows you but a foolish lad to speak of it thus lightly. With all Boonesborough in need of salt, with our cattle and horses half-perishing for the want of it, with the way that lies to the licks a very wilderness road for danger, 'twould hardly be called girl's work to tend these kettles—brave as our frontier

women are. 'Tis *men's* work, Colby, although you be but lads who do it.

RIGDON.

The wilderness makes men of lads right quickly; does it not, Master Boone?

BOONE

(seated on log).

Aye, that it does. If it were not for the stress of the times, and the scarcity of men to keep watch, you should be back in Boonesborough, and not here, my lads. But 'twas for your courage and skill that I chose you. How comes the salt, Rigdon?

RIGDON.

Finely, sir, finely. And the hunting?

BOONE

(shaking his head).

Scarce enough to keep a fox alive. I must start forth again. There should be plenty of bison fat and deer meat for the days that are coming. *(Enter Kenton with bucket of water. He puts it down, and salutes Boone.)* Well, Kenton, what news from the springs?

KENTON.

The same as ever, sir. Blaize Pritchard and Edward Bryan stand guard while the rest of us carry water. The camp is as you see it. There's not been a sign of an Indian since you left us yesternight.

BOONE.

You do not ask what I've brought back with me, Kenton.

KENTON.

I know, sir, that if there were game to be had you would have bagged it. But since we've come to the Blue Lick Springs the buffalo and deer seem to have gotten wind of us. There's not so much as a rabbit scampering across the grass. It seems as if nature herself were in league against us.

BOONE.

Nonsense, lad. There'll be game enough soon, when I've foraged further. Such times as these were sent to us to see whether we be of iron or putty.

KENTON.

All the same, sir, I'll be glad when the boiling is done and we can pack our salt, and start through the forest for home. Long as the trail is, I would sooner have it than——

BOONE

(clutching rifle).

Hark! The crack of a branch—in the forest. On the defense, lads. I'll investigate.

[*Goes into woods at right.*

KENTON

(in a low voice, as the lads seize their rifles).

If it should be those venomous Shawnees! Before we left Boonesborough 'twas said that they'd already passed the war-pipe through their villages. They have been still so long, 'tis time for an uprising. *(Approaching footsteps are heard.)* Who comes?

COLBY

(on the alert).

Just Boone himself.

RIGDON.

What signs, sir?

BOONE.

No signs at all, unless for the first time in their lives the Indians are shrewder than the Long Knives. There's not so much as a broken branch, or a newly fallen leaf. Now, lads, off to the spring with you. I'll tend this last kettle, and when 'tis boiled, I'll start on the trail again. There must be bison and deer for the followers of Daniel Boone. Lads, stay! If because we are unmolested you should sometimes think that tending the kettle is work for girls—remember that we and our guns are all that stand between the Indians and the fort at Boonesborough, where all the women and children are. Will you remember?

ALL

(speaking vehemently).

Aye, sir.

BOONE.

And as I take the trail I will remember the lads who've lived on dry bread and the paring of bacon rinds, and who've tasted naught but parched buffalo meat in three weeks.

RIGDON.

You've gone hungry yourself, sir.

BOONE.

Well, lads, 'tis all in the day's luck. We'll not suffer for meat if I can shoot an elk or a bear. *(Lads exeunt through trees in background, Boone watching them.)* Brave lads they are, and true!

[*He tends the kettle, facing audience. After a moment Indians stealthily appear in background.*

EAGLE'S FEATHER

(as two of the braves seize Boone).

Long Knife, surrender!

[*There is a brief struggle between Boone and the braves; but the former finds that it is useless to resist.*

HAWK EYE.

Shawnees on warpath. Long have watched Boone and tried to trap him. Now have got him. Boone show trail to Boonesborough.

BOONE

(to himself, in a tense whisper).

Boonesborough?

BLACK FISH

(majestically).

What answer does Long Knife Boone make? If Long Knife joins tribe, Long Knife will be treated with honor. All at Boonesborough will be killed; but Boone's life will be spared if he joins tribe. What answer does Long Knife Boone make?

[*Boone considers deeply for a moment. His gun has been taken from him; but he is so closely surrounded that his arms are left free. He considers deeply for another moment, arms crossed on breast, head bowed. Looks up for an instant. Gives a searching glance at the Indians. Considers again for a moment. Then raises his head.*

BOONE.

Long Knife says—yes!

[*Holds out his hands, smiling.*

ALL INDIANS

(delighted at pantomime of acquiescence).

Wah!

BLACK FISH

(waving tomahawk in air).

Long Knife's brothers—over by spring!

ALL INDIANS

(in chorus).

Kill! Kill!

BOONE.

Wait! Black Fish try to kill Long Knife's brothers. Long Knife's brothers fight back. Kill maybe one brave. Maybe two braves. Maybe three braves. But—Boone speak to his white brothers. They surrender to Black Fish. No fighting. No braves killed. What does Black Fish answer?

BLACK FISH.

Black Fish answers: Long Knife show great wisdom. Black Fish do as Long Knife says.

[*Some of the Indians start in the direction of the spring.*

HAWK EYE

(grunting).

Umph!

[*Kenton is suddenly brought in by two braves who have captured him. As his eye falls on Boone his voice shrills with terror.*

KENTON.

Oh, they have caught you! They have—

[*The rest of the pioneers begin to appear from background, closely guarded by the Indians.*

COLBY

(as all of Boone's little band are brought in as captives).

What's this? Not Boone a traitor?

BOONE.

Hush! *(To the other white men.)* No use to fight. We are surrounded. *(To Black Fish.)* Does Black Fish give me leave to speak to my comrades apart?

[*Black Fish nods assent. Boone and his band withdraw to left. The Indians withdraw to right. Each side holds a conference. That of the Indians is in pantomime.*

BOONE

(to his band).

No use to fight, lads. Put up your guns. *(Indicates Indians.)* Half a score more are in the woods behind us. If we surrender, we may gain some time. If we refuse, we're lost. They'll march at once on Boonesborough.

KENTON.

Wilson 's gone free, sir. He'll take Boonesborough the news of our capture.

BOONE

(rapidly).

Aye; but he cannot take them the news of what Black Fish means to do. No one in Boonesborough knows that the Indians are on the warpath. A massacre is planned. The fires are lit. The tomahawks are ready. We must gain time. 'Tis all that we can do. We must surrender. I'll break through when I can. *(Loudly.)* Think well, my brothers. Here is freedom offered you, if you surrender. What do you say?

PRITCHARD

(loudly).

I say that we surrender.

[*Boone, turning, makes a gesture to the spot where their guns lie piled, then towards the Indians as one would say: "We give in."*

BLACK FISH.

My brothers, we, too, have had a council. Far in the North the British pay much gold for paleface prisoners.

PRITCHARD

(involuntarily).

Oh, Boone, we're sold!

BOONE

(quickly).

No! Saved! The British will take a ransom, and Boonesborough will pay it to the uttermost farthing.

(In a low voice.) Come, strategy! Strategy! I will break through to-night.

PRITCHARD.

Great Chief Black Fish, to you we have surrendered. With your braves we will take the trail to the British encampment.

BLACK FISH

(grunting with pleasure).

Umph! Much money for paleface prisoners. *(To Hawk Eye).* Give prisoners bison meat. Water. See they not die on road. No want to lose money they bring. Braves march now. Boone not go. Boone stay with us.

[*While Black Fish has been speaking the braves and their prisoners line up for departure. Meantime, from the woods in background other Indians have joined the group. Those who have captured Boone describe the feat in dumbshow. The newly arrived Indians bear food, a blanket or so, a war-drum, pipes, etc.*

BOONE

(striving to speak gaily).

A good journey, my lads. I shall be thinking of you.

EDWARD BRYAN

(low: aside, full of commiseration).

You will be here alone!

BOONE

(hurriedly, seeing that Bryan's remark has been overheard by the Indians).

With my kind brothers! *(Quickly, seeing that Black Fish's back is turned.)* March bravely, lads. Remember Boonesborough!

PRITCHARD

(moved).

Your hand, Boone.

BOONE

(clasping Pritchard's hand).

My comrade!

[*They look at each other a long moment. Then the line, Indian-guarded, and led by Hawk Eye, marches out, left.*

BLACK FISH

Now we make a great feast. Celebrate.

[*They all sit on ground. War-pipe is passed. Gourds with grape wine. Dried fish. Dried fruits. General hum of excitement and pleasure. Animated and colorful groups. Boone smokes the war-pipe when it is passed to him. Drinks and eats freely with the others. Through it all, now soft, now loud, sounds the drone of the war-drum. Now and again a young buck yells jubilantly, or ejaculates a shrill* "E-yah!" *of pleasure. They rise from feasting to dance in a war-*

circle about the drum, right. Boone does a few steps with them, and then retreats to left of stage. More dances. Speeches with short guttural words and grunts. Waving of tomahawks. Shrill cries. Another circle is formed about the war-drum. Attention drifts away from Boone. Finally, after a second dance about the war-drum Eagle's Feather gives a sudden cry of "Boone! Boone gone!" *Intense excitement. Cries of rage. General search as Indians exeunt right and left. One or two lag behind and look in bushes. Eagle's Feather pulls back swinging moss from hollow tree and looks within. Then the baffled Indians dart off stage, right. A moment later Boone enters from left. Looks warily about him, right, left, and background. Then darts into hollow tree. A moment later the Indians, headed by Eagle's Feather, enter right, left, and background. They gesticulate with cries of* "Boonesborough!" *Some urge taking the way at left, others the way at right. Eagle's Feather is among the latter. The way at right is ultimately decided upon. With a final yell of* "Boonesborough!" *and great swinging of tomahawks, all the Indians exeunt right. The drone of the war-drum begins, and grows fainter and fainter as they go into the forest. The gourds and blankets and*

pipes they have collected and taken with them as supplies for the march.

BOONE

(coming triumphantly out of his hollow tree).

They have taken the wrong trail! I am free to warn my people! I can gain the fort ere the Indians reach it! Boonesborough is saved.

[*Exit Boone, running left. The grassy space is left vacant, and the scene ends.*

COSTUMES

DANIEL BOONE. Daniel Boone and his followers wear suits of buckskin made on Indian lines. (Cotton khaki imitates the tan color of the buckskin.) Long breeches, the buckskin tunic coming about to the knee. It is fringed. There is no adornment on the tunics such as Indians wear. The lads of the party wear buckskin breeches of knee-length, and tan strapping over tan-colored stockings. They should all wear moccasins, or imitation moccasins made of khaki, and embroidered in beads.

THE INDIANS. The Indians wear suits resembling those of Boone and his followers, save that they have painted insignia and bead and shell embroidery. Black Fish has a great black fish painted on his khaki costume. All wear moccasins. All have feathered head-dresses and war-paint. The war-paint of Black Fish is scarlet and black, and he wears an immense

black head-dress of feathers that is longer and handsomer than those of any of the others. Eagle's Feather wears a scarlet head-band and one huge gray eagle's feather in it, stuck upright. For further description of Indian finery see description of braves in " Princess Pocahontas." The blankets and baskets can be the same in this play as in that one.

PROPERTIES. The hollow tree can be made of two halves of barrels fastened together, and stood upright by means of props put behind it. It should be painted dark brown inside and out, or covered with dark-brown burlap flecked with black and white for lichen. Green vines can be hung about it, and it should stand well in the background, resembling a rotting and blasted tree as much as possible.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN EPISODE

CHARACTERS

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
AN OLD WOMAN

SCENE I

Boston Common on a Summer afternoon, 1720.

The Common is an open grassy space, wide to the sun and sky. There are trees right, left, and background. Their shadows fall like a wavering tracery across the grass.

At the beginning of the scene this grassy space is deserted. It is the far end of the Common, a place not much frequented by loiterers. The first person to cross it is young Benjamin Franklin, who comes slowly in from right. He wears knee-breeches, a loose white shirt, silver buckles on his square-toed shoes, and a three-cornered hat on his head. He is reading from a book which he holds in his right hand, while on his left arm hangs a basket of tallow candles. Slung across his left shoulder is a kite, its string trailing.

He walks slowly, pausing every now and then to turn a page. The old woman enters from right, and

comes quickly towards Franklin. She is wonderfully keen-eyed and light of foot, and is clad in a green quilted petticoat, with a green bodice, a touch of white at neck, and a green double cape. A white cap is perched on her snow-white head. She also carries a small market-basket, and a gold-headed cane. Her stockings are scarlet, her low black shoes have gold buckles. She is, withal, arrestingly picturesque, and there hangs about her a slight air of mystery, that is well in accordance with her profession, which is that of sooth-sayer.

Frank'in is so deep in his book that she soon catches up with him, passes him, looks back, and sees that he does not perceive her. Then she stands still and lets him pass her, still staring at him. Then she comes briskly up behind him, and taps him on the arm with her cane.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Fare not so fast, young sir. If your book makes you so blind to customers, 'tis not many candles you'll be selling.

FRANKLIN

(at first somewhat startled, then looking up quite calmly).

And if I do not mind my books, 'tis naught but candles I'll be selling all my life.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Well spoken, tallow-chandler's son. Whatever your calling, I see that your wits are not made of wax.

Give me a shilling's worth o' candles, and tell me what good your toil is like to bring you.

FRANKLIN

(putting down book, kite, and basket, and selecting candles).

I have ambition to become a printer.

THE OLD WOMAN

(paying him and putting candles in her basket).

So!

FRANKLIN.

And if I do not apply myself, how am I like to learn? There are no gains without pains, and heaven gives all things to Industry.*

THE OLD WOMAN

(holding up her hands).

To hear him! *(Chuckling to herself.)* Keep on! Keep on! You'll ne'er be sorry for it! Aha, Master Franklin, 'twill take no gazing in the crystal to see that the future of a wise and industrious lad is made of gold. What's that you're carrying as carefully as if 'twas your book?

FRANKLIN

(dropping book and basket, and showing kite).

My kite. To-day was a half-holiday, and I've been flying it on Beacon Hill till the wind hath made me sleepy.

* From "Poor Richard's Almanac."

THE OLD WOMAN

(keenly).

You've fastened a little key to it.

FRANKLIN

(with a burst of candor).

Sometimes I think I'll fly it in a thunderstorm and gather up the lightning.

THE OLD WOMAN

(tapping the ground vigorously with her cane).

Those are bold words, Master Benjamin Franklin. Are you not feared to speak them? *(Looks half-fearfully over her left shoulder.)* Folk might think you were in league with—*with strange powers! (There is a touch of the eighteenth-century beldame in her as she speaks these words).*

FRANKLIN.

How is it that you know my name, and yet I do not remember you?

THE OLD WOMAN

(mysteriously).

Perhaps there are too many soothsayers passing, or perhaps you have not looked well about you. Aha, aha! *(Nodding and blinking.)* There are many things folk do not see.

FRANKLIN

(shrewdly and bluntly).

That's true. My father says that *all* the witches were not hanged on Salem Hill.

THE OLD WOMAN

(finger upraised).

S-ssh! Never that word! Never that word, Master Franklin! Come, I am for crossing the Common, and for your good-will, and because you are a wise lad, I'll lend you my crystal.

[*Gives it to him.*

FRANKLIN

(putting book in basket with candles, and turning crystal to the light).

How it shines in the sun!

THE OLD WOMAN

(with cane upraised and wand-like for a moment).

Look in it. Look deep in it. 'Twill give you dreams, Master Franklin, all good, good dreams. Dreams o' the future, Master Franklin!

[*Franklin stands still in background, looking at the crystal as the Old Woman goes on her way. The branches of the trees under which he stands cast wavering shadows about him. It is cool after the glare of the sun. He yawns, stretches, and throws himself at foot of tree.*

FRANKLIN

(musing aloud).

Of all the strange old women! *(Looks at crystal again.)* A pretty toy, truly! All—shining—in—the —sun—— *(Falls asleep.)*

THE OLD WOMAN

(stealing back for a moment out of background, and raising cane as before).

Dream! Dream deep!

[*Tosses over him half of her double cloak, then makes her exit into background, with finger on lip, and disappears from view. There is a pause of some length, during which dream music is played, a soft, swaying rhythm. Then comes the Dream.*

SCENE II

PEOPLE OF THE DREAM

DR. FRANKLIN, the statesman
JOHN ADAMS
MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France
THE DUCHESS OF BOURBON
MADEMOISELLE DE PERNAN
MADEMOISELLE DE TRESSAU
Ladies in Waiting. Pages. Courtiers. Rose Minuet Dancers. Shepherdesses and Milkmaids from the Petit Trianon. Little Flower Girls. Rose Bearers.

The setting is the lawn of Versailles on a Summer afternoon, 1781.

There are trees at right, left, and background. The entrances of all taking part in the scene are made from middle background.

The dream music of the previous scene having ceased, a stately march is played off scene. Queen Marie Antoinette enters, her train held by four little pages in white satin. She is followed by Mlles. de Pernan and de Tressau, who wear white brocade with pale yellow roses. Following them comes a less formal group, ladies in waiting, who wear dark green and silver-flowered bodices and overskirts over still darker green quilted petticoats: amber costumes of the same, threaded with gold, and dark purple over white satin. The Queen, who is in white, with a long train of scarlet velvet, has the only touch of scarlet that is worn in the scene. The French courtiers are in flowered coats with buff, blue of a deep shade, and white and amber-brown predominating.

The Queen, having crossed the sward, stands at right, and the Mlles. de Pernan and de Tressau stand immediately behind her, and by them the pages. A little further back, in a stately, yet not too formal a semicircle, stands the court. Just as they are taking their places there comes from the background a sedan chair borne by four chairmen in black velvet, with powdered wigs. This chair is set down in center of sward. The Duchess of Bourbon alights: approaches the Queen, courtesies deeply and kisses her Majesty's

hand. Then joins the group behind the Queen. The chair is carried to the back of the group during this ceremony.

Music off-scene plays "Hail Columbia" and Franklin and Adams appear from background, Adams following Franklin. Benjamin Franklin is in black, with unpowdered hair. His famous spectacles are on his nose. The Queen extends her hand, over which he bows. Adams, with three-cornered hat on breast, bows just behind him.

QUEEN.

You honor France in honoring us by your presence, Dr. Franklin. Mr. Adams, we greet you, not only because you come from America, but because you are the friend of wisdom and sagacity.

FRANKLIN

(bowing low: ditto Adams).

Your Majesty does us too much honor!

QUEEN.

The honor we do you to-day is to be gay, festive, joyous. We have delighted to plan a fête for your pleasure wherein you shall behold Versailles and Trianon, court ladies, milkmaids, shepherdesses! But, first, the verses!

[According to the custom of eighteenth-century France in honoring a philosopher, the Mlles. de Pernan and de Tressau face Franklin and the Queen, courtesy deeply, recite a verse, courtesy again, and return to their places.

MLLE. DE PERNAN.

"We come to honor, one by one,
Benjamin Franklin, Freedom's son,
Who comes to us from oversea,
Champion of light and liberty."

MLLE. DE TRESSAU.

"Learned and just, benignant, wise,
You draw the lightning from the skies:
Printer and Statesman—here we see
What man through his own wit may be!"

[*Throughout the revels that follow the Queen and Benjamin Franklin stand at right, while the dancers enter from left background. As soon as one group has finished dancing, center, they move to the left, and stand in a line facing Franklin and the Queen. Thus color is added to color, till the whole has a rainbow effect.*

The first group to enter is the pale-violet group, ladies-in-waiting, who wear pale-violet bodices and overdresses over white. They dance a gavotte, and retire to a line at left. The stage on which the dancing is done must afford ample space, so that there is no crowding.

The second group enters. Court ladies in pale-yellow bodices and looped overdresses over

white. They dance a gavotte, and then stand at left of stage.

The third group enters. Young maids of the court, dressed as shepherdesses. Pale sea-foam-green bodices and overdresses over white. White crooks, with pale-green satin streamers fastened to them. They dance a minuet, and retire to left.

The fourth group enters. Young maids of the court dressed as milkmaids. Pale-blue bodices and looped-up overdresses over white. Each milkmaid carries a small white, wooden milking-pail. They dance a minuet, and retire to left.

The fifth group enters for the Rose Minuet. First come ten little girls walking two and two. They wear bodices and overdresses of the very palest pink, flowered with deep-pink roses. Their fichus and petticoats are white. Each couple carries between them a half-hoop of pink roses. When they come to a halt the rose hoops, held high, form a rose bower through which the rose-dancers approach. They are maids of the court, who wear rose-pink bodices and overdresses over white. Wreaths of tiny pink rosebuds on their powdered hair. With the little girls with rose hoops forming figures and groups in the center of the sward, the minuet dancers go through a minuet which should differ from

the other minuets, its figures being somewhat more elaborate and complicated.

The final figure of this fête should be a huge minuet, with the rose-dancers in the center of the sward, the other dancers joining in. After a figure or two, the tempo of the music should change, and the dancers, headed by those who have done the rose minuet, should march off the field into the background. First the pink group, then the blue group, then the green, yellow, and violet groups. With the same march music still sounding, the Queen and Franklin, followed in stately fashion by the court, should leave the field, and thus end the scene.

COSTUMES

The costumes of the first scene have already been indicated in the text. That of the crystal-gazer can be made of cambric, with the glazed side turned inward. Her cap and kerchief should be of white lawn.

Costumes in Scene II

Marie Antoinette. White satin petticoat. Overdress and bodice of white silk brocaded with scarlet roses. White lace ruffles and fichu. Long train of scarlet velvet, lined in white satin. Hair dressed high and powdered. Gold crown. Shimmering necklace. If a costume as ornate as this is not procurable, let

the young player wear a long white muslin dress that just touches below the ankle. A bodice and overdress of white cretonne flowered with red roses. White lawn fichu with ruffles. A long train of scarlet cambric with the glazed side turned outward to represent satin. This is lined in white cambric which should also be satiny-looking. The train is fastened at the shoulders, and borne by two pages. Crown and jewels of gold and silver paper. White slippers and stockings. Brilliant buckles.

FRANKLIN. Suit of plain black velvet. Vest of black satin. Stockings and low shoes of black. Three-cornered black hat which he holds under his arm. His hair falls to his collar, and is unpowdered. A pair of square spectacles on his nose.

ADAMS. Suit of plum-colored velvet, trimmed with gold lace. White satin waistcoat. White stock, and lace jabot, and sleeve-ruffles. Black shoes with gold buckles. Black stockings. White powdered wig worn in a cue.

With the other costumes, cretonne and cheese-cloth can be substituted for silk and satin; but the color scheme that has been already described should be strictly adhered to. The Mlles. de Pernan and de Tressau should wear white dresses, with looped-up paniers of white cretonne flowered in yellow. The Duchess of Bourbon, a white dress with looped paniers of pale blue, flowered in pink. White fichu and ruffles. Very inexpensive yet effective costumes can be made for the dancers by having each girl wear a white dress

that comes below the knee. Over this dress may be worn a deep girdle of cheesecloth of a solid color. Then looped-up paniers of cheesecloth of the same color at each side. A white fichu of cheesecloth or lawn may be worn with this costume, and all the girls taking part in the dances should have their hair powdered, and worn in a pompadour fashion. White shoes and stockings for all the dancers. Older girls taking part should wear their dresses ankle-length. If a more satiny look than cheesecloth gives is wished, let the overdresses be of light-colored cambric with the glazed side turned outward. Cheesecloth is the softest, most pliable material, and the most easily managed.

The dancers who carry the rose hoops should wear pale-pink cretonne flowered in deeper pink. The rose hoops may be made of ordinary hoops of a good size cut in half, covered with green cheesecloth, and then decorated with pink paper roses, put on so thickly that the green is almost hidden.

The pages and sedan chair-bearers wear black velvet, with black waistcoats and white neck-pieces and ruffles. Black stockings and low black shoes. Hair powdered and worn in a cue. Black suits, basted back to give the effect of an eighteenth-century coat, white neck-cloth and ruffles of lawn will make good substitutes for the more ornate costume. For the white wigs, a tight-fitting skull-cap of white muslin. Basted to this white cotton batting, shaped to fit the head, and having a cue in the back tied with black velvet ribbon. For the sedan chair, if a real sedan chair cannot be

had, have a chair fastened to a stout platform of wood. Handles for the bearers to hold should be fastened to the chair. A boxed-in canopy of heavy white cardboard covers this, the cardboard fastened to a light framework. Over the cardboard should be pasted pale-yellow wallpaper, or white-flowered wallpaper. The inside of the chair should be covered in flowered cretonne. The handles should be gilded.

MUSIC (for band, orchestra, or piano):

For the Dream Music: Minuet, by L. Boccherini

Gavotte: Gavotte Favorite de Marie Antoinette (1774), by Charles Neustedt.

Minuet: Minuet from Don Juan, by Mozart.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN EPISODE

LINCOLN CABIN SCENE

CHARACTERS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
NANCY LINCOLN
JOHN LINCOLN
AMY ROBY
TOM BUSH
FRANÇOIS, a young French-Canadian
ANDREW SMITH, a fiddler
RED PLUME, the chieftain of a small Indian tribe
DARK CLOUD, an Indian brave
SKY-OF-DAWN, an Indian maiden
Other young people, friends of Lincoln, Indian braves, Indian maidens

SCENE: *A clearing beyond the Lincoln cabin, Little Creek, Indiana, 1823.*

When the boys and girls who are to take part in the outdoor merrymaking begin to appear, it is seen that the boys wear moccasins, and buckskin is bound in strappings to their knees. They wear, for the most part, dark knee-breeches. Their shirts are dark-blue, dark-red, and dark-plum flannel—any dark flannel shirt will

do. These shirts are open at the neck, and a gay handkerchief is twisted about them, tied with loose ends. François betrays his French ancestry by a red sash tied at the side.

The girls wear short dark calico, homespun, or woollen dresses of solid color, dark-blue, dark-brown, dark-gray. These dresses should have square necks, which show the throat. The dresses themselves are not much seen, because each girl wears an old-fashioned cloak, gathered at the neck, and falling to the edge of the dress. The cloaks are gay in color—forest-green, red, bright blue; in shape something like the well-known "Shaker" cloaks. Some of the cloaks have hoods that lend an air of quaintness. Several of the girls wear bead chains, evidently the work of their own fingers.

The scene opens with the entrance of Nancy and John Lincoln, and Tom Bush. The rest follow from background. It is evident from their attire and smiling faces that this is a gala occasion. Tom Bush carries a kettle to right, near a fallen log. Then he and the other boys kindle a fire, erect a rude tripod, and swing the kettle not far from where the log lies. Much business of blowing, lighting, etc. A battered tin coffee-pot is produced, ready for making the coffee.

TOM BUSH

(calling back over his shoulder, as the preparations begin).

Come, Nancy, we've found a fine place to swing the kettle.

AMY ROBY

(at right, stooping over basket).

And here's a splendid spot for unpacking the baskets!

[*Nancy Lincoln runs first to the fire, to see how the work is going forward, and then returns to Amy, who is busily unpacking baskets, with the assistance of the other girls. Nancy takes some of the contents of the baskets, and then hurries to Tom Bush with them.*

NANCY LINCOLN.

Here are some potatoes and corn-dodgers to put on the ashes.

FRANÇOIS

(to Andrew Smith).

It is mos' time that you had better be tuning up your fiddle, Andrew!

AMY ROBY

(to Nancy, who stands center, shielding her eyes, and looking towards background).

Isn't Abe coming?

NANCY LINCOLN

(shaking her head).

No, Abe isn't even in sight yet. But he'll surely be here as soon as he has finished splitting those rails.

ONE OF THE LITTLE GIRLS

(joyfully).

Andrew is beginning to play!

[*Andrew Smith's fiddle gives out the first notes of a reel. Those who are bending at their various occupations begin to nod and trip. In an instant everything is dropped, and the young people are all for merriment. They begin, center of sward, a grand right and left. Andrew Smith stands at right fiddling with the greatest possible gusto.*

As the dance ends, Andrew Smith points with his fiddle-bow to a figure seen approaching from the background, a tall, lank, kindly-faced boy, dressed like the others but with an ax over his shoulder.

ALL

(with a loud cry—intense delight—at the very top of their lungs).

Lincoln! Abe Lincoln!

[*They run to meet him. He comes down center with an admiring group on each side.*

NANCY LINCOLN

(looking up at Abe).

It wasn't really a holiday till you came.

[*Lincoln smiles at her, and then turns to Tom Bush.*

LINCOLN

(as he and Nancy and Tom Bush form a group at fire: the rest up stage, left).

What have you been doing, Tom?

TOM BUSH.

Fixing the fire, and now I'm going to see about getting the right sort of wood for the floor of a squirrel-cage. I caught a squirrel yesterday, and I—— Oh, I forgot! You wouldn't be interested in that. You said yesterday that if you were me you would let the squirrel go.

LINCOLN

(looking straight before him to something far beyond the narrow world of Little Creek).

I don't like to see things in cages: I like to see 'em *free.* I believe in freedom for everything living!

AMY ROBY.

(breaking in upon the group).

Come, Tom, there's another dance beginning!

[*Lincoln sits on log, near fire, and begins to roast some ears of corn which the boys have stacked near by. The young people beckon Lincoln. He shakes his head, watches them, smiling. A Virginia Reel is started at left. Lincoln, who is still seated on log, and those who are dancing the reel, are so absorbed that they are oblivious of a group of Indians*

stalking down from right. The Indians draw near to Lincoln, and stand motionless, watching the dance, their beads and headgear glittering in the sun, their blankets a brilliant blotch of color against the green. When the dance ends, Lincoln and his companions are aware of the Indians. But the Indians, although their desire is to trade the skins and furs they are carrying, cross to left, feigning entire indifference, and seat themselves in a semicircle. Red Plume in passing Lincoln has given him a grave "How!" to which Lincoln has returned "How!" with equal gravity. The settlers stand in a group at right, a little towards the background, watching the Indians. The Indians continue to sit in a grave circle. An old Indian smokes. Two of the Indian maidens appear to chatter. Finally Dark Cloud rises with a bundle of skins in his hand. The young settlers come down to right foreground. Dark Cloud puts the bundle of skins on the ground. Asks them, by gesture: "What will they give?"

Tom Bush offers a penknife for one of the skins. Dark Cloud stands with arms haughtily folded. Tom Bush adds a gay handkerchief to the penknife. Dark Cloud shakes his head, and stalks back to his circle. Sits with his brother Indians. Much conferring and shaking of heads. Equal panto-

mime on part of settlers. Lincoln is keenly watching the scene, but still apart from it all. Suddenly Red Plume rises and, with slow dignity, approaches Lincoln.

RED PLUME.

How!

LINCOLN.

How!

RED PLUME

(with indicatory pantomime).

Red Plume know Lincoln. Lincoln heap square. Lincoln heap just. Honest Abe decide.

[*Lincoln rises, and comes to center foreground. Dark Cloud rises from his circle and brings skins. He stands at Lincoln's left. The other Indians rise slowly, cross, and stand behind Dark Cloud. At Lincoln's right stands Tom Bush, and back of Tom Bush the youthful settlers. They have gathered together things they wish to trade, such as a fine blanket that was brought with the picnic blankets, hatchets, etc. Tom Bush is the first to start the trading. He adds to the handkerchief and penknife which he showed before a small hatchet. Both Dark Cloud and Tom Bush, after they have laid their possessions on the grass, look at Lincoln. Lincoln nods. The trade is made. Through all that follows Lincoln stands center, as a court*

of appeal. No trades are consummated until he has given the signal of an affirmative nod.

The Indians offer furs of various descriptions.

François trades off his red sash to Red Plume.

Amy Roby trades her chain of beads for an Indian basket.

Red Plume signifies interest in Andrew Smith's fiddle. He takes it up. At this the Indian maidens laugh amongst themselves. Red Plume tries the fiddle. It makes a very hideous squeak. At this two of the Indian maidens laugh outright. But Red Plume continues to be enamored of the instrument. He offers to exchange more and more skins for the fiddle, but Andrew Smith shakes his head. So no trade is made. Red Plume reluctantly relinquishes the fiddle. A backwoods lad trades off a blanket for some of Red Plume's furs, and the chieftain appears mollified. Now that the trading is over both settlers and Indians appear to be pleased with their possessions. Through all that has transpired, Lincoln has been the central figure, appealed to again and again. The Indians solemnly exeunt with their new possessions towards background.

NANCY LINCOLN

(turning to Abe).

You don't know how proud I am to hear them call

you " Honest Abe." I shouldn't be surprised if someday you did something wonderful and splendid!

LINCOLN

(smiling at her enthusiasm).

" Someday's " a long way off, Nancy!

NANCY LINCOLN

(with conviction).

Well, I believe that even if a boy *is* poor, and was born in a cabin, if he's as honest and hard-working as you are, Abe, he's sure to come out finely. Now, let's go home!

[*Lincoln, ax on shoulder, exits towards middle background, Nancy and John and all the rest following, with the fiddler playing gaily.*

The merrymaking is over, the grassy stage is left vacant, and the scene ends.

COSTUMES

The costumes for the young settlers have already been indicated in the episode itself. François, the young French-Canadian, wears a cotton khaki suit, cut on Indian lines. That is, the breeches of the suit are fringed, and he wears moccasins. He wears a tan shirt, open at the neck, and a scarlet sash belt.

The costumes for the Indians are of cotton khaki, cut on simple Indian lines. (See description of Indian costumes of " Princess Pocahontas.") Gay painting at

neck. Beads. Shells. Wampum. The Indian maidens and some of the braves have blankets. They should be striped in gay colors—red and green, orange and blue—the stripes very wide. A few blankets of solid color. Long pipes for the Indians to smoke. Head-dresses of brown and gray feathers. Dark Cloud wears a black feather head-dress. Red Plume wears a head-dress of brilliant scarlet feathers.

LIBERTY DANCE

This dance is for a pageant given on a very large scale. It is formed of commingled groups of the young people of all nations, and is symbolic of the Old World coming to the New. The peasant costumes of Germany, Russia, Italy, Ireland, Scotland, France and Sweden should be worn, and the dances should be the folk dances of the various nations, with their appropriate music.

PAGEANT DIRECTIONS

Care should be taken in choosing the pageant site. The actual stage should be a level sward, with close-clipped grass that will make it as easy as possible for the dancers. It is ideal if the background and sides of this stage can be picturesquely wooded, and present a vista through which the pageant players can be seen approaching. It will be well if the pageant stage itself has a tree or so. This stage should vary in size according to the number of people in the cast. A small cast requires a smaller and more intimate stage. In this way scenes in which a crowd of supernumeraries are needed will give the effect of having more people than are actually there. On the other hand, a large stage is needed for big effects, where a great number of people are used. Too small a stage makes a great number of players seem a huddled mass, and through this pantomimic effects are lost.

The pageant players should, if possible, have the sun at the side. It is very difficult to play facing a strong light. Choice of the time of day in which the pageant is given has much to do with its effectiveness. Late afternoon (from four o'clock on) is by far the best time for outdoor drama. The earlier hours are somewhat garish,—the light too high, the contrasts

too sharp and unvaried. But from four o'clock on the light mellows, the shadows become long and sweeping, the outdoor effects grow more and more beautiful. It is as if the first hint of sunset were the signal for ringing down a magic curtain on a scene where nature herself was pageant mistress. This is true of all outdoor plays as well as pageants.

Those who direct the pageant should see to it that the youthful players make a finished exit; that is, that one scene and set of players disappear entirely from view before another set of players begin to come on. Off stage the players should be in groups, arranged in the order in which they are to appear, so that as one group leaves the stage, the next is ready to appear, and confusion is avoided. No talk should be allowed off stage. On a still Summer day sounds carry: a murmur is confusing to the players.

The players should not be dependent on words alone for their cues. Very often a word may fail to carry out of doors; but a gesture can always be seen. Therefore, *gesture cues* can be used at many of the climaxes. These cues can be quite simple and natural, and while perfectly understandable to the players themselves, need not be at all obvious to the audience. The players and their director can decide upon the cues, and will find them of immense help. Thus, by an upraised arm, or by tossing back a braid of her hair, Pocahontas can signal to Powhatan that her talk with John Smith is finished. Washington shielding his eyes with his hand can be a signal to Carey that it is time for him to

enter, etc., etc. Of course, in many cases the ending or beginning of a dance, or the entrance of some principal character will be cue enough in itself.

In the final procession (if the players choose to have a procession), The Spirit of Patriotism should march first, and behind her should follow the other players in the order of their scenes. This preserves the order of the epochs also, and makes an excellent color scheme—the tawny yellows and reds of the Indian garb, the dark Puritan costumes, the pinks and blues of the Colonial period as against the more somber colors of the settler's homespun, etc., etc. In order to give such a procession its full effect it should not seem too stiff and premeditated. Let some of the players march two and two, and then have some important character walking alone. Sometimes it may be possible to have a group of three, or a tall young player with two smaller and younger players, following her. Or again a line of Indians single file. The properties should be carried in the procession to add to its effectiveness. The canoe, as if it were still a matter of portage; the sedan chair of the Duchess of Bourbon; the Indian war-drum used in "Princess Pocahontas," etc., etc. Needless to say these properties are carried in the group and epoch in which they belong. If the pageant is given on a very large scale which includes the Liberty Dance at the end, all those who took part in the dance should form the end of the procession. There should be a space between them and the last of the settlers, as there is between the past and the present. In this space should

walk a figure symbolizing Hope and Joy—a young girl in draperies of the palest green, and hair bound with a Greek fillet. In her hands she carries a great laurel wreath.

When the Pageant of Patriots had its first production in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the youthful players marched around the great oval outside which the audience sat, and having circled it once, marched off the scene. If, however, the future producers of this pageant wish to reverse this order, it can easily be done, by having the march end in the final tableau. It is merely a matter of choice.

In the Final Tableau The Spirit of Patriotism should stand on the stage in the middle foreground, center, and grouped about her should be the young folk of the various centuries. This scene should be well mapped out and rehearsed beforehand, so that the ensemble will be splendidly significant and glowing in its effect, and there should be no clashes in the color scheme. The notes of "America" should be sung with tremendous fervor and power.

In many cases the pageant will, of necessity, have to be rehearsed indoors. Outdoor places to rehearse in are not always obtainable, nor weather always propitious; moreover, with young people the out-of-doors has too many distractions. Armories or halls are excellent places to rehearse in; so are gymnasiums. The episodes should be rehearsed separately. Rehearsing in a small room is fatal. It gives the youthful performers a tendency to huddle, from which they seldom recover.

Their motions are cramped, and they lose all sweep and freedom. There should be understudies for all the principal parts, and there must be at least one full-dress rehearsal. The ages of the young people taking part in the pageant should be from eight to eighteen. The principal parts will, of course, be intrusted to the older boys and girls where the occasion demands. John Smith, Powhatan, and others need a certain amount of height and dignity.

The number of young people taking part in The Pageant of Patriotism will be determined by circumstances. From two hundred to five hundred young people may take part in it.

It should be kept in mind that a Children's or Young People's pageant differs widely from a pageant given by older actors. It should have about it an atmosphere of entire simplicity. There should be no striving for effect. Naïveté is to be desired rather than ornateness. Scenes filled with crowds of young players should alternate with scenes where solitary little figures appeal by their quaint remoteness, their suggestion of innocence and candor. The Pageant of Patriots is not only a pageant of country but of life's springtime, and interwoven with its episodes should be the glamor of the youth of the world.

THE PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS

(Indoor)

THE PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS

(Arrangement of Indoor Episodes)

1. Prologue by the Spirit of Patriotism
2. Dramatic Silhouette: Lords of the Forest
3. The Coming of the White Man (Tableau)
4. Princess Pocahontas
5. Priscilla Mullins (Tableau)
6. Benjamin Franklin, Journeyman
7. George Washington's Fortune
8. The Boston Tea Party
9. Dramatic Silhouette: The Spirit of '76
10. Abraham Lincoln: Rail-Splitter
11. Final Tableau
12. Procession of Players

PROLOGUE

Spoken by The Spirit of Patriotism

People of ———, ye who come to see
Enacted here some hours of Pageantry,
Lend us your patience for each simple truth,
And see portrayed for you the Nation's Youth.
Into times dim and far I bid you gaze,
Down the long vista of departed days,
Of hope and aspiration, woe and weal,
Famine and hardship, strife and patriot zeal.
Back further still our march of years shall go
To times primeval: The first scene will show
In shadow silhouette the sagamore,
The braves and chieftains of the days of yore,
Lords of the forest, kings of stream and hill,
Of trail and wigwam: masters of the kill!
The white man's coming next—while curiously
A youthful Indian, pausing, peers to see
What strangers tread the shores that he calls home,
What white-winged ships have braved the wild sea-
foam.
Prows of the Norsemen, etched against the blue!
Helmets agleam! Faces of wind-bronzed hue!

On roll the years, and in a forest green
The Princess Pocahontas next is seen;
And then in prim white cap and somber gown
Lovely Priscilla, Maid o' Plymouth Town.
Benjamin Franklin supping at an Inn,
A 'prentice lad with all his world to win.
Then Washington encamped before a blaze
O' fagots, swiftly learning woodland ways.
Next the brave times of 1773
When Boston folk would pay no tax on tea.
And then with urge of fife and roll of drum
In shadow silhouette behold them come—
The Patriot lads who for their country died,
Who rose and followed when my name was cried—!
Leaving the farm and forge and village street—
Our hearts still echo to those marching feet!
Spirit of '76! Thy deathless fame
Burns for us yet, a sacrificial flame!
Years pass. Behold a cabin in the West
Where on an Autumn night, with mirth and zest,
Lincoln's companions take their simple cheer.
These are the scenes to be enacted here.
Shown to you straightway in a simple guise:
Youthful the scenes that we shall here devise
On which the beads of history are strung.
Remember that our players, too, are young.
All critic knowledge, then, behind you leave,
And in the spirit of the day receive
What we would give, and let there come to you
The Joy of Youth, with purpose high and true.

DRAMATIC SILHOUETTE: LORDS OF THE FOREST

A white curtain of sheeting, or other similar material. A strong light placed behind the curtain throws into high relief the figures as they pass in significant procession. They are shadow silhouettes of a time long gone, of a race who now are shadows. Care should be taken that they move in exactly the right space, so that the shadows will not vary greatly in height or in bulk. First a chieftain passes, wonderful in feathers. Next a young brave, who, standing alone a moment, tries the taut string of his bow. Next an Indian maid, with a basket poised on her head. Then two young braves with fish slung on a pole between them. Then a group of Indian maidens. An Indian child or two. A squaw with fagots on her back. Another with a papoose. Then two Indians with a canoe, representing the portage of a canoe. Then a final group of young braves. The music, which begins as the chief passes, continues throughout the procession until the last Indian has passed, then ebbs and dies, growing fainter and fainter, till it ceases. MacDowell's "From an Indian Lodge" is suitable for this.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN: TABLEAU

This tableau represents a woodland scene, and is supposed to symbolize the coming of the Norseman. A young Indian brave, with skins about his shoulders and hips, his black hair flying, his brown arms barbarically braceleted, stands poised, listening, and looking at a spot where the Norsemen are supposed to be making a landing, off stage. With one hand he shields his eyes. With the other he holds his bow. The tableau should suggest the wild freedom of an untamed spirit. For music, some bars of Grieg's Norse airs.

PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

For this pageant episode see page 12 of the Outdoor Arrangement of the Pageant of Patriots.

PRISCILLA MULLINS SPINNING: TABLEAU

The same woodland setting as has been used for Pocahontas. In the center of the stage Priscilla and her spinning-wheel. The scene is outside her dooryard at Plymouth, Mass., in the Spring of 1621. The tableau should be held a full minute. Appropriate music: Senta's "Spinning Song"; or Solvig's "Spinning Song" from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: JOURNEYMAN

CHARACTERS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a young printer
ROGER BURCHARD, a Quaker
ELIZABETH BURCHARD, his wife
DEBORAH READ
WILLIAM, an inn boy

SCENE: *A room in a tavern. Place: Philadelphia. Time, October, 1723.*

The room is a private one in the tavern known as The Crooked Billet. It has a neat, cheerful, welcoming aspect. At left a small fire glimmers on the brass andirons of a well-kept hearth. A brass kettle rests on a hob. On the shelf above the hearth candles are alight.

All across the background are a series of small windows curtained in chintz. By these windows a table set for supper, with a white linen cloth and delicately sprigged china. Quaint chairs with spindle legs.

Against the right wall a secretary with a shelf full of handsomely-bound books. Near this two chairs with

high backs that would screen from view any one sitting in them.

There is a door at right background opening into the hall.

Another door at left near background, opening into another room.

At the rise of the curtain Roger Burchard is discovered seated at the table, on which a generous supper lies spread; while Elizabeth, his wife, is bending at the hearth.

ELIZABETH.

The kettle hath not yet boiled for thy second cup, Roger. 'Tis slow, yet I do not worry, for 'tis only twilight, and there is a good hour yet ere we are due at the special meeting of the Friends, and Deborah Read is to come with us. Does thee know, Roger, I sometimes think that for all her saucy ways Mistress Deborah Read is half a Friend at heart. When I do speak she listens to me most attentively.

ROGER.

Thee should not *force* belief upon another, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(demurely).

I did not force: I did but talk to her, Roger. Thee knows I am not over eloquent. How should a worldly maid of Philadelphia give ear to me?

[*Crosses to Roger: the kettle lies forgotten.*

ROGER.

How, indeed! Does thee know, Elizabeth, that in so quiet a room as this I can scarce believe that a great city lies about us? 'Tis so still that I can hear the ticking of the clock.

ELIZABETH.

For myself, I am glad of a little rest after our journey up from Brookfield to the city. I find myself scarce used to city ways.

ROGER.

No more do I, Elizabeth, no more do I. I cannot think this lavish life is seemly. This table, now! Does thee note its profusion? More bread and honey and cheese and chicken pie than we can eat. Sheer waste—unless we can share it. If there was but some poor traveler in this inn whom we might bid to supper, and——

[*A knock on the door leading to hall.*

ELIZABETH.

'Tis William, the inn boy, with tea cakes.

[*Elizabeth opens the door. William enters with tea cakes on tray. He deposits the plate of cakes on table.*

ROGER.

As I was saying—if there was but some traveler in this inn to share our evening meal—some one with pockets that were well-nigh empty——

ELIZABETH.

Perhaps the inn boy knows of such a one. *(To William.)* Does thee not, William? Some one whose purse is not too over-burdened?

WILLIAM

(sturdily).

Aye, that I do. A lad came here this noon from Boston. A journeyman printer so he says he is, and I'll warrant he has not above four shillings with him. *(To Roger.)* He's come to search for work in Philadelphia, and says he was directed to this tavern by a—by a Quaker, sir.

ELIZABETH.

Directed here by a Quaker—! *(To Roger.)* Then, Roger, all the more reason why we should bid him in. What is his name?

WILLIAM.

He says his name is Franklin.

ROGER.

Then ask friend Franklin if he'll sup with us. Tell him we, too, would hear the news from Boston—that he'll confer a favor if he'll come. And mind, no hint about an empty purse! I fear at first I put the matter clumsily. Give him my later message. That is all.

WILLIAM.

I will, sir.

[*Exit, with a flourish, right background.*

ROGER.

I hope he comes.

ELIZABETH

(fondly).

'Tis ever like thee, Roger, to have a care for the friendless and forlorn.

WILLIAM

(knocking, opening door from hall, and announcing).

Benjamin Franklin, Journeyman!

[*Enter Franklin, shabby, travel-stained, and boyishly appealing. Exit William.*

ROGER

(stepping hospitably forward).

I bid thee welcome, friend Franklin. I hear thee is from Boston, and come to search for work in Philadelphia. Will thee not sup here? We are ever anxious for news such as travelers may bring. This is my wife, Elizabeth Burchard, and she will make thee welcome. I mind me of the time when I was once a stranger. Will thee not do us the pleasure to sup with us?

FRANKLIN.

I scarcely, sir, know how to thank you for such kindness. All Quakers must be kind, I think, for it was a Quaker who directed me hither.

[*Franklin crosses to fire, Roger taking his hat from him. In brief pantomime behind Franklin's back Roger has indicated that Franklin*

is to take his place at table, and that he himself will sup no further. During the conversation that follows Elizabeth is taking fresh silver out of a quaint basket that is on the table, Franklin stands at fire, and Roger is seated at right.

ELIZABETH.

Perhaps my husband can advise thee further where best to look for work upon the morrow.

FRANKLIN.

I thank you. I will hear him gladly. He that cannot be counseled cannot be helped.*

ROGER.

Thee means to seek for work at once, I see.

FRANKLIN.

Lost time is never found again,* and since time is of all things the most precious, I am loth to lose it.

ROGER.

There is a wise head upon thy shoulders, friend. *(Indicates table, and rises.)* Sit thee down, lad. Sit thee down.

ELIZABETH

(hurrying to hearth where kettle stands).

Alas! I have forgotten the kettle! The tea is not

* From Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

yet ready. *(To Roger.)* Do thee and Benjamin Franklin talk while I prepare it. Show him the volumes lately come from London. Thee knows the print and paper is most pleasing.

[*Roger Burchard and Benjamin Franklin sit at right in the high-backed chairs, the volumes upon their knees. That they are true book-lovers is instantly apparent. They are lost to everything that goes on about them. They sit with their backs towards the door at left, quite screened from the view of any one entering there. There is a pause. Then Deborah Read taps softly at the door at left. Elizabeth turns and opens the door.*

DEBORAH

(finger on lip).

S-ssh! Not a word! *(Glances towards the back of Roger's chair.)* I've crept up the stairs on tip-toe!

ELIZABETH.

Sweet rogue! Thee startled me to the point of dropping the kettle! Yonder is my husband so deep in a book that the crack o' doom would scarce rouse him. And with him is a young printer whom we have bid to be our guest. Roger and I have finished our evening meal, so perhaps thee will keep our young guest company while I prepare for meeting.

DEBORAH

(holding up warning finger).

Primp not too much for meeting, fair friend Elizabeth! A grave demeanor goes with Quaker bonnets! *(Laughs.)* Yes, yes, I'll serve your printer, play hostess, or aught else that will please you, and you can call me when 'tis time to leave him. *(Throws off her cloak, and sits by hearth on footstool.)* La! such a day! This very morn I saw the strangest sight! I went to the door to get a breath of air, and as I stood there what should I see approaching down the street but a lad with dusty clothes and bulging pockets—nay, wait, Elizabeth! The drollest part is yet to come! I vow he had stuffed one pocket full of *stockings,* and from the other protruded a loaf of bread! And in his hand was a great fat roll, and he was eating it! Gnawing it off, an you please, as if there were no one to see him! Then he looked up, and——

ELIZABETH

(shocked).

Deborah! Thee did not laugh at him! Thee did not mock at him!

DEBORAH

(wiping tears of mirth from her eyes).

Mock at him? Oh, lud! I laughed till my sides ached! *(Rises, as she happens to see that Roger Burch-*

ard and his guest are rising, yet continues gaily.) And when he caught sight of my face——

[*Just as Deborah utters these words she and Franklin perceive each other. Deborah is utterly taken aback and quite speechless.*

ROGER

(seeing nothing amiss).

Welcome, Deborah Read. I present to thee Benjamin Franklin.

[*Franklin bows. Deborah drops a fluttering courtesy, and then clings to Elizabeth Burchard.*

DEBORAH

(quaveringly).

I—I feel somewhat faint, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(seeing nothing amiss).

Then sit at the table, dear Deborah, and a cup of tea will revive thee.

DEBORAH

(protesting).

No—! No—! I—I will help you to dress.

ELIZABETH.

Then who will serve Benjamin Franklin? Thee promised that thee would be hostess, so unless aught is amiss——

DEBORAH

(recovering herself, and suddenly displaying a haughty self-possession).

Naught is amiss, Elizabeth. I will serve tea if you bid me.

[*Deborah sits at one end of the table, Franklin at the other.*

ELIZABETH.

Thee knows the Friends' special meeting to-night is at the same hour as that of the other churches, so when thee hears the church-bells ringing 'twill be time to prepare, sweet Deborah.

DEBORAH

(with a gleam).

I'll not forget the time. I promise you that, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH.

Come, Roger. Thee must wear a fresh neck-cloth.

[*Roger and Elizabeth exeunt left. There is a very long pause.*

DEBORAH.

Will you have tea, Master Franklin?

FRANKLIN.

If it pleases you, Mistress Read.

DEBORAH.

Cream? Sugar?

FRANKLIN.

I thank you.

[*She passes him his cup. There is another long pause.*

FRANKLIN

(with a great sigh).

'Tis a silent place, Philadelphia!

[*Another pause.*

FRANKLIN.

Will you have some bread, Mistress?

DEBORAH

(coldly).

I thank you, no.

FRANKLIN

(bluntly).

Have you ever pondered, Mistress, that pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt? *

DEBORAH

(outraged).

Master Franklin!

FRANKLIN.

I know right well that my poor coat offends you; yet in truth, Mistress Deborah, why should I dress in finer cloth when silks and satins put out the kitchen fire.*

* From "Poor Richard's Almanac."

DEBORAH.

'Tis not your coat offends me, 'tis——

FRANKLIN.

'Tis that I am neither the son of a gold-laced governor nor a wealthy merchant but only a poor journeyman printer. Then, Mistress, you have yet to learn that he who hath a trade hath an estate, and he who hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.*

DEBORAH

(with spirit).

There you read me wrong, Master Franklin. I have supped with printers before this.

FRANKLIN.

Then 'twas the printer's loaf you mocked this morning, Mistress Deborah; and not the printer. Yet in truth, why should eating in the street displease you, since 'twas a matter of necessity. Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse,* and my purse was not over full. But—diligence is the mother of luck, and heaven gives all things to industry.*

DEBORAH

(with a toss).

You speak as if you and Industry were boon companions.

* From "Poor Richard's Almanac."

FRANKLIN.

And what better companion could I have? Heaven helps them that help themselves.

DEBORAH

(witheringly).

'Tis a fine thing to have high hopes, I doubt not.

FRANKLIN

(blithely).

Oh, I have more than hopes, Mistress Deborah; for he that lives upon hope will die fasting.* To apply one's self right heartily is to do more than hope. Sloth makes all things difficult; but industry all things easy.* You are not eating, Mistress Deborah. *(She rises.)* Have my blunt ways offended you? Have I again displeased you?

DEBORAH

(with chilling dignity).

You could not an you tried, Master Franklin. I was but going to fetch the tea-kettle.

FRANKLIN

(starting up).

If I can help you——

* From "Poor Richard's Almanac."

DEBORAH

(still frostily).

I thank you, I am in no need of help. A-ah!

[*With a cry she drops the kettle.*

FRANKLIN.

You have burned yourself, Mistress Deborah! The poor little hand! *(He tears up his handkerchief.)* Let me bandage it for you! It is sorely blistered!

DEBORAH

(tears in her voice the while she submits her hand to him).

I can tolerate blisters, Master Franklin. They are far less irksome than—than——

FRANKLIN

(gravely bandaging her hand).

Than journeymen printers who eat their bread in the street. Perhaps you are right, Mistress Deborah. I trust that the blisters will soon heal; and that the memory of the journeyman printer will not trouble you further.

DEBORAH

(as the church-bells begin to ring without).

The memory of a chance traveler is easily forgot, Master Franklin.

ELIZABETH

(outside door, left).

Come, Deborah, we shall be late! Come quickly, child! *(Deborah snatches up her cloak.)* Bid Benjamin Franklin to wait my husband's return. He would talk to him further concerning books. Come, Deborah!

[*Exit Deborah, left, without a glance at Franklin.*

FRANKLIN

(dropping into chair by secretary, right).

Do blisters burn as keen as words, I wonder? "Chance travelers . . . easily forgot!" *(Sits with bowed head.)*

[*Deborah stands again in doorway at left, sees him, comes to him swiftly and remorsefully.*

FRANKLIN

(raises his head; sees her).

Is it——

DEBORAH.

'Tis naught—naught but Deborah Read come to say to you—to say to you—that she should have remembered that you were a stranger in a city full of strangers. *(Pleadingly.)* Indeed, indeed I did not mean to hurt you! I do not mind your rusty clothes; I do not mock your—your faded hat. I—I have been full of foolish pride. Will you forgive me?

FRANKLIN

(rising; amazed).

Deborah!

DEBORAH

(hurrying on).

I had not meant to laugh at you this morning. Will you forgive that, too?

FRANKLIN

(moved).

Deborah!

DEBORAH.

I know I sometimes judge by foolish standards. Will you forgive?

FRANKLIN.

With all my heart, my friend. *(They clasp hands on it.)* And will you, Deborah, forgive me my blunt speeches? I knew not how to please you. I meant no harm.

DEBORAH

(earnestly).

I forgive all.

FRANKLIN.

And we are friends for life—for all our lives, Deborah.

ELIZABETH

(speaking somewhat impatiently from beyond the door at left).

Deborah! Child!

DEBORAH

(prettily).

Yes! Yes! I'm coming!

[*Hastens out the door with a friendly backward glance at Franklin. He stands for a moment where she has left him.*

Crosses to secretary, takes book, seats himself, opens it slowly, looking after her. Then sits a-dream in the fading fireglow. Presently he looks at the book again, and reads the first line upon which his eye chances to fall.

FRANKLIN

(reading).

" Count thyself rich when thou hast found a friend."

(The curtain slowly falls.)

COSTUMES

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Travel-stained suit of dark-brown, guiltless of braid or ruffles, coat and knee-breeches being of the same color. The material either of corduroy or homespun (woolen). A white vest flowered with brown roses. A white neckcloth. Black stockings. Low black shoes. A three-cornered black hat, which he carries under his arm. Hair worn long and unpowdered.

ROGER BURCHARD. Coat and knee-breeches of the same style as Franklin's, made of homespun, and

Quaker-gray in color. A Quaker-gray vest. White neckcloth. Gray stockings. Low black shoes with silver buckles. Unpowdered hair.

Elizabeth Burchard. Dress of gray satin, simply made, with a crossed kerchief of snowy white lawn. Gray stockings. Gray slippers with silver buckles. Hair worn simply, and unpowdered. (Gray glazed cambric for her dress if satin cannot be had.)

Deborah Read. Quilted petticoat of pale-blue satin. Colonial overdress and bodice of white, brocaded with pale-blue roses. Fichu of white lawn. Black picture hat with black plume. Black cloth cloak lined in pale-blue. Black stockings. Low black shoes with gold buckles. Unpowdered hair, worn pompadour. (If satin and brocade cannot be had, have blue glazed muslin and cretonne instead. Or flowered muslin worn over a white dress.) Black patches. Black velvet ribbon at neck. White lace mitts, or black gloves coming to the elbow.

William. Maroon suit, of a heavy woolen material. Gold buttons down the front and two in back. Cream-colored vest. Neither braiding nor ruffles. Black stockings. Low black shoes without buckles. A white neckcloth. Unpowdered hair worn in a cue.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FORTUNE

For this pageant episode see page 46 of the Outdoor Arrangement of the Pageant of Patriots.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

CHARACTERS

RICHARD STOCKTON
JOHN COREY
NED PEABODY
PHIL AMESBURY
JEFFERSON WINWOOD
FRANK WHARTON
THOMAS RIGBY, a tavern-keeper
EGBERT PENROSE, SIDNEY MARSH } Young British Lieutenants

SCENE: *The tavern known as The Golden Pheasant. Place, Boston.*

TIME: *Six o'clock on a December evening, 1773.*

The tavern-room is low-ceilinged and wainscoted with dark woodwork. There is a door in middle background, and windows on each side of it.

At the right, towards foreground, a chimney-place, with smoldering fire. Above is a shelf on which are iron candlesticks and short bits of candles that show economy. Against the right wall a round mahogany table. On it another iron candlestick, which has been lighted. A punch-bowl. Cups. A ladle. Also a

brass bowl beneath which a small charcoal flame burns, keeping hot the lemonade. Beyond this table a dark wooden chest with a heavy lock. Under the window in left background a similar chest.

By the hearth, facing audience, a long seat with a high back and pew-like ends. At the rise of the curtain, Thomas Rigby, the rubicund landlord, is lighting with a taper the candles that stand on the mantelshelf, the buttons on his plum-colored waistcoat twinkling in the gleam. He has only lighted one when the door is pushed open, and there enter two young British lieutenants, mere lads, whose scarlet cloaks, exaggerated lace wrist ruffles, and brilliant gold braiding make a fine showing. But Thomas Rigby shows no look of welcome.

MARSH.

Hey, landlord! Brrrr! It's cold! Give us something to warm us.

PENROSE

(foppishly).

Aye, and be brisk about it. I do not wish to be served in a loitering fashion.

[*Rigby makes as if to speak; but restrains himself, and, with a look of quiet scorn, serves them hot lemon punch. Penrose is by the fire. Marsh by the window.*

MARSH.

It promises to be a chilly eve after a cloudy morning.

PENROSE

(with a shiver).

More snow and bitter weather!

MARSH

(looking out the window).

Nay, not so bitter. The window-panes are clear and unfrosted. The twilight gathers quickly. The streets are gray, and there's scarce a gleam in the darkness of the harbor.

PENROSE

(as Marsh leaves window for fire).

Not e'en a light in the rigging o' Francis Rotch's ships? The sailors must be supping at the taverns. They're weary now of staying harborbound. There'll be rejoicing when the tax is paid, and the stiff-necked Yankees bring the tea to land.

MARSH.

There be some who call themselves patriots, and swear they'll never pay it.

PENROSE

(sipping).

Not pay it? They'll defy us? Pooh! We could bring them to time with a twist of the wrist did we but wish to! *(Looking with approval at his own apparel.)* A mere handful of men with scarcely any lace for their ruffles, and tarnished buckles for their shoes! *They* defy *us?* You're jesting! No, no, my

dear Sidney! In spite of all their protests and town meetings they'll be glad enough to give in at the end, and to pay the tax right speedily. For, mark you, in spite of all the rumors of defiance that we've heard, the town to-night lies as quiet as a church.

MARSH.

Aye, so it does.

PENROSE

(rising).

Too quiet for my spirits. Let's seek another tavern where there's more revelry than there is here.

MARSH

(draining his glass).

We'll not find shrewder lemon punch at any. On my way back I'll have another glass.

[*Tosses money at Rigby, who lets it lie where it falls. He shakes a clenched hand after the retreating figures of the two lieutenants, and then goes back to lighting his candles on the mantelshelf. Marsh and Penrose exeunt. After a moment there comes from without the sound of a halting step, the door is opened, and Richard Stockton enters, a lad with the eyes of a dreamer, and the bearing of a doer of deeds. Thomas Rigby, at sound of the entering step, turns, taper in hand.*

RICHARD

(coming forward).

'Tis only I. Go on with the candles, landlord.

RIGBY

(joyfully).

Only you, Dick Stockton! Zounds! There's none whom I'd sooner see! Quick! Tell me the news! These be stirring days, and here am I tied to this tavern-room, and afraid to leave it lest those brawling red-coats loot it while I'm gone. To leave a tavern-room empty is to invite disaster—and yet—what patriot should bide indoors on days like these! 'Faith! I'm torn 'twixt necessities! Come! Your news. Sit by the fire and out with it! What's to become of the tea we won't pay taxes on?

RICHARD.

Give me breath and I'll tell you! There's news to make your blood boil. I've been at the town meeting in the Old South Church all day. What think you—! The governor at Milton has refused a pass to Francis Rotch, and the tea ships cannot leave the harbor. The British have sworn they'll make us pay the tax or wring our scurvy necks.

RIGBY

(outraged).

Zounds! There are necks I'd like to have the wringing of! What else, lad, what else?

RICHARD.

The Old South Church could not hold half the patriots who wish to talk and listen. Such speeches! Oh, they'd stir your blood if you could hear them!

RIGBY

(eyes a-gleam).

'Tis stirred enough already! Go on, lad, quickly!

RICHARD.

Josiah Quincy is presiding at the New Old South. 'Twas he who thought of sending word to the governor. And now the governor has refused, and if there's nothing done we're *beaten*—beaten, Tom Rigby, we who so love freedom!

RIGBY.

Tut! Tut! Lad! The night's not done yet. Are they still at the meeting?

RICHARD.

Aye, and are like to be for the next hour. 'Tis scarcely six—just candle-lighting time.

RIGBY.

You look white, lad. Have you eaten?

RICHARD.

Eaten! On such a day as this!

RIGBY.

Nonsense, lad. You must keep up your strength. *(Crosses to serving-table where bowl stands.)* Here! If you will not eat, at least you can drink a cup of steaming lemon punch. No *lads* who come to my tavern get anything stronger—unless, mayhap, a cup of apple juice. Youth is its own best wine. Cider for you. Burgundy for your betters, eh, lad? *(Gives Richard a cup and takes a cup himself.)* Here's to taxless tea! *(Drinks.)*

RICHARD

(joining him in the toast).

And the confounding of the British! And now, since there are no red-coats about, I may tell you that the Old South Church is not the only place that's to hold a meeting. There's going to be one here.

RIGBY

(surprised).

Here?

RICHARD.

In less than half an hour the lads will meet me. We call ourselves " The Younger Sons of Freedom."

RIGBY

(somewhat severely).

All that I have is at your service; yet 'tis only lately that lads have been allowed to rove past curfew time.

RICHARD.

Such days as these lads grow to men right quickly. Do you think we waste our time with games and—and snowball forts, Tom Rigby? No! The Younger Sons of Freedom have learned to fight and fence, to run and swim, and to swarm up a ship's ladder if need be. How could any lad be idle these last nineteen days, with fathers and brothers patrolling the wharves day and night to keep the tea from landing; when patriot sentinels are stationed in every belfry; and when all Beacon Hill is topped with tar-barrels ready to blaze out into signals at a moment's notice. I tell you—my very dreams are of defiance! But my deeds—what can a lad do when he goes through life halting? A maimed foot makes a maimed ambition, unless—unless as I would fain believe, the spirit is stronger than the body. It is the *will* that counts.

RIGBY.

You're wiser than most lads, Richard. You've a head on your shoulders. I've known you long; but you have never spoken—until to-night. It was your will that took you through your puny childhood, fatherless, motherless, and made your stern old uncle proud of you. Why now be down-hearted? I've heard you spoken of as a lad of spirit by Dr. Warren, aye, and by Paul Revere.

RICHARD.

There's a patriot for you! Would I could do such deeds as he can do. Oh, all I think of is to serve my country—my city and my country!

RIGBY.

That's all I think on, too.

RICHARD

(amazed).

You, Tom Rigby?

RIGBY

(somewhat bitterly).

Did I seem to you only a waistcoat with buttons? Nay, don't protest! 'Tis how most folks think of me. What have I to do with valor? I'm Tom the landlord, Tom the tapster, Tom the tavern-keeper! How should they guess in me Tom the patriot, Tom the hero-worshiper? And yet there's not one bit of my country's past, not one smallest Indian war but what has meaning for me. What do you think those chests are full of? Trophies!

RICHARD.

Trophies!

RIGBY.

From all the wars we've had. *(Unlocks chest at right wall, excitedly.)* Look! Tomahawks. Head-dresses. *(Taking things out of chest.)* Feathers. A war-knife. An Indian robe taken in Philip's war.

RICHARD

(delighted: interested).

In Philip's war.

RIGBY.

(with emotion).

They're more to me than a king's ransom!

[*He pauses, looking over contents of chest.*

RICHARD

(going back to seat by fire, and speaking to himself as he sits by it).

A king's ransom! What have we to do with kings, who cannot even thwart the tyrant who would rule us! If there was but some way——

[*Sits, lost in thought.*

RIGBY

(putting trophies back in chest, looking at them fondly, and singing softly for the sheer joy of touching them).

"Oh, a seaman's life is a jolly life—Trol de rol, de rol!" Wampum. A woven blanket. A peace-pipe. *(Sings.)*

I had a goodly old sea-chest,
'Twas filled with—India dyes.
Oh, wide the harbor, deep the sea,
Five fathoms down it lies!
Five fathoms down it lies!

RICHARD

(half-hearing Tom's voice, and repeating to himself).

"Five fathoms deep it lies——" *(In a suddenly*

electrified voice.) Tom! Tom Rigby! I have the way! Your song has given it to me! I have the way!

[*He has rushed to Rigby.*

RIGBY

(as sounds of approaching footsteps are heard without).

Hush! Here come the Sons of Freedom! *(Door is flung open. Rigby's professional manner asserts itself.)* Welcome, my lads. Come in! Come in!

WINWOOD

(to Richard).

Are we on time? What have you planned for us, Dick? My hands and heart are ready for a night's work! *(Offering his portion of cider in loving-cup fashion.)* Some cider?

RICHARD.

No. I've supped on revolution!

WINWOOD.

Would there were something stirring!

RICHARD

(throughout with growing excitement).

Are folk still in the Old South Meeting-house?

WINWOOD

(impatiently).

Aye, still talking of what's to be done. Hancock and Paul Revere are at a coffee-house.

COREY

(as the lads gather about table).

Come, Dick, you've heard the governor's reply. How would *you* deal with the taxers?

RICHARD

(at table, center, one foot on table and one on chair).

I'd set their tea to brew!

ALL

(amazed).

What!

RICHARD.

In a monstrous teapot!

PEABODY

(jesting).

As big as Rigby's bowl.

RICHARD

(flaming with excitement).

Oh, larger! Larger!

AMESBURY

(indicating large cockade).

Or as Frank Wharton's hat.

RICHARD

(inspired).

Larger by far!

AMESBURY.

You mean——

RICHARD

(impassioned).

I'd take the ocean!

ALL. { The ocean! / Zounds! / The harbor! / Does he mean it?

RICHARD.

Overboard—all of it! Listen. The ships are deserted: the sailors on shore drinking at different taverns. If we can go disguised, we can slip to the water front unnoticed. You know how many Indians roam our streets, and no one ever heeds them. We'll all be braves and chieftains.

AMESBURY.

But where are our disguises?

RIGBY

(opening his chests, tossing out his treasures, wild with delight).

Here! Here and here!

RICHARD.

Wait. We must have other followers. Followers, said I? *Leaders*—with sagacity. Run, Winwood! Speak to John Hancock, Paul Revere, and Dr. Warren.

You know the coffee-house they sup at. Tell them there are disguises for us all. But let no red-coat hear you. Quick! The time is passing.

[*Exit Winwood, on the run.*

RIGBY

(half-overcome with his emotion).

Richard!

RICHARD

(helping him and the rest to dress, assisting first one and then another).

Be quick. Let me help you. Here are feathers. Beads. A knife. Hatchets. A Frenchman's sash-belt. A head-dress.

AMESBURY

(hurriedly fastening on his disguise).

Where are yours, Dick?

RICHARD.

Hush! *(Touches his knee.)* I cannot scale a ladder. Listen! Here's Winwood.

WINWOOD

(bursting in).

Paul Revere, John Hancock, Dr. Warren—all come with us. I've run ahead to tell you they'll meet us on the way. Give me disguises. *(They clap an Indian robe across his shoulders, and he takes an armful of Indian finery.)* John Hancock says there's a boat and

oars at the foot of the wharves, and Paul Revere will lead us. Come quickly, lads!

[*He dashes out the door, with his armful of finery. The others follow one by one, as their readiness of costume determines.*

RICHARD

(to himself).

And Paul Revere will lead them!

RIGBY

(his hand on Richard's shoulder).

Richard, you've been the brains, and we are but the fingers! We toss the tea: but 'twas your heart that planned it. Will you not serve us—serve us here on land? If any British come, see they don't go a-roving. The fewer on the streets the better. D'ye catch my meaning? And, Richard, one word more. You can see the ships from here. The work we'll do will take but twenty minutes. If we succeed, I'll send you a signal. I'll wave this lantern three times in the darkness.

RICHARD.

Bless you, Tom Rigby.

[*Richard is left alone, and goes to seat by fire.*

RICHARD

(dreaming aloud).

First they'll go to the wharves . . . stealing quietly through the darkness. Then there'll be the

muffled dip of oars . . . and then—— Oh, would that I could aid them in this hour! But I am impotent, impotent!

PENROSE

(querulously, as he and Marsh enter).

This tavern's still deserted. Is there naught alive in this town save the half-dozen Indians we've met a-prowling the streets! Where's the landlord?

RICHARD

(mock-humble).

He's absent, sir, on business of importance. But he will soon return. If I may serve you—some cider, sir, or steaming lemon punch?

PENROSE

(haughtily).

Let it be punch, and see that it *is* steaming.

RICHARD

(busying himself).

At once, sir.

PENROSE

(languidly).

Mark how importantly he takes the landlord's place. How old are you, young tapster?

RICHARD.

About your own age, sir, I have been thinking.

MARSH

(with a laugh).

Zounds! You're well answered, Penrose.

RICHARD

(seeing that Penrose starts up angrily).

Indeed 'twas truth I meant, sir, and no insult.

MARSH.

Sit down. Sit down. He is a simple fellow. *(Taps his forehead.)* He means no wrong. We might have sport with him.

RICHARD

(still mock-humble).

If I can serve you, sir, to anything?

MARSH.

Suppose we call for tea?

RICHARD

(simply).

We do not serve it.

MARSH

(amused).

Oho! Oho! This is a rebel tavern. And so—no tea. You Yankees do not serve it.

RICHARD.

No; but we sometimes brew it—with salt water.

MARSH

(more and more amused).

'Tis as I said. Simple. Let's try him further. This tea you brew. It must have a new flavor?

RICHARD.

Aye, a new flavor. Some will find it bitter. It is a brew that will be long remembered.

MARSH.

I doubt not, if 'tis made as you have said.

PENROSE

(yawning impatiently).

Come! I am weary for adventure! *(Draws his cloak about him. Marsh somewhat reluctantly follows his example.)* Let's see if there be sport about the wharves——

RICHARD

(to himself).

The wharves——

MARSH

(still reluctant).

On such a night as this—! Why, but a moment since you swore it was too cold! Besides, at the last tavern that we visited that fool of a Barton took my sword in jest. *(Darkly.)* He thought 'twas a rare bit of nonsense; but 'tis one I'll make him pay for! I'll not go roaming without my sword.

PENROSE

(insisting).

But I have mine. One sword's enough for both. More than enough for any Yankees we are like to meet. We could give some of them a rare fright, comrade. Come, then, in search of——

RICHARD

(who has utilized the time in which they were talking by silently taking a foil from the nearest chest).

Back! Do not come any nearer. You see this door is guarded.

[*Stands before it, his mock humility gone, his voice resounding.*

MARSH

(angrily).

What does this mean?

RICHARD

(suavely).

One of my crack-brained fancies. I wished to keep you, sirs, for twenty minutes.

PENROSE

(insulted).

Even a crack-brained lout may go too far.

MARSH.

Have at him! He's but one——

RICHARD

(clearly and passionately, his voice a-thrill).

Behind me are a hundred—a thousand souls—all those who stand for freedom. Although you do not see them, they are there!

PENROSE

(astounded).

What! Would he challenge us?

MARSH

(scornfully).

A turn of the wrist and the thing is done. Have at him, Penrose.

[*Penrose and Richard engage. Richard fights coolly, with his back ever to the door. Penrose grows more and more flustered. Marsh holds an iron candelabrum aloft, for the other candles have gutted and the room is shadowy.*

PENROSE

(fear in his voice).

The candles—higher. They're getting low. I cannot see——

[*Richard and Penrose engage a second time, and Penrose's foil is flung across the room to left. Marsh is about to crash the candelabrum on Richard's sword, when Richard, with a deft movement, seizes it and hurls it to the floor, where it falls with a dull clatter.*

Marsh, discomfited, turns to Penrose, who has picked up his fallen sword, and is holding his wrist.

PENROSE

(peevishly).

The lout has turned my wrist, and torn my ruffles.

RICHARD

(who has darted to window, and stood looking out for the space of a second before he turns to them).

A thousand pardons! *(Bows ironically.)* Go! The play is ended! *(With growing fervor.)* Through the black night I've caught my prompter's signal. I've seen a light—a light that swings in the darkness—a light that swings three times——

PENROSE

(querulously, leaning on Marsh's arm as they go towards door).

What does he mean? A signal?

RICHARD

(turning on them with passionate triumph).

A signal that a blow is struck for freedom! A signal that your tea is overboard! A signal that the time will come when *liberty* will be the watchword of our nation!

MARSH.

Come! Come! He dreams!

[*They go out.*

RICHARD

(with face upraised in the waning fire-glow).
May all such dreams come true!

CURTAIN.

COSTUMES

RICHARD STOCKTON. Coat and knee-breeches of dull-blue cloth. Loose white shirt. Soft white collar turned down on his coat. Black stockings. Low black shoes. Unpowdered hair.

JOHN COREY. Suit of the same fashion as Stockton's, made of black cloth. All the lads, unless otherwise indicated, wear low black shoes, black stockings, and have unpowdered hair. But if the wigs of longish natural hair which they should wear are too expensive, then they may have powdered wigs made of white cotton batting stitched to tight-fitting white skull-caps.

NED PEABODY. Suit of same style in dark-brown.

PHIL AMESBURY. Suit of same style in somewhat shabby black velvet, with black braiding. It is evident that the suit has been "handed down" to him.

JEFFERSON WINWOOD. Suit of same style in slate-gray, with buttons and pockets of cobalt blue.

FRANK WHARTON. Suit of very dark green. Green buttons. Has a black cloak, and a black three-cornered hat.

THOMAS RIGBY. Well-worn suit of dark plum-color. Plum-colored waistcoat. Gold buttons on it.

White shirt with full soft sleeves. A white stock. Black stockings. Low black shoes.

PENROSE. Scarlet jacket with gold buttons and epaulets. White broadcloth breeches tucked into high topboots. White vest. Lace stock. Lace wrist ruffles. Scarlet cloak with gold braiding. Carries a sword.

MARSH. The same as Penrose. Carries no sword when he comes in a second time.

If "The Younger Sons of Freedom" cannot obtain suits of the colors described, let them wear the usual boys' coats with Colonial pockets basted on, and let them have full knee-breeches, such as those of gymnasium suits. For older boys who play the parts, black evening suits, the coats shaped and basted back to resemble Colonial coats. White lace stocks and cravats, and lace wrist ruffles, and jabots.

DRAMATIC SILHOUETTE: THE SPIRIT OF '76

Thrown into shadow silhouette by a strong light placed behind a white curtain, the figures of the young patriots appear. Music of fife and drum in orchestra, clear, high, blood-stirring. First a small drummer-boy passes, with a cocked hat, and poised drum-sticks. Then a boy of the same age carrying a musket that is much too large for him. Then two taller patriot lads, very soldier-like. Then a country boy with a hoe over his shoulder. Then two figures, one playing a fife, the other a drum. Then a lone patriot lad with a cocked hat and musket. Then another drummer-boy. Then a boy with a flag, and a half dozen patriots following him. The music grows fainter and fainter, as if with the tread of marching feet.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: RAIL-SPLITTER

CHARACTERS

Abraham Lincoln
Nancy Lincoln
Tom Bush
Amy Roby
Polly Prentice
Jason Brown
Lucy Brown
François Durand
Little John Lincoln
Noctah, an Indian

Scene: *The Lincoln kitchen and living-room. Place: Little Pigeon Creek, Indiana. Time, 1823.*

The room is bright and clean, showing both thrift and poverty. There are two windows in background, with well-mended, faded curtains of the cheapest cotton. Between these two windows a stout door, which gives on the outside road. On the door is tacked a raccoon skin.

By the window at right a plain pine table and chair. The end of the table is set with a plate, knife, fork,

drinking-cup, etc., for one person, and there are corn-dodgers in generous quantities, and a jug of molasses.

In the middle of the right wall there is a wide-mouthed fireplace, with black andirons, several iron pots, and a skillet. Above the hearth strips of leather nailed to the wall serve as holders for empty powder-horns, knives, etc. There is a pine bench by the hearth, placed so that those sitting on it face the audience. Also a three-legged pine stool. Beyond the hearth, towards the background, a dresser with a few dishes.

Fastened to the wall, left foreground, is a pine shelf on which stand Abraham Lincoln's books, well-worn copies of "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., etc. Above this shelf a clock, battered yet adequate. A bearskin rug on the floor. The whole scene is homely, peaceful, intimate.

The embers on the hearth give out a dull glow which leaves the room in semi-darkness, yet lights up several objects by the hearthstone—namely, a heap of pine cones, some dried spice-wood bushes, a rude corn-popper, a snow-shovel, and a neatly-mended tongs.

In the frosty out-of-doors the wind blows gustily from time to time. Otherwise the room is quite still, save for the ticking of the clock, which points to half-past seven. For a moment after the curtain's rise the stage is deserted. Then come two brisk knocks at the door, and it is opened from without by Polly Prentice, who first thrusts in her head, looks about, and then crosses the threshold, speaking back over her shoulder to Amy Roby and Tom Bush. Polly wears a scarlet

cloak, and her cheeks are as red as apples. 'All carry lanterns.

POLLY.

There's no one home. Wherever can Nancy be? She said if she wasn't here we were to wait for her. Come in, Amy, and you, too, Tom Bush, and be careful to close the door. *(All enter.)* The fire is nearly spent. B-rrrrrr! It's a cold night for this time of year. My fingers are tingling. That's right, Tom, put on some spice bushes for a blaze. I'll put my lantern over here by yours, Amy. What time is it?

AMY.

Half-past seven. I wish that Nancy would hurry. The corn-husking begins at eight, and we are to call for Jason Brown and Lucy before we start.

TOM

(warming his hands).

Yes, and come back here to have Abe go with us. He's been out in the woods all day, swinging that ax of his. I could hear him down by the spring.

POLLY.

There's his supper set out for him—corn-dodgers and molasses.

AMY

(primly).

Polly, it isn't nice to look at things in other people's houses!

POLLY

(saucily).

You looked at the clock only a minute ago, and I'm sure Abe's supper is as easily seen as the clock is! Easier, too, if you happen to be glancing that way. I wish that Nancy would hurry!

TOM

(as they seat themselves about fire).

And I wish that Abe would hurry. He must be trying for luck.

POLLY.

Luck?

TOM.

Yes, you know they say that rails split by moonlight bring folks good fortune. Not that Abe needs good fortune—he's lucky at everything he puts his hand to. He can shoulder an ax and swing it better than any one I ever saw, and as for his books—there's no one who can beat him.

POLLY.

He's always at them—even after a hard day's work.

TOM.

There's nothing he won't read if he can get his hands on it, and at spelling he's head of his class every time.

AMY

(amused).

You'd think he was a hero, Tom, the way you talk.

TOM

(eyes a-light).

Well, sometimes he *does* seem like a hero to me, he's so strong and clever and kind. At school people are always coming to him with their disputes, and out of school, too. Even the Indians respect his knowledge. And with it all he can see a joke as soon as anybody, and isn't a bit puffed up. And then I like him, because even though he's quiet and it takes a long time for him to get angry, when he *does* get angry it's on the right side. I think some day he'll be a great lawyer. Come, Amy, what do you think he'll be?

AMY

(mischievously).

Well, as you think he knows so much—almost as much as Mr. Andrew Crawford—I think perhaps he'll be a teacher.

TOM.

What do you think he'll be, Polly?

POLLY

(absorbed in examining corn-popper, tongs, etc.).

I don't know. Oh, see! He's mended the tongs. I saw him working at it the other day. *(Facing about,*

laughing.) I'll tell you what I think he'll be—he'll be a *mender! (To Amy.)* Look out, Amy, that's Abe's precious snow-shovel. Dear knows why he has it out this early.

AMY.

Because paper is expensive, goosey. By the light of some pine cones he can figure on this, and then scrape it off again.

TOM

(admiringly).

Nobody but Abe would think of such a thing. I tell you the day will come when we'll be proud we knew him.

AMY

(gaily).

Bravo, Tom! You'll be making speeches soon, or lead in our next debate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(speaking from outer doorway, ax on shoulder, a gaunt, rawboned, kindly-eyed lad).

Who said *debate—?*

AMY

(jumping up with a burst of delighted laughter).

There he is now! *(To Lincoln.)* If any word would bring you, that one would, I know!

POLLY.

Nancy isn't here. She said we were to wait. Go on with your supper, Abe, and don't mind us. I know you're hungry.

LINCOLN.

Thank you, I will. *(Puts by ax and goes towards table.)* Hungry! I feel half-starved! And my muscles are as stiff as boards. *(Turns.)* Here, Tom, I'm a fine host—neglecting my guests! There's the corn-popper, and *(diving hand into cupboard and bringing out a bag)* there's the corn!

NANCY

(appearing in the outer door with François Durand, and little John Henry).

And here's Nancy with a bag of salt, just in time. I'm glad you all waited for me. Come to the fire, François.

FRANÇOIS

(shyly to all, as they kindly make way for him).

Bon soir! Bon soir!

NANCY

(rattling on).

B-rrrrr! It's chilly. It's nice to be in by the fire. How's your supper, Abe? I fixed it for you.

LINCOLN

(genially).

It's fine, Nancy, thank you. *(Goes back to table and half-smiles, dryly-humorous.)* And the best thing about it is that there's enough of it! *(To John.)* Well, John, how are you?

JOHN

(drawling, wide-eyed, childlike).

Did you see any *bears* in the woods?

LINCOLN

(with a twinkle, solemnly imitating him).

No, I didn't see any bea-r-s in the woods; but I brought home some nuts for you! *(Gives them.)*

[*François, under pantomimic urging from the group around the fire, has taken up his fiddle, tunes it, and from a mere ghost of an air breaks into a gay tune. Little John Henry takes the corn-popper, swaying it in time to the music, while the rest, with the exception of Lincoln, do a step or so of an old-fashioned reel. Lincoln watches them as he eats. John watches them also, to the detriment of the corn-popping.*

NANCY

(pausing in dance, with little shriek of dismay).

Oh, mercy! The corn! I smell it burning!

ALL

(gathering about her, and thus hiding corn-popper from view of audience).

Is it burnt? No! Yes! No! Oh, it's saved.

(Lincoln, who has risen, goes back to his supper.)

JOHN.

I didn't mean to!

NANCY

(relenting).

But when François plays the fiddle you can't think of anything else, eh?

AMY

(as they group themselves in fire-glow).

Sit over here, Nancy. Isn't the corn splendid?

LINCOLN

(from where he is sitting).

Any news, Tom? How's the wolf-hunting getting on? Anybody got one?

TOM.

I heard in the store to-night that Hugh Foster had killed one. It may be only a rumor. You're not fond of hunting, are you, Abe?

LINCOLN.

Oh, I try at it once in a while, Tom, but I'm not very keen. You boys get more out of it than I do.

TOM.

Remember the raccoon hunt we had last summer?

LINCOLN.

Yes, I remember. *(Facing about.)* To tell you the truth, Tom, I don't mind if things have to be killed

outright; but I hate to see them in cages. I like to see 'em *free.*

TOM.

I know you do, Abe.

POLLY

(merrily).

Oh, Abe, before you came we were all guessing——

LINCOLN.

Guessing?

POLLY

(nodding).

What you were going to be. Tom said you'd be a lawyer. Amy said you'd be a great teacher, and I said you'd be a *mender!*

LINCOLN

(slowly).

A mender—! I never once thought of being a mender, Polly.

NANCY

(with a little cry).

Polly Prentice, look! Look what the time is! Ten minutes to eight! We'll be late for the corn-husking.

LINCOLN

(surprised).

Corn-husking?

POLLY

(dancing about).

Didn't you know there was to be one? Oh, I thought we'd surprise you! We're all going. You, too.

[*Lincoln shakes his head.*

POLLY

(pouting).

That means you think you have to study. Oh, Abe—!

NANCY

(aside).

Don't tease him, Polly. After we've called for Jason and Lucy we'll come back this way—gracious! Look how the minutes are flying! We must be starting. Where did I put my cloak? Oh, here it is! Hurry, Amy!

[*They all dart out the door with every sign of haste, little John following as fast as his legs can carry him. Sounds of laughter from without, growing fainter.*

LINCOLN

(to himself).

A corn-husking—!

[*Shakes his head. Goes over and gets a book, and stretches out in front of fire. A pause.*

NOCTAH

(quietly entering).

How!

LINCOLN

(turning).

How!

[*Noctah, with the quiet of an accustomed visitor, sits on bench by fire: pulls out a long pipe.*

LINCOLN

(after a pause, looking up).

Supper?

NOCTAH.

No. Noctah only want to warm at fire. Like to watch Lincoln. Lincoln get wisdom out of books.

LINCOLN

(ruefully).

Not so much as I'd like to, Noctah. The books are so few that it's just learning by littles.*

NOCTAH.

Other people much talk. Lincoln heap silent: heap thinking. *(Taps forehead.)* Other people try to cheat Indian. Lincoln heap honest.

* Lincoln's own words.

LINCOLN

(twinkling).

Oh, come now, Noctah. I guess we're all pretty honest hereabout.

[*A pause, during which Lincoln stares at the fire, above his book.*

NOCTAH.

Lincoln look at fire. See visions of future.

LINCOLN.

There won't be any future if I don't work for it!

[*Studies again.*

NOCTAH.

Umph!

[*Smokes pipe: a silence.*

LINCOLN

(after a moment or so, looking up).

Anything I can do for you, Noctah?

NOCTAH.

No. Noctah want nothing.

[*Another short silence. Noctah smokes. Lincoln studies. Then Noctah moves towards door.*

LINCOLN

(looking up).

Going, Noctah? You know you're welcome to stay if you want to. *(Noctah continues impassively towards door.)* Well, then, good-night.

NOCTAH.

Good-night. [*Exit Noctah.*

[*A moment later there comes the sound of François' fiddle, and the same gay group breaks into the room, augmented by Jason and Lucy Brown. They surround Lincoln, who has risen.*

TOM.

Now, Abe, you know you like a husking better than anything else.

LINCOLN.

Better than most things, Tom; but not better than all.

[*Looks toward his books.*

JASON

(coaxing).

Come on, Abe, it's no fun without you.

LINCOLN

(decidedly).

Not to-night, Jason.

FRANÇOIS.

You'll miss ze husking, Abe.

LINCOLN.

I know that, François; but then I'll gain—so much else! *(Looks again towards his beloved books.)* There's husking to do there, François.

NANCY.

You'll be sitting here all lonely, without any friends.

LINCOLN

(with one of his rare smiles).

Without any friends—! Why, Nancy!

[*Glances towards his books for a third time.*

POLLY

(with a sniff).

He means that he'd rather have Defoe and Bunyan and Æsop than us.

LINCOLN.

Now, Polly.

POLLY

(with conviction).

You would. You know you would.

JASON.

Then you're not coming?

LINCOLN.

No, boys, I'm not coming. I tell you, it's like splitting rails. Once you get tired or give up, your work gets the better of you. I mean to stick to what I've set out to do.

TOM

(regretfully).

Well, then, good-night, Abe.

LINCOLN

(with the utmost friendliness).

Good-night. Good-night. *(With a general stir and in the midst of a chorus of leave-taking, he sees them to the door.)* Watch your lantern, Amy. Good-night. Good-night, all.

[*For a moment he stands and there comes to him the sound of laughter and retreating footsteps, and a gay lilt from François' fiddle. As the sound grows fainter and fainter he crosses resolutely to the hearth, tosses on a cone or two, places the shovel where it will be within easy reach, and stretches himself on the floor before the fire.*

From outside a sudden gust of wind brings clearly a last snatch of the air that François is playing in the distance. Lincoln raises his head and listens, smiles whimsically to himself, and then opens his books.

LINCOLN.

And now for the husking!

[*He lies full length, absorbedly studying in the fire-glow as the curtain falls.*

COSTUMES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Blue flannel shirt. Faded black knee-breeches and much-worn coat. Tall boots

which he wears for out-of-doors, and changes for old slippers.

Polly. A brown woolen dress and scarlet cloak. Hair worn in quaint fashion with combs.

Nancy Lincoln. Dark-scarlet woolen dress, and brown cloak. All the dresses of the girls are of the simplest. Their cloaks likewise.

Amy Roby. Deep-blue woolen dress. Little white apron with pockets. Dark-blue cloak with hood.

Lucy Brown. Dark-green woolen dress and cloak.

Tom Bush. Dark-brown flannel shirt. Dark-blue knee-breeches.

Jason Brown. Faded red flannel shirt. Dark-blue knee-breeches.

François Durand. Tan-colored flannel shirt. Dark-brown knee-breeches. Crimson sash-belt.

Noctah. The usual Indian costume of buckskin. Fringed tunic. Long trousers. Moccasins, or imitation moccasins of khaki. (The suit should be of khaki also—the nearest imitation of buckskin.) He should wear a wig of long, coarse black hair. If this wig cannot be had, simulate it thus: make a tight-fitting skull-cap of black cheesecloth. Stitch it where the parting in the hair should come. Make two braids of plaited black cheesecloth, and fasten them to the skull-cap so that they will fall over the ears. They should be bound with a few wisps of red and green. Noctah wears neither war-paint nor feathers, but his face and hands should be stained brown.

DIRECTIONS

FOR INDOOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS

While an outdoor stage is by far the best setting for a pageant there are times and seasons when such a setting is not obtainable, and the indoor pageant becomes advisable. And while no number of footlights can hope to give the actual radiance of sunlight and blue sky, the indoor pageant has several assets in its favor. It lends itself to such festivals as Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, and its performers need have no fear of rain. Its dancers are sure of a level space. Its woodland scenes can be arranged to suit the occasion, and the enhancing effects of fire-glow, sunrise, or dimming twilight can be obtained as in no other way.

If a painted forest scene cannot be had, tree branches fastened to green screens placed right, left, and background can be made to do for the outdoor setting. The screens can be covered with forest-green burlap or cheesecloth. Real pine trees, in stands covered with green to imitate bank of moss, are very effective. For a log to be used as a seat, two vinegar barrels fastened together, covered with bark-brown burlap

splashed with green paint for moss and white for lichen. Red electric light bulbs half hidden under fagots for the outdoor fire effect.

The procession at the end can cross the stage, or march through the assembly-room or hall in which the pageant is given. An armory or large gymnasium is an ideal place in which to give the indoor arrangement of the pageant if the stage of a small auditorium or theater is not procurable. Many of the directions for the producing of the outdoor pageant can be applied to the indoor one, and, therefore, those who direct the indoor arrangement of the pageant are referred to the outdoor arrangement. The directions for the final tableau, the march, and the costume of The Spirit of Patriotism will be found there. Throughout the pageant, its entire acts and marches, patriotic airs should be played as much as possible.

THE HAWTHORNE PAGEANT

THE HAWTHORNE PAGEANT

1. Chorus of Spirits of the Old Manse
2. Prologue by the Muse of Hawthorne
3. First Episode (In Witchcraft Days)
4. Dance Interlude
5. Second Episode (Merrymount)
6. Procession of Player Folk

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF THE OLD MANSE

From the dim world of dreams
Fraught with shadows and gleams
We entreat you and beckon and call.
Heed and harken you well,
Lend your hearts to our spell,
Let the soul of the Past hold you thrall.

Radiant, mystical, free
Unseen spirits were we
As we guarded the Manse long ago;
Moving soft through each room
In the twilight's gray gloom
While the fire on the hearth flickered low.

Hope and joy—these we brought;
Peace and fair dreams we wrought
For the Manse whose bright hearth was our goal.
Oh, then harken you well!
Lend your hearts to our spell,
Let the tide of the years backward roll.

PROLOGUE

(Spoken by the Muse of Hawthorne)

Ye who have known the great Enchanter's art,
Whose magic fired your brain and stirred your heart,
Whose touch, more potent than King Midas' gold,
Wrought Tales of Tanglewood and Tales Twice Told,
Whose Marble Faun and Mosses from the Manse
Still hold the lasting colors of Romance;
Who built for you the Hall of Fantasy
Through whose bright portals you might pass and see
Hester and Miriam and Goodman Brown
And Pyncheron, who dwelt in Salem Town—
Malvin and Endicott and Ethan Brand,
John Inglefield and that old crone whose hand
Was lent to fashioning Scarecrows built of straw—
All these through the Enchanter's eyes you saw,
Strange folk who trod the bleak New England shores,
Tithingmen, Sachems, Witches, Sagamores,
Puritans, Soldiers, Scholars, Quaker maids,
Royalists splendid in their rich brocades!
To-day the past has opened wide her door,
Scenes long since gone return to us once more,
Touched with the alchemy of history's gold.

First, ancient Salem, as it was, behold
In the grim days when "Witchcraft!" was the cry,
When folk declared that they saw witches fly
On devil's broomsticks straight across the moon,
While the wind piped by night a witch's tune;
When, e'en by day, intrepid witch-wives spoke,
Then vanished upward through the chimney smoke!
The Witches' Wood—this our first scene will show,
And all that once transpired there long ago.

Our second scene will picture Merrymount
Where lived gay royalists who took no count
Of Puritanic manners, and who sang
And laughed till all the woods about them rang
With outlaw merriment. These you will see
Engaged in maypole dance and minstrelsy,
While Puritans with grave and somber mien
Condemn such light-foot revels on the green!
These have you known on Hawthorne's living page.
Now shall you see them pictured on our stage.
Grant us your patience: lend your ears as well.
The rest our pageant now will strive to tell.

IN WITCHCRAFT DAYS

CHARACTERS

Goody Gurton
Philippe Beaucœur
Vigilant Winthrop
Holdfast Bradford
John Giles
Goodwife Prudence Hubbard
Mercy Hubbard
Barbara Williams, her playmate
Dorcas Wordell
Anne Brown
Repentance Folger
Roger Blackthorne
Fear-NoughtCaldwell
Renounce Wilton
Tabitha Brett
Fawnfoot, an Indian maiden
Goodwife Abigail Williams

The scene is an open glade near Salem, 1692.

Trees right, left, and background. Flowers. Ferns. Berry-vines. Herbs. Tabitha Brett, a Puritan child, enters from left. She carries a quaint pewter bowl, and looking about her spies berries, whereupon she calls back over her shoulder to Renounce Wilton.

Tabitha

(calling).

Renounce! There are berries here! Yet not so many as Goodwife Prudence Hubbard bade us bring. Perhaps 'tis too near the edge of the town, and others have been before us.

RENOUNCE

(entering from left).

Others before us—Do you mean witches, Tabitha?

TABITHA.

Hush! Speak not that word! There are no witches flying in the daytime!

RENOUNCE

(wide-eyed).

But at night, Tabitha, who can tell how many witches may be abroad? Dost thou not know that this is ofttimes called the "Witches' Wood" and Holdfast Bradford says that on the stroke of midnight 'tis here that they foregather. Canst thou not picture them whirling over the tree-tops?

TABITHA

(with a cry).

Be still, Renounce Wilton! Oh, what was that? *(Clutches her.)* A shadow? *(With more composure.)* If you do talk of witches we shall lose half the berries we have gathered, and Goodwife Hubbard will scold us roundly.

[*Eats a few berries.*

RENOUNCE.

You should not eat the berries, Tabitha.

TABITHA.

I know. But they are so sweet. As sweet as the barley sugar Goody Gurton gives us.

RENOUNCE.

I marvel that our mothers let us hunt for berries at all.

TABITHA

(childishly).

Aye, 'tis not often they are minded to let us stray to the edge of the forest. I think there is something stirring that we are not to hear, and that is why our fingers are kept busy. My mother and Goodwife Prudence Hubbard were deep in talk together; but when I passed they put their fingers on their lips.

RENOUNCE

(pretending to be vastly impressed).

Did they so!

TABITHA

(looking about her).

I wish I knew where some wild plums grew.

RENOUNCE

(as they continue to gather berries).

Philippe Beaucœur could tell us, did he but wish to.

TABITHA.

Renounce Wilton! I am ashamed of thee! Thou dost not mean that thou hast held converse with Philippe Beaucœur, who is half French and lives in the woods like an Indian.

RENOUNCE

(with spirit).

I will hold converse with whom I please, Tabitha Brett. French or no French, Philippe Beaucœur is a brave lad, and there is naught about the wild things that he does not know. 'Twas because he lives in the forest and not in Salem Town as we do.

TABITHA.

(in an awed voice).

Have you ever seen the place where Philippe lives? Barbara Williams says it a fearsome spot. The forests about it are all black and solemn, and the pines seem to whisper together, and there Philippe dwells in a hut he himself hath builded.

RENOUNCE

(sagely).

They say he hath dwelt alone there ever since his father died. Think of it! In the forest! I should fear the Indians! But then, I am not like Betty Hubbard, who hath no fears at all. And as for Philippe Beaucœur, there is naught that can make *him* tremble. He says that 'tis on account of his "ancestree." And then he laughs and makes a gesture: "Blue blood of France is never chilled by terror, Mistress."

TABITHA.

"Blue blood of France—!" Who ever heard the like? I never saw blue blood, nor didst thou! The

color of blood is scarlet, as thou knowest right well. Prick thy finger and see!

DORCAS WORDELL

(off stage, left).

Tabitha Brett! Tabitha Brett! Where are you?

TABITHA

(calling in answer).

Here, Dorcas, here! Renounce Wilton and I are gathering berries.

DORCAS

(entering excitedly).

You'll gather no more berries when you've heard the news. Sure, there be stirring things afoot this day in Salem. What dost think? Barbara Williams hath been bewitched!

RENOUNCE.

Dorcas!

DORCAS

(importantly).

Aye, since yesternight she hath clean disappeared. The evening meal was set: she did not come. They have searched the woods, and the marshland, and the roadways. 'Tis plain she hath been spirited away, and Goodwife Abigail Williams is nigh out of her mind. But now that they've found the witch——

TABITHA

(eagerly).

Found her——

DORCAS

(triumphantly).

Aye, found her! And you'll never guess who 'tis! Hark! They're coming! She was hobbling this way as I passed, little dreaming that her evil deeds would find her out so soon! The half o' Salem must be at her heels. Look! Look!

GOODY GURTON'S VOICE

(from left, a cry of terror).

I am no witch. Good sirs, I am no witch. Mercy! Mercy!

RENOUNCE

(startled).

'Tis Goody Gurton's voice! Why, she is a poor old woman who hath never done harm to any.

CRIES

(off stage, left).

A witch! A witch! A-aaaaah! A witch!

[*The crowd surges in from left, dragging in the midst of it poor old Goody Gurton. They separate and form a wide semicircle of which Holdfast Bradford and trembling Goody Gurton form the center. In the*

crowd are Goodwife Williams, Goodwife Hubbard, Mercy Hubbard, Goodwife Brown, Repentance Folger, Vigilant Winthrop, John Giles, Roger Blackthorne, and other people of Salem.

BRADFORD.

Silence, and look! Look, people of Salem! You know this spot right well. 'Tis here that witches are reported to hold their wicked revels. What better place have we in which to try a witch? Custom hath had it aforetime that we have tried them in the courthouse. Now let us try them on their own ground. 'Twill show that we fear neither them nor their master. Neither their black books, nor their caldron's brew. Stand forth, Goody Gurton, the accused. What have you to say? There is the woman whose child you have bewitched and stolen.

GOODY GURTON

(in a trembling, aged voice).

I stole no child. I have bewitched no one. I am a poor old woman, as you all know. I get my living by my needle, and my brews of herbs.

BRADFORD.

Stand forth, Abigail. Is it not true that half the town hath searched for Barbara Williams since yesterday at sundown, and not a trace of her hath been found?

GOODWIFE WILLIAMS

(wildly).

Aye, 'tis true! My child has gone from me! She is bewitched and stolen! Bewitched and stolen! Everywhere I looked and found no token: but at the door of Goody Gurton I found *this!*

[*Holds up small white Puritan cap.*

THE CROWD.

A-aaaaaah!

BRADFORD.

How came this cap to your door, Goody Gurton?

GOODY GURTON

(in a shaking voice).

The children often visit me for sweetmeats. I gave the child a little barley sugar. She may have dropped the cap. I do not know.

BRADFORD.

Where did she turn after she left your doorway?

GOODY GURTON.

I did not look which way she went. I do not know. Oh, worshipful sir——

BRADFORD.

Silence! Who else accuses Goody Gurton?

GOODWIFE HUBBARD.

We've seen strange things about, have we not, neighbors?

ALL.

Aye! Aye!

GOODWIFE HUBBARD.

Last night the wind wailed in my chimney. And when I crossed the fields at twilight I had a feeling *that something followed me.*

MERCY HUBBARD

(piping up).

And Goodman Folger's cow hath died since yesternight. And Goody Gurton was seen going by the pasture.

VIGILANT WINTHROP.

Aye, there be many signs. Last night the moon rose red.

JOHN GILES.

And the week before there were more bats flying than I have ever seen in Salem.

GOODWIFE BROWN.

And Goodwife Eaton says that all night long in the woods behind her house there is something crying—she cannot tell whether it be an owl or a child.

REPENTANCE FOLGER.

Last eve, when the wind was blowing, something flapped past me like a witch's cloak.

BRADFORD.

What have you to say to these things, Goody Gurton?

GOODY GURTON

(quite simply).

Why, naught, sir, naught. I noted myself that last week the moon rose red, and that last night the wind blew shrewdly.

BRADFORD.

How comes it that you were leaving the streets of Salem, and walking here in the forest? 'Twas here in the forest we found you.

GOODY GURTON.

I came to hunt for some simples . . . for spearmint and checkerberry and tansy.

BRADFORD

(with deep sternness).

And for wolfbane and hellbore and all other hideous herbs that witches brew in their caldrons. You stand accused, Goody Gurton.

GOODY GURTON

(bewildered).

Accused?

BRADFORD.

Of witchcraft.

THE CROWD

(alternately surging close to her, and falling back). A-aaah! To the pond with her! To the pond!

JOHN GILES.

If she sinks she is a witch, if she swims——

GOODY GURTON.

Have mercy——

GOODWIFE HUBBARD

(with a shiver).

The water in the pond is deep and cold.

WINTHROP.

Here come Caldwell and Blackthorne with a ducking-chair. *(Blackthorne and Caldwell carry between them a rude chair fashioned hastily from wood on which the bark still clings.)* Well and swiftly fashioned, Blackthorne!

GOODY GURTON.

Mercy! Mercy! Gentle sirs, neighbors, goodwives! I am no witch! I swear it. I had naught, naught to do with Barbara Williams.

BRADFORD.

A last chance, Goody. Call up your evil powers. Bring back the child, and it shall be the stocks; but not the pond. Call! Call!

GOODY GURTON.

I have no words. I cannot bring her back. Mercy! Mercy!

BRADFORD

(curtly).

To the pond!

GOODY GURTON

(in a tremulous shriek as Blackthorne and Caldwell begin to bind her in the ducking-chair).

Oh, no, no, no! I am no witch! I swear it! Will no one speak for me—will no one——

[Philippe Beaucœur, who has approached from right but a moment before, and been partly hidden from view by those in front of him, now steps forward boldly. The knife in his red sash-belt glitters in the sun. His dark face is a-light with interest. His bearing is gallantly determined.

PHILIPPE BEAUCŒUR.

I will speak!

RENOUNCE.

It is Philippe!

PHILIPPE

(boldly).

Stand back, Master Bradford. Be not so swift with your ducking-chair, Goodman Caldwell. By what right have ye bound this poor old woman?

BRADFORD

(angrily).

By what right can a Jackanapes confront his elders?

PHILIPPE

(coolly).

By the right of free speech in a free country. By the right of seeing defenseless age that lacks a champion.

GOODY GURTON

(her voice sunk to a low moan).

Mercy! Mercy!

PHILIPPE

(gallantly alert, hand on knife).

You have said your say against her. Is there one who hath spoken a word for her?

BRADFORD

(blustering).

He has no right to confront us. He is not of Salem.

[*Nevertheless, since Philippe is the only one armed, none step forward to seize him.*

PHILIPPE

(with light scorn).

The worshipful Bradford speaks true. I dwell in a kinder place. The forest accuses neither man nor woman. Nay, do not frown at me, Holdfast Bradford. My hand is as well matched as yours.

JOHN GILES.

By all the signs she is a witch. The moon rose red, and the wind——

THE CROWD
(not to be cheated).

Aye! Aye!

PHILIPPE.

What if the moon rose red? What if the wind wailed in the chimney? Are ye children round the nursery fire that such things should be to you as signs? Ye have seen the same a thousand times before. Is this all ye can say against her? Is there naught ye can say for her—ye who have known her kindness? John Giles, who sat with thy brother when he had the fever? Goodwife Anne Brown, who helped thee keep watch the night thy father's ship was lost at sea? Tabitha Brett, who healed thy childish hurts, and drove away thy tears with sweetmeats? Thrice shame upon you all! The poor old woman!

GOODWIFE WILLIAMS
(wildly).

Let her give back my child! Here is the cap that I found on her door-sill.

PHILIPPE.

Let me look at the cap, Goodwife Williams. *(Turns it inside out.)* There is a name embroidered on the band. *(Reads.)* "Hester Wordell." Not thy child's cap at all.

[*Hands it back.*

GOODWIFE WILLIAMS.

'Tis more witchcraft!

PHILIPPE.

And is that witchcraft, too?

(A child's voice in the woods at right is heard singing:)

" In May I go a-walking to hear the linnets sing,
The blackbird and the throstle a-praising Queen and King:
It cheers the heart to hear them, to see the leaves unfold,
The meadows covered over with buttercups of gold."

GOODWIFE WILLIAMS.

'Tis Barbara's voice! 'Tis Barbara! *(Enter Barbara, fleet as a shadow, from right, followed by Fawnfoot. Both take the unconsciously tripping steps that belong to the wild freedom of youth.)* It is my child! Barbara! Where hast thou been since yesternight?

BARBARA.

With Fawnfoot yonder. She taught me to play games, and angle for fish, and—— What be they staring at?

BRADFORD

(dryly).

Goodwife Williams, for children that rouse a village there is but one remedy.

GOODWIFE WILLIAMS

(humbly).

A physic?

BRADFORD

(almost roaring).

No! *A slipper!* See that it is administered. And light songs, such as we heard but now, are scarcely seemly on a young one's lips. She should learn graver measures.

[*In groups of twos and threes the Puritans solemnly exeunt, left, Bradford marching ahead. Fawnfoot, with agile grace, disappears into background, dancing with her own shadow as she goes. Philippe and Goody Gurton are left alone. Philippe bends over the ducking-chair, and with his knife cuts the thongs which bind Goody Gurton, the while he talks, half-tenderly, half-gaily, for the first time allowing a hint of accent to creep into his speech.*

PHILIPPE.

They do not even stop to unbind thee! It is a strange thing, this witchcraft, that so turns the head!

GOODY GURTON.

You do for me what others do not do—you whom I have scarcely seen before!

PHILIPPE.

A good deed sown is ofttimes a good deed reaped. So say they in la belle France, and my tongue loves the words. 'Twas long ago that you did a kindness for me when my father lay ill of a fever; but—I—I have not forgotten. *(He cuts the final thong that binds her.)* Whither now, Goody Gurton? Nay, it would seem that we have need of each other. For you—a shoulder to lean on: for me—often I am lonely. I think what it would mean in my hut in the forest to look up and see a grand'mère sitting there! We be two outcasts; but the woods are kind. There is a song about that oversea: it says—

(Sings)

Blue the sky above you,
Dans la forêt;
True the hearts that love you,
Courageux et gai!

Come, Grand'mère, home!

[*They exeunt right, he bearing himself with a proud erectness, she leaning upon his shoulder with the peaceful dependence of a soul whose problem is solved. The scene ends.*

COSTUMES

The Puritan women and girls wear black dresses with white lawn kerchiefs and cuffs, and Puritan caps. One or two of the women wear black cloaks, falling to the edge of their gowns. The material of which

these dresses and cloaks may be made is black cambric with the glazed side turned in. The kerchiefs and cuffs of lawn or white cheesecloth.

For the men and lads full black knee-breeches, black doublets with the sleeves a little fulled; white cuffs and Puritan collars. Long black cloaks ankle-length. Beaver hats. Any well-illustrated edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" will give an excellent idea of these costumes. (See notes on Hawthorne Pageant, page 220.)

PHILIPPE BEAUCŒUR. Philippe Beaucœur wears a tan-colored costume cut on Indian lines (supposedly dressed deerskin) with a sash of scarlet, such as the French voyageurs were in the habit of wearing. A fur slung across his shoulders and caught at his girdle. The costume is fringed, Indian-like, but is not painted or beaded. The breeches come to the knee. Tan stockings and moccasins. The costume made of cotton khaki.

FAWNFOOT. The typical Indian maiden costume. Cotton khaki, gorgeously painted at the neck. Bead chains and bracelets. Tan stockings. Moccasins. Hair worn in braids. Scarlet head-band across forehead. Black quill.

This play may be given by a cast of girls. (See notes on Hawthorne Pageant.)

MUSIC. The song which Barbara Williams sings can be found in "Songs of the West," by S. Baring Gould. ("Folk Songs of Cornwall and Devon, collected from the Mouths of the People.")

DANCE INTERLUDE

The dance interlude should be symbolic of the spirit of youth as exemplified in the Indian and the Puritan. The music is MacDowell's " From an Indian Lodge." The two players taking part in the dance are Fawn-foot and Barbara Williams. The little Indian, dancing in the woods with her own shadow, tries to entice the little Puritan into following her steps. Barbara hangs back. But the dance proves too alluring. She finally tries to imitate what the little Indian does; but at first the quick motions of the other are quite beyond her. One is of the forest, the other of the town! Yet, in the end, the little Puritan should show that she has caught a little of the grace and freedom of her wild playmate. Good pantomimic dancing, with grace and humor, should be worked into this.

MERRYMOUNT

CHARACTERS

Simon Scarlett	Christopher Carmel (Kit)
Sarah Scarlett, his sister	Goody Gleason
Will Lackleather	Bess
Moll	Resolute Endicott
Nan	Gillian Pritchard
Jock	Fight-for-Right Norcross
Tib	Amos Warren
Joan	Ebenezer Matthews
Robin Wakeless	Frugal Hilton
Faunch	

Scene: *An open glade at Merrymount on a Summer's day in 1626. Trees right, left, and background. In the center of the stage a maypole decked with streaming ribbons that are somewhat faded.*

Towards the left background, at some distance from the maypole, a forest bed of pine boughs, sweet fern, and moss. Not far from this bed, towards foreground, a tiny glimmer of fire, over whose graying ashes is hung a small iron kettle. Scattered on the ground by the fire a goodly number of iron and pewter drinking-cups, and an iron skillet for brewing. The play begins

by the entrance of Simon Scarlett from the left, with a troop of Merrymounters at his heels, Faunch, Nan, Moll, Tib, Joan, and Will Lackleather. All wear tattered finery. That of Simon matches his name.

SCARLETT.

Hither! Hither! Come, Faunch the fiddler, give us another tune—one that will set the echoes of Merrymount a-ringing, and make the lean Puritans in the valley to hold their ears.

ALL.

A tune! A tune!

FAUNCH.

What tune will ye have, Simon Scarlett?

SCARLETT.

Let it be a maypole dance, Faunch the fiddler! And a merry one! *(Faunch begins to play.)* Let's see you foot it! *(The folk of Merrymount begin to dance.)* Oh, bravely, bravely! If the Puritans could see you you'd be led to the stocks and the whipping-post!

LACKLEATHER

(darkly).

'Twill take less than a dance to lead us there! You know right well that the Puritans have sworn that if they catch us straying beyond the bounds of Merrymount 'twill be the stocks and the whipping-post, and that without mercy!

SCARLETT

(with a laugh and a shrug).

The stocks and the whipping-post! Come, drive such thoughts from your head! Look! Yonder comes Jock with a tankard of apple juice! Cups for us all! Quick, Lackleather! *(Carved wooden cups are taken from the trunk of a hollow tree.)* Come, where are we all?

TIB.

All here, save Sarah Scarlett, who bides with Goody Gleason, and Bess, who hath been away since dawn. Robin and Kit have gone to search for her.

SCARLETT.

Well, Bess or no Bess, the maypole is waiting! Play us another catch, goodfellow Faunch! My heels grow rusty!

[*All start to dance.*

ROBIN

(bursting in from right, followed by Kit Carmel).

Simon! Simon! You'll not dance so gaily when you've heard the news! Put up your music, Faunch! Give over your capers, Lackleather! Bess hath been taken by the Puritans!

[*General consternation.*

SCARLETT

(as all stop dancing).

You're jesting, lad!

ROBIN

(as he catches breath).

'Tis no jest, Simon! 'Tis bitter truth. 'Tis towards the stocks they are leading her!

SCARLETT

(outraged).

You let them capture her?

KIT.

What were we two against so many!

SCARLETT

(passionately).

All Merrymount to the rescue! Zounds! Shall a pack o' Puritans match their wits against ours? Who follows me?

ALL.

All of us! All!

LACKLEATHER.

There'll be a rescue!

FAUNCH

(as he follows, fiddling gaily).

A rescue made to music!

[*All disappear into the woods, right, just as Sarah Scarlett, with Goody Gleason leaning on her arm, comes out of the woods, left.*

SARAH.

Faunch! Faunch! *(Looks after the vanishing Merrymount folk.)* He does not hear me! Where are they going that they do not hear me? Nay, then, dear Gran'am, rest on me. Step slowly. They've left off dancing at the maypole, and gone I know not whither. Will you not rest you, while I blow this flicker o' fire? *(Leads Goody Gleason to bed of pine.)* I'll make thee broth, and season it right pleasantly when the lads come back from their traps; for, now that I think on it, it may be to their traps they have gone. *(Sees Goody Gleason placed in comfortable fashion on the bed of pine.)* Rest, then, if you can, dear Gran'am. 'Twill strengthen you against your chills and fever. *(Seats herself at fire.)* Rest, if you can, and I will watch close by.

[*Goody Gleason dozes off: Sarah sits by her and sings.*

" Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me,
And will thy favors never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed me pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again? "

[*A pause: then from distance comes tumult of voices:* " Ho! Steady there, Will Lackleather! Have a care, Robin Wakeless! " *(The voices are very faint but clear: the sound of them coming from a long distance.)*

BESS

(running ahead of the others, disheveled, breathless, excited, enters, and swinging about, halloos to those who are following her, her hands held clarion-wise).

Have a care, Simon! Look well to the Puritan!

SARAH

(running to her).

Bess! What's here! What's happened?

BESS

(still greatly excited).

I'll tell thee when I catch my breath! I've been in the stocks with the whole of Wollaston to gape at me. Puritan heads a-wagging! Puritan eyes a-staring! And after the stocks 'twas towards the whipping-post that they were leading me! But I've learned a trick or two from our lanes here at Merrymount. I gave a sudden twist—the constable loosened his hold—I ran and ran! There was not one could catch me. And for the shaming they've done me they are to pay full dear. I ran ahead to tell you. Listen!

VOICES

(coming nearer).

Easy there, Kit! Have a care, Robin!

SARAH.

Heaven's mercy, Bess, what is it they're bringing?

BESS

(with a blaze of excitement and triumph).

Can you not see? Our lads have stolen Resolute Endicott, spinning-wheel and all.

[*It is soon seen that Bess speaks truly. Mistress Endicott makes her entrance seated on a pine board that is carried between Robin Wakeless and Kit Carmel. She is closely guarded by Jock, who marches behind. Scarlett and Will Lackleather carry her spinning-wheel. Faunch brings up the rear, with the Merrymount maidens following. Joan carries a spinning-stool.*

SCARLETT

(as he and Lackleather set down spinning-wheel, left).

Look to your steps, Robin! Steady there, Kit Carmel! *(As Resolute stands, center, he approaches her with elaborate mocking courtesy.)* Mistress, we bid you welcome to Merrymount!

ROBIN.

What will you have, Mistress Endicott? A merry stave, a cup of cherry wine, or a maypole dance? Speak, and we do your pleasure!

SCARLETT

(to Sarah).

Rouse our gran'am, sister. Sure, such a sight as this will warm her bones! *(To Resolute, indicating Bess.)*

See! There is one of our number who hath been royally entertained by your townsfolk. We are minded to do the same by you! *(To the others.)* Come, we'll spread a feast for Mistress Endicott. Empty your traps, Robin! Bring on your game, Will Lackleather! We'll show how Merrymount can sup when it has a mind!

JOAN

(aside: outraged).

What! Waste our substance on a Puritan?

KIT CARMEL.

Why, lass, do you not catch Simon's meaning? 'Tis a rare jest to make a Puritan dance, whether she will or no. Can you not see she would rather go straight to perdition than vouch us a word or a glance? 'Twas a shrewd trick of Simon's to seize her as she sat in her dooryard. We'll have more mirth to-day than hath been here a twelvemonth.

SCARLETT.

Come! Come! We must prepare to feast! *(To Resolute.)* Think not to stir from here, Mistress. Puritan feet can never outrun the heels of Merrymount! Come, lads, let's start, or the feast will not be ready. Who goes with us?

ALL.

I! I! And I!

SARAH.

I'll bide with my gran'am.

[*Exeunt all the others, save Resolute, Sarah, and Goody Gleason. There is a pause of a moment or so. Sarah, seated on the ground by Goody Gleason, looks curiously at Resolute. Resolute stares straight in front of her.*

SARAH

(rising, and bringing Resolute her spinning-stool).

Best to be seated, Mistress. You'll be a long time standing. What! Not even a word of thanks from a model of worshipful manners? It must be a sad thing not to be able to use one's tongue, Mistress Resolute. Indeed, I pity you!

RESOLUTE.

Such words as I could speak would fall full strangely on Merrymount ears.

SARAH.

I doubt it not. We are not given to canting here at Merrymount.

RESOLUTE.

I might give you such answer as those words deserve, did I not know that they are the words of one who lives in sin and ignorance.

SARAH

(crossing rapidly to left, her hands clenched, amazement and wrath in her voice).

Sin and ig—— Zounds! A plague take you!

RESOLUTE

(turning: her fingers in her ears).

Oh! Oh! Now you are swearing!

SARAH.

You little weazened, mincing, purse-mouthed Puritan!

RESOLUTE

(her fingers still in her ears).

I do not hear a word that you are saying.

SARAH

(starting to pull Resolute's fingers from her ears).

I'll *make* you hear, I warrant!

GOODY GLEASON

(moaning).

Alack! Alack! Will the posset never be done?

SARAH

(instantly remorseful).

Gran'am! Your posset! To think I could forget you! *(Runs to fire.)* And yet—and yet—— *(Looks in kettle.)* Alas! Alas! I am not skilled in brewing.

RESOLUTE

(half against her will).

There's cure for ague in our forest herbs.

SARAH.

Oh, had I but your knowledge—! *(With an effort towards healing the breach.)* If you'll take back your words about sin and ignorance, never again will I call you a mincing white-faced moppet—even if you are one.

RESOLUTE

(provokingly prim).

I may not take back words that I have spoken.

SARAH.

Then you *are* a prim-mouthed, white-faced jade, even as I have said.

RESOLUTE.

And that you dwell in sin and ignorance becomes more and more certain.

[*They face each other as if with crossed swords, left.*

GOODY GLEASON

(sighing).

Is the posset done?

SARAH

(despairing).

I cannot tell whether it be done or no.

RESOLUTE

(with her back turned).

If the brew be clear, then the posset is not yet done; but if a little wax float on the top—— *(Sees Sarah's perplexity, and comes to fire with the air of one bestowing wisdom.)* All maids should know how to make healing potions. I marvel that you've learned no hearthstone arts.

SARAH

(as Resolute seats herself at fire).

Mayhap, if I had a hearth I could compass such knowledge, Mistress. But we be forest folk with no roof but the stars.

RESOLUTE.

You chose——

SARAH

(busying herself with pouring the posset into cup and giving it to Goody Gleason).

Aye, Mistress, I know well what you would say. We chose to live the life of Merrymount. We brooked no Puritan rule: therefore on our heads be it! We suffer for the love of freedom. *(Keenly.)* Do you not suffer, too, for the same cause? It was for freedom you and yours left England. It was for freedom we and ours left Wollaston. You could not brook restraint: no more could we.

RESOLUTE.

But your revels—your songs and dancing——

SARAH.

We meet misfortune with a laugh instead of with a groan: where is the harm in that?

RESOLUTE

(with dawning friendliness).

Indeed you give me much to ponder on.

SARAH

(with a burst of candor).

Since I've known you I do not think so hard on Puritans. *(Half-wistfully.)* I wish—I wish I had your arts and knew wise household ways. I fear we be but addle-pates at Merrymount. I cannot brew a medicine, nor spin, nor——

RESOLUTE

(rising).

Come, I will teach you! *(They go to spinning-wheel.)* Aye, sit you so, and mind you do not break the thread. So! So!

[*While the spinning lesson is going on, Scarlett and his followers enter from left background, carrying fish, game, and wild fruits, Scarlett in advance of the others. For a moment he stands transfixed by what he sees. Then tiptoes back, beckons to others, and points out the picture. Pantomime of surprise and stifled mirth.*

SCARLETT

(mockingly).

Look! Look! Our Sarah hath turned Puritan! While as for Mistress Endicott—! Come, Faunch, a tune, lad, a tune! A wreath for our worthy guest! *(Approaching Resolute.)* Mistress, 'tis time you learned to trip it about the maypole. I claim your hand for a measure——

SARAH

(suddenly returning from seeing to the preparations for feasting which are going on in background).

You shall do no such folly. Mistress Resolute shall not dance if she holds that dancing is a sin. Take that in your teeth, Simon Scarlett!

SCARLETT.

Are you bewitched? Hath the Puritan turned your head?

SARAH.

My wits, good Simon, are as clear as thine. 'Tis true that the constables put our Bess in the stocks; but 'twas none of Resolute's doing! And when you stole her hence that debt was paid. Moreover, of her own free will she has made a healing brew for our gran'am, and for that I stand her friend.

ROBIN WAKELESS

(drawing near and hearing the controversy).

Is there no mirth left in you, Sarah Scarlett, that

you cannot see the jest of making a sniveling Puritan to——

SARAH

(promptly and blazingly).

Cease your talk, Robin Wakeless! And when you speak of sniveling Puritans, speak of them that *do* snivel. For though you brought Mistress Endicott here in a rough and unseemly fashion, she has not once winced, no, nor plead for mercy. You are quick to laud a brave front in yourselves: are you less quick to laud it in your neighbors?

SCARLETT

(as some of the other Merrymount folk gather about the scene).

'Tis true what Sarah says. The maid is not given to whining. *(To Resolute, with an entire change of manner.)* Well, then, Mistress, though our feast go forward, you shall not sup with us unless it pleases you. Say but the word, and we will take you back to Wollaston, you and your means of industry!

SARAH

(eagerly).

Will you not sup with us first?

RESOLUTE.

I thank you, Sarah Scarlett.

SARAH

(delightedly).

Come, then!

FAUNCH

(singing, as he puts his fiddle under his chin, while Scarlett tosses a wreath in the air).

" Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me,
And will thy favors——"

TIB

(rushing wildly in from right).

Hush your music, Faunch! Down with your trumpery, Simon! The Puritans are upon us—Pritchard and Norcross and Warren and Hilton—all a-marching up the hill! Armed to the teeth they are, Simon, and there's not an ounce of shot amongst us!

SCARLETT

(as Puritans begin to appear, right).

Zounds! They're upon us!

GILLIAN PRITCHARD

(as he and his followers come forward from right background).

Make no resistance, ye scum of Dagon's brood, or Merrymount and all that is within it shall be sacked within the hour! Where is the maid ye stole?

RESOLUTE

(clearly).

Here, Gillian Pritchard! Here, safe and sound, and courteously treated by the folk of Merrymount. Why use ye such words as stole? 'Tis most unseemly. And why come ye here unbidden? Sure, none sent for you?

GILLIAN PRITCHARD

(amazed: disapproving).

Resolute!

RESOLUTE

(haughtily).

Mistress Endicott, so please you, and the governor's cousin!

GILLIAN PRITCHARD

(more and more pained).

Resolute!

RESOLUTE

(continuing quickly).

May I not step from my door to do a deed of kindness for an old woman but what the whole of Wollaston is at my heels? Or give a lesson in spinning without a cry being raised that I am stolen? I do not take it kindly of you, Amos Warren; no, nor of you, Ebenezer Matthews. Pick up my spinning-wheel, Frugal Hilton, and let Fight-for-Right Norcross carry my chair. *(To Sarah.)* There are herbs in that pocket for your gran'am. [*Gives her herb pocket.*

[*The Puritans, including Resolute Endicott, exeunt right.*

SCARLETT

(breaking forth).

She saved us! Saved us! Zounds! Was there ever anything like unto it! What dost thou make of it, Sarah?

SARAH.

I make of it that Mistress Endicott hath a warm heart beneath her cold white Puritan kerchief, and that in this new land of ours we should better strive to understand each other; for, though our ways be different, are we not beset by the same hopes and fears, doth not the same sky arch above us all? *(To Simon.)* Think you not so, my brother? *(As all begin to go towards background where the feast is in readiness.)* Come, gran'am, lean on me. Our feast must be near to readiness. A Puritan hearthstone—sooth, it must be a goodly place; yet right glad am I that we live beneath the stars, and are still the light free-hearted folk o' Merrymount!

COSTUMES

The costumes are those of the seventeenth-century cavaliers for the Merrymount lads. Slashed jerkins, full sleeves with puffs and slashings, or bishop's sleeves of white lawn showing through tattered velvet oversleeves. Their cloaks are sometimes topped with white lace collars. They wear either stockings and low slippers with buckles, or high cavalier boots. Their hair is worn in lovelocks. See the illustrated edition of

"Pilgrim's Progress," or any good cavalier pictures. If the velvets and satins cannot be had, use cambric in gay colors with the glazed side out, which gives the effect of satin.

SIMON SCARLETT. Scarlet suit. Scarlet cloak with white lace collar. Scarlet shoes and stockings. His costume is the high note of color in the play.

WILL LACKLEATHER. Dark-brown cloak. High brown boots. Brown jerkin, through which show sleeves of white lawn. The jerkin is of leather.

ROBIN WAKELESS. Suit of blue satin. Gray cloak. Gray foot-gear.

CHRISTOPHER CARMEL. Dark-blue velvet slashed with orange.

JOCK. Very dark-purple cloak, with touches of tarnished gold. Leather jerkin, pieced out with fur.

FAUNCH THE FIDDLER. Costume of pale-blue satin and black velvet. A black velvet cloak.

All the Merrymount maidens wear fine raiment that is equally tattered and weather-worn. They have peasant bodices—that is, a very deep girdle the color of their skirts, worn with white square-necked waists that have soft semi-full sleeves; or they wear bodices of one piece made very plainly. Cambric in gay colors will do.

SARAH SCARLETT. Forest-green dress, ankle-length. White bodice showing through tattered green sleeves. Forest-green cloak patched with scarlet.

GOODY GLEASON. Leaf-brown cloak and dress, patched a little with black and gray.

MOLL. Olive-green dress, white bodice. It is pieced out with bits of leather.

NAN. Maroon dress, patched in black.

TIB. Dull blue dress.

JOAN. Dark dull-green and red flowered dress, giving the appearance of tattered brocade.

BESS. Gray dress.

The maypole dancers are in dull-green, dull-violet, and dull-blue, bronze, and slate-gray. Some wear cloaks and some do not. All should have a wild, picturesque gipsyish look.

RESOLUTE ENDICOTT. Black dress, ankle-length. White Puritan cap, cuffs, and kerchief. (Black cambric with the glazed side turned in.) The Puritan men wear long cloaks coming to their ankles: deep, white plain collars, plain white cuffs on black sleeves. Black hats. "Boxed" hair, falling below the ears. Low black shoes. Black stockings. Black knee-breeches, somewhat full.

For a cast composed entirely of girls, such as a girls' camp or school, this play can be given with gymnasium suits forming part of the costumes for both Merrymount lads and Puritans. The girls can wear the bloomers of their gymnasium suits fastened with a ribbon-garter, so as to make the puffed seventeenth century garb. The ribbon should be gay in color and fastened either with a rosette or a bow. White, soft loose waists, with rather full long sleeves. The cloaks of cambric in bright colors should come to the ankles,

the glazed side worn outward, to give a satiny look. The cloaks for the Puritans should be of the same length, made of black cambric, with the glazed side turned in. They should wear black cotton waists, and it will be easy and simple for the girls to fashion the white cuffs and collars out of white lawn or cheese-cloth. The whole play can thus be costumed for a very small sum. If a further touch of color is to be added to the costumes of the Merrymount lads, their gay cloaks may be topped with white lace collars. Their stockings can be gay in color, and here and there a slashed jerkin will add variety. The maidens of Merrymount can wear dresses of cambric, made on the simplest possible lines. The color scheme of the foregoing costumes should, in the main, be adhered to. The ribbon-garters and stockings may match in color. Pale-blue, orange, purple, jade, corn-yellow, and hunter's green will prove effective. No pink or old rose should be worn, as scarlet is the high note of color in the play.

MUSIC: Any quaint old-time maypole dance will do for the maypole rout. The words and music of "Fortune, My Foe" can be found in Chappell's "Popular Music of Antiquity," Vol. I, page 62.

PAGEANT DIRECTIONS

The Hawthorne Pageant can be produced either indoors or out of doors. For the outdoor production there should be a level sward with trees right, left, and background. It is suitable for any of the Spring, Summer, or Autumn months, or for Hawthorne's birthday, July 4.

For an indoor production of the pageant if a green woodland set cannot be had, green screens with pine branches fastened to them, a green or brown floor-cloth, and forest-green hanging filling in the background may be used. Pine trees in green stands around which green and brown burlap is banked is another way of having an inexpensive and realistic scene setting. *The setting for the whole pageant is the same.* It can be given in an assembly hall, gymnasium, or armory.

The costumes for the episodes have already been indicated. The pageant may be given by a cast made up entirely of girls, if it is so wished.

THE MUSE OF HAWTHORNE. Pale-pink cheesecloth draperies. A tall white staff, on which is fastened a cluster of pink hawthorn blossoms. Flowing hair, and a chaplet of laurel leaves. White stockings and sandals.

THE SPIRITS OF THE OLD MANSE. Greek robes in colored cheesecloth or cotton crêpe. There are eight of these maidens, and the colors they wear are pale-green, pale-lavender, pale-yellow, and pale-blue. They carry great garlands of moss interwoven with pine—about two yards for each player, so that it can be held gracefully. White stockings and sandals. Hair bound with Greek fillets of white or of silver. Symbolically these spirits represent Joy, Mystery, Peace, Dreams, Hope, Aspiration, Fulfilment, Ecstasy.

MUSIC. The songs of the episodes are already indicated on pages 194 and 203. The music for the chorus of the Spirits of the Old Manse can be found in "Songs of the West," by S. Baring Gould, which is a collection of the Folk Songs of Devon and Cornwall, collected from the mouths of the people. The music of this chorus is set to the seventeenth-century folk song called "The Sweet Nightingale" ("My sweetheart, come along," etc.). The incidental music for the Hawthorne Pageant when it is given indoors should be from Edward MacDowell's "New England Idylls" Op. 62, and from his "Indian Suite." "From an Old Garden," "Midsummer," "An Indian Idyll," and "From Puritan Days" can be played between the episodes and the Dance Interlude. An orchestra or piano can add to the music of Faunch's fiddle in the Merrymount scene. The music for the procession should be very stately, and by a seventeenth-century composer, if possible.

Notes on Directing the Pageant. The first verse of the chorus of the Spirits of the Old Manse should be sung off stage in the indoor production. The stage should be darkened: footlights low. With the next verse the spirits enter, four from right, and four from left, mystic, half-seen figures. As they enter the lights gradually begin to come up, until with the middle of the second verse there is full strong daylight. If the eight voices are not enough a hidden augmented chorus can be behind the scenes. If the stage is such that it can be darkened and lighted at will, a fire-glow effect should be given for the Merrymount scene. The light for all the scenes should be that of strong daylight. There should be no curtain. The characters simply appear and disappear. After the Spirits of the Manse have made their exit the Prologue enters. The procession at the end of the play may simply cross the scene to march music, the players not stiffly moving in ones and twos, but in more or less significant groups.

Those who direct the pageant should see to it that the players speak the dialogue in the episodes with the utmost briskness. There should be no waits and pauses. Simon Scarlett especially should enunciate clearly and swiftly, with dash and fire in both voice and gesture. Even if some of the words are lost, it is better to keep up the tempo of the piece. Philippe Beaucœur should also speak with a rush of energy and determination. The players who are on the scene but not speaking, should develop their pantomimic powers,

and form animated groups; their interest should be first with one character who is speaking, and then with another. They should never stand idle, looking blankly at the audience, as so many amateurs are in the habit of doing. In the Salem episode they should surge forward and back, and discuss in pantomimic groups all that is happening.

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