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**GLORY
OF
THE
MORNING**

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD



**WISCONSIN DRAMATIC SOCIETY
MADISON**

*With many thanks
W Leonard*

GLORY OF THE MORNING

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

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WISCONSIN DRAMATIC SOCIETY

MADISON

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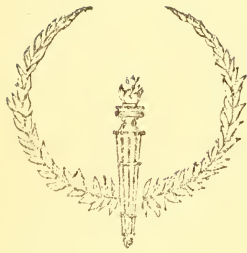
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THE PEOPLE OF THE STORY

GLORY OF THE MORNING, The Chevalier's Winnebago
squaw

THE CHEVALIER, called the HALF MOON, a nobleman,
now an adventurer in the French fur-trade

RED WING, a boy }
OAK LEAF, a girl } Their children

BLACK WOLF, a visionary old medicine-man, not with-
out some homely wisdom

GLORY OF THE MORNING.

(An Autumn afternoon long ago.)

(To the left a wigwam. A disused cradle-board. A water jar. A wooden mortar and pestle. A little to the rear and to the right, two sticks with upright forks supporting a cross-bar, from which hangs a copper kettle. To the farthest right a canoe with paddles, drawn up from the shore of the inland lake beyond. An oak tree, with its fallen leaves of red and brown strewn about. One or two boulders. Farther to the rear away from the lake-side, glimpses of the rest of the Indian village. After a moment GLORY OF THE MORNING, a comely Indian woman of thirty, emerging from the wigwam, looks expectantly out over the water, and then, seating herself on the ground, continues sewing beads on a buckskin shirt, with a glance now and then far away. After another moment or two, RED WING, her twelve year old boy, comes running in from behind the wigwam, with bow and quiver and a quarry of squirrels.)

GLORY OF THE MORNING

RED WING: (*Throwing down the squirrels.*)
Count them, mother.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Handling.*) One, two, three, four, five, six. Papoose will lead the buffalo hunt.

RED WING: That's more squirrels than any of the other boys got.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The other boys will elect Red Wing little Chief.

RED WING: I made Round Turtle, and Blue Snake, and Crow Tongue go with me; and Rainspot too. And Rainspot hit only one,— and he's three winters taller than I am.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: This autumn, out gathering sassafras below Acorn Hill, I have seen many squirrels' nests in the bare tree-tops.

RED WING: But today we were not on Acorn Hill. We were other side Wild Rice Cove (*pointing to the left and rear*) in the woods beyond the Big Eagle Mound. And one squirrel sitting on a boulder

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Beyond the Big Eagle . . . the Thunderbird! Black Wolf will scold you.

RED WING: Black Wolf will give me a new bow.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Black Wolf will be angry.

RED WING: Queer old Black Wolf! Forever standing on the Thunderbird and talking to the sunset. Wails like a wolf. Halloos like a screech owl. But he's forgotten how to shoot.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Continuing with her bead work.*) You laugh too often at the Black Wolf. You must not. He sees visions. He speaks to the Manitou. He is wise. He knows what was and what is to be.

RED WING: But Black Wolf won't find out where I got them, if Rainspot or somebody doesn't tell him.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I don't know. He is wise.

RED WING: He can't shoot, but he can tell stories.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I know you like him.

RED WING: I like his stories.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: He told your mother a new story this morning.

RED WING: I am listening, mother.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: But perhaps I'm not going to tell it.

RED WING: Then I'll ask Black Wolf.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: It will make your eyes big.

RED WING: Is it about the Chippewa?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: No.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

RED WING: He has found out who stole the war-club of Grandfather Big Canoe!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: No.

RED WING: It is about you.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: It is a story I have long waited to hear.

RED WING: There he goes—there he comes again!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Who?

RED WING: The lame rabbit that got out of my trap yesterday.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You must listen. It's a very short story.

RED WING: Tell it then, quick.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Red Wing, Black Wolf's new story says that your father comes back today from the Frenchman's town by the Big River.

RED WING: The Half Moon comes back?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: He comes back.

RED WING: That's not like the stories Black Wolf tells *me*.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Are you not glad?

RED WING: Yes.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The Half Moon will be proud of his son and the squirrels. He will put his hand on your shoulder. He will pay you six iron arrow-heads for the skins.

RED WING: Iron arrow-heads. Six iron

arrow-heads.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes.

RED WING: Mother, I don't like the iron arrow-heads that father always brings back to the village.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Many of the young braves like them. They don't break or nick. They are strong and sharp.

RED WING: But the Winnebago didn't make them. They are not real arrow-heads. They didn't grow from the rocks in the Yellow Ridge.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Where did you learn those thoughts?

RED WING: I am a Winnebago.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You are talking like Grandfather Big Canoe.

RED WING: Besides they are bad medicine. They are to blame for the blackbirds eating up the wild rice this summer.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: And now you talk like Black Wolf.

RED WING: Nobody shall bind father's arrow-heads into the ends of the shafts in *my* quiver, mother. I will kill squirrels and deer and buffalo with these points of flint.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Where did you get them?

RED WING: Grandfather Big Canoe taught

me how to chip them with the bone flaker.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Your Grandfather Big Canoe has taught you many things, hasn't he.

RED WING: More than the Half Moon.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Your father is busier than Grandfather Big Canoe, and must go to the white man's land.

RED WING: Mother, Black Wolf says father is a squaw-man. What is

GLORY OF THE MORNING: See, Red Wing, the Half Moon's new buckskin shirt is almost done. He will put it on this very day and you will clap your hands.

RED WING: What is a squaw-man?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Papoose, won't you be glad to see your father again after these long, long months at the Big River?

RED WING: Where is the Big River?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Pointing out into the lake.*) Far away beyond the Four Lakes, beyond the Nippising and the rapids of the Ottawa, far away beyond the Hunting-grounds and the forests of the Huron, nearly to the Big Sea Water and the Morning Star. It is very far away.

RED WING: I wish father would stay home and fight the Chippewa.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The Half Moon has to visit his friends and sell his skins. (*Cheerily.*) But today he

RED WING: (*Heedlessly.*) What is a squaw-man?

(*Enter from the side toward the lake OAK LEAF, the thirteen year old daughter, followed by BLACK WOLF, who carries a calumet on which he has been binding the sacred eagle-feathers, dyed in yellow and scarlet.*)

OAK LEAF: Mother, mother, mother!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Well, Oak Leaf.

OAK LEAF: I know something!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes.

OAK LEAF: Black Wolf had a dream last night.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Indeed.

OAK LEAF: Father is coming home before the stars.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Silly child, I know.

OAK LEAF: O do you know too!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Surely. Don't you suppose I've had Black Wolf for a friend ever so much longer than you have? He whispers me many of his secrets. He told me two hours ago that the Half Moon was coming home.

OAK LEAF: And will he bring me presents?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

OAK LEAF: O the red cloth he promised me!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes.

OAK LEAF: And the blue beads and the little shining bangles!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes.

OAK LEAF: On a golden cord, mother!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You want to see him almost as much as your mother does.

OAK LEAF: O more, mother Glory of the Morning! And I know he wants to see Oak Leaf.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: More too than he wants to see Glory of the Morning?

OAK LEAF: How should I know!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Oak Leaf, when the father loves the daughter, the mother is made glad.

OAK LEAF: But mother, won't the maidens be jealous at the next Dance-of-the-Virgins — and sorry for their buckskin skirts and their snail shell necklaces! O how fine I'll be!

RED WING: The maidens won't like you.

OAK LEAF: But won't the braves come staring round the lodge, Red Wing! Look at me, Black Wolf. Am I not the pretty one, Half Moon's lovely daughter! (*Pretending.*) No, not too near, old medicine-man!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: But Oak Leaf,

have you anything for him? Red Wing's just brought home six squirrels.

OAK LEAF: (*Jumping down on her knees.*) O the plump little puppies! I will dress them for the feast of his coming home. (*Teasing.*) Black-Wolf will help.

BLACK WOLF: (*With dignity.*) Oak Leaf, Black Wolf is not a squaw.

OAK LEAF: (*Mocking.*) Black Wolf, Oak Leaf is not a medicine-man.

BLACK WOLF: Black Wolf will never do a squaw's work. You like too well to play the white woman when you are happy.

OAK LEAF: Old Moose! Anyway come and sit down by me.

(*BLACK WOLF seats himself on a boulder near OAK LEAF and is busy with arranging the feathers on the bowl of his calumet. RED WING lies down a little nearer GLORY OF THE MORNING, sprawled at full length with his head in palm and his elbow on the ground.*)

BLACK WOLF: Oak Leaf, the young braves will not come to sing before the wigwam if you treat them as you treat Black Wolf.

RED WING: Sister Oak Leaf, you are going to marry Rainspot.

OAK LEAF: Yes.

RED WING: When?

OAK LEAF: When the pines turn yellow and

GLORY OF THE MORNING

the sumach-berries white and the wild rice grows in the moon. (*Disdainfully.*) Rainspot!

(*GLORY OF THE MORNING walks toward the water.*)

RED WING: Rainspot hurled the ice-arrow on the lake farther than I could last year. But I'll beat him this winter.

OAK LEAF: Rainspot!—I'll tell you who I'll marry.

RED WING: Who?

OAK LEAF: I will marry Pierre, the trader.

RED WING: He doesn't want you.

OAK LEAF: Yes he does. Whenever he comes over to the village from the Panther Woods after rice and corn and maple sugar, he gives me ribbons and says funny things to me in the white man's tongue. Father told me what they meant once.

RED WING: The dogs don't like Pierre. They snap at his heels as soon as he beaches his canoe. I don't like him either.

OAK LEAF: But he's a Frenchman, a fur-trader, like father.

RED WING: Black Wolf, what is a squawman? Why did mother . . .

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Returning.*) Black Wolf, I fear your visions sometimes fail. We do not see the Half Moon's canoe. I am not

so sure that the Half Moon is coming back today.

OAK LEAF: But he is! He is! I had a dream too—O, what did I dream? I dreamed I saw him in the white man's coat with the gleaming buttons, and a long, long knife in a narrow quiver swinging from a belt on his left side, like the Frenchman who lived in our lodge, at the time of the last Bird Dance.

RED WING: And used to grin when mother Glory of the Morning scolded him for kissing you.

BLACK WOLF: Did you dream that?

OAK LEAF: Yes.

BLACK WOLF: Oak Leaf, I don't like your dreams.

OAK LEAF: Why? Won't father come back?

BLACK WOLF: The Half Moon comes back before the rising stars. Black Wolf knows.

OAK LEAF: I only dream after you, Black Wolf—just for fun.

RED WING: I know what a squaw man is. Grandfather Big Canoe told me. It was last year at the falling of the leaves when the braves were out on the warpath of the Chippewa. Rainspot and Crow Tongue began calling me squaw-man's papoose, because Half Moon had been way off in the white man's town again—through all the months-of-the-green-grow-

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ing-corn, and hadn't come back yet.

OAK LEAF: What did Grandfather Big Canoe say?

RED WING: Grandfather Big Canoe said: 'A squaw-man is a Pale Face playing Indian for the bear and beaver and buffalo skins he can get from the real Indians to send back over the Big Sea Water.'

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Your grandfather was cruel. He knows why I married the Half Moon.

OAK LEAF: O mother, he married you because you were the glory of the morning, and as beautiful as Oak Leaf.

BLACK WOLF: He married you because we had lost so many of the young men in the wars with the Chippewa and thought we needed to be friends with the white men. Chief Big Canoe exchanged the Wampum bead-belts. Red Wing, do you know what the three long purple lines across the wampum mean?

RED WING: They mean that the roads are open between the two tribes.

BLACK WOLF: Yes, that the roads are open. Chief Big Canoe gave the Half Moon his daughter that the roads might be open between the Indian and the white man. But when I speak to him about it today, he bows his head.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: And comes no more to visit the wigwam of his daughter.

BLACK WOLF: But the Half Moon rejoiced in the open roads. And a wigwam among the Winnebago has filled his pack with the wealth of the Indian Hunting-grounds.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Black Wolf, you are all cruel; you do not understand. The men sold me to the Half Moon. The Half Moon bought me. Then I worked for the Half Moon; I laid the dead fish in the corn hills and planted the seed, and brought the ears home for him to eat; from the spring I drew the water for him to drink; I shook from the bended reeds the grains of the wild rice into my canoe for him; for him I pounded the buffalo meat and dried it and pressed it and laid it away in a skin against the coming of the snow; at the lodge I built the fire to warm him through the winter and sewed him his shirts and his moccasins. I gave him children. He needed me. But now the Half Moon is more needful to Glory of the Morning than Glory of the Morning is to the Half Moon.

BLACK WOLF: All the village knows you have been a good squaw.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Besides Black Wolf is a medicine-man. He remembers old stories of the animal earthworks of our fore-

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fathers, and he sees visions. But he cannot understand a squaw's heart. And Red Wing is still a child. Do you understand a squaw's heart, Oak Leaf?

OAK LEAF: Haven't I one, just like you?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Lifting the girl's white hand.*) I wonder . . . perhaps.

RED WING: But mother, I'm not a child.

BLACK WOLF: Black Wolf knew that a squaw's heart would beat to hear that the Half Moon comes back today.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: That was good. (*Looking out over the lake.*) Where is he? He has always come crossing the long arm of the lake around Bear Island (*pointing*) from Pierre's block-house in the Panther Woods. How many times I have sat here and seen him paddling home at last. The sun is nearly set.

BLACK WOLF: You are a woman. You care most for your own wigwam. I do understand. But you do not understand Black Wolf. You think you believe his stories and visions; but you do not—unless they are about the Half Moon or your own wigwam. That is the way with the squaws.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Who made me a squaw?—The Great Spirit made me a squaw.

BLACK WOLF: Ah, what does it matter to you? You have forgotten. You have forgotten the days of our strength, when a thousand braves built the Great Mound of the Eagle, the Thunderbird, at the

RED WING: O tell us about the thousand braves!

OAK LEAF: (*Mockingly playful.*) Do, wise old Black Wolf—and why you are always standing out there alone in the dusk.

BLACK WOLF: (*Rising and continuing.*) The Great Thunderbird at the ancient festival in the days when the clan still knew the swift Eagle as its father. You have forgotten that. His spirit dwelt there for twenty generations of warriors. Now that spirit is fled. The place is a heap of dead earth. The woods hide it. The autumn leaves fall upon it. Every spring the melting snow washes it bit by bit away. And the woodchucks make their holes in it. Again and again I go to call the Eagle Spirit back to its old dwelling place. But the Great Eagle Mound is dead. The children of the Winnebago go thither to hunt the squirrel.

RED WING: Six fat ones, Black Wolf. How . . . how did you know?

BLACK WOLF: (*Continuing to GLORY OF THE MORNING.*) The eyes of the squaws cannot look back into the shadows. You all

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turn towards the east. Toward the road of the white men. You like their trinkets—their red cloth, their lead spoons, their tinkling bangles. (*Pointing with the calumet.*) You boil Indian meat in the copper kettles of the white men. (*Pointing again with the calumet.*) You sew the white man's beads on the Indian's shirt.

OAK LEAF: (*Interrupting.*) But the shirt that mother makes for father is a white man's shirt.

BLACK WOLF: (*Continuing.*) You destroy the hearts of the braves. They do nothing but trap the beaver and give the skins away for the white man's iron tomahawks. They forget the cunning of their fathers. They cannot peck the stone with the flint and polish to an edge with the sandstone in water, and bind with the buck-thongs to the ashen handle, like the old men.

RED WING: Grandfather Big Canoe is going to teach me.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Won't the white man's tomahawk cleave the skull of the Chippewa?

BLACK WOLF: Never, never in the hand of the Winnebago. The Great Spirit says every people must hold the war-weapon of its own handicraft. When it loses its cunning to

make, it must lose its power to fight.

RED WING: But the iron tomahawk is not the white man's war-weapon.

BLACK WOLF: No; he makes it to steal with. We have seen the white man's weapon—and the Half Moon's magic smoke-tube has spoken even here to the wild geese far up in the cold blue sky ere the ice was gone from the lake. But should it speak at Black Wolf, Black Wolf would fall forward on his face, and the life would depart out of his eyes forever.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You must not say that . . . the Half Moon calls Black Wolf brother.

BLACK WOLF: And the young braves drink at the feasts no more the maple sap and the juice of the wild grape since they have tasted the Frenchman's fire-water.

RED WING: I have tasted the fire-water, Black Wolf. It is good for the heart.

BLACK WOLF: They lay on the spirit-stones of the Manitou not now the old offerings of goldenrod and sunflower, but the red ribbons of the white men in the wind.

OAK LEAF: I should think the Great Spirit would love the bright ribbons more than the flowers that fester and wither away.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

BLACK WOLF: They will sometime lay there the white man's tobacco. But in the council the old men will never smoke the white man's tobacco in Black Wolf's calumet. (*Holding up the ceremonial pipe.*)

RED WING: When I am an old man, I will never smoke the white man's tobacco in Black Wolf's calumet.

BLACK WOLF: I believe you, boy. — And the white man's medicine-man has made, like the hunter and trader, his paths through the forests and streams. I met him long ago at Montreal, the town by the Big River. He wore wide black robes and a little black hat. He stopped. He held his silver medicine charm up to my eyes and mumbled his magic words and tried to bewitch Black Wolf away from the Great Spirit. The Charm was shaped like this. (*Makes in the air with his calumet the sign of the cross.*)

RED WING: Show us again.

BLACK WOLF: Like this. (*Puts left hand horizontally across stem of calumet held vertically in right hand.*) It is called a cross.

RED WING: A cross! The white man's medicine-man stole the Indian's sign of the Earth-Maker!

BLACK WOLF: It was shaped like the Indian sign of the Earth-Maker; but the sign of

the Earth-Maker it was not indeed. It was the white man's totem. I saw it on the top of their Big Medicine Lodge where the bell rings at the sunrise. That is the totem that makes the white men strong.

RED WING: How does it make them strong?

BLACK WOLF: The white men put their bearded lips upon it, and the white women wear it on the bosoms that nurse the white men's children.

RED WING: What does that do?

BLACK WOLF: Black Wolf is wise in the history of his people; the lore of the white men he will not learn. But ten summers after, it was that medicine-man who came to the village and took Half Moon and Glory of the Morning and the two little papooses out before the lodge and married them over again in the white man's way—and he had again the white man's totem in his hand.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Black Wolf, the Pere La Rou was kind. He played with my babies down there on the sand.

BLACK WOLF: Glory of the Morning, three years before that, the village danced the Dance-of-the-Calumet at your wedding. Myself I stood in the midst and pointed with the calumet to the four skies.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

GLORY OF THE MORNING: And I was so happy. I was indeed the glory of the morning then.

OAK LEAF: O if I had only been there, mother!

BLACK WOLF: Good will not come forever to the Indian who is married in the white man's way.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Black Wolf, you must not longer remind me of that. My husband wished it.

RED WING: Tell me why he wished it.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I am not ashamed. Black Wolf, it was because he loved his children. It brought him no gain, no more skins than before. They say the other traders run away from their Indian children, because Frenchmen think in their hearts that marriage in the Indian way does not bind the white man, when the white man grows weary. He asked me to come before the Pere La Rou. A squaw must obey her husband. That is the Indian way too.

BLACK WOLF: Good will not come forever to the Indian who is married in the white man's way.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Black Wolf, how strange you are. You have seen not gladly the Indian's skins in the Half Moon's pack

when he goes forth, nor the white man's presents in the Half Moon's pack when he returns. But to the Half Moon himself often and often you have given your right hand. You are good; you told me he was coming back today.

BLACK WOLF: He is coming back—yet even when he shall be gone forever, the young braves will still let the white man give new names to the hills and the springs and the rivers and the trees. (*Pause.*) Many years has Black Wolf seen the autumn haze stealing nearer and nearer over the old Hunting-grounds of our people; many years has Black Wolf listened to stories, as he counted the falling of the leaves. But the young braves and the squaws laugh at my dreams. Last night, when the camp-fires were low before the hundred lodges, and deep sleep was on the dogs, and there was no sound but the dropping of the acorns and the splash of the waves on the beach, Black Wolf saw the Half Moon coming back. He has told you. True, but then the dream changed. (*More solemnly.*) It seemed to be at the time of the Evening Star. Over the village hung a huge yellow cloud. Shaped like the Great Eagle Mound of our people. And a mighty wind blew in heaven. And the cloud was driven to the

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west. And the wings—

(Enter THE CHEVALIER from the trail, dressed like a trapper with pack and gun, but wearing a military jacket and cap. GLORY OF THE MORNING sees him first, and jumping up with a cry buries her head on his shoulder.)

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Half Moon!

(He gently releases himself and takes her by the right hand. She still has the buckskin shirt in her left.)

THE CHEVALIER: It seems good to see you again, Glory of the Morning.

(The children have jumped up. As he turns to embrace them, she stands puzzled, suspicious, and hurt, and withdraws a little toward RED WING.)

OAK LEAF: O father, Black Wolf said you would come today.

THE CHEVALIER: I have come back to Oak Leaf today.

OAK LEAF: O I'm so glad.

THE CHEVALIER: *(Shaking hands with BLACK WOLF.)* Greetings Black Wolf. I know you've been taking good care of Oak Leaf. *(Turning to RED WING.)* You scamp, come here.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: We've been

watching for your canoe over the water all the long afternoon.

THE CHEVALIER: I took the North Elk Trail from Bissonette's trading-post. Bissonette sends greetings to you, Black Wolf. He wants to be friends with the Black Wolf. (*Putting forth an arm to snatch RED WING.*) Come here, I say. Have you kept the Half Moon's wigwam stocked with fish and game for Oak Leaf? (*RED WING avoids his father's arm.*)

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Pointing to the squirrels.*) Red Wing has done his morning's work.

THE CHEVALIER: You are a mighty hunter. The white men will want to send you to shoot the buffalo for them along the banks of the Wisconsin.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Why do you come thus, Half Moon?—like . . . like a Frenchman.

THE CHEVALIER: O this gay shirt! Why, I've been putting on the white man's war paint and feathers. (*Turning to RED WING.*) And how many squirrels did you get?

RED WING: (*Shortly.*) Six, Half Moon.

THE CHEVALIER: Half Moon!—you rascal, you have forgotten altogether to be my son.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The white man's war paint—but the roads are open. There is

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the white man's peace in the country of the Four Lakes.

THE CHEVALIER: The Four Lakes is not the world.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: It is our world.

THE CHEVALIER: Yes, and I will not jest. I thought you would like it. I put it on partly to celebrate my coming home.

BLACK WOLF: The Half Moon wishes to astonish the Indian eyes with the glory of the white man.

THE CHEVALIER: That's it too, Black Wolf.

BLACK WOLF: Black Wolf is not astonished.

OAK LEAF: O mother's afraid of father in his new dress. I think it's gorgeous as the rising sun. (*Counting the buttons.*) One, two, three, four, five . . . my! give me that one!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You say you took the North Elk trail . . . you never did before.

THE CHEVALIER: No, never before.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Next time I will take the children and watch from Acorn Hill.

THE CHEVALIER: But indeed I never will come by the North Elk Trail again.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I am glad; you know how often I've waited for you over the lake. That is why you let me set up the wigwam off here from the long-houses of the village.

THE CHEVALIER: But I had business to close with Bisonnette.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Half Moon, I too wanted to celebrate your home-coming. Put on the new buckskin shirt. (*She holds it up.*)

THE CHEVALIER: Deft fingers made that embroidery.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The fingers of Glory of the Morning.

THE CHEVALIER: But I can't wear it tonight.

BLACK WOLF: (*Almost bitterly.*) The Half Moon will celebrate his return to the Indian country by wearing the white man's coat . . . for the roads are open.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The one night of all nights it would please me to see it on you, Half Moon.

THE CHEVALIER: I'd like to please you, Glory of the Morning . . . indeed I would.

OAK LEAF: Anyway, I like you better in the white man's shirt; Red Wing does too.

RED WING: (*To OAK LEAF and BLACK WOLF.*) Yes. The buckskin of the Winnebago is for the shoulders of the Winnebago.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Half Moon, put on the buckskin shirt tonight.

THE CHEVALIER: I cannot. The Frenchman who travels in the war-dress given him by his King dare not put it off till his work is done.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You are making a white man's jest.

THE CHEVALIER: No. I must paddle over to Pierre's block-house, Pierre's little jack-knife trading-post, in the Panther Woods tonight.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You have messages for Pierre from the white man's town.

THE CHEVALIER: And business to close and a bundle of ribbons and jewels for him.

OAK LEAF: And some for me too. You promised.

THE CHEVALIER: Some for Oak Leaf too.

OAK LEAF: O let me see them now.

THE CHEVALIER: They are in with Pierre's packages. Tomorrow will be time enough.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: We will watch in the morning as you paddle back, and pretend that you hadn't come today.

THE CHEVALIER: You need not watch in the morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: We will watch, as today, in the afternoon.

THE CHEVALIER: You need not watch in the afternoon.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Our eyes will follow the canoe as it comes gliding back on the shining path of the rising moon.

THE CHEVALIER: It will not come back with the rising moon.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Not even with the rising moon?

BLACK WOLF: (*Significantly.*) His canoe will not come back with the rising moon.

THE CHEVALIER: (*With determination, taking her hand not unkindly.*) Glory of the Morning, I fear I shan't paddle back tomorrow.

OAK LEAF: But my ribbons and jewels, father?

THE CHEVALIER: You shall have them.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Glory of the Morning has learned how to wait. I will watch the day after.

THE CHEVALIER: (*Still holding her hand.*) No—nor the day after.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Withdrawing her hand.*) Then . . . then I must wait in the snowdrifts and the north wind while you are gone again to the town by the Big River . . . gone all the wild winter.

THE CHEVALIER: (*With a touch of feeling.*) All winter, Glory of the Morning, and all summer.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: All winter and all summer—until the autumn leaves fall again.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

THE CHEVALIER: I think I shall not be back when the autumn leaves fall.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Is . . . is that good bye, Half Moon?

THE CHEVALIER: I must take the white man's road again, Glory of the Morning.

BLACK WOLF: Take the white man's road—the road is open.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: When the Half Moon is weary of the prettier squaw among the white women in the town by the Big River, he will come back to Glory of the Morning.

THE CHEVALIER: You need not be jealous, Glory of the Morning. That is not it.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I am not jealous. I love Half Moon.

THE CHEVALIER: My life with the tribe of the Four Lakes is done.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Done?

THE CHEVALIER: The barter is over.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Quietly.*) The old wigwam was only a place for barter.

THE CHEVALIER: And my business in the town by the Big River is done too: I shall not trade any more skins.

RED WING: Nor iron tomahawks!

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Neither in the country of the Four Lakes nor in the town by the Big River.

THE CHEVALIER: I am going back over the Big Sea Water.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Half to herself.*) Over the Big Sea Water is beyond the Morning Star.

THE CHEVALIER: I have liked this wild life.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You have returned singing to the country of the Four Lakes many autumns.

THE CHEVALIER: But one cannot sing forever. New duties have suddenly come to the Chevalier.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: New duties?

THE CHEVALIER: My father has died. The great house where I was born and grew up now belongs to me. And there is fighting in my country, and I have to lay aside the buckskin shirt for this white man's war-coat. The Great King calls me home.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Home . . . home beyond the Morning Star.

BLACK WOLF: Where the Great Spirit gave lakes and hills to the white race—even as he gave these lakes and hills to the Winnebago.

THE CHEVALIER: (*To GLORY OF THE MORNING.*) I've grown fond of these lakes and hills . . . fond of the old wigwam and you.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You have lived here many winters.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Many pleasant winters; but you need not work for me any longer, Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: To have the Half Moon to work for has been like the sun and the air.

THE CHEVALIER: I fear it was, after all, only a piece of me that belonged here.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: It was enough for Glory of the Morning.

THE CHEVALIER: There is no help for it. There is more to a man's life than a woman—you must try to understand.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: A squaw cannot understand. That's what they both say—the man of the Pale Faces and the man of the Winnebago.

OAK LEAF: O father, you must take Red Wing and me with you beyond the Big Sea Water. Take mother too.

THE CHEVALIER: (*To OAK LEAF.*) No, Oak Leaf, your mother would not be very happy, I think, over there in the big stone lodge, the Chevalier's chateau, with its high towers and its wide rooms and its long halls.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I would sweep it.

THE CHEVALIER: (*To GLORY OF THE MORNING.*) But it's longer than the long-houses of the Winnebago; taller than the Half

Moon's wigwam; wider than Pierre's block-house over yonder—too big for Glory of the Morning to sweep.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I would boil the buffalo meat, and scour the wooden bowls and the lead spoons.

THE CHEVALIER: Thirty braves will often eat in the hall with the Chevalier. And yet not one will ever taste the buffalo meat, nor ever hold the wooden bowl between his knees nor the lead spoon in his hand.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I would pull the weeds from round the door.

THE CHEVALIER: But you could not trim the shrubs in the parks and scatter the gravel on the garden paths and clean the marble basin of the fountain and burnish the brazen lamp before the gate.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You have often told me of the fountain and the brazen lamp. But some one must plant the corn and gather the wild rice.

THE CHEVALIER: The braves in the country of the Great King do not let their wives plant the corn—and the wild rice does not grow in the country of the Great King.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I would sew the shirt. (*Half pleadingly she holds up the buckskin shirt.*)

GLORY OF THE MORNING

THE CHEVALIER: But I could not wear it either before the braves, or the grand ladies or the Great King.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: There would be nothing for me to do.

THE CHEVALIER: Nothing. And you would not be happy with the grand ladies.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: No.

THE CHEVALIER: Because they would smile at your pretty brown arms and brown neck.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: And the Chevalier would not be pleased.

THE CHEVALIER: Indeed, I would not.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The woman of the Winnebago will never be mocked by the squaws in the country of the Great King.

THE CHEVALIER: You are proud and strong. I knew you wouldn't cry like the other squaws.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: No. The daughter of Big Canoe will not cry.

THE CHEVALIER: Yet I've been dreading this hour. It hurts me too, Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: But you have obeyed the Great King.

THE CHEVALIER: I have obeyed the Great King.

BLACK WOFL: Black Wolf has known that the Half Moon would some day hear voices calling from beyond the Big Sea Water.

RED WING: Bid him take Pierre, the trapper. Let them gather up the iron tomahawks from the village and give them back to the Great King.

BLACK WOLF: There would come another Pierre, and yet another. The Half Moon goes, but the winds will blow evermore out of the east.

OAK LEAF: Father, father Half Moon, the Great King shall not take you away from Oak Leaf.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*To the children.*) The Great King knows not nor cares that I gave him Oak Leaf and Red Wing.

THE CHEVALIER: He shall know.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: It would matter nothing to him.

THE CHEVALIER: I will tell him that you were their mother.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: He would not bid you return to your children.

THE CHEVALIER: No. But he will be good to the children.

OAK LEAF: He will send us presents from over the Big Sea Water—a scarlet dress for

GLORY OF THE MORNING

Oak Leaf, a long shining knife with jewels for Red Wing.

THE CHEVALIER: Yes. He will give you presents.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The children will not need his presents, Half Moon.

THE CHEVALIER: Let the children decide that, Glory of the Morning.

RED WING: Let the Great King keep his long shining knife.

BLACK WOLF: The Great King will send no presents.

THE CHEVALIER: Surely, for the sake of Half Moon, his friend, and the father of the Half Moon's children.

BLACK WOLF: The white man gives no presents to the Indians, except for the sake of gain, and the Great King wants not the friendship of the young children of the Winnebago.

THE CHEVALIER: You do not know the goodness of the Great King.

BLACK WOLF: Half Moon, you go—then, go like a man. Talk straight into the Indian's eyes. Say good bye to the Indian squaw—and the Indian children. Say good bye to Black Wolf. Then turn your back on the Four Lakes and go like a man.

THE CHEVALIER: Brother Black Wolf, go like a man?

BLACK WOLF: Yes, and tell no white man's lies to ease the Indian heart.

THE CHEVALIER: I speak the truth. The Great King will give presents to the children of Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: You think that you cannot forget Glory of the Morning when beyond the Big Sea Water.

THE CHEVALIER: The children will keep me from forgetting.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The children will keep me from forgetting.

THE CHEVALIER: I shall be glad to think so.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: But not even presents from the Great King will keep them from forgetting the Half Moon.

THE CHEVALIER: They will not forget him.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Perhaps not if their mother can open her lips to speak to them of him.

THE CHEVALIER: Glory of the Morning, I will take care of the children.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Take care of the children?

THE CHEVALIER: I will take care of the

GLORY OF THE MORNING

children. They are both young. They can learn.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: They can learn?

THE CHEVALIER: Oak Leaf is already more than half a white girl; and Red Wing is half white in blood, if not in manners—*ca ira*.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Beginning to realize.*) No, no. They are mine!

THE CHEVALIER: (*Reaching out his arms to take them.*) No.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: They are mine, they are mine!

THE CHEVALIER: The Great King will give them presents.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: No, no!

THE CHEVALIER: He will lay his hands on their heads.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: He shall not, he shall not!

THE CHEVALIER: I have said that I will tell him you were their mother.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I am their mother—I *am* their mother.

THE CHEVALIER: And he will praise Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: They are mine, they are mine!

THE CHEVALIER: I have come to take them back with me over the Big Sea Water.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*The buckskin shirt falls from her hands as she clasps her children.*) No, no, no! They are not yours! They are mine! The long pains were mine! Their food at the breast was mine! Year after year while you were away so long, long, long, I clothed them, I watched them, I taught them to speak the tongue of my people. All that they are is mine, mine, mine!

THE CHEVALIER: (*Drawing OAK LEAF to him and holding up her bare arm.*) Is that an Indian's skin? Where did that color come from? I'm giving you the white man's law.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Calmer again.*) I do not know the white man's law. And I do not know how their skin borrowed the white man's color. But I know that their little bodies came out of my own body—my own body. They must be mine, they shall be mine, they are mine!

OAK LEAF: (*Withdrawing toward her mother, with a dazed look at THE CHEVALIER.*) O father Half Moon!

THE CHEVALIER: Glory of the Morning, the Great Spirit said long before you were born that a man has a right to his own children. The Great Spirit made woman so that she should bring him children. Black Wolf, is it not so?

GLORY OF THE MORNING

BLACK WOLF: It is so.

THE CHEVALIER: (*To GLORY OF THE MORNING.*) Black Wolf is the wise man of your people.

BLACK WOLF: And knows the Great Spirit better than the white men.

THE CHEVALIER: Indeed, I think so.

BLACK WOLF: And the Great Spirit made the man so that he should stay with the squaw who brought him the children,—except when off hunting meat for the wigwam or on the warpath for the tribe.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*With some spirit and dignity.*) The white man Half Moon has said that he believes Black Wolf.

THE CHEVALIER: The white man has not come to argue with the Red Skin, but to take the white man's children.

BLACK WOLF: (*In his role of practical wisdom.*) The Half Moon will listen to Black Wolf.

THE CHEVALIER: (*With conciliation.*) If the Black Wolf speaks wisely.

BLACK WOLF: Half Moon, Red Wing and Oak Leaf have grown up with the birch tree and the wild rose. They have played the moccasin game before the wigwam with the children of the village. They have caught the frogs and the turtles on the rocks in the cove.

They have paddled the canoe in the sun through the rice stalks and the flag leaves. And under the full moon they have heard the singing of the whippoorwill. They have kissed Glory of the Morning, and listened to Black Wolf's stories.

THE CHEVALIER: I can tell them stories.

BLACK WOLF: Their roots are deep in the black earth of their Winnebago home. They have grown tall under the rainbow, under the warm and glittering showers of the Winnebago skies. And the snows of the Four Lakes have made them hardy, and the winds have made them free.

THE CHEVALIER: The day draws toward evening Black Wolf.

BLACK WOLF: Neither Oak Leaf nor Red Wing is a mere papoose to be snatched from the mother's back.

THE CHEVALIER: The Half Moon shares Black Wolf's pride in the Half Moon's children.

BLACK WOLF: (*Pointing to the discarded cradle-board.*) The mother long since loosened the thongs that bound them to the cradle-board, propped against the wigwam.

THE CHEVALIER: And when she unbound the thongs of the cradle-board, they learned to run toward their father.

BLACK WOLF: But invisible thongs may now bind them round, which even the Half Moon might not break, without rending the flesh from their bones and preparing sorrows and cares for his head.

THE CHEVALIER: Let us have done, Black Wolf.

BLACK WOLF: Thongs which none could break, unless Oak Leaf and Red Wing themselves should first unbind them. (*To the children.*) Will Oak Leaf, will Red Wing unbind the mystic thongs of clan and home? Let the children decide.

THE CHEVALIER: Black Wolf is wise. My children are babes no longer. They can think and speak.

BLACK WOLF: Let them speak.

THE CHEVALIER: They know who has brought them good gifts from White Man's Land and romped with them on the buffalo robe many a winter morning. They know who can make them happy.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes, I could not romp with them all the morning—for the Half Moon had to be fed. I could not make them many gifts—for the Half Moon had to be clothed.

THE CHEVALIER: Glory of the Morning, I've been good to you—I never beat you, as

GLORY OF THE MORNING

Big Canoe used to beat your mother—I never played with the other squaws in the village, like little Turtle or Speckled Snake. And I want to part fairly. Black Wolf is right. Let the children decide.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Yes. Let the children decide.

BLACK WOLF: Oak Leaf, do you want to leave Black Wolf and Glory of the Morning to go with Half Moon over the Big Sea Water?

OAK LEAF: (*Looking up at her mother.*) O do I, mother?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: I cannot tell. I love you, Oak Leaf.

OAK LEAF: (*Withdrawing toward her father.*) Mother, make father Half Moon take you with us too.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The Half Moon has told you that he no longer needs Glory of the Morning.

THE CHEVALIER: Oak Leaf you are too beautiful to wither and wrinkle here digging and grinding and stitching, though the handsomest brave of the Winnebago bought you for his squaw. Beyond the Big Sea Water you won't have to dig and grind and stitch. And sometime a noble brave of my nation will come in a blue suit with gold braid to the chateau and say: 'I love Oak Leaf; will you

give Oak Leaf to me?’

OAK LEAF: (*Gladly.*) And you’ll give me to him, father!

THE CHEVALIER: If he promises you all that I bid him.

OAK LEAF: You will bid him to do many good things for Oak Leaf.

THE CHEVALIER: Yes. To give you fine dresses, and necklaces, with festivals and dances, and to be always wise and gentle.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: My daughter, Black Wolf has told us that good will not come forever to the Indian who is married in the white man’s way.

THE CHEVALIER: (*Petting her hand.*) This hand, which your father will sometime put into the hand of a brave in the country of the Great King, is not the hand of an Indian. And it is too soft and pretty for the rude lands of the wild rice. (*Drawing her.*) Come, child.

(*OAK LEAF leans against her father, with a half frightened glance at GLORY OF THE MORNING.*)

THE CHEVALIER: You see, Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*With restraint.*) I will say good bye to Oak Leaf.

BLACK WOLF: Red Wing, are you going with your sister and with Half Moon over the Big Sea Water?

RED WING: Sister, *are* you really going?—You are always making believe.

OAK LEAF: O father,—tell him.

THE CHEVALIER: She is going, Red Wing.

RED WING: There is nothing for me beyond the Big Sea Water.

THE CHEVALIER: Over there your father is a famous chief, and you might wear a sword and fight beside the Great King.

RED WING: I shall not fight beside the Great King; and I shall not wear the white man's sword.

THE CHEVALIER: (*Takes his arm, coaxingly.*) Little chief, why not?—why not, my son?

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Coldly and firmly.*) Because he is *my* son.

RED WING: (*Standing off; to the CHEVALIER with boyish pride.*) Because I am a Winnebago.

THE CHEVALIER: (*Almost angry.*) You are going to come with me. You are my heir.

BLACK WOLF: (*Intercepting, as THE CHEVALIER starts to pull the boy by the arm.*) Half Moon, let the boy choose.

GLORY OF THE MORNING

THE CHEVALIER: Black Wolf, you are wise. You have seen what the white men are. Make the lad know his own good. What you have called the thongs of clan and home will but bind him to the dead. His mother's people can be nothing to him.

BLACK WOLF: I know what the white men are; I know what the Winnebago have been. Red Wing, I will finish the dream I was telling as the Half Moon, like a stranger, came upon us. It seemed to be at the time of the Evening Star. Over the village hung a huge yellow cloud. Shaped like the great Eagle Mound, the Thunderbird of our people. And a mighty wind blew in heaven. And the Thunderbird cloud was driven to the west. And the wings were torn away. And then the head. But the body fell into the sunset. The Winnebago will not fish forever in these waters. . . . but their graves will remain forever on the bluffs. Red Wing, will you choose a grave with the Indian or with the white man?

RED WING: (*Deliberately.*) I will not go over the Big Sea Water.

BLACK WOLF: Red Wing has chosen.

THE CHEVALIER: (*RED WING is near his mother.*) You have forgotten your father.

RED WING: (*Advancing.*) You are a squawman. I am a Winnebago.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: Will the Chevalier eat before he goes?

RED WING: The Indian's squirrels are for the Indian's feast.

THE CHEVALIER: It grows late. Pierre will have something for me over in the Panther Woods. (*Pause.*) Glory of the Morning, I'm not to blame. I can no longer do my work in your world; you cannot follow me into mine. This has happened thousands of times before you were born: it will happen thousands and thousands of times after you and I are dead.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: The Chevalier is talking in the white man's tongue.

THE CHEVALIER: (*Shaking hands.*) Black Wolf, good bye; and be kind to the poor foolish boy. (*To GLORY OF THE MORNING.*) Glory of the Morning, I am giving you this. (*He unbinds a silver cross from his vest under his coat.*) This silver cross will protect you from harm—I hope so—and will remind you of the Half Moon who tried so many times to explain our blessed religion to you. Some day the boy will have a squaw, and you will show the token to your grandchildren. Pere La Rou gave it to me only two months ago at Montreal—and he asked about you.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Taking the cross*

GLORY OF THE MORNING

mechanically.) Pere La Rou . . . I remember him.

BLACK WOLF: (*Pointing with the calumet.*) Give back to the white man the white man's totem.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*With longing.*) Let me . . . let me keep it, Black Wolf.

BLACK WOLF: The white man's totem shall not remain in the village with Black Wolf's calumet.

(*GLORY OF THE MORNING returns in silence the keepsake to THE CHEVALIER.*)

THE CHEVALIER: Good bye, Glory of the Morning.

(*GLORY OF THE MORNING gives him her hand in silence.*)

Good bye, Red Wing.

(*RED WING turns proudly away.*)

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Firmly.*) Give him your hand, my son.

RED WING: (*Obeying.*) Good bye.

(*THE CHEVALIER and OAK LEAF are going toward the shore.*)

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*Stepping after, and embracing and kissing the child.*) My little girl, my little girl!

THE CHEVALIER: Come!

(*THE CHEVALIER and OAK LEAF go down to the canoe upon the bank to the right. They launch it and are off.*)

OAK LEAF: (*Shouting back from the distance.*) Good bye, Black Wolf! Good bye, Red Wing! Good bye, Glory of the Morning!

(*Motionless and silent, GLORY OF THE MORNING, RED WING, and (at a little distance) BLACK WOLF stand watching the canoe gliding away toward the Panther Woods. In a few moments BLACK WOLF sits down in the rear on a boulder by the Oak tree, and is busied again with the feathers on his calumet. Then RED WING squats on the ground beside him. After a moment or so, GLORY OF THE MORNING turns, picks up quietly the buckskin shirt, goes over toward the wigwam, empties water from the jar into the kettle, and begins gathering sticks and leaves and arranging them under the kettle. RED WING jumps up and helps.*)

BLACK WOLF: Red Wing, you are a man now. Building the fire for supper is squaw's work.

(*RED WING, half ashamed, goes back and squats again by BLACK WOLF. GLORY OF THE MORNING continues arranging the fire.*)

GLORY OF THE MORNING

RED WING: (*After a moment.*) Mother
Glory of the Morning.

GLORY OF THE MORNING: (*On her knees,
half turning her head.*) Yes, Red Wing.

RED WING: Won't Rainspot be sorry he
couldn't say good bye to Oak Leaf.

CURTAIN.



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