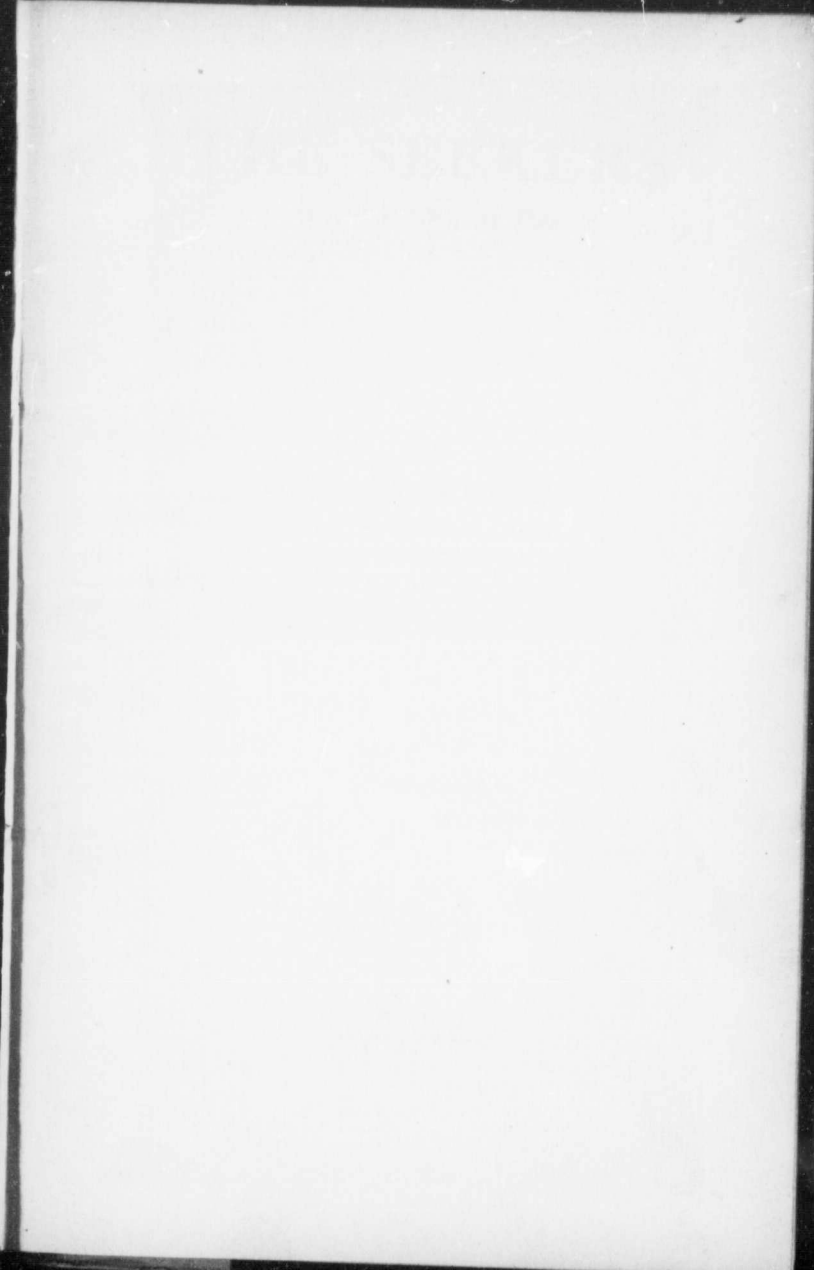
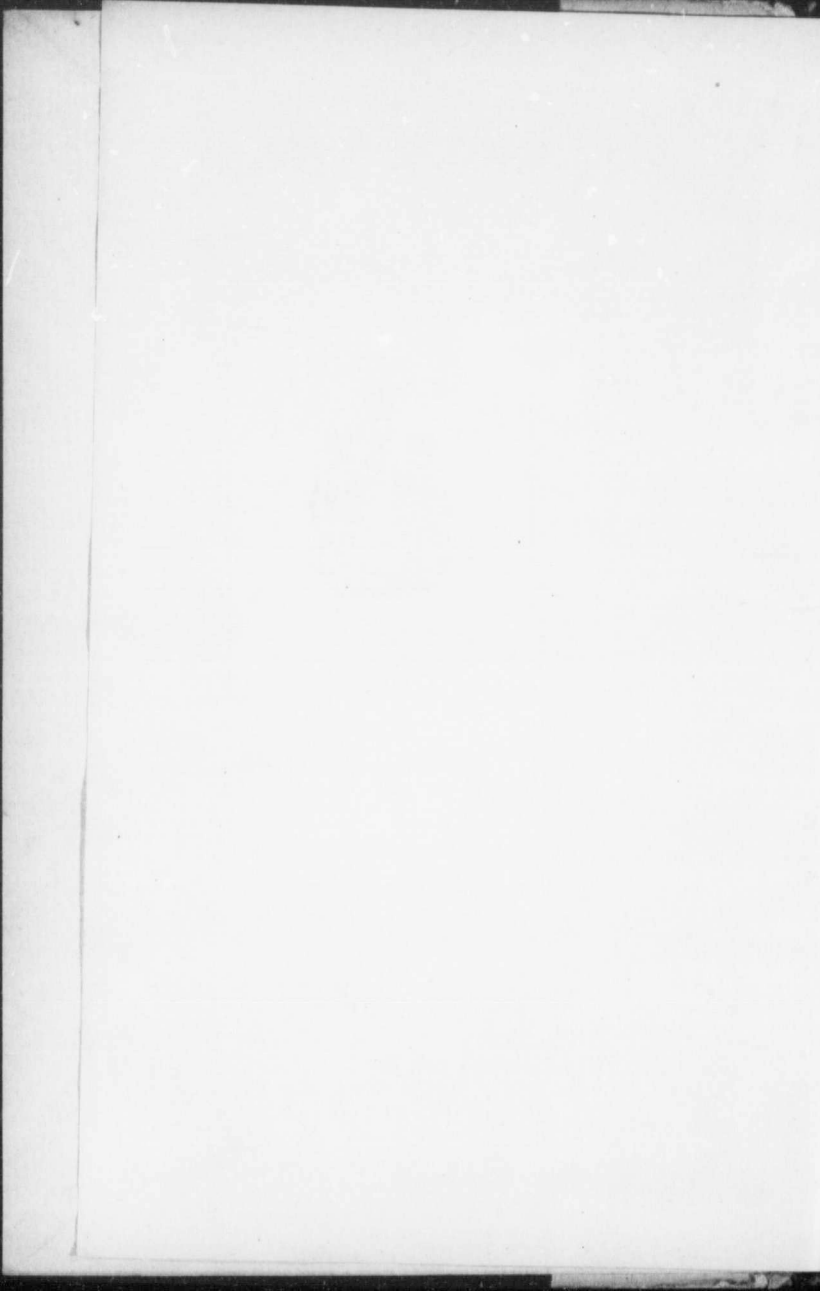


THE SEEKERS  
AN INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

AMY REDPATH RODDICK

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1920  
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# 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

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## CHARACTERS.

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

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MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

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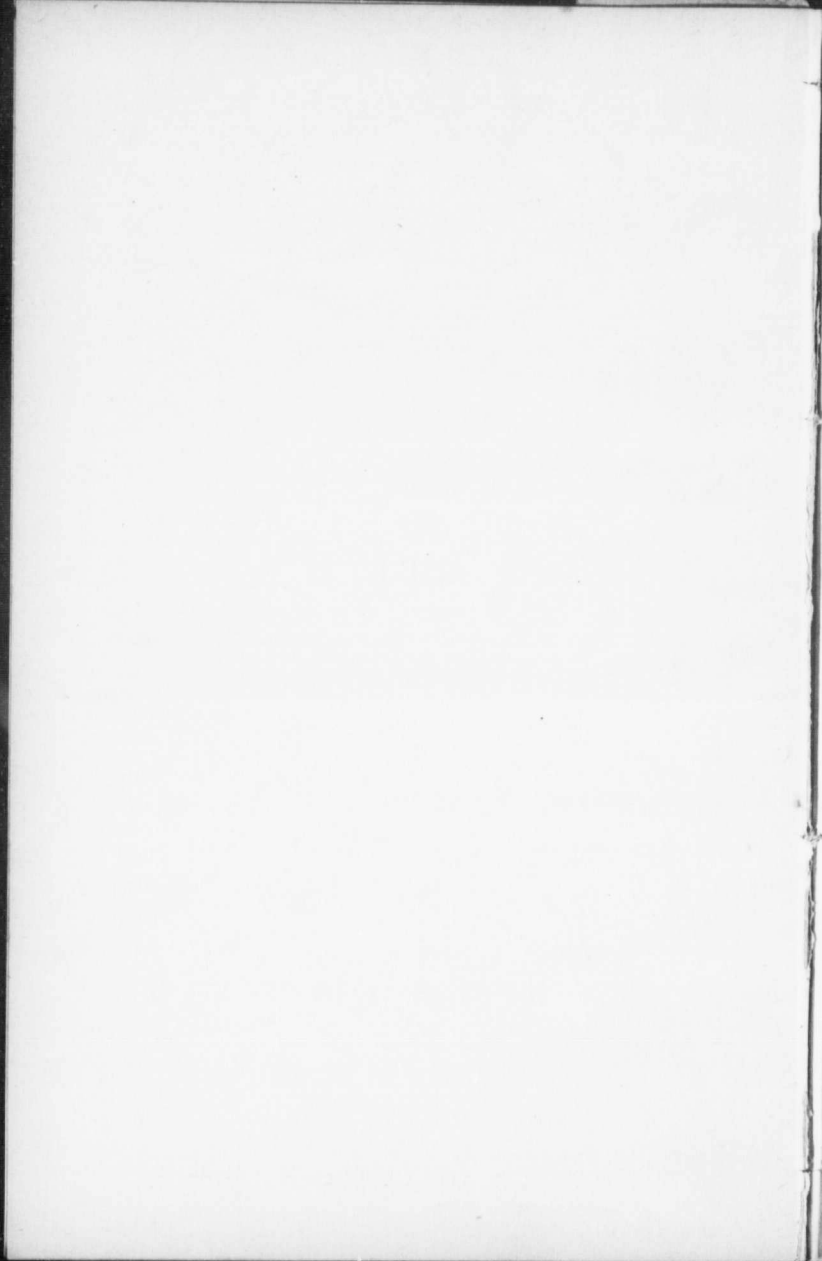
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ACT I.





## 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  
Careses 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.*]

*Agohanna.* 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.*]

*Agohanna.* 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.

*Agohana.* 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 ambushades,  
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!

[*Exeunt Medicine Man and Hochelayan Seekers*]

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

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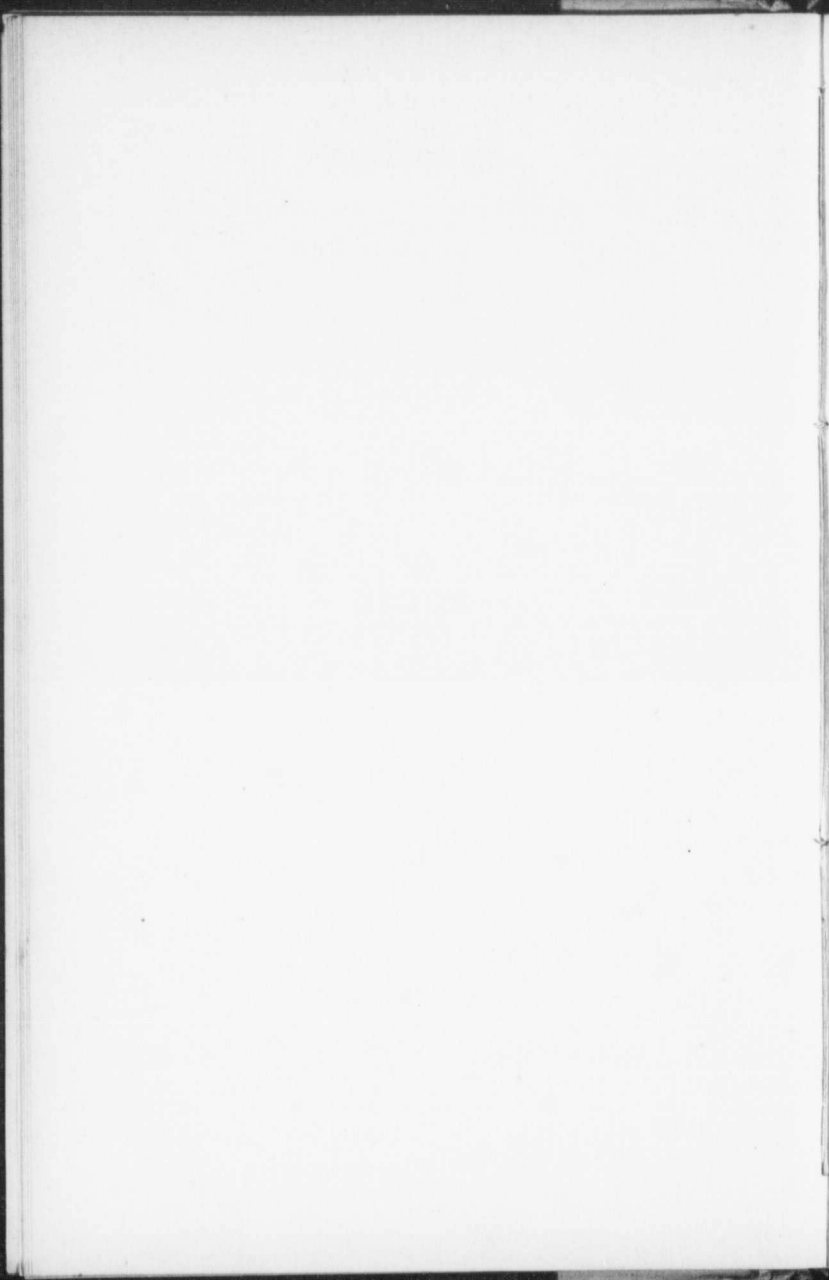
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**ACT II.**



## 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.  
Exit Glooskap, the Lover and Machtigweess.*]

*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.

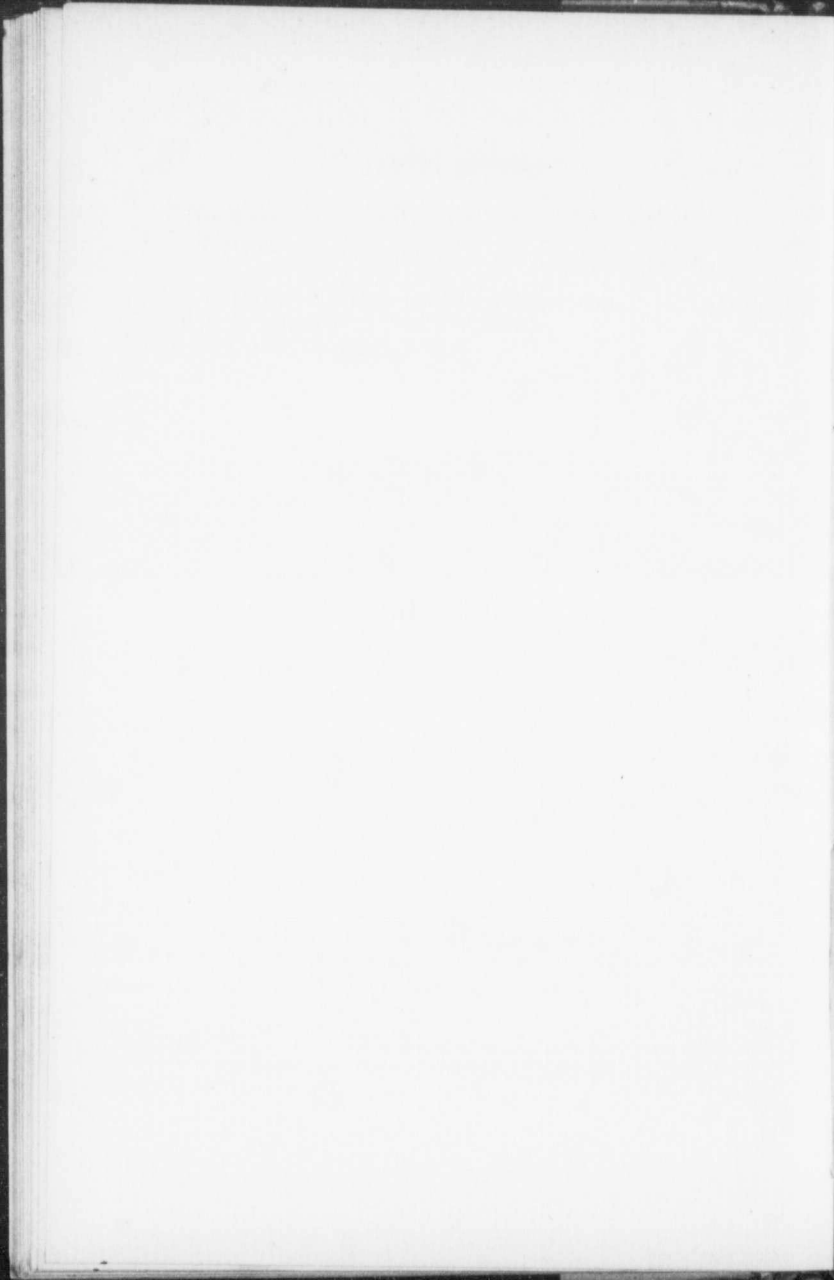
*Uchkeen.* Where chance befriends no magic art; but ye  
Shall see what I can do. This pot I stir—  
The food, now cooked. Thy ladle, Nugamee.

*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 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 cloak  
 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 waving 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

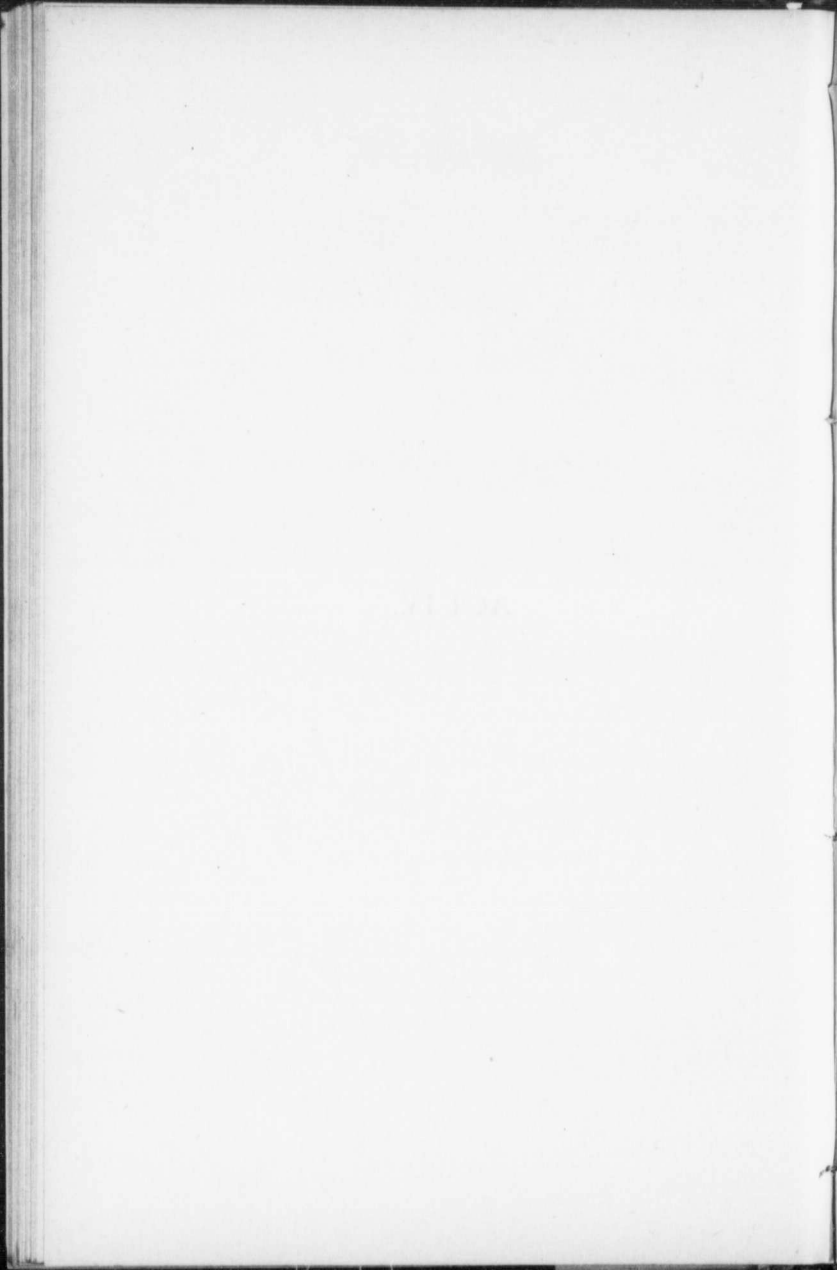
Feast in silence now.—Great things await.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the country, from the earliest times to the present day. The author has collected a vast amount of material, and has arranged it in a clear and concise manner. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the country, from the year 1800 to the present day. The author has collected a vast amount of material, and has arranged it in a clear and concise manner. The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the country, from the year 1800 to the present day. The author has collected a vast amount of material, and has arranged it in a clear and concise manner.

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**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.*  
From graceful elm.

And woman came

*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*]

Malsumis 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.

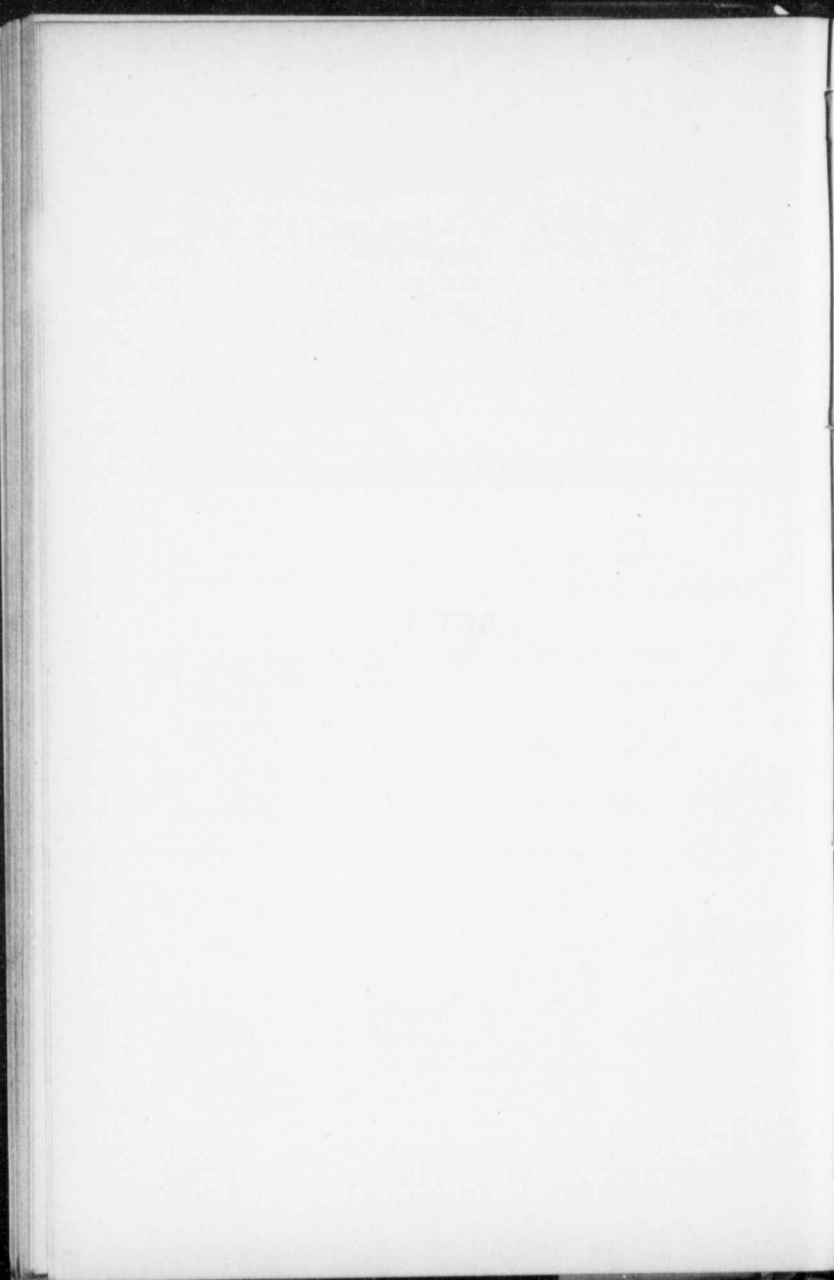
*Flying Squirrel.* And I will fare that way for softer  
than  
Your Hochelay's refrain, the ruddy skin  
Of maids, 'tis said, the maids of Hochelay.

*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.

The first of these is the  
 the second is the  
 the third is the  
 the fourth is the  
 the fifth is the  
 the sixth is the  
 the seventh is the  
 the eighth is the  
 the ninth is the  
 the tenth is the  
 the eleventh is the  
 the twelfth is the  
 the thirteenth is the  
 the fourteenth is the  
 the fifteenth is the  
 the sixteenth is the  
 the seventeenth is the  
 the eighteenth is the  
 the nineteenth is the  
 the twentieth is the  
 the twenty-first is the  
 the twenty-second is the  
 the twenty-third is the  
 the twenty-fourth is the  
 the twenty-fifth is the  
 the twenty-sixth is the  
 the twenty-seventh is the  
 the twenty-eighth is the  
 the twenty-ninth is the  
 the thirtieth is the

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.  
Execute 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!

*Agohanna.* Beside the mark  
Methinks this talk of polywog and pike  
And boyish prank.—The Master led your steps?

*Silver Tongue.* Until we reached the summit whence  
one sees  
The mighty stream that sweeps our island-home,  
Its thrice-crowned hill that hides the parting sun  
From Hochelay, whose lodges catch the pale  
Pink streaks of dawn, whose smoke coils breathe the joy  
Of traveller returned! He left us there  
And each clasped firm his birchen box.

*Cure All.* So near  
And yet I waited not—the medicine  
That cureth all! I would but peep—the lid  
I scarcely raised, a liquid oozed, then poured,  
A stream that spread o'er sun-baked stones and filled  
Odd crannies whence came crawling things that hissed  
And mocked, then vanished like a morning mist,  
And like a mist my dreams had fled! My robe  
Was torn and stained; by jewels lustreless.

*Agohanna.* That thus impatience should destroy the  
fruit  
Of stern endeavour!

*Silver Tongue.* Should destroy who tastes  
The fruit ere time hath mellowed it! A shriek  
Then rent the air—who wished young women's lips  
Nor Glooskap's will, nor warnings seen, could check  
The fierce desire. His box lay shattered; forth  
By scores, by hundreds, winging maidens flew  
That crushed and fondled him. Mosquito-like,  
Where'er they kissed blood-beads were drawn. No help  
Availed—who called them forth an agonized  
And writhing heap embraced by clouds of charm.  
Night shadows spread and dimmed fair-fluttering forms,  
The owl's cry dulled low moans—at length we slept.

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.

*Agohanna.* 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!

*Agohanna.* 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 Agohanna, Lord of Hochelay,  
Anoint these chosen men in Glooskap's name.

*Agohanna.* [*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 are 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.

'Twixt 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!

*Agohanna.*

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!  
 [*Agohanna motions them to depart; but is arrested by a sudden loud wail, Kwe-moo has entered unnoticed and is perched on Chief's lodge.*]

*Agohanna.* [*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.