

# PONTIAC

## DETROIT 1763

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A.C.WHITNEY



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*“ Sunrise!*

*“ Is thy sky overcast, must thou mourn, too? ”*

# PONTIAC

A Drama of Old Detroit

1763

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A. C. WHITNEY



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
1910



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PS 3545  
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1910



THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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am. P 24 Sep 134

To

MRS. GEORGE W. GILBERT

*In recollection of happy days at Detroit,*

*This book is affectionately inscribed*

*By the Author*



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NINEVOIS, Chief of the Pottawatamies,  
TAKEE, Chief of the Wyandots,  
TEATA, Chief of the Wyandots,  
WARSONG, Chief of the Objibwas,  
SEKAHOS, Chief of the Objibwas,  
MANITOSIOU, A Medicine Man,  
MAJOR GLADWYN, Commanding Fort Detroit,  
MAJOR ROGERS,  
CAPTAIN CAMPBELL,  
CAPTAIN DALZELL,  
LIEUT. SCHLOSSER,  
JEAN CHAPOTON, Surgeon at the Fort,  
LABUTE, An Interpreter,  
HOGAN, A Trader,  
M. BABY, A Habitant,  
MADAME CHAPOTON, Mother to Jean,  
MADELEINE DE TONNANCOUR, Niece to Madam  
Chapoton,  
CATHERINE, An Indian Girl, (Objibwa)  
A PRIEST, Pottawatamie chiefs, Habitants,  
COUREURS DU BOIS, Voyageurs, Indians,  
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, etc.

# PONTIAC

## ACT I

*Fort Detroit. The River Gate. A sentinel on the palisade scanning the river intently. A serjeant below. Two braves lounging against the palisades. Time: early morning of May 1st, 1763.*

SER.—What do you see?

SEN.—Not the ghost of a ship.

SER.—Strange too. Did you see young Pelletier last night?

SEN.—No.

SER.—Just before the gate shut he rushed in dusty and panting, as though he had run the whole way, and had just breath enough left to explode “the ship lies off the Wyandot village”. Now if they were under weigh at daylight they should surely be to the bend by this time.

SEN.—There is little wind. Scarce enough to stem the current with.

SER.—That’s a fact.

SEN.—And even less there than here. See how heavily that smoke rises over Montreal Point.

SER.—It is from the Indian encampment at Ecorces, though what the rascals are up to I cannot guess.

SEN.—Rascals! You overpraise the beasts. Do you

see these vermin here.—Shall we kick them out?

SER.—Perhaps. The ship will be along soon and they are not very pretty pictures with which to greet young innocence. Come! Move on now! You are not ornamental you know.

*(Sentinel descends and prods on the braves with the butt of his musket. They sullenly “move on” but with a menacing look.)*

1ST. IND.—Ugh! English heap brave. Got musket.

SER.—Stop that now! No talk. Move on you swine.  
*(Exit Indians)*

Well rid. Hello! There's Hogan.

SER.—Ahoy! You pirate!

*(Enter Hogan staggering under a load of furs.)*

HOG.—To yourself, you grinning long-shanked ape of a colonial. Ye will make—

SER.—Cut out your blarney and tell me where you have been to confiscate that. 'Tis little short of an army of Reds you have fleeced to gain that pile.

HOG.—Where else than at the camp below Springwells?

SER.—You had better keep away from there or the ghosts of the poor Reds you have murdered will serve you as the white ladies did Jean Chicot.

HOG.—Never fear. I have a legion of Irish devils that will discomfit all the fairies and ghosts in Heathendom.—*(Produces a bottle)* Will ye taste?

*(Begins to sing)*

SER.—You will have to cut that out. There's to be fine

ladies here today and my duty is to throw all vagabonds in the river.

HOG.—Fine ladies ye say. Who will they be?

SER.—She that was belle of Quebec, I cannot speak the French of her name.

HOG.—That is one of the ladies.

SER.—How many pounds in that pack?

HOG.—Oh, twenty, maybe.

SER.—Why man, there's two hundred if there is a pound.

HOG.—It is a delicate bit of a ladies hand I will be having that only weighs a pound.

SER.—Knave!

HOG.—To yourself again.

SER.—Why there's no harm to gull the brutes. Ye should rather be hung for not killing them.

SER.—No need to kill. Your rum does that. How much did it take to win the pack?

HOG.—The best of two gallons. Not of the nectar of Athlone, you understand. That is for the special entertainment of myself and my friends. Will ye taste? No? Oh! On duty, I see. Such a pity.

SER.—You had better go easy yourself if you want to dance with the ladies. Get along with you now. You need a deal of cleaning and prinking—

HOG.—Never fear the Irish parade when the ladies inspect.—(*Staggers out with the furs.*)

SER.—“No wrong to gull the brutes”.

Is it strange they hate us? Well, we shall

Pay dear for it when it comes. And no ship yet?



SEN.—None sturdier than a canoe.

*(Voyageurs pass down the river singing "Nous avons passe le bois", etc.)*

SER.—Hark, the larks are early carolling. They  
Are come fur-laden home in happy time  
To greet their annointed May-queen.

SEN.—You are turned very poetic of a sudden.

SER.—Do you know I should like to be a voyageur and  
blithely paddle my canoe over the blue lake,  
humming a merry catch, watching the fish jump  
sparkling in the sunlight: or tramp through the  
fresh smelling woods, sleeping on a bed of pines  
in the starlight.

SEN.—Or live in a smoky hut with the red pigs, chew  
raw dog and glad to get that. Get lost in the  
bush in summer and blizzard bound in winter.  
For an end leave your scalp to adorn the lodge  
pole of a Chippewa brave. Curse this wilder-  
ness. Why do they want to take it away from  
the nasty brutes. Oh! for an eyeful of the  
dingiest, glorious street in Eastchepe.

SER.—Why man this is a paradise. See that river,  
glinting in the sunlight, grandly flowing on from  
lake to lake, her peaceful bosom dotted with  
green islands, like emeralds on a queen's robe—  
Hush! Here comes the Major and the Doctor,  
and full of business by their looks.

*(Enter Gladwyn and Chapoton in conversation.  
The Serjeant retires after saluting. The sentinel*

*salutes and continues marching on the palisade).*

CHAP.—I believe it must be so.

GLAD.—Preposterous.'

CHAP.—Nor I alone; those, who more credulous,  
Put faith in marvels, read in that black rain,  
Some direful portent. And 'tis often proved,  
As noted in the antique chronicles,  
That terrible disasters are by signs  
And warnings preluded; which men should note,  
Then act with due descretion.

GLAD.—Fie!

CHAP.—Last night  
As Reaume and Gouin passed the fort, behold,  
Leering and evil on the battlements,  
And eyeing them, the terrible Nain Rouge.  
The blood froze in their veïns; and, rooted fast,  
They could not choose but watch;  
While the malignant and the grinning wretch  
With fiendish laughter mocked their terror, till  
With one last horrid threat he bounded off;  
And they, all trembling and exhausted, scarce  
Could stagger home.

GLAD.—Put up your book of tales.

CHAP.—But listen yet. Today St. Aubin comes,  
Cramfull of news, about how that his wife,  
Upon some business on the other shore,  
Chanced on some braves most strangely diligent,  
With saws and files, in cutting short their  
muskets.

This he reports and adds what is quite plain,  
Some mischief hatching.

GLAD.—Well?

CHAP.—

Discontent is rife:

The savages upstirred by drunken dreams,  
By lies and prophecies of France's aid,  
—Inventions of the jealous habitants  
Who hate the name of England—starve for  
trouble.

We live upon a mine, and Pontiac,  
The blazing brand, will set it off.

GLAD.—Humph! Pontiac!

CHAP.—Bold, resolute, yet crafty, eloquent;

Ambitious, subtle, treacherous, a savage,  
Yet a Caesar, and to his tribe a god.  
His influence is boundless. He is born  
Chief of two tribes, which he by strength of hand  
And cunning safely rules: besides is chief  
Of the mysterious and all powerful Metai.  
Thirsting ambition, anger at his real  
And fancied wrongs, both make him desperate  
It is not wisdom to let warnings slip  
Unheeded.

GLAD.— No, nor at every creak and sound  
To start and tremble. Caution is often four  
Fourths cowardice, and always some diluted.

CHAP.—Remember too, the haughty chief's stern words  
To daring Rogers, the first Englishman  
To venture here; demanding him how he  
Durst thus permissionless, invade his realm?

Confessed he liked his boldness, and thus warned  
him

So long as with respect, as he deserved,  
They used him, he did wish to live in peace  
With th' English, and their immigration would  
Encourage to his country: but at first  
Neglect, straight would he shut the way. And  
shut

He will, for your neglect is rank.

GLAD.—

Fie! 'Tis

The jealous mutter of an uneasy rogue,  
Whose vapor frightens you. What dare he do  
Against the might of England? Do not let  
This mar the day's festivity. Discard  
Your gloomy looks, be jocular, bend all  
Your thought toward our thrice Herculean work  
To 'pose the ennui which must surely come  
With your cousin's sudden change.

'Twill prove dull play to act the peasant maid  
After the golden revel of Quebec.

Our welcome must not wane with half-formed  
fears.

But what's this romance?

CHAP.—

I know little of it.

At some soiree she met this English gallant,  
An aid of Jeffries, a mere lad, unschooled,  
Unseasoned in the world; just old enough  
To dream of love. Howbeit, uncooled with age,  
They both took fire, which blazed, her guardians  
—Good English-hating French aristocrats—

Did vainly hope to snuff, for she, in pique,  
Miss Independence, exiles herself here.  
I would she were not coming.

GLAD.— Fie! Why man,  
You exaggerate your fears. You breed more  
woe

By brooding on what is. Think o' the luck  
To us. Now May smiles sweetly down, and all  
Is most auspicious.

SEN.—Ship rounding the bend sir.—(*The cry is taken  
up and Serjeant, Habitants, stray Indians, etc.  
flock in.*)

GLAD.—Upon the word she comes.  
Serjeant, fetch my glass, (*Exit Ser.*)  
We could not have a fairer day.

CHAP.—It seems auspicious.—(*More Habitants enter.*)

(*Enter Herald who salutes and reads:*)

HER.—To the Habitants of Fort Detroit and the Ter-  
ritory, faithful subjects of his serene majesty  
King George the Third; greeting:—  
Whereas, this being the first day of May, and a  
time especially to be celebrated because of the  
arrival of Mademoiselle de Tonnancour, with  
the Captain and crew of the "Prince George",  
her escort, a general holiday and May festival  
is proclaimed.

By order of the Commandant.  
God save the King.



HAB., SOLDIERS.—(*Some in English, some in French*)  
Vive le Roi! God save the king!

CHAP.—More are shouting for King Louis than King George.

1ST. HAB.—Will it be the good old May-day or an English May-day? Everything is the vile English nowadays.

2ND. H.—Your tongue will lose your head some of these fine days. You may profitably agree to what you cannot mend.

3RD. H.—Peace! wranglers. I am told it is to be both, part new in honor of the new regime, part old in deference to Mademoiselle—

1ST. H.—They say she is sent here because she married an Englishman.

4TH. H.—'Tis a judgement upon her, for she comes in a bad time. The Nain Rouge (*all cross themselves*) danced last night on the palisade.

3RD. H.—Hush! You must speak no ill of her. In Quebec she is called the good angel of Sainte Ursula. She nursed the soldiers at the siege and Jack Duprez says they worshipped her as a saint from heaven.

2ND. H.—I do not believe she married an Englishman.

1ST. H.—But who saw the Nain Rouge?

3RD. H.—Reaume.

5TH. H.—And Gouin.

2ND. H.—What did he look like?

5TH. H.—Most dreadful.

3RD. H.—Uncouth and withered, with a bewildering,

gleaming eye, which froze them to the ground.

5TH. H.—While all the time, says Gouin, the fiend grinned and mocked at them.

3RD. H.—Le Sieur Cadillac first saw the little dwarf. Mere Minique had, months before, in Quebec, warned him to pacify it.

2ND. H.—And he did not?

3RD. H.—No, he struck at it with his cane, and the dwarf bounded away with a threat. From that moment ill fortune dogged Le Sieur as it has and will dog the colony until the blow be paid for.

2ND. H.—He has been seen since then?

3RD. H.—Yes on the Outagamie Fort before the great battle.

4TH. H.—Be sure no harm will befall the Colony but the little dwarf will give warning.

1ST. H.—I wonder what ill it bodes now? After the black rain something very terrible.—(*All devoutly cross themselves.*)

2ND. H.—I am afraid to think of it.

3RD. H.—Let us ascend the palisade.—(*Serj. returns with Gladwyn's glass.*)

GLAD.—Here take the glass. There's Howard, do you see her?

CHAP.—No.

GLAD.—She's in her cabin making final preparations to captivate the post.

CHAP.—I will fetch mother.—(*Both descend*)—



*(Enter Catherine, exit Chap.)*

GLAD.—That troublesome squaw! Truly the gods make life a torment to the doer of foolish deeds. Yet how save with folly shall a man burst the interminable monotony of this exile? In all justice the gods should make folly our privilege.

CATH.—The path between Catherine and her chief is growing rank with thorns, and he does not hew them down.

GLAD.—In faith, fair Catherine, I have been much oppressed with business of late. And even now I must seem cold, for I cannot talk with you. We are going to have a little celebration now. Stay and share it, and I will speak with you when all is over.—*(Turns away.)*

CATH.—Much business is no obstacle to much love.

GLAD.—*(aside)* Heaven send she give not away to her weakness and celebrate too liberally, and thereupon blab secrets. Too great a conquest is to be risked. Riches and the nobility of France to boot. What do I fear the boy's love. He's gone and such a memory is soon effaced.

*(Re-enter Chap. with Madame Chapoton.)*

CHAP.—I spie the ill-smelling rogue Hogan. I will quiz him.

*(Enter Coureurs du Bois singing:)*

All hail the hardy pioneer,  
The huntsman bold, the woodsman keen,  
Who traps the fox and kills the deer,  
A valiant man I ween.

CHORUS — We are the bold Coureurs du Bois,  
The children of the woods.  
We trap the fox, and kill the deer,  
All hail to us with high good cheer,  
Hail the Coureurs du Bois.

*(Enter Voyageurs, singing:)*

All hail the dauntless voyageur,  
Who sails the lake in frail bark,  
And from the far north brings the fur,  
A daring man I mark.

CHORUS — Then hail the dauntless voyageur,  
The hero of the lake.  
Who from the far north brings the fur  
All hail to him, let none demur,  
Hail the brave Voyageur.

*(Enter soldiers to a march.)*

*(Enter maidens with garlands, singing:)*

Who comes in beauty with the spring,  
When violets and cowslips bud,  
When chanting birds their anthems sing,  
And echoing woods exulting ring?  
Kind Madeleine, fair queen of May,  
She comes!

And pretty maidens all are gay,  
Then warble loud your joyous lay,  
Ye little birds, this happy day,  
Sing to the Queen of May.

*(The ship comes to shore. Madeleine, escorted by the Captain descends, etc., amid the cheers of the Habitants.)*

GLAD.—Welcome to Detroit!

CHAP.—A thousand welcomes my dear cousin.

MME. C.—Ah! my child, you have a long and perilous journey, but, by the blessing of the Virgin, my prayers are answered, and you are safe. And the more welcome.

MAD.—And I the more glad to be here. How good the solid earth feels. It was so rough on Lake Erie.

CHAP.—And welcome to you good Captain. Have you had a troublesome charge? How have

you contrived to keep my merry cousin out of mischief these long days? But we delay the preparation.—(*Maidens escort Madelene to the throne where she is crowned with a wreath of flowers.*)

MAID.—All hail Madeleine, Queen of May.

ALL.—All hail the Queen of May!

GLAD.—(*Who has been handed a silver goblet*) I drink to the health of her most august and gracious majesty, Queen Madeleine of May.

ALL.—All hail the Queen of May!

GLAD.—I drink to our omnipotent sovereign, His Royal Majesty, King George III.

ALL.—           Grand Dieu sauve le Roi,  
                   Grand Dieu venge le Roi,  
                   Vive le Roi!  
                   Que toujours glorious,  
           Georgius (*Some sing Louis*) victorieux,  
                   Voye ses enemis,  
                   Toujours soumis,  
                   Vive le Roi!  
           (*Drums and trumpets followed by a maypole dance and song.*)

#### SONG.

Hark the merry bells are ringing,  
 Welcome springtime, welcome springtime,

All the pretty flowers are springing,  
Joyously the birds are singing,  
O'er all, nature, love is flinging,

Welcome happy springtime.—(*Dance continues.*)

CHAP.—(*To Gladwyn*) Quietly aside, here's news indeed.

The tribes are gathering below the Rouge  
To hold a powwow, where bold Pontiac  
Besure plans mischief.

GLAD.—Where'd you learn all this?

CHAP.—From that keen witted filthy rascal, Hogan.

GLAD.—He is too drunk to know.

Hump! drunk, no doubt,

But not so drunk as the poor reds he pumped.

GLAD.—Where is the place, can one spie on their tricks?

CHAP.—Recessed in the depths o' the woods at Ecorces,  
The council place beneath an ancient and  
Thick-knarled oak. Here warlike Pontiac,  
Bedaubed and feathered, leads the dance of  
death.

He's safe. A cat could not unwatched slink  
Through their sure cordon.

GLAD.—I 'gin to fear there's truth in your forebodings.  
What shall we do? Look, now your cousin  
beckons.

CHAP.—(*Crossing to the throne*) What is your gracious  
pleasure?

MAD.—Draw closer, here. I demand to know what  
you two are so omniously shaking your heads

over. You must not be melancholy in my kingdom.

CHAP.—Oh me! I know not what to do. Madeleine, I wish you had not come.

MAD.—What! A right royal way to welcome your sovereign queen and cousin. What is the matter?

CHAP.—Matter enough. You know I do not wish to play a discord. It is not because I have not longed to see you.

MAD.—What is wrong then? Is this what you were talking about?

CHAP.—No. Not exactly.

MAD.—About what then. Speak plainly.

CHAP.—About Pontiac.

MAD.—Who?

CHAP.—Pontiac.

MAD.—Who's he?

CHAP.—A man. A great and terrible man.

MAD.—I have never heard of him.

CHAP.—You may hereafter. But enough now, we disturb the pleasure. I will tell you all tonight. Do not think of it. Dismiss me.

MAD.—Well, go! But if you do not smile because I am come I banish you my kingdom.—(*Madeleine descends and joins in final tableau.*)



SONG

Vive la Canadiene,  
Vole, mon coeur, vole,  
Vive la Canadiene,  
Et ses jolis yeux deux,  
Et ses jolis yeux deux.

*Curtain*



## ACT II

ECORCES.—*The Indian encampment. A campfire upon which a wrinkled old squaw is broiling meat. Other squaws engaged in various domestic ways. A group of chiefs and older warriors are joking and telling stories. A group of young men are gambling boisterously at little bones. To one side aged Ninevois is narrating legends to some children. Meanwhile the old squaw places the meat before the chiefs, and receives in return from one of them, a trinket to her inordinate delight. In the background a dandy alternately admires himself in a pocket glass and then looks gravely ahead; occasionally stealing furtive glances at the young squaws to see if they are admiring him. A young girl behind mimics him. Another dandy sings and hums to himself foolishly, and now and again endeavors to attract the attention of the squaws.*

*Warriors, dandies, squaws old and young, naked children of all sizes, dogs, etc. promiscuously. Tepees in back. Time: twilight of the same day.*

NIN.—There, you must not dig your heels in the ground so. Walk lightly, thus, that you may leave no trail. That is the way.

1ST. YOUNGSTER.—Tell us of the thunder bird.

2ND. Y.—Oh! yes, and of the little boys who climbed up to put out the eyes of the little thunder birds.

3RD. Y.—I want to hear about the terrible weendigoe who lives in the forest beyond Sand Hills. You promised you would tell us that.

1ST. Y.—The thunder bird first.

NIN.—Well, well, so many sturdy warriors are too much for the old man. (*Seats himself*) Listen, little warriors, and I will tell you of Michi-waban; he who sits in the east and guides the hunters on their journey; he who scooped out the lakes and dammed them with cataracts that the fish might stay.—(*Children flock about him.*)

1ST. Y.—Oh yes, and how he made the great big world.

2ND. Y.—And the trees and the bears.

NIN.—Listen then. Many, many winters ago; more winters than there are leaves on this hugh tree; the great waters covered everything. Water as far as you can see from the very top of Sand Hill in every direction; and as far again, many times. On this dreadful waste of waters drifted a single raft. On the raft sat Michi-waban, the Great Rabbit, and his friends, the beaver, the otter, the muskrat, and others.

1ST. Y.—How many others?

NIN.—Many. You must not interrupt my narration. Long and eagerly the Great Rabbit gazed, first this way and then that; but he could spie no land. At last he ordered the Otter—the Otter is a great fisherman—to dive down and fetch a piece of mud from the bottom. The Otter was very proud to show what he could do, for he boast-

ed that he was a famous diver. Fearlessly he plunged into the black water. When he came up his face was as purple as the wild pea; but he did not bring any mud. Very much ashamed he crawled upon the raft and slunk away and hid himself.

2ND. Y.—Did the Great Rabbit scold him?

NIN.—Then the Great Rabbit commanded the Beaver to try. Now the beaver is a great swimmer, and he stood up very big as if to say “look at me, I can dive to the bottom of the biggest lake”. The cold, mysterious water did not frighten him. Down he dived. He stayed under so long that everyone thought he must be drowned—They had already begun his death chant when suddenly up he popped, nearly strangled. They quickly dragged him aboard, but he had no mud.

1ST. Y.—Why didn’t the Great Rabbit send down a fish.  
I would have sent down a fish.

NIN.—Let me end my story, then you may tell what you would do better than the Great Rabbit, who knows everything.

The Great Rabbit was badly worried. He did not know what to do for mud. Suddenly Wajashk, the little Muskrat Squaw spoke up and volunteered to dive. The others jeered scornfully. The little squaw would strive to do what the great braves had failed in. Ho! ho! Still she begged so earnestly that at last the Great Rabbit gave her leave, warning her not to

stay under too long or she would drown. Very bravely she jumped in. All day the sun marched across the heavens, and in the evening dropped glowing into the cool lake; but she did not rise. "The little fool is drowned", they said. The moon rose and set, they had given her up, all went to sleep. At break of the morning they awoke, and behold! drifting alongside, the little muskrat. They dragged her aboard in a hurry. Tightly grasped in one paw was a morsel of mud. The little squaw had done what the great braves could not do.

1ST. LITTLE GIRL.—The squaws can do many things that the braves cannot do.

NIN.—Ho! ho! little warriors, do you hear that? Then the Great Rabbit took the mud and began to work it thus. It grew and grew until it grew into an island, then into a big land, and at last into the great earth. The Great Rabbit took his bow and shot arrows into the earth. These became trees. And the animals hunted about the new land and found themselves homes Michi-waban, or Michabo, as he called himself, married little Wajashk, and their children grew up to be great warriors. Michabo brought them precious copper from his treasure house, and the spiders taught them how to make fish nets. But see! Crazy Wolf is winning the stakes.  
*(Tumult among the gamblers who shout as if possessed, calling upon their several manitous.)*

*Crazy Wolf at length throws the dish and bones over his head with a yell, leaps up and grasps the pile of furs and trinkets and rushes into a tepee. The others disperse excitedly. Meanwhile the group of chiefs talk on unconcernedly.)*

1ST. C.—The English chief could not fight in the woods. He beat his braves for hiding behind trees and made them stand up to be killed.

2ND. C.—Is it true that the young chief was guarded by a Manitou?

1ST. C.—It is most certain, for twice he stood before me and I shot at him. Takee does not miss, but the bullets did not strike. His warriors were very brave and fought as ours do. Their bullets whizzed about us like the north wind through the pines in winter. But the clumsy footed redcoats cannot fight in the woods. They were many, and we were but a handful, yet when the Hurons and Ottawas led by Pontiac made the forest echo with their resounding warcry, the Redcoats turned and fled like frightened curs.

*(A rattlesnake glides out of the bushes and is immediately surrounded by admiring Indians who call and whistle to it, blowing smoke at it and addressing it with great respect as "Grandfather".)*

NIN.—He who has provided food for us in these vast lakes and mighty forests does not forget his children. He has sent Manitou Kenebec to embolden our hearts, to encourage us to victory



Hail Grandfather! Our spirits are refreshed, our hearts rejoice with thankfulness to the Master of Life: He who is ever mindful of his children. Return to him with our praises, (*Snake glides away, enter Manitosiou painted black*).

TAK.—Where is the great chief, Pontiac?

MAN.—Calling upon the Father of Life to grant success to his cause. He sees, as in a dream, the mighty war-eagle swoop down, he hears his wings flap. The eye of the war eagle flashes as lightning in the southwest. His voice is the scream of a thousand arrows. The prayers of Pontiac are answered. His great heart leaps. He will wash the paint of mourning from his face. The Manitou has heard his call.

TAK.—See! There he comes.

(*Enter Pontiac in full war costume.*)

PON.—Success! Success is ours, my warriors;  
The Master of Life encourages our cause,  
And where his eagle leads, who dare not follow!  
The time has come to seize our lands and drive  
These white wolves out. Where are the chiefs?

MAN.—All here  
But Teata.

PON.—Now how long must we wait  
His lordship's independence? This same moon,  
Which now doth wane, was young—

TAK.— He sleeps!

He dare not lift the hatchet.

PON.— Dare not? What!

TAK.—He is a squaw. The black-gown holds his skirt.  
He will not join us.

PON.— He or 's scalp will dance  
With us tonight. Let us no longer wait.  
Make ready all. Impatience scorches me.  
(*Exit Indians except Pontiac and Manitosiou*).

PON.—Who was at the fort today?

MAN.— Old Ninevois  
And Takee.

PON. Ay! What did they learn? Do they  
Suspect at all, or seem prepared for war?

MAN.—Except the nervous French, they are asleep.

PON.—Yes. Yes.

The arrogant and stupid chief can smell no fire  
Until it singe his nose.

MAN.— The war-canoe arrived  
And brought the squaw, our brothers cousin.

PON.—Is she like him? Is she like Chapoton?

MAN.—She is like the sunrise.

PON.— Why, so fair, indeed?

Then must she be like him. What did they then?

MAN.—They danced; I cannot tell, big medicine.

PON.—Ay! After their strange fashion.

Go Manitosiou, prepare for th' council.

(*Exit Manitosiou*)

My brother's cousin come whose praises he  
Has sung so often to me. "Like the Sunrise".



Ah! If she were some glorious spirit sent  
By great Michabo, here, to teach our worth  
To him, and win him to our faith. For now  
Our cause stands crowned with the most shining hopes.

The war-birds piercing and triumphant scream  
Thrills in our ears, and golden victory  
Bends to our grasp, have we but friends to help us.

*(Enter Catherine)*

Catherine!

CATH.—The great chief seeks to speak with Catherine?

PON.—Know you not why?

CATH.—No! How should Catherine know?

PON.—Could she not guess?

CATH.—To guess is not to know.

PON.—True, true. Yet it would please me much to have

You guess. Then I must tell you why. Ah!  
Catherine,

See you yond glimmering river gliding on,  
Kissed by the silvery moonbeams, murmuring  
An anthem to Michabo? Far beyond 's  
A lake, whose watery bosom lies as calm  
Tonight, with that same gentle heaving, that  
Soft rise and fall that tokens the deep sleeper.  
Yet I have seen it when its Manitou  
Was tempest-crossed and angry with the winds,

And hurled its mighty surges at the skies  
And drenched the clouds, raging and terrible.  
On such a perilous lake are we adrift.  
Tonight so peaceful, but tomorrow—See!  
The moon draws on a cold and misty hood.  
Ah! Catherine. Who dares combat alone  
The furious storm. Ambition, thirst for power,  
A warrior's will and might, are powerless  
Before the dreadful flood. But love can win.  
Alone both you and I, like frail canoes,  
Crushed by a mighty and relentless sea,  
Must sink: but love is a strong Manitou  
That conquers every storm. Love, I need  
This potent spirit. You can give it to me.

CATH.—Yes, you are in the dreaming mood tonight.  
It was not so last night; you cursed my mother,  
And beat my harmless brother. Who is safe  
When your mad fit is on.

PON.— It made me wild  
To see the puling slave stand singing there  
And here are eighteen hundred warriors bent  
Triumphantly towards war. Is he a squaw?  
Put him in skirts.

CATH.— He harms you not.

PON.— No! Nor  
The crawling worm, but its sight sickens me.  
As for the venerable squaw, your mother;  
We are not bad friends.  
A pouch of solacing tobacco 'll soothe  
Her into loving. Why does she pick at me?

Thinks I will steal her daughter. Life! She  
should

Be proud. Who offers more than I? A chief,  
And warrior, reputed great. Aged but  
In wisdom, in love, strength and manhood ripe.  
Your slightest wish cannot I gratify?  
Wealth, glory, influence, fame, power?  
Who can ask more? The time is apt to do  
Great deeds: my plans come to a head. Tonight  
The bond is sealed. Tomorrow rises bloody.  
The blow is struck and from the reeking land  
Are swept the cursed English. Ha! You start?  
Does this not move you? Speak! Who greater  
then

Than we, you and I! Supreme, omnipotent.  
Will you not love me now? You do not try.  
Then love me for your country, for your people,  
Their hunting grounds usurped, themselves  
cursed, robbed  
And plundered; poisoned with vile rum, and  
menaced

By the encroaching English, who but lie  
In wait to murder all and seize the land.  
And I might save them if you helped me. Speak!  
Will you not love to save your people? Beats  
Your heart so cold? Oh! Catherine, or have  
You none? Is this a splurge of words, but from  
The lips, a squib that flares and 's out? No  
more?

It wearies you, then go.

No little word to help us to success?  
Farewell. My sun I thought so gloriously  
Would mount, is clouded in its dawn.  
No: What's a man if his great life and hope  
Must dangle at the girdle of a squaw?  
No thoughts of love, a pastime for weak peace.  
I am a warrior.

Shout and sing brave hearts.

I would the business of this weary world  
Did weigh as light on me. My spirit then  
Would leap and bound as lightly.

I know he nothing fears; what is the cause,  
When all his plans give promise of such hope?

MAN.—Then here is cause for sadness and for anger;

(*To Man.*)                      Seat him next

Seat him next

To me. My subtle tongue shall win him. Now  
Expectant hope waits trembling.  
Our nation's fate hangs like an aspen leaf.  
What were you going to say?

MAN.—Of the last wrong. The poisonous trader  
Has left his black trail on our hunting ground,  
Drugged old Lone Bear with spirit water, stolen  
His furs, and worse, has spoiled the flower of her  
Pure virtue, wilting her forever.

PON.— Who?

MAN.—The maiden Sonaweyha.

PON.— As the great  
Giver of Life doth rule in Heaven above,  
For every canker that these dogs have bred  
Ten scalps shall pay.

*(They retire. Enter Catherine.)*

CATH.—Catherine will watch closely here. She may  
hear something that will prove a sharp hoe to  
clear the briared path to the white chief's heart.  
*(Hides herself)*

*(Enter Indians: Ottawas in gaudy blankets, circured Objibwas with fluttering feathers, quivers and light clubs; Hurons in painted shirts, their leggings garnished with bells, and feathers in their hair. All squat in a circle about the fire. The calumet is solemnly passed around.)*



PON.—My brothers: I kindle a great council-fire whose smoke shall rise to heaven in view of all the nations while you and I sit and smoke at its blaze.  
(*To the Hurons, presenting a belt of wampum.*)  
My brothers: I give you this belt that you, who have been a different nation, may know that we are now one.

(*To the Objibwas, presenting a similar belt.*)

My brothers: I give you this belt to unstop your ears that you may hear plainly what we say.

PON.—(*To the Pottawatamies, presenting a belt.*)

My brothers: I give you this belt that it may clear your throats that you may speak freely.

My brothers: Listen to my words.

A prophet of the Delawares who yearned,  
From the Great Spirit's lips to catch the pearls  
Of wisdom, prayed and fasted to be taught  
How he might reach the Master's wigwam.

Dreams

Revealed the straight, undeviating pathway  
thither;

And in high hope, accoutred, he set forth.

Eight days he traveled through mysterious  
And gloomy forests. Wearied, footsore, he  
Lay down beside his evening fire and watched  
The shadows dance among the trees: when, lo!  
Behold before him, white and dazzling,  
A mountain glorious in the morning sun;  
Whose snow-crowned head upreared to heaven,  
And sides precipitate, defied ascent.

Despair—

1ST SQUAW—(*In back*) My beads are better.

2ND. SQUAW— Mine the prettier  
They gleam with such a splendor as the sun,  
Whose lustre outshines all.

PON.— Silence those chattering hags!  
(*Indian "policemen" proceed to do so with clubs"*)  
(*continues*) Dispair and anguish in his heart,  
he turned—

A woman, beautiful, arrayed in white,  
As he looked up arose and spoke: "How hope  
You thus encumbered to succeed? Go! cast  
away

Your gun, your clothing, powder and provision;  
Unslung your kettle; wash you in the stream  
That laps the mountain's foot. Then you will be  
Prepared to stand before the Master. He  
Obeying 'ssailed the steep ascent, and conquer-  
ing,

At length attained the summit. Spread before  
Him lay a fertile plain with villages  
Of thrifty look, unlike our squalid huts.  
He paused bewildered, when a warrior  
Approached, in gorgeous raiment, and with  
words

Of cheery welcome, guided him into  
Michabo's presence. O'erwhelmed by the splen-  
dor

Which shone in dazzling brightness, he fell down;  
And the Great Master bade him rise and spoke



These words:

*(Ejaculations of wonder and admiration from the Indians)*

PON.—*(Continues)* My brothers: thus Michabo spoke:

“ I am the maker of heaven and of earth,  
The lakes and rivers, trees, and all things else,  
The Master of Life. I made you and because  
I love you you must do my will. This land  
On which you live I made for you and not  
For strangers. I made the beasts to clothe  
and feed

You; gave you bows and arrows, taught you how  
To fish. I gave you fire and all things else  
To make you happy. You have played the fool!  
Where are the furs and weapons that I gave you?  
The old traditions are forgot. You have  
Bought guns and blankets from the pale face.

Drunk

The rum which turns you into beasts. Away  
With these and live as your wise fathers have  
For ages lived before you. Why do you let  
These red-clothed dogs usurp your hunting  
grounds?

My anger is against them, they are come  
To steal your country. Drive them out, des-  
troy them;

I will aid you. Spare the longknives, they  
Are very dear to me and love my children.”

*(Ejaculations of approval.)*

PON.—*(Continues)* My brothers: You have heard

the master's words:

This land is ours by just inheritance.

When first the whitemen came we called them  
friends;

Used them as brothers; shared our lodges with  
them.

Did ever starving Englishman crawl to our tents  
And was not warmed and feasted?

Then they gave us presents, and, with softest  
words,

Assured their love and begged a little land;  
Which we did gladly grant. Where is our land?  
Now we must beg from them grown insolent  
And haughty. Each day they crowd us more  
My brothers: soon we will lack where to spread  
Our blankets. These white wolves have killed  
our game;

Have burned our forests, ravished our fair lands.  
They curse us, rob us, cheat us, at our just  
Remonstrance, spurn us like a cur. Make drunk  
Our braves, then use our helpless women; beat  
Our little children. Even now Lone Wolf  
Lies poisoned in his wigwam, plundered by  
The insatiable trader; all his arduous  
Long winter's hunting gone to naught. Nor is  
This all, for the foul wretch,  
Stealing a lewd advantage of the time,  
Has robbed the blameless maiden Sonaweyha  
Of what is more than life.

My brothers:

How long shall such iniquity go unpunished?  
 These evil whites have driven out the French,  
 And only seek pretext to murder us.  
 Shall we sit here like squaws and let them slay us?  
 Warriors! Men!  
 Love you your honor more than rotting sloth?  
 What coward will nor rise to save his country?  
 Your lands, your lives, your squaw's and children's  
 lives,  
 Your sacred worship, all are threatened now.  
 Warriors!  
 He who made us calls on you to save  
 His children.

INDIANS.—

Hough! Hough!

PON.—

Who dares not, let him once look  
 On this. Here is a belt sent from the Great  
 French Father. Now his sleep is done. He  
 hates  
 The redcoat horde. His war canoes wing swift  
 Across the seas to aid us. Speak! Shall we  
 Avenge our wrongs?

IND.—

Hough! Hough! Yes, Yes.

PON.—When?

IND.—Now! Now!

PON.—(*Flourishing a tomahawk*) Who will pick up  
 the hatchet? (*Flings it into the ground*)

WARSONG.—(*Jumps and grasps it*) The bones of my  
 brothers

Who fought at Fort Duquesne lie uncovered and  
 scream for vengeance.

*(Takee grasps tomahawk)*

TAKEE.—The Hurons are always foremost in battle.

PON.—And Teata too?

*(Teata picks it up and flourishes it for silence)*

TEA.—Brothers! Brave Pontiac has stirred the sluggish heart of Teata with his great words. Teata will not sit in camp with his squaws. He will be seen leading his warriors, the fierce Wyandots in the front of battle; proud if his blood be shed to save his country. My brothers; let Teata first depart to worship the Great Spirit with his friend the Black Gown.

IND.—Hough! Hough!

PON.—Valorous chief—

IND.—Hush! hear Pontiac.

PON. Your words inspire our hearts with courage.  
Teata is a true Huron.

IND.—Hough! Hough! Hough!

NIN.—*(Grasps the hatchet)* My children! I am a withered tree. Chief Ninevois, the warrior, glorious in warpaint and sixty feathers of the eagle, terrible to his enemies, is now no more. Old tottering Ninevois cannot lead his braves to battle. He must stand aside and watch his young men win the trophies of victory. He cannot lead you, but he bids his children follow noble Pontiac. Fight for your people and your country until the last drop of your blood has strained the dust of your hunting ground. May victory smile. The old man's blessing

is with you. I have done.

PON.—Venerable chief:

The heart of Pontiac throbs too full for words;  
You have broke down all barriers to success,  
And victory is in our grasp.

*(Suppressed excitement among the Indians.)*

PON.—My brothers:

IND.—Hush! Hear Pontiac.

PON.—We talk like women, noisy, garrulous,  
Without a plan. But listen, ere the sun  
His upward journey well begins, mass at  
The fort, where I, with fifty picked braves  
Will hold a council, smoke a calumet,  
With the unsuspecting whites. Conceal these  
guns

*(Holding up a sawed off musket)*

Beneath your blankets. 'Wait the sign, and  
when

I raise this belt, fall on the garrison.

Avenge your wrongs. We're not alone. I've  
sent

A wampum belt of war to all the nations,  
And bid them strike and seize their lands. Avenge  
Your wrongs! Spare none but Frenchmen!  
War! War!

CATH.—*(Who has been lurking near)* Catherine, quick  
to the fort to warn your chief.

This news will surely win his love. *(Exit)*

*(The tumult which follows is quelled by Manitou who begins an incantation, the Indians fall back*



*but join in the refrain, dancing. Pontiac begins a war-song; the other chiefs join in, and all the Indians, chanting their exploits, brandishing tomahawks, clubs, torches, etc., form a circle about the fire, dancing, yelling and cutting imaginary scalps from the scalping post)*

## INCANTATION

*(accompanied by tom tom)*

MAN.—

Nouchimouin nipakia

Mispigaye nantobali.

Kitchi nantobalichick,

Nipa Kagouitch, takouan,

Simagan gay' pakakoa

Pimousse nantobalem.

Nima, Nima, Chi-chi-kou-e,

Chichikoue, chichikoue.

ALL—Chorus—Nima, nima, chichikoue,  
Chichikoue, chichikoue.

PON.—

## WARSONG

My people hearken,

My warriors,

My fearless ones,

Attend the exploits of Pontiac.

The warriors of the North,  
The fierce and valiant in battle,

## PONTIAC

Where are they now?  
In the lodges of the north,  
The women wail.  
The warriors do not return,  
Upon the lodge pole,  
The tall tepee pole of Pontiac's  
Hang thirty seven scalps.  
In the lodges of the north  
The women wail.

My brothers hearken,  
Invincibles,  
Unconquerable in war.  
Whose prowess doth excel the valorous Pontiac's?

Where are the red-coated warriors,  
The proud ones,  
Who marched in battle array?  
Where is the chieftain, bold and arrogant,  
Who led the warriors?  
In the recess of the forest,  
—The Monangahela knows—  
Their bones lie whitening.  
Exult! My brothers!  
The bones of the warriors who marched in battle array,  
Lie whitening.  
A thousand short haired scalps,  
Are playthings for the little ones.



My sleeping warriors,  
My brothers:—rest!  
Your death shall be avenged,  
Not fifty, nor a thousand scalps  
Shall quench the fury of the vengeance.  
Your murderer's blood shall moisten  
The violets on your graves.

My brothers! Rest!  
Your children shall sing,  
Your widows cease to mourn.

Arm! My warriors!  
Brandish the war club,  
Flourish the hatchet,  
To war! To war!  
As the leaves before the hurricane  
Are the English before the vengeance of Pontiac.

*Curtain*

## ACT III

*Fort Detroit. A room in the Commandant's house. A window overlooking the river and court. Time: evening of the same day. Chapoton, Madame Chapoton and Madeleine discovered in conversation.*

CHAP.—God did not intend this land  
To be a trackless wilderness forever,  
The bloody hunting ground of savages.  
Our reason speaks: its richness was intended  
For those whose thrift and wisdom teach its use.  
How bitter is it, though, for us, who loved  
The wild and virgin beauty, to behold  
It wasted by these white barbarians  
These hordes of English, plundering the land,  
And ruining its proud and former lords;  
Poor lords: whose destiny 's to fall. But not  
Without a struggle.

MAD.— Do you fear an outbreak?

CHAP.—As sure as English rum, for its abuse,  
Brings Indian revenge. For Pontiac  
Whose proud unbuckled spirit will not brook  
The English contumely, 's mad for war.  
His mind 's a seething cauldron of invention  
Continually boiling over mischief. His  
Ambitious soul pictures a long house,  
As he calls it, reaching from the eastern sea

To the snowy western peaks, enclosing all  
The nations, he imperial sachem.

MAD.— He's

A very hero, a Roman, not a savage.

CHAP.—He is a king of men. Noble in all.

As generous as brave I ever found him.

I knew him as a boy; we played together,

Fished for the muscallonge or chased the swift

And nimble wapiti. We shared our meal,

And slept as brothers, snugly in one blanket.

Then little thought we had of bitter strife

And hated English rule. We wild and free,

The forest was our home.

MAD.— Why was I born

A girl? I too would range the mighty woods,

And hunt its wild and native habitants,

And where some brawling brook provides his  
wealth

Of crystal liquor, seek a nook sequestered,

Make fresh my bed of balsam boughs, and lie

And count the stars. Why cannot girls do this?

MME. C.—Perhaps, my child, you also would dispense

With these encumbrances, and native-like

Skip naked.

MAD.— Yes! yes! Anything to burst

The bonds of sickening convention. I

Will too. Now tell me more of Pontiac.

CHAP.—I never knew a man so fierce in war,

So loving to his friends. As he would strive

To the utmost final breath for vengeance on



Own eyes a furious and yelping demon  
Tear from a living child her scalp and leave  
Her dying there; her shrieking mother tied  
To watch her.

MAD.— Oh! heart-rending scene! Why did  
They not kill you?

MME. C.— My father chanced once  
To save a Mohawk's life, which deed they ne'er  
Forgot. And when the Iroquois crept on  
LaChine, and slaughtered there two hundred  
souls,  
—A fearful vengeance for Denonville's wrongs—  
My life, almost alone was spared. I was  
A child then, but the horror of that night  
Doth haunt me still.

MAD.— And well it might. I should  
Ne'er sleep again. Ah! Virgin Mother, guard  
Us all. But if this chief begs war will they  
All aid his great designs?

CHAP.— His influence  
Surpasses marvel. From the province to  
Th' remotest lake, as Metai Chief, his name  
Is watchword to a legion: and to prop his power  
Against all failing he most craftily  
Has sealed close treaty with the various chiefs.  
With Takee and old Nestor Ninevois,  
The wise and venerable Pottawatamie,  
With the warlike chief Sekahos, and that fiend,  
That devil's butcher, bloody Warsong.

MAD.— Why!

What dreadful deed is his that starts you so?  
I never saw you thus.

CHAP.—

Oh! foul and cruel!

God's vengeance strike him down, the murderous devil.

MME. C.—He is the great Destroyer's chosen slave  
To wreak atrocious wrong. Christ pity all  
His foes. Ah! dearie, 'tis a fearful tale,  
You tell it to her Jean.

CHAP.—

'Tis brief as bloody.

At mouth of River Rouge looms gloomily  
An old deserted mill; the favored haunt  
Of bats and hooting owls, and crawling spiders  
The great gaunt arms and ragged shivering sails,  
With gruesome creak, sweep ghostly in the moon-  
light:

An eerie spot. The voyageur doth hush  
His carol, passing silently. The brave  
With frightened stroke, pushes his frail bark  
Far out beyond the reaching shadow.

MAD.—

Horrors!

What woe must come; I shudder at the prologue.

CHAP.—A place fit for the fiend to grind his grist.

Here lived the half-breed Renaud, and his  
daughter:

A maiden whose rich native dignity  
Mingled with her French sprightliness and  
charm

To such effect that many pilgrims hied  
In worthy adoration to this rural shrine:



Among them Campbell and this savage chief.  
In warlike paint and plume he courted well,  
But uselessly; the softer Scottish accent  
Did win the day, the soldier stood preferred.  
Warsong afire with savage jealousy  
And wounded pride, burned furious for revenge.

MME. C.—Incarnate fiend!

CHAP.— With true French ardor old  
Renaud dispised the English. Then, where  
force  
Nor beauty's tender pleadings naught avail,  
Deep strategy must win. Renaud gone hence;  
A gleam of candle light across the water  
Signaled awaiting love that danger was  
Away; when, from a near by copse rushed out  
The unsuspected and malicious foe.  
Scarce stopping to upbraid he furiously  
Raised up his murderous tomahawk, which down  
Decending drenched itself in blood, most sweet  
And innocent of fair Detroit.

MAD.— Oh grief,  
Oh piteous sight.

MME. C.— Oh monstrous, monstrous deed.

CHAP.—Not satiate, another victim yet  
Revenge demanded, and soft plash of oars  
Informed the gloating fiend love's summons were  
Obeyed; when sudden noise proclaimed the  
approach  
Of Renaud and his friends. With hasty blow  
The cruel foe hacked off a tender arm,

Which ghastly trophy he doth ever keep  
To nurse his cursed revenge. A pouch  
To hold peace pro-moting tobacco.

MAD.— Ah, poor Captain,  
I understand now why you did not smile;  
You seemed alone and took no joy nor part  
In the day's festivals. I wondered then.  
My heart bleeds for you poor, poor man.  
Mary Virgin, comfort him, he needs  
Your help. Oh! bloody, bloody deed;

And then—

MME. C.—To feast on the crime at every puff of smoke.

MAD.—What sights my fancy pictures. How if he  
Were here, and I had fallen thus; or I  
Abroad upon some pleasant expedition, should  
With startled cry, trip on his mangled form.  
Oh! Hideous thought! Where is he now?  
Since I  
Did leave Quebec I have not heard. He planned  
To meet me here, I prayed he should;  
Now my most fervent prayer to heaven is  
“From this fell wilderness, Oh merciful God,  
Deliver him.”

MME. C.— Dalzell is far from here,  
Safe anchored in the merry capital.  
My love, you must not think upon these things,  
To your imagination heated give no scope.  
Your heart burns hot and feverish; gentle sleep  
Will soothe that wearied brain.

MAD.— Talk not of sleep!

I shall not sleep again. Hark! what's that noise?  
Why don't you speak?

CHAP.— 'Tis like the howling far  
Away o' th' wolf pack.

MAD.— No! It is not wolves.

CHAP.—Look through the window. Can you see at all?

MME. C.—My son, I know it well, too well. Listen!  
It is the howling of the fiercest wolves  
That God did e'er create. E'en so far  
Away the sound doth chill the blood with terror.

CHAP.—Speak cheerfully to Madeleine. Yet, methinks  
This is the first act of a tragedy.  
That tragedy has many fearful scenes  
Which Pontiac plays. I dare not think what follows.

MAD.—The sky glows softly red beyond the Point.

CHAP.—It is at Ecorces, there the noisy tribes  
Assemble to a pow wow. Thou mayst see  
A many a brave, grotesque and fiercely painted,  
Adorned with trophies of the war and chace,  
With horrid din, leap in 's demoniac whirl.  
Perchance it is their Mayday.

MAD.— Ghastly one,  
My heart stops beating at the sound.  
Oh my dear cousin, how are you content,  
You, who have lived in gay and happy France,  
To dare the frontier's perils, and to live  
In this blood reeking wilderness?

CHAP.— Oh! child,  
'Tis not so bad as that. I think you do  
Repent your coming hither. The dreariest place

Has some advantages, and this has very many.

MAD.—Yet don't you often long for better things?

Will you forgo the hum and bustle of the world,  
The opera, the gay society,  
The brilliant court and the great life of Paris,  
Which you have tasted, and surplace it with  
This cabin life and this plain peasant fare;  
This rude and wild, unbroken wilderness?

MME. C.—I thought I heard a little girl once wish  
That she were born a boy, so she might live  
And hunt deep in the wild?

CHAP.—How so! How so!  
Oh transformation sudden. You'll not need  
My buckskin breeches? Oh, you pretty slave  
Of sickening convention. I had thought  
To see you painted like a warrior.  
Swift changing woman—

MAD.—Stop and answer me.

CHAP.—Oh cousin mine, to long for, strive for things  
More nobler, higher, should be our first aim.  
But we are fools of fate, like abjects are  
Compelled to serve her least injunction. Yet  
Oft-times when most she seems contrary to  
Our wish she teaches us our good: as here.  
By stern experience I have been taught  
To seek my path along some quiet stream;  
For only there is true contentment found:  
Far from the tinsel of the courtly world  
With all its vain ambition. I am led  
Into a life not lonely, nearer God.

MAD.—How is it nearer, here?

CHAP.—

Oh! better far

That hum of people in the mighty mart  
Is the soft music of the forest:  
The murmuring river, the deep sighing pines,  
The ceaseless babble of the noisy creek,  
The droning bees. More than the great cathedrals  
I love the temple of the woods, so grand,  
So silent, but for the great solemn organ  
Whose bass is falling water and whose treble  
The wind in th' pines.

MAD.—

It is His holiest temple.

CHAP.—

Of all the operas

I love the sweeter carol of the birds.  
The lark who rises with the sun and sings  
To heaven on high; the merry bob'o-link;  
The humorous and trick-loving jay; the wren,  
A nervous housewife; the sweet vespering  
sparrow;  
And the gentle robin, sing the comedies.

MAD.—Oh! beauteous opera!

CHAP.—

Then the wierd night birds

Enact the tragedies. The poor-will's-widow;  
The hooting owl who brings the cold north wind;  
The wheeling night-hawk, with his eerie "peent".

MAD.—Fit actors for a dreadful midnight horror.

CHAP.—With the wild wood's fragrant flower can,

To me, no perfumed lady of the court  
Compeer. The delicate arbutus born



Of fleeting snow, sweetly announces spring.  
The nodding wind-flower and the gold-cups warn  
'Tis time to plant; and e'er the wheat doth sprout  
The modest violet reigns in royal state,  
Beloved of all. In yellow harvest time,  
Hot afternoon of summer,  
Amid the pluming corn, the brilliant cone-flowers  
And th' glorious goldenrod burst forth. At last,  
E'er winter's night shuts out the busy scene,  
Comes Indian summer, and good mother earth  
In sunset glory robes herself. The sumac,  
The scarlet turning oak, the golden maple,  
Each vie in gordeousness. Then comes the  
sad time,  
Summer dying, until in new joy,  
With clear, sharp, frosty nights, and sparkling  
snow,  
And stars out-passing brilliance, winter arrives.  
Season of play and sport and merry sleigh-bells;  
Joyous Christmastide.

MAD.—

It is a life

Closer to God indeed, I love it.

Who could not help but love it?

CHAP.—I love the river,

That majestic stream, gem-spangled with  
The emeralds of the god's. With stately glide  
She sweeps from lake to lake.

A friend most cheering and most comforting  
To heal the wearied mind.



*(Enter a messenger)*

MESS.—*(To Chapoton)* The Major, sir,  
Would speak with you.

CHAP.— At this late hour? What can  
He want? I'll follow straight. Will you ex-  
cuse me? *(Exit Mess. and Chap.)*

MAD.—A poet sure. He almost speaks in rhymes.  
A woodland votary, and yet unused  
And tedious, I guess, in ball-room prattle.

MME. C.—He's writ some poems, but will not publish  
them,  
Cries out upon the mercenary age;  
And says there lives no man whose ear is tuned  
To poetry, save only one in England;  
A certain Mr. Gray.

*(Re-enter Chapoton with Gladwyn)*

CHAP.—'Tis five times folly I should let you broach it.

GLAD.—It is my privilege, at any rate,  
To try.

CHAP.—*(aside)* Most sure the quickest way to end  
The matter. Come, mother, come. 'Tis very  
late,  
A breath of air upon St. Anne's, and then  
To bed.

MAD.—Oh! don't leave me.

GLAD.— With your permission,  
I will detain you but a moment.

MAD.—

What

D' you wish?

GLAD.—To speak with you alone.

MAD.—You can

Say nothing that my cousin must not hear.

CHAP.—Come mother.

MAD.— Oh! So all have conned their cues.

CHAP.—We'll not go far. (*Exit Chap. and Mme. Chap.*)

GLAD.—Mademoiselle—Ah—the air is close in here, is it not? I will open a window. That is refreshing. Hark! How that sound carries all these miles. The wind is from the south. Our red friends are having a brave celebration. Have you ever witnessed an Indian dance? No? It is quite an experience. This air is not too chilly for you? I have lived so much in the field, I suppose, that I always feel choked and restless indoors. A soldier's life is rough and hardy on the frontier. It gives no chance to cultivate refinement. But my soldiering here will soon be done.

MAD.—You had something particular that you wished to say to me?

GLAD.—Ah, Mademoiselle, I am pure Saxon and know not how to come to a subject nicely, but what I lack in art I will amend in vigor. And if I be not misinformed our plain English has not always struck your ear unmusically. Mademoiselle, I love you, love you a thousand times more than your glibbest Frenchman can prattle.

MAD.—Why! What do you mean sir?

GLAD.—I know this is rashly sudden. How can I help it? I cannot expect you to feel as I do, but I want a word of hope to thrive upon.

MAD.—You are unkind to speak this way.

GLAD.—Yes, presumptuous, but not in wish. I am plain and blunt, I cannot flatter you. Am I not the more to be trusted then? Mademoiselle, can you love an unvarnished man? One just so much seasoned by age as to lose the vanity of youth? One who will love you with an honest sterling worth that will out—

MAD.—Stop! How dare you speak to me so! You know I am betrothed, and were I not, I would not marry one I did not love.

GLAD.—Time may amend that. A little love increasing is better than a conflagration that consumes its fuel. As for Dalzell, why do you think of him? Do you still hear from him? Has he not been as dead these months? Why, he is overwhelmed in that gay colonial society; and if he have not already surrendered to some lispng title seeker, it is not for being unassailed. Why remember him?

MAD.—Do you forget so easily? For shame! Then urge not love. Were I so weak, so frail, So faithless, to forget my pledge, how could You wish me? Is that love? The quackery Of love!

GLAD.— Upbraid me not

But try me, you will find I am true metal,  
Attempered well, let me not go unproven.

MAD.—No more.

GLAD.—               What's a title shorn of lands?  
Small comfort. Isle aux Peche, once Pontiac's  
home,  
I own, and other farms and an estate  
In England.

MAD.—               Love's not bought with lands.

GLAD.—But

MAD.—       This is unchivalrous, a wrong to me  
And her of whom 'tis noised abroad, she is  
The just possessor of that honor  
You would thrust on me.

GLAD.—                               It is false!

*(Enter Sentry, who salutes)*

What is it now?

SEN.—Catherine, the Indian girl, demands to see you.

GLAD.—I'll not see her.

MAD.—                               Nay, but pardon me,  
It is her right— See, she comes.

SEN.—*(to Catherine)* You must wait, he is busy.

CATH.—*(Pushing by and entering)* Catherine will  
see him now.

GLAD.—God's plague upon her.

*(Enter Chapoton behind)*

MAD.—Fair Catherine, good morning;  
Is it not morning now? (*To Chap.*) Did you  
hear all?

CHAP.—Enough to know. Come, leave him to his  
amours,  
And seek the kind physician sleep. My faith,  
These English.

(*Exit Chap. and Madeleine*)

CATH.—She called me fair. Her eyes are black like  
mine.

Her skin is fairer, rose where mine is copper.

GLAD.—Well! Is this your haste?

CATH.—Why should hers be better? Copper is more  
precious, as rich in ornament, more good for use.  
It will be copper still when the rose is forgotten.

GLAD.—Dreaming! What was the mad haste?

CATH.—Oh! I bring my chief some moccasins worked  
with the cunning beadwork of the Objibwa  
maidens.

GLAD.—They might have waited one moment.

CATH.—Does not my warrior like them?

GLAD.—Oh! yes, they are very pretty. I wondered  
why, when the Geebi chatter among the trees,  
you stole so far in the night to bring them.

CATH.—Should not Catherine come for her great  
warrior's love? Does he not want her?

GLAD.—There is something weightier on your mind,  
what is it?

CATH.—The great chief does not love Catherine now,  
the pale rose has stolen his heart away.



GLAD.—Why should I love her, she is another man's squaw?

CATH.—Whose squaw?

GLAD.—Why, a red-coat captain's.

CATH.—No! No squaw, only maiden; only rosebud still.

GLAD.—Well, she will be. Where is Pontiac now?

CATH.—He will be here today. Why does the great chief not love Catherine now? She is no longer bud? Is open flower not so pretty?

GLAD.—Why, so I do love you. What would you have me do, fawn on you and lick your cheeks like a love-sick boy? Here today! How? When?

CATH.—The great chief has plucked the flower. Will he throw it away?—or keep it?

GLAD.—Keep it? Of course he will keep it?

CATH.—Will the great chief always love Catherine?

GLAD.—Certainly he will, why shouldn't he? Tell me, what does Pontiac come for?

CATH.—Blood.

GLAD.—Blood? What do you mean? Speak out?

CATH.—Listen. At sunrise he comes with fifty braves to smoke the peace pipe. Outside is good, all very good; but inside is all bad. See, in their blankets they have thunder-sticks. (*Displaying a sawed off musket*)

GLAD.—St. Aubin's word.

CATH.—Pontiac will make very good talk. It is the rattle, rattle, that fools the little squirrel. The snake is coiling. When the belt of wampum is



lifted, as a flash of lightening, he will strike. His braves will kill, kill, kill! Kill all the English, here, everywhere; all the forts. Only the Longknives may live.

GLAD.—St. George defend us. (*Strikes a bell*)

(*Enter Sentry*) Call Chapoton and Campbell quickly. (*Exit Sentry*)

CATH.—Oh! Catherine should not have spoken. Pontiac will torture her to death.

GLAD.—Hush, you are safe here. How did you learn all this?

CATH.—I have told too much.

GLAD.—Yes, to go back to him; now tell all to make you safe here. Come, how was it?

CATH.—The warriors of many nations are gathered to smoke the calumet and hear the words of the mighty sachem. Pontiac has told them to drive the English from their lands. Many white men will be slain tomorrow. The bullets will fly like birds. The ground will be colored like the sumac leaves in autumn. Catherine was at the council and heard this. It is true talk.

(*Enter Campbell and Chapoton*)

GLAD.—Yes, yes, you are tired, go find mother Dubois, tell her I sent you, she will find you a place to sleep. (*Exit Catherine*)

CAMP.—What now will the trouble be, more murder?

GLAD.—Yes, the arch-devil and his villainous horde come purporting to smoke a calumet. At a sign they will drop their peace robes and fall on the garrison. But the treacherous scoundrel is overreached this time, here.

CAMP.—Here?

GLAD.—God pity the other posts if they are not warned.

CAMP.—A general outbreak? God have mercy!

GLAD.—Yes! But our trouble is here. Now, how shall we receive them?

CAMP.—With a broadside of grape as they enter the portcullis.

GLAD.—To my liking, but it would bang too loudly in the public ear. It may be only a bluff after all, I have only the squaw's word.

CAMP.—And shooting is too clean a death for the villains.

GLAD.—What do you say Doctor?

CHAP.—I would advise parading the garrison, armed, but as if nothing special were amiss. If this show of armament does not dismay them, their plans at least will be futile. If they show signs of war keep Pontiac as a hostage for their good behavior. He is their life and soul, expect no no trouble while he is safely here.

GLAD.—This is the scheme. Captain, assemble the garrison. I will myself about it. (*Exit Glad. and Campbell*)

CHAP.—Advise my blood-sworn enemies to jail My friend. It must be. It is for his good.

His plans succeeding will but drench the land  
With blood, and will not help his cause. How  
like

An untamed eagle caged he will pine  
And droop; and I his jailor. Merciful God,  
Why are poor human wormlings made ambitious  
And with no space to grow in? Oh! if he  
Might learn by any way than cruel experience  
How curst ambition is.

But like the noble, unsuspecting elk,  
Through bush and thicket plunging recklessly,  
He scents not hiding death.

*(Assemble sounds)*

*(Enter Madeleine with hair dishevelled)*

MAD.—What does this dreadful preparation mean?

CHAP.—How? Still awake?

MAD.—Good mercy, how could I sleep. These fearful sounds are period to worse dreams. What wars, and massacres and frightful deeds I have witnessed. Oh! Pitying Virgin. There! Why do they beat those terrible drums?

CHAP.—Oh my poor terrified cousin, compose yourself. You were longing for your Roman chief. This is but honor to his coming. Go and attire yourself to receive the king. He will be more frightened than you if you receive him this way.

*(Exeunt)*

*(Enter Gladwyn, Campbell, Serjeant and Soldiers)*

GLAD.—Fix bayonets! When I raise my arm thus,  
sound a tatoo and bring your men to a charge.  
Do you understand.

SER.—Yes sir!

*(Enter a Messenger)*

MESS.—Sir, the Reds are disembarking.

GLAD.—Campbell, meet them at the gate and escort them here. *(Exit Campbell)* He is so fond of them. Arrange some blankets here. They will not sit on chairs. Some more blankets. That will do, we have enough. So. Serjeant, bring your section to attention.

*(Enter behind Madeleine, Chapoton, Mme. Chapoton, Catherine, and others. Pontiac and his chiefs and braves file dignifiedly in. Pontiac discovers the preparations and loses his composure for an instant.)*

PON.—*(Aside)* Betrayed! *(Aloud)* Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing about with their guns?

GLAD.—Oh! the soldiers? They are paraded in honor of the council.

PON.—My father knows we came to smoke the calumet, the symbol of peace. Why does my father have his warriors put their knives in their guns?

GLAD.—They are armed for the sake of discipline and exercise. Thus the great English Father keeps his warriors always ready against an unexpected foe. Will my children sit? (*Points to the blankets*)

(*Pontiac, with evident reluctance, squats on the one prepared for him and the others follow his example. He glances about the hall, and, while apparently unperturbed, he suggests the emotions that are burning beneath the surface. He sees Chapoton and gives him a friendly, though nervous nod. Then his eye falls on Catherine and his expression turns to one of rage, immediately blotted out by sorrow. He nearly speaks, but recovers himself and his eye falls on Madeline who is eyeing him with earnest curiosity.*)

PON.—(*To himself*) Sunrise!

MAD.—He looks ten times a hero.

MME. C.—But is a treacherous savage always.

MAD.—No not he.

(*Pontiac meanwhile picks up the calumet, lights it, puffs gravely to the four directions and to the heavens, then passes it to Gladwyn. It progresses silently about the circle. Pontiac, with the wampum belt in his hand, rises and speaks.*)

PON.—May the smoke of this calumet ascend to heaven as a cloud, and carry with it all animosities.

Corlear: The path which once ran between your dwelling and ours has become over-run and choked with thorns so no one can pass that way; and we have almost forgotten that there was a



path. I have come to clear that path and make a broad smooth trail that you and I may visit each other freely.

Corlear: Listen to what I say; these words are from our hearts. My people have been one people; your people another. The Redmen hated the English because they had conquered our French brothers and made them sign a paper not to fight. The English hated the Redmen because they were brothers of the French. We were both angry and much blood has been spilt. Now we are sober. We know that the English are rulers and we wish to show our allegiance.

Corlear; listen! We have planted the tree of peace. Its branches have grown up to heaven; and we may now all live under its shelter as brothers; one people, with one fire.

My brothers: I have covered the bones of the dead so that the sight of them may no longer bring sorrow to our hearts; and I have scattered leaves over the grave that the spot may no longer be remembered.

My brothers: May the cloud that has hung so long over us be dispelled that the sunshine of peace may enter our hearts and warm them. The chain of friendship is burnished. It is a strong heavy chain that cannot be broken. One cannot hold it alone. Let us all take hold of it. My brothers that you may hear and see that the



Redmen and the English are now one people, I open your ears and your eyes with this belt—  
(*Gladwyn signals, tattoo sounds, etc. Pontiac stands confounded. Gladwyn steps up, pulls back his blanket and discloses his sawed-off musket.*)

PON.—Treachery!

GLAD.—Yes! treachery, you savage whelps. Is this Your chain of friendship, this your peace? That like a pack of murderous wolves sneak in to slay?

You thought, imperious rogue, to drug our sense With lies, then wreak your savage butchery?

Now what have you to say to save your scalps?

Shall we not hurl your bloody massacre

Upon your coyote heads? Speak, cowards, speak!

PON.—Is Pontiac a woman to fear the yelping of the English cur? Why do you stop with words? I do not fear your tortures? Do your worst, for had it fallen to me, I had done mine. Proud chief, listen: the spirit of my fathers bids me speak. This land you usurp is ours. The Master of Life gave it to his red children to live on and enjoy. When you whitemen came we took your hands as friends. We have warmed a serpent in our blankets that now poisons us. We are cheated, basely cheated; our lands are stolen; our forests burned, the springs are drying up, the game is fled, starvation stares us in the face. Is not this enough? Behind our backs you corrupt our young men and defile our women.

Our hearts burn with rage when we see the ruin  
you bring upon us—

GLAD.—Enough of this! Serjeant, arrest him.

MAD.—You shall not touch him. What he speaks is  
truth.

He is the wronged, yours the treachery.

Stand back, I say! He shall have justice.

Go, noble Pontiac.

*(Meanwhile the Indians have been slipping out.)*

PON.—Sunrise! *(Exit)*

GLAD.—Stop him! Gone!

*Curtain*

## ACT IV

*Fort Detroit: same as Act III. Time: an afternoon several months later. Gladwyn, Rogers, Dalzell and Chapoton in conversation with two Pottawatamies.*

1ST. POT.—The Pottawatamies have always loved the English.

GLAD.—Why did they take up the hatchet against them?

1ST. P.—Our Grandfathers, the Delawares, sent a war belt to all the nations, telling them to lift the hatchet with Pontiac against the English.

GLAD.—But why did my children lift the hatchet if they did not wish to fight?

1ST. P.—Our young men burned at the words of Pontiac. If we had refused to lift the hatchet they would have slain us.

GLAD.—Will Pontiac not harm you when he hears that you have made peace?

1ST. P.—Our young men have grown older, and Pontiac's strength, which was as the strength of the north wind in winter, is now as the strength of Shawano, the southern breeze who wafts our canoes across the rippled lake.

GLAD.—(To Chapoton) What does he mean?

CHAP.—Where is old Ninevois?

1ST. P.—With our fathers.

CHAP.—Humph! I thought so or you would not be here.

2ND. P.—My brothers: this war is neither your fault nor ours. We are very tired of it. It is the will of the Great Spirit that we should have peace. My brothers: we are ashamed of our bad conduct. We ask your forgiveness for what is past. We desire to take fast hold of the chain of friendship, but we cannot hold it alone. We hope that you will take hold of it also, that there may be peace between us.

My brothers: You have our flesh and blood captive among you. We also have your flesh and blood captive with us.

My brothers: it is very grievous to the Great Spirit to see his children captives. We therefore beg that all the prisoners may be set free, and that this may be a sign of peace between us.

GLAD.—My children have spoken true. This war is not our fault, we did not wish it. But the Ottawas and their friends have made the sky very dark, and the Great Father across the sea is angry at the blood of his people that has been spilt. He is sending his army to chastise the Ottawas and their friends. My children have done well to come to me and explain that they took up the hatchet against their will, and that they now wish peace, so that I may stand between them and the vengeance of the Great Father, which will surely come. He alone can make peace with his enemies; but there may be a truce between us which his army will respect

if I tell them that the Pottawatamies have been faithful. Let my children now depart for their captives. When they are all brought I will deliver my captives, and this will be a sign of the truce between us.

1ST. P.—My brother: we have sat very long and our throats are parched. Give us a little rum to drink lest we perish of thirst before the captives be set free.

*(Gladwyn gives them some rum, after which they depart.)*

GLAD.—It goes against my stomach to sit here listening to their hollow yawp; but by the Gods we are in a fix where we must pocket our pride. Des-pise our smuggling friends my commissary has a famished look. Those thieving barbarians have stolen every smitch of beef and mutton in the country; they have eaten the fields bare like a plague of locusts. Do not shuffle your feet so. Treat your shoes kindly; we may need them for soup yet.

DAL.—But these Pottawatamies; don't they really want peace?

ROGERS.—If they have a good chance to fight again they'll not be slow to sieze it. What they want now is their friends that we have locked up here. Perhaps they have a deeper scheme.

CHAP.—The trade is good so far as the prisoners go, and if a truce will quiet some of them for even a short time it is a gain. It is likely true enough



that they are tired of fighting. How Pontiac has so long bowed the restless tribes beneath his will is marvellous. With no more authority than the respect his will commands, to hold these wayward savages to five months task is more than conquering Rome.

*(A Soldier enters, salutes and hands Gladwyn a letter. Before he opens it an alarm sounds outside. Serjeant enters.)*

GLAD.—What is it now?

SER.—There be nine of the varmints, naked as they came into the world, and painted black from crown to toe. Each has a long pole from which flutters a short haired scalp. They are yelling and vaunting like a procession of tipsy torch bearers, just beyond musket range. May we drop a shot of grape among them?

GLAD. *(Looks at Chapoton knowingly.)* Another death tale. Save your shot unless they come closer. If any more appear call me.

SER.—Yes sir! *(Exit with Soldier)*

GLAD.—I wonder what now? I dread to open it. *(Unfolds the letter)* It is in French. No. Here it is on the back. *(Reads)* Maj. Gladwyn, Comndt. Sir: It is my sorrowful duty to report that Fort Sandusky is captured and—

ROGERS.—Ha! From Paully?

GLAD.—*(Looks at the signature)* Yes.—Fort Sandusky



is captured and all the garrison except myself murdered. A few weeks ago seven Indians called at the Fort. Knowing them well I admitted them. We were engaged in friendly conversation, when, without warning I was suddenly knocked down and disarmed. At the instant the war hoop was raised and a swarm of hidden savages burst in on the Fort. Completely surprised, the men were shot down helplessly, or taken prisoners. The buildings were immediately fired. With the other captives I was carried from the fort and embarked in canoes and brought here. Since my arrival my companions have been murdered, one at a time, either by running the gauntlet, slow burning, hacking to pieces or other tortures too revolting to be described. The squaws and children do the torturing, the braves contenting themselves with looking on and applauding the spectacle; some however, eating the hearts and drinking the blood of the bravest victims.

CHAP.—Horrible, horrible.

DAL.—The hell hounds.

GLAD.—(*Continues*) I myself was attacked and pelted with stones, expecting to be made to run the gauntlet; until a wrinkled old hag came to my rescue and offered to adopt me in place of her son who had been killed. Seeing no alternative but torture I accepted and will watch my opportunity to escape to you. The French priest

has given me this scrap of letter to write on and promises to get it into your hands somehow.

I am sir, your obdt. servant.

M. Paully, Ensign, Late Comdt.

Fort Sandusky.

GLAD.—Good God! Did you ever hear anything like it. And these are your christianized savages.

ROGERS.—They are always the worst; was it not they who started the massacre at William Henry?

CHAP.—You can teach an Indian a new way of making medicine, but baptised or unbaptised he will never be more than an Indian.

ROGERS.—Poor Paully. His words are the very anguish of despair.

DAL.—No wonder. I suppose the devils brought him out to watch each victim tortured.

GLAD.—Think what a frail, barrier divides us from a like fate.

CHAP.—Sleepless vigilance is the price of our lives.

GLAD.—God help us! If we dared sleep our thoughts would keep us awake.

*(Noise of yelling and barking outside)*

DAL.—Another uproar. Good heavens what is that now?

*(Goes to the window)*

Squaws and dogs and kettles and what not. All yelping.

ROGERS.—Kettles too?

CHAP.—Where?

DAL.—Paddling down stream.

CHAP.—To the Wyandot village. No doubt to follow

their murder pageant by a celebrative feast.

ROGERS.—(*Looking out*) Yes, they are Wyandots.

DAL.—Where is the village?

CHAP.—On the other side, a mile or so below.

DAL.—Would it not be wholesome revenge to steal on them when stupid with their gorge, and slaughter them?

CHAP.—Without doubt just what they would like. You would find them waiting.

GLAD.—I wonder how my embassy fares? I tremble for it.

CHAP.—While Warsong breathes Campbell is not safe.

(*Enter Serjeant*)

SERJ.—Sir, the Pottawatamies are returning with their prisoners.

GLAD.—How many?

SERJ.—Four, one officer and three privates.

GLAD.—Release our two Pottawatamie prisoners, not the Ottawa. Show the officer here and see that the men are made comfortable.

SERJ.—Yes sir. (*Exit*)

DAL.—Can we not somehow surprise them by a sally?

CHAP.—Impossible.

GLAD.—We are too weak. We dare not try. Even with your new arrivals and Roger's men we have hardly more than enough for a double shift on the palisade.

DAL.—If we sent them a barrel or two of rum by the

French we might slip out and catch them maudlin.

CHAP.—Pontiac is shrewd. His suspicions would conquer his love for the liquor and he would waste it on the ground.

GLAD.—Besides, where are you going to get the rum from? Nothing to drink, nothing to eat, nothing to do but starve.

DAL.—We might better die in a fight than that.

*(Enter Schlosser)*

ALL.—Good God! Schlosser!

SCHL.—A poor broken fragment of him.

GLAD.—What of St. Joe?

SCHL.—The worst.

GLAD.—Calamity and ruin. Our ears do not stop ringing at one horror before another dins. Well, we are steeled for the worst. If there is such a thing. Let's hear about St. Joe.

SCHL.—'Tis a short sad tale. On a sunny morning away back in May, it seems only last week, I was told that a number of Pottawatamies from Detroit had come to visit their friends at Lake Huron. Shortly after Washaske and four braves came to my quarters as if for a friendly smoke.

GLAD.—The old, old story.

SCHL.—At that moment a Canadian rushed in crying that the fort was surrounded by savages. I flew out to find the parade thronged with Canadians and Indians. I called the men to arms, we were

a mere handful, fourteen and myself. Also tried to muster the Canadians; but, with a yell, the Reds in the fort rushed to the gate, tomahawked the sentinel and opened a passage to their friends outside. In two minutes the fort was plundered, eleven of my men struck down, and we four, whom you have rescued, marched captive to the woods.

GLAD.—St. Joseph, Fort Michillimackinac,  
Sandusky, Ouatanon, Fort Miami,  
Le Boeuf, Venango, Presqu' Isle and Vincennes,  
Oh! what a list. Detroit stands alone,  
Had not these blessed reinforcements come  
I should despair.

*(Enter LaBute)*

How now? LaBute, alone?

ALL.—Where's Campbell?

GLAD.—I felt it in my bones.

CHAP.—Did Pontiac—

LABUTE.—It was done without his knowledge. He intended only to keep him mewed up.

GLAD.—Let us hear everything as it happened.

LAB.—Gouin warned us and I myself was loathe to go, but Campbell's mind was set. Their camp is on the rise beyond Parent's creek. A mongrel assortment of huts and tepees. The whole greasy crew, braves and squaws, youngsters and dogs, met us at the bridge; and at the sight of



Campbell's uniform raised such a yelping and howling as turned me sick. The hags picked up stones and clubs and I thought we would be made to run the gauntlet. At this moment Pontiac stepped forth and with a word hushed the clamor. Even the dogs seemed cowed and left off their discordant baying. Pontiac led us to a hut and gave us blankets to sit on. The braves crowded in after us. Presently Campbell arose and addressed them. They did not deign to answer. We sat, hours it seemed, nervously trying to puzzle some hope out of their inscrutable faces. At length, in order to determine our position, Campbell arose again and signified his intention of returning to the Fort. Pontiac motioned him to sit again. "My father will sleep tonight in the lodges of his Red Children"; he said.

GLAD.—Treacherous villian.

LAB.—He led us to the house of Meloche, where after sending us good food he left us. I was very tired and after a pipe with the Captain, rolled up in my blanket. About midnight I was awakened by the sound of a scuffle in the hall and jumped up just in time to see Warsong dragging the Captain out in the night. I rushed out, but in a twinkling Campbell had been stripped and scalped, and I saw Warsong, with the ferocious cries and actions of a demon, eating his heart, his braves yelling and gulping the blood by



handfuls. The tumult aroused the village. The dogs took up the noise. Pontiac rushed in, but Warsong and his braves had disappeared. Pontiac's wrath was fearful to behold. Those who had been drawn by the uproar scattered in all directions. But it avails nothing. Warsong and his Objibwas are fled to the north.

CHAP.—Ill-starred captain.

Your martyrdom may prove our grace,  
Our grace, but Pontiac's ruin.

GLAD.—(*Turning away*) You French dog, despite  
your words you are all his friends.

LAB.—What does he say?

CHAP.—Folly. Was Warsong painted?

LAB.—Yes, black. He mourns his nephew who was  
killed in the skirmish Friday.

CHAP.—And this was his revenge. Why did they let  
you go?

LAB.—In the excitement no one marked me, and I  
had no love to stay. I slipped off through the  
woods and crossed the Savoyard.

GLAD.—It is too hazardous.

DAL.—A soldier is prepared to undergo some hazard,  
even for honor's sake. We should scarcely balk  
at hazard when our lives and the lives of our  
women and children are at stake.

CHAP.—What is it?

DAL.—I propose stealing out and falling on their village  
after dark. Now, while the Objibwa defection  
has weakened them. The Pottamatawies have

quit too, and the Hurons are down the river. The remainder cannot be very strong, and your weeks of idleness has dulled any suspicion of our attacking them. We would take them completely by surprise.

CHAP.—Lunacy. Surprise Pontiac?

DAL.—You all confess we are in a desperate fix. Then we must seek violent relief. I will ask for volunteers; none need hazard who will not. But I will wager my sword you can count those on your fingers who will not.

ROGERS.—By Gad! Jack. I'll back you. I believe it might be done. Can we surprise them LaBute?

LAB.—I think they anticipate no attack, but to surprise an Indian is not easy.

DAL.—Now is the chance to strike. We may never have another so good.

GLAD.—No! It is too risky. Gentlemen, let us see what our commissary affords, if anything. (*Exeunt*)

(*Enter Catherine*)

CATH.—Catherine has heard. She will sing lies into the great white chief's ears and he will listen. The red coated warriors are very brave and their scalps will honor the lodge poles of the Ottawas. I will tell the white chief that the warriors beyond the creek are sleeping. They are sleeping; sleeping as the snake sleeps; coiled and ready to strike. Who is the fool now?

Catherine or the great white chief? He told me to go to hell with my bastard brat. I do not know what that means, but it is not good. Fifty scalps, sixty scalps—it is enough. Someone is coming.

*(Exit Catherine, enter two Habitants.)*

1ST. H.—I am almost afraid to go abroad in the dusk.

2ND. H.—The Nain Rouge is very angry. Baptiste saw him last night racing wildly up and down the shore. All of a sudden he turned, scrambled up the palisade and vanished as the smoke from my pipe. An instant later the bell of St. Anne's pealed out on the still night air. It was not rung by mortal hands. Father Boquet says the church was locked and the key in his pocket.

1ST. H.—God is angry at our duplicity. We have shaken our right hand with the English, pretending allegiance, while with our left we have encouraged Pontiac with lies. Had we been truthful God would not have left us to the wrath of the Nain Rouge.

2ND. H.—Something dreadful will happen, massacre or fire.

1ST. H.—Well, the Doctor is not here. Let us search in the barracks.

*(Exeunt. Enter Gladwyn, Catherine behind.)*

GLAD.—(*Muttering*) I wonder how much the squaw knows. Perhaps she is lying. Bah! she hasn't enough sense. And there's a fair chance she is right; they will hardly expect an attack. Our case is desperate and this may be our cure. He will win or die. If he wins, why well for all. If he die. Why, we must all die sometime, and why not a soldier's death? He will then be honored, and escape much misery. It will be an obstacle removed from my path to the fair Madeleine and her estates. I'll see him directly. Again much thanks to the squaw.

(*Exit*)

CATH.—(*Coming forward*) Coward! He will not lead his braves, he will send Sunrise's warrior. Well, I hate her too! Though why? She was good to Catherine when Catherine was sick, and prayed for her when the black gown said she would burn, burn for cursing the white chief. She is coming. Catherine will hide again and listen.

(*Does so*)

(*Enter Madeleine singing softly, goes to the window and looks out*).

#### SONG

What does she reek the storm or night,  
Or the rude wind's chill embrace,  
As she strives to pierce the thickening light,

With eager anxious face?  
Sebastien!

Let the cold waves wash her bare white feet,  
And the spray dash on her cheeks,  
Her heart is warmed with a fervent heat,  
For her lover dear she seeks.  
Sebastien!

I wonder why those Indians are all going down  
the river? Somehow I feel a premonition of evil.

Her lover is the huntsman bold,  
He's taken his trusty gun.  
"To the chace once more, just once, as of old,"  
He said, "and I am done."  
Sebastien!

"Oh! do not go, I fear, for last night  
I heard the screeching owl."  
"I will soon return, 'tis a silly fright,  
See! see! the flying fowl!"  
Sebastien!

Oh! this was to be my wedding day,  
And I have watched since morn  
For his glad return, why does he stay  
And leave me here forlorn?"  
Sebastien!

'Bove the moaning wind what sounds so, hark!  
Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow!  
"I know it, it is Chasseur's bark,  
My huntsman is coming now."  
Sebastien!

Like scud across the moon it blew,  
"What phantom is't I see?  
Pointing toward the north, 'tis his canoe,  
He is paddling—away from me!"  
Sebastien!

Oh! blessed Virgin of Mercy, if this siege were  
only over.

*(Enter Dalzell.)*

DAL.—Here you are! I have hunted high and low.

MAD.—Oh, my darling boy.

DAL.—Why, what is the matter?

MAD.—I feel such a horrible dread as of some im-  
pending evil shadowing us.

DAL.—Why, nothing can happen.

MAD.—So many things can. Why are all these In-  
dians going down the river?

DAL.—The Doctor says they are Wyandots going to  
their village down below Montreal Point, for a  
jubilee. Come, cheer up. What do you think  
of Gladwyn?



MAD.—He is arrogant and high tempered, but brave and full of stratagems. We owe our lives to him. His untiring vigilance and iron will have supported us through the siege when every one would have fallen with fatigue and despair.

DAL.—Courage covers a multitude of sins.

MAD.—When Pontiac sent word he was expecting Keenochameck and his eight hundred warriors, and when they came he would not be able to control them, and they would scalp all the English, we nearly died of fright and would have surrendered in a moment, but Gladwyn sent word to Pontiac that he cared as little for Keenochameck or the devil himself, as he did for him.

DAL.—He doesn't lack nerve. We learned that in the French war.

MAD.—Look at that butterfly. How gorgeous it is in its war paint. Perhaps it is the poor lost soul of some warrior lying unhouseled in the forest. (*Taking a bit of holy bread from her locket.*)

Holy bread I take thee,  
If I die suddenly,  
Serve me as a sacrament.

DAL.—Will this keep the Oki away?

MAD.—Impious heretic.

DAL.—See the smoke now at the point. Your Wyandot friends must be having a grand celebration. Is their village on fire? It is a pretty view down

the river. What did you think when you saw us rounding the bend?

MAD.—We dared not think. It is pretty and peaceful now, but what hideous sights it has smiled on just as peacefully. Is it unfeeling? They say the angels see our miseries and are as little touched; always happy and smiling. But I dared not even look for fear of such another disappointment as that of Cuyler's. I should have died had there been another.

DAL.—I trust this one was not.

MAD.—Can you think otherwise?

DAL.—You do not seem to be very joyful over my arrival.

MAD.—Is it a time to rejoice? This half hour between massacres. A thousand have fallen and whose turn may not be next?

DAL.—A soldier is trained to look on such things with equanimity, and so should a soldier's wife.

MAD.—A wife of stone might. Of Jack, it is your very heedlessness that makes me dread—You will be careful, for me, love?

DAL.—Do not be childish.

MAD.—But you will be, promise me you will be.

DAL.—Why of course, I am not Goliath of Gath to slaughter the whole village. I shall not attack it single handed. But your carefulness has sort of a cowardly taint, a sneaking away from danger. You would not have a cowardly husband, above all a cowardly soldier husband?

MAD.—Bravery is not recklessness, and you are not fighting soldiers now. You are my whole life and hope now father and mother are gone, and if you should fall—I should die too. Perhaps I shall make a poor soldier's wife, but if I were not tender I could not love you so. For my sake, if you love me, dear, do nothing rash. No more horrors, another will kill me.

DAL.—There, there, do not worry. You have seen the last horror. Tonight we heard the lion in his den.

MAD.—What!

DAL.—Yes, Gladwyn has given me permission to lead a detachment to surprise the village at Parent's Creek.

MAD.—Did he, did Gladwyn put you up to this.

DAL.—No, I will take the credit myself, please. It is my plan I suggested it. You are not as proud of it as I am. Be brave, be a soldier's wife, and encourage me a little. Wont you?

MAD.—Encourage you to suicide?

DAL.—Suicide, nonsense. Why 'tis as safe as praying. The very dare will take them by surprise. They don't expect it.

MAD.—What, surprise Pontiac? You do not know him.

DAL.—Why, how so, is he proof against surprise?

MAD.—It is nothing to jest of. Jest of ordinary men. This lion, as you well call him, has stretched his conquering paw from Presque Isle to far off

Mackinac, and do you think this vexing check here has soothed him into slumber? He is desperate now and who dare's cross his wrath will never live to tell of it.

DAL.—How this bugbear has frightened you.

MAD.—You have not watched these long months as we have. If he had had a dozen reckless blades like you to back him we had long since been a memory.

DAL.—If I bring you his scalp to prove he is dead will you still be frightened of his ghost? I will go polish my sword, and look you carry your beads and cross tonight, for his ghost walks. (*Exit*)

*(Enter Catherine behind from her hiding)*

MAD.—Do not go—Catherine!

CATH.—Is Sunrise afraid of Catherine because she is dark? See, Tawiskara, the spirit of night, overcometh the day; so will the braves of Pontiac conquer the white warriors. Let the great chief lead his men, why should the sapling fall? (*Exit*)

MAD.—Gone! like a spirit of night. What does she mean? “Let the great chief lead his men, why should the sapling fall?” Oh Jack, you must not go! (*Exit*)

*(Enter Chapoton and Gladwyn)*

GLAD.—'Tis dark as the pit here. Ho! bring some lights! (*Strikes a bell*)

CHAP.—It is bloody massacre to send this expedition.

GLAD.—I say 'tis safe enough. All war is risky. We are in desperate straits, if this succeeds we're out.

CHAP.—If it fails?

GLAD.—We lose good men; but who talks of failing, only you frog-eaters who are always beaten. These are English soldiers. Lights, I say! (*Striking bell*) Where are the fools!

CHAP.—You know the truth as well as I. You sacrifice these men because you want to get rid of Dalzell so you may have clear sway. I tell you Madeleine would rather kill herself than marry her lover's murderer. She is a Frenchwoman!

GLAD.—Stop!

CHAP.—Give up your plan.

GLAD.—By king!—

CHAP.—Then be proclaimed a murderer

GLAD.—Traitor! (*They draw and fight in the dark, soldiers rush in, some with lights*) Arrest him! Disarm him! Let him not speak a word. He is in league with Pontiac to kill us all.

(*Exit soldiers with Chapoton*)

Villianous breed. He almost spitted me in the dark. My coat is torn. These scurvy French are all in league with the red devils. I wonder, does he think our plan will succeed and he wants to protect Pontiac, or does he really believe I am murdering these men? No, it is not murder



where they go willingly, though I might prevent them. Whether they go or stay, whether Dalzell lives or dies, my prospects regarding the fair Madeleine are slim enough. I won't smooth things by penning up her cousin. She will be in a pretty stew when she hears of it. I had rather unarmed fight Pontiac than face her then. I will go release him.

*(Enter Dalzell)*

How now?

DAL.—I am sure no hand to comfort a woman. Such a torrent of expostulation and tears, I was submerged, I don't know how I swam out. After eight—I will parade the men.

GLAD.—Come with me. I want you to explain something. *(Exeunt)*

*(Someone is heard singing out of doors; enter Madeleine crying.)*

SONG

*“My little tender heart,  
Oh gai! vive le roi!  
My little tender heart,  
Oh gai! vive le roi!  
My mother promised it  
To a gentlemen of the king.  
Vive le roi la reine!”*



MAD.—“My little tender heart”. Has he ever thought of it? No, it is all war and glory and honor. What is a poor girl’s heart? Why even Pontiac would be kinder.

SONG (*continues*)

“*Oh say, where goes your love?*

*Oh gai! vive le roi!*

*Oh say, where goes your love?*

*Oh gai! vive le roi!*

*He rides on a white horse,*

*He wears a silver sword.”*

*Vive le roi, la reine.*

MAD.—Pontiac! I see him as he stood that day, I see those flaming eyes, burning in the agony of his failure and his wrongs. Savage though he is he has a heart that feels and comprehends.

“*Oh grand, to the war he goes,*

*Oh gai! vive le roi!*

*Oh grand, to the war he goes,*

*Oh gai! vive le roi!*

*Gold and silver he will bring,*

*And eke the daughter of the king.*

*Vive le roi, la reine!”*

MAD.—Yes, to the war he goes, to the north; happy and I so miserable. Oh Jack, why could you not love me as I have loved you. But you could

not. Love, perhaps it is a greater thing than either of us knew. My heart throbs so, it seems like a dream, everything is so small and far away. (*Sound of drums muffled and of marching heard.*) They are going, they are going! Oh Jack! Jack!

(*Enter Chapoton with his surgeons case and an armful of bandages.*)

CHAP.—Hush, my dear. It is no time for sorrowing. There may be work for us tonight. We will arrange a temporary hospital in Sainte Anne's. It may be necessary for us to go out on the field. Courage, courage. Here is mother.

(*Enter Mme. Cha. with more paraphernalia and a wrap.*)

MME.—Here is your wrap, dear. Be brave, He who has guarded us so long will not forsake us now.

CHAP.—Take these, Madeleine. Let us go.  
(*Exeunt*)

*Curtain*

## ACT V

*The Bloody Run. Bridge to one side; a few tepees in the background. Three or four squaws engaged domestically and as many braves lolling on the grass smoking. A squaw laden with her kettle and household effects staggers out just as Baby and two habitants enter. Time: afternoon of the same day.*

BABY.—This is Parent's Creek.

1ST. HAB.—How quiet it is here.

BABY.—Yes, unusually so. (*He stops the squaw and converses with her.*) She says the Wyandots have all gone down to their village to feast in honor of their victory at Sandusky. She is the last straggler.

2ND. HAB.—Are not the Ottawas here?

BABY.—Yes, and Sehakos' Objibwas. Warsongs have deserted. They are all getting pretty tired of the war. I am amazed they have stuck to it so long.

2ND. HAB.—Will the Wyandots return?

BABY.—Likely not, if they got enough scalps at Sandusky. Poor Pontiac, we must urge him to give up the fight before it is too late.

1ST. HAB.—You tried to do that once before, did you not?

BABY.—Yes, 'tis just one month since I was here. He was living then in Pelletier's cabin. We sat

smoking, silently watching the crackling fire. Suddenly as a thought struck him, he looked up and spoke: "I am told the English have offered you a bushel of silver for my scalp." I protested that I would never betray him. He bent those searching eyes on me a moment, then said: "My brother speaks true, I will show him that I believe him." And rolling up in his blanket he slept soundly through the night, I sleeping near him on my bearskin.

2ND. HAB.—I have heard a tale to match that. Rogers, the English soldier, whose life he saved once, sent him a present, a keg of Brandy. As he was about to drink someone suggested that the brandy might be poisoned. Pontiac glanced up surprised that any one should talk so: "the man whose life I have saved has no power over mine", he said.

1ST. HAB.—Extraordinary man, unlike a savage.

BABY.—No, very different. See how he has been after me these months to teach him the European method of besieging by approach and parallels.

2ND. HAB.—Hist! he is coming.

BABY.—And with the good father, no, he is going. Pontiac seems angry. Let us step back.

*(They do so, Pontiac enters)*

PON.—The black gowns, the black gowns!

Why will they never cease from plaguing us?

Is not our own faith good? It teaches us  
To live as brothers, treat each other kindly,  
To guard our own against the common foe,  
And is not that enough?

Old rugged oak;  
The Red Men's sheltering friend;  
His lodge, his fortress, his companion.  
Your days are many snows, and you have seen  
Your children gayly pattering out at dawn,  
With quaking step come tottering home at dusk  
In white and wrinkled age. Good old man,  
You fate is linked with ours, your children must  
Fight for you.

Come from behind those bushes!  
Were your tracks hidden I could smell you out.  
Ugh! Your stuffy lodges, must you bring  
Their vile stench with you into this pure air?

*(Baby and Hab. step out.)*

PON.—My brothers, you are welcome. We have fought  
Well for you. Only Fort Detroit has  
Not fallen. The Great Spirit has reserved it  
That you might share the glory of the conquest.  
Where are the promised war canoes? Has not  
Onontio ended his sleep yet? My brothers—

2ND. HAB.—You call us brothers, you pretend to be a  
friend to the French, and yet you plunder us  
of our hogs and cattle, you trample upon our  
fields and when you enter our houses your  
tomahawk is raised. When our French father  
comes from Montreal with his great army, he

will hear what you have done, and instead of shaking hands with you as brethren, he will punish you as enemies.

PON.—My brothers: I do not doubt that this war is very troublesome to you, for our warriors are continually passing and repassing through your settlements. I am sorry for it, do not think that I approve of the wrong that is done. If you will tell Manitosiou the number of hogs and cattle that has been taken, I will repay everything when the war is over. See, I will give my promise as the Longknives do. (*Tears a piece of bark from a birch and scratches an otter thereon.*) There, Manitosiou will mark the number. (*Hands it to 2nd Hab.*)

2ND. HAB.—A promissary note.

1ST H.—Signed with an otter.

BABY.—His totem.

PON.—My brothers: I have never wished to do you harm. It is not to revenge myself alone that I make war on the English. It is to revenge you my brothers. When the English insulted us, they insulted you also. I know that they have taken away your arms and have made you sign a paper that they have sent home to their own country. Therefore you are left defenseless. I will revenge your cause and mine together. I will destroy the English and leave not one on our lands.

BABY.—What shall I tell my brother? He knows



that the paper is signed and that our hands are tied.

PON.—I know that there are many among you who take part with the English. I am sorry for them. They do not know that you and I are one; that it is for both our interests that I should be revenged.

My brothers: how long will you suffer this bad flesh to remain upon our lands? I tell you again, when I took up the hatchet it was for your good. The English must perish throughout Canada. The Master of Life commands it, and you, who know him better than we, wish to oppose his will. Until now I have said nothing on this matter. I have not urged you to take part with us in the war. It would have been enough if you had been content to sit quiet upon your mats looking on while we were fighting for you. But you have not done so. You call yourselves our friends, and yet you assist the English with provisions, and go about among our villages as spies. You must be wholly French or wholly English. If you are French, lift the hatchet with us; if you are English, we declare war on you.

My brothers: I know that this is a hard thing. We are all alike children of the great father, the King of France, and it is hard to fight among brethren for the sake of Dogs. But there is no choice.

BABY.—Oh! my brother: it is even too late now. The Great French Father has sealed a peace with the English. The paper is written, the hatchet buried, and the calumet smoked. We are bound, we must submit, and so must my brother.

PON.—Submit! Does the war-eagle who flies screaming, darting fire arrows, does he submit? Not if every feather be plucked from his wing. Has he not beak and talons? The French Father is a coward and a traitor. He may strip me of my feathers, but the English will feel my talons. Pontiac does not submit!

BABY.—It is futile to try and convince him.

2ND. H.—Quite useless.

BABY.—My brother: (*Takes his hand*) I have come to beg of you to bury the hatchet while there is yet time. To burnish the chain of friendship—

PON.—Do you speak of friendship with those dogs? Do you speak of peace? There is no peace. Vincennes is fallen; Presque Isle is ours; can any pale-face tell the story of Miami? Where are the Red-coats of Michillimackinac? Ask Schlosser who is left at St. Joe. Two thousand scalps are taken, and do you speak of peace? Pontiac will bury the hatchet when the last wolf is slain or driven from our hunting ground.

BABY.—He is deaf to any words of ours.

2ND. H.—Implacable.

(*Exeunt Baby and Habitants*)

PON.—Lies, and lies! Where are the war canoes

they promised, the thunder sticks, the tribes of warriors who would sweep the English carrion from the land? All lies! This is our reward for fighting their battles! They have signed this paper like women to become squaw slaves of the English. They who we thought so great and brave; they, whom we loved and served! Ugh! rotten wood, rotten wood; glowing, but false and worthless. Fool to have trusted them. The rascally Objibwa dogs have fled with Warsong. A few have stayed with Sekahos, but the Pottawatamies are useless. The Hurons are the best fighters, but they are tired. They are feasting in their village, and I do not know if they will return. Only my own Ottawas are faithful, and they must hunt soon or they will starve this winter. Oh, my children, why cannot you forget your weariness and your bickerings now. The heavens and earth are leagued against you. Can you not see the hazard of the future. But they are discouraged. We must strike quick or all is lost.

*(Enter Catherine)*

Catherine! An hour ago and I had killed you, now my spirit is too wearied.

CATH.—Death does not frighten when the fire of hatred eats the heart.

PON.—What do you mean? Who do you hate now?

CATH.—Listen! greatest of warriors, then kill. The young brave who is Sunrise's warrior, has come. He is fierce and eager as the cougar cub who smells blood. The great chief is jealous and seeks to kill him, but dares not because of Sunrise. He will send the cub here tonight with his warriors.

*(Points to the bridge and disappears.)*

PON.—Tonight! Sunrise' warrior. The Redcoats here to-night. The Master of Life has heard our prayers, it is Michabo's will. *(Calls. Manitosiou, Sekahos, and others enter, Pontiac motions them to seat in a circle, and after consulting Manitosiou addresses them.)*

PON.—*(To Man.)*—The English attack us here tonight. Send someone to recall the Wyandots. Crazy Wolf will go.

*(Manitosiou goes out and afterward returns.)*

PON.—My brothers: the Master's ear is turned towards his Red Children. He has heard their prayers. Tonight he sends the Redcoats marching into ambush. They think to find us sleeping, but the warrior's eye does not close.

My brothers: Conceal your warriors behind these trees. Let them scatter silently. Caution them not to fire until the Redcoats reach the bridge, then close in behind and shoot. Let the women and children leave the village quietly

and go toward the lake to be safe out of reach of flying shots.

My brothers: destroy the bad flesh, let not one Englishman return to brag of his escape. Only the boy chief, capture him alive, he is Pontiac's prize.

My brothers: the Great Spirit will vindicate his children's wrongs. Our dead shall be avenged and we shall gain much glory. Let us strike like the thunder-bird, swift and terrible.

SEK.—My brother has spoken well. The warrior's eye does not close. We shall drink deep of vengeance and glory. We hasten to obey the words of Pontiac.

*(Exeunt Sekahos and Chiefs. A moment later Squaws and Children file, with scared looks, across the stage, carrying Papooses and household treasures (Afterwards the Warriors conceal themselves.)*

PON.—Pile up the fire that we may see to shoot,  
Dead wood was made to burn, it burns the  
brightest.

Ah! Manitosiou, our fortunes once  
Again are cast into the hazard now,  
And lost or won tonight. My spirit hopes,  
And yet a certain melancholy broods  
Within. Oh Master of Life, if thou demandst  
A sacrifice of blood, let it be mine,  
But give my people victory.



Why, I am growing old, that Pontiac  
Should stub his toe, yet 'tis a good fault. Most  
Men, nowadays, see not the stars; they walk  
With eyes fixed on the mire, the airy tree-tops  
Are strangers to them, but, let us look higher,  
Although we sometimes stumble.

*(Sound of a Woman screaming in agony.)*

PON.— Catherine is caught.  
I know her voice, I cannot help her now.

*(Enter an Indian)*

Who was that screaming?

IND.—The betrayer Catherine. She will not betray  
us again. Here is her heart. It is a very bad  
heart. *(Gives it to Pontiac)*

PON.—Catherine's heart, still beating.

I did not think to have it this way Catherine.  
Now she is dead whose soul was always dead;  
And yet I loved her once. We must all die;  
Are not those happier who are dead now? Hush!  
They come, spare the boy chief for Pontiac.

*(All conceal themselves. After a few moments  
muffled marching is heard and the English advance  
guard enters and halts on the bridge.)*

SERJ.—*(Whispers)* Still as the grave. This bright  
fire and no one near. I fear an ambush.



(*Order comes from the rear to march on; the guard advances and the van led by Dalzell, marches across the bridge. Indians open fire from all sides. The English stand confused not knowing which way to fire as no foe is visible. Dalzell vainly attempts to rally them. They fall back in disorder. The Serjeant drops wounded and Dalzell dashes forward in an attempt to save him. The Indians in admiration of his bravery hold their fire; but an Objibwa leaps out and tomahawks him from behind. There is a yell of disapproval from the Indians and Pontiac in rage rushes forward and stabs the Objibwa. Exeunt soldiers, Indians pursuing.*)

PON.—Sunrise's warrior. Brave and worthy of her.  
Vile Objibwa dog, die like a coward.

(*Bending over Dalzell*)

Too late, intrepid spirit thou art fled,  
With heroes thou shalt feast,  
On the great hunting ground. Sunrise's warrior.

(*Enter Manitosiou*)

MAN.—The Objibwas burn with rage that he is slain.  
(*Pointing to the body of the Objibwa.*)

(*Enter Sekahos, followed by several of his Warriors, who stop behind and scalp the dead English lying around.*)

SEK.—Dog of an Ottawa! why have you shed our blood?

Is this our thanks for fighting your battles?  
We will fight no longer lest we grow angry and  
slay you. We go to the Saginaw.

*(Exit followed by his Warriors.)*

PON.—*(Bitterly)* Murderers, murderers. Let them go  
then. Pontiac is turned a woman. These  
eaters of children flout him to his face and he  
cannot answer.

*(Enter Crazy Wolf)*

C. W.—The Hurons will not return. They have many  
scalps and are tired. The hatchet is buried  
and they have sent to beg peace of the En-  
glish. *(Exit)*

*(Noise of the firing ceases and the Ottawa War-  
riors straggle back, some with scalps).*

PON.—Only the Ottawas left. My poor brave handful.  
And victory so near.  
Dispair and gloom sink on me like a dank  
Night fog. The clouds have conquered. Pon-  
tiac's sun  
Is hid, never to shine again, never.  
Oh! my children; I have fought bravely for you;  
If you had fought so well—but that is past now.  
No more plans now, no cunning stratagems;  
Never shall I lead the painted braves  
To war again, and see the fluttering plumes,

And hear the echoing cry resound; nor shall  
I ever sit in council with the wise  
And noble sachems; never dance again  
The rousing war-dance. Never more again.  
The warrior Pontiac is dead. My children;  
I see the future like a threatening storm,  
Black and destructive, sweeping down on you.  
The springs are dry, the game is fled, the squaws  
And little ones are starving. Wolfish whites  
Engorge the land. In shameless lethargy  
The braves lie drunk with poison spirit water;  
Sunk in the sloth and vice of white corruption,  
Dispersed by all. Destruction shadows you.  
Oh! my people, Pontiac tried to save  
You, but you did not care. Now he is gone.  
His spirit turns toward the setting sun;  
The home of warriors; there he will find rest.  
Oh, Master of Life, thou wilt that we should  
fall,

We know not why, but thou best knowest; grant  
Us courage to obey thy will unquestioning.

*(His eye falls on the body of Dalzell.)*

Sunrise!

Is thy sky over-cast, must thou mourn too?  
Thou longest for thy brave who does not come.  
Thou twice saved Pontiac, shall he forget?  
Oh! Manitosiou!

*(Re-enter Manitosiou)*

MAN.—My brother calls?

PON.—Sad too? Oh, Manitosiou, grieve not,  
We have fought well, the Master will commend  
us.

We could do no more.

MAN.— The victory,  
If such it can be called, has cost us dear.  
A handful of Ottawas left.

PON.— Too few, our hope  
Is at an end. Tell them to seek, before  
It be too late, their winter hunting grounds.  
First fetch me the Black-gown's robe.

*(Exit Man.)*

PON.—Too late. Oh, had my warriors had her spirit;  
Why must I think of that again. That is  
All past. Will she regret that Pontiac is fallen?

*(Re-enter Manitosiou with the gown.)*

Ah, the gown so quickly, see, you tore it.

MAN.—It came not easily. He fought and cursed,  
He will not curse again.

PON.—They would strip us of everything, now he is  
stripped. At last he has done us some good.  
Dominus Vobiscum.

Come warrior, to our last conquest.

MAN.—My brother, where are you going?

PON.—To the fort, to Pontiac's last sunrise.

MAN.—Are you mad? It is death.

PON.—No, not yet. That is too much happiness.

Shall Pontiac forget the squaw, braver than any man, who dared to save him? Come warrior. *(Starts to pick up the body, Chapoton and Madeleine enter behind, examining each body.)*

MAN.—Look, who is there.

PON.—'Tis they.

MAD.—Not here, not here. Where have they taken him?

CHAP.—Where? where? See, there is the Father, let us ask him.

PON.—Dominus Vobiscum.

CHAP. AND MAD.—Et cum spiritu tuo .

CHAP.—Holy Father, can you tell us where the body—

MAD.—*(Seeing the body of Dalzell)* Oh! *(She kneels over the body and caresses it.)*

PON.—Sunrise's warrior was very brave. The Great Spirit has chosen him to lead His warriors. Pontiac tried to save him for Sunrise, but he is old now and his arm is weak.

*(Gladwyn disguised as a Habitant enters behind with Baby, LaBute and Habitants with spades, a Priest with them.)*

PON.—He cannot restrain his young men. His people will no longer obey him. He will lead them to war no more.

CHAP. & MAD.—*(Recognizing him, suppressedly)* Pontiac!



PON.—Hush! do not betray me, my brother, my poor clouded Sunrise. My warriors can fight no longer. Let them be at peace if they will. Pontiac will never be a friend of the English. He will be a wanderer in the woods, far to the westward, with his friends, the Illinois. But if the English come to seek him there he will shoot at them while he has an arrow left. If my young men had had the spirit of Sunrise our hunting grounds would have been purged with blood of our enemies. But they have the hearts of squaws. Now my children will all die. They have not poured the whiteman's poison on the ground and it will kill them. Pontiac is weary. He will soon make a long journey to the lodges of his fathers. The memory of Sunrise will strengthen his heart and encourage him on the long way.

GLAD.—Pontiac!

PON.—(*Throwing aside the robe*) Yes, it is I Pontiac. My people are scattered, their hunting grounds are yours, but I will not beg for peace. I hate you English wolves.

GLAD.—You escaped me once, you shall not this time.

(*Draws a sword from under his cloak and springs at Pontiac. Madeleine interposes and receives the blow.*)

MAD.—Quick, to the woods, Sunrise's heart goes with you. Oh!

GLAD.—Rash girl.

MAD.—Better so. Oh! Jack, Auntie, Jean. Is he



gone? Oh!

CHAP.—My noble girl, why did you? Your life is worth twenty of his.

MAD.—No, not one. They are all gone, why should I stay? Oh! Has he escaped?

CHAP.—He has dear. He has gone.

MAD.—Thank God! I am happy now. I shall see Jack and—Pontiac. Good bye. We shall all meet in the Lodges of our fathers.  
(*The priest steps forward to her. In the distance is heard the wailing of Manitosiou.*)

#### LAMENTATION

*Mourn for Pontiac, cry sorrowfully,  
Who is left to save my people?  
The squaws are starving, I hear the wailing  
of the papooses.  
Thou camest forth as the sun in his glory;  
Thou wast painted with the colors of the dawn;  
Thy feathers were as clouds in the east.  
Thou wast terrible to thy enemies.  
Thy arrows were as the swift lightning.  
The blows of thy war club resounded like the  
thunder,  
As a mighty oak thou spreadest thy branches  
over my people.  
Now thou art fallen;  
In the stillness of the forest thou art fallen.*  
Curtain





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