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The Path of Progress

A Pageant Drama of the Nation

By

Annah Robinson Watson



1620 THE GLORY OF OUR PAST—THE INSPIRATION OF OUR FUTURE 1920

Presented by Memphis Pilgrim Tercentenary Association, at the Memphis Tri-State Fair, September 25th, 1920. Celebrating the Tercentenary Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Path of Progress

A Pageant Drama of the Nation

BY

Annah Robinson Watson

THE PATH OF PROGRESS is national and patriotic in its appeal and true to the highest ideals of the great people whose history it briefly outlines. It covers in its scope eight hundred years, from that struggle which won Magna Charta to the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty, and proclaims as its slogan, THE GLORY OF OUR PAST—THE INSPIRATION OF OUR FUTURE. It pictures the Court of King James, the Translators of the Holy Bible, the coming of the Pilgrims to this country and touches, but does not alter, the spirit of the idyllic traditional episode of early days, that in which Priscilla, John Alden and Miles Standish figure. The Revolution, "Winning of the West", the War between the States, and the World War, follow in relative sequence.

An author cannot make history nor create historic incidents but may present anew incidents already told many times over in such manner that they become more real and their influence more enduring. The Path of Progress endeavors to clothe with fresh interest some of the glorious sentiments, traditions and events of our national life and by the aid of symbolism and dramatic action to bring them into closer relation with its audience.

THE AUTHOR,

Memphis, Tennessee,

September, 1920

The Path of Progress

A Pageant Drama of the Nation

By
Anuah Robinson Watson

The Glory of Our Past—The Inspiration of Our Future
1620—1920

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Celebrating the Tercentenary Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

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**THE PATH OF PROGRESS.
A PAGEANT DRAMA OF THE NATION.**

FOREWORD.

THE STORY OF THE DRAMA opens with the first struggle for personal liberty among Englishmen when the great Barons forced King John, in 1215, to meet them in the little valley of Runnymede and sign Magna Charta.

It shows the same aspiration towards freedom when four hundred years later the Pilgrims left the home of their birth and sought another where religious freedom might be found. It tells that after a brief stay in Holland, they crossed the ocean in the Mayflower, reached the New World and cast anchor off Plymouth Rock, 1620. Here they lighted the Torch of Liberty, and although in three months more than half their number had perished from hardships and disease, those who remained endured as heroes and left us the inheritors of their splendid achievements.

Other colonists came, conditions improved, notwithstanding the hostility of some of the Indians, settlements multiplied and prospered. Then troubles with the mother country developed, the Revolution resulted, the Declaration of Independence was signed, the Colonies were victorious, the young nation called "COLUMBIA" was born.

The thirteen colonies became states — twenty-one more had been added to the Union, when, in 1861, secession of eleven states was followed by war. Peace was restored in 1865, and the North and South were reunited.

Here the curtain falls over half a century, but suddenly it is lifted to show the effect of the stupendous conflict of 1914—the World War. It shows the wounds of civil strife healed, America entering gloriously into the struggle and then it records the decisive blow struck by American troops in 1918.

Many great personages appear throughout the pageant, but at its climax, 1920, with her soldiers, her beautiful women, the little children she has sheltered, Columbia is surrounded by the symbolized forces of her splendid present and future—Religion, Progress, Victory, Peace, Prosperity and many others, and calls the suffering peoples of the world to come to her for aid and comfort.

Her Messenger flies East and West, North and South to carry the invitation, and they come, with joy and splendid comradeship, as the Pilgrims came three hundred years

ago, for Freedom and all good things, to COLUMBIA, the great Universal Home.

"The Path of Progress" covers in its scope seven hundred years. It gives brief extracts from the famous documents connected with its story—Magna Charta, Pilgrim's Compact, Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Proclamation and President Wilson's Message to Congress, following which our nation entered the World War.

The author has quoted from her work already published in ballad or other form of verse, where such quotations seemed to illuminate the spirit or purpose of the drama. In outlining history she appeals through pantomime and symbolism to the imagination, and endeavors to present some of the glorious sentiments, traditions and events of our national life.

A. R. W.

Memphis, August, 1920.

SYNOPSIS OF THE DRAMA.

ACT ONE.

Time, 1215. SCENE—The green meadow at Runnymede. The English Barons demand of King John that he sign Magna Charta.

ACT TWO.

Time, 1611. SCENE—Palace grounds of King James. Fete in honor of Prince Henry, Prince of Wales. Enter King James, Queen Anne, Princess Elizabeth and others. Dance of Greeting. The Masque of the Royal Children. Enter the Translators. Enter the Envoy of Progress.

ACT THREE.

Time 1620. SCENE 1—The Pilgrims prepare to seek a new home. Group of Hollanders come to invite them to make their home in Holland. Enter group of Dutch Merry Makers, to evidence the joy, awaiting those who come to their shore.

SCENE 2—Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock and proceed to establish their homes. Chief Massasoit and party of Indian braves appear. Enter a frightful group, Famine, Disease and Death; over half the colony are stricken. Enter large number of new Colonists. Scene between Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla.

ACT FOUR.

SCENE 1—Time Revolutionary Period. Enter British soldiers and royal messengers, presenting demands, which colonists reject. Enter Washington with colonial troops. Enter Jefferson and others, signing of the Declaration of Independence. Enter Columbia, Progress, Liberty and Thirteen States of Union. Enter gentlemen and ladies, colonial levee.

SCENE 2—Time, Period following Revolution to 1865. Enter Lewis and Clark, spirit of the West. Enter other States of Union. Enter banner-bearer with Lincoln's proclamation. Enter War, followed by Federal and Confederate troops. The eleven Southern States advance to center of stage. Lee appears. Does reverence to Columbia and passes on to Virginia. Peace enters, followed by Envoy of Progress.

ACT FIVE.

The World War. Enter Avarice, Ambition, Confusion, etc. America enters the War. Enter Victory. Columbia's invitation to the World. Response of Nations.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King John, of England, 1215.
Earl William de Warrenne and other knights.
Robert de Vere and other barons.
Pages and Banner Bearers.
King James, 1611-1620.
Queen Anne, his wife; Queen Hortense, her sister.
Prince Henry, Prince of Wales.
Princess Elizabeth, Prince Charles, Earl of Mar, Viscount Rochester.
Joy Sprite, Messenger of Greeting.
Scotch lads and lassies, Jesters.
Royal Children, Pages, Maids and attendants.
Envoy of Progress, Liberty, Religion, Education, Science.
Dean of Translators, Leader of Separatists.
Elder William Brewster, Miles Standish, John Alden, Priscilla.
Governor William Bradford, Dame Bradford, Dame Brewster.
Burgomaster, Massosoit, Indian chief.
Disease, Famine, Death.
Major Pitcairn, with British soldiers, Officers of the Crown.
Washington, Jefferson, Columbia, 13 States.
Meriwether Lewis, Clark, Indian guide.
Additional States, North, South, War.
General Lee.
Peace, Victory, Prosperity, Messenger of Columbia.
Angels, Messengers of the West, Colonial Ladies and Gentlemen.
Foreign Groups—France, Belgium, Italy, Scandinavia, China, Greece, Russia, Japan, etc. ,etc.

"The Path of Progress."

A PAGEANT DRAMA OF THE NATION.

MAGNA CHARTA.

And was it here where dimpling stream
 Went laughing, singing by,
 And where ye beauteous meadow green
 Within its clasp did lie?

Aye, aye, 'twas here, at Runnymede,
 Was signed the famous English deed.

The mighty barons, Hugh Bigod,
 And Gilbert, he, of Clare,
 And Saher de Quincy, Huntingfield,
 And Robert Vere de Vere,

Met here, all dauntlessly agreed,
 That fateful day, at Runnymede.

At Runnymede, beside the stream,
 The tyrant's heart beat low,
 For John o' Lackland needs must hear
 The message in its flow,

To sign the Charta, as decreed,
 By them that day at Runnymede!

Act I. Period 1215.

The green meadow of Runnymede, through which winds a little stream. Twenty-five English barons, each with page and banner bearer, dash across the field on prancing steeds. They alight, casting reins to their pages. Banner bearers follow barons and range themselves in background. Barons, with gestures of indignation, discuss their grievance against King John.

Enter King John from opposite side of field, with 7 of his Knights. They spring from their horses, and take positions across the meadow from barons.

Robert de Vere, advancing and speaking for the barons: "My liege, come we together this day, barons and lords of the Kingdom, each in his own right and each in prowess of arm and dauntlessness of heart, to demand such things as lawfully belong to English freemen. Nothing short of this will content those so long

time suffering under the yoke of most grievous and unjust oppression!"

Earl William de Warrenne:

"What would ye have, most reckless and unruly barons, what, I demand in the name of your rightful lord and master, King John?"

Robert de Vere:

"What would we have? Dare you make so empty a query when the cruelty and injustice of the crown cry aloud to heaven for vengeance?"

Earl de Warrenne:

"Why parley and prate with so many and such idle words? Answer the king plainly, what is it ye desire of his majesty?"

Robert de Vere:

"That he sign without delay this Charta, this Magna Charta, by which for all time the rights and liberties of English freemen will be secured."

(Warrenne confers with the King; then approaches the barons.)

"Give this weighty document into mine own hand that it be shown unto the King."

Robert de Vere (advancing, charta in hand):

"I will read it into his royal ears, so they be for the moment unstopped of gross selfishness and rancor. So loud will I read it that not only must the King and this Kingdom hear, but all the Kingdoms of the world and all the peoples of Kingdoms yet unborn!"

King John struts forward:

"A pretty varlet is Robert de Vere, we will hear his vain preachment."

Robert de Vere in loud, passionate tones:

"First, my liege lord, 'no freeman shall be convicted save by the lawful judgment of his peers!' " (Extract from the Charta.)

Barons:

"Hear! Hear!"

King John's followers:

"God save the King!"
(De Vere continues to read.)

King John:

"I am weary of this bombastic mouthing of nothing! Go you, Warrenne, read the scroll and bring me word of its import."

(Warrenne advances to the stream where a rude bridge of fallen trees makes crossing possible and calls:)

"In the name of the King, I demand that Robert de Vere bring to me here this document which he styles 'Magna Charta!'"

Robert de Vere:

"In the name of these here assembled, Barons of the realm who are ready to defend the claims therein made by blood in wager of battle, I will meet thee, William de Warrenne, the Charta in hand!"

(The two meet upon the bridge. Warrenne glances over the scroll and with arrogant lifting of head, returns to the King, who, with his retinue, draws aside for conference.)

The herald who had accompanied the barons, advances, beckoning to the standard bearers to come forward. They advance in regular procession, each lifting his standard and calling aloud the name of his master.

As the last is called, Warrenne advances and shouts in loud voice:

"The King graciously consents to place his signet upon the paper prepared by the misguided barons. Come hither, Robert de Vere, bring the scroll that the King may set his seal thereto."

(Robert advances, followed by the other barons; the King and his adherents advance. Warrenne holds his shield so that the parchment may be laid thereon; the King affixes his seal.)

Fanfare of trumpets, King and retinue retiring in one direction, barons in the other.

ACT TWO—SCENE I.

Palace grounds of King James, (1st of England, 6th of Scotland.) Fete in honor of Prince Henry, Prince of Wales. (Enter trumpeters and heralds, Viscount Rochester, Court favorite and Master of Ceremonies and the Joy Sprite.)

Dance of Joy.

Rochester: "Hear! Hear! by command of their majesties, King James and his consort, Queen Anne, is a fete to be held in honor of their noble son, Henry, Prince of Wales! Behold, members of the royal house of Stuart, with lords and ladies of the Court are now at hand!"

Enter King James and courtiers.

"Queen Anne, lords and ladies.

"Hortense, Queen of Denmark, (sister of Queen Anne), with retinue.

- “ **Princess Elizabeth**, with maids and pages, followed by group of Highland lads and lassies.
- “ **Group of Court Jesters.**
- “ **Little Prince Charles**, ladies and gentlemen in attendance, and two score of his little companions.
- “ From opposite side of stage **Prince Henry** with Earl of Mar, and retinue.

DANCE OF GREETING.

Earl of Mar:

“With reverence to your majesties and to the nobles here assembled, do I, Earl of Mar, appear today. Guardian of a prince as beauteous in mind and body as any loyal people need wish to honor! See him, Henry, Prince of Wales!”

(Loud acclaim from the people.)

Prince Henry:

“To your royal majesties, from whom; by grace of God, I derive my birth and heritage, do I here declare humble and faithful allegiance. To the sweet princess, Elizabeth, and the little Prince Charles, my nearest of kin, do I pledge loving care and protection, and to the people of that realm, to whom in God’s time, I may come as sovereign, do I here pledge my troth as a prince, with service of body and sword, so long as I may live!”

(Acclaim of the people.)

Princess Elizabeth (advancing towards him, lifted sword in hand: “A sword, a gift from our royal mother. A blade to be unsheathed in defense of honor and country!”

(**Henry** embraces her and turns to Queen Anne:)

“My humble thanks, most royal mother! thanks and avowal of filial devotion, now and ever!”

Queen Anne:

“Oh, noble son, first born and most tenderly beloved in the chronicle of life I make record of myself as first a woman, second a wife; third a mother, which I account the highest estate to which any may aspire. Lastly, am I a Queen, of small consequence this to my heart, save as it made me mother to such a prince!”

Court Dance—Highland Dance:

(Queen Anne stands with her arm upon the shoulder of the Prince as Princess Elizabeth with her train

of maids and pages advances. They pass into a Court Dance of beauty and dignity, and then take positions near the Queen. The Scotch lads and lassies now come forward in a Highland Dance of gay figures. The jesters, off to one side, but in full view, are indulging in grotesque imitations of everything done.)

The Masque of the Royal Children:

(Little Prince Charles, with attending ladies, gentlemen and two score little companions, now turns towards the Prince as, from entrance on right side of audience, a wonderful little chariot appears. It is a huge golden blossom, wheels concealed by leaves, and drawn by ten or more Pixies, tiny creatures of the woodland recesses, in close fitting costumes of pale wisteria or lark spur tint. They are harnessed to the chariot and enter at a brisk pace, pause before the little Prince, who springs into the chariot and is drawn to position immediately in front of Prince Henry.)

Prince Charles:

"A gift, most royal brother, a girdle with which to bind upon thy loins the sword which mayhap will serve England in time of need!"

Prince Henry:

"Blessings on thee, little Charlie!"

(Kisses him, the chariot moves on across and around forefront of stage, the children following. These represent garden folk, and each carries a flower as tall as himself, which almost conceals the little being by which it is borne. The Lily, Rose, Pansy, Chrysanthemum, Iris, Sweet Pea, Tiger Lily, etc., etc. As the procession follows the Golden Chariot, each flower salutes Prince Henry, in passing. As the last has reached him there appears from entrance on left of audience, a radiant company, led by a sea shell chariot, rose and amber and amethyst, iridescent and glistening; it is so constructed that no wheels are seen, and is drawn by six beautiful little mermaids, their golden hair loose and ornamented by brilliants, their shining forms giving no suggestion of the little feet drawing the chariot. In this stands Neptuna, daughter of the Monarch of the Sea, who holds aloft a Trident, tipped with diamonds, gift to Prince Henry in token that Spain, having lost her

Armada, the dominance of the sea, belongs now to him and his nation. The chariot is followed by dolphins leaping in sportive fashion. It pauses before the Prince, upon whom Neptuna bestows the Trident. At this moment the chariot of Prince Charles has completed circuit of the stage, pauses behind the sea shell. He leaps out, greets Neptuna, they pass to forefront of stage, followed by the Garden Folk, and join with them in a frolicsome dance and song, which completes "The Masque of the Royal Children.")

"We are the gay little garden folk!

At earliest dawn we all awoke,
For Kings and Queens and Princes fair
Could have no fete, were we not there!

Rose and Jonquil, Forget-me-not,
Tiger Lily with velvet spot,
Tulips and Pansies, Chrysanthemums,
Each with its own sweet message comes.

'Hail to the Prince!'—hear the Blue Bells ring,
'Crown him with love!' the Violets sing;
All are here, for there'd be no Fete
If the Garden Folk failed to decorate."

Rochester (advancing towards entrance on right of audience):

"Who comes in such solemn guise? What would you gentlemen?"

(Enter group of Translators.)

Dean of Translators:

"To the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland * * * mover and author of our work do we come upon this great day that he may know the translation of the Holy Scriptures by him commanded, is now rapidly nearing completion." (Turning to the King): "The Lord of heaven and earth bless your Majesty with many happy days."

(Words of the Dean taken mainly from preface to King James' version of the Bible).

(This group supposed to number 54, is costumed in grey, students' gowns and caps. The Dean carries a scroll upon which are the above words, which is unrolled and lifted as he speaks. The King bows as

they pass on, then turns towards entrance as notes of a silver trumpet are heard.)

Rochester advances to meet a magnificent group.

Trumpeter pauses, crying aloud:

"The Envoy of Progress come to consult with the great King James!"

Rochester, a sneer upon his lips:

"Consult with! A brave figure and a brave purpose by my troth!" (Glances at the envoy and walks at his side towards the King. The retinue of the Envoy consists of his trumpeter, banner bearer, Liberty, Religion, Education and Science. Liberty is gowned in clinging robes of white over which a thin, grey drape falls, one of her hands is bound. It is evident that she is not free. The other figures wear symbolic costumes.)

Progress pauses near the King:

"All hail, most gracious monarch! Famed abroad for learning, for power of poesy, for a mind inclined to measures which should insure the good of his kingdom, mayhaps, the good of the world, concerns which may with credit occupy the thoughts of so mighty a monarch."

King James:

"Well said, noble Envoy; what is the purpose of thy coming?"

Envoy:

"My purpose, most august sovereign, is, I may say to plead the cause of the world, the advancement and enlightenment of its people, the granting, to some who crave benefactions from the King, his indulgence. There are those who ask for liberty, liberty of person, but most of all, for liberty of thought and liberty to worship God after the dictates of their own hearts."

King James:

"It would appear that the noble envoy is not fully acquainted with the scope of my reign. I rule by divine right, and have doubtless taken into account more than his limited vision could make possible. Progress is well, forsooth, but must be directed according to the wisdom of the King!"

Envoy:

"Most royal sir, I come from a great King, the King and Creator of the universe, He who breathed the

breath of life into the nostrils of man, who inspires him to all good, and in accord with whose mandates we must ever strive to ascend upon the Path of Progress to higher and yet higher heights of achievement."

Master of Ceremonies (interrupting with gestures of impatience):

"A solemn company to do honor to the King approaches; they bring a petition!"
(Enter a band of Separatists).

Progress meets them, receives their petition, and turns to the King, exclaiming:

"Oh, King, I crave indulgence! I would offer from loyal subjects a petition which they deem worthy and reasonable, though mayhap not favoured of all It is even that the Church be separated from the State. I would read the same to this honorable company!"

The King (with contempt):

"Speak not of this treasonable matter. Bid them depart and be thankful they escape their deserts."

(Enter band of 100 Pilgrims, Elder Brewster and others.)

Progress advances to meet them, saying:

"Apostle of Freedom, I greet thee!"

Brewster:

"If the soul be not free, if it be not permitted to seek its Maker after the manner dictated by its own yearnings and convictions, how shall it find Him at all? Apostle of the freedom of the soul! To this high calling would I aspire!"

Envoy:

"And how shall I aid so high a purpose?"

Brewster:

"By importuning the King in our behalf. By persuading him to permit the service of the King of Heaven as our souls demand, not as earthly King nor parliament may decree"

Envoy beckons to Rochester, they approach the King speaking earnestly together.

Envoy:

"Your Majesty, I offer the petition of one who may be styled "Apostle to the Soul," since it doth appear that his only concerns in life are such as touch the affairs of the soul. He is called Elder Brewster, is the spiritual leader of a band calling themselves 'Pil-

grims,' and they desire royal sanction for the worship of God after their own manner."

King:

"Bid this 'Apostle of the Soul' hold his peace! He, and such as he greatly disturb the tranquility of the realm, and have done much to unsettle the minds of the faithful. I will have none of them, nor of their petitions!"

(**Envoy** returns to Pilgrims, confers with Brewster. Court groups have been slowly drifting from the scene, followed by Translators, Separatists leave from opposite side, exchange greetings with pilgrims as they pass. Progress and retinue in extreme rear of stage partially visible.)

ACT THREE—SCENE I.

Pilgrims in foreground, stage darkens.

Elder Brewster:

"Our help is in the Lord Jehovah!"

(They kneel in prayer with faces uplifted. A vision of angels appears, they rise in holy joy, singing. The vision fades and in its place is a vision of flaming messengers of the West, beckoning; as stage brightens the vision disappears.)

Enter Group of Hollanders, Burgomasters, etc., come to invite the Pilgrims to take refuge in Leyden.

Burgomaster:

"Good day! Good day, masters! We wish you joy and much good fortune, for all it is said that you have fallen upon evil times. We come to offer home and welcome in our own country, in happy Holland."

Elder Brewster:

"Of a truth, good sirs, it would appear that the times hold so much of evil it is the more our duty to better them. We do not despair but look to Heaven for deliverance."

Burgomaster:

"I would not claim that Holland is Heaven, but well am I persuaded that it more resembles Heaven than does England."

Elder Brewster:

"Good friends we give hearty thanks for your kindness, and will of surety consider the import of your words."

Dutch Dance:

(Holländers pass on, Elder Brewster confers with the group of pilgrims, some seem to oppose, others to

favor acceptance of the invitation. Their attention is suddenly drawn to a company of merry-makers, Hollanders, youths and maidens who enter, singing and dancing, as to evidence the joy awaiting those who come to their shores. The pilgrims shake their heads—to such sober folk this appears great levity. The dancers pass on, pilgrims disperse.)

ACT THREE—SCENE II.

(Stage darkens—thunder and lightning, a ship is seen in far background, tossing in a raging storm, Stage gradually brightens, but light remains dim and shows faintly the country to which the pilgrims are journeying).

Enter party of Indians from left. Chief Massasoit, men and women and children, group of braves in war paint, maidens and youths dancing, etc., etc. Indians disappearing towards right; a few linger as pilgrims appear from middle entrance in rear.)

PILGRIMS, HAVING LANDED AT PLYMOUTH ROCK, FIND THEIR NEW HOME.

Elder Brewster:

“We have been comforted in time of storm and protected from terrors of the deep! The Lord Jehovah be praised!” (Raises his eyes to heaven; they kneel in thanksgiving. A moment’s silence, then the company rises.)

Elder Brewster:

“Men and brethren, in the sight of God and with our faces turned towards the heart of this great new country, we swear to keep faith with each other, to hold sacred this solemn compact! Swear!” (Each man lifts his right hand as Brewster reads from compact). “We whose names are underwritten, having undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith a voyage to plant the first Colonie in Northern parts of Virginia, doe solemnly in the presence of God, combine ourselves together, to enact and frame such just and equal laws as shall be most mete for the general good of the Colonie.”

Miles Standish:

“Now to the work awaiting us!”
(Each has come from the ship laden with household articles, kettles, bags, baskets, etc. The men hasten out and return with wood. The women help to make a fire. When the blaze becomes strong, Elder Brew-

ster advances to a pine tree, cuts a branch, lights this from the fire, lifts it towards heaven with a prayer, then plants it firmly in the ground, calling aloud), "The Torch of Liberty! The Torch of Liberty!" (Pilgrims gather around it).

Bradford:

"May it light our path in the new country!"

Alden:

"May it never be extinguished, but burn through all the ages yet to come!"

(Men and women go back and forth, bringing and dividing personal belongings, then separating into little family groups.)

(The work of home-making continues, but suddenly clouds gather, wind howls, hail is heard, the children shiver with cold, women wrap them closer and hold them in their arms. The little ones begin to cry and beg for bread.)

Enter a frightful group, (Famine, Disease, Death and their minions. They pass among the pilgrims, taunting and sneering, the victims are overcome, as they fall, weeping friends carry out the dead bodies.)

(Only a half of the original number remains. These work and pray and gather about the torch of Liberty.)

Enter large number of new colonists. (Elder Brewster's daughters among them. Bradford is made Governor. He and Dame Bradford in central positions.)

Enter Indian. Casts the snakeskin challenge, a bundle of arrows tied with snakeskin, at the feet of the Governor. Standish picks it up; he and Bradford confer, fill skin with shot and powder. Standish and followers are commissioned to deliver to Indians.

Scene between Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla.

(The men near front of stage on left of audience, Priscilla with group of children playing a solemn game on opposite side, to extreme right.)

Standish:

"It is a friend's service I ask of thee, John, yet there would seem to be hesitation in acceptance of the mission."

Alden:

"I did not so intend it to appear—but—it is a most difficult matter, this wooing a maid for another." (He turns aside in evident confusion.)

Standish:

"Not so difficult, I take it, as wooing for one's self—or—so I am minded."

Alden:

"What should I say—put words into my mouth that I make no blunder."

Standish:

"Zounds, man! Soft of speech art thou, gentle of manner; I am a soldier; it is thou must frame the words that would win her!"

Alden:

(Gazing off towards the group of children). "See she is there, beauteous as the morning, graceful as the birds flitting overhead or the swaying branches of low bending trees!"

Standish:

"It would appear that praise of her comes easily to thee. I said but now that thou wert very soft of speech; go, give her my message, John, and be sure thou dost use the sweetest words in all thy heart's vocabulary."

(Alden turns towards Priscilla, who, at the moment is leaving the children. He pauses to pluck a flower and advances slowly with perplexity evident in manner and expression of countenance. Priscilla suddenly looks up and sees him, but endeavors to conceal the fact, and he calls.)

Alden:

"Whither so fast, Mistress Priscilla? I would have a word with thee!"

Priscilla:

"Only one, let that be the bargain then, but what **one**, I pray thee?"

Alden:

"I was but jesting; **one** many times multiplied would yet leave much unsaid between us."

Priscilla:

"Be not so serious, Master Alden! Hast thou come to reprimand me for smiling too much, for unseemly speech or demeanor?"

Alden:

"I come upon a much more serious matter, commissioned to bring to thee a precious gift from one deserving well of every Mayflower man or maid. Let this blossom aid in telling the import of the message I bring."

Priscilla:

"Neither thy words nor the flower speak clearly."
(He hands her the flower.)

Alden:

"Is the blossom not a fit messenger of love, does it not suggest that love is the word it holds in its heart?"

Priscilla:

"What riddle dost thou propound?—Love?—and whose love?"

(Her eyes are downcast, Alden comes closer.)

Alden:

"Whose love? That of our gallant Miles Standish! He has commissioned me to speak for him!"

(She starts and turns pale.)

Priscilla:

"Miles Standish! And he entrusts his love-message to another and sends one flower as his ally—was the meadow so niggardly that it would aid him only so far in such a mission?"

(She laughs nervously as Alden exclaims:)

Alden:

"I have spoken but poorly, bear with me, sweet Priscilla—I will essay to speak more worthily in this enterprise!"

Priscilla:

"Bear with **thee**? That were quite another matter, John—" (She tosses her head and turns from him.)

"As to Captain Standish, I am persuaded that he were better at taming savages than at winning the heart of a maid. Governor Bradford has need of him, not I!"

(She glances at John from beneath lowered lids and turns abruptly away.)

Alden:

"Prithee give me an answer, sweet Priscilla!"

Priscilla:

"Give **thee** an answer? Thou didst not ask for thyself, John."

(He catches her hand, kisses it and hastens away towards Standish.)

(This brief sketch follows somewhat the accepted story, but with original treatment.)

ACT FOUR—SCENE I.

Enter British Soldiers and royal messengers; (they present demands which colonists reject. Latter hasten out with angry gestures, return with such weapons as can be hastily gathered. British have already marched off. American Patriots follow, each lights

and carries with him a torch from the Torch of Liberty.)

Enter Washington with Colonial troops—banner with 13 stars.

Washington, looking upon his men:

“Whence comes the spirit which informs their souls?
Whence comes the impulse which in these dark days
Has wrought for high achievement in the new
America? Ah, the patriot blood they spilled
From those through centuries tutored well was drawn,
The impulse strong, heroic, steadfast, unsubdued,
Was shaped and at the Forge of Ages grew!”

Enter Jefferson and others, signing of Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson reads:

“Men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Among these are, Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” (Extract from Declaration.)

Enter Columbia, Progress, Liberty, etc., and the 13 States. (As Columbia appears, suddenly, the peal of the Liberty Bell is heard, and above her head is seen the bell outlined in electric light. Her group advances and)

Progress cries aloud:

“Proclaim! Proclaim! throughout all the land
That the people thereof shall be free!”

(These words are on the Liberty Bell.)

“Let it ring down the ages as beam from a star,
Extinguished long eons ago.

Still reaches the eyes it has filled with delight
And illumines them yet with its glow!”

Enter ladies and gentlemen for Colonial Levee—Colonial dance, participants retire to rear of stage.

ACT FOUR—SCENE II.

Enter Meriwether Lewis, Clark and followers. (Small group of Indians meet them. Woman joins their party as guide. Figures seen early in pageant (the messengers of the West) are beckoning ;other figures drift from stage, except Columbia, 13 States, Liberty, Progress and group.)

(**Enter** all other States of the Union, to date 1860, with them two figures, the North and the South. All have taken places when banner bearer enters. His flag shows proclamation):

“I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States
* * * call forth * * the militia of the several

States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000 in order to * * * cause the laws to be duly executed." (April 15, 1861.)

(From this point action is vigorous and must convey impression of lapse of time.)

Enter War, (standing erect in fiery chariot, brandishing sword, dashes across stage. Columbia lifts her arms as in protest, while troops in Federal and Confederate uniforms appear on both sides of stage, as though drilling and preparing for battle. Seceding States begin to leave the larger group.)

South Carolina:

"See! Sudden angry clouds in Northern sky,
And gathering gloom where erst was sunlit space:
With warning bugle blast which thrills and calls
And stirs the haughty South to hot reply!"

Florida:

"It comes, a challenge from the hostile States,
And from the South, in clarion tones, a cry
That crashes cross the listening Continent!"

The South:

"Aye, from my lips the mother-cry,
Which wakes the Continent, from Mexic fields,
To California's distant golden gate,
To tropic Florida and 'cross the gulf
Where New Orleans in flowered beauty lies."

Enter Lee. (He does reverence to Columbia, who endeavors to detain him, passes on to Virginia, and kneeling, lays his sword at her feet, he rises and she buckles it upon him.)

(Confederate forces gather about Lee. Federals on other side of stage—War in foreground.)

Georgia:

"Hear, Georgia cries in eager martial tones,
"To arms! Oh valiant sons of valiant sires!
Come! Buckle shield and helmet in defense
Of those fair homes that boast your fealty!"

Arkansas:

"The sullen boom of guns,
Of alien guns, comes thundering through the South!
Her loyal sons spring to defense, and Lee
Goes forth—at dawn to prayer, at noon
To bloody field, at night, o'er mountain wilds
With Stuart's horsemen dashing through the dark
To show where bivouacks the mighty foe."

Virginia:

“But of our sons, the knightliest of them all,
Is he, so simply great that greatest deed
Nor leveling commonplace can change his mien,
Is one whose presence stirs all lesser souls
To reverence, apprehending as they gaze,
That here is flower of most exalted chivalry,
A heart that calmly scorns Ambition’s lure,
That steadfast turns unaltered to its own
In time of need and stress and threatening woe,
That offers to its home, to fair Virginia,
A sword which neither now nor e’er may know
A stain the purest blade might blush to claim.”

(Columbia in tears, Liberty veiled, Progress manacled.)
(Firing of guns heard).

Lee, to his men:

“Come, face the foe at any cost!
Come, battle, tho’ all should seem lost!
Come, starve, but reach the heights somehow!
And die, what matter then or now,
So we have done our uttermost!”

(Firing of guns, roaring of cannon).

Tennessee:

“Ah, days of mingled glory and despair!
Ah, days that see through tears brave Stuart fall,
See Malvern Hill, Manassas drenched in gore,
See Gettysburg and now the Wilderness,
And now, and now, Surrender, and the end
Of bravest fight the Valiant ever made!”

(Sudden darkness, firing of guns, cannon, drums.
Light comes slowly, War has disappeared.)

Enter Peace: (Two flags brought forward, that of the
South handed to Lee. He furls it reverently and en-
trusts it to the South.)

South:

The gentlest knight, as told of Galahad,
That ever bore a shield or brak a lance,
Of whom we boast with loving, reverent pride,
That God is proved in making such a man!”

Mississippi:

“But Lee, he was not conquered! The Cause had failed
For which his people died, but Conqueror he
Save ’gainst the odds defying mortal might,
And in the bitter anguish of defeat
He towers on far supernal heights where Fame
Unsought, will find and humbly kneel to him!”

North:

"Aye, at last, surrender for the Gray!
Though South nor North was seeking sordid gain
Nor ruthless conquest, nor yet a sceptered power!
They battled for a faithful concept, each,
Of principle, for duty each conceived
Was blazoned on the heaven's azure scroll;
For this each sacrificed its best beloved!
But now, today, with loyal hearts they stand
United, Blue and Gray; no North, no South,
The valiant sons of valiant sires through all
Revolving cycles of eternity."

South:

"Forward! the trail leads on, by Valor blazed!
Though Glory smiles through tears and grudging Fame
To Failure grants but a withered wreath of bay;
By Destiny defied, but not dismayed,
They wrest achievement from the hand of Fate!
And Forward press, my people, to the goal!"
(Suddenly a peal from the Liberty Bell is heard.)

Progress:

"Proclaim! Proclaim throughout all the land,
That the people thereof shall be free!"

The World War.

Chariot of War dashes in, followed by figures symbolizing
Confusion, Death, etc.

ACT FIVE.

(The United States enters the World War. Progress quotes from message of President Wilson.) "The Right is more precious than Peace. We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts!" (April 2, 1917), and continues:

"His voice above the crash of crumbling thrones
Hath spoken, unafraid, to hearts of men!
Across the continents, around the globe,
Its message thrills and echoes back again;
This voice from architect of nations pleads
For building by a Master Builder's plan,
The plan of Him, who in the beginning traced
The blue-print of the heaven's enduring span!"
(Columbia, Progress, Liberty, Religion to forefront.
Wild cheering and tumultuous music, men of North
and South rally side by side, hundreds of troops in
khaki appear, Red Cross Nurses with them.)

Moment of darkness followed by dazzling light.)

Enter Victory, a glorious figure, bringing a crown of laurel to Columbia. With her appears Prosperity, a figure of majestic proportions, in symbolic costume, followed by troop of American soldiers in khaki. A group of children from the devastated countries accompanies the other figures. Enthusiastic cheering.)

Columbia, with Progress on elevation:

“Victory! aye! but 'tis as were my heart the heart
of the world! So tenderly does it beat in unison
With the bleeding hearts of suffering nations.
Bid them come, come for aid, for comfort, to Columbia.
Speed, my Messenger! God speed thee with these
words!”

(Messenger goes swiftly, north, south, east, west,
crying: “Come! Come! Come!”)

Response of Nations, Belgium, France, Italy, Greece, Scandinavia, Holland, Ireland, Russia, etc., the nations impersonated by dancers, etc. All groups return, join in grand procession circling about Columbia.

Progress:

“Where great Columbia’s domain, with its reach
From sea to sea, by purple mountains girt,
Sends far its fragrant highways, hear the tread
Of all the welcome multitudes who greet
With upturned faces, glad Columbia—
The hope of One Great Universal Race!”

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

FINALE.

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