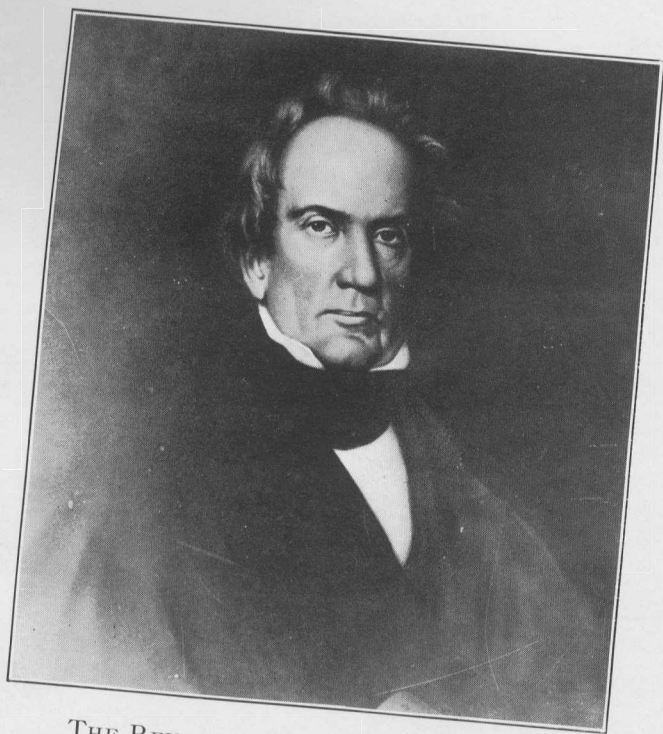




THE REVEREND TIMOTHY ALDEN, D.D.
Founder and First President of Allegheny College

The CENTENARY PAGEANT *of* ALLE- GHENY COLLEGE

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GIVEN ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS
JUNE 21, 22, 24, 1915

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PREFACE

Success in pageantry depends upon co-operation. The Centenary Pageant of Allegheny College originated with the Committee of the Alumni. The President and the Faculty of the College have, from the outset, given hearty support to the idea. For weeks now, the special committees and students, under the direction of the Pageant Master and his aids, have been preparing what is placed before the audience today. Co-operation by this audience, too, is necessary if the Pageant is to be a success. The purpose of a Pageant is, by dialogue, pictorial groupings, color and music to convey the meaning of the history presented. In treating the history of Allegheny College, the Pageant Master must show its difficult beginnings; the struggle to equip and properly maintain the institution; the constant presence of high ideals and self-sacrifice in her officers; its steadily growing influence at home, and, through the missionaries it has educated, in foreign lands; and its decided prosperity in recent years. This demands many changes of scene. But outdoor performances almost forbid the use of painted settings, for they cannot hide their artificiality and cheapness when they compete with Nature. In almost every scene of the text, therefore, the Pageant Master has called on the imagination of his audience to fill out the suggestions as to setting which he has given. Thus the circle of co-operation is completed.

To the committees in charge of the Pageant, especially their chairmen, the Pageant Master wishes publicly to express his deep gratitude for their indefatigable and effective aid. Their indispensable labor especially de-

serves praise because, when merged in the general effect it often goes unnoted.

This Pageant will succeed, if, even as it interests, and pleases the eye, it makes clearer to the spectators the spirit of the institution where many a youth has added, in the words cut on its seal, to "faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge."

GEO. P. BAKER,
Pageant Master.

The Centenary Pageant of Allegheny College

DIVISION I

THE WILDERNESS, 1753-1793

EPISODE ONE

WASHINGTON, 1753

[Between Bentley Hall and the Library, an INDIAN appears, pack on back. Moving at a swift lope to the head of the ravine, he throws up his head and sniffs the air. Then he looks back as a second figure, a man in middle life, comes into sight at the spot where he was first seen. This second figure is walking lightly and easily. The INDIAN, springing on the rock near by, after shading his eyes and looking all about, gives an emphatic nod of satisfaction. Seeing that the rest of his party is coming up, the INDIAN goes into the ravine. As he disappears, a third figure comes into sight, joining the second, who has gone back a little anxiously. This third figure, a young man of twenty-one limps as if footsore and moves wearily. He is in long army coat without pack. Gesticulation between the two indicates questioning as to the INDIAN and his disappearance into the glen. As the two draw nearer, the younger first, the INDIAN reappears and elatedly throws water into the air from his hands]

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INDIAN. Water, Major Washington. Good water. [*He gives a canteen to the MAJOR, who, after drinking eagerly, passes it to the second man*]

INDIAN. [*Pointing ahead*] The way—much better now—yes.

WASHINGTON. [*To the second man*] Gist, my friend, that ten miles since we left Murdering Town, is surely as trackless forest as I have ever trailed. I am very footsore. Ah! [*He sinks down wearily*]

GIST. [*As he finishes drinking*] Ten as hard miles of trailing as I have ever seen, Major Washington.

WASHINGTON. Hobson's choice for us. When those half-starved horses began to fail, there was nothing for us but to attempt this short cut.

GIST. Van Braam and the drivers will be days on the windings of the regular trail before they bring those poor critters into Shannopin's Town.

[*During the preceding, the INDIAN has been scouting about. Now from a tree at the right he turns and waves the men toward him encouragingly*]

GIST. [*Seeing him*] I don't like that varmint.

WASHINGTON. Nor I. I half suspect he is one of those French Indians in the pay of Joncare.

GIST. When he met me at Murdering Town, he called me by an Indian name and said he had met me at Fort Venango on our way up. I can't place him at all; certainly not at Venango; but I have seen him somewhere before.

WASHINGTON. When you asked him if he could guide us through this trackless forest, he seemed to me too eager,

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and asked too many questions as to our proposed road, our plans, and what we had been doing.

GIST. Um hum. He'll bear watching.

WASHINGTON. 'Sst!

[*The INDIAN returns as if suspicious of their talk*]

INDIAN. We go now. Yes?

WASHINGTON. No. I am footsore. We will camp here—near water.

[*GIST looks a little surprised and watches WASHINGTON closely. For an instant, the INDIAN stonily gazes at WASHINGTON. Then he reaches for the gun of WASHINGTON*]

INDIAN. This heavy. I take it.

WASHINGTON. No.

[*GIST, who has made a movement as if to interfere, draws back with a quiet smile*]

INDIAN. [*Still holding his hand outstretched*] Yes. I take it. Then you can walk.

WASHINGTON. [*Throwing the weapon sharply across his knees*] No. We will stay here tonight.

INDIAN. Much better place there [*Pointing*] not far.

GIST. Ungasco, you're keeping too much to the north-west.

INDIAN. No. There my home. I find it. You welcome.

WASHINGTON. When we go, we shall go as straight as possible.

INDIAN. I not understand.

GIST. [*Aside to WASHINGTON*] He does though. [*To INDIAN*] When we go, we go so. [*Movement of straight line*] Not so. [*Making a zigzag*]

INDIAN. But my people. They not far off. Just now, over there, [*He points to the tree where he had been*]

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standing] I think I hear a gun from them. They are so near as that. [*Pausing, he watches WASHINGTON closely*]

[*During this speech, GIST has been maneuvering to get the INDIAN between him and WASHINGTON but the INDIAN skilfully avoids this*]

INDIAN. You no come—what?

WASHINGTON. No. We stay here tonight.

INDIAN. But the ground, wet from snow. Here fire not burn well. Over there, all warm and dry. [*Slight pause*] You come—what?

WASHINGTON. I said no.

[*Slight movement of anger by INDIAN*]

GIST. [*Very quietly*] When the Major says no, Ungasco, he means no. [*Making a quick final downward movement of the hands*]

[*With a shrug, the INDIAN moves away some steps as if to drop the pack on the ground. Just as the straps are slipping from his shoulders, he starts dramatically*]

INDIAN. Listen. You not hear? [*He puts his ear to the ground*] You not hear—what?

WASHINGTON. [*A little surprised*] No. [*To GIST*] Did you?

GIST. [*Closely watching the INDIAN*] I did not.

INDIAN. Yes. I hear cry. Way off. There. It must be my people. So come. Come, quick. [*He starts off briskly*]

[*GIST watches WASHINGTON, who in his turn, watches the INDIAN, who is again among the trees at the right of the Campus*]

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WASHINGTON. Halt! [*The INDIAN goes on, pretending not to hear*] Halt, I say. [*The INDIAN stops sullenly. There is a slight pause, then he returns a little*]

INDIAN. Here it is not safe. Woods full of Ottowas. If they find us they kill us.

GIST. [*Laughing*] Major, does that scare you?

WASHINGTON. [*Smiling*] Badly, since the woods, all the way to Fort Duquesne and back, have been full of Indians bribed to evil by Joncare and his French officers.

INDIAN. [*Starting off again*] So, we go.

WASHINGTON. No. No. Bring me my pack.

[*The INDIAN goes on*]

WASHINGTON. Come back. [*Not fifty feet away, the INDIAN wheels suddenly and fires. Both men start a little. Each looks at the other to see if he is hurt*]

WASHINGTON. Not wounded?

GIST. No.

[*The INDIAN has run behind a big tree and is beginning to load his gun again. As with one impulse, the two men rush upon him, GIST with clubbed rifle, WASHINGTON with drawn pistol. GIST is furious with anger. WASHINGTON is cool. The INDIAN dodges a little but is almost at once caught between the two. As GIST, with raised rifle, is about to brain the INDIAN, who is attempting to fend him off with his raised weapon, WASHINGTON stays GIST, crying—*]

WASHINGTON. No. No, do not kill him.

[*The INDIAN stands stolidly awaiting his fate*]

WASHINGTON. [*Pointing to the gun*] Charge it.

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[When the INDIAN hesitates, not fully understanding, WASHINGTON makes the motion of priming his own rifle. Watching the two men all the time, the INDIAN obeys. As he works, GIST covers him from behind. As he finishes loading, he looks furtively about and discovers this. WASHINGTON, who also keeps him covered with the pistol, holds out his hand for the loaded weapon. As the INDIAN hesitates for an instant, he feels the muzzle of GIST's rifle in the small of his back. Sullenly the INDIAN yields the gun to WASHINGTON]

WASHINGTON. Now a fire, and quickly, there. *[He points to the edge of the run]* Put down the pack there.

[Trying not to look surprised, the INDIAN goes to gathering sticks. GIST stands guard over him, as WASHINGTON, the INDIAN's gun in his hand walks up and down thinking]

GIST. *[As WASHINGTON passes him, he is playing with the trigger of his gun]* Major, he is a murdering rascal. Let me shoot him.

WASHINGTON. No, I am not sure what he meant. It may just possibly have been a peaceful signal to his people. *[He walks on]*

GIST. *[As Washington returns]* Major, mayn't I? He meant to ambush us.

WASHINGTON. No.

GIST. I've only to pull the trigger and we'll be rid of him.

WASHINGTON. *[As if coming to a decision]* We'll get rid of him in another way. Unfriendly Indians, warned by his signal, may be on the way to us now. We must get away from here at once.

GIST. *[His face brightening]* May I manage it?

WASHINGTON. Yes, you know the ways of these Indians far better than I.

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[During what immediately follows, WASHINGTON continues his pacing as if absorbed, but is really watching the scene]

GIST. *[Going to the INDIAN who has started a fire]* Why did you shoot off that gun?

[The INDIAN busying himself with his fire, does not answer]

GIST. *[With a slight smile which the INDIAN cannot see]* Were you lost? *[The INDIAN stiffens to keener attention and his eyes brighten]* Don't be afraid. Say you were lost. You wanted your friends to hear, somewhere there in the woods, and come to find us. *[Pause]* We did not understand. We thought you meant to kill us.

INDIAN. No. I not kill. Lost. My home, I tell you, it but a little off there—or there. *[Pointing]* I not know. If they hear my gun, they come, yes.

[WASHINGTON is listening intently]

GIST. Well, now you go home.

INDIAN. *[Hardly able to believe what he hears]* You come too?

GIST. No, we rest here. *[With gestures]* You make a path, break the branches, bark the trees.

INDIAN. You not come?

GIST. *[Pointing to the limping WASHINGTON]* When he can—later.

[The INDIAN rises a little uncertainly. As he turns to go, GIST hands him some bread]

GIST. Here is bread. When we come, you shall give us meat. *[The INDIAN takes it mechanically]* If we do not come when the sun is there tomorrow *[He points to the mid-sky]* come back with your people on the path to find us. You understand?

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INDIAN. Yes.

GIST. Now, away you go.

[The INDIAN hesitates slightly, makes a gesture of farewell, and starts off in the direction he has once or twice indicated. Gun in hand, GIST follows him to the higher land. After a pause he returns, compass in hand. As soon as the INDIAN is out of sight, WASHINGTON moves as quickly as he can to the pack and puts it on his shoulders. GIST returns quickly]

GIST. That varmint went north-northeast. I make Piny Creek, for which we're heading, due west.

WASHINGTON. We must be there by morning.

GIST. Can you make it?

WASHINGTON. I'd give much for a good bit of trail or a decent road with this foot of mine.

GIST. It's a trackless waste.

WASHINGTON. Come.

[GIST as he passes the fire, bends as if to put it out]

WASHINGTON. Better leave it. If they come back, they'll think we've just gone.

GIST. [As he moves lightly away, shaking his rifle at the spot where the INDIAN disappeared] I believe that varmint meant to kill us.

WASHINGTON. [As he moves footsore and weary] I wonder.

EPISODE TWO

THE HARTMANN FAMILY

THE MASSACRE, 1754

[At upper right, a youth of seventeen drives in slowly two horses in plowing harness. A sturdy man of sixty walks by their side, hunting piece on shoulder and a pick in hand]

HARTMANN. So, son turn them loose to feed. They have had a hard morning's plowing.

OTTO. [As he obeys] Ay, father, it's tough pulling among those half-burned stumps.

HARTMANN. Yet, some day, Otto, 'twill be as fine a field as ever you saw near Reutlingen.

OTTO. [As he moves toward center] Maybe, but not till after many a hard day's work I'm thinking. [As he stretches] Ah! but I'm hungry. Where can Barbara and Regina be?

HARTMANN. The children will be here with the noonday meal shortly—by the time you have brought water from the brook yonder.

[As the son moves toward the run, the father notices that he has no gun]

HARTMANN. Otto, where then is your gun?

OTTO. [With a start and much mortification] What! Oh! Nay, I must have left it by a stump in the field.

HARTMANN. How often must I tell you? Never when there be Indians all about be parted from thy weapon.

OTTO. Do you really believe, father, that the French and Indians are about to take up arms? I don't.

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HARTMANN. Nor I. 'Tis the idle gossip of timid souls.

'Tis the roving Indian I fear. Get thy gun at once.

OTTO. Yes, father. [*He starts off. At upper left appear two little girls of ten and nine, sturdily lugging a large basket*]

CHILDREN. Coo-ee, coo-ee.

[*Smiling, both men turn. OTTO impulsively runs to help them. As he takes the basket, the younger girl takes his free hand. The older trots by his side. Once, as she comes forward, she takes a fine apple from the basket and holds it up for his approbation. As they draw near, the younger girl runs into the arms of the waiting father with a hug and a kiss. When the other two have come up, the older girl goes gravely to her father and raises her face for his kiss. Evidently there is the strongest affection among all*]

HARTMANN. [*To OTTO*] Go now for thy gun and quickly, for we shall sing and read together before we eat.

[*OTTO, with a smiling nod runs off in the direction whence they came*]

REGINA. Father, dear, we can stay with you and Otto today.

HARTMANN. [*As he seats himself on the ground, gathering the children about him*] Does not the mother wish you back to help with the mid-day meal?

BARBARA. Nay, father, it is so fine a day that mother, with brother Karl to help, went to the mill at Foster's Creek. Mother says we should be without cornmeal if she did not go today.

HARTMANN. The Creek is a good ten miles away. The mother will not be home for supper either I am thinking. Well, Barbara, you must be the little housekeeper.

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REGINA. And I the cook, father?

HARTMANN. Yes, yes. Now come sit you here. We will sing together till Otto comes back and we may read together from this—the Holy Book. [*He takes a small Bible from his breast pocket*] Now which song shall it be Regina? 'Tis thy choice today.

REGINA. I think it is "Jesus I Love Ever More." No, [*As she looks all around*] let us sing "When I am all Alone."

HARTMANN. [*With a laugh*] 'Tis not quite the name, child. "Allein und doch nicht ganz alleine." But 'twill do. [*In a deep rich voice he sings:*]

"Alone and yet not all alone
Am I in this great loneliness;
When I my solitude bemoan,
God cheers the hours of my distress.
I am with him and he with me:
I fear no lonely destiny.

"Who, then, so blind he cannot see
I have companionship for aye—
Although unto eternity
The world thinks mine a lonely way.
I know, when loneliness is near,
God and his angels will appear."

[*As he sings the childish voices chime in sweetly, the two girls cuddling to him. As they are finishing the second stanza, OTTO appears, gun in hand, running smoothly. As BARBARA and her father close the song, REGINA runs to OTTO and brings him up*]

HARTMANN. Here you are. So, Otto, stand you on guard while we have our daily lesson. Children, be very quiet now and listen to what I am about to read you, for it is

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the good God who speaks to us in this book. Some day, here where all is wilderness, there will be towns and churches and schools, but we who have no churches or schools, we who are alone with God, we must find here [*He taps the book*] all our comfort and our learning. So listen well. [*He waxes more and more fervent as he reads*] It is from Isaiah, the thirty-fifth chapter that I read to you

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom like the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice, even with joy and singing."

Now, Regina, do you remember the next?

REGINA. "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees."

HARTMANN. Now, Barbara.

BARBARA. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not."

HARTMANN. Good. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing, for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert. And a highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of Holiness. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

[*The two girls, who have been eagerly waiting, join in the words which follow*]

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

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[*All through the reading, the girls have watched eagerly, and OTTO, in his interest, soon forgot to stand guard. Near the beginning of the reading, Indians appear on the slope on the other side of the ravine. Others have been making their way up the run. As the reading goes on, some of those in the ravine crawl up the side and lie watching the group from the rear. Now and then a head appears for an instant. The group on the knoll make their way cautiously around the head of the ravine. As HARTMANN reads enthusiastically and comes to "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return" Indians come silently up behind OTTO, seize him, take his weapon, and stifle his attempted outcry. Struggling but speechless, he is borne slowly backward up the slope, even as the children recite with their father the last triumphant verse. At the same time, swiftly, but softly, other Indians gather back of the father and the two girls. As HARTMANN, his reading ended, looks up deeply moved, his eyes see the shadows of the Indians on the grass. At the same moment the children point them out to each other. For a moment, HARTMANN's face is stony, then he springs for his gun, which the Indians have taken. The children, turning, shriek. An Indian siezes each, stifling her cries. Up from the ravine, and around its head, the Indians pour in, till altogether there are some fifteen. Fighting off the Indians at first with sheer strength, HARTMANN works rapidly backward up the slope. There he sees OTTO make a sudden determined struggle, only to be tomahawked and dragged out of sight. With Indians crowding in and over him, HARTMANN falls. With a whoop, the Indians who dragged off OTTO, come into sight, bearing a scalp.*]

A group of Indians is catching the horses. Two of them, stripping off all the harness except the headstall of one, deck themselves with the pieces and dance wildly about. Two