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SACAJAWEA
THE INDIAN PRINCESS

**The Indian Girl Who Piloted The Lewis
and Clark Expedition Across The
Rocky Mountains.**

A Play In Three Acts

BY

ANNA WOLFROM

Author of "Albion and Rosamond" and "The Living
Voice," "Human Wisps," etc.

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CHARACTERS

MERIWEATHER LEWIS }
WILLIAM CLARK } leaders of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

GEORGE DROUILLARD, interpreter.

PATRICK GASS, carpenter.

YORK, slave and childhood companion of Wm. Clark.

CRUZATTE }
LABICHE } oarsmen.

WM. BRATTON, blacksmith.

JOHN SHIELDS, gunsmith.

JOHN COALTER, ranger.

JOE SHIELDS }
GEORGE SHANNON } members of the Expedition.

BLACK CAT, Chief of the Mandans.

SHAHAKA, Chief of the Minnetarees.

CAMEAHWAIT, Chief of the Shoshones.

COMCOMLY, Chief of the Chinooks.

RENE JAUSSAUME }
HUGH McCracken }
ALEX. HENRY } fur traders.
MACKENSIE }
LAROCQUE }

TOBY, Indian guide.

CHARBONEAU, fur trader, cook, husband of Sacajawea.

MME. JAUSSAUME, Indian wife of fur trader.

NATAMKA, daughter of the Shoshones.

EAGLE CREST, daughter of the Mandans.

SACAJAWEA, pilot to the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Other members of the Expedition, squaws and warriors of the Mandans, Shoshones and the Chinooks.

SACAJAWEA

ACT I

Camp of the Mandan Indians on the Missouri River in Dakota. On the left side is a row of tepees, before which sit the chief, BLACK CAT, and some of his warriors, talking to RENE JAUSSAUME, a fur trader. To the right are seen large trunks of the river cottonwoods, through which the squaws and children pass from the tepees to the open fire, where the squaws are roasting buffalo.

It is early winter.

JAUSSAUME. Now, Chief, how many buffalo robes have you saved me?

BLACK CAT [*shrugs his shoulders as he shakes his head*]. Big men from Northwest traders come last moon—give horses, blankets, knives. Take all buffalo skins.

JAUSSAUME. Sacre! I take all my horses to the Ricaras then. They will rob their tepees of hides for me.

WARRIOR. No, the Ricaras are thieves, great thieves, and steal our horses out of our very corrals at our door. We kill them like prairie dogs. No more to kill—no more to steal horses.

JAUSSAUME. Long weeks have the dog-team and I plowed through the wilds from Assiniboine to beat those chiens, those British traders. Now they have outdone me!

BLACK CAT. White Face, you rest here—with us—big game come soon. The corn maidens send plenty—my squaws have stored away heaps (*raises his hands to show amount*), squashes, corn, beans, pumpkins—all wait for great buffalo drive.

CHARBONEAU [*coming in with some wild turkeys thrown across his shoulder. He is attired in a big blanket with kerchief on head*]. See, Chief [*throwing down his load at the feet of BLACK CAT*], I bring you a fine dinner today.

WARRIOR. Not much for me, him, him [*thumping his own chest, then that of the warrior of the right and left of him*].

BLACK CAT. Charboneau—you—big friend. How leave you my friends, the Minnetarees, Shahaka. Sacajawea?

CHARBONEAU. They no like so much good weather. Now the harvest over. Big Chief, Shahaka and his band, talk all day—want to go on chase and get scalplocks.

BLACK CAT. So here [*pointing to his men*]. Braves all idle, know not what to do before the hunt. We sorry no more Ricaras to kill.

JAUSSAUME. How about the Sioux?

BLACK CAT [*noticing how all his warriors draw themselves up, their eyes open in surprise, and turn toward him with wonder*]. We no fight the Sioux. He bad. Kills squaws, children—leave no shock of corn behind him.

CHARBONEAU [*with emphasis*]. All diables! While Black Buffalo—he lives, all nations shake with fear for lives.

SECOND WARRIOR. What has become of the great people, the Omahas?

JAUSSAUME. I met a few north by the great water. They were searching for their parents, wives, and children that the Sioux had taken prisoners.

BLACK CAT. No find them—all dead. [*The squaws and children all rush in, grunting with fear and pointing down the river.*] The Sioux—he comes now.

CHARBONEAU. No, no, Chief. [*All have risen.*] Ah, the white man's boat—he come.

SACAJAWEA [*rushes in and runs to her husband, CHARBONEAU, and throws herself into his arms*]. Big canoes, full of white faces—all sing. Me go home. The Sun Father hides face.

CHARBONEAU [*kindly*]. I tell you—some day—traders come up that river in big boats with great bear hides. Wrap little Indian girls up in big skins—take them away—make slaves for pretty wives.

SACAJAWEA [*more a child-wife than ever*]. I not afraid of white man. You come into the land of the sun and buy me from the chief, who steal me from my people, the Shoshones. Me no more slave, but wife of big fur trader. [*Runs over to BLACK CAT*] Great Chief, here come big white brothers of Charboneau. Take all your daughters for wives.

BLACK CAT [*stroking head of the little Indian girl*]. They come here—here rest in peace, when they leave our horses and maidens for our own braves. Little Sacajawea, morning star, no can steal you.

HUGH McCracken [*his heavy jaw set with anger comes in, in the dress of a fur trader*]. What do those measly dogs from the Ohio come up here for? Don't they know that we have fought and won the right to buy all the furs in this country?

JAUSSAUME. We will give them a cold welcome. Who goes into their country to trade—to hunt—not me, the wise Frenchman?

BLACK CAT. Let white dogs come. [*Large canoes can now be seen approaching the shore*] the Mandans smoke peacepipe with the white brother—when he come in peace!

CHARBONEAU. The white man—he never come to hunt for peace. He got too much peace in his own countree—he come to make heself rich.

SACAJAWEA. No, my brave, the white man—he good like you [*the white men are getting out of the boats and tying them to the shore. There is a great uproar among the Indian wives and chil-*

dren. Some run back behind the tents, some peep from behind the trees, rushing to the front at times to get a better view].

GEORGE DROUILLARD [*preceding LEWIS and CLARK, followed by the rest of the Expedition*]. Mighty Chief of the Mandans, Black Cat, we are sent by the Great Father of the new world to smoke the pipe of peace with you. These are his two great soldiers, Warrior Lewis and Clark. They know no fear, yet they fight not.

BLACK CAT [*chuckling to himself*]. No fight, no warrior!

MERIWEATHER LEWIS. True, Great Chief, but we *can* fight. We come not to take your game, your hunting grounds, nor your homes. We seek the big blue ocean and the source of this large river that we have followed so many miles.

WILLIAM CLARK [*his red locks of hair falling about his neck, approaches*]. We are told that there is a Bird-Woman here who alone knows the trail to that source.

GEO. DROUILLARD [*recognizing CHARBONEAU*]. My countryman, do you not know me? You still live here—with the Indians?

CHARBONEAU [*embracing DROUILLARD*]. Oui, mon compatriot. I still here. [*Pulling SACAJAWEA from behind him, who has sought refuge there*] I stay here because—because—you see—I find a little Indian wife. She—Bird-Woman.

WM. CLARK. Then we are fortunate enough, George, for from her we have much to learn.

CHARBONEAU. She—daughter of the Shoshones—big tribe—big warriors—the head of great Missouri, big mud river.

CAPT. LEWIS. If we can reach those head waters in safety, we may, perchance, find some old trail or another river that leads to the sea.

SACAJAWEA [*in fear, points to YORK whose black skin and curly head have made all Indians silent in wonder, all children to hide behind the goat-skin skirts of their mothers*]. I'se so afraid of black—

WM. CLARK [*who partially conceals YORK*]. He is my brother—he brings good luck.

PATRICK GASS. Shure, he brings good luck. Didn't he fish me out of the cold water last night when I caught me oar on a snag and out I went.

JAUSSAUME. We will give you no help in going further into the unknown land until you sit among the people of this tribe and smoke with them—then we will believe whatever you say over the pipe.

CAPT. LEWIS. That is just what we wish to do. We want to establish permanent relations between the United States government and all Indian tribes.

HUGH MCCRAKEN. Your Britisher's word means nothing. Have you not robbed and cheated the Indians of Detroit, under the pretense of friendship until their very souls are yours.

WM. CLARK. We are Americans, sir. We are sent here

by the great president. Thomas Jefferson, with gifts and words of peace to make all Indians his friends.

HUGH McCracken. To drive out all the fur traders, eh, just to enrich his own store?

JAUSSAUME [*waving his arms for all to circle about the Chief. BLACK CAT sits down at center back; to his right sits LEWIS, to the left sits CLARK. To LEWIS' right sits DROUILLARD, to CLARK's left sits CHARBONEAU and little SACAJAWEA to help him interpret. By PATRICK GASS sits HUGH McCracken, two Irishmen well mated. The rest of the circle is made up of warriors sitting between the men of the Expedition. JAUSSAUME waits upon his Chief*]. Sons of the Great Father, you now sit in council with the Mandans, Black Cat speaks.

BLACK CAT [*taking pipe from little swansdown bed, puffs slowly, then rests it on his knee*]. We, the Mandans, love peace—peace with our neighbor. We no kill but to save our own lives, we fight when enemy steal our horses—our children. [*Takes another puff*] smoke not from this pipe unless your heart loves the Mandans [*the squaws are standing back, listening*]. Friend or foe?

CAPT. LEWIS [*taking the pipe*]. We love the great tribe of the Mandans, your people—and Chief [*taking a puff*], we swear in the name of our Great Father, Jefferson, that our mission is one of peace and service to all mankind [*hands pipe back to BLACK CAT*].

BLACK CAT. Well said, pale-face brother. [*Handing pipe to CLAK*] and you, with hair like ripening corn tassles we no often see. The enemy—he watch only too well—when we no see strips the stalks at night—leave our caches empty for winter.

MR. CLARK. This will not be so when our president knows that thy wish is peace. He will send his soldiers here to protect you: he will build a fort for your safety and build schools that your children shall learn all the wonders of the universe [*the squaws begin to pass rush trays heaped with corn, boiled hominy and fine dried meats*].

BLACK CAT [*taking the pipe again*]. You tell all tribes the same: the Sioux, the Kansans, the Omahas!

CAPT. LEWIS. Yes, that has been our purpose all along the way. As the cold weather is about to set in, we plan to spend the winter with you. My men shall build a fort and shops, and all shall live in peace here as many thousand live in the great city of our president.

BLACK CAT [*putting peace pipe back on its swansdown bed*]. Great Mystery, send the Mandans a winter of peace with plenty of buffalo meat. Many summers come—go—no game. Sun-priest pray to rising day—every day—still no deer.

WARRIOR. What more can a great chief ask for his people—Mighty Spirit of the Happy Hunting Ground?

SECOND WARRIOR. The Sun Dance no bring buffalo after much prayer to hawk—bird of wisdom.

CAPT. LEWIS [*rising*]. Now, my Chief, I am going to hang about your neck a medal with the image of Thomas Jefferson on it, and as long as you wear it you may call upon him for protection. Here is a coat that you may wear on sacred occasions. To this warrior I give a fancy shirt, to this one a band of brilliant beads to show that he has won many honors; to this squaw I give a pocket knife to cut the corn and firewood [*he continues to distribute presents until all have received something*].

WM. CLARK. Now, my men, get your axes and we will fell these cottonwoods to build a fort that will be safe and warm for winter. Where is our master carpenter?

PATRICK GASS. Shure, here I be, and my helper, Joe Shields.

JOE SHIELDS. That depends on the job, Pat.

WM. CLARK. Now is the time to show your skill, Patrick. Set your men to work and build a fort that, if we never return, will show the world that so far the dream of Jefferson has not been in vain.

YORK [*the children are pulling at him and wiping their fingers on his cheeks*]. Marse William, dis is no place for your poor servant. Ah is about to lose my temper and spoil everything you said over dat peace pipe.

WM. CLARK. You get the corn mill and show them how to grind corn. They will think you have come from the Great Spirit and leave you alone.

YORK [*to SACAJAWEA, pulling corn grinder out of his knapsack*]. See here, you fairy Bird-Woman, who knows all the trails from dis here land to the sea, can you put corn in an iron spirit like dis and make it come out ready for bread?

SACAJAWEA [*backed by many curious squaws*]. Me not afraid.

YORK [*she is about to put her finger in*]. Stop! You will get ground up into corn meal.

SACAJAWEA [*a little scream brings a response from other Indian maidens standing by*]. Corn make corn meal, me make Indian meal.

GEORGE SHANNON [*the boy of the Expedition whose golden locks and soft skin stand out in contrast to that of YORK, comes in with an armful of ears of corn*]. Use great care, York, to show them the importance of this small machine. Do not scare them.

YORK. What do you think Ah is doing? Ah is more skeered of them than dey is of me. Think Ah is just showing off? Do you want my job?

GEORGE [*steps to the side of EAGLE CREST, CHIEF BLACK CAT'S daughter*]. When we are gone, Eagle Crest, your work will be made easier, for we have brought you many, many useful things that our mothers have sent you.

YORK. Eagle Crest—my! what a beautiful name! You try the grinder.

EAGLE CREST [*takes hold of the grinder awkwardly, while the other maidens titter*]. What do you make with corn flour?

GEORGE [*brings a big iron pot which he sets on a tripod and begins to kindle a fire underneath*]. Here, grind in this. We will make some mush which we will fry in some good bear butter [*all the time the men are hewing the trees and hoisting the logs up to the other men who are building the fort*].

SACAJAWEA. My husband, he good cook: he make corn cake. All white men cook. ai?

GEORGE. No, my Indian princess, only when they are out on a hunt or at war. Our mothers and sisters, like yourselves, are the best of cooks.

YORK [*holding the mill over the pot while EAGLE CREST grinds*]. White man eat lots. See how hard dey work. It is too much work without machine for so many men.

EAGLE CREST. Lots of meal in little time. When warriors go on hunt squaws pound, pound—must have lots for hungry braves.

SACAJAWEA [*as if interpreting for other squaws*]. Big Indian, he eats lots when lots to eat. Sometimes no eat for days, then kill buffalo and eat it all by self. [*All laugh*].

WM. BRATTON [*helped by JOHN SHIELDS, comes in, carrying a small forge, which they set up in foreground*]. York, you better take the kitchen back behind the fort, because I cannot work here with so many curious women about.

YORK. Ah done give my job to Shannon. He likes to work with pretty Indian girls better than me anyway.

CHARBONEAU [*coming to move cuisine*]. Monsieur Lewis, he make me cook. I cook for everybody. See, little Bird Woman, what a fine husband you get. You didn't know before. eh [*picking up pot and tripod*]?

SACAJAWEA. Yes, I know, Touissant, when I sick, you make me nice soup [*helping him to carry the iron pot*].

JOHN SHIELDS [*adjusting forge to a steady position*]. Now, bring on your axes to grind and spears to point. A blacksmith shop is here, all but the roof.

WM. BRATTON [*with hand bellows, coaxes the fire to a fine heat*]. What have you to mend? [*The Indian braves gather about, eyes open with wonder*]. Give me yonder dog-pole, warrior, until I shape it into the sharpest of pikes. And for you, great soldier of the forest, I make you a scraper for your hides, and for all I make arrow tips in a minute that take hours to shape out of flint.

FIRST WARRIOR [*giving an undistinguishable grunt, examining the arrow head*]. Me no more afraid of the Snake and Sioux!

SECOND WARRIOR. Great medicine.

THIRD WARRIOR. Make me good knife for squaw so she work more.

BLACK CAT [*followed by his squaw, who carries a hundred pounds of specially dried meat on her back and throws it down at the gunsmith's feet*]. Magic white man!

JOHN SHIELDS. I am the maker of guns and molder of bullets. What will you have, red brother, what will you have?

BLACK CAT. Me bring pemmican—trade big furs for—all for powder ball.

JOHN SHIELDS. All right, you shall have it.

WARRIOR [*with a skin of corn*]. We want battle axe [*drawing finger across his throat*] to kill Arikaras.

WM. BRATTON [*to Chief's squaw*]. Here, queen of the Mandans, is a brass kettle that will not be hurt by the fire nor pierced by the arrow. Cook your wild onion and sweet camas in it.

GEO. DROUILLARD [*coming in with his axe to be sharpened*]. Those trees are spongy, and if you are not looking the axe flies back like a rusty trigger to hit a fellow in the face.

PATRICK CASS. And it is me that knows that [*examining his own axe*]. The very first whack slapped me in the face, and I thought I had hit my mother's bread sponge. But the old fort [*points to the rude structure*] is going up all right, I am thinking.

WM. BRATTON. Here, Pat, let's have your axe now. We can waste little time until we are behind those high pickets of yours. We can not tell what time those Hud-on Bay fur traders will try to rout us by sending down a savage tribe of Indians against us.

PAT. CASS. And shore it's me that will be there foin't. For I am thinking they will take an Irishman before they will anybody else.

GEO. DROUILLARD. An Irishman and an Indian never did mix well. Pat, I can tell you that. Is that not so, Capt. Lewis [*who has just come up with his axe to be ground*]?

CAPT. LEWIS. That depends on the Irishman. I think Pat can make himself at home with most anybody.

PAT. CASS. I can that as long as I am near the door, and have a good clear space outside to run in.

CAPT. LEWIS. You depend more then on your legs than on your wits, Pat?

JOHN COALTER [*just coming up*]. You would need both of them, Patrick. I am thinking, if a bear were behind you.

CAPT. LEWIS. That's just fine, William [*taking the axe and examining the edge*]. Many thanks until you are better paid [*PATRICK and GEORGE DROUILLARD return to woods*].

JOHN COALTER. Shall we have a fireplace in our council hall, Captain?

CAPT. LEWIS. Yes, indeed, John. One large enough to roast a good-sized ox in, too, for our men must do some hunting this winter if we are to make muscle for next spring's journey. [*He pauses to notice a group of new Indians coming in, led by SHAHAKA, the Big White Head Chief, followed by his squaw, packing on her back a load of very fine pemmican*]. You are welcome, friends and neighbors of the Mandans.

BLACK CAT. Shahaka—he big chief of Minnetarees.

CAPT. LEWIS [*shakes hands as a sign of friendship, which*

SHAHAKA *does not understand*). We come here among you as messengers of peace, sent by the Great Father of your country.

SHAHAKA. Big king—England?

CAPT. LEWIS. No, America. All men are kings—you—me [*pointing to each in turn*] from ocean to ocean.

SHAHAKA. Me no king—me big chief.

CAPT. LEWIS [*laughing*]. We are in search of a big river that leads to the ocean of the Setting Sun. Do you know the way?

SHAHAKA [*shaking his head*]. No go—bad Indians—fight much—kill everybody. Here [*unloading meat from squaw's back*], we no fight, we want to see black man. Here, plenty of pemmican—see!

CAPT. LEWIS [*calling YORK from the rear*]. York, here is a friendly tribe of Indians come to pay you a visit. You may receive all the honors.

SHAHAKA [*wetting his finger and rubbing it across YORK's face*]. You Indian, sick Indian?

YORK [*laughing, shows his white pearly teeth*]. Me dead Indian, come to life again.

SHAHAKA. Seven snows ago—no food—all hungry—turn black—die. Big dogs of forest eat most all Minnetarees.

CAPT. LEWIS [*as YORK turns a somersault and does a heel and toe dance*]. You must live in peace with your neighboring tribes so that they will not rob you of your harvest. That is the word of President Jefferson.

SHAHAKA. What can Indian do when the Sioux thieves come in the night and take all?

CAPT. LEWIS [*shrugging his shoulders*]. That is the reason for our Expedition: to teach all tribes of Indians that constant war brings waste, famine, and destroys the number, allowing the big dogs to eat up the little ones. The president will protect you, if you will heed him, by building forts and sending soldiers to your aid.

BLACK CAT [*suspiciously*]. We wait—we see!

CAPT. LEWIS. Come! See the first fort built upon the upper Missouri. When we are finished with it as winter quarters, we will leave it to all the tribes of the Dakotas as a veritable stockade against the tribes of the North [*leads them out*].

MME. JAUSSAUME [*a group of Indian squaws and maidens sitting in the background, now comes into view as the men leave*]. Big man, big talk. Put Indians in there, then see no more of them.

EAGLE CREST. Me like to go in there where pretty Gold-Hair is.

SACAJAWEA. Do not be afraid, little Eagle Crest, the Great Spirit will take care of you and all little Indian girls. The white man has a Father who does not let harm come to His children. Charboneau tell me so.

CHAS. MACKENSIE (*heading a group of British fur traders*,

comes suddenly around the corner of the stockade and stops to wonder]. What is this, what is this in the land of the king?

LAROCQUE. Mighty high post—looks like a fort.

ALEX. HENRY. Ah, the Hudson Bay fur trappers have set up winter quarters, no doubt.

CHAS. MACKENSIE [*seeing group of maidens, comes over to them*]. What means this—this fort-like building? No Indian ever built that.

MME. JAUSSAUME. Big White Knives come up river, big boats, build lodge for winter.

LAROCQUE. Are they traders? Do they come after our furs?

EAGLE CREST. Nice boy. He take me back to his mother.

MME. JAUSSAUME. How you know? He no take you. He come to steal your lands your horses—like Sioux.

ALEX. HENRY [*sees CHARBONEAU coming out of fort, calls*]. Hey, there, Charboneau. Don't you know an old friend?

CHARBONEAU [*carrying a kettle*]. *Oui, oui, je sais*. You bet I know you [*shaking hands*]. Where you come from? And you, old Mackensie, and *mon frere*, Loroque?

LAROCQUE. What is this? Who has got in ahead of us? We come to build a trading post.

CHARBONEAU. Oh, fine! The president of the United States, he send a lot of men, too, to explore up the Missouri to the mountain-tops and maybe further. Me go [*tapping his kettle*], me cook.

MACKENSIE. What has the president of the United States got to do with this? This is a part of Canada, and our rightful trading country.

CHARBONEAU. *Je ne sais pas*. Capt. Lewis and Capt. Clark, very fine men—they tell you.

ALEX. HENRY. You come with us, Charboneau. We need you in the fur trade for we are going to make a line of trading posts from Fort William to the Unknown Territory.

CHARBONEAU. What you say?

LAROCQUE. Sure, you go with us. You can speak the languages of many Indian tribes. Here are fine buckskin suits for you and your bride [*handing him a gaudy outlay*].

CHARBONEAU [*throwing the kettle aside*]. I be cook no more Dirty work. I go, be big fur trader, get rich!

SACAJAWEA. No, no, Charboneau. You gave big promise already—to the captains of the Big Father.

MACKENSIE. What does a word or promise mean to those white-haired dogs? They come to steal our rights, our king's lands.

LAROCQUE [*sees YORK coming to the front*]. Black haired, you better say. What is this?

YORK [*looking surprised*]. Ah is Marse Clark's servant--from old Virginie.

ALEX. HENRY. An aristocrat, hey?

YORK. No, sar, nothing like dat. Marse William is just a plain man—like me.

MACKENSIE. What is your master's purpose in coming into these wilds?

YORK. We's exploring, like. The president, he done sent Capt. Lewis and Capt. Clark to find out what's up here.

LAROCQUE. Say, boy, do you want to be chief?

YORK. Chief of what?

LAROCQUE. Of an Indian tribe.

YORK [*hesitating*]. Chief of an Indian tribe? No, sar!

LAROCQUE. You quit that foolish Expedition and we make you great chief—of Arikaras.

YORK [*chuckles to himself*]. Me big chief of Arikaras. No, sar. Ah stays with Marse William 'cause Ah knows when Ah's in safe company. There is a prize on short, curly locks like mine. [LEWIS and CLARK, followed by many Indians, are seen coming out of fort.]

CHARBONEAU. Say, Capt. Lewis, I no work for you. I go, be big fur trader with big Northwest Company.

CAPT. LEWIS. All right, sir: you are not compelled to go. My men must go willingly, must serve willingly.

CHARBONEAU [*taken back, sulks away*]. You find no good cook like me in all the world.

WM. CLARK [*to LEWIS*]. I see that we have some visitors. Will you not come into the fort and accept of our hospitality?

CAPT. LEWIS [*less cordial*]. What is your mission, gentlemen?

ALEX. HENRY. We are fur traders, sir, and we are establishing a line of posts from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains and beyond.

CAPT. LEWIS. At whose request?

MACKENSIE. The Northwest Fur Company has a contract with the British Government to buy and trade for furs on their lands.

CAPT. LEWIS. But you are on American soil.

ALEX. HENRY. Since when? Larocque, here, has been coming here for twenty years, trading with these Indians.

LAROCQUE. Sure I have—nigh unto twenty years!

CAPT. LEWIS. 'Tis little more than a year now since our president, Thomas Jefferson, bought this western country from Napoleon.

MACKENSIE. Napoleon sold what was not his to sell.

ALEX. HENRY. I thought we had settled the French for once and all time.

LAROCQUE. No, comrade, you can never down a Frenchman. He is sure to bob up when you are least expecting him.

CAPT. LEWIS [*still with dignity*]. This was bought by what is known as the Louisiana Purchase, and, as the northwest lines are rather uncertain, our Expedition has been fitted out to explore as far, as we can, to the Pacific Ocean and establish trade relations with the Indians. We come as messengers of peace. We want the

tribes to know of their Great Father, the president, of whom they can ask help when they need it.

ALEX. HENRY. We are going on much the same errand then, are we not?

CAPT. LEWIS [*firmly*]. No, because you are not on your own land.

MACKENSIE. We claim it by the right of discovery.

LAROCQUE [*self assured*]. And by the right of trade.

WM. CLARK. Gentlemen, it is not our purpose to argue the question with you. You have heard Capt. Lewis' message.

CAPT. LEWIS [*noticing CHARBONEAU'S new outfit, who has just rejoined the assembly*]. Your right to trade, sirs, is not altered as long as it is done in the spirit of commerce, and the Indian gets full value for his pelts. But if you come into American territory to stir up animosity among the tribes, or to arouse any ill-feeling by bedecking them with useless presents and medals, you will be committing an open act against the United States government and will be dealt with accordingly.

MACKENSIE [*more respectfully*]. Sir, our purpose is to conform with your laws. We will say nothing further until we know more definitely who are the rightful owners of the Dakotas.

CHARBONEAU [*drawing near to LEWIS*]. Then I stay with you, Capt. Lewis. When he don't know where hees land is, I go not with him. I cook for you some more, hey?

CAPT. LEWIS. Yes, Charboneau. You dismissed yourself and you can hire yourself over again. Now, gentlemen, if you will come into our winter quarters, Charboneau will give you a fine bear steak dinner, and you shall remain the guests of the American Republic as long as there is anything to eat [*points the way*].

ALEX. HENRY. We have met gentlemen of the old school anyway [*shaking hands with LEWIS as he passes him*].

MME. JAUSSAUME. White man talk—all talk.

SACAJAWEA. Not all talk. My man, he cook and buy me pretty dresses with lots of furs.

MME. JAUSSAUME [*to SACAJAWEA*]. Me, Big Chief's daughter—you poor Shoshone.

SACAJAWEA. Shoshone, good Indian. Minnetarees bad Indians—steal little Indian girl and me. Never let us see our mothers again.

WM. CLARK [*coming out, stops to look at circle of young maidens*]. What, is this an Indian sewing bee?

MME. JAUSSAUME. We no sew. Big fur men from Canada bring pretty dresses [*strokes the dress she has on to show him*].

WM. CLARK. Did you, too, Sacajawea, buy your dress with skins of beaver?

SACAJAWEA [*smiling*]. Charboneau—he buy it with many skins.

MME. JAUSSAUME [*pointing to SACAJAWEA*]. She only slave—white man buy her—slave. Me, Big Chief's daughter.

WM. CLARK [*looking with compassion on little SACAJAWEA*]. You are no slave. Sacajawea; all daughters of America's forest were ever born free.

EAGLE CREST. Me want to marry white man. Don't want to be slave to big Indian brave. Brave men no makes wives slaves.

WM. CLARK. We need a guide who can speak all the dialects of the northwest tribes of Indians.

MME. JAUSSAUME. No get one—all bad Indians. Kill you before you talk.

SACAJAWEA. No. no. Shoshone good Indians. They are my people!

WM. CLARK. Then will you, Sacajawea, go to pilot us through your country, to show us the way to the river of the sun?

MME. JAUSSAUME. Oh! She make much money. Husband be rich then.

WM. CLARK. No, we have no money to give. Everyone must give a part of himself to the land of which he enjoys the freedom. Sacajawea, are you willing to give your services to this new country to help find a path to the sea, that men may follow in all the years to come?

SACAJAWEA [*rising*]. Yes, Capt. Clark [*extending her hand to him*] I go. I know many, many trails where my people go, when me little, to hunt, many secret places in the mountains where we hide when the bad tribes wear war paint and come to shoot us. My people have no guns. No white traders ever come to our lodges to trade power ball for hides. We will go to them and help them. We will find them.

WM. CLARK. Yes, we will find them with your help, and, too, we will find the path to the western sea. The best room in the fort will be yours this winter [*stands and looks at her for a moment*]. No princess of royal blood has ever been cherished by her people as you shall be by the men of Fort Mandan, no queen shall ever go down in history, having done more for her country than little Sacajawea, the American princess of the Northwest.

SACAJAWEA [*all radiant*]. To the Sunset Sea!

WM. CLARK [*leading SACAJAWEA into the fort*]. The key to the Northwest has been found.

CURTAIN

ACT II

In the distance the snow-capped mountains can be seen with green and well-wooded slopes. In the foreground are large boulders, rolled high, one upon the other. CAPTAINS LEWIS and CLARK are standing on respective heights, looking at the dashing waters beneath.

CAPT. LEWIS. Here we are at the forks at last [*scanning the horizon to see what is in the distance*].

WM. CLARK. Yes, now we must find out which of the three forks is the true Missouri.

CAPT. LEWIS. See the snow-capped mountains, the grand old Rockies at last!

WM. CLARK. At last!

CAPT. LEWIS. But not the least.

WM. CLARK. It is some reward to see those mighty peaks, if we never reach the roaring torrents of the red fish river, which the old Indian told us would take us to the sea.

CAPT. LEWIS. My reward shall be only when I see the great Pacific. My life's hope is there.

WM. CLARK. And mine, too, Meriweather.

CAPT. LEWIS. 'Tis not to be in vain. William, that our President Jefferson's dream of an outlet to the Pacific Ocean should be through the great Northwest?

WM. CLARK. All the Indian tribes that we have met assure us that we are on the Sun-Set Trail to that sea.

CAPT. LEWIS. And what shall we name the forks of the great, old, muddy Missouri?

WM. CLARK. To our greatest statesmen. do you not think?

CAPT. LEWIS. If you leave it to me, then I should say [*pointing*] the Jefferson, the Madison, the Gallitin.

WM. CLARK. Good! You couldn't have done better, Meriweather.

PATRICK GASS [*head man on the tow-line of first boat, coming up the rocky and narrow stream*]. It seems to me, Captains, that we are about at our journey's end, for when a feller has to drag his boat for want of water he better go overland.

CAPT. LEWIS. We must hold council and decide. Here we are at the forks about which the medicine man of the Minnetarees told us, but which is the right one.

PAT. GASS. Take council in your own head and decide yourselves. 'Tis better I have always found than the brains of many men.

WM. CLARK. We have been fortunate so far. Patrick, because we have taken the advice of the Indian tribes that happened in our pathway. We do not want to make a mistake and lose the good summer.

GEO. DROUILLARD. We need that for traveling. We must make trail while the sun shines.

CRUZATTE [*tying his boat to a boulder*]. Or drive a dog-sled, hey?

LABICHE [*jumping over the edge of canoe*]. You are all right at the oar, Cruzatte, but you would never make a dog-team go.

LABICHE. I tell you what. You look and see where all that mud water comes from and then you have the right branch.

GEO. DROUILLARD. Now there is some sense to that remark.

CHARBONEAU [*unloading himself and SACAJAWEA from the last boat, who now has a little papoose strapped to her back*]. Will we make camp here, Captains? If you do, I go back and take a shot at a bighorn I saw back there.

WM. CLARK. Yes, Charboneau, we will unload and camp here for the present.

CAPT. LEWIS. If you want to keep up your good reputation, Charboneau, you will get us the best dinner you are capable of. The men are tired and worn out by the long pull.

SACAJAWEA [*looking about to ascertain her whereabouts*]. Home, home once again! Back to the camping ground of my childhood!

WM. CLARK. Dreams of childhood never fade in the human heart, be that heart savage or civilized.

SACAJAWEA. But then we are hungry. I shall gather you some sarvis berries and pommes blanches for your dinner. You shall see how good they are.

CAPT. LEWIS. Little Sacajawea, how bright you always make the darkest day. Surely the little heart of an Indian woman is made of pure gold [*goes out to explore the neighborhood*].

SACAJAWEA [*laughing*]. White man's heart, too, pure gold. Shine like the sun.

GEO. SHANNON [*almost in rags, his buckskin suit hardly holding together, his foxskin cap torn and tattered*]. This is where I stay until I make myself a new suit and moccasins. These rocks and prickly pears have torn my garments into shreds.

PATRICK GASS [*himself in torn attire*]. You are not the only one that needs a tailor. Methinks I will do a bit of that myself while the Captains are trying to find out where they are going.

LABICHE [*setting up camp*]. My gun needs mending, for a new food supply has to be found somewhere, and I must do my bit.

WM. CLARK [*from a high point*]. It will not be wanting here, Labiche, for the valley below abounds in all kinds of game, birds and wild grains. Surely this is America's Paradise!

SACAJAWEA. Yes, Captain [*returning*], but here more Indians have been killed than in any spot in the world. It is a paradise

only to draw the hungry tribes here in search of food. When they think they are secure for the winter, another tribe descends upon them to scalp and kill. The winning people take possession until they in turn are routed and destroyed by a stronger tribe.

CAPT. LEWIS [*walks in, holding up a small moccasin*]. Here, Sacajawea, see what I found. Does this belong to your tribe?

SACAJAWEA [*coming over to look*]. No, no Shoshone! Blackfeet! Let's go. Blackfeet never show mercy for anyone.

WM. CLARK. We must make peace with the Blackfeet Indians of all tribes then.

SACAJAWEA [*pointing to rocks*]. There is the very spot where I was stolen. See yonder is Beaverhead Rock. Another little girl and I wandered upon that hillside to gather berries when the Minnetarees made an attack upon the Shoshones. Our men, being so few in number, did not try to fight but fled. I was taken captive.

CAPT. LEWIS. And now we have brought you back. You have been a good guide so far, Sacajawea, but you must help us to find your people. They must give us horses, for the boats are little use to us now.

YORK [*with a mad rush, falls into their midst*]. Oh, Lordy, did Ah get here! What have Ah seen? What have Ah seen?

WM. BRATTON [*adjusting his forge*]. That is just it. What have you seen?

YORK. He—he was after me.

WM. CLARK. Well, we are sure of one thing, and that is he didn't get you.

YORK [*still panting*]. Well, Ah is not so sure.

CAPT. LEWIS. What was it, do you know?

YORK. Do I know, Capt. Lewis [*his fright makes him stand and stare*]. Do—oh—

WM. BRATTON. Well, you better go back and take another look at him.

YORK. Go back—did-you-say-go back! Oh, Marse William, dat sure was the biggest bear dat the Lord eber did make.

ALL VOICES. A bear!

YORK. Yes, sar! And Ah tell you he was as big as dat boat dere. He was coming right at me, too.

WM. CLARK. Did you run?

YORK. Marse William, did Ah run? Here Ah is, and Ah is sure that old feller is just started [*all laugh*].

CAPT. LEWIS [*on the lookout with his glasses*]. I see a lone Indian.

WM. CLARK. Is he coming this way?

CAPT. LEWIS. No, he is standing as still as a tree. He evidently has seen us, and is waiting to see what we are going to do.

YORK. Don't let him come dis way for Ah's done had all the excitement Ah want for one day.

WM. CLARK. It is four months since we have met an Indian.

and we will be in sore straits if we do not get supplies, horses and more information as to the northwest route.

CAPT. LEWIS. Come here, Sacajawea, and see if you can tell me to what tribe he belongs.

SACAJAWEA [*leaps upon the boulder and takes the spyglass in her hand*]. Oh, he is a Shoshone. See, he has no saddle, yet he rides his horse like a true Indian.

CAPT. LEWIS. We must speak with him. How can we tell him that we are on a friendly mission.

SACAJAWEA. Take this three-cornered robe, raise it above your head, then sweep the ground with it. Do it three times and he will understand.

CAPT. LEWIS. What does that signify?

SACAJAWEA. Come and sit on the robe with me.

CAPT. LEWIS [*following her directions*]. He is coming, he comes closer—closer. What shall I say when he gets here [*all are eagerly watching*]?

SACAJAWEA. Tabba bone, tabba bone. It means white skin. Show him the skin of your arm.

CAPT. LEWIS [*the Indian rides up close to the camp*]. Tabba bone, tabba bone [*the rider looks intently, but when the Indian sees the skin of the white man's arm, he lets out one loud war cry and is gone*].

WM. CLARK. Now something frightened him, what was it?

SACAJAWEA [*rejoicing*]. He will come back, he will come back. He has gone to tell the warriors; they will all come. You see.

CAPT. LEWIS. Are you sure, Sacajawea, that he is of your people?

PAT. GASS [*who has been in and out, making camp for the night*]. Shure, would a girl ever forget her own kin? I would know one of me own the minute he talks.

JOE SHIELDS. Do you have to wait until a fellow talks? Didn't the Bird-Woman know him when he was a mile off?

SACAJAWEA [*still looking through the glass*]. Here they come. See; they are filing down through the gulches from yonder mountain. Down, down they fly like birds. Oh, they are my people [*holding the glass in silence for a moment*]. They have their cheeks painted in red; they come in peace [*gives the glass to CAPT. LEWIS and jumps down, running to CLARK*]. Please let me go to meet them.

WM. CLARK. We will need you here, when they come, to interpret for us. Then you can see them all—all here together.

CAPT. LEWIS. Yes, Sacajawea, and you must help us greet them. [*To the men*] bring the boxes with the presents of clothes, blankets, beads, etc.

SACAJAWEA. Yes, and the pretty dresses, too, for the squaws will come soon. They are just like their white sisters; they won't stay at home when the men are gone on a holiday.

JAUSSAUME. Sacajawea [*stopping a moment with his load*],

you speak the truth. All women are vain. I have seen women in Paree who spent their last sou for a pretty kerchief, and I have seen Indian women cry because they had no sou to buy a red piece of calico with.

CAPT. LEWIS. Here they are [*steps down from boulder as the tall, giant-like figures stalk in. He stands by SACAJAWEA as she greets them*].

SACAJAWEA. My people! My people!

CAMEAHWAIT [*Chief of the Shoshones, puts left arm over the right shoulder, clasping the back of CAPT. LEWIS, left cheeks meeting, as he exclaims*] Ah-hi-e, ah-hi-e!

SACAJAWEA. Great Chief of the Shoshones stands face to face with two great wise men and their band of explorers.

CAMEAHWAIT [*stands in center of his warriors, who form a crescent*]. We come to welcome these strange men. Whence come you?

CAPT. LEWIS. Great Chief of the Shoshones, we are messengers of peace of the United States of America.

CAMEAHWAIT. Abide here with us then, for this wonderful country abounds in all kinds of game, fish and grains—plenty for all who live in peace.

WM. CLARK. We cannot remain long with you for we are in search of a trail over the mountains to the sea.

CAPT. LEWIS. Have you a wise man among you who can draw a map, showing us how to get to the head waters of the great fish-river?

CAMEAHWAIT. Not until we have smoked the pipe of peace, white man. Our word is only sacred then—and yours?

CAPT. LEWIS. Our word is the word of our government. It shall never fail?

SACAJAWEA [*all sit down in a circle, SACAJAWEA between LEWIS and CLARK to interpret for them. The pipe is passed in silence from Chief to Captains when SACAJAWEA rises*]. Great Chief and warriors of the Shoshones. You were once a strong tribe that lorded over all the lands from the Saskatchewan to the Yellowstone. You counted your buffalo by the thousands, your elk and bighorn by the tens of thousands. The very birds of the northern prairie feared your arrow as did the great tribes of Indians from the west, the east, the south. They coveted your hunting ground, they closed in on you little by little; they killed you in great numbers; year by year they took your choicest lands, drove you back into the fastnesses of the Big Rock mountains. Here you are a mere handful of men, wasted by war and strife. These good men come with a message of peace from a Great Father who beseeches you to lay down your tomahawk, take off your war paint and live in harmony with your brothers, the Indian of all nations [*she pauses and looks at the Chief*].

SUBORDINATE CHIEF. They speak true, my Chief—if this is the voice of the white man.

CAMEAHWAIT. We want no peace if it is at the cost of our lands. It has always been that the big snake eat the little one, for the Great Spirit willed it that way. When we can no longer withstand our enemy, we must die. If you come here with big talk like this just to take our hunting ground we will treat only as enemies.

SACAJAWEA. Long nave I been away from you, though my life has been short in years. Had you been strong as you once were, never would you have retreated and left your squaws and children to the mercy of the enemy. Do you not know me, brothers? Sacajawea, who comes back to you, leading this small Expedition that has suffered many perils to make the greatest of all conquests the red man love his brother as himself. Cam-Cameahwait!

CAMEAHWAIT [*stretching out his arms to her*]. Sacajawea, Sacajawea—my little sister.

SACAJAWEA [*pauses for a moment, then runs to him, throwing her blanket over his head*]. My brother! My true brother.

CAMEAHWAIT [*uncovering himself*]. Then these men ask me to make peace with dogs that have stolen my sister.

SACAJAWEA. Yes, brother, for the enemy has been good to me. See, I have a white husband [*pointing to CHARBONEAU in the background*], and a little papoose [*turns her back*]. All of which has made me very happy.

CAMEAHWAIT [*rising and extending his arms to the Captains, who rise also*]. When you bring my sister back to me, surely you have come on a peace-errand. I shall grant you every request that is in my power to meet.

WM. CLARK. See [*pointing to his gun*], man is powerless today to wage a war of flint against a war of steel. The big fur dealers of the Northwest have well supplied your enemies with guns, and now, what can you hope for, but death at their hands without them?

WARRIOR. How much cost a good gun?

WM. CLARK. Your fleetest horse.

CAMEAHWAIT. All of our horses are of the best. The Shoshones' only safeguard for years has been their horses.

SACAJAWEA [*to JAUSSAUME at the side*]. When you get back to the good Minnetarees tell your wife, if you please, that Sacajawea, too, is an Indian princess.

JAUSSAUME. My wife's only boast is that her father is a chief. It is all the family lore she has: let her claim it.

SACAJAWEA. No, I will not. My brother, too, is a chief. Tell her so.

NATAMKA [*running over to SACAJAWEA to embrace her*]. My friend, my old friend, do you know me?

SACAJAWEA [*drawing back to look at NATAMKA*]. Oh, my lost sister. You came back—safe?

NATAMKA. Yes, Sacajawea, when I escaped I made my way eastward toward the shining mountains. For days and days I had

nothing to eat but berries; often I was disturbed in my bed by beasts seeking their lair, and once—once I saw from a cliff the enemy camped in the valley below.

SACAJAWEA. But you have no white husband like mine.

NATAMKA [*clapping her hands*]. No, Sacajawea, but I got home to my people. Home, home [*turning to the mountains*].

SACAJAWEA. And my papoose [*turns proudly around*]?

NATAMKA. Oh, what a warrior he will make!

SACAJAWEA. No, he will not fight. He will be a captain of peace like his white brothers.

CAPT. LEWIS [*turning from group and addressing a short, sturdy old Indian with cropped hair*]. And so, Toby, you shall be our guide.

TOBY. To the north—is the trail to the great river—red fish.

WM. CLARK [*with approval*]. I believe you.

CAMEAHWAIT. No, no! Big rocks, water foams—no canoe can pass through. Here [*pointing to the ground with an arrow*], walk half a moon, meet big river, walk two suns toward the setting sun, climb big rock mountains to top-rocks—too sharp for horse. For seven days walk over big snow blanket, no horse, nothing to eat; then on other side lots of bad Indians [*flattens his nose to indicate the Nez Percés*].

CAPT. LEWIS [*looking doubtfully*]. If any Indian has ever crossed that trail, I can, Cameahwait.

TOBY. I have crossed it many times. Lots of hard work, but it is the only known way to get to the Northwest.

CAPT. LEWIS. Then it is the trail that we take.

CAMEAHWAIT. No, you stay with us until the next planting time, and then we will send a better guide with you. [*Calls a youth to come forward*] tell these white brothers how you go to your people.

YOUTH. [*points to the Southwest*]. Seven suns over high barren mountains—no game—must live on roots—be careful not to meet a war-like tribe called Broken Moccasin—trail so rocky must kill horse on journey. Then ten suns through desert without game, berries, water. Brave meets big river with no fish. Three suns march to fertile country—where my people live—on big river that flows into salt water—stinking water—find white man there.

WM. CLARK [*looking on map with CAPT. LEWIS*]. That is a southern route that he is describing, Meriweather. Yes, here is the desert, then the great Rio Colorado to the Gulf of California.

CAPT. LEWIS [*shaking his head*]. That will not do for our way must be to the Northwest.

WM. CLARK [*handing the youth a knife that pleases him very much*]. That is not our trail now. Son of the Red Man, but we may return that way. We hope that this little gift will be of some use on your homeward journey.

CAPT. LEWIS [*handing him a book*]. In this little book you

will find Wm. Clark's and my name. If you meet any of our white Brothers tell them that you left us in good health at the Threeforks of the Missouri.

TOBY. You will find, Captains, that I am right.

CAPT. LEWIS. We know you are right, Toby [*the Indians begin to file out without ceremony, one by one, through the boulders*].

WM. CLARK [*looks at LEWIS, who returns it*]. Ah?

CAPT. LEWIS. What is the matter now, Sacajawea?

SACAJAWEA. My people think, because you do not take their advice, that there is some conspiracy afloat [*the men of the Expedition can now be seen seated to the right, mending moccasins, kettles, boxes, etc.*]

PAT. GASS. Now, who would conspire with an Indian, when a feller is in a predicament, the likes of us.

YORK. Five thousand miles from home at dat.

WM. BRATTON. Yes, and bears as common as field mice.

JOHN COALTER. Captains, you didn't make your visit well enough knowd. You should have said more about horses and less about the Northwest trail.

WM. CLARK. Do you suppose that they think that we will tell the enemy, the Blackfeet, of their present camping ground?

SACAJAWEA. My people think that his white brother is treacherous.

CAPT. LEWIS. William, we must have horses at any cost. You take half of our men, and explore along the northern branch for three days to see if there is any other means of obtaining supplies.

WM. CLARK. Will you remain here?

CAPT. LEWIS. No. In the meantime myself and the rest of the men will visit the lodges of the Shoshones to make peace with them and further trade relations.

CRUZATTE [*hobbling over to CLARK*]. Now that you abandon my good boat for a horse, what use am I, Master William?

WM. CLARK. We need every man of you for we may yet have to pack our own loads. Sink your boat, Cruzatte, that we may have it on our homeward journey.

LABICHE. We will fill it so full of stones that not even a witch can float it [*they disappear*].

CAPT. LEWIS. Men, are you one and all with us? The way is long and dangerous. Food will be scarce, and you are apt to fall victims to disease, but the glory shall be yours as well as your country's.

ALL TO A MAN. Yes, we are with you!

PAT. GASS [*the last to rise*]. Shure, you don't think we'd desert you now when you are near your journey's end?

CAPT. LEWIS. The hardest is yet to come.

CEO. SHANNON. Then let it come [*his youthful figure is seen disappearing over the boulders*].

CAPT. LEWIS. How soon will you be ready, William, to start on your secret exploring trip?

WM. CLARK. At once. Is Sacajawea to accompany me? We may meet some Indian tribes on the way.

CAPT. LEWIS. I think we shall need her here more to intercede with her own people. She must assure them of our honest intentions, and in some way help us to acquire at least twenty horses.

SACAJAWEA [*who has been standing to the side with her arms about NATAMKA*]. Yes, Capt. Lewis, I shall stay with you. Once the chiefs have talked it over with the warriors they will be convinced that you have not come to destroy them. My brother gave his word to protect and aid you—I know that he will keep his word.

WM. CLARK. Then I am off, my good brother. Good luck to you [*he goes out with several men*].

CAPT. LEWIS [*going back toward the bank of the river*]. Sacajawea, you must now sharpen up your wits and find out how we are to make peace with your people. I rely upon you [*the rest of the men pass out*].

SACAJAWEA. I shall not fail you [*LEWIS bows and goes out*].

NATAMKA [*putting her arms about SACAJAWEA*]. No, no sister! Do not let our tribe fall into the hands of these land pirates.

SACAJAWEA [*drawing back, surprised*]. They will not harm you or my brothers. They are honest men.

NATAMKA [*frees SACAJAWEA and stands back in anger*]. So that is what you learn in the camp of the enemy? Treachery! You marry a white man and bring all his brothers here to slay and kill your own good people!

SACAJAWEA [*more composed*]. You are suspicious like all Indians, little Natamka. Be brave and strong for these men come from a-far-off to make a path that others may come to bring us their life.

NATAMKA [*stamping her foot*]. Their life! We do not want it.

SACAJAWEA. I shall build a fire here as a pledge of faith to my people. You must see that it is ever kept burning. I go to the Shining Sea, Natamka, but I shall return—to you—to the once great tribe of the Shoshones!

NATAMKA. You go to tell the fierce tribes of the Snow Mountains that we are few in number, that we have no fire arrows, and then they come down to get our old hunting ground.

SACAJAWEA [*the fire now blazes*]. Natamka! How can you say that?

NATAMKA [*drawing a knife*]. You shall not go. I shall kill you to save my people. You [*struggles with SACAJAWEA*] shall not betray us.

SACAJAWEA [*holding firmly to NATAMKA'S wrist to ward off the knife*]. Child of the Shoshones, know you not that I love my tribe as much as you do? I go to do them a great service. The Great Spirit has willed it!

NATAMKA [*with a lunge, frees herself*]. *Stands back, her breast heaving*]. Traitor!

SACAJAWEA [*climbing the topmost boulder, overlooking the valley*]. Natamka, little sister, spit out the poison from your heart and hear the voice of the white man. Strife and enmity have kept our people from uniting; we have never known the white man's peace nor how to live as a big family in a big land. Our trails have been too short and broken. They led nowhere. The Indian trails shall now be pieced together and become the white man's roads. I go to help them. Await my return and keep the signal fires burning, for over the mountains yonder I shall lead this little band of men to the Great Water. The sea and sea shall meet [*disappears*: NATAMKA *stands alone wondering as the curtain falls slowly*].

CURTAIN

ACT III

An Indian village by the sea. The huts are made of boards, half sunk in the ground, the entrance of which is through a hole in the gable about two foot square. The descent is made by means of a ladder. Fish and elk are drying on beams, supported by poles, while on the scaffolds are heaps of dried provisions to be stored away for winter food. In the distance canoes, raised up on scaffolds, can be seen in which their dead are buried. These Chinook Indians wear robes of fur which are tied across the breast, falling a little below the thighs; or a blanket of finely woven wool over their shoulders with a skirt of fur that falls to the knees. All wear hats of bear grass woven in with bark of cedar, cone shape, to ward off the incessant rain. The men sit about a large camp-fire in the foreground, watching a few of the younger Indians engaged in a game of chance, while the women are busily engaged in drying their meats. It is night time, and the only light they have comes from the burning logs.

FIRST INDIAN [*attempting to throw a small disc into a hole between two pins, a foot apart*]. My canoe is at stake and I must win.

SECOND INDIAN [*seeing that the disc falls within the pin, but not in the hole*]. You have neither won nor lost; try it again.

FIRST INDIAN [*all look on in wonder and excitement*]. This is my last possession except my wife, since you have won everything else from me [*throws the disc*].

SECOND INDIAN [*picks it up from outside of pins*]. Lost, lost! The canoe is mine. Now for the wife.

FIRST INDIAN [*all look anxiously as the Indian pauses to think*]. No, I can make another canoe, but a good Chinook wife is not to be gambled for. I give my place to someone else.

THIRD INDIAN [*taking his stand about ten feet from the pins*]. I will play you for that belt of blue beads.

SECOND INDIAN [*looking covetously at the belt*]. No, I would rather play you for that canoe I just won.

THIRD INDIAN. First we play for the belt and then the canoe.

SECOND INDIAN. Then we do not play at all [*to his companion at the side*]. Do you want to take my place? I take no chances with death. You remember that Clatsop died the day after I won the belt from him.

FOURTH INDIAN. I'll play you, brother, for your skin of sea-otter against my fishhook. What say you, Chief Comcomly?

COMCOMLY. The white trader brings lots of blue beads next time: better save furs for trade.

THIRD INDIAN. I win fishhook—you see—never lose—skin of sea-otter bring luck [*throws outside of pin*].

FOURTH INDIAN. Well, you shall not have this one, then, for you have lost. It shall make a fine, soft couch for my new little wife. Now, who will take a chance with me [*a wild shriek is heard*]?

SQUAW [*running into their midst*]. We-ark-koompt! We-ark-koompt! [*Squaws rush in from all the corners to find out what the excitement is about.*]

COMCOMLY [*rising from the center of the group*]. We-ark-koompt, the pony express, brings good news, I hope.

WE-ARK-KOOMPT [*the Indian scout, astride a small horse, rides fearlessly into their midst*]. Big white men with two chiefs coming. Some walk, some in canoes. Red man's friend.

COMCOMLY. Where from?

WE-ARK-KOOMPT. Over mountains, from the sea of the Rising Sun.

COMCOMLY [*doubtfully*]. No white man can cross the blankets of snow that cover the mountains.

INDIANS [*all grunting*]. No, no, no!

COMCOMLY [*seeing TOBY a few steps ahead of band*]. You live to come back to see Comcomly.

TOBY. Ai, Chief of Chinooks. I come back again—bring white chiefs safe.

WM. CLARK [*leading, is worn from travel: his ghastly look denotes hunger. Lets his pack fall*]. Food—water—for my comrades.

COMCOMLY. White chief come always in boat [*Indians retreat in fear*].

COALTER and JOE SHIELDS [*their leather breeches and moccasins in tatters, throw down their packs and fall to the ground!*]. It has been a long and weary tramp, Captain, without anything to eat for fifteen days but fish, and no salt with that.

WM. CLARK. I know it has, boys, but we will rest here a few days, and perhaps we can get something more nourishing. See, here is Sacajawea; she always gets close to the food—through the squaws' hearts.

SACAJAWEA [*riding horseback, descends, weary and ill*]. Do-you-think—Capt Lewis will make it—by boat? I thought the trail [*pauses*] would be easier—but I am afraid—the men are all too foot sore to ever get here [*the squaws have been hiding, but now, seeing SACAJAWEA with papoose on her back, run out with blankets and food on rush mats to restore her strength. The men come forward now slowly and timidly*].

COMCOMLY. Lose ship—get lost?

WM. CLARK. No, my good chief. We came overland, through

the mountains. It was a harder journey than we expected. Not much game this side of big Rockies, so the men are famished.

COMCOMLY. No berries—no wapato?

WM. CLARK. Yes, our pilot there, Sacajawea, found many roots and wild vegetables for us, but our men were not used to the diet and it made them ill.

PAT. GASS [*entering, shaking his wet clothes*]. Shure, Captain. I have never seen so much water in me whole life. It has been falling rivers for ten days now.

CHARBONEAU [*following*]. Say, Captain, what you think? York, he sick, back by the falls. Make big fire, wrap him in big fur rug and leave him. He no can make it any further.

WM. CLARK. He will soon be drenched back there if this rain keeps up. I will take Sacajawea's horse and go back and fetch him.

TOBY. No, Captain. I go—bring black medicine man.

SACAJAWEA [*restored, sits up*]. I am better now, Captain. Let me do something for you.

WM. CLARK. No, I am all right now. Sacajawea, or will be with a little rest by this good fire.

COMCOMLY [*to warriors*]. Go help white men to find brothers. Get boats—up stream [*there is a rush for the canoes, which are filled in a minute, disappearing up the river*].

TOBY [*entering, with YORK on his back*]. Me come all right, Captain; bring black medicine man safe.

PAT. GASS. The black rascal better take some of his own medicine then. I'm thinking, Toby.

TOBY. Hmph! Medicine man get sick first—then cure everybody.

WM. CLARK. Well, York will never practice on himself, I promise you that. I even saw him throw away that choke-berry tea Sacajawea gave him, that cured so many of our men back there on the prairie.

YORK. Marse William, you never war so sick as Ah is now. Just let me die [*rolls himself up in a blanket by the fire*].

SACAJAWEA [*administering to COALTER and SHIELDS, who are lying on their huge packs*]. My poor boys, so sick. [*Taking bark cup of liquid from old squaw's hands*] here is some good medicine from this country. It make you well—right away.

JOHN COALTER [*sitting up, trying to drink*]. You have been the only sunshine we have seen for a fortnight, Sacajawea.

SHIELDS [*taking the cup from COALTER*]. I haven't much faith in these herbs and leaves. But then I will drink it for you, princess, just because you have faith in it.

SACAJAWEA. Yes, it make you well; drink it all up. [*Seeing the rush of Indians to river*] ah, here they come! Capt. Lewis—he come safe with all the men.

WM. CLARK [*greeting CAPT. LEWIS*]. Thank God for your safe arrival, Meriweather. It has been a hard journey, harder than we thought. We began to fear that you had been lost.

CAPT. LEWIS. One boat after another has been dashed to pieces. Cruzatte and Labiche are good oarsmen on the great rivers of the East, but over these dashing torrents it takes an Indian to steer one safely around the rocks [*the Indians are landing their canoes, and helping to unload the luggage of the white men*].

COMCOMLY [*greeting CAPT. LEWIS and his men*]. You first white faces to come over mountain [*pointing to canoes on scaffolds*]. Bad, bad! All die who go that way.

CAPT. LEWIS. We are the pathfinders for a great nation. We have been sent by a great chief to find his people. You are his children.

COMCOMLY. You find me all right, how you get back to tell that big chief?

CAPT. LEWIS [*smiling at the question*]. The return trip is never as hard to make.

COMCOMLY. What you call him, that big chief?

CAPT. LEWIS. Thomas Jefferson, the president of the United States.

ALL THE MEN. All hail to Thomas Jefferson.

COMCOMLY. We no hail, we smoke [*motioning all the men to sit down, which they do, in a circle*].

WM. CLARK [*taking out his old sandstone pipe*]. You will smoke with your white brothers, Chief? They wish to make peace with the red man [*the squaws are putting blankets around the shoulders of the white men, showing their hospitality, while the younger girls stand behind SACAJAWEA, admiring her robe and playing with the little papoose*].

COMCOMLY. Indians of the Big Water—no fight.

CAPT. LEWIS. Then why are your tribes so few in numbers?

COMCOMLY [*pointing to coffin-canoes*]. Sick—die [*scratching himself to indicate disease*].

WM. CLARK. Oh, smallpox?

GEO. SHANNON [*enters hurriedly from left*]. Oh, here you are—all safe.

WM. CLARK. Welcome back, our young hunter. What luck?

GEO. SHANNON. Luck enough. Three days ago I ran upon a band of elk and killed four. Finding that I couldn't carry but the tongues, marrow and choicest parts, I hung the rest up to dry in case we ever chanced back that way. I was retracing my steps to join the party when I met twenty Indians of an unknown tribe. They would not leave me, following me into the woods and out along the river. I thought it best to be friendly, so I built a fire, cooked them a good supper, and smoked with them. After which we talked until late in the night, sign language being the only medium. When we were all tired out we lay down to sleep, my rifle under my head. It was rather late in the morning when I awoke to find my friends gone as well as my meat and gun. I have subsisted since on roots and berries and what fish I found

thrown upon the bank, walking all the time back towards my comrades.

CAPT. LEWIS. We are glad to have you back safe then, George. Our journey has been a perilous one, too, both by land and by water, but we are glad to be safe in camp with this friendly tribe of red men.

COMCOMLY [*still curious*]. How you get over mountains?

CAPT. LEWIS. That part of the way was not so difficult. With horses that we procured from the Shoshones we crossed the passes of the Bitter Root mountains with more or less ease. It was mid-summer and trails were well marked. The horses seemed to know the old Lolo trail, and they brought us safely to the lodges of the Nez Percés. Our sojourn there may have proved our ruin and end, had it not been for a fair daughter, Watkuese, who begged that our lives be saved. There we left our horses until our return, burnt canoes out of logs, and floated safely enough down the Kooskooske into the Snake River on—on to the Columbia.

PAT. GASS. And it was there—on the beautiful Columbia—that we near met our finish.

CRUZATTE. That was nothing, Patrick, compared to the days and days of rain.

PAT. GASS. Blame it on the rain, then. But it seems to me that your poor oarmanship had a great deal to do with it.

WM. CLARK. Cruzatte, it is hard to exhibit one's craftsmanship under such conditions, is it not?

PAT. GASS. Them log canoes are no vehicles to shoot the rapids with or dash over the rocks, I am telling ye.

JOHN COALTER. That's an easy way to explain your own awkwardness. Blame it on to the canoes [*the men press closer to the fire as the warmth revives their forlorn spirits*].

CHARBONEAU. I—very glad when you take me away from the oars, Captains.

PAT. GASS. After you spilled everybody out [*all laugh*].

COMCOMLY. White man laugh—ha! ha!

WM. CLARK. Yes, Chief, our boys laugh a great deal when they are in good health. But the last three weeks of hard travel with heavy rains has about taken all the gaiety out of them.

CAPT. LEWIS. I am sure the men will all be better tomorrow, Chief. As they are so worn out, we will not ask them to make camp tonight, if we may sleep by your fire?

COMCOMLY [*claps his hands: the squaws run to do his bidding*]. Bring beds for the strangers; they remain by our camp fire tonight

WM. CLARK [*the squaws bring out mats of rushes, giving one to each man*]. Tomorrow we will spend drying our luggage. Chief, and, if we are fortunate enough to have saved some of it, we will give you a present from the Great Father, our president.

COMCOMLY. A file and a fishhook, me want [*wrapping his blanket about him and motioning his warriors to retire, withdraws*].

WM. CLARK. A good night's rest to all of you.

PAT. GASS. And the best of one to you, Captain.

CAPT. LEWIS [*the men stretch themselves out on the mats around the fire without any further ceremony. Seeing SACAJAWEA to the side, alone*]. Are you not weary, princess?

SACAJAWEA. No, Captain. I——

CAPT. LEWIS. You need not keep guard, Sacajawea. You are tired; you must sleep. I shall be the sentinel tonight while my brothers rest.

SACAJAWEA. No, no! I am not tired—I am not sleepy.

CAPT. LEWIS. You have been a little sad the last few days. A night's rest will help you.

SACAJAWEA [*with a far-away look in her eyes*]. A night's rest will not help—not many, many nights.

CAPT. LEWIS. Why, Sacajawea, what is the matter?

SACAJAWEA. Soon you find the Big Water, then you go away. You will need Sacajawea no more.

CAPT. LEWIS. But you return with us.

SACAJAWEA. Where?

CAPT. LEWIS. To St. Louis, to Washington, to see the Great Father.

SACAJAWEA. No, no, that is no place for an Indian squaw. There is a difference between the white and the red man. I can never be happy in your life, no more than your squaws can be happy in mine.

CAPT. LEWIS. The services that you have rendered the country are not—must not be forgotten.

SACAJAWEA. My services will soon be over—my life goes back to lodge and the camp fire where I spent my youth.

CAPT. LEWIS. No, little Sacajawea, when you have seen the big cities, the fine houses, and the beautiful ladies you will never want to go back to the lodge and the camp fire.

SACAJAWEA. What would I do there? Look like a red fox watching a white fox steal his prey. He so beautiful, the red fox forget his own hunger. Better you forget the little pilot. She is happy; she gave very little for so much kindness.

CAPT. LEWIS. We can never repay you, child.

SACAJAWEA. I am no child now—I have big papoose.

CAPT. LEWIS. You are little more than a child, and yet what services you have rendered American civilization. You were the key that unlocked the language of all the tribes on the journey. Through you we made peace at once, for no war party ever carries a squaw and papoose with them. In times of sickness you were nurse, in times of home-sickness you brought many a ray of sunshine into the hearts of the men, in times of hunger you found many a meal from the earth, the value of plants that we knew not. You say you gave little [*pausing*], why, you gave everything!

SACAJAWEA [*buries her head in her hands for a moment. More cheerfully*]. I am glad if I give just a little: it is so little when you think of how you bring peace to the Indian tribes, that have

long been weakened from war, and then you find a path for people to come after you to find homes, to make cities, and to cultivate the good earth that the Indian has let lie in waste for so many centuries.

CAPT. LEWIS. But you, too, have helped in all this that you say Capt. Clark and I have done, so you must go back to Washington and receive the honors with us.

SACAJAWEA. No, Captain, I will not go back, but when my little Toussant is a man, I shall send him to you so you can tell him something of his mother.

CAPT. LEWIS. He will never hear a more wonderful story around the camp fire of the chiefs than I shall tell him of his mother, Sacajawea.

SACAJAWEA. What shall you call me? Every Indian is proud of the name he earns, a name for every brave deed.

CAPT. LEWIS. It would be hard to find anything that would better fit the one true American princess, but to me it shall always be the sweetest of all names, Sacajawea.

SACAJAWEA. Then to my boy I shall be Sacajawea.

CAPT. LEWIS. In the heart of every American man and woman your name should be engraved.

SACAJAWEA. Oh, no, no! Big chiefs live always in the hearts of men, but little squaws just die and are forgotten.

CAPT. LEWIS. You shall never die, Sacajawea.

SACAJAWEA. Live to be ugly, ugly old squaw, ai? See [*pointing to the west*] the fog rises.

CAPT. LEWIS. 'Tis but the break of day.

SACAJAWEA [*runs over to see more clearly*]. What do I see? A silver mist out across the horizon.

CAPT. LEWIS. Lie down and get some rest, my child, for we may have a long march before us today, if march we do.

SACAJAWEA. No, no; we go no more! [*Runs over to CHARBONEAU*] awake, my husband, awake tired men, for the day dawns with good tidings.

CAPT. LEWIS [*joins SACAJAWEA as she gains the point of vantage again*]. The sea, the sea!

MEN [*all rise and run to look toward the west*]. The sea, the sea!

CAPT. LEWIS [*clasping CLARK's hand*]. It has not all been in vain, William; it has not all been in vain.

SACAJAWEA [*after a pause*]. The sea! The sea has met the sea at last.

CURTAIN
THE END

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