

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

others spring on the backs of the horses. A fresh group come yelling into sight with the scalp of HARTMANN. They join the other group of scalpers in a frenzied dance around the cowering children. Into the pandemonium steps a commanding figure, evidently the chief. He gives some orders in pantomime. With threatening gestures and yells, the larger part of the band sweep by the terrified children. When the Indians try to move BARBARA, she sinks, unable to move. One of her captors quickly stops one of the horsemen and swings her up before him. He makes off with her. Two other Indians, half lift, half drag REGINA away, protesting as she goes. For a moment a single Indian on a plow horse watches the scene. Just as the last of his group disappears with a wild whoop, he digs his heels into the horse and gallops after.

[14]

EPISODE THREE

THE REUNION, 1763

[From inside Bentley Hall a bugle and drum are heard. The main door is opened and closed with a clang as a petty officer and eight Colonial soldiers come out. As if posting sentries, the group leave one man at the main door, and one to pace up and down before each of the side doors. Then, in turn, a man is posted to pace up and down at left and right of stage and across the front; one at the inner end of the bridge; and another a little distance outside. Just as the sentries are placed and the sub-officer moves back, the center door opens again and two figures come out. One bears a newspaper in his hand and they are talking earnestly. As the sub-officer draws up to salute, the center door opens again and the figure of a middle aged woman appears for a moment crying, "I must come out, I must find her." The sentry gives a ringing "Halt!" and throws his musket across her path. A man of thirty steps out behind her and draws her gently back, but she protests till the doors close on her. The group in the middle ground have turned to watch.

COMMANDANT. Who is she?

SUB-OFFICER. I don't know, sir. Shall I find out?

COMMISSIONER. I can tell you. She is a mother half crazed with anxiety, one of the group who have answered this advertisement of mine, bidding all about here, who believe they have friends or relatives captured among the Indians to come to this fort and identify them when Colonel Bouquet arrives with the poor souls he has

[15]

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

released from captivity among the Senecas and Delawares.

COMMANDANT. Well, Commissioner, I am sorry for them, but they can't break the rules of this fort. I have given orders that when the captives arrive, they are to meet their friends only in the inner fort.

COMMISSIONER. I have no wish to disobey you, Commandant, but when I told all the others to be here this afternoon and she came in the early morning, I hadn't the heart to turn her away. She and her son—they are of German stock, named Hartmann, I think—have come a long distance, have no friends about here and no money for proper lodgings. I hope I didn't do wrong in saying they could wait within till nightfall.

COMMANDANT. No, no, but if the captives have not come by nightfall, they must leave the fort at once.

COMMISSIONER. Commandant, just when do you expect Colonel Bouquet?

COMMANDANT. His courier, who came two hours ago, said about this time, mid-afternoon.

COMMISSIONER. They make slow progress, coming from Fort Pitt.

COMMANDANT. After the autumn rains, the ways are none too good. The courier said the captives are very footsore.

COMMISSIONER. Yes, the Commissioner in charge of these people at Fort Pitt sent me word that many captives come none too willingly, for some have been with the Indians since childhood, and being now full grown have lost their native speech. They are now Indians, loving Indian ways.

COMMANDANT. We can't leave them in ignorance and savagery!

COMMISSIONER. Stranger still, I hear the Indians are

CENTENARY PAGEANT

loathe to give up some of these captives. They have loaded them with small gifts. Some have stayed with the captives till driven away by the soldiers. One young Mingo brave would not part from the Virginian girl he had married till driven off by force.

COMMANDANT. Ah. That's why the Chief of the Senecas is coming even to this fort, as the messenger said, to deliver the captives safely into your hands. "Safely into your hands"—the impudence of these savages!

COMMISSIONER. I wish I were sure that all of these people will be the happier for the change.

[During this conversation, a horseman approaches rapidly from the remote left. The soldier at the outer end of the bridge stands on guard till he sees who the newcomer is, when he salutes. The rider, dismounting, throws his reins to the soldier, who picks the horse. Then the officer crosses the bridge]

COMMANDANT. *[Following the glance of the COMMISSIONER]* It is Colonel Bouquet. *[Moving toward the newcomer, he salutes]* Colonel Bouquet.

BOUQUET. Colonel Crofton.

COMMANDANT. Colonel Bouquet, this is Mr. Howe, the Commissioner, who is to be in charge of the captives released by the Indians till they are safely in their families again or homes have been found for them.

BOUQUET. *[To Howe]* You will find them, sir, a strange mixture, for I ordered the Indians to deliver into my hands all captives, old and young; men, women and children; of every nationality.

COMMANDANT. How many did they bring in?

BOUQUET. Two hundred and six.

COMMISSIONER. From Pennsylvania?

BOUQUET. One hundred and sixteen.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

COMMISSIONER. [*Alarmed*] I am hardly prepared—I was not told you were bringing so many.

BOUQUET. [*Smiling*] I am not. All except some twenty have been claimed at Fort Pitt, or elsewhere on our road.

COMMISSIONER. That number will certainly not strain the hospitality of this good town.

BOUQUET. Good, but they do need clothing, for so ill clad were they that my men have taken their own blankets, coats and vests to dress them, especially the children. They are a sorry looking lot.

[*Slowly up over the rise at left of ravine comes a strange procession. A minor officer leads. Behind him sixteen soldiers make a hollow square. At one side rides an old Indian warrior of fine type. In the square, ten women and six men, all of different ages, with four children, all meagrely clad, move doggedly on as after a long tramp. Coming into view of the fort, they stop and point it out to one another. The soldiers good naturedly stop, the officer not protesting. The children are held up to see the fort. Then with gesticulations that show mingled emotions—glee, dread, etc.—the captives move on again. The guard of soldiers lines up to let them pass through. The COMMISSIONER, the COMMANDANT and COLONEL BOUQUET move to receive them, the COMMISSIONER ahead. As the captives hesitate to cross the bridge, the old CHIEFTAIN, who has turned his horse loose, steps proudly to the front and waving them on, leads into the fort. After a gesture of greeting, he stands aside to let the sad procession file into place at center of stage. The women and children huddle together. Some captives look about eagerly; some are downcast; some never take their eyes off the chieftain. When all are in place, the chief turns to the officers*]

CHIEF. Hail, great soldier and chiefs of this fort. Here

CENTENARY PAGEANT

our journey ends. Thus far I have come to place these people safely in your hands, for some are like my own people and very dear to them. It has not been easy for them or for us to part, but the Great Father has willed it and we must obey. We have taken as much care of them as if they were our own flesh and blood. They are now become unused to your customs and ways. Therefore we ask that you will use them kindly, which will make them to live contentedly with you.

[BOUQUET looks at the COMMANDANT, who looks at the COMMISSIONER]

COMMISSIONER. [*Stepping forward*] For the people of this town and the families of these poor souls, we thank you. We will do our best to make this a time of happy reunion.

[The CHIEF bows gravely, then turning, moves toward the group. One or two of the women stretch out their hands as if in appeal. One sturdy young woman speaks to him in Indian, and he answers with her name. A child running to him, rests against his knee. Calling it "Koloska" and speaking in Indian, he places his hand on its head. Then he stalks off across the bridge, head in air, leaps on his horse and gallops away. The child runs back crying to the woman who spoke in Indian. Another woman is crying on her shoulder. Just as this scene ends, the side door at the left of Bentley Hall is opened. From it issues a woman of sixty, closely followed by a man of thirty, who is trying to stop her. She has chosen a moment when both the sentry on the porch and the one at left of stage are moving away from her. Before anyone is really aware, she is in the center of the open space]

MRS. HARTMANN. Where is she, my little girl? Show her to me, show her to me.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

[The COMMANDANT moves angrily as if to drive her back]

COMMISSIONER. *[With a beseeching gesture stopping him]*
I beg of you. It is the Hartmann woman; she is almost crazed.

[The COMMANDANT sputters but does not interfere. The COMMISSIONER goes to Mrs. HARTMANN]

Mrs. HARTMANN. Which is she? Oh, which is she, good sir?

COMMISSIONER. Look for yourself, my good woman.

[Mrs. HARTMANN moves anxiously to the children, attempting to draw them toward her. The older women watch her, some eagerly as if hoping to recognize a lost relative. But after a searching look, each turns away with a sigh or a shrug]

COMMISSIONER. *[To the young man]* What is the lost girl's name?

KARL HARTMANN. Regina Hartmann. *[Turning to COLONEL BOUQUET]* Have you the name on your list?

BOUQUET. *[Rapidly scanning a list which he draws from his pocket]* I have no such name but she may well be here, for many answer only to their Indian names, having forgotten all else.

Mrs. HARTMANN. *[Finding that the children will not come to her, bursts into tears]* My little girl, my little girl is not here. She would know her mother.

COMMISSIONER. How long since did you lose her?

[The woman, absorbed in her grief, stands staring at the captives]

KARL HARTMANN. Nine years this August, sir.

Mrs. HARTMANN. *[Coming suddenly out of her torpor]* She

CENTENARY PAGEANT

was such a sweet child—her little hands long and fine; her hair in braids; and always she wore a kerchief about her neck, so.

KARL HARTMANN. Mother, mother, then she was but a child of ten.

Mrs. HARTMANN. Like one of these. *[Suddenly drawing back almost in disgust]* No, not like these, she was very beautiful, my little girl.

COMMANDANT. *[Half aside to the COMMISSIONER]* The girl would be a woman grown now. Surely the woman is crazy.

COMMISSIONER. *[With a quieting gesture to him, he goes to Mrs. HARTMANN and leads her to the group of women]*
Look at this woman, all of you—you and you. *[He speaks to one or two who do not obey at first]* Has anyone of you ever seen her before?

[Some, looking quickly, turn away. Others scan her face closely, but at last all turn away unrecognizing]

Mrs. HARTMANN. But they told me some of these came from just the place where my little girl was captured. O Lord do not break my heart.

BOUQUET. Is there no sign by which she might recognize you?

Mrs. HARTMANN. *[Looking at him almost dully]* I can think of nothing, nothing.

COMMISSIONER. *[Turning to the son]* And you, can you think of no mark or sign?

KARL HARTMANN. Wait, let me think.

[The women, after they turn from Mrs. HARTMANN, have gathered into a group, most of them sitting on the ground. Suddenly one young woman, who holds a young child near her, begins to sing gently to still its crying.]

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

"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."

KARL HARTMANN. *[At the second line]* Listen, mother,
listen!

[She is already listening with her whole soul. Half singing, half sobbing, she moves toward the singer. As the younger woman sees her approaching and hears her singing, she looks startled, puts the child a little aside, and rises, her whole face aglow with excitement. She keeps on singing. Suddenly the Mother cries]

MRS. HARTMANN. Regina!

YOUNG WOMAN. Mother!

[Sobbing, they fall into each other's arms. Young HARTMANN moves quickly to his mother's side. The COMMISSIONER, followed by COLONEL BOUQUET, uncovers]

COMMANDANT. *[Concealing his emotion, gruffly to BOUQUET]* Kindly order your men to take those people in.

[BOUQUET moves quickly to his soldiers, gives an order, and going onward to the captives, gives another. Led by the COMMANDANT and COLONEL BOUQUET, the captives move up the center and out, BOUQUET's soldiers following. During this, the following dialogue]

REGINA. *[As the captives move off, the child is left crying]*
Mother, this is Koloska.

MRS. HARTMANN. Who is she?

REGINA. The Indians gave her to me to care for five years ago. She had no father or mother. I cannot leave her.

CENTENARY PAGEANT

[The mother looks at the son and the son at the mother, and nods]

MRS. HARTMANN. It is very little we have, but it is all yours, daughter, and our hearts are big. Come, my little one.

[She holds out her arms. Urged by REGINA, the child runs into them. The COMMISSIONER, who has stood by, sees that the COMMANDANT is returning swiftly]

COMMISSIONER. Come, my good people, we must go in.

[MRS. HARTMANN, releasing the child, puts one arm in her son's, taking her daughter with the other hand. The child walks a little ahead, watching them constantly. As they go, first the mother and then all the other three, sing more and more firmly]

"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."

The COMMISSIONER, meeting the COMMANDANT, motions to him as if to mollify him. They pass out at center before the HARTMANNs. Immediately the two side sentinels meet and pass up, followed by the two sentinels at the bridge. When they have gone in the three sentinels at the doors wheel sharply and pass inside quickly]