

F 68

.K5

Copy 1



THE COMING OF THE MAYFLOWER



A PILGRIM PAGEANT

prepared by

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

from a text by Miss Rosamond Kimball, and published
in connection with the issue for October 14, 1920.

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
BY
PERRY MASON COMPANY.



OCT 26 1920

CL. 587

THE COMING OF THE MAYFLOWER

A PILGRIM PAGEANT

December 21, 1920, marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Celebrations of the memorable event will be held then and at other times during the following year. With that fact in mind The Youth's Companion publishes this Pilgrim Pageant, which even small communities can give with very little trouble or expense.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS: Gov. Carver; Gov. Bradford (who succeeded him); Capt. Myles Standish, Elder Brewster, John Alden, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Allerton, Dr. Fuller, John Howland; twelve more Pilgrim men; Love and Wrestling Brewster (young boys, sons of Elder Brewster); Bartholomew, or Bartle, Allerton (a youth); Mistress Brewster, Mistress Carver, Priscilla Mullins, Elizabeth Tillie; other Pilgrim women and children; a sailor of the crew of the Mayflower; Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags; Samoset, Pemaquid Indian chief; Squanto, an Indian; several other Indians; the Spirit of the Past; the Guardian Spirit of the Pilgrims; the Spirit of the Wilderness; the Spirit of America.

THE EPISODES:

- I. The Landing of the Pilgrims.
- II. The First Winter.
- III. The First International Treaty.
- IV. The First Thanksgiving Day.

At intervals the Spirit of the Past, a young girl dressed in flowing robes, appears before the curtain and explains the progress of the story. The episodes should follow one another as quickly as possible, and soft music should be played during the changing of the scenes. The scenery should be planned in such a way that it can be changed with ease.

The audience rises and sings the hymn that begins, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand our exiled fathers crossed the sea." At the close of the hymn the Spirit of the Past, a young girl dressed in a flowing purple robe, appears before the curtain. She wears a tunic of lighter shade over the robe and carries a spray of palm or of laurel in her right hand. Round her brow is a fillet of laurel leaves.

SPIRIT OF THE PAST:

We meet in memory of the time
 Our fathers crossed the lonely sea
 To open, in an alien clime,
 A road for human liberty;
 To blaze the trail that multitudes
 Of questing hearts thenceforward trod,
 Who would not rest until they gained
 Unshackled right to worship God.

(Her tone changes, and she turns and makes a slight backward gesture.)

The wild young Spirit of the Wilderness
 Here first you shall behold
 With her strong Indian sons, all sorrowless,
 Untamed and free and bold.
 Then you shall hear above the savage din
 A strain of solemn song,
 And see the Pilgrim company led in,
 Wayworn—but glad and strong.

(She turns and throws the curtain open. As it rolls back she disappears by the way she came.)

EPISODE I.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(A clearing at the edge of a forest. Cedars, pines and other small evergreen trees are used to give the effect of woods. To the sound of soft music a figure, the Spirit of the Wilderness, appears in the background and moves slowly among the trees. Her costume consists of a fawn-colored tunic, moccasins of the same color and an Indian headdress of bright feathers. On her flowing hair is a garland of grapevines, and there is a border of green leaves on her skirt. Suddenly she darts out into the open, pauses, and flings up her arms. The music stops.)

SPIRIT OF THE WILDERNESS:

Hail, glorious sun and harvest moon!
 Hail, ripened fields of yellow corn,
 And purple grapes and crimson fruit!
 Hail, forests, where by sheltered ways
 The swift bird and the wild deer flee!
 Hail, mighty rivers, in whose tides
 The silver salmon leap and splash!
 Hail, creeks and roaring waterfalls,
 And crystal lakes among the hills!
 Hail, curving coasts with cape and bay!
 Hail, ocean thundering on my rocks!
 All hail, Great Spirit, giver of all!

(She turns and looks backward.)

Hail, children of this broad, fair land—
The Spirit of the Wild doth call!

(Places her hands bugle-wise to her lips.)

Yo! ho! o-o-o! Yo! ho-o-ooo!

(As her cry dies away an Indian chief stalks out of the forest on the left. The Indian turns and beckons. Other Indians appear, and beckon in their turn to others. The Spirit of the Past withdraws a little to the left and stands watching. The chief picks up a rude drum and begins to beat on it. The other Indians crouch and keep time with their feet as they begin the movements of a tribal dance. The drumbeats come faster, and the dance grows wilder; the braves begin to leap and yell.)

(The Spirit of the Wilderness stands radiant in her barbaric beauty. She waves her arms and sways with the rhythm of the music. All at once she stops and stands in a listening attitude, then starts forward with one arm uplifted in warning.)

SPIRIT OF THE WILDERNESS: Hark!

(The dance halts, and the Indians stand like statues. There is a sound of singing in the distance. As it grows louder the braves steal away one by one into the forest. The Spirit of the Wilderness, fleeing after them, pauses at the edge of the clearing to listen in awe. The singing comes nearer and nearer.)

VOICES:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

(At the beginning of the second verse a band of Pilgrims enter from the right. Six or nine men come first, walking three abreast, each with his gun on his shoulder. Gov. Carver in a long, black robe comes next, with Elder Brewster and Capt. Myles Standish. They are followed by other Pilgrim men. Then come the women, leading their little children by the hand. All are dressed in the Puritan costume. The men wear knee breeches, full capes and broad-brimmed hats; the women, gray dresses with white kerchiefs and cuffs. The children's costume is much like that of their elders.)

(During the singing of the third and fourth verses the Pilgrims move slowly across the clearing. At the end of the fourth verse Gov. Carver steps forward, turns toward the group and holds up his hand. The company bow their heads.)

Gov. CARVER prays: Lord, who hast brought us over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered us safely from all the perils thereof, we do give Thee humble thanks that Thou hast led us safe to land and set our feet on the firm and stable earth. Here we do covenant to set up in this wilderness with thy guidance a state where men shall be free to worship as they will. God of our fathers, guide us with thy hand, shelter us with thy wing, and show us thy salvation.

COMPANY: Amen.

(After a moment of silence the company, singing the first verse of the hymn again, or else chanting the 67th Psalm, pass out of the clearing, at the left. As the singing grows faint and fainter in the distance, the Spirit of the Wilderness steps into view. She gazes after the Pilgrims in breathless wonder. Then she points toward the right.)

(She speaks.)

Lo, a new day is breaking in the east;
A form comes, strange and bright.
What means this light?

(A shaft of light falls across the clearing from the right. At this point soft music begins and lasts throughout the remainder of the scene. The Guardian Spirit of the Pilgrims appears at the farther end of the path of light. She wears a flowing robe with a gold-colored girdle. On her dark blue coronet the word LIBERTY appears in letters of gold.)

(The Spirit of the Wilderness moves forward and speaks.)

I know not whence thy face,
Liberty!
But make this land thy home.
Thy feet shall walk its ways,
Thy light its hills shall bless—
I, Spirit of the Wilderness,
I bid thee come!

(Kneeling, she holds out her arms.)

(*Curtain.*)

(The Spirit of the Past appears again and speaks.)

The autumn past, upon that northern land
Fell bitter winter's breath.
Sore trials took the faithful little band—
Famine and woe and death.
The lurking enemy was ever near,
And hearts were sore afraid,
But still they struggled on through hope and fear,
Sturdy and undismayed,
And wrought, and dreamed, and prayed.

(She opens the curtains with a gesture, then departs. The curtains roll back.)

EPISODE II.

THE FIRST WINTER.

(The setting is the same as in Episode I with the addition of a fire in the foreground and of the rough side of a cabin—the Common House—indicated in the background. The side of the cabin can be put up before the play begins and kept concealed during the first episode by the trees and undergrowth. The appearance of a fire is given by piling fagots above a red lantern, with red tissue paper set between the sticks to represent flames. Elder Brewster, his wife and their two little sons, Wrestling and Love, are huddled round the fire.)

ELDER BREWSTER (reading from the open Bible on his knee): "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

LOVE (pointing to the forest): Father! Methought I saw a savage on yonder hill!

BREWSTER: Nay, nay. The sentinel will give the alarm if danger threaten.

WRESTLING (shrinking against his mother): Methought I heard their war cry, mother!

(A wailing cry is heard in the distance.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER (stroking the boy's head): Nay, child; it is the wolves.

BREWSTER: Peace, my sons. It is written here that under his wings we shall trust.

(Reads on): "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness —"

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Ay, the pestilence! But already that hath stricken down many of us.

BREWSTER: Nay, but listen. (Continues to read aloud. As he reaches the end of the fifteenth verse the cabin door opens and Capt. Myles Standish comes out.)

CAPT. STANDISH: Mistress Brewster, I am most unwilling to break in upon thine hour of rest, but we are in sore straits yonder. (He looks toward the Common House.)

MISTRESS BREWSTER (rising hurriedly): Are more fallen ill of the fever? Mistress Winslow — is she worse?

STANDISH: Mistress Winslow is going fast, and twelve more have been taken down with the fever.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: I will go without delay.

(As she turns toward the house Wrestling, shivering and crying, catches hold of her skirts): Mother, I am so cold!

MISTRESS BREWSTER (laying her hand on his forehead): His temples are hot; I fear he is sickening for the fever.

BREWSTER: There is the doctor yonder; he will see to the child.

(Dr. Fuller crosses the clearing on his way to the cabin.)

DR. FULLER: None other of our number ill, I trust? (Takes the child's hand.) Ay, this boy is feverish; he must get to bed.

MISTRESS BREWSTER (anxiously): Come, my child.

FULLER: Mistress Priscilla Mullins, who hath been nursing her whole household, is taken down. I have placed her in the cabin under Mistress Carver's care, lest she try to rise and go to them.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Alas, poor maid!

FULLER (looking at her keenly as she lifts the child): Mistress Brewster, thou, too, art flushed.

BREWSTER: Thou art half sick thyself, dear wife, with days and nights of vigil. Here, give me the child. (He takes the boy from her.)

FULLER: Woman, thou must spare thyself. God knows we shall need thy help this night!

BREWSTER: I will nurse these poor souls in her place.

STANDISH: Thy husband and I will tend the sick in thy stead, Mistress Brewster.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: But thou, too, art worn with long vigil, Capt. Standish. Day and night thou hast cared for the sick and the dying as tenderly as any woman.

BREWSTER (pausing in the doorway): Fully half our number herein, tossing with fever and nigh unto death! I wish that our house were ready, wife, for there will be scant rest for thee in here.

STANDISH: Ay, but for the foul weather we should have had other houses built before this grievous pestilence came upon us.

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Let us thank God that we have at least two houses. (She enters the cabin, followed by her husband, with the boy, and Capt. Standish. The other boy stays behind.)

(John Alden, muffled in his cape, strides across the clearing and knocks at the cabin door. Capt. Standish opens the door.)

JOHN ALDEN: I have brought the physic that Dr. Fuller did send for. How is Mistress Priscilla?

STANDISH: She is sore beset with fever, alas!

ALDEN (turning away his head): I have but just come from the other house; her mother hath one hour ago passed to her rest. Priscilla must not know of it; she might not bear the shock.

STANDISH: Nay. Yet happily she hath her youth. I must return now to the other sick. Go take thy rest, lad, until thy time of nursing, at midnight. (He turns back into the cabin.)

(Alden seats himself by the fire and buries his head in his hands. Mistress Carver, carrying a large kettle, comes out of the house.)

ALDEN (starting up): Mistress Carver! How is Priscilla Mullins?

MISTRESS CARVER: She sleepeth at last, poor maid, little dreaming that by another morrow she will be an orphan.

ALDEN (takes the kettle, places it on the hook, and stirs the fire): Hath her fever abated at all?

MISTRESS CARVER (with a wan smile): Ay, she is better, lad. (Her voice trembles.) But this night, John Alden, four more of our number will have found their rest.

ALDEN (kneeling by the fire, looks up with a groan): Hath God altogether forgotten us?

MISTRESS CARVER (laying her hand on his shoulder, her face suddenly alight): Nay, God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear!

(As she speaks the Guardian Spirit of the Pilgrims comes forward silently and stands just behind the pair with her hand upraised in blessing. Alden kneels by the fire, looking up into Mistress Carver's face.)

(Curtain falls for a brief time to represent the passage of three months.)

(The Spirit of the Past steps before the curtain and speaks.)

Spring came, and freed the frozen rills,
 And made the meadows green and new.
 In beauty on the wooded hills
 A starry blossom blew.
 Mayflower they named it, for the love
 Of English May; and watched it come,
 And smiled its perfect leaves above,
 With hearts still faint for home.
 And while they yearned, their sturdy ship
 Strained at her moorings even then,
 And called them for the outward trip—
 England, and port, and peace again;
 But tempted them in vain.

(She opens the curtain and disappears as it rolls back.)

(John Alden is chopping wood. He pauses, leans on his axe and gazes through the trees. Priscilla Mullins steals up behind him softly and stands still, watching him. Suddenly she laughs aloud. Alden turns with a start.)

PRISCILLA (clapping her hands): Fie, John, thou didst start as though I were an Indian! Tell me, at what art thou gazing in so brown a study?

ALDEN: I was looking at the Mayflower. (He leads her toward the right and points.) See, her sails are unfurled, and there is much stir on board.

PRISCILLA (suddenly serious): She doth set sail to-morrow, John.

ALDEN: Ay.

PRISCILLA: And that is why I have come to thee, in the midst of thy work, for I would fain send a letter to my cousin to advise her of all that hath befallen us since we did set sail from Holland. (She turns sharply and looks up into his face with a catch of the breath.) Alas, John, what hath *not* befallen us? All my dear ones now lie yonder on the hill—and I am left in this wilderness alone!

ALDEN (taking both her hands and looking down at her): Nay, Priscilla, thou art not left alone. When our house is ready, for which I even now fell the logs, we shall be wed, as well thou knowest.

PRISCILLA (smiling through her tears): Ay, John, forgive my hasty speaking. (She brushes away her tears and smiles again.) See! I have brought paper and pen and inkhorn. Thou wilt write my letter as I tell it to thee.

(Alden seats himself and takes pen and paper, and Priscilla holds the inkhorn near at hand. She dictates while he writes.)

PRISCILLA: The Settlement of New Plymouth. March the twenty-first, in the year of our Lord 1621.

(Bartle Allerton, a boy, comes running from the wood.)

BARTLE: Alden! John Alden!

ALDEN: Here I am, boy. Why dost thou rend the air with thy howls?

BARTLE: I did see twelve savages by the pond in the forest.

ALDEN: Savages! Twelve savages! (He starts to his feet.)

BARTLE: Ay, and they were carrying bows and arrows.

ALDEN: We must at once give the warning! (He snatches up his matchlock and takes Priscilla by the hand; they hurry away.)

(As they disappear two Indians walk into the clearing. One of them picks up the axe, examines it with grunts of satisfaction, and sticks it into his belt. Several other Indians come forward into the clearing. They examine the inkhorn and the pen and paper curiously, and finally go off with all the trophies.)

(After a moment there is a sound of voices in the distance. Capt. Standish, Alden and Bartle enter, followed by several other men with matchlocks. Capt. Standish wears armor, which consists of corselets of steel, a morion, or military hat, of the same material, and a sword. The corselets can be made of pasteboard painted gray; they should be fastened by means of strips over the shoulders and at the sides. Use the same material for the morion, which is described in most dictionaries. The sword is of wood painted steel color, and is thrust through a leather belt at the side.)

BARTLE: They did glide into the forest east of the duck pond yonder.

STANDISH: Well, lead on, boy! I would see them with mine eyes.

ALDEN (stopping): Stay! Some one hath been here in my absence and taken my good axe!

STANDISH: And left a blotch of ink in its stead!

ALDEN: The inkhorn, too, is gone. (Looks confused, then begins to explain.) I was writing for Mistress Priscilla when —

STANDISH (interrupting): Be on thy guard! (He points toward the forest.) There are forms in the wood!

ALDEN: Savages! (He peers through the trees.) Seven or more!

STANDISH: Forward! March! (They march to the edge of the clearing.)

ALDEN: But now they have fled!

STANDISH: After them! If they meditate aught of ill we will have it of them without delay!

(They march out on the double-quick. After a moment or two the men re-enter the clearing.)

STANDISH: Gone! And so long as these savages do no more than skulk about, we will not be the aggressors. But with the first arrow they shall see that we are ready for the encounter. There are nineteen stout-hearted men among us; we can put to flight a wilderness of savages! (They pass out. Alden lingers, searching the ground.)

ALDEN: Her letter, too, is gone. (He returns and begins to peer into the bushes. At a slight noise he wheels with leveled matchlock. A sailor steps into the open. He is barefoot and wears the seafaring dress of those times: knee breeches, a short-sleeved blouse and a red headkerchief.)

SAILOR (raising his hand): Stay! A friend, man! Why so swift to shoot?

ALDEN (lowering his weapon with a laugh): The savages have but now stolen my axe, and I did think they had returned for my scalp!

SAILOR: Ay, ay; and like enough they will get it, too, ere long!

ALDEN (with a laugh): Nay, Jack, thou art overgloomy with thy fears.

SAILOR: We sail to-morrow morn, Alden, if the wind be favorable.

ALDEN: I cannot take my eyes from the Mayflower. It doth grieve me to see her go; but our kinsfolk and friends will be right glad of news of us.

SAILOR (seating himself on a log): Can no one persuade you to return with us?

ALDEN: Return! Why, I do chop the logs for my cabin, man—for my own home!

SAILOR: But what doth it profit you to stay? As things have fallen out naught but evil hath come to the colony. Last winter—God preserve us! Ye can never live through another like it! Naught but a handful of you left; the wilderness filled with savages. Indeed, I do believe no single man of all the colony will stand upon yonder shore to greet the Mayflower if ever she return!

ALDEN (laying his hand upon the sailor's shoulder): Peace, Jack; you'll find us here and prospering when you come back. And you'll bring others to join us, too.

SAILOR (with a grunt): Others! To die of the pestilence and starve and fall by the tomahawk?

ALDEN (turning his head and gazing again toward the ship): Ay, but no great thing ever yet did come to man save by the road of toil and pain.

SAILOR: But what *is* this great thing for which ye look?

ALDEN (straightening his shoulders and throwing back his head): Freedom to do that which our conscience doth direct. Thou knowest that we did have no freedom of that sort in the Old World. But here I can build me a house where I may worship God as I will.

SAILOR: Unless the savage prevents you in the midst of your building. Merrie England for me! (He rises.) Not one of the company will return with us, you think?

ALDEN (raising his voice): Not one of us! I can answer for them all. We do stay here with our God, to build in the wilderness for our children and our children's children a temple of freedom.

SAILOR (holding out his hand): Farewell, and may we still find you here when the Mayflower comes again!

ALDEN: Farewell, Jack! We shall all be on the beach to-morrow morn to wish you Godspeed.

(The sailor goes away. Alden leans on his matchlock and gazes toward the Mayflower. The Guardian Spirit appears at the opposite side of the clearing, behind him. Soft, solemn music is heard.)

GUARDIAN SPIRIT (looking out over the audience):

O little ship; thy God-appointed task is o'er,
Thy precious freight safe landed on the wild, stern
shore.
Through storm and tempest thou didst bear them on,
Thy timbers sprung, thy straining bulwarks torn.
Till, like a storm-tossed bird, thou drove at last
Unto the shore, with wind-rent sail and shattered
mast.
O cradle of a new world's hope! when thy white sails
unfurled,
God hid within thy fragile shell the freedom of a
world!
Now as thy parting sail fades from the Pilgrims'
view,
Beside their loved ones' graves they stand, brave
hearts and true!
Not one returned of all that little band!
Not one sought safety in their native land!
Encompassed by the wilderness, they sing!
Secure beneath the shadow of God's wing.

(There is a moment of silence, and then a chorus of voices is heard singing in the distance the first, second and fourth verses of the hymn "O God, our help in ages past." A psalm may be chanted instead of the hymn, as the Pilgrims sang psalms instead of hymns. But this hymn, written by Isaac Watts a century later, is so appropriate that it is given at the expense of historical accuracy. As the voices sing the first verse the Guardian Spirit lifts her hand in blessing. The curtain falls during the singing of the second verse, and the last verse is heard after the curtain falls.)

(The Spirit of the Past appears and recites selected verses from the Boston Hymn, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

EPISODE III.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL TREATY.

(The interior of Gov. Carver's house. The appearance of a room is given by concealing the trees at the sides and background of the stage with screens and curtains. There is one door at the back and another at the left side. A window also is indicated. The furnishings include: a rough table, a settle, a rag rug, a spinning wheel, several old straight-back chairs, a pair of ancient brass candlesticks and a shelf on which pewter and china dishes are ranged. Mistress Carver is seated at her spinning wheel on one side of the hearth. On the other side John Alden is cleaning his gun. Priscilla is removing dishes from the table.)

PRISCILLA (pausing in her work): Have an end to the polishing of thy matchlock, John, or it will dazzle the poor savage's eyes!

ALDEN: And there may be grave enough need, ere long, for it to dazzle them!

PRISCILLA: Nay, but thou'll have no matchlock left if thou do polish it more.

MISTRESS CARVER: How many savages were there, thinkst thou, John?

ALDEN: But a handful, which fled at the captain's approach. Scouts, mayhap.

MISTRESS CARVER: 'Tis the hour for the meeting that the governor hath called.

PRISCILLA: Ay, and all would be ready for the assembling if yon lusty lad would but pause long enough in his scrubbing to help me move this table to the centre of the room.

(Alden springs to his feet and pulls the table into place.)

MISTRESS CARVER (looking from the window): Capt. Standish and other of the men are coming. I will call my husband. (She goes out.)

(Standish enters by the side door with nineteen followers, and Mistress Priscilla greets them gracefully. The governor and his wife enter, and after a further exchange of greetings the newcomers seat themselves at the table. A number of women come in and group themselves round the room.)

CARVER: Bring ink and paper for Master Howland, that he may inscribe the proceedings of this, our first town meeting, and place them on the records of Plymouth.

(Mistress Carver takes writing materials from the mantel and hands them to Alden. He places them before Howland, who is seated at the governor's left.)

CARVER (rising): In view of the danger from the Indians which doth threaten us, I have summoned the freemen of this colony, that we may take counsel together for our mutual defense. For inasmuch as the Mayflower hath set sail the Indians, thinking that we are now alone in the wilderness, have been skulking about, and it is imperative that we prepare for a sudden attack. I call first upon Capt. Myles Standish to speak to us; and then the meeting will be open for all who may have further suggestions to make.

STANDISH (rising): Gov. Carver and freemen of the town of Plymouth: Since we saw the Indian spies I have made the following preparations against an attack: We have cleaned our guns and moulded fresh bullets; there is a good supply of ammunition on hand; lastly, all the men who are old enough to bear arms have been formed into a military body and are drilling daily. During the month before the sailing of the Mayflower we completed our fort and mounted five cannon thereon. Those cannon command —

(Carver starts suddenly to his feet with a sharp exclamation. At the same instant Alden cries, "To arms!" Standish wheels and confronts an Indian, who is standing siently in the open doorway at the left, in his hand a bow. He wears a feathered headdress. Some of the women cry out; the men spring for their guns. But the Indian checks the confusion by bringing his hand to his head in salutation.)

INDIAN (his voice rings out): Welcome!

(Several voices): English! He speaks our tongue!

INDIAN (advancing a few steps): Samoset, friend of white man. Welcome!

CARVER (extending his hand): Welcome, Samoset!

STANDISH: Have a care; there may be treachery!

INDIAN (advancing): I, Samoset, sachem of the Pemaquids.

CARVER: Whence come you? Live you near by?

INDIAN (shaking his head): No, Massasoit, sachem of Wampanoag rule here, Massasoit here now. Come see white man.

STANDISH (to Carver): I fear treachery.

CARVER: Methinks he speaketh in good faith.

WINSLOW (stepping forward): I will go forth and meet the chief, Massasoit.

STANDISH: Not so, Master Winslow; I, myself, will go. It is fitting that the risk be mine.

CARVER: Nay, Capt. Standish; we need you here with the colony until the danger be past. Since Master Winslow hath offered to act as ambassador in this matter we will accept his offer.

BRADFORD: Methinks the venture is fraught with grave peril. Had we not better send an escort of soldiers with him?

SAMOSET: Englishman safe. Samoset friend of white man.

WINSLOW: Farewell; I will return anon. (He departs with the Indian.)

CARVER: Let us prepare to meet this chief with fitting ceremony.

(The curtain falls to denote the passage of half an hour.)

(The Spirit of the Past appears and speaks.)

When Massasoit with the Pilgrims met,
In sound and sight of the great listening sea
That washed old England and New England shores,
Then fear was turned to friendship signed and sealed.
The vow held strong; a generation through
The covenant of peace and faith was kept—
America's first treaty, long ago!

(Curtain rises.)

BARTLE (rushing in): From the hill above the brook I did spy Master Winslow returning in the company of many savages!

CARVER: Capt. Standish, take with thee a number of thy soldiers, and give them escort for the remainder of the way.

(Standish issues a short order, and six men snatch up their guns and fall into position. They march out behind their leader. Carver leaves the room by the rear door. A short time passes, during which the company converse in low, excited tones. At length Bartle turns from the window with a quick signal.)

PRISCILLA: They come! Let us make the room ready for this meeting of a governor and a chieftain.

MISTRESS CARVER: True; I will spread my best rug. And do you see what else is needed, Priscilla. (She beckons to two young girls, who follow her.)

(They return with the rug and spread it hastily. Under Priscilla's direction two boys bring the settle from the hearth and place it on the farther edge of the rug. They have scarcely finished their work when voices are heard without. Bartle swings wide the door, and the procession enters: Capt. Standish and his soldiers, Winslow and Massasoit, Samoset and other Indians. Massasoit is dressed in striking costume, with a headdress of bright feathers. Standish halts, gives an order, and the six soldiers separate into two lines, and present arms. Massasoit hesitates; then he stalks gravely forward between the two lines.)

WINSLOW (to Samoset): Bid Massasoit seat himself, and summon his braves to take their places on either side of him.

(Samoset interprets the request, and the other chief takes his seat on the bench. Winslow and Samoset stand close by. An outer door is flung open, and Gov. Carver, in full armor and wearing his sword, enters with his attendants. He approaches Massasoit, who rises with dignity and accepts his extended hand.)

CARVER (to Samoset): Say to Massasoit, the chief, that the governor of the colony of Plymouth salutes him in the name of King James the First of England, and desires to make a treaty of peace and friendship with him.

(Samoset interprets the words to Massasoit. The chief replies with a few guttural words; then he lifts one hand above his head in a stately gesture. Gov. Carver raises his own hand in a like gesture. The people press eagerly forward; the governor and the chief stand silent in that position for the space of ten seconds.)

(Gov. Carver lowers his hand and points to the settle; Massasoit sits down, and the governor seats himself on a chair, facing him.)

CARVER (turning to Winslow): Bring hither the gifts.

(Winslow enters the house and returns with a haversack which he places upon the rug before the settle. Opening it he draws out two knives which he places before the chief, then a long copper chain which he presents to Massasoit with a low bow. Massasoit receives it with a grunt of acknowledgment. Winslow then produces a long string of beads which he places with great ceremony on the rug beside the

knives. Finally he takes a red cape from the haversack and, approaching the chief, places it upon his shoulders. Massasoit rises slowly in acknowledgment, takes a peace pipe from his belt and passes it to Gov. Carver.)

SAMOSET: It is the peace pipe!

(*Curtain.*)

(The Spirit of the Past appears and speaks.)

That summer passed in rain and shine.
 In autumn, where their feet had been,
 The hills were bright with corn and vine;
 The people brought their harvest in,
 For ruddy fruit and golden grain,
 For shelter from the storm and stress,
 For peace and plenty after pain,
 Their hearts bowed down with thankfulness.
 They had not dreamed their dream in vain!
 November skies bent kind though gray
 Above that first Thanksgiving Day.

EPISODE IV.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

The same setting as in Episode I.

(Bradford, now governor, enters with two youths.)

BRADFORD: Master Allen and Master Howland, summon the people to this place. I have a matter of importance to lay before them.

(The young men hurry out. Soon a drum is heard, and shortly the Pilgrims begin to gather. When all the people have come Gov. Bradford walks forward to the centre of the clearing. He raises his hand.)

BRADFORD: It seemeth fit that we should appoint a special day of Thanksgiving, to be spent in prayer and praise to our God for his great mercy in bringing us through the past year. We should lift up our hearts in thankfulness that the seed which we planted ripened duly and brought us a harvest. We have met with many and great troubles during this first year of our sojourn in a strange land. We have suffered cold, peril, hunger and disease. (He stops and bows his head.) It hath pleased our Maker to take half of our number to their heavenly home. But we have had many and great mercies. Surely the Lord will abundantly recompense us, in his own way, for all

the sorrows that we have endured. Let us, then, in a special manner rejoice and give thanks. For, since by the goodness of God our corn and barley have prospered, I have summoned King Massasoit with his warriors to feast with us for three days.

(He lowers his hand and turns to Capt. Standish): Wilt thou send four men fowling, that we may have geese, ducks, venison and wild turkey for the feast?

STANDISH (stepping forward): We will bring in a goodly supply of game. Master Alden, Master Howland, Master Goodman and Master Fletcher! (The four youths step forward.) I appoint you to go fowling for our feast of thanksgiving.

BRADFORD: To the women we will leave the duties of preparing the feast.

PRISCILLA (curtsying): May it please you, sir, Master Alden hath brought me a new kind of meat from the sea, which the Indians have showed him. Methinks it was called oysters in Leyden. Mayhap if these oysters were compounded with crumbs and spices they would make a savory dish for our table.

BRADFORD: Excellent, Mistress Priscilla! Right well I know that we can trust thy cookery.

ELIZABETH TILLIE (curtsying): And I can bring a goodly supply of grapes and wild plums from the forest, for John Howland hath shown me where they do grow.

BRADFORD: Good! We shall have fruit as well as meal and meat. And now, ere we disperse, let us begin our preparations for this feast of thanksgiving with a few words of Holy Writ. (He opens the Bible, and lays it before him on the upright tree stump.)

(He begins to read): "The Lord brought us forth out of Egypt . . . And He hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey. And now, behold, I have brought the first fruits of the land, which Thou, O Lord, hast given me. And thou shalt set it before the Lord thy God and worship before the Lord thy God."

(As he closes the volume an Indian rushes in and stands before him.)

BRADFORD: Squanto, what brings thee in such feverish haste?

SQUANTO (turning and pointing toward the sea): Ship! Big ship beyond Manomet!

BRADFORD (startling): A ship?

SQUANTO: Coming fast! Like bird in the wind!

(The company rise hastily and hurry to an opening in the trees.)

BRADFORD (turning to the others): But we expect no ship; it is not yet time for the Mayflower to return. Standish, what think you?

STANDISH: Perchance a privateer coming to harry us. Every man to arms! We will repair at once to the fort and be ready to train our guns on the vessel when she enters the harbor!

ALDEN (running in): Here is thy glass, captain. Mayhap thou canst see her flag as she rounds Manomet Point!

STANDISH: Thou art ever ready, Alden. (He lifts the glass; the rest of the company strain their eyes for a glimpse of the ship.)

(Several): Canst see her? Canst see her yet?

STANDISH: Ay, she is rounding the point in full sail now. But she flies no flag.

ALDEN: I see her, I see her! She looks not like a French ship, nor yet a Dutch.

STANDISH: She is laying her course straight into the harbor. To the fort to train the guns! But stay, she is unfurling her flag. (With a shout.) England! The flag of England!

(All join in the cry of England! England! The men wave their hats, the women their hands.)

BRADFORD (snatching the glass from Standish and setting it to his eye): I can see her name--'tis the Fortune. She is bringing our own people to us. I would I could make out the decks!

PRISCILLA (embracing Mistress Brewster): Belike thy children are aboard—Fear and Patience coming to thee at last!

MISTRESS BREWSTER (wiping her eyes): Nay, nay; 'tis too good, it cannot be!

Another PILGRIM: And my good wife will be aboard, and our little son!

A MAID: I see my brother! He did promise he would come!

(Sobbing and laughing in their joy, they all hurry out of sight.)

(As the voices die away in the distance a shaft of sunlight falls on the stump, across the pages of the Bible. At the same moment the

Guardian Spirit of the Pilgrims appears in the background. Soft music is heard while she recites *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, by Mrs. Hemans. At the close of the poem she moves slowly forward and, taking her stand at one side of the rude pulpit, speaks again.)

GUARDIAN SPIRIT: Out of the holy faith and steadfast courage of *these* lives the spirit of America was born.

(Soft strains of *My Country, 'Tis of Thee* are heard. Then America, a young woman in white robes, with red and white stripes draped across her breast from the right shoulder, and a dark blue coronet covered with stars on her head comes slowly forward from the left, and stands in the shaft of light with her right hand on the open Bible.)

AMERICA (turning to the Guardian Spirit):

O mother of my life!
 Spirit of Liberty, that gave me birth
 Here in this wilderness,
 Fling wide the curtain of the years to come,
 That I may see the things that are to be!

GUARDIAN SPIRIT:

Lift up your eyes, America! Behold,
 As the years pass, a mighty, questing throng,
 Men who have broken ancient bonds, shall crowd,
 —A host of eager pilgrims—unto thee.
 Thy house shall be a great abiding place,
 Its fair foundations and its mighty walls
 Laid, stone on stone, by men of every race.
 Its roof shall be a shelter and its hearth
 A home for the wayfarers of the world;
 And on its open portals there shall flame
 Imperishable words that all may read:
 LIBERTY, JUSTICE, MERCY, BROTHERHOOD!

(Voices are heard singing in chorus, behind the scenes, *America the Beautiful*. During the hymn America still stands with her hand upon the Bible and her eyes fixed on the distance. The Guardian Spirit stands a little behind and above her in a protecting attitude.)

(*Curtain.*)

The audience rises and sings, to the air of *Duke Street*, *The Mayflower Still is Sailing On*, the *Pilgrim Anniversary Hymn* by Allen Eastman Cross.

THE COMING OF THE MAYFLOWER

More light shall break from out thy word
For Pilgrim followers of the Gleam,
Till, led by thy free spirit, Lord,
We see and share the Pilgrim dream!

What mighty hopes are in our care,
What holy dreams of Brotherhood,
God of our fathers help us dare
Their passion for the common good!

Wild roars the blast, the storm is high!
Above the storm are shining still
The lights by which we live and die;
Our peace is ever in thy will!

The ancient stars, the ancient faith,
Defend us till our voyage is done—
Across the floods of fear and death
The Mayflower still is sailing on!



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 069 279 7

[A limited number of copies of this booklet may be had by Companion subscribers at the rate of four cents in stamps for each copy. Address The Editor of the Family Page, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.]
