



*Yours very sincerely,*

*L. A. McKnight.*

*A DRAMA OF PROGRESS*

BY  
L. A. McKNIGHT

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## Dedicated

To the rising kings and queens of Indiana homes whose manly and womanly aspirations are leading them along the majestic highway of all-conquering Progress, and to my Home Queen whose daily life teaches me that,

"The noblest lives are those that bless—

Silent rivers and happiness

Whose hidden fountains but few may guess."

THE AUTHOR.



## Inspiration.

"LaSalle was an indifferent trader; and his heart was not in the commercial part of his enterprise. He aimed at achievement, and *thirsted after greatness*. His ambition was to found another France in the West. \* \* \* \* \* America owes him *enduring memory*; for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her *richest heritage*."

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

## Preface.

Because of the often expressed idea that this is an age of frivolity and there is no appreciation of anything substantial in the way of entertainment, the author firmly believes that too low an estimate has been placed upon the intelligence of the masses—the great cultured common people who control the destinies of our Nation—and humbly ventures to combine *instruction* with pleasure in an entertainment which tells of Indiana's rise from an unknown wilderness to her present proud position in the affairs of the greatest nation the world has ever known.

Last year the people of England spent millions in the preparation of a great pageant of their nation's history. In a few weeks one of Indiana's most honored citizens, Vice-President Fairbanks, will visit Quebec as the representative of the United States at a meeting in which five thousand characters will take part in a pageant showing the history of the province and city of Quebec. Why should Indiana not have such a pageant at her Statehood's Centennial, and why should not all of her citizens, young and old, be interested in a simple narration of wonderfully dramatic events in the life of their chosen or native state?

This work was conceived and a part of it written ten years ago. It has grown slowly because of the time necessary to obtain and substantiate many interesting historic facts. The author has taken no liberties with the *spirit* of the facts, and none with the *letter* that will harm a proper interpretation of the truth. LaSalle raised a cross near the junction of the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers at the time that he secured the allegiance to France of the Indians occupying that region. This event occurred soon after his treaty with the Miamis and it is certainly in harmony with the spirit of his work to assume that in intent (if not as an actual fact) he raised a cross at some point in the vast wilderness that has since become Indiana. It is *certain* that what is now Indiana was proclaimed a part of France at the time a cross was raised *somewhere*, and it does not conflict with the spirit of the act to place it on Indiana soil, though it may have been at the mouth of the Mississippi. The *purpose* not place of raising the cross is the thought in the play. Again, it is probable (but not certain) that the flag raised by the French under Gibault was not the stars and stripes, but the flag then raised represented a *new national life*. Hence, the flag in the play is the first flag adopted by the new nation. The real names of the great Miami chief and Hamilton's aid have not been ascertained. All other names of men are historic.

The words and music of "The Happy Farmer Boy," and the music for "The Song of Labor," were written by Prof. J. R. Dunham, a popular composer of New York City.

L. A. MCKNIGHT.

Fowler, Indiana, July 16, 1908.

# Characters.

Robert de LaSalle.—French nobleman, discoverer and explorer.

Henri de Tonty.—French officer and explorer.

White Beaver.—Indian scout and guide.

Duplessis.—A mutineer.

Lacona.

Big Door. } Great Indian chiefs.

Tecumseh.

Henry Hamilton.—English Colonel and Governor of Vincennes.

Captain Farley.—Aid-de-camp to Hamilton.

George Rogers Clark.—Colonel of Virginia forces in Revolutionary War.

Leonard Helm. } Officers with Clark.

John Bailey.

William Henry Harrison.—General and Governor of Indiana Territory.

Louis Hennepin.

Father Zenobe (Membre).

Anastase Douay.

Peter Gibault.

Le Metaire.—Notary to LaSalle.

Secretary to Governor Harrison.

Uncle Sam.—Companion of Columbia.

James Baker.—Young patriot and orator.

Progress.—Daughter of Civilization.

Columbia.—Spirit of Union.

France.—Spirit of Kingdom of France.

England.—Spirit of British Empire.

History.—Scribe of the Ages.

Commerce.

Education.

Literature.

Agriculture.

Industry.

} Spirits of human thought and toil.

Spirits of States of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana.

Chief, Winnemac, and other Indians. Cotineau, Bosseron, Lecroix, and other citizens. Woodmen, soldiers, "hunting-shirt men," volunteers, merry farmers, factory workers, little girl and boy, &c., &c.

Time required for presentation of play, two hours.

# INDIANA.

A DRAMA OF PROGRESS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Forest near St. Joseph River. Evening and night of fourth and morning of fifth of December, 1679. Enter TONTY and HENNEPIN, followed by woodmen.*

*Ton.* We've had a long pull up stream, men, and will go into camp. Pull the boats ashore and build the fires well under the hill for a stormy night will soon be upon us.

*Woodman.* How about supper, Captain? We've nothing but boiled corn.

*Ton.* White Beaver will bring us meat. He saw signs of deer when he went ashore down the river.

*Woodman.* Good! He'll bring one into camp. He's never failed us yet.

*Men.* That's right. Long live White Beaver! We'll go beach the boats and build the fires, Captain. [*Exeunt men.*]

*Ton.* How now, good Father?

*Hen.* Weary, but in good spirits. Where are we, Tonty?

*Ton.* As the river winds we are about sixty miles from the fort we built at the mouth of the St. Joseph.

*Hen.* Then the trail we are seeking must be near.

*Ton.* It surely is, and LaSalle will find it.

*Enter WHITE BEAVER.*

*White B.* White Beaver brought in deer. Where LaSalle?

*Ton.* Looking for the trail you told us about.

*White B.* Ugh! Trail down ribber. Frenchman pass it. No see good.

*Ton.* LaSalle will be in soon. Let us have supper. [*Exeunt.*]

*Night comes on. Re-enter TONTY.*

*Ton.* Darkness has come with a rising storm and LaSalle has not returned. He has been thirteen years in the forests of this great New World and never was lost before. But he is surely lost tonight and must be found. (*Calling off*) Men, your guns. We must search for LaSalle. (*Re-enter HENNEPIN, WHITE BEAVER and men.*) Half of you men will go to the right with White Beaver and Father Hennepin and the others will go to the left with me. Fire guns and call for Sieur LaSalle. [*Exeunt.*]

*Firing guns and calls for Sieur LaSalle without, dying away in the distance. Re-enter HENNEPIN and men.*

*Hen.* This is a hard night, my children.

*Men.* Aye, that it is, Father.

*Hen.* But the future will repay us.

*Duplessis.* (*Surlily*) How? This lost adventurer has nothing to pay us with. I've had enough of his wild schemes. I say let's go back to the fort tomorrow.

*Hen.* What? Would you desert France?

*Dup.* It is not France. It is only this wild dreamer, LaSalle. He is leading us to a starving death in this great wilderness.

*Re-enter TONTY and men.*

*Ton.* No tidings, Father? This is serious indeed. LaSalle lost on a night like this without food or fire.

*Hen.* Shall we continue the search?

*Ton.* No. The men are worn out. Go with them into camp. I will wait here for White Beaver. [*Exeunt Hennepin and men.*]

*Re-enter WHITE BEAVER.*

*White B.* White Beaver find trail. No find LaSalle. Ugh! him lost.

*Ton.* We will continue the search. The men will rest until morning.

*White B.* Ugh! White Beaver never rest while friend lost. We find him. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter an INDIAN with dead grass which he throws on the ground, strikes a light and exclaims, "Miami sleep here."*

*LaSalle.* (*From without*) Tonty, Tonty! (*Indian rushes off. Enter LASALLE much fatigued.*) Ah, I was mistaken! I thought I saw the glimmer of the campfire of my men. (*Discovers grass.*) Ah, I see! It was an Indian making his bed. (*Calling off*) *I-ya-li-la, i-ya-li-la! I-ku, i-ku!* Come here, come here! Hasten, hasten! LaSalle, the friend of the Miamis, calls. No answer. Is he friend or foe? No matter, I will take his bed, for I must rest. (*Lies down, sleeps, speaking in sleep*) Tonty, Tonty; you have come at last! (*Wakes and reclines*) No, it was not Tonty. I was but dreaming. (*Sleeps, speaking in sleep*) That's right, White Beaver, give me another piece of that juicy deer meat. Now another handful of your boiled corn. (*Wakes and reclines*) What? My Mohegan gone? No, no; he was not here! Tonty was not here. White Beaver was not here. I alone am here. (*Rising*) Alone, alone!

*Enter PROGRESS.*

*Prog.* No, thou great fore-runner, thou art not alone.

*LaSalle.* O Glorious Being, who art thou?

*Pro.* A child of her who holds the earthly destinies of all thy race within her hand. I am Progress, the favored daughter of Civilization. Tell me thy story.

*LaSalle.* Thirty-six years ago, in far off France, I was born and christened Robert Cavelier Sieur de LaSalle. My parents had great wealth. Because I tried to teach for the Holy Church, I lost my share of their estate. In poverty I left the teacher's desk and sought this great New World.

*Pro.* What Spirit leads thee on?

*LaSalle.* Thy mother's son, Ambition.

*Pro.* What dost thou wish to do?

*LaSalle.* I'll tell thee all. My King seeks but to rule the Red Men in this boundless land and win their *trade* for France. I would do more. Could my hopes be realized, my countrymen would come and fill this land with *homes*. I long to hear the morning bells call multitudes to church and school; and, when the evenings come, if I could hear the father's cheerful call, the mother's loving voice, the lover's laugh, the maiden's song, and childhood's merry glee ring out from home to home, I'd know the name and fame of Robert de LaSalle would ever live with them in song and story.

*Pro.* Nobler aspirations no man ever had. Listen! This wilderness shall bloom beyond thy brightest hopes and be my favorite home. The Kings of France shall come to feel as thou dost hope, or LOSE THIS GREAT NEW WORLD. Come what may, thy name shall be enrolled on Civilization's scroll of the Immortals that guard her sure advance. And now, adieu! Through all the wondrous centuries to come the hand I offer thee will keep thy name bright before the world as a Hero of Progress.

*LaSalle.* (*Kneeling and kissing her hand*) O Progress, glorious queen of all my hopes, receive the homage of thy humble vassal.

*Pro.* We'll meet again. Now sleep, and when the morning comes continue on thy worthy mission. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

*LaSalle.* Farewell, farewell! Yes, I will sleep, so when the morning dawns, I'll have a clearer brain to see my work is well done.

*He lies down and sleeps. Morning dawns and he awakens and rises.*  
*Re-enter TONTY.*

*Ton.* LaSalle, LaSalle! Found at last. (*They grasp hands warmly.*)

*LaSalle.* It was a long night, Tonty.

*Ton.* Aye, and a cold and hungry one. (*Calling off*) White Beaver!

*White B.* (*Entering*) Ugh! White Beaver glad. See! (*Gives LaSalle food.*)

*LaSalle.* (*Eating*) Good! White Beaver is a friend of LaSalle.

*White B.* Ugh! LaSalle Mohegan's friend. White Beaver show him trail to Kankakee water. Help him through woods. Ugh! LaSalle want go now?

*LaSalle.* Yes, I want to go now. We must carry our boats across the portage to the Kankakee today, and then float down it to the Illinois.

*They start and meet Hennepin who embraces LaSalle and presents a cross which LaSalle kneels and kisses. Men enter cheering, "Long live LaSalle!" Duplessis stands aloof while others grasp LaSalle's hand. Man enters with flag.*

*LaSalle.* Ah, there's our flag. Salute it, my men, and your king. (*Men uncover, salute flag and cheer, "Long live the King!"*) Now get ready for an hour's march, and then into our boats again.

*Dup.* We don't want to march. The boats are too heavy to carry, and we haven't enough to eat. I say let's go back to the fort.

*LaSalle.* Who wants to go back?

*Half of the men.* We do.

*LaSalle.* Frenchmen, I will not believe it. I will not believe that you men who have breasted the rapids of the mighty St. Lawrence and defied the storms of the Great Lakes, and you who have so often fought the English in open fields and the Iroquois in ambush, will now refuse to follow this flag (*waves flag*), and win this New World for our cross and king.

*Men.* No, no; we'll not refuse. Long live the king! Long live LaSalle!

*Enter man with a sword which LaSalle puts on.*

*LaSalle.* Well done, brave men! Now prepare for our march. (*Exeunt men.*) White Beaver, you will lead us to the trail. Tonty will follow with the flag and Father Hennepin. (*Calling off*) All ready? Men with guns, form in front; men with boats, march in the rear. Ready, march.

*As armed men are entering Duplessis springs from the ranks and exclaims,* "LaSalle shall not lead us on to death. He shall die, not us," *and fires as his gun is struck upward by another man. White Beaver springs at Duplessis who runs out. LaSalle moves to head of column. Draws sword, waves it, points off as he speaks last sentence.*

*LaSalle.* Hold, White Beaver! Let the coward live. March on, my men. The storm winds are rising about us, a boundless wilderness lies before us, and through it run mighty rivers for us to overcome; but nothing can stop the onward march of the banner and the men of France. March on—for France and the King. (*All move cheering, "Vive France! Long live the King!"*)

*Martial Music. Quick CURTAIN.*

SCENE II. *The same in May, 1681. Miami wigwam of woven grass, back center. Enter LASALLE.*

*LaSalle.* The country has changed but little since I was here a year and a half ago. Some of the Miamis have moved their wigwams nearer the river, and (*looking off*) their village has grown larger. I must try and get them to enter into a treaty against our common enemies, the English and the Iroquois. If they will enter into such a treaty, I feel sure I can get them to acknowledge the rule of King Louis the XIV, and thus secure this vast wilderness for France. Ah! yonder come three Iroquois. [*Exit.*]

*Enter IROQUOIS and a MIAMI Chief.*

*An Iro.* (*Arrogantly*) Iroquois great warrior. Want heap French scalp. *Chief.* Iroquois no find French here.

*Iro.* Ugh! Miami blind. No see good. Look! (*Points at LaSalle's footsteps.*) Many French in woods. Big Chief LaSalle. Ugh!

*Chief.* LaSalle welcome. Him friend of Miamis.

*Iro.* Miami no hear good. LaSalle friend of Illinois. Help take heap Miami scalp.

*Chief.* How Iroquois know?

*Iro.* Slip up close Frenchmen's wigwam. Hear big talk. LaSalle say him friend of Illinois. Him gib much guns, sharp knives. Help take heap Miamis scalps.

*Chief.* Where LaSalle's wigwam?

*Iro.* (*Pointing*) In woods. Him come now. See! Miami help Iroquois kill him quick. Take scalp.

*Re-enter LASALLE.*

*Chief.* LaSalle here. Chief call warriors to kill Frenchman, he die quick, lose scalp.

*LaSalle.* LaSalle is the friend of the Miamis.

*Chief.* Iroquois say "No." Say LaSalle help Illinois take Miami scalp.

*LaSalle.* (*Furiously*) The Iroquois are liars. They are the dogs of the English. LaSalle will take their scalps for the Miamis to hang in their wigwams. (*Draws sword and rushes at Iroquois who yell and run off followed by LaSalle.*)

*Enter LACONA and other Miamis.*

*Lac.* Why this commotion near the wigwam of Lacona?

*Chief.* Iroquois warriors heap scared. See LaSalle, yelp like pups, run heap quick.

*Re-enter LASALLE and men with packs.*

*Lac.* Welcome, Frenchmen, to the door of my wigwam. What does my brother seek?

*LaSalle.* I came for a council with my Miami brothers.

*Lac.* (*To Miamis*) Chiefs and warriors, our friends ask us to meet them in council. (*Miamis bring mats and skins and invite French to sit at right. Indians sit at left, so council forms half circle.*) LaSalle may speak. The Miamis are listening.

*LaSalle.* (*Holding up pouch of tobacco*) LaSalle has brought you a gift from the Great Spirit. It will clear your minds so you will understand him. (*Gives tobacco to Lacona who fills pipe, draws smoke from it and hands to Indian nearest him. It is passed on until all Miamis have smoked.*)

*Lac.* The gift has cleared our minds. Our brother may speak.

*LaSalle.* Miamis, when LaSalle came among you the Iroquois were saying he is your enemy. He is one and they were three, but they are gone. They are *your* enemies. The English give them guns to fight you and the French. With these guns the Iroquois have slain many of your bravest warriors. But these brave warriors shall live again, for LaSalle has brought you blankets to spread on their graves and warm them back to life. (*Men give blankets to Miamis.*) When these blankets have warmed your brave men back to life, here are bells for them to call their friends to a great feast. (*Men give bells to Miamis.*) And when the great feast has made your warriors strong again, they shall have these guns to fight all their enemies. (*Men hand guns to Miamis who spring up and yell with wild delight.*) Miamis, listen. My great chief, the King of France, is the mightiest warrior beyond the Great Water. He is fearless in war, but he loves peace, and he has sent me to you with this belt. (*Takes belt from beneath his cloak.*) He wants you to be our brothers and his children. He wants the French to hunt with you in your forests and to fish with you in your streams; and he will give you many guns and blankets for the furs you send him. Let us all be of one mind and obey the mighty King beyond the Great Water.

*Lac.* Miamis, we know that LaSalle is brave, for the Iroquois fled be-



fore him; we know that he is good, for he has brought us a gift from the Great Spirit; and we know that he is our friend, for his King has sent to us his belt of peace. Shall the French be our brothers? (*All spring up and begin shaking hands.*) Shall we all be the children of the mighty Chief beyond the Great Water? (*All cheer.*) Great Chief LaSalle, the Miamis are your brothers and the children of your King. We make him the master of our beaver and our lands, of our waters and the fish in them, of our bodies and our minds. Lacona has spoken for his people.

*LaSalle presents Lacona with peace belt which he receives with great dignity. French and Indians intermingle, shaking hands, grouping and cheering.*

*Martial music. Quick CURTAIN.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wigwam removed. Receptacle for foot of cross, back center. Enter FATHER ZENOBE, woodmen and Indians.*

*Zenobe.* The saving of souls is a greater work than the building of empires. Love of the Holy Cross has brought us into the wilderness to save the heathen. (*To Indians*) Rejoice, ye Children of the Forest, for we come to tell you of the one true God; and you may worship him, for he loves you. (*Enter LASALLE, METAIRE, and man with flag.*) All hail, Sieur LaSalle!

*LaSalle.* All hail, Father Zenobe! First my Church, then my King.

*Men.* Long live the King!

*LaSalle.* Aye, aye; long live the King. Father Zenobe, we must now proclaim this wilderness a part of the domains of our royal King, Louis the Fourteenth of France. Under the flag let us sound all hail to our King's name, then proclamation will be uttered. (*All group around flag.*)

*Men.* All hail to King Louis the Fourteenth of France!

*Zenobe.* For he is the eldest son of the Church.

*All.* He is mighty and invincible.

*LaSalle.* (*Reads from parchment*) In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, the Fourteenth of his name, by the grace of God, King of France, I, this ninth day of April, one thousand six hundred eighty-two, do now take possession of this country, and all of the nations, peoples, provinces, mines, streams, fish and game therein, from Canada to the Ohio River, from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, and west to the Mississippi River, and hereby take to witness this proclamation any or all who now hear me. Notary Metaire, I now sign this proclamation in your presence, and call on you to witness the signatures of other persons that have heard it uttered.

*Metaire.* (*Calls names of men who sign as called*) Pierre Zenobe, Henry De Tonty, Jean Bourdon, Jean Michel, Nicholas De LaSalle. I hereby witness the above signatures to this proclamation. (*Gives parchment to LaSalle.*)

*LaSalle.* Louis the Great, being the eldest Son of the Church, will annex no territory without making it his chief care to establish the Christian religion therein, and its symbol, the Holy Cross, must now be planted in this wilderness. (*Men go out and bring in the cross and shovel.*)

*Zenobe.* Let praises to the Holy Father of all be chanted, then the cross shall be raised. (*They sing\* impressively.*)

"Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be. A-MEN.

*Zenobe.* All hail to the Holy Church. Let the Holy Cross be raised.

*They raise the cross, uncover and kneel, exclaiming, "All hail to the Cross, glorious symbol of the Holy Church."*

*LaSalle.* Moreover, we must bury at the foot of the cross a leaden plate on which are engraved the arms of France, which is to say that this land shall be protected by the invincible Louis the Great and his successors forever.

*Plate is buried and men cheer, "Vive le Roi! Vive France!" Enter FRANCE, escorted by Tonty, holding drawn sword at shoulder with one hand and a crown in the other. He sheathes sword when LaSalle kneels.*

*Men. (Uncovering and bowing low)* Long live our glorious mother, France.

*LaSalle. (Kneeling)* Most noble Mother, we give to thee today a great New World.

*France. (Raising LaSalle)* Thanks, my noble son, and thanks to all for this loyal greeting.

*Enter PROGRESS.*

*LaSalle.* Oh, Progress, thou hast come again. Noble mother France, this is the Spirit of the Wilderness that has cheered me on to win this New World for thee.

*France.* Ah, Progress, France has known thee beyond the sea.

*Pro.* If thou dost truly love thy noble son LaSalle, I will do much for thee in this great wilderness.

*France.* All that he asks I'll grant. France will not forget LaSalle.

*Pro.* Two years ago I gave him such a promise and I will not forget thy promise or mine. Though Progress builds for the future, she never forgets the past.

*LaSalle.* Oh, Progress, shall we meet again? Once in a dream I felt a sharp pain pierce my brain and seemed to fall in a dark wilderness. I awoke, then slept and dreamed again. This time I saw a cross from which a scroll unrolled, and on that scroll was written, "LaSalle, a Hero of Progress."

*Pro.* I, too, have had a vision. Far down the corridors of Time I saw the glorious Goddess of a mighty nation yet unborn. Around us moved a throng of happy people, and above all waved a banner bright on which the stars of Heaven shone. History was there and offered me her scroll. As I unrolled the scroll the joyous throng shouted and sang, "LASALLE, LASALLE, A HERO OF PROGRESS." The Goddess joined in shout and song, and all then knew thy noble work had become a part of her great Nation's history.

*LaSalle.* Thy vision gives me courage to march on and on.

*France. (Taking crown from Tonty)* Oh, Progress, thou whom La-

\* The official Te Deum was sung by LaSalle's men when they raised the cross, and it may be sung in this scene if preferred to Trinity which is in many hymn books.

Salle dost love so well, forever wear this crown. (*Progress kneels to be crowned.*) I name this new country for my kingliest son, Louis the Great. Subjects, behold your forest queen, the fair Louisiana and Progress, both in one.

*France at right, LaSalle at left, and Progress in front of cross. Men right and left.*

*Men. (Uncovering)* All hail to thee, Progress. (*Bowing*) Hail, all hail to thee, Louisiana. (*Kneeling*) Hail, hail, all hail to thee our Forest Queen.

*Impressive music. Slow CURTAIN.*

SCENE IV. *The same with cross removed. Bush or plant at back entrance, right. Forest darkened.*

#### HISTORIC PANTOMIME—THE DEATH OF LASALLE.

*Characters.* DUHAUT, LIOTOT, L'ARCHEVEQUE, FATHER DOUAY, and INDIAN.

*Action in Pantomime.* Enter Duhaut and Liotot right, crouching and peering off left. They cross scene to left, peer into forest off, suddenly motion to each other, then retreat alertly backward to right, still crouching, and holding guns in a position to fire quickly. Liotot takes position behind bush with Duhaut near him. Enter L'Archeveque, taking a position near front entrance, right. With his head and left hand he beckons earnestly towards left center entrance, then points off right with the right hand. Enter LaSalle, left center, much fatigued, moving slowly with his eyes and entire attention fixed on L'Archeveque. Enter Douay, left back, moving to the right and back of LaSalle. Enter Indian, left back, moving to the right and back of Douay. As LaSalle reaches center, front, Liotot and Duhaut shoot from behind bush, and he reels and falls near center head right and face front. Douay drops on knees beside the body, horror stricken, Indian crouches in terror, left of Douay. Liotot and Duhaut, wild-eyed and crouching, creep towards fallen body. Sad and subdued music during entire pantomime. Colored light at close. Slow CURTAIN.

#### DRAMATIC TABLEAU—LASALLE, A HERO OF PROGRESS.

*Tableau.* LaSalle's body lies where it fell, with face turned upwards. A cross on which hangs the scroll bearing the words "LaSalle, a Hero of Progress," stands back of the upper part of the body. Douay stands at the head of the body with his left hand pointing towards the scroll and his right hand, with index finger extended, pointing upwards. His face is turned upwards towards his right hand. Progress stands near the body at left of cross, with her eyes fixed on its upward turned face. Her hands are clasped, her head bowed, and her whole manner indicates profound grief. Characters should remain motionless while the curtain is up. (*An encore may be supplied by the characters changing places and poses.*)

The curtain should rise rapidly, pause a moment, then descend slowly. Either a subdued colored or strong white light may be used. Music, "Nearer my God to Thee," played softly.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A forest. Cross erect and French flag flying from a staff.*

*Enter PROGRESS and FRANCE.*

*France.* Thrice has England tried to seize Louisiana and threatens war again.

*Pro.* England claims these lands are hers by right of discovery, made long before the first French came, and war will come again.

*France.* Thou speakest cheerfully. Dost thou love war?

*Pro.* Progress loves not the God of War, yet sometimes he takes her by the hand and leads her surely on.

*France.* What could England do for thee that I have not done?

*Pro.* Listen, fair France. Four score years ago thy son LaSalle explored this wilderness. One night I found him lone and lost. He told me of his hopes and how he wished to see this great land filled with homes.

*France.* I knew his hopes and wishes.

*Pro.* But thou didst not heed them. Beyond the blue-veiled hills England has thirteen empires filled with happy homes. When she comes again I'll ask her to fulfill the hopes and wishes of LaSalle.

*France.* Thou speakest as if thou didst already know that England would come again and be victorious.

*Pro.* I do. When the lost LaSalle opened his heart to me, I spake this prophecy: The kings of France shall come to feel as thou dost hope, or lose this great New World.

*France.* And that prophecy is to be fulfilled? Oh, Progress, if I must yield wilt thou forget the good work I have done. Holy men have come from France and taught the Indians to love God and be at peace with one another.

*Pro.* But with these worthy men others have come who cared for naught but trade. These have taught the Indians to kill and scalp the English in their homes, and made their savage hearts more savage still. (*Warwhoop without*) That was an Indian's wacry. (*Looking off*) See! There are thy soldiers with the Indians. Ah! yonder come the men of England. Thy final struggle for this great New World has come. (*France draws sword.*) England comes.

*Enter ENGLAND with drawn sword.*

*They cross and re-cross swords frequently, standing erect, crouching, advancing, retreating and circling. Without—booming cannon, the rattle of musketry, warwhoops of Indians. French cheer, "France! France!" and English cheer, "England Forever!" repeatedly.*

*French soldiers and Indians enter, meeting English soldiers who enter from opposite side. English waver and retreat off. French withdraw, English re-enter cheering, "England forever." French re-enter cheering, "Vive France," and slowly force English off again. French withdraw again. Cheers off from both sides. Re-enter both sides, meeting quickly in center French recoil, retreat, charge again, retreat off. English cheer, "Victory! England forever," take down French flag and put up English. England sheathes sword. Enter English soldier with crown.*

*France.* (*Offering sword*) I yield and sue for peace.

*Eng.* (*Receiving sword*) I grant thee peace if Louisiana is mine.

*France.* I surrender all east of the Mississippi, save Orleans, near the river's mouth.

*Eng.* I grant thee the honors of war. (*Returns sword.*)

*Pro.* (*Giving England her crown*) England, this crown is thine. I will remain and may ask much of thee. (*Soldier hands England new crown, takes old.*)

*Eng.* Let me re-crown thee. (*Progress kneels and is re-crowned.*) Thy other name is now Quebec. What dost thou ask of England?

*Pro.* People this wilderness with homes. Let churches rise and school bells ring and I will serve thee well.

*Eng.* Thy wish is England's will and all shall be as thou dost ask.

*Pro.* Thanks, thanks, most noble queen. (*With clasped hands and face upturned*) O Spirit of LaSalle, thy hopes will yet be realized, though alas! thy noble mother, France, whom thou didst love so well, must leave the land for which thou gavest thy life.

*France.* Alas! Alas! What thou sayest is true. Had France but heeded the wishes of LaSalle, she would not now be weeping for a lost New World. (*Bows before Progress and weeps.*)

*Eng.* Fair France, thine is the fate of nations. When they forget their duty to Civilization, they must bow in grief before her favored daughter, Progress.

*France.* Thy words sink deep into my bleeding heart. (*Bowing before cross*) The cross, the cross, our holy cross; must it be taken away?

*Eng.* No, no; all who come to this new land may worship as they choose.

*France.* Then I will leave the cross for all that love my Church. And now adieu to all. *[Exit.*

*All.* Adieu, fair France.

*Eng.* Progress, we hail thee as our ever-advancing queen. (*Bows low.*)

*Men.* (*Uncovering*) Hail, all hail to Progress. (*Kneeling*) We pledge our allegiance to thee. (*Rising*) England and Progress forever.

*Martial music. Quick CURTAIN.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forest in front of St. Xavier Log Church, old Vincennes. English flag flying from staff.*

*Citizens.* (*Without*) Welcome, Father Gibault! Hail, all hail, Father Gibault!

*Enter GIBAUT, BOSSERON, COTINEAU, LECROIX, and citizens.*

*Citizens.* Hail and thrice welcome, Father Gibault.

*Gib.* Hail, my children, hail, hail! I bring you a message, a great message.

*Bos.* Hark, the Father has brought us a great message.

*All.* The message, Father, speak unto us the message.

*Gib.* Almost one hundred years ago a gallant Frenchman raised a holy cross and claimed this land for France.

*All.* Aye, aye; LaSalle, Sieur LaSalle! Great is the name of LaSalle.

*Gib.* Yes, great is the name of LaSalle. He won this wonderful New World for France. Then French Fathers came and taught the Red Men to bow before the Holy Cross. French traders came and bartered with the Indians in peace; the wigwam of the Indian stood near the cabin of the Frenchman, and their children played together in the forests and by the running streams. Six and seventy years ago our fathers built their first cabins here. A score and five years later Francis Vincennes began to build yon fort. A village grew up around it and took his name. Then Frenchmen dwelt in peace for many years, loving their God and King. Our fathers had dwelt here for two and fifty years when the English, the long-time foes of France, came and claimed these lands. For nine long years Frenchmen and Indians fought side by side against their common foe. The fortunes of war were against them. The flag of France that had for three score years floated above their homes came down, and in its stead for fifteen weary years has hung the flag of our relentless foe. I know you like it not, and hence my message. **THE TIME HAS COME TO HAUL THAT BANNER DOWN.**

*Bos.* What's that. Hold, Father, hold!

*Cot.* No, no; it can't be done. It would cost us our lives to do a thing like that.

*Lec.* We poor three hundred children, wives and men, tear down great England's flag? We'd all be shot.

*All.* Aye, aye; or hung. Father, it can't be done.

*Gib.* Where are the English now? Where is the tyrant Abbott who commands them. All are gone. He's in Detroit, drinking old wines, telling his drunken comrades how with iron hand he rules Vincennes, and boasting that we French do tremble when he but crooks his finger.

*All.* Hold, Father, hold! This talk is dangerous.

*Gib.* Frenchmen, listen a little longer. The brave Americans along the eastern coast have tired of English rule. Two years ago, last July Fourth, they challenged England's right to rule them longer. Two month's ago, on July Fourth, one of Virginia's brave commanders, Colonel Clark, captured the English at Kaskaskia. From there and him I come to you. The flag so new among the nations of the world, the Stars and Stripes, is floating there. **IT WILL SOON FLOAT HERE.** If you desire it, the Americans will come in peace. If you choose the rule of England longer, then your decision be upon your heads. The Americans are striking hard for liberty and they will win. But best of all, my children, our own France is their friend.

*All.* France! France! Viva France!

*Gib.* Our brave young LaFayette and many others from across the sea are fighting for this banner bright. (*Takes flag from beneath robe and throws open its folds.*)

*All.* (*With much enthusiasm*) Long live LaFayette! Long live the Americans!

*Gib.* Men of France, choose this hour which flag you will follow. Will

you choose the cross of England, hated foe of France, or will you choose this glorious flag of freedom, the flag of LaFayette and Washington?

*All.* (Wildly) We choose the flag of freedom. We are for Lafayette. Long live Washington.

*Gib.* Now let yon flag come down and hang this in its stead. (*Citizens haul down the English flag and raise the stars and stripes, cheering.*) Now, my children, look upon this Holy Cross (*holds up cross*), then as you kneel around me, look upon that glorious flag and swear fealty to our new born nation.

*Citizens kneel, fix eyes on flag, raise right hands. Gibault raises hand.*

*Soft, majestic music. Slow CURTAIN.*

SCENE II. *The same. Enter BIG DOOR, followed by other Indians. All manifest much surprise at the new flag by gesticulations and exclamations. They touch flag and staff, tap selves on foreheads and gravely shake heads.*

*Big D.* Ugh! No understand.

*Enter BOSSERON.*

*Bos.* What does Big Door seek?

*Big D.* French have new flag. Big Door no understand.

*Bos.* This is the American flag, Big Door.

*Big D.* Americans are Big Knives. Are French Big Knives now?

*Bos.* Yes. The French will serve the English no longer. The soldiers of our old French Father across the sea are helping the Big Knives fight the English.

*Big D.* Big Door has helped English, but he likes French. What he do now?

*Bos.* Be a friend of the Big Knives, Big Door, for they will drive the English into the sea.

*Big D.* Big Door must go to his wigwam and think. [*Exeunt Indians.*

*Enter COTINEAU, LECROIX and citizens.*

*Cot.* Father Gibault says we ought to elect a Captain to take charge of the fort until some of Clark's officers reach here.

*Lec.* I believe he is right and suggest Francis Bosseron.

*Citizens.* Good! Hurrah for Captain Bosseron!

*Cot.* Captain Bosseron, we are at your service.

*Bos.* If I am to command you, follow me to the fort. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter HELM and HENRY.*

*Helm.* I find that Captain Bosseron has the fort in a good condition. As you know, Henry, I have sent out all of my men but you, and I want you to find Big Door and invite him to visit us.

*Henry.* All right, Captain, I will find him for you. [*Exit.*

*Helm.* Captain Bosseron tells me that Big Door is the most influential chief on the Wabash and I am very anxious to secure his friendship.

*Re-enter BIG DOOR, and other Indians and Citizens.*

*Big D.* Big Knife said he would see Big Door. Big Door is here.

*Helm.* Welcome to Big Door, the great Chief of the Wabash. The



Big Knife is made glad by the sound of the chief's footsteps. (*They shake hands.*)

*Big D.* Big Door has a mist before his eyes. He does not see well. The English say the Big Knives are afraid, but they are here. The English say the Big Knives have bad hearts, but the blood of the Big Knife warms the hand of Big Door.

*Helm.* The English are like the hawk that eats all other birds. The Big Knives are like the robin that does not harm others, but will die in defense of its home.

*Big D.* Big Door's eyes are better. The Big Knife may speak on.

*Helm.* The Big Knives make their living by raising corn, hunting and trade, as you and the French do. The Big Knives becoming many, the land became poor and the hunting scarce; and having little to trade with, the women began to cry at seeing their children naked, and tried to learn how to make clothes for themselves. Some of the women learned to make blankets, and the men learned how to make guns and powder to hunt with. Then the English got mad and said we must buy everything of *them*, and must pay them *two* bucks for one blanket that we used to get for one. Then they killed some of our people to make the others afraid. This is the truth, and the real cause of the war.

*Big D.* The English are like the hawk.

*Helm.* The Great Spirit has grown angry with the English, and has caused your old father, the French King, to join with the Big Knives and help them fight against all their enemies. Now you may judge which is right.

*Big D.* Big Door is a great chief. The mist has gone from his eyes. His warriors are as the leaves in the great woods. Their arrows shall drink the blood of the English. Big Door is a friend of the Big Knives. (*Strikes breast*) Big Door is a Big Knife. The English shall not have two bucks for one blanket. (*Shakes hands with Helm. Citizens cheer.*)

*Helm.* The words of the Big Door warm the hearts of his brothers.

*Big D.* Big Door and his warriors will go to the wigwams of their French brothers. [*Exeunt citizens and Indians.*]

*Henry.* (*Rushing on*) The English will soon be upon us.

*Helm.* Impossible! Less than an hour ago my French scouts reported, "No English on the river."

*Henry.* They left the river a long way up and are approaching through the woods.

*Bos.* (*Rushing on*) The English are coming.

*Helm.* Order the French into the fort. We must fight.

*Bos.* If the French citizens are taken prisoners, they might be tried for treason, and shot or hung.

*Helm.* You are right. I had not thought of that. Go to your homes as quick as possible. [*Exit Bosseron.*]

*Henry.* (*Looking off*) The English are in sight.

*Helm.* Quick! Into the fort! Our flag shall not come down in dishonor. (*They rush off.*)

*Enter HAMILTON and men.*

*Helm.* (*Without*) Halt, or I will blow you into eternity.



*Ham.* (*Displaying white flag*) I demand the surrender of the fort.

*Helm.* (*Without*) Who makes this demand.

*Ham.* Henry Hamilton, Colonel commanding these forces of his Royal Majesty, King George the Third.

*Helm.* (*Without*) No man can enter the fort until I know your terms.

*Ham.* I offer you the honors of war.

*Helm.* Your terms are accepted. We will surrender immediately.

*Ham.* March out with your men. (*Enter Helm and Henry.*) Where are your other men?

*Helm.* There are no others here.

*Ham.* Is it possible. (*Shaking hands with them*) You are brave men, and I will be glad to give you all the honors of war. Captain Farley, put up our colors, then summons the citizens to appear immediately.

*Farley hands American flag to Helm and puts up the English colors.*

[*Exeunt Helm, Henry, Farley and soldiers.*]

*Enter citizens, uncovered and much dejected.*

*Ham.* You must all again take the oath of allegiance to the laws of England and his Royal Majesty, King George the Third. (*All raise hands.*) You do, each of you, implore the forgiveness of King George the Third of England, for having been disloyal heretofore, and solemnly swear that you will hold true allegiance to the laws of England, and to his Royal Majesty, King George the Third, humbly praying for the protection of his mighty arms.

*Citizens.* We do so swear and ask the mercy of the King.

*Ham.* Hail your country and king.

*Citizens.* England forever! All hail to King George the Third!

*Impressive music. Quick CURTAIN.*

### SCENE III. *The same. Enter HAMILTON.*

*Ham.* It seems impossible for the English to regain the friendship of Big Door. He is very much attached to Captain Helm, and insists that he will always be a Big Knife. (*Enter BIG DOOR*) Big Door is welcome. The English are his friends.

*Big D.* Why do the English strike their children, the Big Knives?

*Ham.* To scare them and make them obey their great father, King George.

*Big D.* Some not scared much. Ugh! Hundred English not scare Helm. Where is he?

*Ham.* He is yet our prisoner in the fort.

*Big D.* His friend Big Door would see him.

*Ham.* Big Door is the friend of the Americans and the French. He should be the friend of the English? (*Offering drawn sword*) See what his English brother would give him.

*Big D.* (*Taking sword and feeling point*) Sharp stick. Ugh! Big Door take it to stick frogs in ponds. Must see Helm and French brothers.

[*Exit.*]

*Ham.* The wiley chief will never be my friend. His actions show that

he despises me. A thousand Indians are influenced by his attitude towards the English. With his assistance I could hold Vincennes against Clarke's army. If his warriors should take up arms against us and join Clarke in an attack on the fort, we would be compelled to surrender. I could make Big Door a prisoner, but that might bring war with his tribe at once. The French, too, are friendly to the rebels. I have arrested some of them for open disrespect to my soldiers. Five hundred miles from reinforcements, I find myself in a very difficult position, but must do my best. [Exit.]

*Enter three citizens with guns and a target which they put up. First citizen shoots.*

*Second Cit.* Ha, ha, ha-a-a! Pierre, that's fine, isn't it? If the target was a duck, and the duck was in a pond, you might hit the pond. *(They all laugh boisterously. Second citizen shoots.)*

*First Cit.* Ye he, he! Ye he, he! Ye he, he, h-e-e-e! Hit the pond. Ye he, he, he, he, he-e-e-e. Why, Zenobe, if that target was a bear, and the bear was in the woods, you couldn't hit the woods. *(All laugh.)*

*Enter HAMILTON.*

*Ham.* What is all this laughing about? What are you men doing?

*Third Cit.* Only shooting at a mark, Governor.

*Ham.* You should not be wasting powder and balls. Your ammunition may be needed by my men.

*First Cit.* We do not want to sell it, Governor.

*Second Cit.* No; and we will not sell it.

*Ham. (Angrily)* Then I will take it, and make you my prisoners. *(Calling off)* Captain Farley.

*Enter FARLEY and soldiers.*

*Third Cit.* Governor, we protest against such treatment. We are English citizens. You have no right to take our property.

*Ham.* You are English citizens in name only. Your hearts are with the American rebels. Captain, take these men to the fort and keep them there until further orders. [Exeunt Farley and soldiers with prisoners.]

*Enter GIBAULT.*

*Gib.* I see you have arrested some of our citizens. Is this best for you? Are you imprisoning citizens for proper reasons?

*Ham.* As Governor of Vincennes, it is for me to decide why citizens should be imprisoned.

*Gib.* Do you know that mothers are complaining that your soldiers are very bold, even to rudeness, with their daughters?

*Ham. (Indifferently)* Oh, complaints of many kinds are numerous, but I think them of little importance.

*Gib. (Impressively)* Then you care not for the ill will of my people?

*Ham.* I do not like their kind of loyalty. They must obey my orders. A little discipline will do them good.

*Gib.* You have disciplined too much already. The citizens have all decided to withhold supplies from you, unless your orders become more lenient.

*Ham. (Angrily)* Zounds! This is rebellion. I'll take the supplies by force.

Gib. Would you take the lives of citizens?

Ham. Aye, if they refuse me food supplies.

Gib. Then you had better dig a grave for yourself and all your men.

Ham. What? Armed treason? Are the French preparing to fight?

Gib. I had not thought of that. (*A shot fired without.*) Heard you that shot? It was the gun of Big Door. He is the Frenchmen's friend. The useless shedding of one citizen's blood would bring his warriors to your gates, seeking revenge for a friend slain.

Ham. If they should come, what then?

Gib. You would die with the consolation of knowing that not one of your men would live to tell King George the Third of your mistakes.

Ham. (*Angrily*) Furies! I'll hear no more of this. You've said enough.

Gib. (*Sarcastically*) If you are satisfied, I will retire. [*Exit.*]

Ham. (*Very angrily*) I'll put that priest in chains. (*Thoughtfully*) No, no; that will not do. I'd better call him back and yield some power, than risk a fatal error. (*Calling off*) Gibault, Father Gibault. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LECROIX and citizens, much excited.*

Lec. Cotineau was taken prisoner by Clarke's men, and when he told Clark that we were friendly to the Americans, the Colonel gave him the message for us.

*Enter COTINEAU and BOSSERON.*

Citizens. (*Excitedly*) The message, Cotineau, the message. What is it?

Cot. (*Reading*) "To the inhabitants of Post Vincennes: I am now within two miles of your village and determined to take the fort tonight. I request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberties I bring you, to remain in your homes. True friends of liberty may depend on being treated well, but I will treat as an enemy everyone I find in arms on my arrival.—George Rogers Clark."

Bos. We dare not cheer this glorious message, lest we arouse the English in the fort. Let us go quietly to our homes and await the liberty that Clark will bring us. [*Exeunt.*]

*Night comes on. Light firing without. A voice calls out, "Some drunken hunters are returning and firing their usual salute to the fort." Enter CLARK and men. Heavier firing begins without.*

Ham. (*Without*) To arms, to arms! The enemy is upon us.

Clark. (*Pointing off with sword*) There is the fort, my men, and we must take it tonight. [*Exeunt.*]

*Attack on fort without. Cannons boom, musketry rattles, Clark's men laugh boisterously and call, "Have you red coats all made your wills?" "Helm whipped a hundred of you, but there's enough of us here to whip a hundred thousand." "Quit shooting at the birds in the tree tops, and try to hit somebody." "Hurrah for Clark." "Hurrah for Washington." English occasionally reply, "England forever!" "King George the Third forever." Firing ceases. Re-enter CLARK with BIG DOOR.*

Big D. Big Door's warriors are ready to fight with the Big Knives.

Clark. Big Door is brave and the Big Knives want his counsel, but Clark is afraid his men could not tell Big Door's warrior's from the Indian friends of the English, while the night is dark.

Big D. Chief Clark is wise. Big Door's warriors will wait until the sun shines. [Exeunt.]

Firing renewed without. Clark's men re-enter, laughing and cheering for Clark, Washington, and Virginia, then go off. Heavy firing renewed. Enter BALEY with flag of truce. Firing ceases.

Farley. (Without) Who comes with the flag of truce.

Bal. Lieutenant Baley, bearing a message from Colonel Clark to Governor Hamilton.

Enter FARLEY, each officer salutes, Farley takes message and goes off.

Ham. (Reading without) I order you to immediately surrender the fort, for if I am obliged to storm it, you may depend upon such treatment as justly becomes a murderer. George Rogers Clark. (Speaking) Captain Farley, here is my reply to Colonel Clark.

Re-enter FARLEY, Baley takes message, goes off. [Exit Farley.]

Clark. (Reading without) Governor Hamilton begs leave to say to Colonel Clark, that he and his garrison are not disposed to be awed into any action unworthy of British subjects. (Speaking) Officers and men, prepare to storm the fort immediately.

Re-enter FARLEY with flag of truce. Re-enter BALEY.

Far. Lieutenant, will you kindly say to Colonel Clark that Governor Hamilton wishes to meet him here to arrange for a truce. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter BALEY and CLARK, and FARLEY and HAMILTON.

Ham. (Offering hand to Clark) Colonel, I ask for a three days' truce.

Clark. It cannot be granted. You have within the fort men who have been engaged in plundering American settlers, murdering and scalping men, women and children without mercy. I want these murderers to treat them as they deserve, and will not give them a moment's time to escape. You must surrender at once, without conditions, or we will storm the fort.

Ham. I wish to consult with my officers a few moments. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter HAMILTON, wearing sword, and FARLEY and soldiers unarmed. Farley hauls down flag. Re-enter CLARK, BALEY, and men with flag, armed.

Ham. (Offering Clark his sword) Colonel, we have hauled down our colors and I surrender without conditions, relying on my belief that you will prove to be a generous foe.

Clark. (Taking sword) I accept your surrender in the name of the state of Virginia, which commonwealth I have the honor of serving as commander of these American forces. (To his men) Now, my brave men, run up the stars and stripes that are to never more come down, but forever float over these hills and vales.

Men wave hats and cheer wildly, raise flag and cheer, "Hurrah for Clark!" "Hurrah for Washington!" "Hurrah for the United States!" "Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

Martial music. Slow CURTAIN.

SCENE IV. *A forest. Flag with thirteen stars, on staff. Enter PROGRESS and ENGLAND.*

*Eng.* Progress, thou hast decreed that we must part. Why is it thus?

*Pro.* Twenty years ago, I let thee humble France because she did not do her duty in this wilderness, and trampled on the wishes of LaSalle. Then thou gavest me thy promise that in this forest should rise the homes of many happy people. Less than one little year had passed after that promise was made, when thy unworthy King gave to some favored followers this home of mine, and then proclaimed that all of this wilderness must stay untouched, so Civilization could not enter here.

*Eng.* Alas! too true.

*Pro.* Thy children beyond the mountains sought to come into this wilderness until thy king forbade them. He oppressed them there and they rebelled and now are free, and they have won my love and home.

*Enter VIRGINIA.*

*Vir.* (*To Progress*) Glorious Spirit of this great New World, my hero Clark has won this wilderness and has bidden me come from my home on blue-veiled hills to thee.

*Pro.* (*Taking Virginia's hand*) I gladly welcome thee. (*Giving crown to her*) This crown is thine. What wilt thou do with me?

*Vir.* (*Throwing crown aside and taking wreath from head*) I'll recrown thee with my wreath and thus make thee part of myself. (*Crowns Progress.*)

*Pro.* Most gracious Virginia! England, look! Virginia was thy daughter, named for thy glorious virgin, great Queen Bess.

*Eng.* Thirteen noble daughters have gone from me with thee. My heart is breaking. (*Bows before Progress, weeping.*)

*Vir.* Great England, thine is the fate of nations. When they forget their duty to Civilization, they must bow in grief before her favored daughter, Progress.

*Eng.* So I spake to France a score of years ago, and now this mighty truth comes home to me. She was humbled then; now she has helped my children humble me. I cannot bear to longer stay. Farewell!

*Both.* England, farewell. In days to come we both will be thy friend.

*Both wave and bow farewell to England. She goes off slowly with bowed head. Enter CONNECTICUT.*

*Pro.* Who art thou, and what dost thou seek?

*Conn.* I am Connecticut, and I have come to claim my own.

*Pro.* What is thine own?

*Conn.* Part of these lands that Virginia claims are hers.

*Vir.* They are all mine. My hero Clarke has won them all for me.

*Conn.* Some of these lands I'll never yield to any one. Look here! (*Unrolls parchment*) This charter old was given to me long years before your Clark was born, and it conveys to me part of these lands.

*Vir.* That charter came from England who lately claimed these lands were hers. Clark won them and they now are mine.

*Conn.* (*Firmly*) I will not yield. Some of these lands are mine.

*Vir.* (*Angrily*) Thou shalt yield. These lands are all mine.

*Enter* UNCLE SAM.

Uncle S. Hey! What's the matter now? What's you gals fussin' about?

Both. This land!

Uncle S. Whose is it?

Both. It is mine!

Uncle S. Is it? Wall, I deu declare! Say, hev you seen Columby, lately?

Both. No. Why? What makes you ask?

Uncle S. (*Sympathetically*) Wall, I'll tell you. She's feelin' all cut up. You know we had to fight England like all git out to keep you gals from bein' abused, and keep you all in one home, under one roof.

Vir. Yes; but the fight is over now, and England's whipped and gone.

Uncle S. That's right, Virginy, and you did your part. But, you see, that fight cost a pile of money, and yer ma's hard up. She's lots of debts to pay and nuthin' to pay 'em with.

Conn. How can we help pay them, Uncle?

Uncle S. Jest give yer ma the land you're fussin' about, and she kin sell it and pay off her debts.

Pro. A noble idea from an honest mind.

Uncle S. (*Bowing*) Thank'e, Miss Progress, fer helpin' me out. Now, gals, shall I go find yer ma?

Vir. Yes, quick. Most joyfully will I give her my claim to all this land.

Conn. No; let me think. I want some of this land. Is there no other way.

Uncle S. Now look'e here, Connecticut. Dont' do anything you'll be ashamed uv. I'm sure the other 'leven gals will all side with Virginy.

Conn. Then go and bring our mother here. I will give up if all the others do. [*Exit Uncle Sam.*]

Pro. The time is near when all will see the wisdom of this act.

*Re-enter* UNCLE SAM *with* COLUMBIA.

Col. Daughters, thy uncle sayest thou hast a message for me.

Vir. Yes, dear Columbia, we have good cheer for thee. I give to thee my claims on all the lands conquered by Clark, and have but one request to make of thee.

Col. A gracious present, my noble daughter. What is thy request?

Vir. That, in the years to come, all of these lands may be divided into states that shall be named by thee, and become thy daughters as we are.

Conn. I, too, give thee my claims and make the same request.

Col. Daughters, thy gracious favors fill my heart with joy. Uncle, the sky is brightening for us all.

Pro. A happy ending to a sister's quarrel. But what of me?

Col. Virginia called thee part of herself, and named thee Illinois county. I'll call all this mighty wilderness the great North Western Territory, and in it you may roam at will till my return. Now gracious Empress of this Wilderness, we all bid thee adieu. Work on, and I will return and give to thee a name and place in a great Nation's history. (*All bowing and waving farewell.*)

*Stately music. Slow* CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *In front of St. Xavier's Church. Flag on staff. Curtain discloses COLUMBIA standing on small platform or pedestal.*

Col. (*Impressively*) On this fourth day of July, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and the year of our Lord eighteen hundred, I again proclaim liberty and equality throughout these United States.

*Cannon fired without. Drums beat. Orchestra (or an instrument) plays, "Hail Columbia." People enter, intermingling, waving hats and flags and cheering, "Hurrah for the United States." "Hurrah for the Fourth of July." "Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes." "Hurrah for President Adams." Music ceases.*

*Enter UNCLE SAM and PROGRESS.*

Uncle S. Hoo-ray! Columby, this is the day we celebrate, and I'm doin' my part. I've brought in a gal from the wilderness that's thinkin' of changin' her name.

Col. (*Stepping down*) Welcome, Progress. Thou hast come on a most propitious day. What favor dost thou ask?

Pro. I seek to know the name that thou didst promise me in the wilderness, some sixteen years ago.

Col. What good work hast thou done since then?

Pro. I have brought many homes into the wilderness, and in them now dwell six and twenty hundred of thy most loyal subjects.

Col. Thou hast done well. For near a hundred years, didst thou not dwell in peace with the Red Men of the Forest?

Pro. Yes, the Indians; and much I loved them. They knew little of me, but they were brave and true to their promises.

Col. Thou, too, art brave and keep thy promises; and thou shalt take their name so it will live through ages yet to come. Come with me. (*She leads Progress to left of pedestal, steps upon it, places left hand on head of Progress, raises right aloft (for a moment) and then lays it on top of left, and speaks impressively.*) Now in the name of the God of nations, I christen thee INDIANA, and thy sons and daughters shall be brave and true, as thou art. As the hosts of Civilization onward move through centuries to come, whoever hears the name of Progress spoken within thy empire, will pause and say, "For a century she slept beneath the trifling touch of ignoble kings, then she was awakened by Columbia's voice. Her name was changed, then lost, then changed, and changed again. But her glorious spirit will ever live in Indiana, for that is now her name.

*When Columbia speaks the words, "as thou art," the eyes of the people should be fixed on her face with wrapt attention until she speaks the last word, then hands, hats and flags should be waved and continued cheers of, "Hurrah for Indiana," given.*

*Loud music. Slow CURTAIN.*



SCENE II. *The same. Curtain discloses GOVERNOR HARRISON'S SECRETARY seated by a table, with record in hands, and the GOVERNOR seated near him.*

*Har.* A communication from President Madison recalls to my mind the fact that I did not reach Vincennes until some time after the opening of the territory. I wish, Mr. Secretary, that you would read a few pages of the first part of the record.

*Sec.* *(Reads)* St. Vincennes, July 4th, 1800. This day the government of Indiana Territory commenced, William Henry Harrison having been appointed Governor, John Gibson Secretary, William Clark, Henry Vanderburg and John Griffith Judges in and over said territory. *(To Harrison)* A note here says that you did not arrive until January 10, 1801.

*Har.* That is correct. Read on.

*Sec.* *(Reads)* The Judges shall, from time to time, meet and frame such laws as they may deem proper, subject to the veto of the Governor.

*Har.* Strange but true. The judges did act as a legislative body, as well as judges, and many of our laws were framed by them. It was five years later that I called the first legislative council which was composed of nine representatives elected by the people, and five members of the council who were appointed by the President.

*Sec.* I note by the record that representatives must own fifty acres of land each, and members of the council must own five hundred acres each.

*Har.* That is right. Notice some of the first laws passed.

*Sec.* Men found guilty of murder, burning property, or stealing horses shall be hung. Men that break into houses, steal hogs, or other small property, on conviction, shall be whipped and fined, or whipped and imprisoned. All who engage in gambling, swearing, or Sabbath-breaking, shall be fined or whipped.

*Enter a citizen.*

*Cit.* Governor, Tecumseh and a number of his warriors have gone into camp near the town, and he has asked to see you.

*Har.* So the wiley chief has come again, has he? Well, you may inform him that I will meet him at my mansion where there are plenty of seats for all. *(Exit citizen)* Tecumseh will hear some plain talk this time. I have grown tired of the schemes of himself and his Prophet brother. I believe that both are in collusion with the English who are encouraging the Indians to exterminate our settlers.

*Re-enter citizen.*

*Cit.* Governor, Tecumseh declines to go to your mansion. He says the earth was made for the Indians to sit on, and he will come here to meet you.

*Har.* Very well; let him come here. *[Exit citizen.]*

*Enter TECUMSEH and warriors, and WINNEMAC, a friendly Indian, who lies down near Harrison.*

*Har.* *(Rising)* Tecumseh and his warriors are welcome to the council-fire of the Seventeen Fires. *(Warriors sit on ground.)* What has my brother to say?

*Tec.* Brothers, Tecumseh speaks for the chiefs and warriors of many



tribes. At the Fort Wayne treaty the Miami village chiefs sold land on the Wabash to the Seventeen Fires. Tecumseh has threatened to take the lives of these village chiefs because they had no right to sell the land without the consent of other tribes. All of the Indians form but one nation, and no tribe has a right to sell land without the consent of all other tribes. The Americans have driven the Indians from the sea coast and will soon push them into the lakes, if the Seventeen Fires keep on buying the land with blankets and fire-water. Tecumseh wants the Indians to keep their land so they will not starve. (*Firmly*) Brothers, listen! Tecumseh and the chiefs and warriors of many tribes have resolved that the Seventeen Fires shall not have any more land until all the tribes are willing. (*Warriors nod approval.*)

*Har.* Brothers, listen to me. Open your ears and attend to what I shall say. The Indians are not all one nation. If they were, the Great Spirit would not have put different tongues into their heads, but have taught them all to speak one language. The Miamis were the real owners of the land on the Wabash, and Tecumseh has no right to interfere. The land of the Shawnees was in Georgia until the Creek tribe made war upon Tecumseh and drove him and his tribe north. The Miamis do not want him and have refused to obey him. The Seventeen Fires will pay them for the land and keep it. It is ridiculous to suppose that every tribe must consent to the sale of the land of each tribe. They are not all one nation and would never agree.

*Tecumseh gesticulates violently and mutters to his warriors. Winnemac tries to attract the attention of Harrison.*

*Cit. (To Governor)* Tecumseh means mischief. Look there! (*Motions toward Winnemac.*)

*Winnemac shows pistol. Tecumseh continues gestures and mumbling. Winnemac springs to feet with cocked pistol, exclaiming, "He is telling his warriors that the Seventeen Fires are liars." Warriors spring to feet with guns in hands. Governor draws sword, drum beats, and men rush in with guns at shoulders ready to fire. Warriors lay down guns.*

*Har. (To men)* Lower your guns. (*To Winnemac*) What does Tecumseh mean. He was mumbling in his own tongue.

*Win.* He told his warriors that all you said is false, and that you and the Seventeen Fires are liars.

*Har. (To Tecumseh)* Tecumseh is not a true chief. He does not respect the council-fire. He is under its protection and may return in safety, but he is a bad man and the Seventeen Fires will not treat with him. *He must leave the council at once. (Exeunt Tecumseh, warriors and citizens.)* Well, it is to be war. Settlers have already been attacked in their homes and women and children have been carried away as captives. All of this must be stopped.

*Re-enter citizen.*

*Cit.* Tecumseh asks that he may be permitted to return and explain his action in the council.

*Har.* Let him come. I want to tell him that the attacks on our settlers must cease, or there will be war. (*Exit citizen.*) His attempts to deceive me will all fail.

*Re-enter TECUMSEH and warriors.*

*Tec.* Tecumseh was very angry and forgot the rule of the council-fire. He does not want to make war on the Seventeen Fires, but he is determined that they shall buy no more land of the Indians, unless all the tribes are willing to let the land be sold.

*Har.* Great Chief Madison, the President of the Seventeen Fires, will never consent to that. He is the chief that decides, and the Long Knives will obey him.

*Tec.* If the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough in his head to induce him to give up this land. It is true he is so far off that he will not be injured by the war; he may sit in his town and drink his wine, whilst you and I have to fight it out.

*Har.* I am myself of the Long Knife fire; as soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Tecumseh must take care of their stings.

*Tec.* My brother is a great warrior and the hunting-shirt men are not afraid to fight. Tecumseh will go to the wigwams of his people and think of what his brother has said. Farewell, my brother.

*Tecumseh and Harrison clasp hands, front center. Warriors and men group right and left. Quick CURTAIN.*

SCENE III. *A forest. Enter HARRISON with armed men.\**

*Har. (Pointing off)* That stream yonder must be the Tippecanoe. If it is, the Prophet's Town is near.

*Enter unarmed CHIEF and other Indians with flag of truce.*

*Chief.* What white brothers want?

*Har.* We want the Red Men to quit making war on our women and children in their homes. You must leave the settlers alone on the lands the Seventeen Fires have bought.

*Chief.* White brother mistaken. Shawnees no make war. Prophet and Shawnees want peace.

*Har.* Then why is he not here to meet me?

*Chief.* Night come soon. Prophet come when sun wakes up. Want big council with Seventeen Fire Chief.

*Har.* Well, we will wait until morning. Where is a good camping ground?

*Chief.* Here. *(Pointing)* There good water. White brother stay here?

*Har.* Yes. We will wait for the Prophet until morning.

*Chief.* Good! The Prophet come when sun speaks. [*Exeunt Indians.*

*Har.* Stack arms and go into camp, men. *(Indian yells heard in the distance.)* We must sleep on arms tonight.

*Men stack guns. Quick CURTAIN.*

\* This scene is as described by two participants in the battle. It may all be omitted without affecting the play in general, but can be made a very interesting pantomime if entered into in a spirited manner.

## PANTOMIME OF BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

1. Darkness. Curtain rises slowly, discovering tent and men asleep, some in tent, others around it, all with arms beside them.

2. A single shot is heard without, a sentinel rushes in and arouses men, shots and yells heard without, Indians rush in and attack men as they rise, one Indian rushing into tent with uplifted hatchet.

3. Fierce hand-to-hand conflict, bayonets and clubbed guns used. Some fall, and rise, some fall and raise partially with guns clubbed or at shoulder. Fierce firing without. Yells without and within.

4. Indians yield. Many of them fall, some cry "Don't kill." Indians rush off. Men cheer. "Huzza!" "Huzza!" "Huzza!"

*Soft music. Drums beat. Darkness. Red light. Slow CURTAIN.*

SCENE IV. *A forest or other landscape, or a garden. Raised rustic seat, back center. Curtain discloses Columbia seated, with UNCLE SAM, left front, and Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and Louisiana, appropriately grouped, right and left. Waving flags, they sing.*

*Tune—Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.*

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free;  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee;  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble;  
 When Liberty's form stands in view;  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Uncle S. (*In great admiration*) Wall, wall, wall, how you gals do like Columby.

*All States.* We like you, too, Uncle Sam.

*They cluster around him, some patting him on the back, others swinging his hands and two or three stick feathers in his hat. All circle around him and sing.*

*Tune—Yankee Doodle.*

Uncle Sam he travels 'round,  
 Upon a little pony,  
 We've put some feathers in his hat  
 To make him look more tony.

Oh, then, hurrah for Uncle Sam!  
 We'll ever serve him cheerily;  
 And he is such a handsome man,  
 We'll ever love him dearly.

Col. Uncle, you seem to have forgotten why we have met with all our states today.

Uncle S. By hokey, that's right. Let me see, this is December 11, 1816. Five years since Harrison won at Tippecanoe and only sixteen years since you named Indiany. But she thinks she is old enough to become a state, and wants to come into the Union.

Col. At our last meeting we sent her word that she could enter the Union as soon as she was ready to do her part.

Uncle S. Wall, I guess she's ready. Shall I tell her to come?

All States. Yes, yes; go on and tell her.

Uncle S. She'll be the nineteenth one of you gals, and about the likeliest of the lot.

All States. Oh, Uncle Sam. (*All rush at him, he runs out.*)

Columbia. (*Rising*) Daughters, Indiana comes. Let us receive her as becomes a worthy member of our Union.

*States form, eight circling from each side of Columbia, one of the two tallest standing on each side of her, the others arranged as to height so they will range down to the lowest at end of wings. All take flags from belts and those at right shift flags to left hands. At signal from Columbia (she elevates her chin) each state raises hand containing flag and places it on shoulder of state next to her, the ones next to Columbia placing (right or left) hand on Columbia's shoulder, all flags erect. When Uncle Sam and Indiana enter they pass to the front of Columbia to receive greetings, then Uncle Sam stands right of Columbia and Indiana left.*

*Re-enter UNCLE SAM, escorting INDIANA with flag in belt.*

All States. (*Waving flags*) Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome, Indiana.

Uncle S. (*Presenting Indiana to Columbia*) Columbia, Queen of our Union, Indiany asks admission as a state.

Col. Daughter, what of thy people.

Ind. They number five and sixty thousand in my eighteen counties, and pray thee that I may become a state.

Col. Have they adopted proper laws and chosen a governor?

Ind. They have. Six months ago, three and forty of my stalwart sons met under a wide-spread elm at Corydon, and framed the law on which all others must be based. I bring to thee my constitution. (*Hands roll to Columbia, who unrolls and looks at it.*)

Col. This is well done. (*Steps down from throne*) You see my daughters here. Wilt thou obey my laws as they now do?

Ind. I will.

[Exit Uncle Sam.

Col. The sun of peace shines brightly on us now. If war should come wilt thou defend me and the flag thou wearest?

Ind. Yes, even unto death.

*Col.* It is enough. Daughters, behold your sister state.

*All States.* Sister, we greet thee! Hail, hail, all hail, Indiana! Hail nineteenth empire of our glorious Union!

*Re-enter UNCLE SAM with coronet and flag. Columbia takes coronet and places it on Indiana's head, and places flag around her.*

*Col.* Daughter, thou art now a state, and they people have sovereign rights which none may take from them. Under this flag, the kings of earth will do thee reverence. Let all thy children love it well and Indiana's sun will brightly shine before the the onward moving world. (*Taking her hand*) Good cheer to thee as thou goest forth to help thy sister states raise up their many coming sister empires.

*Columbia takes seat and all states group and form in graceful poses around her. Any appropriate march or drill may be introduced at close of this scene with good effect. Poses, march, or drill should be accompanied by music.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE V. *The same. Raised seat and flag on staff, left center. Table with pens, ink and paper, right front, with small platform right center. Curtain discloses INDIANA seated at left and HISTORY with scroll, seated at table.*

*Ind.* Fair History, what hast thou written of Indiana.

*His.* When thou wast welcomed by thy sister states, five and sixty thousand of thy sons and daughters greeted thee with shout and song; now thirteen hundred thousand call thee blessed. Then but eighteen queenly counties shared thy fair domain; now ninety-two ring bells of justice in thy name, and pay thee yearly tribute.

*Ind.* This loyal tribute well sustains me.

*His.* It has grown much. Forty years ago this tax for thee was but seventeen thousand dollars; now thy sons and daughters give to thee each year a million and three-fourths.

*Ind.* Which means they now possess a thousand million dollars. All this wondrous wealth has come within the time of one short human life.

*His.* (*Rising with scroll*) O glorious Spirit of a noble State, thou hast done much. Where stood the mighty forests then now wave vast fields of golden grain. When morning bells ring out their calls, five hundred thousand children bright, with nimble feet, now climb thy hills or walk thy valleys down to their eight thousand schools. Each Sabbath morn, with children dear, fathers and mothers together meet beneath three thousand gleaming spires that point towards the heavenly home all hope sometime to see.

*Ind.* O glorious, glorious History!

*His.* When the evenings come, the father's cheerful call, the mother's loving voice, the lover's laugh, the maiden's song, and childhood's merry glee ring out from busy happy homes, two hundred thousand strong.

*Ind.* (*Rising, with clasped hands raised, and much feeling*) O Spirit of my loved LaSalle, look down and see the glories of thy vision all fulfilled.

*His.* He never dreamed of all that thou hast done. I listen and from yonder vale I hear a sound like thunder rolling through the clouds. I look and,

lo, an iron horse is neighing to his master, telling him that spires of town or city are in sight.

*Ind.* Thou hast written well.

*His.* I listen again and hear the clinking sounds of miners' picks, the ringing anvils of ten thousand men, the mighty echoes of the marts of trade, and over all are ringing out the voices of two hundred thousand happy men that sing the plowman's song of home.

*Ind.* Sweet scenes of peace. How swells my heart in this glad hour to see my sons and daughters all so happy, glad and free. (*Drum beats without.*) Oh, what is that, so like the olden sounds of strife? (*Enter COLUMBIA, agitated.*) Sweet Union here? (*Steps from seat.*) Columbia, dear, thou seemest troubled.

*Col.* Daughter, my heart is breaking! Thy sisters in the South have grown angry and say they will disown me.

*Ind.* Why do they treat thee thus?

*Col.* The curse of slavery is strong upon their hearts, and they have sworn to leave the Union and never more return.

*Ind.* They shall not leave thee. The curse of slavery shall die and thou shalt live. I'll call two hundred thousand men to save thy life or die for thee. (*Stepping upon platform*) Sons of Indiana, awake! awake! Disloyal states threaten our Union's life. Columbia must live or we must die. Awake! awake! awake! (*Enter Baker and people.*) Noble sons, you are to write your names on fame's immortal scroll where History will keep them bright before the world. Columbia's life is threatened and we must save her.

*People cheer, "Hurrah for Indiana," and shout "The Union must be saved." Indiana goes to Columbia's side, and Baker steps upon the platform and speaks.*

*Baker.* Fellow Citizens:—Let us enroll our names in defense of our Nation's life. (*Cheers and cries of, "That's right."*) Our fathers fought to bring our glorious Union into life and we must fight to save it. (*Voices, "We'll do it." "Hurrah for the Union."*) The flag of Washington must never be trampled in the dust. (*Voices, "Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes."*) Men of Indiana fought under it with Perry on Lake Erie; (*Cheers*) with Scott in Mexico; (*Cheers*) and we will fight under it for Lincoln and the Union. (*A voice, "Three Cheers for Lincoln." Cheers are given.*) Our Governor has promised to care for the loved ones we must leave behind us. (*A voice, "Three cheers for Morton." Cheers are given.*) Secession must not triumph. (*Many voices, "Down with secession."*) Yes, down with secession and up with the stars and stripes, the flag of freedom and right.

*At the beginning of Baker's speech, History takes some convenient position and seems to be writing on scroll. UNCLE SAM enters with sword which Columbia buckles on Indiana. Men go to table and sign names on muster roll while Baker is speaking, and during the indiscriminate cheering for the flag, Lincoln, Morton, and the Union, that should follow the close of the speech. Columbia takes raised seat, with Indiana right and Uncle Sam left, as soon as sword is girded on Indiana. As cheers cease, a voice calls out, "Who shall we have for our captain?" A second voice replies, "Why, Baker, of course." All, "Aye, aye; Baker is the man."*

*Baker.* Comrades, I thank you. Let us try to be as valiant as our fathers were at Trenton and Saratoga, and resolve to endure as they endured at Valley Forge. (*Many voices, "We will, Captain, we will."*) Now let us away to our homes and bid our loved ones good-bye.

*Col. (Leaving seat)* Glorious State, thy sons are true!

*Ind.* Aye; they are true, and I will lead them forth to battle.

*Men form in ranks, Indiana with drawn sword, pointing ahead and face turned toward men, at head of lines. Columbia, back of and near head of column. Uncle Sam near center, waving flag. They march cheering, "Hurrah for Indiana.."*

*Patriotic music. Slow CURTAIN.*

## TABLEAUX.\*

### 1. THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

*SCENE. Same as last, with stand and platform removed.*

*Tableaux.* Indiana wearing sword, standing and holding flag in left hand, right hand aloft, with index finger extended. Young soldier standing just in front of folds of flag, young woman standing at his left. With left hand she is offering him a sword and scarf which he is taking with his right hand. Her right hand rests upon his left shoulder, and his left hand upon her right shoulder. His face is serious, eyes looking intently at her. Her face is smiling, eyes drooping.

*When CURTAIN rises a hidden reciter should repeat distinctly:*

"The maiden binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles."

*Red or green light. Low sweet music. Slow CURTAIN.*

### 2. THE BRAVE WIFE'S PARTING.

*SCENE. The same.*

*Tableau.* Husband, wife and Indiana, standing in same relative places as in first tableau. Girl nine years old, weeping and clinging to father's right hand. Boy of eleven, standing at left of mother with a gun at his shoulder, gazing wonderingly at his father's face. Husband's left hand rests on wife's right shoulder as he gazes proudly into her upturned face. Wife holds sword scabbard (*which is belted on husband*) in right hand, and sword half-drawn

\* Any or all of these tableaux may be omitted without effecting the connection of the dialogue of the play, but they will add much to the beauty of the drama if they are given.



from scabbard in her left. Her face is upturned, and she looks bravely and smilingly into his. Indiana as in first tableau.

*When CURTAIN rises a hidden reciter should repeat distinctly:*

"The wife now girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word  
That almost breaks her heart asunder."

*Red or green light. Low sweet music. Slow CURTAIN.*

### 3. TENTING TO-NIGHT.

*Curtain rises on same, or (better) a street scene. Men, armed, march across, led by Baker, and cheering for Indiana and the Union. Martial music. Darkness comes on during march. Street scene (or last curtain) rises, disclosing a forest, or other landscape, and tableau.*

*Tableau.* Tents open in front. Flag on staff. Campfires (made by piling up sticks and burning alcohol in small pans placed just behind piles) burning. Guns stacked. Kettles hanging over fire. Table in tent. Some men at table writing letters. Some lying down, others standing near fires. Make grouping and posing as picturesque as possible with room available.

*When CURTAIN rises a hidden chorus sings, or reciter repeats:*

"We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Thinking of days gone by,  
Of loved ones at home who gave us the hand  
And the tear that said good-bye.  
Chorus. Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

*Red or green light. Slow CURTAIN.*

*SCENE VI. The same. Two raised seats. Curtain discloses Columbia and Indiana seated, Uncle Sam standing at right of Columbia and History at left of Indiana.*

*Ind.* The twentieth century has come. More than a hundred years have passed since Columbia gave me a name. The saddest hour in all these years was when two hundred thousand of my bravest sons marched forth to battle for our Union's life.

*His.* Bravely they marched through carnage, prison walls and death till six and twenty thousand found rest in soldiers' graves.

*Col.* They did their duty well. Their soul's now sleep on "fame's eternal camping ground."

*His.* Their blood washed out a nation's sin and made the poor slaves free. With them sleeps the noblest martyr of them all. For fourteen years his growing footsteps left their mark on Indiana's soil.

*Col.* The immortal Lincoln! He whose name has charmed the world.



*His.* Though none so great as he, many of Indiana's sons have done Columbia honor. Twice the name of Harrison stood highest in her name. At a glance I see the names of Jennings, Noble, Whitcomb, Lane, Morton, Colfax, Hendricks, and Lawton near the last. Yet there are many more.\*

*Col.* Yes, many more have won great names in peace or war.

*Ind.* I love the fruits of peace. I pray that war may never come again.

*Enter* COMMERCE, EDUCATION, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, and INDUSTRY.

*Ind.* (*Rising*) Welcome to thee, fair queens of human thought and toil.

*His.* They will tell thee of thy fruits of peace. Their followers are five and twenty hundred thousand of thy sons and daughters whose wealth is measured by two thousand million rolling dollars.

*Ind.* A goodly sum indeed. Commerce, what hast thou done to make it so?

*Commerce.* At first the traders journeyed through the wilderness with only sun or moon or stars to guide them. As the years sped on, the paths wild deer had made became the paths of Commerce. Then roads were hewn through forests wide, and meek-eyed oxen dragged the settler's produce to the nearest stream where it was loaded on slow moving boats. Columbia saw our needs and helped to build wide roads of gravel or of wood, and later still canals became the arteries of Commerce. Seventy years ago first came to us the tracks on which the rolling cars are drawn by steam. These tracks have lengthened to eight thousand miles, and on twelve hundred more the lightning drives swift moving cars. An army of seventy thousand men now keep the wheels of Commerce moving on for thee.

*Ind.* Education moves the wheels of Commerce on to gather Wealth.

*Education.* Education gives to all. In lowly cabins for many years thy children sought for knowledge. Time sped on and houses, pupils and teachers grew in worth and numbers. Now when Autumn comes nine thousand public schools open their doors to six hundred thousand children, and sixteen thousand teachers sit with them until the summer comes again. When children have walked this way for eight full years, another thousand temples open doors to give their students further knowledge for four years more. If not yet satisfied, a score of colleges then leads them on through broader fields of learning.

*Col.* Columbia knows that Indiana leads in Education; and so the world doth know, for learned men have crossed the sea to visit her schools, and they have so decided.

*Ind.* Where Education leads, there Literature will ever live. Her magic touch has given my gifted sons and daughters fair, world-wide renown.

*Literature.* Their fame's so great that I can tell but little of their wondrous story. Far back the gifted Owen came from beyond the sea. Later on came Biddle, Bolton, Hay, and near a hundred more, whose poems and songs have lifted up the soul's of millions. Ridpath wrote the story of Columbia's rise, and Thompson wooed the fairy Alice from Old Vincennes' shades. Perhaps most famed of all is he who wrote the story of the House of Hur,—the soldier-statesman-poet-author Wallace. If one should name the living here, I would

\* The names of any local celebrities, or any one else desired, may be inserted here.

recall a thousand rhymes of home, and glorious songs of by-gone days whose charms will never die. After I had lingered long o'er these sweet pearls of thought, with love suppressed in accents low, I'd speak the name of Riley.

*Ind.* He sings of homes where Agriculture dwells, and she may tell her story.

*Agriculture.* Ten million acres make the mighty farm on which my followers live. Of these ten parts, the stalwart corn waves over four, while graceful oats and golden wheat each claim but two. The sweet perfume of clover blooms floats over one, while skylarks sing their morning songs above the swaying timothy that claims another. To all this add for garden sweets and luscious fruits three hundred thousand acres more, and thou wilt know the glory of thy sons who help to feed the world. They are a frugal happy lot and love their work.

*Enter farmer boys and girls (or men and women) who sing "THE HAPPY FARMER BOY"\* in unison.* A number of singers should have a rake, hoe, fork or sickle in hands while singing. If enough singers, and room on stage, a good effect can be produced by some acting as if hoeing, raking, pitching, or using sickle, while song is being sung. At close of song, all move back to make room for next singers to enter, though all on the stage may join in singing "The Song of Labor."

*Ind.* Agriculture mothers her toiling sons and daughters in open fields where air is pure, where sunshine smiles and showers fall, but Industry must dwell in mines most dark and factories strong to crown us with her labors.

*Indu.* In two hundred mines the picks of ten thousand men ring in dull light or darkness. Each year they bring to light ten million tons of coal to light and warm the homes of men, or move the wheels of Commerce. For them there is no day, but always darkness and too often death. Yet cheerfully they do their part.\* The coal they mine sends up its smoke from eight thousand factories where work a hundred and fifty thousand sons and daughters of toil, each one intent on filling a worthy place in the great creating world. Each year from yield of forest, field and mine, these toilers make four hundred millions worth of products new, and ninety million pays them for their labor. Theirs is a busy world, and sounding whistles, whirring wheels and hammer's klang are all sweet music to their ears.

*Enter factory boys and girls (or men and women) who sing "THE SONG OF LABOR," carrying all parts of the music.* Four (or a larger even number) should have a hammer in one hand and a small piece of iron (or small stone) in the other. Half of this number should strike the iron (or stone) with their hammers each time the word "Kling" is sung, and the other half should strike each time the word "Klang" is sung. This alternating of strokes, if well timed and well done, produces a fine effect.

\* In mining towns a fine effect could be produced here by having the song, "Down in a Coal Mine," sung without, accompanied by the strokes of a pick.

\* See music and songs.

## THE HAPPY FARMER BOY.



1. Oh, a mer - ry lad is the farm - er boy, As he  
2. At the ear - ly ray of the sun he's up, And



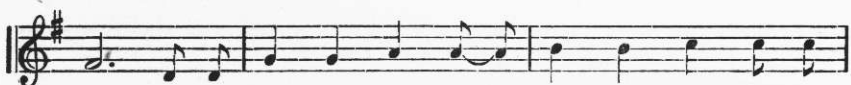
sings his morn - ing song, For his heart is light and his  
out in the morn - ing air, And he hears the song of the



spir - it free, And his bod - y large and strong; With a  
ear - ly birds, And their cheer - ful - ness does share; He is



will to work and a will to play, He is nev - er sloth, I  
strong and health - y and full of fun, Oh, a jol - ly lad is



know; He is hap - py and he's con - tent - ed too, As he  
he; If there were but more such hearts as his, What a



works with rake and hoe. } Hil - li - o,.... Hil - li - o,....  
good world this would be. }



Sing on, sing on, mer - ry heart, sing on; Hil - li -



o,.... Hil - li - o,.... Hap - py farm - er boy, sing on.

*Repeat very softly.*

## THE SONG OF LABOR.

Klang, klang, Klang, klang,

Hear our bus-y ham-mers, Strik-ing swift or slow,

Kling, kling, Kling, kling,

This system contains three staves of music in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The first staff has lyrics 'Klang, klang, Klang, klang,'. The second staff has lyrics 'Hear our bus-y ham-mers, Strik-ing swift or slow,'. The third staff has lyrics 'Kling, kling, Kling, kling,'.

Klang, klang, Till the sun is low.

From the ear-ly morn-ing, Till the sun is low.

Kling, kling, Till the sun is low.

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'Klang, klang, Till the sun is low.' The second staff has lyrics 'From the ear-ly morn-ing, Till the sun is low.' The third staff has lyrics 'Kling, kling, Till the sun is low.'

On ev-'ry hill and ev-'ry vale, Our man-u-fac-t'ries rise,

On ev-'ry hill and ev-'ry vale, Our man-u-fac-t'ries rise,

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'On ev-'ry hill and ev-'ry vale, Our man-u-fac-t'ries rise,'. The second staff has lyrics 'On ev-'ry hill and ev-'ry vale, Our man-u-fac-t'ries rise,'. The third staff has lyrics 'On ev-'ry hill and ev-'ry vale, Our man-u-fac-t'ries rise,'.

## The Song of Labor. Concluded.

And dai - ly sing their grand refrain To In - di - an - a's skies.

And dai - ly sing their grand refrain To In - di - an - a's skies.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'And dai - ly sing their grand refrain To In - di - an - a's skies.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'And dai - ly sing their grand refrain To In - di - an - a's skies.'

## CHORUS.

Klang, klang, klang, Klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,

On ev - 'ry hill and ev - 'ry vale, Our man - u - fac - t'ries rise,

Kling, kling, kling, Kling, kling, kling, kling,

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'Klang, klang, klang, Klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,'. The second staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'On ev - 'ry hill and ev - 'ry vale, Our man - u - fac - t'ries rise,'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'Kling, kling, kling, Kling, kling, kling, kling,'.

And dai - ly sing their grand re - frain To In - di - an - a's skies.

And dai - ly sing their grand re - frain To In - di - an - a's skies.

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'And dai - ly sing their grand re - frain To In - di - an - a's skies.' The second staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'And dai - ly sing their grand re - frain To In - di - an - a's skies.' The third staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'And dai - ly sing their grand re - frain To In - di - an - a's skies.'

*At the close of "The Song of Labor," enter all others that have taken part in the play, carrying flags, evergreens, plumes, flowers (or other articles that will add to the effect of the scene) which they distribute rapidly, and all join in singing:*

### THE SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

We'll sing for Indiana, now, sing for her a song,  
Sing it in a way 'tis sure to help our lads along,  
Cheer them on in doing right, and striking down the wrong,  
As we march on to the future.  
Hurrah, hurrah, we'll cheer them ev'ry one,  
Hurrah, hurrah, for hammer, pick and gun,  
And we'll cheer the farmer lads that toil from sun to sun,  
As we march on to the future.

*All waive flags, plumes, &c., while singing chorus. At close of chorus, Indiana and Columbia stand and History hands her scroll to Indiana.*

*Ind.* Aye, aye, the past has fled; the future lies before us. We'll all march on, climbing with steps most sure the stairway high of Progress; and as each step we higher go, with honest pride I'll say to an admiring world: Behold my children.

*As Indiana speaks the words "Behold my children," she unrolls scroll bearing the legend, "LaSalle, A Hero of Progress," and the curtain descends while all on stage are waving hats, plumes and flags, and repeating in unison, LASALLE, LASALLE, A HERO OF PROGRESS."*

## COSTUMES, MAKE-UPS, SCENERY, PROPERTIES, SCENIC EFFECTS, AND DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS.

The study of the seventeenth and eighteenth century blazonry of France and England quickly reveals the bases of the costumes of those countries and their American colonies. The present tri-colors of France were adopted in 1848. For nearly two hundred years previous to that time the national flag of France was all WHITE, and much of that time both the civic and military dress of the French was almost wholly white.

The red cross of St. George upon the white field of England's flag was the banner under which The Anglo-Saxon fought for years previous to the Union of Scotland with England, and in the red cross and white field of this flag we find the origin of the red coat and white pants of the English soldier. With Scotland came the white cross of St. Andrew upon a blue field and blue became a part of the flag that was adopted to represent the union of the two nations. When the struggle for independence came the Americans chose the blue of Scotland, in preference to the more ancient red, for a heraldic color. So we have the blue coat, and the blue field on our flag.

History repeats itself in more ways than one and it is an interesting fact that the French blouse coat of one and two centuries ago is almost exactly the same style as the long blouse of the workmen of today.

### COSTUMES OF MALE CHARACTERS.

*Woodman.*—White blouse coats; white knee pants; dark tan, (buck-skin), brown, or black leggings; gray (turbin) caps, or medium-rimmed hats with rim turned up in front; belt with knife, or pistol, or both; gun. (These costumes may be made of duck).

*French Soldier.*—Woodman becomes French soldier by putting red tassel on cap, or red feather in hat, and tying red scarf over each shoulder so the two cross in center of breast. (Caps may be made of pasteboard and gray duck or cambric).

*English Soldier.*—Woodman becomes an English soldier by taking off white coat and putting on red one; high red cap with tassel, or cocked hat. (Cap cover and tassel made of red canton flannel or cambric).

*Citizens.*—Woodman becomes a citizen by leaving off all arms and decorations and putting on white coat and plain cap or hat.

*Hunting-shirt Men.*—Woodman becomes a hunting-shirt man by leaving off white coat and putting on long green hunting-shirt with wide collar which is trimmed with fringe, same fringe around bottom of shirt; gray cap.

*Citizens.*—Last two scenes, modern costumes.

*LaSalle.*—First scene, pantomime and tableaux; same as woodman excepting hat which is broad-brimmed, turned up slightly front and back with edge of brim trimmed in white fur (cotton), and red sash around waist instead



of belt and small arms. Second and third scenes; white, medium-lengthed, full-skirted frock coat, buttoned up to lapels; sword with belt below red scarf; long, wide white-ruffled tie extending over and below coat lapels; scarlet cloak trimmed in gold; leggings off showing long white hose and low shoes with buckles; court wig; hat and pants same as before.

*Tonty*.—Tall gray cap; French soldier's coat, pants and leggings; epaulettes; sword; red scarf above sword belt.

*Priest*.—Long black robe with hood; cord around waist; beads; cross.

*Clark*.—Blue coat trimmed in buff; epaulettes; buff waistcoat and knee pants; high black boots or leggings; sword; dark three-cornered hat.

*Helm*.—Same as Clark, shoulder straps.

*Baley*.—Same as Helm.

*Harrison*.—Same as Clark.

*Harrison's Secretary*.—Same as Helm and Baley.

*Hamilton*.—Red coat; epaulettes; sword with red belt; white knee pants; high black boots or leggings; dark three-cornered hat. (Black rubber leggings may be made of black table oil cloth).

*Farley*.—Same as Hamilton, shoulder straps.

*Uncle Sam*.—Clark or Helm's coat and knee pants; low shoes; long red stockings and blue tie; star spangled vest; chin beard; three-cornered or high hat with small flag at front.

*Indians*.—Long loose trousers with fringe along outer seam; under-shirt or jersey; overshirt of burlap or other coarse material, with hole cut in for head, sides open, no arm holes, bottom (below hips) fringed; blanket worn long way up and down; long black hair bound on by band which passes over forehead and ties in back, or long black wig; feathers in hair; moccasins; some with bows and arrows, some guns. (As the aboriginal costume can not be used, each actor may work out his own costume to a good advantage).

*White Beaver*.—Close fitting tan (buckskin) colored pants, fringed around bottom of legs, red ties above knees; close fitting jersey with wide red cloth around loins, scarlet ties at wrists and above elbows; scarlet band around neck with feathers worked in, tips downward; rich red blanket drawn up under feather collar; white fur (cotton) cap with twists of fur hanging down sides; moccasins; gun.

*Lacona*.—Same as White Beaver with a blanket of another color and band of feathers extending around head and to feet behind, instead of cap.

*Big Door*.—Same as Lacona, changing blankets.

*Tecumseh*.—Same as Lacona, changing blanket; head dress changed to a gray cap with highly colored feathers.

### COSTUMES OF FEMALE CHARACTERS.

*Columbia*.—White dress draped with red, white and blue; flowing hair; liberty cap. Another costume. Loose white robe, no sleeves, flowing hair; crown of gold with red, white and blue ribbons around base. Another costume. White dress decorated in colors to suit wearer; flowing hair; cap of stars and colors, or liberty cap; shield and scepter.

*Progress*.—White dress decorated with thin green material; flowing hair,



wreath of vines, leaves and flowers; gold belt; staff with silver star at top. Louisiana crown. Plain white with gold decorations. Quebec crown. Plain white with red cross, center of front.

*England.*—White dress; flowing hair; gold crown with rich red cross on front; rich red cross on breast; red sash; sword.

*France.*—White dress; flowing hair; gold crown with white cross in front; rich purple cross on breast; purple sash; sword. (*Crowns may be decorated with jewels if desired.*)

*States.*—White dress, preferably short; either white hose and white shoes or black hose and black shoes (so all are like); flowing hair; one-pointed gold coronet band with white star, center front; blue sash over right shoulder; red belt sash; flag on short staff in belt. Virginia and Connecticut wear wreaths on head in scene where they quarrel.

*History.*—White dress; flowing hair; gold helmet hat; gold belt with many colored streamers; scarlet sash over right shoulder; quill pens in belt; scroll in hand.

*Commerce.*—White dress; flowing hair; three-pointed silver coronet band decorated with round bits of gold varying in size; gold beads or neckchains; gold belt with purple streamers; purple sash over right shoulder; staff with gold wheel at top.

*Education.*—White dress; flowing hair; gold coronet band with scarlet fringed upper edge; blue belt with scarlet and gold streamers; silver shield over breast; staff with silver spear head.

*Literature.*—White dress; flowing hair, gold coronet band with silver stars; blue sash belt holding arrow; scarlet neck ribbon from which hang golden arrows; bow in hand.

*Agriculture.*—White dress; flowing hair; gold coronet band, fringed with green or decorated with wheat and grass; green sash over right shoulder; pink sash belt with vines and gold streamers; staff with flowers at top.

*Industry.*—White dress; flowing hair; coronet band of gold with purple fringe trimming around top of front; scarlet sash over right shoulder; gold sash belt with streamers of black and scarlet; black staff with scarlet fringe over top.

*Farmers and Factory Workers.*—Dress to suit player.

### INDIAN MAKE-UP.

Wash face with warm water and a little soap. Rinse with warm water, then cold. Dry thoroughly. Apply a little cocoa-butter but do not make face greasy. Soften stick of Indian flesh tint, rub some on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose. Spread till surface of skin is tinted evenly, but do not go too close to eyelashes nor over eyebrows. Spread evenly across jaws, under chin, on neck, under ears, to back of neck. A second application makes color darker, but avoid getting it too dark, or uneven in color.

Next rub a spot of carmine on each cheek and spread it, blending it with flesh tint, and spreading it close under the eyes. Redden chin a little, put on tips of ears and just under eyebrows. Paint lips with carmine stick, chiefly in middle of upper and lower lip. Do not paint red at corners of mouth as it will make the mouth look too large.

Use dark brown or black stick to make clear lines about eyes close to roots of eyelashes. Make these lines extend beyond the eye at the outer corner, the upper line longer than the lower, and extending downward. Let eyebrows be black and straight, meeting over nose. Treat the inner corner the same way. Darken eyelashes by heating dark stick and winking lashes against it.

To remove make-up, take paint from about eyelashes and eyes first, without allowing grease to soak into roots of lashes. Take paint off with cloths greased with cocoa-butter, being careful not to rub it in at the same time. Use soft cloths, throwing them away when soiled. When all paint seems to be off rinse with clean applications of grease. Vaseline or any pure cold cream may be used where larger quantities are needed.

### SCENERY.

Any stage that has a curtain and exits and has been decorated with flags and bunting, or with shrubs and plants, may be used as the scene of the entire play, with or without costumes; just as other plays and oratorios are frequently given without scenery. In many places there are inventive geniuses who delight in helping stage *new things*. They should be given a chance. If the stage is not large enough, build a temporary addition. Such work means something out of the ordinary and not only causes people to "flock" to the entertainment, but makes them willing to pay more to see it.

The author intends to have the St. Xavier Church scene painted by a fine scenic artist and place the use of the scene within the reach of all that put on the play. If the play "takes" as he hopes it will, he will have a fine forest scene painted, to be used where no landscape scene can be had.

### PROPERTIES.

Guns, pistols, swords, knives, blankets (or lap robes), may be of any designs most easily obtained. Guns fired at marks should use blank cartridges of smokeless powder, if such charges can be had (to avoid odor). The cross should be about six feet high, made of light boards. It may be used in the rough, painted white, or covered with wallpaper representing some wood or bark. (Last is preferable). Bells may be small hand bells, or a string or two of sleigh bells. Tobacco may be mild leaves of some kind, any pipe with long stem. Peace belt, wide belt of white material, fringed at ends and marked with paint or inks. Wigwam covered with old or new matting, or part matting and part fur robes and part blankets, or all furs and blankets, or all blankets. Tent, wigwam frame covered with white (sheets). Two or three each may be used if plenty of room on stage. Seats, rustic or old chairs with robe or blanket over them. Small old stand, old ink-holder, quill pens, old record or account book. Coat of arms (buried at foot of cross), lid of tobacco box covered with tin foil that comes with tobacco. Cross holder, mortise through box covered with green paper. Flag staff holder, short piece of pump stock nailed to broad piece of board, board screwed to stage floor, covered with gray or green paper. Kettle, shovel, forks, rakes, hoes, sickle, hammers, bits of iron (or stone). Target, black spot on piece of pasteboard.

The French, English and American flags of the times will be supplied by the author. Bass drums to imitate cannon. Small drums, "horse fiddles," or other clattering materials, for musket and gun shots. Flag staff. Wind, or the whistle of bullets, can be well represented by a spinning wheel, or "deviline whistles," (about the size of and shaped like a dumb watch and obtainable at toy stores). For snow, fasten a piece of ordinary sheeting, nine or ten feet long, to two batons, perforate the lower edge with a row of holes about four inches long by one inch wide. Fill with white paper clippings very small. Swing it in flies with ropes, back and front. By raising and lowering back end a shower of flakes will fall to the stage. To represent snow realistically, cover the stage with white cloth, and fasten white cotton to set stuff that would naturally catch cotton in a storm. Make bells by holding up bits of steel and striking with metal or wooden hammer, soft or loud. Indian drum, paint keg one head in. Suspend a piece of sheet iron four or five feet long, fasten a handle to the lower end, shake it softly and slowly at first, then loudly and quickly, for thunder. Lightning tubes or other flashes for lightning.

Red fire. Nitrate of Strontia, 10 parts. Shellac (coarsely ground), 3 parts. Chlorate of Potash, 3 parts. Green fire. Nitrate of Barium, 12 parts. Chlorate of Potash, 3 parts. Shellac, 3 parts. Mix well. Use for a quick match to light these fires a strip of celluloid or a small amount of chlorate of potash and pulverized sugar mixed in equal parts. Best white light is Magnesium wire, obtainable of any theatrical supply house, for twenty-five cents. Staffs, make of cane (fishing rods); ornaments and coronets, cut out of buckram, or pasteboard, and cover with gold or silver gilt paper.

Court and Indian wigs, Uncle Sam's whiskers and bows and arrows will be supplied by the author.

### SCENIC EFFECTS.

These effects are not given in the body of the play for the reason that many will not care to give them, believing the play to be realistic enough without them.

Act I, scene I, may be a snow scene, snow falling when searching parties start, on LaSalle when he sleeps, and on all while party is moving at close of scene. Strong wind while curtain is going down. A boat may be seen, carried by men at close of this scene, if desired. While LaSalle is sleeping, the howl of a wolf (oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo) may be heard in the distance. Scene II. Indian hunters with bows and arrows, and fishermen with strings of fish, may be seen crossing and re-crossing stage before LaSalle enters. Scene III. An Indian peace, or ceremonial dance, may be had before Zenobe addresses the Indians at beginning (This was what actually occurred). Scene IV. A thunderstorm may follow the death of LaSalle.

In the second act snow may fall while Clark is taking fort. Strong wind may blow the night of the Battle of Tippecanoe. Bells may ring when Indiana is named, and when admitted as a state. Cannon may boom, musketry rattle, and bells toll after "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," while curtain is down.

In using scenic effects great care must be taken to see that they come at

the right time. It is usually best to have some one person see after all of them, selecting his helpers if he desires any.

### *DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS.*

LaSalle's exploring party contained thirty-two men. Hundreds of Indians attended the Miami council. A great tribe witnessed the raising of the cross. Clark and Hamilton had about three hundred men at Vincennes. Tecumseh had four hundred warriors with him when he visited Harrison. These are but a few of the facts that show the magnitude of the play if presented at its best. Though a very large stage could be used and from one to two hundred characters actively participate in its presentation, the play can be well produced on the averaged-sized stage with fifty characters. To assist those that may be interested in the work, the following distribution of characters is given. This distribution is only suggestive and may be changed to suit the number of characters and the players. The figures designate the number of persons that may play the characters named.

1. LaSalle, British Officer in French and Indian War, Hamilton, Baker.

1. Tonty, French Officer in French and Indian War, Helm, Baley, Secretary to Harrison.

1. White Beaver, Lacona, Chief in French and Indian War, Big Door, Tecumseh, Chief at Battle of Tippecanoe.

1. Hennepin, Zenobe, Douay, Gibault, Citizen messenger of Harrison.

1. Clark, Harrison.

1. Duplessis, Metaire, Bosseron, hunting-shirt man with Clark in attack on fort, with Harrison at council, and at Tippecanoe.

1. English Officer in French and Indian War, Farley, Uncle Sam.

1. Chief that talks to Iroquois, Winnemac, Indian that talks to Harrison at Tippecanoe, warrior in battle.

10. All woodmen with LaSalle; three at death of LaSalle; four English and four French soldiers in French and Indian War; all citizens with Gibault when flag is raised; six citizens with Helm and Big Door; four English soldiers with Hamilton at Vincennes; one for each of the characters named Cotineau, Lecroix, first, second, and third citizens; six and Bosseron take Hamilton's oath; six and Bosseron hear Clark's message read; six and Bosseron act as Clark's hunting-shirt men in taking fort; all ten present at naming of Indiana; all hunting-shirt men with Harrison at council, and at Battle of Tippecanoe; all with Baker at meeting and on march to camp.

8. Indians. Three act as Iroquois; all with Lacona at council; with Zenobe at raising of cross; with Big Door at meeting with Helm; with Tecumseh at council; with messenger that meets Harrison at Tippecanoe; at battle. They remove paint, change costumes and take part in last scene.

1. Boy in tableau.

1. Columbia.

1. Progress and Indiana.

1. France, one of the eighteen states.

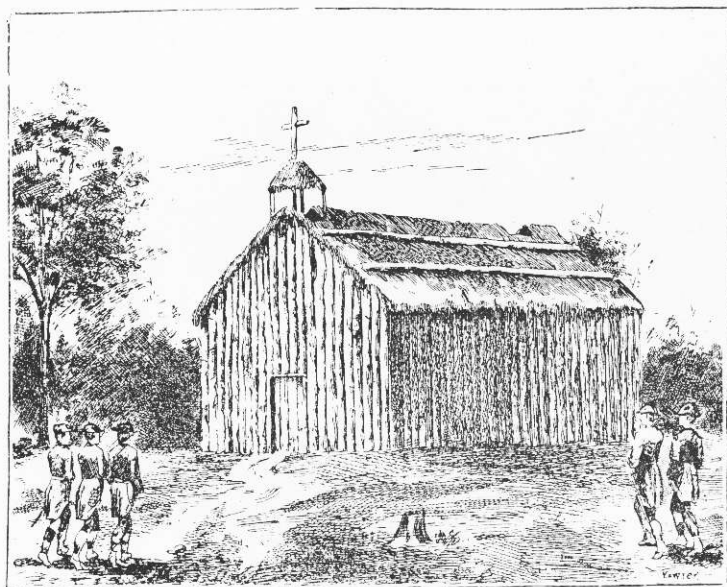
1. England, one of the eighteen states.

1. History.

18. States. France and England change and play as states. Virginia and Connecticut play in two scenes. Two states act in tableaux. Five change and play parts of Commerce, Education, Literature, Agriculture, and Industry. All play in last scene.

1. Little girl in tableau.

Total forty-nine, seven times seven, a lucky number.



St. Xavier's Church.