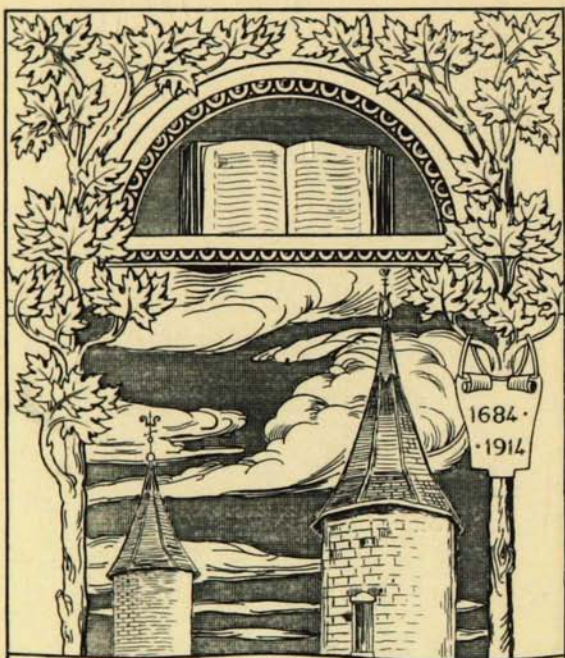


THE SEEKERS
AN INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

AMY REDPATH RODDICK

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THE BUNKER

By James M. Smith

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The Bunker

1879/20

D. S. Smith

THE SEEKERS

An Indian Mystery Play

BY

AMY REDPATH RODDICK

Author of "The Flag and Other Poems"

"The Armistice and Other Poems"

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Montreal

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

1920

BIBLIOTHÈQUE
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THE SEEKERS

An Indian Story

BY
ALY BIRNATH BOGDAN

Author of "The Hindu Gods and Goddesses"
"The Gods and Goddesses of India"

(The Hindu Gods)

THE
HINDU GODS
AND
GODDESSES

118054

BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON

CHARACTERS.

Old Woman	
Medicine Man	<i>A Micmac</i>
Agohanna	<i>Great Chief of Hochelay</i>
Kwe-moo, the Loon	<i>Glooskap's Messenger</i>
Silver Tongue	}
Rude Talk	
Crooked Arrow	
Turkey Feather	
Machtigwess, the Rabbit	<i>A Guide</i>
Nugamee	<i>Glooskap's Housekeeper</i>
Uchkeen	<i>Has elfin blood in his veins</i>
Cure All	}
Young Turtle	
Flying Squirrel	
Glooskap	<i>Lord of Man and Beast</i>
The Lover	<i>Who wins the Pearl of Uktukamkw</i>
Summer	<i>A dancer</i>
The Wife	<i>The Pearl of Uktukamkw</i>
Atosis	<i>Chief of the Rattlesnakes</i>
Sentry.	
Townspeople, Lights, Rattlesnakes.	

Time: Shortly before the White Man's arrival. Fourteen months and more elapse between Acts I and II; fourteen days between Acts II and III, and between Acts IV and V.

Place: Canada.

Source of Legends: Chiefly from the writings of the Rev. Silas T. Rand and Charles G. Leland.

ACT I.

ACT I.

Scene.—The great square of ancient Hochelay towards evening late in April. At the back is the Chief's lodge, covered by large pieces of bark, secured with strips of wood. The lodge is the length of the stage and has a door in the centre. On its roof Kwe-moo, the Loon, paces back and forth uttering at intervals most dismal cries. An old woman stands in the centre of the stage, surrounded by the townspeople, who have hastily collected. Among them Silver Tongue, Rude Talk, Crooked Arrow and Turkey Feather.

Old Woman. Beshrew that evil bird! Are there none here

To wring its neck and rid us of such noise?
 Uneasily our Chief lies resting. He
 Demands the loon be shot, so string your bows,
 Ye Braves!

Voices. We will! we will!

[*Enter Micmac, Medicine Man*]

Medicine Man. But halt, I say,
 One higher than your Chief has sent this bird
 With news of vast import; so vast that none

Of us but will be changed, and changed the lives
Of countless thousands yet unborn. Last night,
In dreams, I saw a great white bear that clung
Upon an iceberg drifting slowly toward
A spot that moved along the sea. I thought
The bear a pinnacle of snow that towered
Above the glistening mass; but soon I heard
A low and sullen growl that followed bang
And smoke. A dead bear lay with feet upturned,
But whence the bang and why the smoke? The bear
Lay dead, no arrow pierced its heart, and yet
A gaping wound I saw as faintly came
A strange exultant shout. The distant spot,
Approaching fast, was now an isle that showed
Most curious spread wings, a land that moved
Along the sea, upheaved by each great wave,
Though still it steered a steady course as on
And on it came, until I fancied forms
Were peopling it, the forms like men, like us,
Yet surely most unlike. My rounding eyes
I strained to clearer sight; but then fell mist
That curtained all and I awoke as both
My hands were lapped by that black whelp from whose
Caresses dull oblivion is born.

And yet the cold that vanished icebergs leave,
Dissolved in air and sea, had chilled my soul
With fearsome thoughts of some impending doom,
Some awfulness unknown till now; so when
I heard this loon's unearthly cry my dream
Came flashing back, and is there one who has
Not oft been told a white bear's skin, when seen
With sleeping eyes, presages direful change?
And do not all now recognize Kwe-moo,
The Loon, great Glooskap's faithful messenger?
Attesting, by his cries, some news of most
Tremendous weight. [*Addressing Old Woman*]. So beg thy
Chief come forth.

[Exit Old Woman through door of lodge. *Kwe-moo* cries and flutters up and down. Enter Agohanna, leaning on Old Woman's arm. He walks very feebly. A deer-skin mat is spread for him. All sit down.]

Agohanna [Addressing *Kwe-moo*] Impatient messenger of one who taught
From early times the stern necessity
Of patience, speak! we are assembled all.

Kwe-moo.

Agohanna! I've to travel
And dread secrets to unravel;
All the wigwams I must seek,
Dotting plain and mountain peak;
From the seas where suns do rise
To the seas where daylight dies;
From great Glooskap, Lord divine,
To his creatures I incline.
This my message, listen all,
Hear our Master's farewell call:

When Glooskap came in days of old
His time on earth was then foretold;
He came when giant sorcerers
Made play with bloody massacres
And threw great rocks about in glee—
Their highest virtue, treachery!
He brought to earth a better life
Than awful misery and strife;
But even then it was ordained
His earthly aim would be attained,
When man had learned from him to know
That goodness must all else o'ergrow,
So may be found the Milky Way,
The passage to the long, long day.
This lesson has the Master taught
Through many wonders he has wrought,

And now his time is drawing nigh;
Hence my cry—my mournful cry!
[*Kwe-moo wails. His cries are echoed by the crowd.*]

Aghanna. This surely is most solemn news and calls
From each much fortitude, the virtue which
Of all we most esteem. Our coming loss
We mourn; yet 'tis more meet to face our loss
Like men, than echoing the Loon's sad plaints.
[*Addressing Kwe-moo*] So Messenger, when goes the Master
forth?
Has he sent no directions, no commands,
To ease our aching hearts by following?

Kwe-moo.
Beyond the sea canoes will come,
Like islands, floating, cumbersome.

Medicine Man. My dream! My dream! Will they bear
living men?

Kwe-moo.
I had forgot, great Glooskap said
To tell no more of coming dread,
But this I whisper in your ears,
The hour the Master disappears
These great canoes will touch our shores
And that same hour the bird that soars,
The fish that dives, the beasts that run,
The sprites of earth and air and sun
Will lose their power of sweet converse,
Each kind to each will be averse
And magic lore of no avail—
Already for what's past I wail.
[*Kwe-moo utters piercing cries.*]

Aghanna. Enough! enough! now stop those dismal
sounds,

The past may go, the future still remains;
Thou hast not said what is great Glooskap's will.

Kwe-moo.

His parting message—he will grant
 All worthy wish to supplicant,
 Who fearlessly may seek for him,
 Though roads be rough and sight be dim;
 But one must leave without delay,
 The time is short and long the way!

Agohanna. No Hochelayan has desire beyond
 His Island home to wander. Fair his fields
 Of promised corn and plentiful the grain
 Yet carried; fair his triple-headed mount,
 The meeting place of mighty waters—birds
 And beasts and fish abounding! and most fair
 His town, a perfect circle, round about
 This council-square, where concord ever dwells
 With comfort, nought to wish for, nought to change.

Silver Tongue. But we, young Hochelayans, are not thus
 Content. From discontent must progress grow
 And youthful vigor must have vent! O I,
 For one, would travel far to reach my heart's
 Desire! [*Exit Kwe-moo unnoticed*]

Rude Talk. And I!

Crooked Arrow. And I!

Turkey Feather. And I!

Agohanna. But I,
 Your Chief, forbid this chase that leads from good
 Attested, sure, to good unknown and most
 Unsure! The Loon is but a sorry guide,
 Great Glooskap dwells afar! And see—the bird
 Has disappeared, yet who has marked his flight?
 Thus fade your dreams away!

Medicine Man. Not so, O Chief!
 But let the youths depart, for dreams may lead
 To higher things although the road be long,
 Uncertain, rough, and hazy oft the goal.

And hast thou never heard—before all else
Was motion and through motion all things be,
For winds were first, invisible as dreams
To sightless eyes, and wielding scarce more strength,
Though what we name a hurricane to-day
In those old times seemed but a soothing breeze.
For great Wuchowsen reigned supreme and blew
The winds each time he moved his mighty wings
In play, till trees no longer stood erect,
Till waters were up-curved around the clouds
That groaned and flashed in awful majesty.
Then Glooskap sought the bird, the giant bird,
That dwells where ends the northern sky, in chill
And sunless solitude and begged, for sake
Of man, that tempests cease. Wuchowsen stretched
His wings that flapped a mighty blast, and said:
“From ancient times am I perched here. My wings
Have moved ere aught else spoke; my voice was first,
The winds will ever blow till worlds have ceased
To be!” Then Glooskap rose to giant height
And seized the bird, the great white bird, and bound
His wings and thrust him deep between high rocks.
Now came a calm, the seas were still, canoes
Were safe to move at will. For months the calm,
Till waters stagnant grew and thick with slime,
Till paddles broke—canoes like seas were still.
Then Glooskap sought the bird, the great white bird,
And raised him on his rock and loosed one wing,
So winds still blow, now let the young men go.

Silver Tongue. And long the bear is roused from winter
sleep,

The dawn of summer tingles in our veins;
The robin sights the trillium, then awakes
To song and love, while war-paint flows afresh
Through starry bloodroot's stem. The blue jay trills
Of wanderings in sunny southern climes,
Young men are filled with longings. Let us go!

Great Glooskap calls.

Agohanna. The Loon's no longer here,
Now is there none to guide your stumbling steps.

Machtigwess. [*Enter Machtigwess*]

I, the Rabbit, Machtigwess,
But living for men's happiness,
Will help these youths in their distress
And lead them through the wilderness.

Medicine Man. No poorer guide could well be found
than this

Same Rabbit, Machtigwess, who thirsts to help
Another's woe; but comes to dismal grief
Himself. Twelve moons ago, in distant lands,
Where food was somewhat scarce, I saw him watch
A friendly otter slide and dip beneath
The waters, searching for his prey, then rise,
A toothsome morsel in his mouth. Entranced,
Gazed Machtigwess, then wished to emulate;
But where the otter slid with graceful ease
And dived so prettily, the Rabbit bumped
From right to left, then backward splashed with gasps
Of fear,—the only catch was his own self,
Whom others pulled out painfully. Still not
Deterred, he heard woodpeckers tapping trees,
Their trade, and thought to vie with them; but all
He gained—a gory head! “Tap, tap!” the gay
Woodpeckers laughed, “a red poll like our own!”

Machtigwess.

Twelve moons ago, I must confess,
By other's wit I sought success;
But since have learned my foolishness
And turned to gifts that I possess.
My persevering cheerfulness
Has found new paths of usefulness;
A great magician I've become,

By tackling much that's troublesome,
 By never leaving what's begun
 Until perfection I have won!
 In following, I had no pride—
 My genius is to act as guide!

Silver Tongue. Most truly hath the Rabbit spoken.
 Some

Who fail through imitating, gain success
 When they originate. So, Machtigwess,
 Pray be our guide, thy perseverance, cheer
 And hope, the magic we require!

Agohanna. The hour
 Grows late and I grow weary. Wilful men
 Must go their way. Where cautioning avails
 No whit, experience will sometimes teach
 And so these hot-brained youths' adventure, less
 Disastrous than I fear.—Untrodden roads
 Are rough to travel, hidden pitfalls mark
 Their course; their end enclosed in thickets, where
 Clear openings loomed in dreams.

Medicine Man. Hast thou forgot
 Thus soon, O Chief! the message the Master sent,
 That thou assay'st to stay these youths who do
 But make fulfilment of that Master's will
 By seeking him with their requests. Till now,
 We Braves, have been as children with each wish
 Forestalled before that wish had even formed
 From vague desire; for Glooskap, knowing all,
 Has forced the budding soul to manhood-bloom
 By magic of his might. In lullabys,
 Around the wigwam fire, my mother oft
 Has told of how he comes, invisible,
 To mould the promise of unfolding lives.
 Alas! he comes no more and only those
 Who seek, may find him now.

Agohanna. Young men, on your
Return, another chief may welcome you,
But I bid you farewell.

[*Exit Agohanna, leaning on Old Woman's arm, through door of lodge. Townspeople disperse. Machtigwess reposes.*]

Silver Tongue. [*Addressing Medicine Man.*] It has
been noised
Abroad that thou, O Micmac, hast of truth,
With waking vision, seen great Glooskap garbed
In human form, that he has loosed for thee
Those secrets of the healing art whereby
Thy fame, like winging maple seeds, has flown
And rooted through our land. Wilt thou not share
With us remembrance of the Master's face
And voice that we may picture whom we seek,
Else vague our search, like looking for a wife
Ere love has taught the heart to throb!

Medicine Man. 'Tis true
Great Glooskap once did stoop to me; but I
Was young and knew him not. When I was born,
A seventh son, high things were prophesied,
But lowly seemed my fate; my parents poor
And I, a boy who cared not for the chase,
Nor pricked my ears when warriors wonders told
Of skirmishings and wily ambuscades,
Nor strained to see the blood-stained tomahawks
And trophy-scalps, still damp with slimy gore;
But slipped aside, preferring flowers and shrubs
To manly company.—I close my eyes
And see cool forest glades where moss-grown rocks
Support the shy twin-flower that blushing, nods
Its fragrant bells to ferns and partridge-vine,
To round bunch-berries, scarlet gleams of life
And hope; to ghost-pipes, weird uncanny wraiths.
I see a youth who tastes the tangled roots

Of golden-thread, then bitter meets with sweet,
 For as he tests their acridness, he hears
 A soft-toned voice that questions what he does.
 Evasively he answers, hesitates,
 Then feels the Stranger's eye that penetrates
 His soul and draws the truth, the simple truth,
 That flowers have ever beckoned him until
 His destiny seemed linked with theirs. "Then make
 That destiny a worthy one!" so smiles
 The Stranger and forthwith he teaches him
 The healing virtue of scraped bark and roots
 And tender leaves, where those ingredients,
 Whose seventh blend forms mighty medicine,
 Are soonest found and how to steep and brew
 Till mysteries are fathomed, secrets probed,
 That hold grim death at bay till life itself
 Grows tired of many days and sleeping, turns
 To tread the Happy Way!—

Silver Tongue. [After a pause.] Thou has not said
 How looks the Stranger.

Medicine Man. When the path's unblazed,
 How trace its course? What's flawless, how describe?
 The pattern which but few approach—this Chief,
 Whose tribe embraces all! Whose wonders will
 Make known himself to those who truly seek.

Silver Tongue. We thank thee, Micmac, for thy hope.
 Now where's
 Our guide, where's Machtigwess?

Rude Talk. Why here he lies
 Sunk deep in slumber. [*Prodding Matchigwess.*] Rabbit
 wake!

Machtigwess. Hmn! hmn!

Rude Talk. Now shake thy slumber off from thee! 'Tis
 time—

Machtigwess.

Time! 'tis time for drowsiness
Till morning wakes our usefulness!
From sleep comes counsel better far
Than pow-wows lengthened till they jar.
Go seek your wigwams, dream or yawn,
Your guide awaits you here at dawn.

[*Machtigwess falls fast asleep*]

Medicine Man. The Rabbit speaks true wisdom.
Machtigwess

A safer guide than ever I believed.
With fair-directed perseverance, rest
That strengthens each new effort, what high things
May be achieved. Young men I wish you all
Success. Let dreams now augur well. May each
One win his heart's desire. O may it be
Worth while!

[*Eweunt Medicine Man and Hochelayan Seekers*]

ACT II.

ACT II.

Scene.—A clearing in the wonderful forest soon to be described by Silver Tongue. On the right at the back, shaded by two elms, the corner of a truly marvellous wigwam. On the left at the back, between trees, a glimpse of water. This stream leads to a mysterious lake with an outlet to the sea.

[Enter from left Hochelayan Seekers, worn and dishevelled from long travel. They stand amazed.]

Silver Tongue. Has beauty merged our words in wonderment,
That we stand silent 'mid this loveliness?
What toil! what stress! what weary, heavy days!
What fearsome nights! and now this sudden lull,
This calm, this perfect resting place; the air
So soft, and see each tree is perfect, pruned
With care, no branch disturbs its neighbour's growth,
All bend in harmony; and there, between
High-spreading elms, that wigwam, perfect too.
See! how its flawless bark is laid, so matched
That joinings curve like patterned tracery.
What cunning hand has built this lodge and trained
These stately groves? No tangled underbrush

To trip unwary feet, nor choke those ferns
 That seem but now uncurled, so delicate
 Their fronds, and see how sunlight dusts with jewels
 The pliant leaves above, then filters through
 That flowers may thrive, though nestling by the roots
 Of branching trees! No petal lightly falls,
 Nor crinkles to its death, where all is life,
 But life at perfect rest! For see this stream,
 Refreshing yonder lake, no ripple mars
 Its sheen, translucent as the glowing gems
 That pebble through its course; yet move aside
 Else smutched its purity, reflecting forms
 Begrimed and worn from direful wanderings.

Crooked Arrow. Indeed we are but sorry guests, and
 small
 The welcome promised, still we might recline
 Upon this slope until our host appears.

[*They throw themselves wearily on the ground*]

Does Machtigwess not know perchance who owns
 This wonderland? But where is Machtigwess?
 I saw him as we trailed this spot and round
 That bend, I think—

Turkey Feather. 'Tis strange! I never knew
 Him lag, though oft so far ahead we strained
 To follow his advance.

Rude Talk. 'Twas now I talked
 With him. [*Calls loudly*] Ho! Machtigwess! Ho!
 Machtigwess!
 Where has the Rabbit gone? But hark, I hear
 A step, though scarce a buoyant one, this slow
 And dragging tread.

[*Enter Nugamee*]

Nugamee. These many seasons have
 I heard the crow caw his return; but such

Hallooing by strange guests I've never known
Before.

Rude Talk. No rudeness of intent, for Fate
Has willed the more I strive to snare what's right,
The more I stumble toward wrong. But hast
Thou seen a rabbit hopping 'mongst the trees?

Nugamee. A rabbit's no uncommon sight and all
Know how to hop.

Rude Talk. But now, I mean, where thou
Cam'st through, our guide we've lost, our Machtigwess.

Nugamee. O Machtigwess! assuredly I've met;

[*The Seekers start up. Uchkeen enters unnoticed*]

But was it twelve or fourteen moons ago?
Most like 'twas twenty, for near Menagwes
We camped, when Lox, the Mischief-Maker, gave
That sumptuous repast, inviting all
His friends and many who were not, among
Those last Uchkeen and Machtigwess, your guide.
What drolleries Uchkeen brought back and told
With chuckles scarce suppressed; a cheery lad,
My grandson, swift to catch all foolishness.
When Machtigwess smoothed down his glossy fur,
Attracting every eye, and said such coats
Were only worn by greatest Sagamores,
That rogue, Uchkeen, inquired with twinkling eyes,
How then he came by his. "To show," replied
The Rabbit, "what high company I keep."
"The reason," quizzed my grandson, "of thy hop,
I now perceive." "Most truly yes," agreed
The other, "that's the highest style indeed!"
"Thy mouth and whiskers always moving, that's
High breeding too?" "Ah, talking to myself,
I meditate and plan, combining high

Affairs." "Then tell me why so suddenly
 Thou scamperest away." "Dost thou not know
 My calling then, a guide of highest rank!
 No wonder I move nimbly; long acquired,
 Now natural, this speedy gait of mine."
 And natural these airs—the lad could say
 No more, though he, my grandson, truly lives
 In high society! [*Her hearers laugh.*]

Silver Tongue. [*After a pause.*] Thus we reward
 Our faithful guide, his frailties food for mirth,
 Forgetting strength that saved our lives when we
 Were sore beset; displaying weakness so,
 Such rank ingratitude!

Uchkeen. [*Coming forward.*] But who, I ask,
 Is free from weakness then? Not Nugamee
 Herself, who treasures all my nonsense-talk,
 Regaling thus our guests; and surely not
 Uchkeen, whose pleasantries unpleasant are
 To victims of his wit, though well they might
 Reply: "When humour thrives on feebleness
 But feeble buds come forth!"

Nugamee. How canst thou say,
 Uchkeen, that all have faults? If disrespect
 Thus tops thine own, there's one thou know'st who bows
 To age, though perfect in himself.

Uchkeen. And once,
 Unwillingly, he bowed to youth, a youth
 More frail than mine; when smiling Wasis crowed
 Success, when littleness won mastery.

Nugamee. There, there, Uchkeen, go search for game
 to stave
 The hunger-spirit off, besides that tale
 Has long been mine.

Uchkeen. Old women's tongues are like
 Myself! I go most cheerfully!
 [*Exit Uchkeen jauntily*]

Nugamee. [*Ruminating.*] Now was
That meant for rudeness? Never do I know.

Crooked Arrow. But what of Wasis? Nugamee; our ears
Invite the tale.

Nugamee. Of din and turmoil hast
Thou heard when Glooskap warred with sorcerers,
Magicians, giants, goblins, witches, ghosts,
With skulking evils roaming through the night,
With daylight's hideous deformities.
All, all he conquered, then sought rest; but met
The eyes of Wasis, smiling, unconcerned,
The Lord of Man and Beast now stayed his steps,
His features softened as he watched the Babe,
Who sucked a dimpled thumb in deep content,
Unmarking every blandishment. Sweet-toned
The Master's pleadings, arms enticingly
Out-stretched; but stubborn Wasis sat unmoved,
Unheeding when his mighty wooer trilled
The yellow warbler's gentle song or swished
The sound of ruby-throated humming birds
That flash mid flowering shrubs. All artifice
Of no avail; then Glooskap, frowning, told
The child to come; he used those awful words
That waters roar when tumbling down steep rocks.
Then Wasis too forgot his smile and cried
The roar of angry beasts; but did not move.
Then Glooskap turned to magic art, he sang
Those songs that devils fear, those songs that raise
The long-since dead. Admiringly the Babe
Now sat and sucked his dimpled thumb, as smile
Chased smile around his bubbling face; but not
One finger's breadth he moved. Thus vanquished was
The Lord of Man and Beast while Wasis thumped
His deer-skin mat, cried "goo!" and "goo!" and crowed
A lasting victory—the babe, of all
That breathes, alone invincible!

Rude Talk. I scarce
Believe the tale. A baby's will so light
A thing against the Master's might. I would
That I'd been there.

Nugamee. Thus speak unmarried men
Who boast their power to manage till the task's
Assigned to them! But I must off to fetch
Those herbs I dropped at your loud cry, else may
They wilt, plucked from their stems so uselessly
To die. [*Exit Nugamee*]

Silver Tongue. A deeper meaning has that tale
Than would at first appear—each thing must bow
To Glooskap's will; but innocence alone;
The muddy stream he purifies, the pure
Reflects himself!

Crooked Arrow. A meaning ever dost
Thou find in tales, in living things; but art
Thou right or art thou wrong, like Nugamee,
I never know.

[*Enter Machtigwess and the Micmac Seekers*]

Rude Talk. Why here comes Machtigwess
And what a sorry band their trails behind.

Crooked Arrow. O Machtigwess, where hast thou been?
and why
Hast thou deserted us?

Machtigwess.
Others were in greater stress,
Calling for my cheerfulness.
Perseverance did they lack,
Round and round the self-same track,
Never daring to advance,
Fearing ever some mischance,
Though with me, all danger passed,

Here I leave them safe at last!

[*Cure All and Flying Squirrel gaze round, then sit down.*

[*Exit Machtigwess*]

Cure All. At last! and safe! but where? How beautiful
This place! Yet who these men that call our guide
In accents strange to Micmac ears? And where
This guide, this Machtigwess?

Young Turtle. [*Throwing himself on the ground*] 'Tis
peace at last,

What bliss!

Silver Tongue. Unknown to us this wondrous spot
Where now we rest from heavy toil. But short
Time since we came ourselves; the Rabbit brought
Us here.

Cure All. How can that be when Machtigwess
Has coaxed us long through clouds of doubt.

Rude Talk. The sun
Has scarce moved on its course since he was here
With us.

Cure All. Let us not quarrel! well we know
Time lengthens with adversity—so long
Has grown that we, in our distress, have lost
All count, though I do think that seven times
The weather giant, Cool-puj-ot, has blown
The chill of winter blasts since last we saw
Our far-off home.

Rude Talk. And Machtigwess has trailed
Thy path, though he but led us here anon.

Cure All. If that were so, then dark and devious
Side-turnings had not thus waylaid our steps,
Steep cliffs had been as levelled clearings; grim
And deadly perils, obstacles that do

But zest the game. 'Twas when the noisome clouds
Piled thick, the Rabbit came and at long last
We shuddered through.

Silver Tongue. But from the first he led
Our steps, yet tortuous the way and dim
At times, where prickly thickets scratched and tore,
Then dazzling, where a wilderness of light
Flashed dreams that hid foul dangers lurking near,
Till falls brought knowledge of new miseries.
And long the way,—the liverworts had thrust
Soft tints of dawn from out snug coverings
Of fur, their starry centres glowing with song
Unchilled by snows that pooled the hollows still,
While flower-tints flushed the sky as we set forth
On our great quest—exultant, confident!
But summer-suns gave drought, then winter gales
Froze budding hope, till warm winds thawed the earth.
And now the willow-weeds and golden rod
Blow pink and yellow messages to warn
That summer wings soon fold when herbs shoot high
Their gaudy spikes of bloom. Thus fourteen moons
And more have waned since Hochelay's dear mount
Bade us farewell, then dimmed in tears of mist.

Cure All. But ere the Master called, and guideless, we
Set forth, impatiently to flounder here
And there, no steady course—perplexities,
Entanglements! Though perseverance cheered
Thy path, nor cheer had we; the forward trail
Was hid by falling leaves till seven times
They heaped. Then, desperate, we forced our way,
The way that climbs the rock of unbelief,
Whose summit overtops its crumbling base,
Affrighted, stood; till confidence we gained,
For high above our heads a harebell swayed,
So tremulous and frail, and yet fierce blasts
That swept the hill ne'er touched its dainty grace
Secured by its own tenderness. The faith

That led the flower to bloom where nought else dared
 Now drew our steps and lo! the wicked rock
 Had crumbled like the pebbles yonder strewn
 Where crystal waters flow.—Alluring eyes
 Attracted ours, they glittered evil charms
 Of sated passion and quick gotten gain
 And boistrous mirth that shrills forgetfulness,
 Their fascination grew, then glancing round
 We saw a victim writhe in agony
 And warned, we fled beyond the serpent's strike.
 But then the clouds rolled down and we, appalled,
 Could venture nothing more, seemed drifting, dazed,
 We knew not where, when Machtigwess appeared,
 And brought us gasping through these clouds of doubt,
 To reach this place where all breathes life so fresh
 And pure; a waking from most frightful dreams,
 Perchance a dream of happy wakenings.

Silver Tongue. If thou dost truly dream, then dream
 we all,
 But sad to waken from such sleep, so let
 The dream persist.

Rude Talk. [*Yawning.*] But even dreams bring want;
 For hunger and long talk have made me yawn.

[*Enter Nugamee, carrying basket of herbs*]

Would that Uchkeen were back.

Nugamee. I hear the splash
 Of his return, his paddle stroke I know.

Flying Squirrel Who's this that speaks?

Rude Talk. 'Tis Nugamee, for age
 And youth dwell here.

Nugamee. [*Placing her basket on the ground.*] And
 seven guests I find
 Though four I left; but I'll not question you.

[*Enter Uchkeen, running*]

Uchkeen. 'Tis well, their tongues may thirst for better work.

Go fetch the beavers that I've brought.

[*Exit Nugamee*]

Flying Squirrel. And age
Dwells here and youth dwells here, pray who is this
That comes?

[*Enter Glooskap, unrecognized*]

Uchkeen. 'Tis in between, comprising all,
But more I must not say.

Glooskap. [*Addressing the Seekers.*] We welcome you.
Uchkeen! bring mats and spread them for our guests,
Then stir the fire, help Nugamee prepare
The beavers thou hast trapped.

Uchkeen. That's woman's work.

Glooskap. And youth's to help old age. She totters, see,
Beneath her load.

[*Enter Nugamee, weighed down by beavers. She and Uchkeen stir up a fire that has lain dormant, cut up the meat and fill the kettle. Enter Machtigwess and the Lover.*]

Rude Talk. Here's Machtigwess again,
But small his following.

Glooskap. We welcome each
Whom Machtigwess doth bring, himself the most
Of all.

Uchkeen [*Addressing Machtigwess.*] But why these odd
manoeuvres? They
Reveal what thou wouldst hide.

The Lover. Great Glooskap's call
Came late to me and hurriedly I rushed.

Rude Talk. And thou the youngest of us all yet think'st
That thou art late!

The Lover. Most long the time to think
For heedless running ended deep within
The pit! The path was smooth, the goal seemed near,
When thoughtlessly I slipped, so far I fell
In blank despair and hopeless, wallowed there—
No foothold could I find till suns had passed
These many times and my enfeebled cries
At length brought Machtigwess. "Now hold my tail,"
He begged. I grasped its furry tip and far
He jumped away; but woe had so increased
My weight that back I fell within the pit,
His tail tight-clutched, while Machtigwess above
Most sadly moaned its loss. "Alas!" quoth he,
"Of all the rabbits I'm the Chief whom none
Will now respect." His kindness undeterred
He let me clasp his waist, then one long jump
And I was safe, but slenderer that waist.
"Alas!" wailed he, "my favours lead to poor
Reward, now how excuse my lack of tail,
My still more slender waist. What company
Is high enough to boast its tailless fate?"
"Why, man!" suggested I; the Rabbit sneered,
His mutterings were not the least polite.

Machtigwess.

My laughter I could scarce repress
That man, in his strange borrowed dress,
Should feel that his society
Might grace a supple guide like me,
Man, whose pride to walk upright
But ends in fall and needless fright.
Without my persevering cheer
What terrors does he daily fear!

Uchkeen. And he who perseveres, superior
To all is apt to think himself; but faults

Thrive well on fertile soil and Machtigwess,
Magician, guide, is not all free from them.
His kindly deeds he seeks to hide, but loves
To boast high company!

Machtigwess.

Uchkeen and I are best apart,
But how am I to make the start,
My shortened tail I will not show
And backwards is no way to go.

Uchkeen. Now boast thy stunted tail designed to please,
Attract! the latest rabbit fashion, soon
All rabbits will adopt.

Machtigwess.

Most excellent advice, Uchkeen,
This shortened tail improves my mien;
No accident; but all arranged,
And for the better am I changed.

The Lover. As thou art satisfied, pray let us now
Proceed. No rest till I have found my heart's
Desire.

Glooskap. But thou wilt stay and sup with us,
Then strengthened for thy way.

The Lover.

When love attacks,
No rest brings ease, no food gives nourishment.
The way-side berries quench my thirst, I rest
When sleep comes fitfully; but sleep or wake
A maiden's face now smiles, now frowns at me.

Glooskap. Where dwells the maid whose vision causes
such
Distress?

The Lover. In Uktukamkw, the land that guards
The Sun-rise Sea.

Glooskap. I'll lend thee my canoe
That's hewn of granite rock. When fourteen suns

Have swung their course, will look for its return,
Though love-sworn borrowers, I fear, are scarce
Dependable.

The Lover. Who ever heard of stone
Canoe!

Glooskap. Now come with me. I'll show thee one!
I'll girdle thee with magic too, [*unfastening his belt*] this belt
Ensures thy quick return.

[*Glooskap fastens his belt round the Lover's waist.*
Exeunt Glooskap, the Lover and Machtigwess.]

Rude Talk. A stone canoe
And magic belt, our host a wizard then?

Nugamee. No question has he asked of thee.

Rude Talk. 'Tis strange
A host who questions not.

Nugamee. And stranger still
The things he does; but my Uchkeen! than thought
His arrow swifter speeds and yet who bent
The bow has reached the aimed-at spot ere falls
At last the sinking shaft!

Uchkeen. Long practice taught
Me that.

Nugamee. It matters not how smooth the sand
O'er rings hid cunningly, his stick spears each,
No faulty turn, 'tis truly marvellous.

Uchkeen. Where chance befriends no magic art; but ye
Shall see what I can do. This pot I stir—
The food, now cooked. Thy ladle, Nugamee.

Nugamee. The credit's mine, not his, ah well! we'll let
Him think—

[*Enter Glooskap.*]

Glooskap. A simple meal to welcome you.
With us ye rest until my belt's returned
And then, alas! the parting feast.

ACT III

ACT III

Scene - The city of New York, the residence of the
characters of the play, for the purpose of
the action, being a dark, stormy night.

Enter the characters of the play, for the purpose
of the action, being a dark, stormy night.
With their arms and hands, the characters and their
The night is dark and stormy, and the
The night is dark and stormy, and the

Enter the characters of the play, for the purpose
of the action, being a dark, stormy night.

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of the action, being a dark, stormy night.

ACT III.

Scene.—The same as Act II. Nugamee gives the finishing touches to her preparations for the farewell feast. Uchkeen, lying on a bank nearby, stretches and yawns.

Nugamee. Now all, I think, is well prepared, these dried Seaducks, moose-meat and eels, the corn well stewed With peas and beans, the cucumbers and fruit, The maple sugar and these light corn cakes, Fresh from the heated stones, a worthy feast!

Uchkeen. And I grow tired, would that our guests return.

Nugamee. What hast thou done; but rest and criticize.

Uchkeen. And that has helped, for I admit that all Is perfect now and this the crowning touch, These berries that I picked myself for that Misguided youth who boasts he lives on them And love, light diet for a Brave! 'Tis time They should appear—most anxiously I wait The girl who caused such deep despair. But are The dancers ready? Summer's peeping there.

[*Enter Summer, from amongst the trees, fastening a garland of flowers about her green drapery.*]

Summer. The Lights and Rattlesnakes are resting. One More garland still to weave, then all's prepared. My song I've strung with words as sweet as those Triumphant notes with which the bobolink Invites his waiting mate, when gayly 'tired In new spring garb, amid the reeds he struts. Our bows and steps we've practised long and some Most lively turns. Thy guests will be well pleased. Till then—

[*Exit Summer, kissing her hand as she glides behind the trees.*]

Uchkeen. I'm sure that maid of Uktukamkw Compares but ill with Summer, whose bright smile Starts warming shivers, playing round my heart.

Nugamee. Beware, Uchkeen, love comes that way.

Uchkeen. [*Springing up*] Then off
It flies! for never, never will I live
On berries, never wallow in despair.

[*Enter Glooskap, followed by the seven Seekers, who are washed and garbed anew.*]

Silver Tongue. [*Addressing Glooskap.*] What wonders hast thou shown us! Beautiful Each bend that curves new mysteries and those Wide avenues, o'erarched with green, that dip In gentle ease to sparkling waters! Hills Beyond that rise to majesty, then slope To hollows, dimpling like a maiden's cheek.

Uchkeen. I'm sure thou hast seen Summer, peeping round
The trees, though faithfully she promised us
To keep her hiding place.

Rude Talk.

Why, Nugamee,

The only woman we have seen; and nought
Suggests her face unless the shrivelled fruit
We picked as hopelessly we wandered through
Those desert lands.

Uchkeen.

And would thou hadst stayed there

Than tease our Nugamee for those alone
Who love, have right to say rude things.

Glooskap.

Besides

The Spirit of Old Age is young as Youth
Itself. Uchkeen, who understands, will so
Reveal this truth to thee that never wilt
Thou sneer again at what is but the cloāk
Of time, the dress that Wisdom wears, alas!
That Folly wears, according to ones life.
Through loving eyes show now our guests, Uchkeen,
The Spirit of Old Age.

[*Uchkeen fetches water in a bowl and gently washes
Nugamee's face.*]

Silver Tongue.

Was ever seen

Such transformation! What most wondrous thing
Is this—to youth's exultant charms are joined
The graciousness and power that grow with age.
The scanty wisps of whitened hair now hang
A heavy shower, dark and glossy like
The blackbird's breast; the sunken eyes now clear,
Soft wells where glow the innocence of youth,
The wisdom of all time; the cheeks are soft—
The freshness of the maid, the calm that comes
From knowing much; the bent, decrepit form
Now lithe and willowy as youth, yet stern
With dignity of age; the smile—but how
Describe the smile—the warmth and tenderness
Of sunbeams playing round fresh-blossomed flowers,

The chill of falling snow that purifies
The earth.

Rude Talk. If this the Spirit of Old Age,
Why dread its near approach.

Uchkeen. I sadly fear
She'll never come to thee, a man with speech
So rude.

Rude Talk. The reason I set forth on this
Long search to beg great Glooskap's aid and now
The parting feast, then must the weary search
Begin afresh and who foresees the end?

Uchkeen. But I, Uchkeen,—I think ye all are blind.

Glooskap [*Drawing Rude Talk beside him as they sit
down*] Pray seat yourselves and nearest me this
guest
Who struggles most with wrong. [*Pointing*] That empty
place
Soon filled, a distant paddle cleaves the waves.
Though I have gladly welcomed you, I have
Not asked whence came your steps, nor whither are
They bound.

Silver Tongue. From Hochelay, these many days,
We four have toiled and now restored must we
Soon journey forth. Great Glooskap's call, thou know'st,
Has come to us; we go with our desires.

Glooskap. And Micmacs must I question you? Your
tribe
I've ever loved and yet ye know me not.

Cure All. Impossible that thou art Glooskap, Thou!
The Master whom thus long we've sought and now
Have found unrecognized. Yet majesty
And glory rest upon thy brow! We have
Of truth been blind.

Glooskap. 'Tis ever thus—I come,
 Yet few have eyes to see. Ye thought the way
 Stretched long, and lo! its end draws nigh. Now ye
 Shall feast with me, then each must ask what fills
 The heart,—too late for warnings, each has grown
 With his desire, fulfilment but completes
 The promise.

Rude Talk. Grievously my days must end,
 So sadly they've begun.

Glooskap. That follows not,
 For well-intentioned strivings seldom go
 Astray—success may spring from failure when
 The final count be made.

Flying Squirrel. This craving then,
 That chafes and frets, soon satisfied!

Glooskap. And will
 That lead to happiness?—but let us pause
 And feast, the reckoning too soon may come
 For those who reached at foolish things. Uchkeen,
 My stone canoe approaches fast. Pray help
 Our friends and bid them haste.

[*Exit Uchkeen*]

Silver Tongue. But past all thought
 That thou art Glooskap, that we've slept near thee
 And walked with thee; that thou, the great All Chief,
 Has talked with us of simple things. 'Tis true
 That many wonders hast thou shown; but each
 Seemed natural with thee as guide—and that
 Most like the title to thy dignity.
 For lesser Chiefs the ostentatious pomp
 That Agohanna courts, for thee that peace
 Which springs from marvels wrought in harmony.
 The Micmac, that great man of medicine,
 Whom thou thyself hast taught, described thee well;
 The perfect one, revealed alone through works!

That now I understand—imperfect, we
Can grasp perfection but through outward signs.

Cure All. And hast thou met our tribesman whose wide
fame
Provoked my quest?

Silver Tongue. He holds the wav'ring soul
Of Agohanna in its mortal dress.

Cure All. When my desire's accomplished I return
With thee, to emulate his skill, perchance
Surpassing it.

Glooskap. Thou seek'st to capture Art,
She beckoned him—a world of difference.

[*Enter the Wife with the Lover, whom Glooskap
addresses.*]

Thy place awaits thee and our welcome, though
Thou'rt somewhat late. Our greetings to thy wife,
Whose modest bearing tells a pleasant tale.
She'll wait on us with Nugamee—our feast
The sweeter for their help. Now bend all heads
In thankfulness, then let the women serve.

[*The Lover reaches for some moose; but is stopped by
Uchkeen*]

Uchkeen. No, no these fresh-culled berries are for thee.
I gathered them myself, remembering
Thy preference for light and frugal fare.

The Lover. Why, I could eat a moose—then hungry beg
For more.

Uchkeen. Was ever man so changed and all
My labour lost.

The Wife. Nay, give the fruit to me,
No heavy food I crave.

Uchkeen. [*Handing her the berries.*] Is that the way
Of marriage then—before, the husband feeds
On berries; afterwards, the wife?

Cure All. Who knows,
We're all unmarried men but him, whose dish
Will soonest need replenishing.

Uchkeen. Not one
Has asked for Machtigwess though messages
He sent to each, as off he skurried, there's
No doubt, to show his shortened tail!

Glooskap. Or else
To help some needy wretch find foothold once
Again; but jeers are lighter winged than praise
And wasp-like float and sting.—Unkind to press
Our famished guest and courtship-stories flow
The easier that pass through woman's lips;
We ask the Wife their varied happenings,
How she was wooed in distant Uktukamkw.

Nugamee. The woman's tongue is loosened when she
croons
To infant child or sings the lullaby
To toddlers, drowsing round the wigwam fire,
Unseemly if her voice be raised, when Braves
Are gathered at the feast.

Glooskap. Nay, Nugamee,
'Tis Glooskap who commands.

The Wife. And thou art he
Who reads the heart, then I'll unbosom all,
Nor note the Braves assembled here; but him
I love and thee.—My mother died as fades
A flower,—the fairest blown in Uktukamkw,
And some do say that I resemble her;
The rainbow-arch, reversing colour, shows
The tints in paler hue. A prisoner

Enshackled by a father's love, I longed
 To spread my wings; but what I saw was his
 Stern face that brightened as he fondled me.
 Another love I wished, and messages
 I sent by birds and butterflies till soon,
 From bays and inlets, suitors trooped and some
 Most strange from ice-bound lands; but all were set
 Such risky tasks that few survived the test
 And none successfully: a father willed
 To keep his child and cared not what befel
 The foolish moths attracted by the star
 That's inaccessible. To me they were
 Not foolish moths but men attuned to deeds
 Of might and sadly I bemoaned their fate
 Though tempting messages I sent. One night
 I breathed my longing to the clouds: there clashed
 Dull thunder; but the lightning flashed and caught
 My words and carried them across the sea.

The Lover. One night the thunder crashed and shook my
 dreams,
 The lightning flashed and whispers came to me:

A maiden sits alone—she's crying,
 The wind moans, list her weary sighing.

Rise! rise! she's calling thee.

Rain splashes heavily; they're falling,
 The maiden's tears—she's sadly calling:

"Rise! rise! come, haste to me!

With magic gird thyself for dangers
 Are thickly strewn. Heed, heed the strangers
 Who've perished, woe is me!"

The Pearl of Uktukamkw's the maiden
 Whose sheen is dulled with cares o'erladen,

Haste, haste! she waits on thee.

The lightning flashed her vision, then I rose
 And dared the storm and scathless conquered all.

Uchkeen. Not by thyself, young man, give praise where
praise
Is due.

The Wife. The lowering clouds oft piled anew,
Though skies were clear when came a crunching sound
That roused and startled us; my father stared,
Then laughed astonishment—a strange canoe
Was moored between steep rocks—"A rabbit guide!
Another foolish moth!" he sneered. I looked,
A stone canoe! why magic brought them here,
And soon a young man's eyes seized mine and held
Them satisfied. As in a dream I heard
His words, the sweetest when the heart's inclined,
"I tire of life alone."

The Lover. She lowered then
Her eyes; their answer had been spoken. Few
Misgivings troubled me though cruel tasks
Her father set.

The Wife. Less did they trouble me
For magic, wrought with love, had linked our hearts
As one.

The Lover. I slew the great horned Dragon, then
Out-raced the Northern Lights and diving, left
The Sea-duck far behind.

Uchkeen. And didst thou have
No help?

The Lover. Why Glooskap's girdle circled me
And Machtigwess advised.

The Wife. My father feared
To lose his child, invoked the Boo-oinak,
Who chilled the Summer rain and glazed with ice
The ugly mount that sentinels our home.
I saw them upward climb—the Boo-oinak
And him I love, with Machtigwess, who pulled

The great toboggans: slow their progress o'er
 Indented rocks and round obstructing trees,
 Far otherwise when downwards raced those great
 Toboggans, crunching rocks and crumbling firs
 And all that clogged the way. Most crafty men,
 The Boo-oinak, magicians versed in guile!
 They gave the lead to Machtigwess, who steered
 My husband's sled, intending soon to catch
 And crush to death—their weight much heavier!
 But Machtigwess, quick-witted, slipped aside,
 While thundered past the Boo-oinak, and then
 He speeded till, in springing from a mound,
 They flew above the wizards' sled and on
 They came with mighty rush, nor stayed till up
 The valley's further side and through our lodge
 They dashed; and as the timbers fell, my Love
 Caught me in close embrace, so held until
 Our great toboggan spilled its freight unharmed,
 Rejoicing, safe, in thy canoe! Though waves
 Uptossed and dangers lurked nought mattered now,
 The man I loved and I were travelling side
 By side!

Flying Squirrel. That tale has strong appeal!

Uchkeen.

If I

Grow tired of life alone, will Summer let
 Me gorge the moose, while daintily she sips
 Fruit-juice? Again those warming shivers, ah!
 She's peeping there! Come Summer, answer me.

[*Enter Summer from among the trees*]

Summer. No single man, but all I love, though some
 Have natures twisted so, they seldom feel
 My smile.

Uchkeen. Alas! alas! she spurns my love,
 But she will dance for me.

Summer.

No single man

Can force my steps unless great Glooskap's self;
 But freely will I dance for all, though some
 Have thoughts so filled with care they seldom see
 My graceful glides.

Uchkeen. Alas, thy gracefulness
 Means much to me! O! I shall grieve when thou
 Art gone.

Summer. [*Dancing with slow steps and swaying back
 and forth*]

My home's in the land of the yellow sand,
 Where washes the turquoise sea;
 Where feathers the palm in the sunset calm,
 Then rustles and shakes with glee.
 Where cypress and oak wear a glist'ning cloak,
 Festoons of the tufted moss,
 Where meadows of grass form a vast morass
 The dug-out canoe may cross,
 Where mangroves root high on gemmed isles that lie
 Soft-hushed by the swish of waves,
 Where sorrows gain ease from the perfumed breeze
 As youth it renews and saves,
 Where jasmine intertwines with great ropes of vines
 That tangle the forest trees.
 Flowers carpet the earth in successive birth,
 While shivering here ye freeze;
 Though not as of yore when the tempests tore,
 With vehemence fierce and bleak
 And tossed down the snow till huge drifts below
 Rose level with mountain peak.
 Now Glooskap sails forth from your frozen North
 In search of the flowers and me,
 His belt gives him strength till the snows at length
 Dissolve in a mud-stained sea.
 Suns drink from the floods and soon sprouting buds
 Unbosom their tender leaves,

The traveller nears where all Nature cheers—
 He joys and fresh life retrieves.

[*Enter seven little Lights dancing, garbed respectively in violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red*]

Come Fairies of Light, to the left and right,
 Dance as ye danced that day,
 Twirl as ye twirled, when around ye whirled
 And Glooskap approved our play.

[*Each Light twirls in her own orbit as all in sequence whirl round Summer.*]

But as I coiled round, the hide-cord was wound,
 I twisted, my binding grew,
 A curious zone by the Master thrown,
 It jerked, I no longer flew!
 He stole me away; in his arms I lay
 As northward we rushed with song,
 The Fairies of Light sought to stay our flight
 And airily danced along.

[*The Lights catch a cord that unwinds from Summer's waist.*]

They caught at the cord; but great Glooskap scored,
 They pulled, a fresh cord unwound.

Lights.

We pulled and we tore till our arms were sore,
 As Glooskap sailed off, we frowned,
 He turned and she smiled, and they both beguiled,
 We followed and here we dance.

Summer.

As northward we sped the fierce wind-storms fled,
 Snows melted ere our advance.

Lights.

Her mantle of green and her smile serene
 Awoke in all hearts new birth.

Summer.

The Fairies of Light rubbed ill things to flight,
They painted with colours of mirth!

Lights.

We follow her glance as she leads the dance,
In pivoting round and round,
She winds and unwinds with the cord that binds,
Delusive as sight and sound.

Summer.

Come Fairies of Light to the left and right,
Dance as ye danced that day,
Twirl as ye twirled when around ye whirled,
For Glooskap approves our play.

[*Exeunt Summer and the Lights dancing and weaving kisses.*]

Uchkeen. O Summer, Summer! not so fast. I would
Embrace—thou slipp'st away—

Silver Tongue.

What gliding shapes
Are these that shadow Summer's dance?

[*Enter Atosis and Rattle Snakes, appearing from some long grass.*]

Atosis. Here we come trailing our sinuous length,
Hidden our fangs, cruel weapons of strength.
Loving great Glooskap, on innocence bent,
Kindness breeds kindness and love brings content.
Snakes less assertive than men are oft times,
Once we were men; but now harken our crimes:
Turtle-shell rattles with pebbles between
Jeering we shook, as we vented our spleen,
Now we dance cheerfully, rattle our tails,
Waving our heads to the tune that prevails.

Rattlesnakes.

We were saucy Indians,
Long time ago,

No respect for age or worth,
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Glooskap prophesied a flood,
Nothing cared we,
Even if above our heads,
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Then he said: "Be good and pray."
We cried: "Hurrah!
Hope the flood will drown us all."
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

O, we had a mighty dance,
Though the rain fell,
Thunder roared and lightning flashed,
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Swirled cold water round our necks,
Very wet now!
Cried it was a splendid flood!
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

But 'tis mounting rather high,
We grow afraid.
O, great Glooskap, save us now!
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Glooskap stooped and pitied us,
Changed us to snakes.
Better snakes than saucy men,
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Nugamee. Yes, yes, 'tis sometimes so. Men change to
birds
And beasts and creeping things, and they to men,
Though how this is I never know.

Rattlesnakes.

Now we lift and wave our heads,
That's how we dance.
Hark our rattles' warning tones,
Rattle, rattle, rattle.

Atosis.

Here we go trailing our sinuous length,
 Silvery markings, the sign of our strength.
 Heed when we rattle then nought will occur,
 Else will ye feel the sharp sting that ye stir,
 Gaining new joints as we strike a fresh foe—
 Braves dangle scalps—with us, rattles do grow.

Rattlesnakes. Rattle, rattle, rattle; hiss, hiss, hiss—

[*Exeunt Atosis and Rattlesnakes, disappearing in the grass*]

The Wife. These gruesome forms have cast a poisoned
 shade.

The Lover. Not so, while Glooskap sups with us.

Glooskap. We'll
 Feast in silence now.—Great things await.

ACT IV.

ACT IV.

Scene.—The same as Act III. Characters.—The same as last seen in Act III. The feast is finished. A mystical light pervades the stage. Glooskap assumes more majesty.

Glooskap. Our feast now ends with Summer's smile and hints

The snake that stings may come, for leaderless
My people till that far-off, fearsome day
When wars shall tease and rend the earth and I,
With arrows sharpened by the lightning flash,
Return in wrathful might to free once more
These lands, again usurped by wickedness.
From Mystery and Chaos were we sprung,
My brother Malsumsis, the Wolf, and I.
All evil born in him, all good in me.
We sought division of this earth, but he
Attacked, then long we fought, the Wolf and I.
Earth rocked and shook, the rivers burst their bounds,
Flames belched from sulphur-cones, the air grew thick
With boulders and great pines, by hurricanes
Uplifted, tossed and torn; as we, now come
To giant size, hurled wrestling back and forth,
The elements less fierce; then in my hand
Was lightly blown the stem of flowering rush.

I touched my brother with its cushioned end,
 My righteous anger flown, and he was downed,
 A victim to soft words and gentle deeds.
 And now amid a lonely world I roamed,
 A Master with no followers,—I strung
 And bent my bow, my arrow pierced the ash,
 And from its bark came forth a man, the tree
 Was perfect, so the man.

Nugamee. And woman came
 From graceful elm.

Uchkeen. That never hast thou heard
 More like from fir, imperfect, harried, rived
 By wintry blasts.

Nugamee. I fear a tangled bush
 Framed thee, Uchkeen, and all thy elfin clan.

Cure All. [*Addressing Glooskap.*] How came the
 beasts?

Glooskap. Hast thou who wouldst surpass
 The Micmac, great in medicine, not then
 Perceived how like the inwards and the bones,
 Distinguished scarce 'twixt man and beast; how like
 The soul thou know'st for man's oft named from beast,
 Some quality reminding that suggests
 The thought. Magicians seemingly have changed
 The man to beast and beast to man; but I
 Have truly done this thing, Great Glooskap, I,
 The Lord of Man and Beast, who formed them first
 From ash, the basket-tree, the tree that breeds
 All living things.—The boy who scales birch-bark,
 Then shapes and launches his canoe, delights
 To see it floating 'mid the lily-pads
 And eddies of the stream; the chief who carves
 The totem of his lodge or tribe is pleased
 To venerate the object his own hand
 Hath wrought; his thought he fingers lovingly.

So I, the Master, am content with man,
My toy, my pride, the creature whom I willed.
As woman's happiness to teach the child
And train to rites and customs of her race,
My pleasure deepens when I watch that race
Emerge from superstitious ignorance
To knowledge of the highest things. The art
Of living now is man's. I've shown him how
The wigwam's built and how canoe and weir,
What roots are edible, what poisonous;
How best prepare his food, how fashion clothes.
The secrets of the chase I've taught, the home
Amenities. From dawn of time I've lived
Nor young, nor old and thus till sunset comes.

Silver Tongue. But, Master, long the night when thou
art gone
And ill the dreams if Malsumsis awakes.

Glooskap. Awake he will; but if my lessons ye
Have learnt, the flowering rush may help you too.
Till now your lives have passed in gentle ease
As once, with Nugamee and my Uchkeen,
Upon a river, broad and beautiful,
I drifted in our great canoe, nor watched
Its course, but drowsed content—yet rapids lurked
And in your lives they'll also rise and foam
And dash amid fierce rocky treacheries.
For hark! The sandy margins of our stream
Soon gave to steep acclivities, that pressed
The waters till they surged in angered wrath,
Their spite they vented on our stone canoe
That tossed like frail birch-bark yet clashed with din
That noised from out the thund'ring cataract.
Cliffs narrowed, curved until they closed above,
Then night enveloped us. Far underground
The river plunged, contending currents swirled
Our stone canoe, till death laid icy hands

The Lover. Thy girdle, Glooskap, I
Return and thank thee for its loan and all
The wonders wrought in our behalf and so
Farewell.

[*Exit the Lover hastening after his Wife*]

Uchkeen. Would I trail thus if Summer called,
No, she should walk behind. Why! there she is,
She beckons, wait! I come, I come!

[*Exit Uchkeen hurriedly*]

Nugamee. And I
Will see what mischief brews, the woman leads
While love blows warm!

[*Exit Nugamee after Uchkeen and Summer*]

Glooskap. [*Addressing Young Turtle.*] And endless
life thou wouldst

Amid these groves?

Young Turtle. Yea, endless life where nought
Disturbs and duty's voice is dumb; to bask
Where Summer smiles; in beauty's thrall to rest
Content.

Glooskap. That wish shall now be thine! [*He calls
loudly*]

Kuhkw! Kuhkw!

[*All start up at the first warning of the earthquake;
Turkey Feather and Young Turtle somewhat apart from
the others*]

Young Turtle [*Alarmed*] What rumblings shake the
ground?

Glooskap. The voice of Kuhkw
Approaching, his deep breath upheaves all things,
His strident tones split rocks; he roams beneath

Yet subject to my will; the quaking earth
Sounds warnings, now transforms as ye may see.

[*The earth opens and swallows Young Turtle, shooting up a deformed cedar. All exclaim with terror. Glooskap addresses Cedar*]

How long thy mortal span I scarce can say,
But thou art safe from tomahawk for none
Will wish thy twisted wood. Luxuriate
Where Summer smiles, enjoy the charms around,
Thyself a blot—a gnarled and useless life,
Encumbering the ground.—[*Addressing Turkey Feather*]
And thou who com'st

From Hochelay, whose moggasins are stuffed
With bark, whose hair high-plastered, higher still
The waving tail of turkey-cock, who wouldst
Look great 'mid lesser folk, who lov'st to strut
'Mid squaws, what claimest thou from me?

Turkey Feather. Not here
To linger, Glooskap, like that Cedar-tree,
But wafted home, the tallest in my land
I'd be, superior to all.

Glooskap. Thy mount
Has felt Kuhkw's breath ere this, again 'twill shake
Till thou com'st forth, the highest in thy land,
So fare thee well!

[*The earth groans and opens. Turkey Feather disappears. All exclaim with horror*]

[*Addressing Seekers*] When ye return ask what
Is new upon your mount, superior
To all.

Crooked Arrow. O would that I were safely there,
Had never ventured this ill-fated quest.

Glooskap. Lamenting but ill suits a Brave, so clear
Desire from vain regrets. Thy wish?

Crooked Arrow.

O let

Abundance dwell with me, renewed success
Crown each endeavour, not for selfish ends;
Grim poverty hath stalked my father's lodge,
I've heard the cry of foodless babes.

Glooskap. Thy wish
Deserves respect, [*addressing Flying Squirrel*] and thine?

Flying Squirrel. I would the power
Of stirring woman's heart, that eyes, aglow
With passion's play, should seize and hold mine own.

Glooskap. Thy wish scarce pleases me. [*Addressing
Cure All*]

And thou, who wouldst
Excel the Micmac, learned in medicine,
Requiest aught from me?

Cure All. Ability
To ease and cure; through incantation, charm
Or potion exorcise the ills that tease
And irritate, the fiercer ones that prey
On life itself, to hold the door 'gainst death.

Glooskap. All powerful thou wouldst be!—And thou
who hast
The silver tongue, what prize has lured thy steps?

Silver Tongue. Fames' guerdon I would clasp.

Glooskap. And thou whose speech
Is rude?

Rude Talk. My wish so simple thou wilt smile.
I would that I were good!

Glooskap. So shall it be,
And see my smile,—my noblest work, this one
Good man! [*After a pause he goes into the wigwam and
brings out five beaded outer garments, five birchen boxes,
a hair string and a musical pipe*]

Ere feasting ye have bathed and clothed

Yourselves afresh, take now these garments strewn
 With lustrous jewels. Heed ye hold them free
 From stain, and pure the heart as outward garb!

[*After distributing the garments, he hands one box to each Seeker; the string and pipe are for Silver Tongue*]

These caskets, each contains a wish fulfilled,
 Close wrapped till Hochelay be reached. Behold
 This string to bind his locks who seeks to climb
 Fame's dizzy height, and this the pipe to tune
 Sweet lays. Yet stay, I'll test its power.

[*He blows pipe, then recites*]

Malsumsis now wakes from sleep,
 Awakes and yawns, ill shadows creep.
 I, the Lord of Man and Beast, myself the prey of destiny,
 Must leave my hopes, must leave my toil,
 Yet know that darkling clouds embroil.
 Strange chiefs in winged canoes bring faith, another faith,
 new mystery.
 Above the skies in gilded state
 I'll sharpen arrows, sadly wait.
 When thunders speak, their flash ye'll see, until once more
 my belt I gird,
 Through clouds my great canoe will come
 To hail with death till woe is dumb,
 Till pipes exhale the fumes of peace, till songs rejoice, pow-
 wows are heard.
 War-hoop and dance will herald thee,
 O day, when man and man agree!

Silver Tongue. [*After a pause.*] What prophesies!
 in words thus sweetly pitched.

Glooskap. Here, take this pipe, 'tis thine.

Silver Tongue. [*He blows pipe, then recites*]

The Lover sings the maiden's praise
 And Summer sings of happy days,

My heart is sighing Hochelay,
My home, O Hochelay.

Of evil quelled the Master sings,
From gory soil fresh blossomings,
My quickened heart throbs Hochelay,
My home, O Hochelay!

O Hochelay, where peoples twain
Dwell side by side, one heart, one brain!
Tradition mingles; all imbibe
The truths of each great tribe.

O Hochelay! where Micmac Chief
Has brought the Huron pure belief,
Has taught the Seneca to know
The source whence blessings flow.

O Hochelay! where mountain peak
Of happy Hunting Grounds doth speak,
Where tumbling waters, laughing play,
My home, O Hochelay!

Rude Talk. Thou pipest a plaintive note—O Hochelay,
My home!

Crooked Arrow. What weary days until from far
We see thy mount, O Hochelay!

Cure All. 'Tis sad
That sound and yet I go with you. Your Chief
Will learn that one surpasses e'en the great
And far-famed Micmac, man of medicine.

Flying Squirrel. And I will fare that way for softer
than
Your Hochelay's refrain, the ruddy skin
Of maids, 'tis said, the maids of Hochelay.

Rude Talk. Then forth we speed, ah long the way.

Glooskap. Not so,
My belt I'll girdle presently—till then
We'll rest awhile.

ACT V.

ACT V.

Scene.—The same as Act I, towards evening late in the summer of the following year. Old woman stands in open door of Agohanna's lodge.

[*Enter Sentry*]

Sentry. [*Addressing Old Woman.*] Tell Agohanna
four great Chiefs approach,
Have landed, ferried from the southern shore;
In rich attire they're garbed. Let him come forth,
Enrobed with broidered skins where gleam rare shells;
His crown, bright-coloured quills of porcupine;
Let him incorporate our dignity!

Old Woman. I wonder who these mighty chiefs that come
Thus unannounced.

[*Exit Old Woman through door of lodge*]

Sentry. And with no following!
I'll quickly spread the news.

[*Exit Sentry left. Townspeople soon collect. Enter Agohanna, in gala attire, from lodge, leaning on the arm of the Medicine Man, followed by Old Woman. Enter Silver Tongue, Rude Talk, Crooked Arrow and Cure All from right, with more of the townspeople. The Hoche-*

layan Seekers are as last seen in Act IV; but Cure All's garments are torn and stained. He hides behind the others]

Silver Tongue.

All hail to thee,

Great Agohanna!

Agohanna.

Greetings we return!

Your dress proclaims most lofty rank. Disclose,
We pray, your names that we may honour them.

Silver Tongue. Dost thou not recognize the men, who
claim

Thee tribal chief? Who ventured doubtfully,
Who greet thee now, their quest assured!

Agohanna.

Are ye

The men whom squaws have mourned with tears? Whose
youth

Methought had scaled the Milky Way while I
Still lingered here. Perchance that path ye've trod
And spirit robes ye wear, for mortal dress
Was ne'er thus finely wrought and jewelled. Faint
Aromas rise as from fair blossoms plucked
In Happy Hunting Grounds.

Medicine Man.

But see, one lags

Behind ashamed, no spirit he whose dress
Is torn and streaked with stain.

Agohanna.

His features strange,

Make clear this mystery.

Silver Tongue.

A lengthy tale!

Agohanna. [*Addressing Old Woman.*] Bring mats
and pipes that we may rest and smoke

At ease. Now let the squaws retire.

[*The men settle themselves cross-legged on deer skins.
Exeunt the women unwillingly*]

Silver Tongue. Much food
 For talk on wintry nights, when snow-shoes stacked
 Without, we loll around the blazing hearth
 Or join in friendly games of chance. How oft
 Those scenes have tantalized—so precious all
 The homely things, once lightly brushed aside!

[*He sinks in thought*]

Agohanna. From revery awake! where have ye been?
 And why doth this sad stranger thus usurp
 The place of him who loved to strut, adorned
 With waving turkey feather?

Silver Tongue. Nought has then
 Appeared upon our mountain top?

Agohanna. Above
 All else a pine upstretches and methinks
 Its highest branch most like the turkey's plume.

Rude Talk. 'Tis he transformed by Earthquake's might.

Agohanna. How can
 That be?—And yet thou'rt right. Strange rumblings brought
 The tree.

Medicine Man. To woo the breeze I climbed your mount,
 Then stood transfixed, the earth upheaved, smoke belched
 'Mid awful din. I closed mine eyes—appalled
 By silence looked—the earth was still, the day
 Was clear, a pine high-prinked o'er elm and ash.
 "I'm taller than ought else," its branches sighed,
 But plaintively, no triumph-note.

Cure All. My fate
 Less sad.

Medicine Man. A Micmac speaks!

Cure All. To emulate
 Thy skill, I strove; [*sadly*] the medicine is spilt.

Agohanna. What medicine? Why cam'st thou here?
and this
Dishevelled dress?

Cure All. As these from Hochelay,
Two friends and I sought Glooskap. Woe has dogged
Our steps, till one a twisted cedar stands,
One lies a heap of crumbling bones and I
Sit here, a graceless laughing stock!

Medicine Man. The start
Deserving such drear end, a woeful one
Indeed!

Cure All. Who wished long life, now lives cross-grained
Amid fair groves where Glooskap dwells; who longed
For woman's lips—what fearful fate!—

Silver Tongue. A wish
Fulfilled he gave in birchen box, see mine.

Rude Talk. And mine!

Crooked Arrow. And mine!

Cure All. [*Despondently*] But mine—is lost!

Agohanna. [*Addressing Silver Tongue*] Once tales
Slid glibly from thy lips.

Silver Tongue. Well, harken now.
My pipe! my pipe! [*He blows his pipe, then recites*]

Most wondrous things we've seen and heard!
Twice seven moons through arid stress
We struggled on, oftimes we erred—
A sudden ease, strange happiness!
The Master walked and talked with us,
Great Glooskap's self these hands have touched.
Delight! then stirrings ominous!
Alas! for those who sadly clutched.

What each one craved, now measured him.

Fulfilment!—how that word doth thrill!

What joyous height! what depth so grim!

O life, that's ever proved by ill.

Medicine Man. Thy singing notes like plaint of
whippoorwill;

A poet trills in Hochelay!

Agohanna.

A tale

That's plain would better please. Will he whose speech
Was ever rough explain these mysteries.

Rude Talk. I trust that softer words may flow than I
Have erstwhile used.

Agohanna.

What matters rough or soft

So long the tale be told.

Rude Talk.

A softened heart

Brings gentler words, great Glooskap's gift, may be.

Himself led our return. He girded first

His magic belt, that jests with time and space,

Twice seven moons we journeyed wearily,

Twice seven suns sufficed retracing steps.

A sudden found ourselves upon that mount

Where oft we climbed as boys, to scramble o'er

Its smooth-stoned cap or sprawl aloft and munch

The noonday meal—the fine-sliced venison

That's dried and freshly smeared with thick bear-grease,

Then sweetened with the maple's new-boiled sap.

Silver Tongue. I much preferred the honied succotash.

Rude Talk. Thou loved'st to sit astride some fallen log

That's by the lake beneath and seek fair words

To sing fair charms, while we 'mid luscious mud

Delved deep and prisoned fast the polywog

Or sought to trap the sharp-toothed pike.

Crooked Arrow.

One crunched

My finger, see the mark!

O slumber deep! How merciful!—Day glared
Our eyes awake and showed, with blatant scorn,
A scattering of flesh and bone that laughed
High hope but yesterday.

Agohana. Most terrible!
Where went the maidens?

Silver Tongue. Flown—in memory
Alone their trace!

Medicine Man. But Hochelay ye've reached,
No sin to loose these secrets now.

Crooked Arrow. [*Holding up his box.*] And yet
I dread to open this to gain my heart's
Desire!

Medicine Man. Let each now slip the peg, nor fear.
[*Each of the three Hochelayan Seekers opens his box
most solemnly*]

Silver Tongue. The end long sought, 'tis ours at last!

Agohana. The whiff
I faintly smelt as ye approached! The air
Now filled with fragrance, never earthly flower
Hath born.

Medicine Man. 'Tis sweeter than the rose, that fog
Hath kissed, than wind from foaming seas hath brined.

Silver Tongue. [*Looking into the boxes*] An unguent
of rare tints each box contains.

Medicine Man. Let Agohana, Lord of Hochelay,
Anoint these chosen men in Glooskap's name.

Agohana. [*Addressing the Hochelayan Seekers.*]
So bare your breasts and twist the forehead fringe
Aside. [*The Medicine Man holds Crooked Arrow's box*

while Agohanna, with fingers together, scoops ointment from it and rubs Crooked Arrow's forehead and breast]

Thy wish now granted thee!

Crooked Arrow.

My name

Then changed to Arrow Straight and True: for wealth
I toiled.

Agohanna. [*Pointing upwards.*] See far o'erhead
those ducks that speck

The clouds like black flies 'gainst some birchen bark;
Bend quick thy bow and pierce the nethermost.

[*Crooked Arrow draws his bow and shoots*]

Medicine Man. The mallard's struck.

Crooked Arrow.

'Tis falling.

Agohanna.

There it drops!

Medicine Man. The test has proved the unguent's worth,
for bird

But quarter distant dreaded scarce the bow's
Recoil. Thy arrow winged with magic might
And so thy weir with magic woven; game
And fish will stock thy lodge, abundance thine
To hold and give! Thy life a pleasant one,
The flatterer will ease thy way, thy heart
Will glow when thou art praised for benefits
Thou canst with readiness bestow, thy hopes
Assured until the Milky Way be reached,
And then who knows—

Crooked Arrow.

'Tis time to croak when age

Disturbs. See now the friends that crowd, and smile
On me. [*People flock about him*]

Agohanna. [*Anointing Silver Tongue*] Thy wish now
granted.

SilverTongue. Fame has flashed
Amid my dreams.

Medicine Man. The pipe is thine, let fame
Endure!

Silver Tongue. [*Blows his pipe, then recites*]

Ye were content, O men of Hochelay!
To list soft tales from sire to son.
I strike the deeper note of coming fray,
When passions grip and stun.

Of Heavy Tread the voice of rumour tells,
Of Noisy Tongue unknown to us;
With dread now watch the waiting sentinels
For Stranger, treacherous!

O soon that heavy tread, that noisy tongue,
The Stranger comes, the Stranger goes,
Yet wigwam fires burn bright, the bow's unstrung,
Fear then no outward foes.

'Twi'x friend and friend, discensions breed and grow,
Insults returned and magnified,
Till Seneca refuses to bestow
His son on Huron bride.

A slighted girl seeks vengeance, soon a chief
Lies dead, and war-paint smears each face;
All Hochelay inflamed with hate and grief
For race has turned 'gainst race.

The Stranger's heavy tread once more resounds,
But Noisy Tongue no answer hears.
The town his father viewed, now rubbish mounds
Where beast alone appears.

A vaster Hochelay the Stranger frames,
 Moons pass; again race dwells with race;
 May each avoid the taunt that hurts and shames—
 In brotherhood embrace.

Agohanna. [After a pause.] This song displeases me.
 Let none repeat

These words.

Medicine Man. Forbidden whisperings rich soil
 For fame, the unguent works!

Rude Talk. [Addressing *Agohanna*] Hast thou forgot
 Great Chieftain, one still waits on thee.

Agohanna. None more
 Will I anoint with that ill-omened salve.

Medicine Man. The Master's will thou questionest.
 May be

Such thoughts were sent to warn.

Agohanna. What need to warn
 While I rule Chief of Hochelay.

Medicine Man. Alas!
 No wigwam barred 'gainst death.

Agohanna. Crowned Chief am I,
 And yet distressed!

Rude Talk. My wish a harmless one.

Agohanna. [Testingly anointing him.] Well, well
 thy wish be granted thee!

Rude Talk. That I
 Were good!

Medicine Man. Methinks while lives this righteous man,
 No harm approaches Hochelay.

Rude Talk.

I would

Retire to share these many happenings
 With my old mother, hobbling back and forth
 In anxious eagerness, that's scarce allayed
 By neighbours posted round the open door,
 Who cry: "I hear his step; no, no, 'tis some
 One else,—he should be coming soon."

Crooked Arrow.

That scene

Enacted in my lodge.

Silver Tongue. My mother's dead

And yet expectantly papoose and squaw
 Prepare for my return—now soon acclaimed
 By shrill delight—the children cling and feel
 For gifts, the bright tail-feather or, such joy!
 Perchance a purple shell; the women haste
 To fill my needs, rewarded by what shred
 Of news their hero deigns to tell.

Rude Talk.

And we

Still dawdle here though women wait for us!

Medicine Man. What Brave ere this has cared to realize

How long the woman waits. The unguent works,
 Indeed 'tis past belief!

Aghanna.

What has occurred

I order worked in wampum beads. The belt
 Preserves the word where song oft drops and twists.

Rude Talk. The women wait. May we depart, O Chief!
 [*Aghanna motions them to depart; but is arrested by a sudden loud wail, Kwe-moo has entered unnoticed and is perched on Chief's lodge.*]

Aghanna. [*Startled.*] What erie cry! like jumping-
 mouse I spring;

This day hath stolen courage. I'm fatigued.

Medicine Man. Kwe-moo, the Loon, 'tis he returned!

Kwe-moo.

Returned, alas! ah woe betide!
Accomplished what was prophesied.

Medicine Man. The Master then has gone?

Agohanna. The Stranger comes?

Kwe-moo.

Prepare rich gifts, great Chief, he nears
Thy gate; but first I beg thy tears.
The sky soon weeps, these scudding clouds
Foretell fierce storms, the dark o'ershrouds.
With Glooskap gone, the beasts make moan
Of beasts and birds, I've words alone.
So short the time—till daylight fades—
My speech succumbs with night-born shades.
I saw approach large winged canoes,
Then came the beasts by twos and twos
And in their midst great Glooskap stood
And all were still as hewn from wood.
The Stranger's foot then trod our shore—
Great Glooskap vanished—seen no more,
Though softly hushed a farewell song
That eased all fear, all sense of wrong.
Now broke the beasts apart; they fled,
No council called, for words were dead.
And mine are failing—left for man
To spread this tale from clan to clan.

Silver Tongue. The song that hushed pray sing for us.

Kwe-moo.

Blow thou thy pipe.—Yon misty moon,
Why has thou come, thus soon, thus soon?

Agohanna. What thing now scurries past?

Medicine Man. 'Tis rabbit shrunk

In size; no longer friend of man.

[*Kwe-moo utters low cries*]

Agohanna. The bird
Has lost his power of speech.

Medicine Man. [*Addressing Silver Tongue*] Blow,
blow thy pipe!

Silver Tongue. [*Blows pipe, then recites*]
What happens, think, I come again,
Remembrance brings me near;
When souls are chilled, O beasts and men,
Breathe then my name, nor fear.

Medicine Man. 'Tis Glooskap's voice that comes!

Agohanna. [*Addressing Silver Tongue.*] Thy pipe
inspired!

[*The scene grows very dark. Exeunt all quietly, but
Medicine Man and Sentry.*]

Medicine Man. Like birds and beasts in silence all have
gone.

Night thickens, clouds hang low, and hear the rain
That splatters now—

[*In measured tones a voice comes from out the rain*]

Voice.

What matters fate!—Indifference
Breeds higher thoughts, fresh confidence!
If striving toward the star-strewn goal,
Though earth may shift, content the soul.

Sentry. Who speaks?

Medicine Man. 'Tis but that other voice we all
At times do hear.

CURTAIN.

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