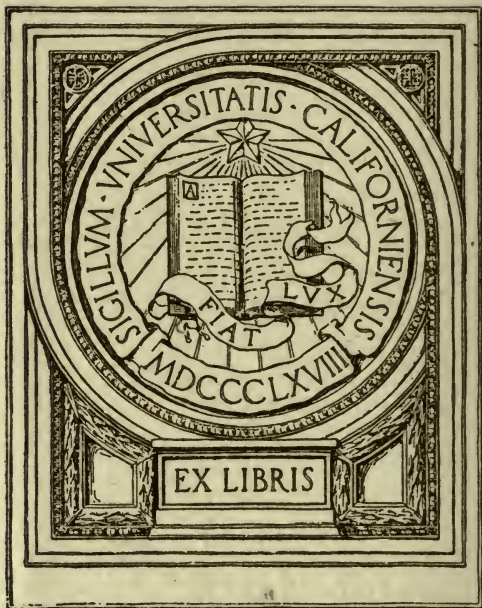


ROMANTIC  
INDIANA

AUGUSTA  
STEVENSON



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ROMANTIC INDIANA



# ROMANTIC INDIANA

*A Dramatic Pageant*

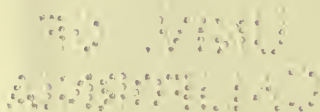
SEVEN EPISODES  
WITH  
PROLOGUE AND TABLEAUX

By  
AUGUSTA STEVENSON



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**ROMANTIC INDIANA**



# PROLOGUE

INDIANA CLAIMED BY LA SALLE  
FOR FRANCE



# ROMANTIC INDIANA

## PROLOGUE

### CHARACTERS

CHEVALIER ROBERT DE LA SALLE

FRENCHMEN

INDIANS

TIME—1669.

PLACE—*Southern Indiana; Ohio River. The forest extends almost to edge of river at back, leaving only a narrow strip of white pebbled shore. Beyond is a beautiful vista of the river winding among steep, wooded hills.*

*Curtain shows some ten Frenchmen standing on shore under arms. Near by stand three Indian guides. All look silently at La Salle, who directs the placing of a large cross in a recently dug hole on shore. As the cross is lifted and put in position by two Frenchmen, the other Frenchmen uncover and chant the Te Deum. The cross is made of bark and on it is a wooden tablet with*

*the words—Louis le Grande, Roy de France et de Navarre, 1669.*

*After the Te Deum, La Salle lifts his hand and proclaims—*

LA SALLE

In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre, I, Robert La Salle, fourteenth of that name, this year of one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine, have taken, and do now take, in the name of his Majesty and of his successors to the crown, possession of this valley of the River Ohio, and of all lands, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto. Also of all nations, tribes and villages within this said country, declaring to the peoples thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty; bound to obey his laws. Declaring to all other princes, sovereigns, states and republics—to them and to their subjects—that they can not and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty, and of him who will



govern in his behalf. Of which, and of all else that is needful, I hereby take to witness those who hear me this day.

*Lifts his sword aloft.*

I claim this land for France, in the name of King Louis the Grand. *Vive le Roi!*

FRENCHMEN

*Vive le Roi!*

*A volley is fired. Then the hymn of  
the Vexilla Regis is sung.*

“The banners of Heaven’s King advance,  
The mystery of the Cross shines forth;”

Etc.

CURTAIN



ACT I

INDIANA UNDER FRANCE



## ACT I—EPISODE I

### CHARACTERS

OFFICER	SECOND COUREUR
PRIEST	THIRD COUREUR
INDIAN	FOURTH COUREUR
TRADER	FIFTH COUREUR
FIRST COUREUR	SIXTH COUREUR
SOLDIERS, WARRIORS, INDIAN GIRLS	

TIME—1685, *Autumn.*

PLACE—*Mouth of the Maumee River.*

SCENE—*Forest, with great trees and mass of grape-vines and brush. River at one side. Hut on other side almost concealed by vines. A small birch canoe appears on river. In it is a solitary Indian. He stops paddling and looks about, then rises and beckons off, up-stream; lands; springs from canoe and stands waiting, looking up-stream. Presently canoes appear containing a French officer, a Jesuit priest and six French soldiers. They land.*

OFFICER

*To Indian.*

Brother, are you certain of this place?

INDIAN

Brother, it is here always—here at mouth of River Maumee.

OFFICER

Have you seen these white men here yourself?

INDIAN

Many times see them, brother—many times.

OFFICER

Do they meet the traders here?

INDIAN

Here, brother, with their beaver skins. Traders wait there and sleep.

*Indicating hut at side. As officer and priest turn to hut, Indian crosses to it swiftly; pushes door open; looks in; turns to others who have followed him.*

Trader there—he sleeps.

OFFICER

Wake him, brother, and tell him we have come.

INDIAN

'Twould anger him—he comes from far—he goes to far—he sleeps on for long time.

OFFICER

The king's business can not wait on a nap.

*Turns to a soldier.*

Wake this sleeper, and tell him the Senior Officer in command at Quebec has come, and with him a Jesuit priest.

*Soldier salutes; crosses; enters hut.*

'Tis rare good luck to find this trader here, Father. He can inform us concerning these rascals we seek.

PRIEST

It were best to speak carefully; he may be in league with them.

OFFICER

Oh, they are all in league with one another—these fur-traders and Indians and bush-lopers.

But that is about to end now. Indeed, I shall arrest this man if he attempts to deceive me.

*Enter soldier from hut, followed by a French trader. He is short of stature and swarthy.*

TRADER

*Saluting.*

Senior Commander!

*Bows head to priest, who makes sign of cross over him. Sees soldiers; starts.*

Soldiers—here—here in this wilderness!

OFFICER

*Sharply.*

Aye, trader, and come with certain intent—a matter that concerns some of your friends, perhaps. I speak of those young men from Canada who have taken up their abode in these woods.

TRADER

Ah! The *Coueurs de Bois!*

OFFICER

Call them what you will—*coueurs*—*voyageurs*



—woodsmen—bush-lopers. 'Tis all the same, and will meet the same fate in prison.

TRADER

*In alarm.*

Prison!

OFFICER

King Louis has ordered their arrest, and to that end laws have been passed against every white man living in the woods; against the traders who furnish them with goods; against any who conceal or harbor them; and even against those who have any knowledge of them, and will not inform the authorities. So, fellow, if you would not be seized yourself, tell us what you know. Come they not here to sell you their furs?

TRADER

They do, Senior Officer. This place is their rendezvous.

OFFICER

And why this place, forsooth?

TRADER

'Tis the heart of a great hunting country—

there are swamps and lakes and marshes. The beaver is plentiful, and 'tis easy to get to the Great Lakes, or to the Wabash and Ohio.

OFFICER

Are you waiting for these woodsmen now?

TRADER

I am expecting them to-day. Have any committed a crime, sir?

OFFICER

'Aye—a crime unspeakable.

TRADER

Why, I have not heard of it! 'Tis strange, too, for news travels quickly in these forests. The Indians carry it from tribe to tribe, and I hear all the gossip. But not one word have I heard of crime.

PRIEST

The Commander means crime against France, trader, in the lives these woodsmen live. They will not remain in our settlements, but insist

upon living with Indians, and adopting their habits and customs.

TRADER

'Tis true—they do. And they marry Indian squaws.

OFFICER

*Quickly.*

You are certain of that?

TRADER

I know what every trader knows.

OFFICER

That confirms the reports I have heard.

PRIEST

It is a dreadful state of affairs! These men come from good Canadian families; many of them are noblemen from France.

OFFICER

Their names, or rank, shall not save them. I will seize them—every one!

TRADER

'Twill be difficult to do, sir; the Indians are their friends. There seems to be a peculiar tie between them. I can not understand it myself.

PRIEST

Methinks 'tis because our young men are so wild and daring. It appeals to the imagination of the Indian.

OFFICER

*Growling.*

'Tis because of the deviltry in them all.

*To trader.*

How many of these rascals, think you, are roaming these forests to-day?

TRADER

An hundred or so—

OFFICER

There are eight hundred of them!

TRADER

I am astonished, sir! They come to trade in small groups.

PRIEST

Do they seem to regret their lives—their separation from the church and its teachings?

TRADER

*Somewhat embarrassed.*

'Tis a point they do not discuss with me, Father.

OFFICER

What care they for religion!

*Singing in the distance—male voices.*

TRADER

'Tis they who come! 'Tis the *coureurs!*

*Singing heard nearer—a love song  
sung with spirit.*

OFFICER

I would know 'twas they from their music.

TRADER

'Tis not exactly a hymn—

PRIEST

*Sadly.*

No, 'tis not a hymn.

*To Officer.*

'Twould be well to conceal the soldiers for a time. It may be we can reason with these *coureurs* and win them by our pleadings.

OFFICER

To please you, Father, I will, but I have no faith in soft words.

*To soldiers.*

Enter the hut there—and let no word be spoken.

*Soldiers go to hut, close door. Canoes appear containing six coureurs. They are young and reckless Canadians and Frenchmen. Many show refinement of features, and bear themselves as aristocrats. They are dressed in picturesque costumes—leathern shirts worn outside pantaloons, and gay-colored caps with tassels. They jump from canoes and draw them on shore, not seeing,*

*others. Some are still singing chorus  
of song.*

FIRST COUREUR

Well, what say you? Has the trader come  
or no?

SECOND COUREUR

If here, he is sound asleep.

TRADER

*Crossing to them.*

Aye! He is sound asleep!

*Coueurs laugh, start to meet trader;  
'see others and stop; show suspicion.*

PRIEST

*Advancing to them.*

You need not show distrust, gentlemen. We  
come here as your friends.

FIRST COUREUR

We have yet to receive friendship from your  
kind, sir. For years we have been bitterly as-  
sailed by all wearers of cassock and gown.

COUREURS

*Indignantly.*

Aye!

FIRST COUREUR

*To officer, haughtily.*

Nor have we more confidence in your glitter and gilt. You will please to explain your presence.

OFFICER

*Indignantly.*

As if an officer must explain! This land belongs to the king of France.

FIRST COUREUR

On paper it may be printed so, but this land is his who lives here.

COUREURS

Aye! It is! It is!

OFFICER

You are boasting a little too soon, sirs. King Louis is exceedingly wroth with you and I have been sent to tell you.



## SECOND COUREUR

*Lightly.*

What have we done to anger his dear Majesty so? That is—what *new* have we done? There has always been some feeling.

## OFFICER

*Exploding.*

You know well enough what you have done! You have abandoned your homes in Canada. There is scarce a young man left among us. There are none to till the soil. There are no brickmakers, no potters, no pilots, no sailors. Our mines and fisheries are being developed by the English. And you are to blame for all this—you and the hundreds like you. You would rather run wild in the woods than live like civilized men.

## FIRST COUREUR

And rather would we become wild than pay King Louis his unjust demands. One-fourth of our beaver skins does his Majesty require! One-fourth of the proceeds of our labor—labor so full of hardship and danger!

## COUREURS

'Aye—aye!

## OFFICER

Must you needs all hunt for a living? You know that his Majesty has forbidden it. A few only can go forth to the woods, and these must bear a license—as this trader does. The rest of you are outlaws!

## SECOND COUREUR

*Lightly.*

Then outlaws we'll remain. The rôle fits us very nicely.

## THIRD COUREUR

*Lightly.*

And besides, we love the life of the forest—it suits our poetic temperament.

*Officer glares at him. Coureurs laugh.*

## FOURTH COUREUR

We love the solitude of the hilltops—the quiet of the valley and plain. 'Tis mysterious—soul inspiring!

## FIFTH COUREUR

We love the shimmering rivers and the sheen  
of the sparkling lakes.

## SIXTH COUREUR

We love the distant mountains—we love their  
eternal blue mist.

## OFFICER

*Sarcastically.*

And likewise you love squaws!

*Coureurs laugh heartily.*

## FIRST COUREUR

As we love all nature so deeply, we can not  
exclude the squaws.

*Coureurs laugh. Priest turns away.*

## OFFICER

*Sternly.*

'Tis like you to take things lightly. Now  
harken to me, whilst I repeat the king's com-  
mands. You are to repair at once to the settle-  
ments—you are to engage in some regular work  
—and finally, you are to marry.

## COUREURS

*Astonished.*

Marry!

## OFFICER

Marry.

## SECOND COUREUR

*Lightly.*

Did his Majesty specify as to age, or size, or color?

## FOURTH COUREUR

How many wives can we take at one time?

*Officer about to explode with anger.**Priest interposes quickly.*

## PRIEST

This matter is most serious, gentlemen. I pray you take it so. The king wishes you to marry French girls who live in the settlements! The reasons for this are weighty. England's colonies are spreading now to the westward. Farther and farther do her settlers come, and ever with wife and family. Good homes do they build, and they till the soil and labor diligently. Soon there will be colonies of these industrious

folk on our very frontier—colonies ever multiplying.

## OFFICER

Whilst Frenchmen roam the woods.

## FIRST COUREUR

But if one marries, he must work.

## PRIEST

That is the point precisely. The king wishes you to do your part in a community life. Thus will France grow strong in this land—thus hold her own 'gainst the English.

## SECOND COUREUR

France has her soldiers to protect her interests.

## PRIEST

France needs you to form new settlements for her.

## THIRD COUREUR

I like not the thought of laboring as the English do. 'Tis far more exciting to hunt.

OFFICER

*Sternly.*

You will hunt now in another quarry—among the Canadian girls in Quebec.

FOURTH COUREUR

And after that the plow—

OFFICER

*With a shrug.*

Well, be that as it may. My duty is done with your marriage.

FIRST COUREUR

Well—I, for one, will not do it!

OFFICER

Eh? You will not?

FIRST COUREUR

I'll not till the soil for any maid in Christendom!

OTHER COUREURS

No! Nor I! Nor I!

## PRIEST

Gentlemen—I pray you! Make no such hasty decision. Have you no love for France in your hearts? Would you see her lose this fair land, and England her conqueror?

## SECOND COUREUR

Such a thing is impossible. France is far too strong.

## PRIEST

France is as strong as you—and you—and each one of you. If you fail her she will perish.

## OFFICER

And more—England will send her fur-traders here in such numbers your business will be ruined.

## FIRST COUREUR

That can never happen. The Indians are our friends; they will never trade with the English. They hate them bitterly.

## TRADER

Indians will trade where there is gold and liberal supplies of rum. And the English have both in plenty.

## OFFICER

Can't you see your danger, men?

## PRIEST

Can't you see the danger for France?

## FIRST COUREUR

I see naught but a plow and a white maid who yokes me to it. Eh, comrades? Is that not the picture?

## COUREURS

Aye!

*Canoes have come filled with Indian girls—from sixteen to twenty years. Men do not see them. They land silently and take furs from canoes. Second coureur discovers them; points to them as he speaks to officer.*



## SECOND COUREUR

There! That is the proper spirit in a wife!  
They help our fur trade along.

*Other coureurs laugh. Priest shows  
disgust. Girls cross to coureurs car-  
rying furs on their backs.*

## FIRST COUREUR

Take the furs to the hut and pile them in one  
corner.

## TRADER

No—no! The hut is filled with merchandise  
and the furs I have bought. Here—pile them  
under this tree. I'll see to them by and by.

*Girls pile furs under tree.*

## OFFICER

Attend to that business now, trader. These  
men are going back to Quebec. *Coureurs*, I de-  
clare you under arrest!

## FIRST COUREUR

*Bowing,*

'Tis easier said than done, Officer.

## FIFTH COUREUR

*Bowing.*

And does no harm to any one, so far as I can see.

## SIXTH COUREUR

*Bowing.*

With no hard feelings on either side—

*Coueurs laughing. Officer crosses to hut; pushes door open.*

## OFFICER

*Speaking off.*

Come! Seize these men!

*Enter soldiers with leveled muskets, but coueurs are too quick. They face soldiers with muskets aimed to fire. Indian girls run off into woods uttering loud cries.*

Will you come with me or no?

## FIRST COUREUR

Give orders to fire, and we'll shoot you first!

*Priest steps between soldiers and coueurs.*

PRIEST

A truce for one moment, Officer!

OFFICER

A truce then for one moment!

*All lower guns, but stand rigidly on guard.*

PRIEST

*To coureurs.*

You refuse to listen to the appeal of the State, but you can not close your ears to the Church. Woe to you if you oppose her commands! Woe and eternal damnation!

*Lifts small cross which hangs on rope from his waist.*

Look you upon this dear cross—the cross of our bleeding Christ! In His blessed name come our missionaries here to labor among the savages. In His sweet name they tell His story and beg them to live in peace and decency. And miracle of miracles, the savages have heard—many of them have been converted. But alas for the faith of the Church! You and your kind are undoing all that

our missionaries have done. You are showing them by your sinful lives the depths to which a white man can fall. You are degrading the cross. You are dragging it through mire and filth—you are betraying again our dear Savior. You know, too, and you know full well, what our missionaries have suffered—the toilsome journeys in cold and in heat—the swamp fevers—attacks of wild beasts—the tortures of slow death by fire, at the stake of hostile Indians. Yet all this you set at naught! It can not be that you realize the pernicious effect of your conduct. It can not be that you have given it one thought. But think on it now, men, and open your hearts.

*Holds cross aloft.*

Kneel, men, to this cross! Kneel in confession of your sins! Kneel for the salvation of your souls! Kneel to your precious Christ!

*Coueurs have lost their air of defiance. Some show humiliation and hang their heads. Some seem about to kneel. They look at one another and hesitate. Suddenly savage yells are heard just off and some fifty Indian*

*warriors rush in. They are armed with clubs and muskets. Indian girls follow them, remaining back. Warriors brandish clubs and give war cry. They cover retreat of coureurs, who run to canoes and embark. Indian girls embark in other canoes and follow them. Warriors then retreat to woods; disappear — and suddenly there is silence.*

## OFFICER

'Tis useless to follow and attack. They outnumber us three to one.

## TRADER

'Twould be worse than useless, sir.

*Coureurs heard singing same ballad in near distance. They sing gaily and impudently.*

## PRIEST

Shame! Shame! If France ever loses this beautiful land 'twill be because of those renegades.

OFFICER

If it depends on them, Father, France has lost  
it now.

*Chorus of song comes floating back  
over the water.*

CURTAIN

## ACT I—EPISODE II

### CHARACTERS

MADAME BUSSERON	CAPTAIN ST. ANGE
MONSIEUR BUSSERON	ISABEL RACINE
FIRST WOMAN	JULES RACINE
SECOND WOMAN	JEAN LAUNAY
THIRD WOMAN	FIRST TRADER
FOURTH WOMAN	SECOND TRADER
FIFTH WOMAN	THIRD TRADER
FIRST MUSICIAN	FOURTH TRADER
SECOND MUSICIAN	FIFTH TRADER
A CHILD	SIXTH TRADER
A TINY CHILD	SEVENTH TRADER
FIRST CITIZEN	EIGHTH TRADER
SECOND CITIZEN	OFFICER
THIRD CITIZEN	SOLDIER
BRIDESMAIDS, RELATIVES, TRADERS, CITIZENS, CHILDREN, SOLDIERS, INDIANS	

TIME—*1763, Spring.*

PLACE—*Post Vincent on Wabash River.*

SCENE—*A tiny Catholic church made of white adobe. Clustered about it are tiny white adobe*

*houses thatched with straw; each with its arcade festooned with trailing vines, and half hidden under the bloom of peach, cherry and apple trees. Each has a tiny dooryard gay with masses of blooming flowers. Back, is a narrow street, and back of that, the entire length of scene, is the fort with its towers. Gate to fort in center; French flag over gate. At curtain the space about church and the street are thronged with dark-eyed young women and men. All are Canadian French, and all are in gala attire. Women wear gay dresses of French peasant style, and large straw hats. Men wear pantaloons and shirts, with sashes tied around waist and falling down behind; gay-colored handkerchiefs are knotted about heads. All are chatting together merrily. Children are seen in dooryards. Suddenly dance music is heard off, and several young men enter, playing violins. They are gaily dressed as others. Children rush to square in center and dance. People applaud and dance a bit themselves. Enter Madame Buseron—a handsome French woman of mature years. She looks on scene with displeasure; claps her hands for attention, and calls out sharply to musicians.*



MADAME

Stop! Stop! Let the music cease!

*Musicians stop instantly. Children stop dancing. People are at once silent and look at Madame with respect.*

FIRST WOMAN

*Aside to companion.*

'Tis Madame Busseron, the wife of the rich fur-trader.

MADAME

You do wrong to play whilst there is a wedding in the church, my friends.

FIRST MUSICIAN

*With regret.*

Ah, Madame Busseron—I offer you a thousand apologies!

*Bows profoundly and gracefully.*

SECOND MUSICIAN

*Bowing.*

I beg your pardon, too, Madame!

OTHERS

*Bowing.*

And I! And I!

FIRST MUSICIAN

We forgot the wedding for the moment, Madame.

SECOND MUSICIAN

We did—we forgot it entirely.

A CHILD

I forgot it, too, when the music played.

A TINY CHILD

So did I, Madame.

FIRST WOMAN

I would beg your pardon, too, Madame.

FIRST CITIZEN

*Bowing.*

And I, Madame!

OTHERS

And I! And I!

MADAME

*Kindly; smiling.*

I understand—'twas only a moment of forgetfulness. It takes an older head to think of these little points of decorum. And then, besides, 'tis a personal matter with me. The bride is a relative of mine.

VOICES

Why, to be sure! To be sure!

SECOND WOMAN

You have missed the ceremony, Madame, it must be almost over.

MADAME

I shall not enter now—I will wait here for the procession. I am vexed, too, to miss it. My husband came back unexpectedly from a five months' hunt for furs. And other traders came with him, to the number of ten. I had dinner to get for them all. And hungry they were as bears.

THIRD WOMAN

'Twas indeed a great task for you, Madame.

MADAME

*Lightly.*

Oh, I gave them cake and wine!

*Others laugh.*

SECOND CITIZEN

*Looking off.*

Here come your husband and guests, Madame.

MADAME

*Looking; showing vexation.*

Nor has he stopped to change his clothes, as I expressly did command.

*Enter Monsieur Busseron and ten traders. All are Canadian French. All wear hunting costumes.*

BUSSERON

*Gaily.*

I have disobeyed you, Madame.

MADAME

I am vexed with you, Pierre. 'Tis a gala day in Post Vincent—we've had no wedding this long time.

BUSSEYON

For that very reason I could not stop to hunt out satins and laces. So long have we been in the woods we feared to lose one minute.

TRADERS

Aye!

*All laugh.*

BUSSEYON

Come, Madame, we will attend the wedding.

MADAME

'Tis too late, Pierre.

BUSSEYON

At least we can see them about the altar, and hear the priest bless the bride and groom. Come, I would not miss it for a dozen beaver skins!

MADAME

*Graciously.*

Well, then, to please you, I shall.

*Busseron gives Madame his arm. They cross to church and enter.*

FIRST TRADER

*To citizens.*

Who is the bride? I did not think to ask Madame.

FIRST WOMAN

She is Mademoiselle Isabel Racine. And she is very young, and has a beautiful gown from France.

SECOND WOMAN

It was her mother's, who came from France, and who has been dead this long time.

FIRST TRADER

Ah, yes—her father is Jules Racine—a fur-trader, who came recently here from Quebec.

*To traders.*

We know him well—

TRADERS

*Nodding.*

Aye!

FIRST TRADER

Whom does Mademoiselle marry? ..

FIRST CITIZEN

Jean Launay, age twenty.

FIRST TRADER

*Starting.*

Jean Launay, the *coureur*?

FIRST CITIZEN

Aye, he is indeed a *coureur*. That is well known to us all.

SECOND TRADER

I can scarce believe mine ears! Does her father favor her marriage to a vagabond of the woods?

SECOND CITIZEN

So far as we know, he does.

THIRD TRADER

'Tis unbelievable! These *coureurs* are in league with the English, and take them their furs, though England is at war with France.

*Citizens start; show indignation.*

## THIRD CITIZEN

'Tis a crime if it be true! Came this knowledge as a hearsay to you?

## FIRST TRADER

Nay, we have proof positive. We suspected them for months. Then we sent our spies to watch them—some trappers from Canada.

## FOURTH TRADER

And they caught them red-handed at it!

## FIFTH TRADER

Aye! And the English paid them more gold than the skins were worth, and more than we could afford to pay.

## SIXTH TRADER

Their English king had given it them to cut us out from the trade.

## SEVENTH TRADER

They are taking the bread from our mouths!



## EIGHTH TRADER

We will be ruined completely!

## FIRST CITIZEN

'Twill ruin us all—for we all trade in furs more or less.

## SECOND CITIZEN

These *coureurs* should be thrown into prison!

## VOICES

Aye! Aye! They should!

## THIRD CITIZEN

'Tis the first we have known of it here.

## SECOND TRADER

The bride's father knew. He has been out in the woods this season. We spoke him on the River Maumee in March.

## FIRST TRADER

'And I myself did tell him in regard to these *coureurs*, and did relate the proof of our spies.

## THIRD CITIZEN

'Tis very strange, that! Did Monsieur Racine seem disturbed?

## FIRST TRADER

Aye, he did, and cried out that the *coureurs* should be driven straightway from the woods.

## FIRST WOMAN

[Then why does he marry his daughter to one?

## OTHERS

*With suspicion.*

Aye!

## FIRST TRADER

Harken, friends, and I'll tell you what I myself believe.

*All gather closer about first trader.*

I believe, as God rules in Heaven, that Jules Racine is in league with these *Coureurs de Bois*.

*Exclamations of astonishment from citizens. First trader continues.*

I tell you he means to profit through them, by their illegal trade with our enemy.

## SECOND TRADER

He has seen our trade falling off and thinks to feather his nest.

## THIRD TRADER

Aye, with English gold—gold of a foe we despise!

## FOURTH TRADER

Out upon Jules Racine!

## OTHERS

*Excitedly.*

Out upon Jules Racine!

## FIRST CITIZEN

We may be too hard on him, friends. It may be the fault of his daughter, of whom he is very fond. She is said to be head over heels in love with this Coureur Jean Launay.

## FIRST WOMAN

Well, be that as it is, I have remarked more than once lately how pale Isabel was looking.

## SECOND WOMAN

And ever she carries her eyes downcast, as if she were most unhappy.

## THIRD WOMAN

I have heard her sigh, too, the sigh that comes from sorrow.

## FOURTH WOMAN

Myself I have noticed her thinness. She has never been so frail in her life.

## FIFTH WOMAN

'Tis very like her father is forcing her to marry this rascal Jean.

## VOICES

*Indignantly.*

Aye! Aye!

## FIRST TRADER

And besides, *coureurs* rarely marry French girls—they prefer squaw wives in the forest. Are we then to believe that this Coureur Jean deliberately walks into Post Vincent and chooses a white wife himself?

## VOICES

Nay!

## SECOND TRADER

He has been urged to do it by the girl's father.  
He has been paid for it well, you may know.

## THIRD TRADER

The whole plot was without doubt hatched in  
the woods this spring, soon after we saw and  
spoke him.

*Cries of indignation from others.*

## THIRD CITIZEN

Jules Racine should be sent to the fort there,  
and put in irons at once!

## OTHERS

Aye!

*Door to church opens; priest heard  
chanting. All make sign of cross.  
Enter bridal procession from church.  
First come many young girls, dressed  
in white and carrying garlands of  
flowers. Then come bride and groom  
—Isabel and Jean Launay. The bride  
is very young (sixteen years); is*

*'pretty, slender, and walks with eyes downcast. She wears a white dress with veil, and carries flowers. Jean is a handsome and daring young man of twenty years. He wears his picturesque coureur costume with gay-colored cap and tassel; wears sword at side; seems to be proud and happy. Then comes the father, Jules Racine, in gala attire, with sword. The Busserons follow. Then come other relatives. There is dead silence for a moment. The bride looks up, surprised. So do the groom, Racine and others.*

## FIRST TRADER

There he is! There's Jules Racine, the traitor!

## SECOND TRADER

There's the vagabond, Jean Launay!

## VOICES

*Angrily.*

Traitor! Traitor! Vagabond!

*Procession stops. People continue to yell and make threatening gestures.*

RACINE

What does this mean, friends?

FIRST TRADER

Call us not "friend"—you trader for English gold!

RACINE

*Astonished.*

English gold! I!

SECOND TRADER

You! And the bridegroom there!

COUREUR

*Defiantly.*

Be careful how you hurl your insults at me!

THIRD TRADER

And what will you do, you bush-loper? Your vagabonds are not around you now with their squaws!

COUREUR

*Drawing sword.*

Defend yourself!

THIRD TRADER

*Taking sword offered by a citizen.*

Come on! Come on! I am ready!

RACINE

*Drawing sword.*

And I! I am ready, too!

FIRST TRADER

*Taking sword offered by a citizen.*

Defend yourself, Jules Racine!

*They fight. Bride screams. Enter French Commander, Captain St. Ange, from fort, with guard of soldiers.*

ST. ANGE

*Sternly.*

I command you to stop! Stop! I will speak but this once.

*Duelists obey, but reluctantly.*

Now tell me the cause of this trouble.

*A babble of angry voices rises. St. Ange lifts his hand for silence.*

Monsieur Racine—speak!



## RACINE

They set upon us at once we left the church,  
Captain. I know not what the cause.

## FIRST TRADER

Lies! Lies! You know full well. You're in  
league with the English, Jules Racine!

## VOICES

Aye! Aye! He is!

## RACINE

I deny it, Captain! I deny it to you all!

## ST. ANGE

*To first trader.*

What proof have you of your accusation?

## FIRST TRADER

He has forced his daughter to marry this  
*Coureur de Bois!*

## PEOPLE

Aye! Aye!

*Coureur steps forward threateningly.*

ST. ANGE

*Sternly.*

Peace! Peace!

RACINE

Again I deny, Captain! Isabel married of her own free will.

FIRST TRADER

Bah! Lies again! Naught but lies! You have forced your girl to marry, that you might have English gold. That *coureur* there trades secretly with them—

COUREUR

*Stepping forward.*

Now I will speak!

ISABEL

*Throwing herself in front of him.*

No—I—I! Captain St. Ange, I was not forced to marry my Jean. I married him because I loved him. My whole heart is his, and my soul!

*Jean kisses her hand and puts his arm about her protectingly.*

ST. ANGE

You honor yourself by speaking, Madame.

*To people.*

Your suspicion was unjust, friends.

SECOND TRADER

*Coureurs* do not marry white girls and come to town to live.

COUREUR

*Gaily.*

And yet you see, it has happened! For this dear maid I will endure your town, and yoke myself to a plow.

ST. ANGE

*Smiling.*

There now—all is settled—

FIRST TRADER

No, Captain St. Ange, it is not. Will you pass over so easily a thing that threatens our trade? This *coureur* sells furs to the English—we have proof positive of it.

## VOICES

*Angrily.*

Aye! Aye!

*St. Ange lifts hand for silence. Coureur gives bride to Racine and steps forward.*

## COUREUR

*Easily, impudently.*

Well, and suppose I do have English gold! What can be done about it! The king of France drove us to trade with the enemy, when still we lived in towns. We refused to give him the lion's share of our furs. Then he ordered us under arrest, and forbade us to sell our furs in any French trading-post. So what would you have us to do? Lie down in the forest and let the birdies feed us? Thank you, dear townspeople—no!

*Bows profoundly, hand on heart. Women laugh, pleased, and completely won over. Many men show change of attitude, but traders still scowl.*

ST. ANGE

*Smiling.*

There! 'Tis quite understood now by all.

THIRD TRADER

*Growling.*

No daughter of mine shall live on English gold!

OTHER TRADERS

Nor mine! Nor mine!

ST. ANGE

*To traders.*

Those are brave words, but you do not mean them, my friends. Your one hope in life is to live easily, and labor as little as possible. You will not work in the fields as the English do—you till barely enough ground for your gardens. Nor will your women-folk weave or spin—they prefer to work with flowers. So flowers, forsooth, we have. This post is one great garden of blooming rose, and lavender, and purple hyacinth.

*Women nod and smile, pleased. Men are softened gradually.*

## A YOUNG MATRON

Do you condemn that in us, Captain?

ST. ANGE

Condemn! God bless you—no! I love it in you, as all Frenchmen do. And the hands that tend flowers are prettier far to us than those that weave and spin.

*All laugh, pleased, but traders.*

And Jules Racine is only like the rest of you. He would see his daughter among her flowers where this handsome Jean can place her.

ALL

*But traders.*

Aye—aye! That's true!

ST. ANGE

Let the procession proceed! Let the music play! Let dancing and feasting follow!

*Musicians play a gay air. Procession reforms and goes. People follow, dancing, singing and laughing. All go but St. Ange, guard and traders.*

*Traders talk together, aside, while St. Ange watches procession. They now cross to him, seeming to have come to some conclusion among themselves.*

ST. ANGE

*Somewhat displeased.*

Ah! You have stayed—

FIRST TRADER

We would speak with you further, Captain, in regard to this Coureur Jean Launay. We liked not the way you did wink at his offense.

ST. ANGE

Gentlemen, now that we be alone, I will tell you plainly that we dare not quarrel with these *coureurs*. They are the tie that binds the Indian to us. They protect us from the tomahawk.

SECOND TRADER

The Indians are friendly to all Frenchmen. They incline to us naturally and desire us to live in this land. Why, then, do we need the *coureurs*?

ST. ANGE

Because the Indian inclines to the one who has power. He hates the English now, but let England win in this war with France, and he will go over to her speedily.

THIRD TRADER

Why talk such absurdities! England can never conquer France.

TRADERS

Nay—never!

ST. ANGE

Since you force me, then, I will confess. This day I have received certain news from Quebec that I hoped to keep from you for a time. Gentlemen—England has conquered France!

*Traders show stupefied astonishment.*

FIRST TRADER

Eh? What is that you say! England victorious?

ST. ANGE

It is true, friends. France has made a treaty of peace with her, and ceded her this land.



## FIRST TRADER

Sir—it can't be possible!

## ST. ANGE

Here is my message from the Commandant at Quebec.

*Takes paper from pocket and hands to traders, who look at it as if they mistrusted their sight.*

As you see, I am commanded to give up this fort to English troops—we are to wait for their arrival.

## SECOND TRADER

'Twill mean the utter ruin of us! English settlers will come farther and farther. They will soon have their fields in our hunting-grounds.

## THIRD TRADER

'Twill be the end of our trade! What shall we do, Captain! Tell us what we shall do!

## ST. ANGE

*Kindly.*

You must give up trapping and hunting, and plant fields as these English do.

## FOURTH TRADER

'Tis not in our blood to work so!

## FIFTH TRADER

We can not compete with them.

## SIXTH TRADER

'Twill mean starvation to us!

## ST. ANGE

I would I could help you, friends, but there is naught that I can do. Our whole thought now must be to retain the friendship of the Indians. They are sure to be angry because of the treaty with England. They will feel that France has betrayed them, for the treaty was made without their consent or knowledge.

## FIRST TRADER

And the English will do all in their power to turn the Indians against us.

## TRADERS

Aye! They will—they will!

ST. ANGE

Do you see then how important to have the *coureurs* for our friends?

SECOND TRADER

It is as you said, Captain. They stand between us and the tomahawk.

ST. ANGE

Then away with you to the wedding feast and take the Coureur Jean by the hand!

*Pause—traders reflecting.*

FIRST TRADER

*Gaily.*

Come, friends! We'll tell Jean we wish him well.

TRADERS

*Heartily.*

'Aye! 'Aye!

*They go. St. Ange enters fort with escort.*

CURTAIN



ACT II

INDIANA UNDER THE ENGLISH



## ACT II—EPISODE I

### CHARACTERS

#### FATHER GIBAULT

FRANCIS VIGO	ENSIGN GARRET
COLONEL HAMILTON	CAPTAIN
CAPTAIN HELM	LIEUTENANT
MERCHANT	FIRST ORDERLY
MRS. MARTIN	SECOND ORDERLY
AMERICAN GIRL	YOUNG BRAVE
MAJOR HAY	OLD BRAVE
CITIZENS, OFFICERS, INDIANS, SOLDIERS	

TIME—1779, *January.*

PLACE—*Vincennes. The fort.*

SCENE—*Interior officers' quarters. Colonel Hamilton is playing cribbage with Major Hay. Other officers are smoking, and shaking dice at fireplace. All wear scarlet uniforms of British army. At curtain, there are exclamations from winners and losers. Enter an orderly; crosses to Hamilton; salutes.*

ORDERLY

Your Excellency, Ensign Garret has returned with his Indians.

HAMILTON

*Interested.*

Ah! I will see Ensign Garret at once.

*Exit orderly. Hamilton rises and turns to officers. Hay rises.*

Gentlemen—

*Officers are at once all attention.*

The scouting party I sent to Kaskaskia to capture the American rebel, Clark, has returned. We shall no doubt have news of importance.

HAY

'Tis most like our men have seized this Clark and put his men to death.

HAMILTON

No doubt. Clark is no soldier and his handful of men are nothing but backwoodsmen.



## CAPTAIN

But, Colonel, they somehow managed to overthrow a strong British force at Kaskaskia.

## HAMILTON

They took our men by surprise. And the French settlers were deceived as to their number and so submitted to them. But that condition can not last—the French fear the British too much to support the American cause.

## HAY

And they know full well that Clark and his hundred or so frontiersmen can not capture this great Northwest from England. Why, the thing is absurd! No one but a foolhardy man would attempt it.

## LIEUTENANT

Fancy marching into a British stronghold with only the arms they can carry—and no ammunition to speak of.

## CAPTAIN

This Clark has courage—we must admit. He

has not only persuaded men to follow him, but he has found the means to equip them.

HAMILTON

Only to fall into our hands as a prisoner and have his romantic excursion ended by a British firing squad.

*Enter Ensign Garret, an experienced English soldier. He salutes Hamilton.*

Well, Ensign, did you bring Clark back with you?

GARRET

Your Excellency, I regret to report a failure.

HAMILTON

Failure! Did you not carry out my plans?

GARRET

To the letter. We proceeded to Kaskaskia and formed an ambuscade near the road that leads to the fort. But 'twas all in vain, your Excellency.

HAMILTON

So Clark still holds our fort at Kaskaskia?

GARRET

Yes, Colonel Hamilton, and he has given the oath of American citizenship to the French inhabitants of the town.

HAMILTON

Forced them to take it, you mean.

GARRET

Whichever way, he has won them over completely and they are now celebrating the event with joy. They have decorated the streets and have frequent processions and singing. Moreover, they are advising the Indians to take up the American cause.

HAMILTON

This is most serious! 'Twill affect the French here at Vincennes. It may influence them to aid Clark in an attack upon us in the spring.

GARRET

I doubt if Clark waits till spring, Colonel. He has given it out in Kaskaskia that he means to attack Vincennes soon.

HAMILTON

'Tis mere talk to influence the French and Indians! He can't get here to attack. The Wabash has overflowed until the lowlands between here and Kaskaskia are a succession of lakes and swamps.

LIEUTENANT

He might transport his men in canoes—

GARRET

He can't get boats enough, it seems. He was sending men out for them daily.

HAMILTON

Again, all a pretense! The weather is too inclement to transport an army in canoes. He must perforce remain in Kaskaskia till spring. And then, gentlemen, I shall carry out my plan of

attacking him. Reinforcements will be sent us soon from Detroit and I will muster a thousand Indians. 'Twill be an easy matter to put Clark's rebels to rout and drive them out of the country.

## OFFICERS

Aye!

## HAMILTON

In the meantime, we must keep the result of this expedition a secret from our American prisoner. He is one of Clark's chief officers and might influence the Vincennes people through their merchants who come to the fort. Indeed, I shall take the precaution of making him think 'twas a success. Lieutenant, you may escort Captain Helm here.

*Exit lieutenant. Hamilton continues.*

We must also prevent our Indian allies from hearing of our failure. Can we keep it from them till spring, all will be well. Our reinforcements will turn the tide in our favor.

## CAPTAIN

I doubt if they will be influenced, Colonel.

Your plan of paying bounties on scalps has won them over to us completely.

HAMILTON

'Aye, for the time, but 'tis the custom of the Indians to give their support to the victor. So we must load all who come with presents and give them liberal supplies of rum, whether they can pay or no. See to that, Captain, at once.

CAPTAIN

I will, Colonel, at once.

*Exit captain. Enter lieutenant with Captain Helm, an American of middle age. He wears buckskins; has no insignia of rank; is courteous but fearless. Hamilton and Hay remain at table. Other officers retire to fireplace.*

HAMILTON

I have certain news for you, Captain Helm—news 'tis well you should know lest you place undue hopes on your American cause—our expedition was a success.

HELM

*Anxiously.*

Was General Clark made a prisoner?

HAMILTON

How could he escape! He fairly walked into our ambuscade—he and all his men. His last chance is gone, if indeed he ever had one. So it would be well for you to join us, Captain, and fight under the British flag. We would give you a rank equal to that you hold, and we would rejoice to receive you among us as one of our brother officers.

HELM

I could not consider that, Colonel; I am an American by birth—I could not desert my country.

HAMILTON

All false sentiment, Captain. This country belongs to England by right, and England ere long will assert that right. Your General Washington will be imprisoned, and your General Clark will be hung. So think it over, sir. You need not decide to-day, nor even yet to-morrow.

We will be patient with you—we realize that you have been misled by your leaders, who are merely fighting for their own ambition and glory. So think it over, Captain Helm, think it over.

*Enter orderly; crosses to Hamilton.*

ORDERLY

Your Excellency, some Indians have come with a prisoner.

HAMILTON

*Interested.*

An American?

ORDERLY

No, your Excellency. He is a Spaniard—a fur-trader.

HAMILTON

*With indifference.*

He can wait till to-morrow. But give the Indians whisky and gifts.

ORDERLY

The captain is seeing to it. And, your Excellency, the American woman from Vincennes is waiting with Captain Helm's dinner.



HAMILTON

She may bring his meals here henceforth.

*Exit orderly.*

HELM

I thank you, Colonel, for your consideration.

*Retires to a bench in a distant corner.*

*Enter orderly showing in Mrs. Martin, a courageous and attractive American woman of some twenty-five years. She carries a basket; wears a long cloak and fur hood; crosses to Helm. Officers continue cards.*

MRS. MARTIN

*Loud voice.*

I've brought you something good this time, sir! Just look at this baked duck, will you! Did you ever see anything handsomer?

HELM

*Loud voice.*

Never, Mrs. Martin, never!

*Low voice.*

Any news to-day?

MRS. MARTIN

*Low voice, as she spreads napkin on bench.*

Yes. There is a new prisoner—I spoke with him secretly in the court. He is a spy sent by General Clark. He says the general escaped the ambuscade and is safe in the fort at Kaskaskia.

*Hamilton looks toward corner. She at once resumes loud voice; holds up plate with duck.*

'Tis stuffed, too, with many good things just as the French women prepare them. There are nuts and bread and oil. 'Twill delight you, Captain, I know.

HELM

I am delighted now, Madam.

*Low voice.*

Who is the spy?

MRS. MARTIN

*With low voice as she places dish on bench.*

A Spaniard—Francis Vigo.

HELM

*Low voice.*

Vigo! I know him well—he is a splendid man!  
He is a rich trader of St. Louis.

MRS. MARTIN

*Low voice.*

He wants to know the number of men in the  
fort and where the cannon are placed and the  
powder.

*Loud voice.*

And here is fresh-baked bread, Captain! 'Tis as  
good as any I ever made, though I do say so  
myself.

*Low voice.*

I'll speak with him when I go out. Tell me every-  
thing—quick!

HELM

*Tasting bread; loud voice.*

'Tis excellent, Madam, excellent!

*Low voice.*

The powder magazine is under this floor—the  
cannon are in the towers.

*Hamilton and Hay glance toward cor-  
ner. Mrs. Martin sees them.*

MRS. MARTIN

*Quickly.*

And here is honey, sir. 'Tis fresh from a honey tree.

HELM

You are very generous, Madam.

MRS. MARTIN

Oh, you are paying me well!

HELM

*Low voice.*

You know the number of soldiers?

MRS. MARTIN

*Low voice.*

Yes.

HELM

*Low voice.*

Tell him they expect reinforcements soon.

MRS. MARTIN

*Low voice.*

I'll tell him if it is possible. Eat, sir, they will notice you.

*Helm eating. Enter second orderly.*

## ORDERLY

Your Excellency, a merchant of Vincennes has come with produce, and merchandise for the officers.

## HAMILTON

Tell the quartermaster to buy at his discretion. Then send the merchant here with his pack.

*Exit second orderly. Hamilton aside to Hay.*

I would we did not need to depend so on these French merchants! It vexes me greatly. But we have no other source of supplies at present—the garrison would starve without them.

## HAY

We can refuse his merchandise at least. We will receive clothing when our reinforcements come in the spring.

## HAMILTON

To be sure! I will refuse him with contempt. These French must be made to realize that the

English are their masters, despite our defeat at Kaskaskia. Tell the officers to buy nothing.

*Hay crosses to officers and speaks with them aside. Enter orderly with French merchant—a middle-aged man of worth. He carries a large pack which he puts down at once as if heavy.*

MERCHANT

*Bowing affably.*

Your Excellency! Officers!

*They stare at him with cold disdain.*

I have wonderful things for you, gentlemen! I bought them myself in Quebec. And the merchant there assured me that they came in the last ship from France. But you shall see for yourselves—how beautiful.

*Turns to open pack.*

HAMILTON

We want none of your French stuff, sir. It offends our eyes to behold it. Now take your pack and begone!

MERCHANT

*Astonished.*

Why, your Excellency—! What have I done to anger you?

HAMILTON

What have you done? You are French—that is enough. You and your brood are constantly conspiring against the English.

MERCHANT

No, your Worship—no! That was years ago—in Pontiac's time.

HAMILTON

Aye, and you still keep it up. We are ever finding arms that the French have given to Indians.

MERCHANT

Maybe some French traders have turned Americans. But 'tis no trader from Vincennes. Have we not taken the oath of allegiance to our English king?

HAMILTON

Yes, and you will keep it, if you know what is

good for you. Do you know how Americans would treat you if they became your masters?

MERCHANT

No, your Excellency, I know not—

HAMILTON

I will tell you then. They are worse than savages after a victory.

MERCHANT

What! Do they torture their prisoners?

HAMILTON

To be sure they do, and worse. They will seize your women and keep them as their slaves. They will separate families. They will seize your lands—they will burn your homes. They will rob you of all you possess in this world, and care not what is your end.



MERCHANT

*Alarmed.*

I knew not they were such fiends! I will tell my people—I will tell all Vincennes!

HAMILTON

The sooner you tell them the better. Now take your pack and be off!

MERCHANT

But, your Honor, I bought certain goods for you—such things as you said you wanted. And the officers, too, ordered many things—

HAMILTON

We have changed our minds about it.

MERCHANT

But I lose much money, your Excellency!

HAMILTON

We want nothing from you but your produce. Now be off—be off with you!

MERCHANT

But, your Honor—

HAMILTON

*To orderly.*

Put the beggar out!

MERCHANT

*With dignity.*

I will go, your Honor. But first I should like pay for the produce.

HAMILTON

I will pay when it suits my pleasure. Orderly—

*Orderly crosses to merchant.*

MERCHANT

Your privates owe me much money.

HAMILTON

You can settle that in the barracks.

## MERCHANT

Will your Honor not give me an order on them?

## HAMILTON

I'll not trouble myself with the matter. Collect from the men, if you can.

*Aside to orderly.*

Tell them not to pay.

*Orderly salutes; goes out with merchant, who leaves pack. Officers seem to compliment Hamilton aside on his method.*

## MRS. MARTIN

*Aside to Helm.*

I will go now whilst the soldiers are occupied with the merchant.

## HELM

'Twill be a good time. Tell Vigo he must fight for his life.

*Mrs. Martin nods and starts off. Hamilton sees her; shows suspicion.*

HAMILTON

Why do you go, Madam? The captain has not finished his dinner.

MRS. MARTIN

I thought I would get my dishes to-morrow, Colonel—I am in no hurry for them.

HAMILTON

You will wait here till an orderly can conduct you to the gate.

*Mrs. Martin retires to corner. Enter second orderly; crosses to Hamilton.*

ORDERLY

Your Excellency, the Indians say their prisoner is an American spy.

HAMILTON

Where did they capture him?

ORDERLY

Between here and Kaskaskia.

HAMILTON

Bring him before me at once.

*Exit second orderly. Hamilton leaves table. Helm retires back. Enter second orderly with Colonel Francis Vigo, a Spaniard of forty years. He is dressed as a trader. Helm shows recognition; is anxious and alarmed. Enter several young braves. Hamilton turns to them.*

My children, where did you capture this man?

YOUNG BRAVE

Father, in the land of the Illinois.

HAMILTON

Was he coming this way from Kaskaskia?

YOUNG BRAVE

Yes, Father.

HAMILTON

Did you search him for papers or letters?

YOUNG BRAVE

Yes, Father. No letter—no paper—nothing.  
But he is spy from Kaskaskia.

HAMILTON

Why are you so certain?

YOUNG BRAVE

No pack—no furs—

HAMILTON

*To Vigo.*

What is your name?

VIGO

Francis Vigo.

HAMILTON

Where do you reside?

VIGO

In the Spanish settlement of St. Louis, your  
Excellency. I ply my trade in these parts.

HAMILTON

Where is your proof of that, sir? Where is your pack of merchandise? Where is your bundle of furs?

VIGO

I lost them all in the floods, your Honor, whilst fording a swollen stream.

HAMILTON

*With suspicion.*

I have not heard of other traders having such accident—

VIGO

And yet how easily it might happen! All the streams are out of their banks, and the currents are swift and strong. 'Twould be almost strange to have one's pack under such conditions.

HAMILTON

You tell your story easily, sir, but Clark sends out many spies. My Indians have seized them before. 'Tis suspicious, sir—most suspicious.

VIGO

*Firmly.*

If you order my execution, Colonel Hamilton, you may expect trouble with Spain. There are those to whom my life is precious.

HAMILTON

Traders are not usually so well protected.

VIGO

I happen to possess some wealth, and so have influence in St. Louis.

HAMILTON

Then why are you a trader? 'Tis a life of hardship and danger.

VIGO

'Tis born and bred in me; I am not content away from the woods.

HAMILTON

Your excuses are not convincing, sir.



## YOUNG BRAVE

Listen not to the whistling of evil birds, Father.

*Other Indians grunt assent.*

## HAMILTON

My Indians are becoming impatient, you see.

*Vigo shrugs his shoulders. Enter first orderly, leaving door open. Savage yells are heard off in near distance.*

## ORDERLY

Your Excellency—the war party is returning! —the Indians who went to attack the American settlement on the Ohio.

*Yells heard nearer.*

## HAMILTON

*To officers.*

We must receive them with the usual ceremony. Parade all troops at once!

*Officers going hastily. Mrs. Martin crossing to Vigo cautiously; is near,*

*when Hamilton turns and sees her;  
shows suspicion.*

Where are you going, Madam?

MRS. MARTIN

*In confusion.*

I—I thought I would not wait longer.

HAMILTON

*To first orderly.*

Conduct this woman to the gate. Hereafter, we will furnish Captain Helm's meals.

*Orderly conducts Mrs. Martin from room. Exeunt officers. Helm hides behind a large chair to escape observation. Hamilton turns to Vigo.*

We will settle your matter later. And I warn you that the woman's actions were nowise in your favor.

*Exit. Indians follow. Helm and Vigo clasp hands.*

HELM

Francis Vigo! You are in great danger here!

Hamilton shows the American spy no mercy. He has allowed his Indians to scalp every one they have captured,

VIGO

I took that chance when I offered my services to General Clark. Now tell me what you know—quick! How many British regulars are here? How many Indian allies?

HELM

There are eighty British soldiers in the fort. And Hamilton can summon at least four hundred Indian warriors.

VIGO

What about ammunition? And where are the cannon placed?

HELM

The cannon are in the tower. There is a large supply of ammunition—enough to last a month. It is here beneath this floor.

VIGO

Is Hamilton expecting reinforcements?

HELM

Yes, in the early spring—a large force of regulars and Indians.

VIGO

This information must go to General Clark at once. If I am detained, it may be that Father Gibault, the Catholic priest in Vincennes, will send a messenger. He is friendly to us. Indeed, he has recently sent General Clark every penny he has, to help with the expenses of this campaign.

HELM

It touches me deeply to hear that. The Father is no longer young, and his people are poor. I will get the information to him if it is possible. But the Father is not welcome here at the fort. His attachment to the American cause has made him most unpopular. So it will be difficult to reach him. I am not permitted to converse with the French traders who come—Hamilton seems to fear my influence.

VIGO

General Clark will march upon Vincennes immediately he has my report. He means to come through the swamps.

HELM

*Proudly.*

'Tis like the man to do that! There's no other general living who would attempt such a perilous journey.

VIGO

Or who could persuade his men to follow!

HELM

It will mean terrible suffering and a hazardous fight at the end. Does General Clark know that there are six hundred Frenchmen in Vincennes who may rise and fight against him? They hate the British, 'tis true, but they may fear to oppose them.

VIGO

General Clark knows well the risks he takes, but he is determined to force the British from this

land. He can scarce control his indignation when he hears of the raids these officers make with their Indian troops, on defenseless American settlements. They permit the savages to kill and torture whom they will, and lift not a hand to restrain them.

## HELM

And they pay the Indians for every scalp taken from an American, without regard to age or sex.

## VIGO

General Clark has heard of that. Is it indeed true? Have you seen it yourself?

## HELM

I have beheld it dozens of times—beheld it until my soul sickened within me. And Hamilton receives the returning war parties with pomp and ceremony, just as he is doing now. And then the payment for scalps begins—the scalps of our brave American frontiersmen—the scalps of their wives and babies. It is heartbreaking, Colonel.

VIGO

*With passion.*

I would I could strangle this Hamilton! He is a fiend!

HELM

Aye, he is! Who but a fiend would place a price upon the head of American girls?

VIGO

I had not heard of that—

HELM

He pays five pounds for every American girl brought alive to this fort. But they must be pretty and young, for they are given away to Indians and British traders to be enslaved by them.

VIGO

'Tis time for General Clark to come—to save the women of our settlements!

HELM

Aye!

*Enter merchant, disappointed; crosses to get pack.*

MERCHANT

*Angrily.*

Not a cent would they pay—not a cent! They laughed in my face—those privates! I wish the Americans would come straightway and drive these robbers out.

HELM

*Quickly.*

Would you help General Clark if he came?

MERCHANT

Indeed, and I would! And so would my sons and my five sons-in-law. I'd see to it they obeyed me. 'Twould not be difficult—we all hate the British naturally.

*Taking up pack.*

HELM

*Aside to Vigo.*

Shall we trust him to tell the priest?

VIGO

'Tis our only chance—we must.



HELM

*To merchant.*

Will you carry a message to Father Gibault?

MERCHANT

I will, sir, and gladly. I will go far to serve an American, now that these thieves will not pay. And 'tis not that they have no money. They have all they want, to buy girls. Listen! Their Indians have just brought one in—a young American girl. And sobbing she is, and moaning, poor child. She saw her father and mother killed and scalped. 'Twas done before her eyes. And she weeps and cries out with the horror of it. But what cares this Hamilton! He does not even heed.

VIGO

Is there aught you can do to save her?

MERCHANT

I mean to tell Father Gibault. Maybe he can protect her, but 'tis not likely.

*Lifting pack; turning to go.*

Now, what is your message, gentlemen? Do you fear you can not trust me? Look at this pack—full as when I came! They have ruined me. My children will suffer for it, and Madam, my wife, will weep.

VIGO

I will buy your goods—everything in your pack.

MERCHANT

What! You buy—you—you!

VIGO

Take it to St. Louis to the Spanish governor there. Give him this ring and he will pay you without a word.

MERCHANT

*Taking ring.*

Sir, I go down on my knees to you!

*Wipes tears from his eyes; grasps  
Vigo's hand.*

Tell me now what to do for you! It does not matter how hard.

## VIGO

Tell Father Gibault that I, Francis Vigo, am held here as a spy, and likely to lose my life. Tell him there is no proof against me. Tell him to come immediately—there is a message for General Clark.

## MERCHANT

I go at once—at once! We will save you, my brother, Father Gibault and I!

*Hurries out with pack. Enter orderly.  
As door is opened, savage yells of  
delight are heard. He closes door  
quickly; crosses; gets bag of money  
from table drawer.*

## VIGO

Your friends seem to have brought in a fair supply of scalps.

## ORDERLY

*Embarrassed.*

Oh, we need money for other things, too. There's a prisoner to be paid for.

*Opens door. Girl heard screaming off.  
Exit orderly, closing door quickly.*

HELM

No need to ask who their prisoner is—

VIGO

It makes my blood run cold!

*Scream heard just off. Door is opened violently and a girl rushes in. She is an 'American—about sixteen—pretty, fair, frail. Her garments are torn from struggling. She is wild with fear. She looks about; runs to Helm; clings to him.*

GIRL

Save me! Save me from them!

*Enter in pursuit, British soldiers and Indians. Enter Hamilton and officers.*

HAMILTON

*Angrily to girl.*

What do you mean by running away, you hussy! No one had lifted a finger against you.

GIRL

*Trembling with fear.*

You gave me to an Indian—

HAMILTON

What else do you expect! You Americans  
are at war with us!*To an old brave, hideous in war paint.*

Here—take her!

*Indians utter exultant cries. Old brave  
crosses; places hand on girl's bare  
arm. She tears herself from him and  
clings to Helm.*

GIRL

Save me! Save me!

HAMILTON

*To old brave.*

Seize the girl and be off!

*Brave seizes girl and drags her across  
room. She faints at door. Helm and  
Vigo start to her, but are stopped by  
Hamilton, who draws his sword.*

Take another step and you shall be shot where you stand.

*Soldiers thrust Helm and Vigo back.  
Hamilton turns to orderly after a  
look at girl.*

'Tis only a faint! Bear her out and revive her.

*Orderly and a soldier carry girl out.  
Hamilton turns to Vigo with an ugly  
manner.*

Now then, we will settle with you. I am convinced, sir, that you are a spy. And I see no reason why you should not meet the fate of one.

VIGO

There is no proof against me, sir.

HAMILTON

There is the word of these Indians.

VIGO

*Boldy.*

And you know what that is worth. They only want my scalp that they may buy whisky from you.

HAMILTON

*'Angrily.*

Sir!

VIGO

Oh, 'tis known far and wide how you do!

HAMILTON

Your boldness only hastens your execution,  
sir. Have you any message to leave?

VIGO

Yes, a message for you! I see bleeding heads  
when I look at you! I hear women shriek when  
you speak!

HAMILTON

Be silent! Do you hear? Be silent!

VIGO

No! I die with my curses upon you!

HAMILTON

*To Indians.*

Scalp him—at once!

*Indians go, taking tomahawks from belts significantly.*

Your hour has come, Francis Vigo. Orderly, do your duty.

*Orderly crossing to Vigo. Enter Father Gibault, a noble-looking man of advanced years.*

GIBAULT

*To orderly.*

Stay! Governor Hamilton, I ask for the release of this Spaniard!

HAMILTON

*Coldly.*

Upon what grounds, Monsieur Gibault?

GIBAULT

Upon the grounds of humanity. There is no proof against him.

HAMILTON

*With suspicion.*

And how know you that, pray?



GIBAULT

The merchant told me—the merchant you failed to pay.

HAMILTON

Your words are not well chosen, Monsieur. I will brook no interference.

GIBAULT

The leading citizens of Vincennes have heard of the arrest of this Spaniard, and are coming to ask for his freedom.

HAMILTON

*Sneering.*

Well, they are not here. The message I sent by the merchant has no doubt scared them out. And you, Monsieur Gibault, I would advise to be content with priestly duties. Your sympathy with the American cause is too well known to give you influence here. This man is a spy, and as a spy shall he meet his death. Orderly, remove the prisoner.

GIBAULT

Sir! I pray you!

HAMILTON

No!

*Orderly who has retired back, crosses to Vigo; takes his arm. Enter some twelve citizens, Frenchmen of middle age. They bear themselves with dignity. The merchant is at their head.*

GIBAULT

*With stern voice of authority.*

You see they were not frightened! And now 'tis my time to give advice. And harken to me well, Governor Hamilton! Unless you free this man, Francis Vigo, the citizens of Vincennes will no longer supply your garrison with provisions.

HAMILTON

*To citizens.*

Do you forget that you are British subjects?

MERCHANT

We do not forget that it is in our power to

make your garrison suffer. Nor do we want trouble with Spain.

HAMILTON

I shall make your town pay for this when my reinforcements come. Do not think for one moment that you will escape chastisement.

MERCHANT

Will you release that man or no?

*Hamilton is furious. He looks from one citizen to another, but each meets his gaze unflinchingly. Pause.*

HAMILTON

*To Vigo.*

I will give you your freedom, providing you promise to do nothing that shall injure the British cause so long as you remain in this country.

VIGO

I will not promise that—

*Others show surprise.*

I will not make a false oath.

HAMILTON

*To priest and citizens.*

You hear? By his own confession he is an enemy to England.

VIGO

How could a Spaniard make such a promise? Suppose England should make war upon Spain!

GIBAULT

*To Hamilton.*

You see that Monsieur Vigo is a man of the finest honor. Could you not change your condition somewhat?

CITIZEN

Aye!

HAMILTON

You are asking too much, sirs!

MERCHANT

Not so much as we can withdraw from you.

OTHER CITIZENS

Aye!

HAMILTON

*To Vigo, after a pause.*

Will you promise to do no injury to the British cause whilst on your journey back to St. Louis?

VIGO

Yes, I will promise that.

HAMILTON

You give me your word of honor?

VIGO

I do.

HAMILTON

*To ensign.*

Let a guard conduct him to the river.

*Guard is formed by ensign.*

VIGO

Allow me to thank you, Father Gibault—and you, gentlemen of Vincennes!

HAMILTON

*Curtly.*

Your guard is ready—go!

*Vigo goes with guard. Hamilton turns  
to priest and citizens.*

Our interview is ended, gentlemen.

GIBAULT

*Patiently.*

Nay, Colonel, we have another favor to ask.

HAMILTON

Better say—to demand.

GIBAULT

*Mildly.*

As you please, sir. We wish that young American girl delivered up to us immediately.

HAMILTON

And what if I refuse?

GIBAULT

*Sternly.*

Let that child be taken, and not one mouthful shall you have that you do not take by force.

MERCHANT

And force will accomplish nothing. Six hundred men we can arm at once. And we have ammunition in plenty.

HAMILTON

*After a sullen pause.*

Take her and go.

*Motions to lieutenant who goes out. Re-enters at once with girl. Orderly follows. Girl is sobbing and trembling with fear.*

GIBAULT

Come, child, with me.

*Girl is bewildered.*

You are free, my child, free! You will come to Vincennes with us and live in a kind French family.

GIRL

*With a pitiful cry of joy.*

Oh, Father—Father! Take my hand—lead me.

*Gibault takes her hand and leads her out. Citizens follow.*

CURTAIN

## ACT II—EPISODE II

### CHARACTERS

#### GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

FATHER GIBAULT	SECOND WOMAN
MAJOR BOWMAN	THIRD WOMAN
COLONEL HAMILTON	FIRST YOUTH
MAJOR HAY	SECOND YOUTH
CAPTAIN HELM	THIRD YOUTH
CAPTAIN	TABAC
LIEUTENANT	FIRST MERCHANT
FIRST ORDERLY	SECOND MERCHANT
SECOND ORDERLY	THIRD MERCHANT
FIRST MAN	FOURTH MERCHANT
SECOND MAN	FIRST GIRL
THIRD MAN	SECOND GIRL
FOURTH MAN	THIRD GIRL
FIRST WOMAN	FOURTH GIRL

#### PEOPLE OF VINCENNES

TIME—1779, February 24. Late afternoon.

PLACE—Vincennes, Catholic Church.

SCENE—Interior of church. Father Gibault is surrounded by many of his people—men, women,



*children. At curtain, there is firing off; volley after volley, but no cannon. People listen in fright. Volleys cease; shots become scattering.*

## FIRST MAN

Listen! The shots are scattering!

## SECOND MAN

The Americans are shooting at the British gunners as they open their port-holes to fire. They've been picking them off all day.

## THIRD MAN

Never did I behold such marksmen! No sooner does a port fly open than fifty Americans have shot.

## FOURTH MAN

If the British stand by their guns, they will lose all their men by sundown.

## GIBAULT

Their cannon seem to be silenced. It has been some time since we heard one.

OTHER MEN

'Aye!

FIRST WOMAN

'Twill be a sad day for us if these Americans win!

SECOND WOMAN

'Twill mean slavery for us and our children!

THIRD WOMAN

They will turn us out of our homes and separate our families forever!

GIBAULT

No, my people, no! Such things are not true. The Americans are kind, and they ever treat women with honor.

FIRST MAN

'Ah, but, Father, you are a priest, and so are not told some things.

GIBAULT

Many of our citizens support the Americans—the merchant Busseron, Colonel Legras and

others. They have given General Clark great stores of powder and balls which they had hid for themselves.

## SECOND MAN

But they are only a few. The rest of us fear the Americans.

## OTHERS

Aye! We do—we do!

*Shooting ceases suddenly.*

## THIRD MAN

What means this sudden silence? I shall look out and see what I may—

*Opens door; looks out cautiously; turns to people showing excitement.*

What think you? The British are sending a flag of truce from the fort!

## GIBAULT

'Tis no more than I expected. General Clark took them by surprise. They did not expect him to march through the swamps.

THIRD MAN

*Looking out.*

The officers speak together—the British and the American! And now an American is coming this way—he enters the square—he is coming to our church!

SECOND WOMAN

He comes to take us away!

THIRD WOMAN

Save us, Father! Save us!

OTHERS

Save us! Save us!

*Enter an American officer—an orderly.  
He wears buckskins. In his belt is a  
tomahawk.*

ORDERLY

*Courteously.*

Father Gibault, General Clark asks permission to use this church for a conference with the British officers.

GIBAULT

It is at his disposal, Officer.

*To people.*

Come, we will retire to the square. 'Twill be safe whilst the truce is on.

*They start off.*

ORDERLY

*At door; waving them back.*

One moment! General Clark is here—at the door!

*Enter General Clark and Major Bowman. Clark is twenty-seven years old; is prepossessing in appearance; has pleasing manners; is brave, energetic and bold. He wears buckskins, as does the major.*

GIBAULT

*Advancing.*

You are welcome here, General Clark! Long have I prayed for this day!

*Gives hand to Clark.*

CLARK

*With great respect.*

'Tis through your help I have come, Father Gibault.

GIBAULT

My part in it was small enough—

CLARK

Nay, 'twas much, and 'twas all you had. It grieved me to take it from you.

GIBAULT

The cause for which you fight is dearer than any man's gold. But tell me—did Colonel Vigo arrive in time? He was compelled to go to St. Louis first, through his promise to Colonel Hamilton.

CLARK

*Smiling.*

He carried out his promise to the letter—went straightway to St. Louis, and then was off again—back over the way he had come—to Kaskaskia!

GIBAULT

And all the time exposed to great danger! The Indians would have burned him alive had they captured him again.

CLARK

He knew that, Father, and spoke of it, but he was willing to sacrifice himself that our pioneers might live in safety under the American flag.

GIBAULT

He should be honored by Americans forever!

CLARK

Aye, he will be! And so shall you, Father Gibault, so shall you!

*Sound of weeping heard, back. Clark turns.*

Why, these women are weeping! Are they afraid of us?

GIBAULT

*Aside to Clark.*

They fear you will mistreat them, despite all

I have said. They have listened to the British officers.

*Weeping continues. Clark crosses to people. Gibault follows.*

CLARK

Why do you weep, my friends?

FIRST WOMAN

We pray you not to seize us!

FIRST MAN

We will submit to the loss of our land, but we beg you not to take us from our wives and children!

OTHERS

Aye! We beg you!

CLARK

Do you mistake us for savages? Do you think that Americans would mistreat women and children? My countrymen disdain to war on the helpless. It is to prevent Indian and British



butchery of women that we come to this place. And we come for that alone, my friends, and not for plunder or loot of your homes.

FIRST MAN

*Amazed.*

Why, sir—'tis not what we've been hearing—

CLARK

You have been prejudiced against us by British officers. But I tell you that no restraint will be put upon you after the fort is taken.

SECOND MAN

But suppose the British conquer?

PEOPLE

Aye!

CLARK

They are beaten now. Have they not sent us a flag of truce and asked for a conference?

THIRD MAN

But you may not come to terms—

CLARK

We shall oblige them to accept whatever terms we choose to offer them.

FOURTH MAN

Ah, but you need many men to do that.

PEOPLE

Aye!

CLARK

Men I have, in plenty. The French at Kaskaskia volunteered in large numbers. Why, victory is ours! 'Tis now merely a matter of form and detail. So think all these things over, my friends. We shall not compel you to take the oath of allegiance, but 'twould be an act we would appreciate; 'twould make you beloved by our nation.

*Turns to priest.*

Speak to them, Father, without. I should like the church for a conference with Major Bowman.

*Exeunt Gibault and people.*

Well, Major, it is plain that we must resort to

braggadocio—or rather, we must continue to use it. Our French volunteers would scarce make a baker's dozen, but these villagers must not know it. So much do they fear the British, we can gain them only by tales of a superior force.

BOWMAN

*Smiling.*

Your display of numerous banners as we approached Vincennes in the dusk impressed them from the first.

CLARK

'Twas necessary in order to disarm them. And 'twas necessary to deceive the Indians, too, who were hanging about in large numbers, ready to go this way or that. I hoped also that reports of our large force would alarm the garrison. And now I am certain that happened. Hamilton would not be asking for a conference otherwise.

BOWMAN

Nay, indeed he would not!

CLARK

But the danger is not over for us. Any mo-

ment the Indians may discover the truth and begin a counter-attack. These French, too, might arise against us. So braggadocio, Major, bombast and bluff must be in order to-day.

BOWMAN

*Smiling.*

You'll find me here at your elbow in any picture you paint.

*Enter Gibault. He is followed by several young Frenchmen.*

GIBAULT

Your pardon, General, but these young men of Vincennes wish to join your forces and fight.

CLARK

I appreciate your offer, gentlemen, but I am not in need of men. Indeed, I have so many that more would embarrass my plans.

FIRST YOUTH

I pray you to take us, General!

## SECOND YOUTH

We desire the Americans to win!

## THIRD YOUTH

We will help you to storm the fort, General.

## CLARK

You would make brave and loyal soldiers, I know, but I can not accept you now. My ranks are filled. But I thank you, young gentlemen. I thank you, Father Gibault.

*Exeunt priest and young men.*

That took as much courage, Major, as it does to face a cannon. I need men as I need my head, and could use them just as effectively.

*Enter an orderly.*

## ORDERLY

Some Indians are coming to you, General, to offer you their aid. They are now within the square.

## CLARK

Tell them we have men in plenty.

*Exit orderly.*

I will not use Indians to make war upon any human being—not even that hair-buying Hamilton.

BOWMAN

*Looking out of window.*

He can not dissuade them, General. Their chief looks at the orderly with anger—and now they come this way.

CLARK

'Tis better perhaps that they do. We must have their good will if it can be got by fair words and excuses.

*Enter Tabac, an Indian chief, followed by several braves.*

TABAC

Who is chief among you? Speak, that I may know.

CLARK

*Haughtily.*

I am chief. What would you of me at this time?

TABAC

Father, I am Tabac, chief of the Piankeshaws, who dwell in the land of their fathers by the waters of the lower Wabash. Father, we do not like the English. My braves would fight with you.

CLARK

You are too late, my children. I can not use more men.

TABAC

Father, Tabac and one hundred warriors will fight for you to the death.

CLARK

You should have come to me at Kaskaskia, before the French volunteers joined.

TABAC

*Sorrowfully.*

Tabac did not know, Father. The English deceived him with lying words.

CLARK

I must refuse you, Tabac. Nor have I time to speak further to-day. The British officers are

coming here to plead with me not to destroy them utterly.

TABAC

*Quickly.*

Tabac American! Braves American, too!

*Braves grunt assent eagerly.*

CLARK

We will smoke our peace pipe to-morrow, my children, before a fire in the fort.

*Conducts Indians to door.*

To-morrow, remember! In the fort!

*Exeunt Indians. Enter orderly.*

ORDERLY

Governor Hamilton is coming, General!

CLARK

Who is with him?

ORDERLY

His major and Captain Helm.



CLARK

*Surprised.*

Captain Helm! That looks suspicious to me, Major. They bring him to intercede in their favor. Little good 'twill do them! I shall insist upon unconditional surrender.

BOWMAN

Hamilton will fight that most bitterly.

CLARK

He knows it will mean death to him, as it most assuredly will. Major Bowman, 'tis all I can do to receive that murderer with the required civilities of war.

ORDERLY

He is approaching, General—

*Short pause. Enter Hamilton, Hay and Helm. Officers bow formally.*

CLARK

*Coldly.*

You suggested a conference, Colonel Hamilton, under your flag of truce,

HAMILTON

I wish, General Clark, to offer you terms of capitulation.

*Hands a paper to Clark who looks at it critically.*

CLARK

*Coldly.*

It is not acceptable to me—

HAMILTON

What is your objection, General?

CLARK

You propose surrendering if you and your men are permitted to go to Florida on parole.

HAMILTON

You would not agree to that?

CLARK

No, most decidedly I would not!

HAMILTON

Will you then make some proposition?

CLARK

I have no other offer to make than that of unconditional surrender.

HAMILTON

*Displeased.*

But, General—

CLARK

*Lifting hand.*

If you choose to comply with that demand, perhaps the sooner the better. It is useless to make any further proposition to me. You realize by this time that your garrison must fall. My troops are impatient at the delay, and are calling aloud for permission to storm the fort. They are enraged against you, as are all Americans in the United States. Should it come to the point, then, of these frontiersmen breaking into your fort, they would not leave a man of you alive.

HAMILTON

They are enraged without reason, sir.

CLARK

*Sharply.*

Say not that, to me! You know of what you are guilty! Will you take my terms or no?

HAMILTON

I believe Captain Helm agrees with me on certain points.

HELM

I do, General Clark. I—

CLARK

Captain Helm, you are a British prisoner, and it is doubtful whether you should speak.

HAMILTON

Captain Helm is free from this moment.

CLARK

I will not receive Captain Helm on such terms. He must return to the fort and await his fate. Hostilities will not be renewed until five minutes

after the guns give the alarm. There is nothing more to be said, Colonel Hamilton.

*Officers bow coldly. Hamilton and escort start off. Hamilton stops and turns.*

HAMILTON

Would you be good enough, General Clark, to give me your reasons for refusing the garrison under any other terms than those of unconditional surrender?

CLARK

Certainly, I will give them. I want an excuse for putting certain Indian partisans to death, or otherwise treating them as I think proper. The cries of the widows and of the fatherless children on the frontiers require their blood from my hands. And I do not intend to be so timorous as to disobey these voices. I may even send for some of those widows to accuse their husbands' murderers—these selfsame Indian partisans.

HAY

*Alarmed.*

Who is it that you call Indian partisans?

## CLARK

Sir, I take Major Hay to be one of the principal ones, after Colonel Hamilton.

*Hay trembles noticeably; is obliged to hold to a chair for support. Hamilton bites his lips nervously. American officers look with disdain upon them. Silence for a moment.*

If I should decide to reconsider the matter I will let you know under flag. If not, you will soon hear the roll of the drum.

*All bow. British go with Helm. Clark turns to orderly.*

Ask all officers to attend me here at once. Tell the men to rest on their arms for fear of treachery.

*Exit orderly. Enter second orderly.*

## SECOND ORDERLY

General Clark, I am sent by Captain Williams to inform you that he has seized some six Indian warriors, who were approaching Vincennes with scalps.

CLARK

Scalps of white men, of course?

SECOND ORDERLY

Yes, General, of American men and women.

CLARK

Take the Indians to the street near the gate of the fort, in full view of the garrison, and scalp every one. Throw their bodies into the river.

*Orderly salutes; exit. Enter Clark's officers. All wear buckskins and carry tomahawks in their belts.*

Gentlemen, I would lay before you the result of the conference. The British will not accept my terms of unconditional surrender.

CAPTAIN

We can force them to it, General. The men are anxious to storm the fort.

LIEUTENANT

Aye, they are—most anxious! They want to be revenged for the loss of relatives and friends.

CLARK

*After a pause of reflection.*

It can not be done without great loss of life, and I am not willing to lose a single man. Besides their Indian allies may rally to their support. We could not hope to withstand an Indian attack whilst engaged in storming the fort.

CAPTAIN

Nay! We could not!

CLARK

Taken altogether, it is a situation that we must make the best of, and do so whilst we may. I am, therefore, willing to moderate my demands, and accept them as prisoners of war. What have you to say, gentlemen?

BOWMAN

We can do nothing else under the circumstances, without running the risk of defeat.

CLARK

And that would mean the utter ruin of all our plans and hopes! With perfect security could



this Hamilton then sally forth with his Indians to torture our pioneers and murder their children and wives. A reign of terror would begin anew for our settlements, and 'twould last as long as an American remained alive from here to the Alleghanies.

CAPTAIN

I favor your terms, General. Accept them as prisoners of war, by all means.

OTHERS

Aye!

CLARK

So be it. I will return Hamilton's articles of capitulation with word that we will accept them in mercy to his men.

OFFICERS

Aye!

*Clark writes on paper left by Hamilton.*

CLARK

Orderly, bear this paper to the fort under a flag and wait for it to be signed.

*Exit orderly with paper. Enter Gibault with people, now increased by merchants and others.*

## GIBAULT

General Clark, my people have decided. They have come to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They wish to be American citizens.

## CLARK

It rejoices my heart to hear this, but the surrender is not yet completed.

## FIRST MERCHANT

That does not matter to us, General. We have made up our minds to be Americans.

## OTHERS

Aye!

## SECOND MERCHANT

We have talked with some of your French volunteers, and the things we have heard have decided us. The French at Kaskaskia are as free

as before, they say, and freer. And their women were treated with respect.

## THIRD MERCHANT

'Aye, and they act and talk in a different style, as freemen do—and should.

## FOURTH MERCHANT

So we, like they of Kaskaskia, would become your people at once.

## OTHERS

'Aye!

## CLARK

We must wait for my flag from the fort. It should be here now in a moment.

## FIRST GIRL

We will decorate our streets with flowers!

## SECOND GIRL

And with gay-colored pavilions, too, as on New Year's Day and for weddings!

## THIRD GIRL

And songs we will sing, and we'll march about!

## FOURTH GIRL

And feasts we will have, and dancing!

## ALL PEOPLE

*Gaily.*

Aye! Aye!

*Enter orderly with American flag.*

## ORDERLY

*Offering a paper.*

From Colonel Hamilton, General.

## CLARK

*Taking paper.*

This will decide the matter, friends.

*Looks at paper carefully. There is a moment of suspense.*

The British have surrendered as prisoners of war!

## GIBAULT

May Heaven be praised!

## OTHERS

*Solemnly.*

Aye!

## CLARK

Father, conduct me to the altar. I will administer the oath of allegiance to these new citizens of our beloved United States.

*Priest and Clark go to altar. Priest raises his hand. People kneel at altar. Officers stand with bowed heads. Orderly lifts flag over altar and kneeling people. Music off, "America."*

## CURTAIN

## MOTION TABLEAU

*General Clark, officers and soldiers wait at gate of fort—same scene as Episode II—Act I. Governor Hamilton and garrison come from fort and deliver up their arms. An American flag is then run up over gate and Clark's fifers and drummers play "Yankee Doodle." The people of Vincennes who are gathered about church wave handkerchiefs and shout with joy.*

## CURTAIN



**ACT III**

**INDIANA UNDER THE STARS AND  
STRIPES**





## ACT III—EPISODE I

### CHARACTERS

GOVERNOR WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

TECUMSEH

LIEUTENANT JENNINGS	FIFTH CITIZEN
SECRETARY	SIXTH CITIZEN
FIRST JUDGE	A WOMAN
SECOND JUDGE	WINNEMAC
THIRD JUDGE	FIRST CHIEF
FIRST CITIZEN	SECOND CHIEF
SECOND CITIZEN	THIRD CHIEF
THIRD CITIZEN	FOURTH CHIEF
FOURTH CITIZEN	FIFTH CHIEF

CITIZENS, WARRIORS, MILITIA

TIME—1810, *August*.

PLACE—*Vincennes. Governor Harrison's home.*

SCENE—*House with porch at side; grove of trees adjoining; street back. Enter from house, the governor's secretary—with law books under*

*his arm. He starts to street. Horse heard galloping off. Secretary stops on steps to porch and listens. Horse heard nearer. Pause. Enter a mounted officer—Lieutenant Jennings—wearing uniform of militia of Vincennes. He dismounts in haste; crosses quickly to house; meets secretary.*

LIEUTENANT

Can you tell me where to find Governor Harrison, sir?

SECRETARY

He is at home, Lieutenant Jennings. But he is engaged with the judges of the Supreme Court.

LIEUTENANT

It is important that he receive a message from Captain Floyd at Fort Knox.

SECRETARY

I will bear it to him. I am his secretary.

LIEUTENANT

Tell his Excellency that Tecumseh is on his way to Vincennes accompanied by many warriors.

SECRETARY

*Calmly.*

General Harrison is expecting Tecumseh. He wrote him to come for a council. So it seems hardly worth while to disturb—

LIEUTENANT

*Violently.*

Tell him this instant or I will! Tell him Tecumseh has hundreds of braves and all are painted and armed! Tell him Captain Floyd is alarmed and fears for the safety of the people of Vincennes!

SECRETARY

*Alarmed.*

I will tell him—at once—at once!

*Exit to house, hastily. Short pause; reenters.*

The governor is coming—and the judges!

*Enter Governor Harrison, a courteous and distinguished gentleman of thirty-eight years. Three judges follow. They are fine types of pioneer citizens. All show alarm. Lieutenant salutes.*

HARRISON

Your message alarms me, Lieutenant. Give me all details, if you please. How many Indians does Tecumseh bring?

LIEUTENANT

At least four hundred, Governor.

HARRISON

I forbade Tecumseh to bring a large band when he came to Vincennes. Do they come from the Prophet's town on the Tippecanoe?

LIEUTENANT

Yes, Governor. They came down the Wabash in eighty canoes. I left Fort Knox immediately they passed.

FIRST JUDGE

They should be here, then, before long.

SECOND JUDGE

They have threatened to attack Vincennes this long time.

## LIEUTENANT

Captain Floyd is marching to your aid with all the men he can spare—twelve privates and a sergeant.

## THIRD JUDGE

He has three miles to come, and may not arrive in time.

## HARRISON

*To first judge.*

Judge, call the militia of Vincennes to arms!

## FIRST JUDGE

At once, Governor!

*Exit, quickly.*

## HARRISON

*To secretary.*

Tell the citizens to prepare for trouble.

## SECRETARY

I'll warn them, your Honor!

*Exit, quickly.*

## HARRISON

*To lieutenant.*

Is Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, with him?

LIEUTENANT

No, your Excellency.

HARRISON

Then I fear an attack much less. Tecumseh is too shrewd to bring on war until he has held council with me. It would affect his influence over other tribes.

SECOND JUDGE

No Indian is to be trusted, Governor—not with their present hatred of white men.

THIRD JUDGE

And Tecumseh is only different in that he hates us more than the others.

HARRISON

I shall not permit his warriors to enter the town.

*Enter many citizens, in alarm.*

## FIRST CITIZEN

Your Honor! A great band of Indians has come!

## SECOND CITIZEN

They are landing now from canoes!

## THIRD CITIZEN

They are painted for war! And all carry clubs and tomahawks!

## HARRISON

*To lieutenant.*

Proceed at once to Tecumseh and tell him that I am displeased at his bringing so many warriors here. Say if he wishes to hold council with me, he can enter Vincennes with only a very small number. And make it pointed, Lieutenant, that the militia of Vincennes, and also our troops from Fort Knox will assemble to receive him—*with honor*, of course, you will say.

*Lieutenant going.*

## SECOND JUDGE

And bullets, if necessary.

*Lieutenant mounts horse; goes. Enter other citizens in alarm.*

A WOMAN

*To Harrison.*

Your Honor! What shall we do if they attack us?

HARRISON

At the first sign of trouble, run to your homes. The militia will protect you. We are expecting Captain Floyd any minute.

FIRST CITIZEN

You should barricade yourself in your house, Governor, and exchange messages through an interpreter. Do not forget that these very Indians plotted to murder you—and not so long ago.

FOURTH CITIZEN

And who knows but they come for that now—to rush upon you suddenly and scalp you!

VOICES

Aye!

HARRISON

It is a risk I must take, friends. This trouble has been brewing for months—I can not run away from it.



## FIFTH CITIZEN

It is Tecumseh and the Prophet who are inciting the Indians against us. There was peace till they built their town on the Tippecanoe.

## SIXTH CITIZEN

Aye, and traders say a thousand braves have joined them there, and they hold war councils nightly.

## THIRD JUDGE

And we know that Tecumseh has been visiting different tribes and trying to unite them. He is said to be so eloquent he can sway the braves at his will.

## FIRST CITIZEN

And the Prophet keeps it up at their town. He pretends he has mysterious powers and can call up evil spirits. 'Tis my opinion that it is all a scheme between the two brothers to excite the braves to a general attack on all our settlements.

## PEOPLE

Yes—yes! It is!

HARRISON

We are in danger, friends. I have had spies in the Prophet's town for weeks—traders and friendly Indians—and all reported ill-feeling and threats of war because of our purchase of that land from the Miamis. And British agents visit them, and tell them we had no right to buy the land and incite them to attack us.

SECOND CITIZEN

The British are forever inciting them against us! Many a raid can be traced to their agents and fur-traders.

PEOPLE

Aye!

HARRISON

It is a serious situation. The Prophet has so stirred his followers with hatred of us they are willing to commit any crime. The friendly chief Winnemac was threatened with torture because he spoke in our defense.

SECOND JUDGE

'Tis certain they mean to destroy us. And how are we to defend ourselves? Here we are

—a mere handful in this great wilderness. The other settlements in this territory are weak and far away.

HARRISON

'Tis for that reason I have been patient with the Prophet and Tecumseh. And we must continue that policy, till government troops can be sent to our aid.

THIRD CITIZEN

*An excitable Virginian.*

In the meantime shall we allow our settlers to be killed—as they have been only recently! And by Indians from the Prophet's town!

HARRISON

I have commanded Tecumseh to stop these raids and he has promised to do so. He said they took place during his absence. And I know positively that he put the ringleaders to death on his return.

THIRD CITIZEN

We should punish them all! We should shoot every Indian on sight!

## VOICES

Yes—yes!

## HARRISON

Nay! Our settlers have done too much of that. They insult the Indians in every possible way. Our traders cheat and rob them. Our hunters shoot them without provocation. 'Tis no wonder they retaliate by raids. From the very first the Indian has been a victim of the white man's greed. I tell you they have my sympathy. But I shall not permit this to color my dealings with them, other than to have great patience.

*Many murmur assent. Enter Winnemac, an Indian chief. People show distrust and bar his path as he attempts to cross to porch.*

## HARRISON

Make way, citizens! It is the friendly chief, Winnemac!

*People fall back. Winnemac crosses.*

## WINNEMAC

Brother, I must speak quick or Tecumseh will hear my words. Listen! He will pretend friend-

ship, but he is hostile—he is ready to spring at your throat.

HARRISON

We have our soldiers ready, Winnemac.

WINNEMAC

'Tis well—he plans for a surprise while you counsel. One word, and the tomahawk will be lifted, and the war-club will descend.

HARRISON

We are prepared, Winnemac.

WINNEMAC

Brother, there is more—Olliwachica, the Prophet, is telling the braves that your bullets can not harm them, nor can your powder burn. He says they can fight with the white men and be unseen by them. Brother, he says the white men will fall like leaves in a storm but no Indian will be killed.

HARRISON

Do the Indians listen to him?

## WINNEMAC

Yes, brother, they open their ears to his words. Olliwachica has excited them with his evil eye and charms. So look to your own life, brother.

## HARRISON

I will be watchful, Winnemac. And, brother, I thank you for your friendliness. You shall be laden with presents when the council-fire is over.

*Enter lieutenant; crosses to governor.*

## LIEUTENANT

*Saluting.*

Your Excellency, Tecumseh declares that he comes to hold a council with you. He says the warriors came of their own free will, and he consented to leave them at the edge of the town. But he insisted on bringing some forty here.

## HARRISON

*To judges.*

I will receive Tecumseh and his chiefs here. The militia can parade before the others and so prevent them from making any concerted action.

JUDGES

Aye!

HARRISON

*To negro servants.*

Bring chairs and place them here.

*Servants enter house; come out at once with chairs; place them on porch. Lieutenant crosses; looks off. Enter first judge. Enter secretary and many citizens.*

FIRST JUDGE

The militia is mustering, Governor. They will be here as soon as possible, but many of the men are at work in the fields and woods.

HARRISON

*To people.*

I'll prolong the council all I may, friends.

LIEUTENANT

They come, your Honor! They advance through the grove—Tecumseh at their head.

*Harrison and judges stand on porch.  
People fall back to rear and side of*

*house. Pause. Enter Tecumseh and Indians. They stop suddenly. Tecumseh shows displeasure. He is a fine-looking man of forty-two; has a majestic countenance and carriage.*

HARRISON

*To lieutenant, aside.*

Go to them—ask why they stop.

*Lieutenant crosses to Indians.*

LIEUTENANT

*With courtesy.*

His Excellency is waiting to receive you, great Chief. He invites you to be seated by him.

TECUMSEH

*Coldly.*

These trees are better for council.

LIEUTENANT

I will tell the governor your words.

*Crosses to Harrison and speaks with him aside. Harrison crosses to Indians; is followed by judges.*



HARRISON

*To Tecumseh.*

Brother, I welcome you to Vincennes and to our council-fire! I welcome the chiefs who are with you. I welcome all your brave warriors. Great Tecumseh, I invite you and your chiefs to sit with me and my judges, that our conference may begin.

TECUMSEH

*Coldly.*

The sun is my father—the earth is my mother. On her bosom shall the council be held.

HARRISON

You are my guest, Tecumseh, so it shall be as you say.

TECUMSEH

Brother, the Great Spirit tells me to speak the truth to you. Listen to me well—you will hear his voice in my words. Brother, once there was no white man in all this country; then it belonged to red men, placed on it by the Great Spirit, to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and to fill it with the same race. But these red men and

their children have been driven from the great salt water, forced over the mountains into the prairies; driven like snowflakes before a tempest—like fallen leaves in a storm. It is you who are driving us now, brother, you and your white braves. You have no pity on us—you would drive us into the lakes of the Northland.

#### HARRISON

My children, listen to me. You accuse us of driving you from your lands. We have not done that. We bought those lands from the Miamis, who were the owners when the white men first came to this country. The Father of our Seventeen Fires paid much money for them, and the papers were signed by the proper chiefs. How, then, can you say we are driving you?

#### TECUMSEH

Brother, the chiefs that made that treaty had no right to make it. No tribe can sell land unless all tribes consent. We are now one people—I am the head of them all. Brother, if you do not restore this land to me, I will kill these chiefs that

sold it. Brother, you will have a hand in their death.

HARRISON

Brother, why do you say all tribes are one? They are not. If the Great Spirit had meant it to be so he would not have put different tongues into their heads.

TECUMSEH

The Great Spirit speaks to us with one tongue and all the tribes understand him. Brother, he has told us that he intended this country as the common property of all his red children. I am not alone in this—these chiefs support me.

FIRST CHIEF

*Stepping forward.*

Brother, I am chief of the Wyandotes—

SECOND CHIEF

I talk for the Kickapoos.

THIRD CHIEF

I for the Pottawattomies—

## FOURTH CHIEF

I am chief of the Ottawas.

## FIFTH CHIEF

I, of the Winnebagoes.

## FIRST CHIEF

Brother, we support the words of Tecumseh, and the words of Olliwachica, the Prophet.

## OTHER CHIEFS

Aye!

## HARRISON

*Sternly.*

Tecumseh, this thing must be stopped. Your brother pretends he is a prophet, but he speaks the words of the devil and gives bad advice to you all. Tecumseh, I command you to break up your town, and send your warriors home.

## TECUMSEH

Brother, you speak with pride of the union of your Seventeen Fires. If it is good for you to unite, why is it not good for us? Brother, I will allow no tribe to sell any land north of the Ohio.

That shall be the dividing line. Brother, no white man shall cross it. We are determined to resist.

## HARRISON

My children, if you make war upon us you will bring on your own destruction. Our warriors will come from the Seventeen Fires—as many as the grains of sand on the Wabash. Brothers, the land we purchased from the Miamis belongs to us by right, and you may be sure that the Great Father of all our Fires will sustain that right by the sword.

*Tecumseh turns quickly to Indians and speaks a few words in Indian tongue with angry voice and violent gestures. Winnemac creeps to Harrison.*

## WINNEMAC

*Aside.*

Brother! He is commanding them to attack you!

*Harrison draws his sword. Judges draw pistols and cock them. Winnemac lifts his tomahawk. Citizens draw hunting knives. A preacher*

*runs into the governor's house and comes out with a gun; stands in door to protect women of household, who are seen in doorway. Tecumseh seems to give a violent order. Warriors lift tomahawks and war-clubs and turn toward Harrison, their eyes fixed on him; they are about to advance when Captain Floyd enters with his troops. They raise guns to fire. Harrison steps in front of them and lifts his hand.*

## HARRISON

No! Do not fire! Tecumseh, I command you to give me an explanation of your conduct.

*Tecumseh turns to Indians and speaks a few words. They drop weapons, but show anger. He turns to Harrison.*

## TECUMSEH

*Coldly.*

I was telling my warriors that your words were false. I said that you and your Seventeen Fires had cheated us and imposed upon every tribe.

## HARRISON

Tecumseh, I will hold no further communication with you. You have come here under the protection of a council-fire, so you may return in safety. But you must leave Vincennes at once—you and all your braves.

*There is silence for a moment; Tecumseh looks at Harrison steadily, then speaks with rising passion.*

## TECUMSEH

Hear my last words, white men! You think you can ruin my people—you think you can starve us and kill us, till not even a papoose is left. But the Great Spirit has not forgotten us. He looks down upon us in pity. He weeps for us and our misery. He commands us to live in the lands of our fathers—to hunt in the grounds that are ours. Do you think we will not heed him? White Chief—I warn you to look to your own wigwams! I warn you to watch and prepare!

*Exeunt with braves.*

## CURTAIN

## ACT III—EPISODE II

### CHARACTERS

OLLIWACHICA, THE PROPHET

FIRST WOMAN

FOURTH WOMAN

SECOND WOMAN

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THIRD WOMAN

WARRIORS

TIME—1811, *November 7, between midnight and dawn.*

PLACE—*Low hill near the Prophet's town.*

SCENE—*On top of hill is a small tepee, highly ornamented with symbols. A large fire burning close by casts a red light upon it. At foot of hill, in darkness, is a mass of waiting warriors. They gaze up at tepee in silence. Indian women and children huddle together at one side. They also gaze at tepee in silence. Pause. Suddenly a drum is heard from within tepee, faintly.*

WARRIORS

Olliwachica! Olliwachica!



## FIRST WOMAN

*Whispering.*

The Great Spirit has come to Olliwachica, the Prophet!

## SECOND WOMAN

Aye! He speaks to him through the drum!  
And softly he speaks—as though he would counsel peace to the warriors.

*Drum heard louder.*

## THIRD WOMAN

Nay, 'tis not peace—he speaks louder now.

## OTHER WOMEN

*Softly.*

Nay!

## FOURTH WOMAN

If the Spirit speaks fast it is war!

## OTHER WOMEN

*Softly.*

Aye!

*'Drum is silent.*

## FIRST WOMAN

'Twould be strange if the Spirit commanded war while Tecumseh is away.

## SECOND WOMAN

Tecumseh forbade the warriors to attack the white chief until he came back from the South.

## THIRD WOMAN

But the white chief is here with his army, here, near our own town! The Great Spirit may be angered.

## FOURTH WOMAN

He will be angered—he will take revenge—he will command the Prophet to fight. Listen—you will hear!

*Pause of complete silence. Suddenly drum is beaten violently. Warriors show excitement.*

## WARRIORS

Olliwachica! Olliwachica!

*Drum is silent. Enter from tepee the Prophet. His sinister face is lighted*

*by fire. He lifts his arms and sings  
in a melodious voice.*

PROPHET

*Singing.*

“In this circle,  
O ye warriors,  
Lo, I tell you,  
Each his future.  
‘All shall be  
As I now reveal it  
In this circle,  
Hear ye!”

WARRIORS

Olliwachica! Tell us! Tell us!

PROPHET

The Great Spirit is in me—He speaks to you in my voice. He commands you to attack the white men. You are to take them by surprise this night and slay them as they sleep in their tents. A bright light will shine upon them, but you shall be clothed in black. Their bullets shall fall from you—their powder shall not burn.

They shall fall like the leaves of autumn—not  
one of you shall be killed!

WARRIORS

*In ecstasy.*

Olliwachica! Olliwachica!

PROPHET

*Holding up string of beads.*

Behold a charm I have made! 'Tis cut from  
my flesh—'tis made of my flesh—'twill keep  
evil spirits away from you until the last white  
man is dead! I hold it now in my hands as I will  
hold it while you strike.

*Holds chain in hands for a moment;  
cries out in frenzy.*

Ai ya he ye! It drips out blood through my  
fingers! 'Tis the blood from the white man's  
scalp! I see it flowing—flowing—

*Shrieks in frenzy; sways body.*

Ai ya he ye! Ai ya he ye!

WARRIORS

*Swaying bodies excitedly.*

'Ai ya he ye! Ai ya he ye!

*Prophet dances around fire, bending  
and twisting his body, and singing.*

PROPHET

*Singing.*

“Let it fly—the arrow,  
Let it fly—the arrow.  
Pierce to the heart of the man, oh!  
Let it fly—the arrow.”

WARRIORS

*Dancing war-dance; singing.*

“Let it fly—the arrow,  
Let it fly—the arrow.  
Pierce to the heart of the man, oh!  
Let it fly—the arrow.”

*Prophet claps his hands together  
sharply. There is quiet at once.*

PROPHET

'Tis time to creep upon the foe! Go! And  
know that not a bullet shall touch you! Know  
that I, Olliwachica, have charmed you! Go si-

lently—go swiftly, and strike with hearts full of hate! Go!

*Warriors glide away silently. Women watch, motionless.*

### CURTAIN

#### MOTION TABLEAU

*Camp of General Harrison's army is seen—the tents and sleeping men lighted by bright fire. A sentry paces back and forth. It is very quiet. Suddenly the rattle of deer hoofs is heard; shots are fired; and pickets appear, retreating backward, firing as they come. Some fall, wounded or killed. Soldiers rush from tents fully dressed and armed. General Harrison comes from his tent, followed by certain officers. He motions to soldiers to put out fire. As they are doing this, Indians are heard yelling, just off. They rush into camp with lifted tomahawks and clubs. Fire is put out—battle is fought in darkness.*

### CURTAIN

## ACT III—EPISODE III

### CHARACTERS

PROPHET

FIRST WOMAN

SECOND WOMAN

THIRD WOMAN

FOURTH WOMAN

FIFTH WOMAN

FIRST GIRL

SECOND GIRL

FIRST WARRIOR

SECOND WARRIOR

THIRD WARRIOR

FOURTH WARRIOR

WARRIORS, WOMEN, CHILDREN

TIME—*Dawn.*

PLACE—*Same.*

SCENE—*At curtain, noise of battle is heard in distance—musketry and yells of Indians. Prophet stands on hill singing battle song.*

### SONG

“There where’er the lightnings strike,  
Into the ground, they hurl the foe—  
White men folk with evil charm—  
One upon another dashed to earth—”

*Enter an Indian woman, running.*

## WOMAN

Olliwachica! Olliwachica! Some of our braves have fallen!

## PROPHET

They will rise up again—I will charm them to life. Go tell the warriors my words.

*Woman runs out. Prophet mutters charms, bending and twisting his body. Pause. Enter second woman, running.*

## SECOND WOMAN

Olliwachica! Olliwachica! More of our braves have fallen!

## PROPHET

They will soon rise and fight. Go tell the warriors that I am saying my charms.

*Second woman runs out. Pause. Prophet saying charms with fury. Enter several women and girls.*



## ALL

Olliwachica! Olliwachica!

## PROPHET

Have the fallen braves come to life?

## THIRD WOMAN

Nay, the old men are digging their graves.

## A GIRL

My father—a chief—is dead!

## ANOTHER GIRL

My brother fell at the first!

## FOURTH WOMAN

My son was killed by their bullets!

*All wailing.*

## PROPHET

*Crossly.*

Stop your wailing! Stop! You will spoil my charms. Return to the battle-field, squaws. You

will see your loved ones risen, and fighting as before.

*As women turn to go, other women enter, running. It grows lighter.*

## FIFTH WOMAN

Olliwachica! The warriors flee from the white men!

## PROPHET

What say you? They flee?

## FIFTH WOMAN

Aye, all those that live.

## PROPHET

You have spoiled my charms with your wailing.

*Enter warriors, hastily. They are sullen and dejected.*

## FIRST WARRIOR

Go to the village, women! Bring all you can carry! We flee at once to the swamps!

*Women go, running.*

## SECOND WARRIOR

*To Prophet.*

Come down from the hilltop, you maker of lies!

## OTHERS

*Angrily.*

Come down! Come down, Olliwachica!

*Prophet descends slowly and with fear.*

## PROPHET

Why do you flee, my children?

## FIRST WARRIOR

Should we stay to see every warrior killed?

## SECOND WARRIOR

*Sneering.*

The bullets would not harm us, you said! Your charms would give light to our eyes!

## THIRD WARRIOR

And all was darkness, and our warriors fell from the first.

OTHERS

*Angrily.*

'Aye!

PROPHET

The women spoiled my charms. They came to me here and wailed.

FIRST WARRIOR

Speak no more of your lies! You have deceived us for many moons. 'Twould be only just if we killed you.

Aye!

*They approach him with threatening gestures.*

PROPHET

*Showing fear.*

I believed what I said—I believed the power was in me—I believed the Great Spirit spoke—

FIRST WARRIOR

You have ruined all our hopes! You have ruined Tecumseh's plans! You urged us to battle with charms—you urged us unprepared!

## SECOND WARRIOR

You have made a plain path through our last hunting-ground for the white men to walk upon!

## THIRD WARRIOR

And now they will come like the tides of the sea. No longer can we resist them.

## FOURTH WARRIOR

With strange tribes we must dwell, and live where they may permit us; and starve if it be their pleasure.

## FIRST WARRIOR

Our day is done in this beautiful land of the Wabash. No more shall our eyes behold the deep and shining Ohio.

## OTHERS

*Sadly.*

No more—no more—

## FIRST WARRIOR

*Fiercely to Prophet.*

You shall die, you evil one!

*Lifts tomahawk and starts toward Prophet, who trembles with fear. Other Indians seize and hold him. First warrior is about to strike. Sound of drum and fife heard in distance. Enter women and children with bundles. Braves throw Prophet to ground with violence, and flee. Women follow. Prophet rising with difficulty. Drum and fife heard nearer. Prophet flees. Drum and fife heard just off—playing an American air. Dark change discloses a tableau. General Harrison is seen seated on a magnificent black horse, preceded by the color bearer with an American flag, and followed by his troops in battle array, grim pioneer fighters all.*

FINAL CURTAIN

## TABLEAUX

## I

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

*Delegates are seen signing papers for statehood. They are all splendid types of brave pioneer citizens of Indiana.*

## II

## A PIONEER HOME

*Interior of log cabin is seen. A barefooted boy is reading by light from log fire in fireplace. The boy is Abraham Lincoln.*

## III

## UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

*A Quaker and his wife are seen hiding two slave girls. Enter slave hunters, sheriff and a crowd of ruffians in pursuit.*

## IV

## UNION TROOPS OF CIVIL WAR

*Governor Morton is seen reviewing Indiana soldiers.*

## V

## PRESENT AND FUTURE

*Indiana mother holds a baby up to majestic figures of Education, Justice and Peace.*







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