

THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

(KATERI TEKAKWITHA)

*An Historical Romance Drama
of the American Indian*

BY

EDWARD C. LA MORE, O.P.

MUSIC BY

NELLIE VON GERICHTON SMITH

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Prior Provincialis, die Feb. 20, 1932

IMPRIMATUR ✠ PHILIPPUS RICARDUS

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KATERI TEKAKWITHA

TO

THE FAIREST FLOWER THAT EVER BLOSSOMED IN OUR VIRGIN FORESTS
AND TO THE HONOR OF HER BRAVE RACE THAT ONCE PEOPLED
OUR HILLS AND VALLEYS, OUR FORESTS AND STREAMS

FOREWORD

IT HAS been part of the tragic fate of the American Indians that in neither art nor literature have they been given a fair chance to show forth the good qualities and the noble characteristics which they indubitably possess. The worst traits of their character could not but be challenged and aroused by the Nordic settlers, who were ensouled with the calculating asceticism of Calvin which beheld in earthly success an undoubted sign of heaven's favor, in a more or less frank enjoyment of capitalistic superiority a gauge of spiritual loyalty, and in the preposterous claim to the right of invading other men's lands and liberties not only a prize for but also an approval of the predestined and predestinated. And something of that pharisaical smugness today keeps us from looking upon the Indians' resistance to expoliation, exploitation and extermination as warranted and justifiable.

Now it is worthy of remark that whenever the Church came in immediate contact with the Indian, there appeared at once a consistent and concerted attempt to elicit from the Redskin's heart the goodness which had been covered over with a crust of what we are satisfied to call savagery. That the Indian could be made amenable to the sweet law of Christ was never lost sight of by those who, despite the moulding influences of centuries of Catholic tradition, did know from personal struggling with their own corrupted natures how difficult it must ever be for any man to bear with good grace the yoke of Christ. Though the Conquistadores only too often did give a distorted image of the refining influences of Catholicism, a caricature of the Christ who is supposed to dwell in every baptized follower of Jesus, the fact remains that there were always present in

the expeditions of the newcomers men and women who because of their vow of poverty were not minded on annexing the virgin lands of the aborigines, men and women who because of their vow of chastity embraced the rigors of pioneer life as a puissant means of killing off the desires of the flesh for ease and luxury, men and women who because of their vow of obedience could make it plain by example that true liberty consists in gladsome submission to the sweet rule of Christ. No wonder that with the coming of the Catholic missionaries the rude, crude and savage institutions of the Indians, necessarily embryonic because they envisaged a nomadic state of life, gradually and gently disappeared in favor of a regime which, though not always as well organized and administered as the Paraguay Reductions or the California Missions, did yet possess a sweet reasonableness, humanity and adaptability against which the Redskin could not forever hold out. Catholic missionaries came solely in search of souls and in saving them never failed to save the bodies of the children of the forest.

This appears to good advantage in the compelling story of Kateri Tekakwitha, the fine flower of the seeds sown in sweat, tears and blood by the canonized and uncanonized apostles of the Indians in the North. Like a lily in a mud pond or a daisy in a coal mine, she showed forth in the worst imaginable environment a piety and saintliness which would have done credit to a land soaked in the Catholic traditions of sainthood. Her life story gives the lie once for all to the facile conclusions of glib ethnologists who hold that the Indian character is necessarily and irretrievably bad and that his soul could never be anything but hard to the appeal of the things of the spirit. We shall, probably, soon see the day when we may invoke Kateri as the saint whom her own people have ever taken her to be.

A portrayal of her character and of the colorful vicissitudes of her life supplies precious lessons for our own day when men must, perforce, breathe air polluted by the smoke of factories which are but the logical outgrowth of the capitalistic philosophy engendered by Calvinism, when men must walk wearily amongst fellows who, inheriting the capitalistic ideals deduced from the teachings of the Reformers, are ever intent on their own secular advantages as a test of heavenly approval, when men must give themselves up to do penance which the possession of wealth makes distasteful and to maintain purity which a hunger for our contemporary forms of amusement makes almost impossible, when men leave home not, like Kateri, to practice virtue better but the better to avoid practicing it. There is the freshness of the morning dew about Kateri's simple forthright character, the fragrance of the maizefields about her love of God and her fellow Indians, the starkness of the mountains her eyes rested upon about the tenacity and courage with which she followed the whisperings of the Spirit. Kateri was a frail girl in a cruel world, but she had the strong woman's heart and the real woman's tenderness. The simplicity of her heart, the otherworldliness of her outlook, her utter disregard for the ideals of her savage people and her complete ignorance of the hollow forms of social pretense lay bare in her a fundamental womanliness and sanity which her piety and childlike love of God only serve to intensify, enhance, sublimate and etherealize. Her bodily comeliness, according to the standards of her people, was but a faint picture of that greater, interior beauty of the queen's daughter which makes her the proud boast of the rough children of the woods and swamps.

The story of Kateri's life has been told several times, but it needs to be told again in a very graphic fashion in

order to appeal arrestingly to a generation which has the movie mind and the tabloid temper. This we believe is the eminent mission of this stirring drama which, whilst welcoming on occasion the adventitious helps of the stage to bring out all its irresistible fascination, does not rely entirely or absolutely on them for a just appreciation of its great power and beauty. The author discovers from the start a subtle sympathy for the viewpoint of the Indian and a masterful understanding of the soul of Kateri, due not only to the fact that he professes the *nuova vita* which so charmed her heart, but also to the fact of a probable lineal descent from the tribe of the holy virgin. His wide acquaintance with Indian customs and history enable him to draw a background which is not artificially lurid in order to meet the requirements of the stage or screen but historically real, as the documents of Kateri Tekakwitha reveal. On the stage, where the presentation of this drama is rendered comparatively easy by reason of the simple devices and settings, it will go far to disabuse our minds of the false idea that the Indian character was not capable of the greatest spiritual heroism under the inspiration of the Church. In the home it will inspire our youth with the high ambition to fight as valiantly as Kateri for that pearl of great price which our present-day agencies of instruction and amusement seem bent on casting before the swine. May the Lily of the Mohawks, who grew to full beauty in the cold winds of a savage world's misunderstanding of purity, help our growing generation to remain lilies in the torrid air of a sensualistic world's misprizement of that same virtue.

THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P.

Washington, D. C.

May 5, 1932.

THE CHARACTERS

ONSSSENT, Father James de Lamberville, a Jesuit Missionary

AIADANE, Chief of the Turtle Clan, and Uncle of Tekakwitha

KRYN, the Great Mohawk, spokesman of the Turtles

TEKAKWITHA, a Princess of the Clan, adopted by her uncle
while very young.

TEEDAH, Chief's squaw

HIAWATHA, the Beloved One, founder of the Iroquois Con-
federacy

ATTONTINON }
GENNEA } Cousins of Tekakwitha

MINOWA

OCCUNA, the son of Chicatabutt, Chief of the Mohegan Bears

RONTAGHORA

HOT (GARONHIAGUE) ASHES }
KILWA } Mohawks Braves

ONONAWATA, Sorcerer of the Turtle Clan

AGNIE, Mynheer Hendrik van Cortland, a Dutch captive
from Fort Orange

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, Alida van Cortland, his daughter

TEKAKWITHA'S MOTHER

SQUAWS, BRAVES AND CHILDREN

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE: In the Castle of the Turtles at Caughnawaga on the north bank of the Mohawk River.

PROLOGUE

ACT I, SCENE I: Around the council fire, one evening in the late fall of 1674.

SCENE II: The next morning.

ACT II, SCENE I: Early morning, the following spring, 1675.

SCENE II: Later the same day.

ACT III: Early evening, one year later, 1676.

ACT IV: Wednesday of Holy Week, 1677.

Note: Musical Score, containing Love Call, War Dance, Bird Dance and Overture, may be obtained from the author upon making application for production.

PROLOGUE

After a preliminary beating of the Sorcerer's drum, just before the curtain rises, an Indian, attired in all the panoply of a Mohawk chieftain and warrior, comes before the curtain, accompanied by the Sorcerer, and to the low rhythmical beating of the drum chants the SONG OF TEKAKWITHA.

SONG OF TEKAKWITHA

(After Longfellow)

O my friends,
Hear the story of our forests,
Of our dense and trackless forests,
With its rivers, falls and rapids,
And its mountains, hills and valleys,
Wherein dwelt the savage natives,
Dwelt a proud and warlike people,
Dwelt six nations of the red men;—
Long before the white man sailed here,
Or your Pilgrim Fathers came here.
Of these people is our story,
Of the native Mohawk-Turtles,
Of their braves, and squaws and children,
In the vale of Caughnawaga,
By the high swift-falling rapids,
By the shores of the Great River;
Of their chieftain, Aiadane,
And the princess, Tekakwitha.
As of old sang Nawadaha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,

In the vale of Tawasentha,
I will sing of Tekakwitha;
How, like him, she prayed and fasted,
How she lived and toiled and suffered
That the Mohawk tribe might prosper,
That she might advance her nation.
I will tell you how she listened
For the voice of Rawenniyo
In the singing of the pine trees,
In the murmur of the waters,
In the humming of the night winds,—
How she chose Him for her lover,
And would sing to Him her love song.
All her secrets she would tell Him,
And for favors she would ask Him
For herself and for her people:
Peace for the lodge of Aiadane,
Happiness for all her people,
Only love for Tekakwitha,
And a seat beside the lodge-fire
In the lodge of the Great Spirit,
And His Mother, Maid in Blue.
This she asked Him, and He answered
In the singing of the pine trees,
In the murmur of the waters,
In the humming of the night winds,
In the notes of Wish-ton-wisha,
In the heart of Tekakwitha.
This our story of the forests,
Of the dense and trackless forests;
This our song of Tekakwitha,
Of the lily of the Mohawks,
Kateri, called, Tekakwitha.

KEY TO PRONOUNCING NAMES

ONSSSENT (Ons-sent)

AIADANE (A-ya-dan-ee)

KRYN (Krin)

TEEDAH (Tee-dah)

TEKAKWITHA (Teh-ga-kwi-ta)

HIAWATHA (Hi-a-wa-tha)

GENNEA (Gen-ne-a)

ATTONTINON (At-ton-ti-non)

MINOWA (Mi-no-wa)

OCCUNA (Oc-cu-na)

RONTAGHORA (Ron-ta-ghor-a)

KILWA (Kil-wa)

ONONAWATA (On-on-a-wa-ta)

AGNIE (An-yee)

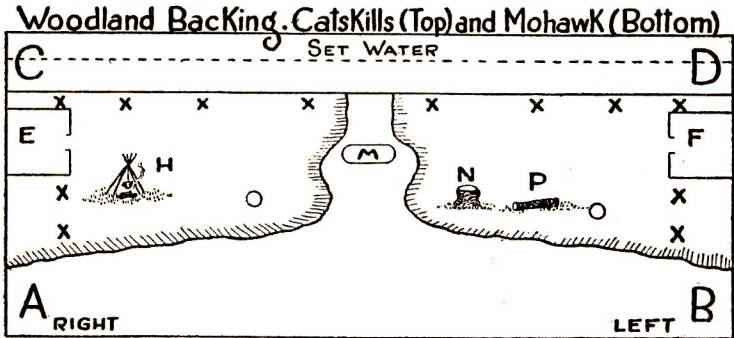
WAH-WAH-TAYSEE (Wah-Wah-Tay-see)

ONNONTIO (On-non-tio)

RAWENNIHO (Ra-wen-ni-yo)

OTKON (Ot-kon)

SCENE FOR ALL ACTS



A Mohawk Trail to Fort Orange. B Mohawk Trail to Village of Caughnawaga.

C Mohawk River to Fort Orange. D Mohawk River to the Rapids, and Village.

E Lodge of the Chief AIADANE. F Long House of the Turtle Tribe.

M A Large Birch Tree. N A Stump. P A Trunk of a Tree.

O O Grass.

H Camp Fire with Pot. X X X X X Trees—Pine, Elm, Oak, etc.

THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

ACT I

Scene I: It is late fall in the year of Our Lord sixteen hundred and seventy-four when the following episode takes place in the Castle of the Turtles at Caughnawaga on the north bank of the Mohawk River.

A council meeting of the Turtle Clan is in progress. It is night and all is in darkness save for the gathering about the fire in the center of the clearing. Leaping flames light up the faces of the Indians present and reveal an occasional glimpse of the dull lines of the surrounding forest.

For a moment before the rise of the curtain, there can be heard the low, pulse-like thrumming of the sorcerer's drum. A voice can be heard indistinctly. Then a slow curtain.

At the rise of the curtain, Father de Lamberville is addressing the council. It is apparent that he has been speaking for some time. He is a tall, thin man, dressed in the habitual black cassock of the Society of Jesus. In his left hand is a large crucifix. His attitude is that of a father and a religious. About the fire are two circles of Indians: that nearest the fire being braves, the other, directly behind, squaws and children. All sit, arms folded, listening attentively to the speaker. They are at once respectful and indifferent.

ONSENT [*pointing to the crucifix*] And so, brothers, in His name I have come to you. At His bidding, I have crossed the great waters, and have traveled many moons through the dense forests. It was a difficult journey. But I was pleased to do this that I might bring to my red brothers the message I have spoken to you; that I might

bring you words of love from the Great Spirit. I have come, as I have said, to teach you in what manner He would have you worship Him. I have brought you the Holy Book. Soon I will teach you the words of His prayer; and after a while I shall be pleased to pour upon your heads the Saving Waters, so that in the great hereafter you may all live happily with the Great Spirit, Who is your Father. I have come to wrest from your hands the hatchet of war, to bury it in the bottom of the river, where you can never find it more. You will abandon your barbarous habits, and I will teach you to live like men, to honor the Great Spirit. From this moment the Great Onnontio, Governor of Canada, forgets all of the past and is disposed to look upon you as his children, and to defend you from your enemies. I have finished, brothers. I would now have you speak your minds as openly as I have done.

[He returns to his seat. AIADANE rises in his place. He assumes an attitude proper to a Mohawk chieftain, looks slowly about.]

AIADANE [*with deliberation*]. Brother, today you have come among us. We are glad. We welcome you. You shall be our friend. You have said that you come as a messenger of the Great Spirit. We have not doubted your words, but we have made this council fire as you requested. It is for you. We have met around it that we might hear the message of peace you bring us from Onontio, and of love from the Great Spirit. Brother, you have spoken and we have listened with unstopped ears to all that you have said. Now you ask Indians to reply. We are pleased. We shall say what we think. We are many, so one shall speak the mind of all. [*Turning to KRYN.*] Kryn shall speak. [*Resumes his place at the fire.*]

KRYN [*holding his left hand over the heart, gesticulating with the right*]. Brother, I speak for my people. I speak as one man, for I speak their minds. Listen, brother, we have heard your voice and have thought upon what you have said. Now listen to me. You have told us that the Great Spirit sent you to us. We thank the Great Spirit for this. We think He must be the same Great Spirit, Who has been so kind to the red man in the past. He made this great island for us. He supplied it with venison that we might have food. He filled it with beavers, otter, bears and elk that we might have furs to protect us from the cold. All these things He has given us; and we are thankful to Him.

[*He pauses to note the effect of his words upon his listeners; then continues.*]

Listen, brother, we have offered Him our best wampum in thanksgiving; but you tell us we do not worship Him in the right way. You tell us that He will not love the Mohawks if they do not learn His prayer; that they cannot go to the land of the great hereafter where dwells this Great Spirit if they do not have the Saving Waters pour upon their heads. This we do not understand. It is not clear. Why should an Indian answer for the wrongdoings of a white man, who lived so many, many moons ago? Why should we accept the religion of the white man or learn his prayers, when we have a religion of our own, prayers of our own? You say that your way of worshipping the Great Spirit is the right way; ours is wrong way. How shall we know this is true? You have a Holy Book; in it is your religion. The red man thinks that if the Great Spirit, Who made us, had intended that we, too, have a Holy Book, He would have given us one. Brother, it may be as you say that the same Great Spirit made both the red man and the white man. But it is

evident that He did not give them the same religion. The white man worships from the book, calls the Great Spirit, "God," but he quarrels with his brother. The red man has no book. He has a religion handed down from his forefathers. He is proud of it. It teaches him to be grateful for all favors, to love each other and to be united. It is our religion. It is our way of worshipping the Great Spirit, Whom we call, not "God" as the white man, but "Tharonyawagon," the Great Spirit of the Hunting Ground. We pray to Him for the good we receive and are grateful for His favors. We pray to Otkon, the devil, to do us no harm and we offer him wampum, and he is pleased and does us no harm. Such is our religion, brother. Such the Great Spirit has seen fit to give to His red children. We thank Him and are satisfied. We want no other. We want to enjoy our own. Be not angry with us, brother. You asked to hear our minds, and you have heard them. I have spoken.

[He returns to his place by the fire. AIADANE rises.]

AIADANE *[kindly]*. Brother, you have heard the answer to your talk. May it have pleased you. It is all we have to say at present. At another time you shall talk to us and we shall be happy to listen and to consider again what you have said. I, Aiadane, say so. The council is at an end, brother. We leave you to the hospitality of the red man.

[All rise in their places, throw their right hands high above their heads and utter an inaudible oath to their Great Spirit. To the muffled beat of the drum, they march single file off left. ONSSSENT remains by the fire, holding his head in his hands. Slowly he rises to his knees, and with his eyes and hands raised supplicatingly towards heaven, prays:]

ONSSSENT. Forgive them, O God, for they know not what

they say. Give me the grace to teach them to know Thee and to love Thee.

[He sinks back into a sitting posture, and gazes steadily into the dying embers. He has not heard the soft footsteps of an Indian maiden, slowly approaching him from behind. She seems to come out of the darkness. About her person she wears a great shawl to conceal her identity. She comes on tip-toe, looking cautiously about as though fearing to be discovered. She touches his shoulder. He starts up, but is signed by the girl to be quiet.]

TEKAKWITHA *[looking towards the village]*. Good. All have gone. I can see no one. Does Onssent see any one?
ONSSENT *[a bit puzzled]*. No one. They have all gone to the village. But, my child, who are you? What do you want?

TEKAKWITHA *[removing her shawl]*. It is I, Tekakwitha. You do not remember?

ONSSENT. Oh, yes, yes, Tekakwitha. You are the daughter of the Chief, Aiadane, are you not? The Princess Tekakwitha?

TEKAKWITHA. I am she. You remember now. This morning

ONSSENT. Yes, I remember. Certainly. It was you who welcomed me to your father's cabin, who brought me water from the spring and gave me the bowl of sagamite.

TEKAKWITHA. Yes, it was I. I could see you must be very tired from your long journey, and that you needed food and rest. Father said you had come from a great distance. You seemed so thankful, I did not think

ONSSENT. Indeed, my child, I was thankful, and you did me a favor it is not easy to forget. Perhaps some day, Tekakwitha, I may be able to do something for you.

TEKAKWITHA *[quickly]*. No. No thanks, Onssent. He

Who made the forests and the streams was good. He has given us much. He would have us share with others. We are grateful to Him and we shall do as He wishes. That is right, Onssent?

ONSSSENT. That is splendid, my child. And I am sure He must be pleased. [*Pause.*] Then you know all about Him? Who told you?

TEKAKWITHA. Him? Whom does Onssent mean?

ONSSSENT. Why, God, of course. He Who made the forests and the streams. God.

TEKAKWITHA [*dubiously*]. God? What you say is not clear. I do not understand. Who is God?

ONSSSENT [*pointing to a place beside him at the fire*]. Come, Tekakwitha. Won't you sit here while I explain? [*She sits.*] Tell me, my child, to whom you are so grateful for the forests and the streams. Who is this one who has been so kind to your people?

TEKAKWITHA [*with confidence*]. Really, Onssent, I do not know. But He is some one who is strong. Some one who can do great things. He made these beautiful forests with its many, many deer and bears and buffalos. He made the swift-flowing streams and filled them with the pretty fish. He made the soil fertile and from it grow the sweet fruits and the pretty flowers. He is good. He is kind. He is always singing to me in my heart, "Be Happy." Oh, I love Him, Onssent, for these many gifts. My people say He is Sun who did it all. But that is not so, Onssent. Sun could not do these things. I know.

ONSSSENT. Tekakwitha, who do you think He is?

TEKAKWITHA. Tekakwitha does not know.

ONSSSENT. What do you call Him?

TEKAKWITHA. I call Him Rawennio! my Great Being!

ONSSSENT. [*Pause.*] Rawennio—Great Being, indeed. And you love this Rawennio, child?

TEKAKWITHA. With all my heart, Onssent.

ONSSENT. Do you ever pray to Him?

TEKAKWITHA [*simply*]. Oh, yes. Every morning while my people are yet asleep, I go far into the forest and sing my love song to Him. Then I talk to Him. I thank Him for His great gifts. I ask Him to make us be good Indians, be happy with each other. And Onssent, I know there is this Great Being, Who is not Sun, and that He hears me. For always when I ask Him words of question, the little birds chirp and I feel happy in my heart. [*Pause.*] That is a good prayer, Onssent?

ONSSENT. Yes, Tekakwitha, that is a very good prayer.

TEKAKWITHA. Then it must please Him, and I am glad.

I want to please Him—and my mother. I think she must be near Him. It happened long ago.

ONSSENT. Your mother, was she a Christian?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes. She was an Algonquin captive.

ONSSENT. Did she not pray to Rawennio, too?

TEKAKWITHA. I do not remember. I was so small when she went on the long journey.

ONSSENT. I think it must have been she who taught you to pray.

TEKAKWITHA. Yes, but secretly, for Aiadane forbade her.

When she made words of prayer, I would watch her.

Then I would run into the forest and pray. O, Onssent, she was so good. I want to be like her and the good Blackrobes who come to us from Onnontio.

ONSSENT. I am sure you will be, my child.

TEKAKWITHA. They were so good. [*Pause.*] Many times my mother was sad. She would cry when my father would not let her teach me the prayer. She would speak to the Blackrobe, then she would not cry any more and would be happy again. I remember that she told me

always to listen when a Blackrobe speaks, for he tells the truth. He has not a split tongue like the sorcerers. And I believe her for she never lied.

ONSSSENT. And you have always listened to the Blackrobes?

TEKAKWITHA. Always. But only twice have they come among us. When they would come, I would watch for them and remain with them, hearing all they said. Often I had words of question, but the Chief would say, "No, no. Tekakwitha must not ask the Blackrobe now. At another time," or "Ask Ononawata, the sorcerer. He can tell you. He knows." Then I was unhappy, for I felt Ononawata did not know and I would not ask him. Many seasons have passed since the last Blackrobe came to our castle. Often I prayed my mother to ask Rawenniio to send another Blackrobe. And when I saw you coming up the Great River, I knew that Rawenniio had sent you. Oh, I am so happy that you have come, Onsssent.

ONSSSENT. I understand. That explains your joy at seeing me.

TEKAKWITHA. I wished to listen once again to a Blackrobe's story of that Great Brave Who was nailed to the tree, and of His Mother, the Maid in Blue. All the Blackrobes know that story, do they not?

ONSSSENT. All of them. And very well.

TEKAKWITHA. Tonight at the council I heard your voice and listened. I did not understand all that you said. Soon I must ask you words of question. Onsssent will not refuse to answer? No?

ONSSSENT. No. I shall be glad to do what I can to help you, my child. You have only to ask.

[There is heard a sudden, low throbbing of a deep drum. The beat is soft and muted, as though it comes from a spirit drum; it is steady and monotonous. At first

like an echo, the volume increases gradually. The invisible drummer is approaching. The nearer he approaches, the more hollowed is the beat. At last he seems to be walking about the clearing. Then slowly he withdraws, the volume growing more faint, until it is barely audible and finally can be heard no longer. After a slight pause, the beating can be heard once more, but only for a moment, and again it recedes, until it seems that the drummer is doubling in his tracks.

ONSSENT, *who has been absorbed in deep thought, looks up. There is deep concern written on TEKAKWITHA'S face as she looks at him. She is struggling with herself.*]

ONSSENT. Is there anything wrong, my child? Why do you look so?

TEKAKWITHA. Oh, Onssent, I have been so selfish.

ONSSENT. Selfish, child? Nonsense. You have been very kind to me.

TEKAKWITHA. You do not understand. [*Supplicatingly.*]

O my Rawennio, please do not let them do it. Please, for Tekakwitha's sake!

ONSSENT. My child

TEKAKWITHA [*not hearing him*]. Oh, Rawennio!

[*She covers her face.*]

ONSSENT. Come, Tekakwitha. Will you not tell me what this is all about? Perhaps Onssent can help you. Come now.

TEKAKWITHA. I came to warn Onssent of danger and

ONSSENT. Danger?

TEKAKWITHA. And instead I have been very thoughtless.

I have spoken only about myself. I am sorry.

ONSSENT. You are forgiven, my child. I have enjoyed hearing you speak of yourself.

TEKAKWITHA. It was wrong. I know, for I heard the drum.

ONSSSENT. The drum? What drum?

TEKAKWITHA. It was not for Onssent to hear. He has done no wrong. Only they who are bad hear it. Tekakwitha heard it. When the Indians drink fire-water, they hear it. When they burn palefaces or have frolics, they hear it. It is a warning that they are bad Indians, that trouble will come soon. But I am forgetting

ONSSSENT. But what has my Tekakwitha done that is so bad? I do not have to be told that there is danger here. I knew that before I came.

TEKAKWITHA. Listen to me, Onssent. [*Pause.*] Before the council, Tekakwitha went at Teedah's bidding to fetch water from the spring. Near the spring she heard voices. She hid in the bushes and waited. Ononawata, the sorcerer was there and with him were two braves. They were speaking Onssent's name. This is what they were saying, "We have not had Blackrobes here for many seasons, and we have prospered. The hunt has been good, the streams full, and the harvest plentiful. We have been at peace with the paleface, with our brother Indians. We have been happy. It was not so when the Blackrobes were here before. It will not be so now that another has come. Soon there will be trouble. He has brought magic spirits with him. He will want to teach us the prayer, to pour the Saving Waters on our heads. That prayer is evil. The waters will do us no good. Sun will be angry with us, if we listen to him. To please Sun, he must go away, or burn, be sacrificed to Sun. If he stays among us, there will come quick death, famine, war; we shall be without food, we shall be cold, we shall be unhappy.

ONSSSENT. Such folly. Yet I suppose there are many of your people who believe it.

TEKAKWITHA. Many, Onssent. They believe all the sorcerer says. He does not like Blackrobes and will say nothing good.

ONSSSENT. Well, he may not interfere for a while and possibly I can win his friendship.

TEKAKWITHA. You are brave, Onssent. You are bold to think to win the friendship of Ononawata. You will change.

ONSSSENT. I must try.

TEKAKWITHA. But, Onssent . . . then one of the braves said that the Chief would hold a council this very night to welcome you.

ONSSSENT. What did the sorcerer say to that?

TEKAKWITHA. He said, "Aiadane fears war with the people of Onnontio. He must show kindness to the Blackrobe. He is chief. He must be very wise. But tonight, after the council of welcome, come to my lodge. I shall say Sun desires it so. We shall vote against this Blackrobe. He must leave. If he will not, then he must burn. Red man must teach these Frenchmen.

ONSSSENT. The old villain. [*A war-cry is heard from the village*]. I saw Ononawata this afternoon and talked with him. He seemed pleased at my coming.

TEKAKWITHA. But he was not. Do not believe him. Onssent. He has a split tongue.

ONSSSENT. You think, then, he will carry out his plan?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes. He does what he says. The others will fear to disobey him, for he says he is Sun's messenger.

ONSSSENT. He must not think he can get rid of me so easily. I have come to do the will of Him Who sent me.

TEKAKWITHA. Onssent, I have not finished. Before the sunset, I was sitting by the rippling waters, listening to their singing. There I heard another voice. It was like

my mother's voice, soft and kind. It said, "The Blackrobe must go. Ononawata will do him harm. Go, my little one. Warn him of Ononawata's plan." I have come.

ONSSSENT. I am very grateful for telling me. As I spoke tonight, there was not even a suspicion of treachery entered my mind.

TEKAKWITHA. I ran at once to tell you. You were at the lodge with Aiadane. I remembered the council here. I came with the others to listen to your voice.

ONSSSENT. I see.

TEKAKWITHA. I left with the others, hid in the bushes; and when all were gone. I returned. [*A loud war-cry. She is excited.*] Onsssent, you hear that! That is the war-cry. The council is over. Ononawata has won. Quick, Onsssent, you must leave. Tonight Huron captives are to burn, and maybe—. Go, please.

ONSSSENT. No, no, my child. They can do me no harm.

TEKAKWITHA. They can, Onsssent. They can burn you. Now they will drink the fire-water. After, they will be mad; and they are very wicked when they are mad. Will you not go?

ONSSSENT. Why I have only come and you would ask me to leave? I have much work to do here. No, Tekakwitha, I must remain.

TEKAKWITHA. You do not fear—?

ONSSSENT. I have no fears. I must not fear.

TEKAKWITHA. Even death at the stake?

ONSSSENT. Even death at the stake.

TEKAKWITHA. You are so brave, Onsssent. But—but—I fear you are not safe. And I have waited so long to listen to a Blackrobe, I must not let you fall into Sorcerer's treacherous plan.

ONSSSENT. Be brave, my child. You need not fear. I am not without my Protector. He will save me.

[*Another fierce cry rings out through the woods.*]

TEKAKWITHA. You will not go? You will not—?

ONSSSENT. Tekakwitha, please do not ask me more.

TEKAKWITHA. Then hide in yonder forest, down the trail.

I will fetch you food there. You will be safe. Yes?

ONSSSENT. Never. Would my little princess have Onsssent a coward?

TEKAKWITHA. Indian girls do not admire cowards.

ONSSSENT. Would you have me displease Rawenniio?

TEKAKWITHA. No.

ONSSSENT. Very well then. Say no more about going away or hiding. Were I to do either, I would be a coward and I would greatly displease Rawenniio.

TEKAKWITHA. I am sorry, Onsssent. I did not understand.

ONSSSENT. The Great Brave did not run for His life, when the Jews threatened to crucify Him. My brothers Jogues, Goupil and Lalemant did not flee from your people's torture and stake. Their blood has consecrated this very ground. Can I do less? No, a Black-robe does not flee from danger. [*Pause.*] I do not know the path through the woods. Will you show me to my lodge, Tekakwitha?

TEKAKWITHA. Let me first take you to Aiadane. He may yet save you, if he will. He is the chief—.

ONSSSENT. No. To my lodge. [*She hesitates.*] Must I try to find the way alone?

TEKAKWITHA. I will show you. [*They start off left. Then, suddenly.*] I know, Onsssent. I shall ask Aiadane to give you to me as my slave. He will do as I ask for he loves Tekakwitha dearly. No one can harm you then. How it will please my mother and per-

haps Rawenniio, too. You would be Tekakwitha's slave, Onssent?

ONSSENT. Yours and your peoples', gladly.

TEKAKWITHA. We shall go now to your lodge. It is near the longhouse. Come.

[*Exeunt left into the darkness.*]

CURTAIN

Scene II: The next morning. An atmosphere of spring is through the village. A bright sun gives life and warmth to the picture.

A large clearing on the north bank of the Mohawk about which has grown a strong village of the Mohawk-Iroquois Indians. At the back of the clearing placidly flows the Great River of the Mohawks. Just beyond, beginning almost at its very banks, is the dense forest, which covers completely the foothills of the stately Adirondacks. High above the tallest trees is plainly visible the august peak, Slide Mountain. To the front, and nearly parallel with the course of the river, runs the trail. There is a well-worn path, leading from this trail to the river bank. In the middle of the path, and at the point where the ground inclines terrace-like to meet the bank of the river, stands a large birch tree.

At the upper right, nearly hidden from view by the overhanging tree branches, can be seen one end of the Chief's lodge. It is a low, rude, oblong structure, made wholly of bark. In the center of the visible end, there is a door, from the top of which there is fastened on the inside a large skin as a protection against the weather. Because the weather is good, it is thrown back against the side of the house and held there by means of a birch pole.

At the upper left, and like the chief's house, partly hidden by trees, can be seen the longhouse of the Turtles. It is low,

rude and made of bark. The door covering here also is thrown back and fastened.

Left center, there is a tree stump; near it the trunk of the tree with the branches removed. Right center, three long poles support a large black kettle at the end of a chain. There is wood beneath the kettle, but no fire. Under the trees and rear of the houses there are patches of grass. On the South bank, the pine trees and bushes afford a place of hiding.

At the rise, TEKAKWITHA is seated upon the stump, left center, beading a wampum belt. She wears a fine doe-skin blouse, ornamented with a fringe and small beads, which is met at the waist by a neat, well-trimmed, scarlet petticoat, reaching to the knees. Beneath this, she wears rich beaded leggings, and well-fitted moccasins. In her hair, which has been oiled and neatly plaited, she has placed three red-bird feathers. She has shell bracelets about her wrists, and around her neck are long chains of white beads. She seems very happy. Near her on the trunk of the tree, sits AIADANE, the chieftain, lazily smoking a long Indian pipe. He draws whiff after whiff and sends it slowly into the air. He is dressed in the regal plumage of his state.

TEKAKWITHA [*laughing merrily*]. He looks like that! The God of the Black-robe? So very funny?

AIADANE [*with gestures*]. Like that. Big head . . . flat nose . . . feet thus. He spits fire whenever He talks. Yes. Ononawata says so. And it must be true. Ononawata knows.

TEKAKWITHA. Ha! Ononawata says so, my father? Who told him so much?

AIADANE [*after a long puff*]. He has had a dream. He saw this God of the paleface. He looked like that. Huh!

TEKAKWITHA. I do not believe it. I think Ononawata lies.

AIADANE [*a bit sternly*]. Careful, daughter. You know the sorcerer has much power. He says he has had a dream about the paleface God. It must be so, for he has spoken. Let it be thus.

TEKAKWITHA. Truly, he may have had a dream; but after drinking so much fire-water last night, I think he saw Okton, the devil. He must look so.

AIADANE [*reproving*]. Tekakwitha has little sense to speak thus. She will make the devil angry.

TEKAKWITHA. Otkon, the devil, makes Tekakwitha angry for giving her people such evil thoughts.

AIADANE. Huh!

TEKAKWITHA. Let Ononawata dream. He can no longer harm Onssent. He is Tekakwitha's slave. Has not my father given him to me? Only I can torture him now. And Rawennio forbid!

AIADANE [*musings*]. Huh! Aiadane may not have given wisely.

TEKAKWITHA. My father has been very kind to Tekakwitha. He has given her a willing slave to help her. She is grateful for this.

AIADANE. Huh! [*after a long puff*]. Remember, daughter, you must make the slave work . . . like squaw. No drones in Aiadane's lodge. Remember.

[*While they were speaking. Teedah, the chief's squaw, comes from the lodge, places an earthen bowl beside the door and disappears again into the lodge.*]

TEKAKWITHA. I will remember that he is my slave. And you remember. [*Pause.*] Has my father ever listened to the words of Onssent? He speaks so kindly.

AIADANE [*with surprise*]. I . . . Chief Aiadane . . . listen to the words of a slave? No. He speaks much. Says little.

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly*]. Ah, my father, he speaks words of wisdom.

AIADANE [*pointedly*]. Huh! Words of wisdom? Aiadane has heard none.

TEKAKWITHA. But Aiadane will not listen while he speaks. Who could hear, if he will not?

AIADANE. Then tell me, my lily, what he says.

TEKAKWITHA. He has told us, O my father, the story of the Great Brave, Who lived many, many years ago. How He was nailed to a tree by His own people, when He spoke to them the love words of His Father, the Great Spirit. It was His Father's love for us that sent Him; it was His love for us that killed Him, and left His Mother, Maid in Blue, to sing His lamentation.

AIADANE [*thoughtfully*]. His Father . . . Great Spirit?

TEKAKWITHA. Onssent has said it.

AIADANE [*doubtfully*]. Huh! [*Pause.*] Great Spirit sent His Son to paleface.

TEKAKWITHA. Onssent says He was sent to the red man also.

AIADANE. Huh! Let His Son be killed for us?

TEKAKWITHA. For us, my father. Truly.

AIADANE. Huh! And this same Great Spirit made the sun, moon, stars . . . ?

TEKAKWITHA. Everything.

AIADANE. Huh! What does Onssent call these Gods of the paleface?

TEKAKWITHA. He calls the Great Spirit, Who is the Father, God.

AIADANE. Huh! His Son . . . what?

TEKAKWITHA. He is called Jesus Christ.

AIADANE. Huh! Aiadane has heard that name before. He came to love the paleface, not the red man. He is

God of the paleface only. Do not believe such words, little one. They are not true.

TEKAKWITHA. But Onssent would not lie.

AIADANE [*as if persuading himself*]. They are not true.

TEKAKWITHA. To whom, then, did my mother pray? Was it not the God of the paleface . . . of the blackrobes?

AIADANE. She was an Algonquin captive. Algonquins had no sense. They prayed to the white man's God. They were not wise. Your mother was like them . . . very foolish. She would not pray to the Great Spirit of the Mohawks. Had Saving Waters poured on her head. Very foolish. She made Sun angry. He sent her the quick death and she has gone to the heaven of the paleface, where they torture Indians forever. It was not wise. Ononawata tells me she is not happy.

TEKAKWITHA. That is not so. I know she must be happy. Onssent says so. Ononawata cannot tell the truth. He has a split tongue. I hate him.

[*There is a moment of silence. AIADANE sits puffing away meditatively. TEKAKWITHA is not beading now, she sits there in deep concern. TEEDAH comes from the lodge and exits down the trail, left, towards the village.*]

TEKAKWITHA. O my father, so many Gods! The blackrobes have a God; the palefaces have a God. My mother had a God. And Mohawks have many Gods. I do not understand. Which of these Gods made the red man, made this great island for him, filled the forests and the streams with food for him, and gave him so many things. I think it was none of these, but Rawenniio.

AIADANE [*proudly*]. No. It was not Rawenniio, as you call Him, but Tharonyawagon, the God of the Mohawks . . . the God of your people.

TEKAKWITHA [*considering*]. The God of the Mohawks is

a strange God. No one seems to care for Him. Who prays to Him? Who loves Him? Who offers Him wampum. All Mohawks sacrifice to Sun, and to Otkon the devil. They worship not in gratitude, as the Black-robos do, but in fear.

AIADANE. Listen, my daughter, my lily of the forest, and I will tell you. [*Pause.*] Always the Mohawks had two Gods, Tharonyawagon, the Great Spirit, keeper of the hunting ground of the hereafter, and Otkon, the devil. They do not pray to Tharonyawagon, for He is good, and will do them no harm. They pray to Otkon, for He is wicked, and when angry with the red man does much harm. Sometimes Mohawks pray to Sun, who is the slave of Otkon, the devil, and will lie to him about the Mohawks, if they refuse to offer him wampum. While we please Sun, we are happy. [*Pause.*] Once Mohawks made Sun very angry. They listened to the words of one, who said he was a prophet. Like Onssent, he was sent by some Great Spirit. All about him there was magic. Always he prayed . . . would eat little . . . would sleep little; strange life he lived. He was wise, very wise, and by his words of wisdom joined all our peoples into the Great Peace, the Iroquois nation. He made us a mighty nation, a strong people. We thank him. His name was great among the red men. [*Pause.*] So has Nawadaha, the singer, told me, when I went to Tawasentha. Soon came the time for his departure, back to the land of the Great Spirit, to the land of the hereafter. All his people gathered near him, bidding him a last farewell.

[The lights dim out. The curtain is not lowered. After a moment the lights come up bright again, revealing a scene at the same place fifty years earlier. It is sunset on a late

summer afternoon. The sun, from its position behind a heavy cloud, lights up the back stage, leaving the forward stage under the heavy shadow of the trees. Near the bank are gathered many braves, squaws and children. Some are sitting, others standing. They are listening to the words of Hiawatha. He is standing on the bank, near the river. He is tall, erect, commanding, a beautiful type of Indian manhood. He wears the rich dress of a chieftain. the plumage of his headdress falling to his heels. Across his back is slung a large quiver of arrows. He holds a bow in his left hand. On the bank is a birch canoe. The light has been wholly spectral, dimming from the mysterious blue enveloping the person of Hiawatha to the ruddy red and semi-darkness about the listeners. He speaks slowly and solemnly, as one chanting, while an Indian near him beats softly on a drum. The whole scene is like a vision.]

HIAWATHA. I am going, O my people, on a long and distant journey. I am going to the land of the hereafter, to the land of the Great Spirit, to the home where dwells my Father, the Father of my people. It is a land of peace and plenty, a land of happiness and joy for the braves and squaws and children, who have listened to the warning, to the promises and the counsels of the Great Spirit. Now I am going from you, to live in that far country; but always will I see you, and plead and labor for you. Forget not what I've told you of the Father's love for red men, of the happiness in waiting for His children. Stay you here, O my people, in the lodge of Hiawatha. May you keep the bond of union, and the pledge of peace among you; in love may you live and labor with your fellow red men, until the sun no longer shines and the stream no longer runs. Peace and happiness forever in

the lodge of Hiawatha. Farewell, O noble red men, farewell, O my people.

[Entering the canoe, which another Indian has pushed from the bank, he places his bow in the bottom, then kneels and paddles slowly up the river. He waves a last farewell, and passes from sight. The lights fade out. When the lights come up bright, AIADANE and TEKAKWITHA are discovered as before.]

AIADANE. For many moons he was remembered. Peace and happiness filled our people.

TEKAKWITHA. It is a strange and simple story.

AIADANE. Now . . . only a story . . . nothing more. No longer is he heard of. His words and deeds alike have been forgotten by the red man.

TEKAKWITHA. Forgot the one who brought them peace and happiness? Were their hearts so cold?

AIADANE. White man came to our island. He brought with him fire-water and the thunder-stick. He gave these to the red man. He taught them how to use them. They have been a curse upon our people. For these has he traded peace and happiness. Thus did Sun punish the red man. Huh!

TEKAKWITHA. But, my father, did not Hiawatha watch over his people?

AIADANE. Huh! Who shall say?

TEKAKWITHA. What had been his warning?

AIADANE. Who pleased the Great Spirit would feel in his heart the joy of the singing thrush; who angered Him would know not peace, for his mind would be troubled like the skin of a beaten drum.

TEKAKWITHA *[to herself]*. . . . Like the skin of a beaten drum!

AIADANE. With the fire-water and thunder-sticks of the

paleface came the quick death and war and famine. This angered our people. Hiawatha should have helped them. Never more did they pray; never more gave him wampum. They sacrificed to Sun. Then again came peace and comfort. Now always it is Sun, never Hiawatha. Huh!

TEKAKWITHA. But for you, my father, I would not know him. No one ever speaks of Hiawatha.

AIADANE. None but the singer, Nawadaha, in the vale of Tawasentha. Now it is but a story. Maybe never true. Such is my belief.

TEKAKWITHA. Often has Tekakwitha seen her father sacrifice to Sun. Never has she seen him pray.

AIADANE. Huh! I do not pray. Only squaws pray . . . and fools.

TEKAKWITHA. Ononawata has told you that?

AIADANE. No. Chief's brain has told him.

TEKAKWITHA. Would his heart have told him so? [*Pause.*] When we walk at sunset, father, let us go to the good Blackrobe. He will tell us of the Great Brave, Who does so love the red man.

AIADANE [*sternly*]. No. I care not for that Great Brave. I am the chieftain of my people. Who is their God, is my God.

[*AIADANE seems a bit disturbed. He looks nervously about.*]

TEKAKWITHA. What is it? Is Aiadane troubled?

AIADANE. It is nothing . . . nothing.

[*TEEDAH enters from the left. She is carrying a bundle of wood in a burden-strap. After placing the wood near the fire, she stands before AIADANE.*]

AIADANE. What does the squaw wish?

TEEDAH. Onssent says, "Tell Aiadane to come to my lodge."

AIADANE [*with irritation*]. Huh! Tell Onssent, if he would speak with Aiadane, he must come here. [*Considering.*]

No, I will go. Squaw may leave now.

[*Looks inquiringly in the direction of the village.*]

AIADANE. Huh! Onssent wishes to see Aiadane. [*To Tekakwitha.*] You know why?

TEKAKWITHA. No.

AIADANE. Huh!

[*He starts left, hesitates a moment, then turns to go to the village. TEKAKWITHA has been watching him.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*Excitedly*]. Tekakwitha will go with Aiadane.

AIADANE [*decisively*]. No. She must stay.

TEKAKWITHA. Why?

AIADANE. Because Aiadane wishes it. He will go alone. Huh!

[*Exits off left. TEKAKWITHA watches him. Once out of sight, she hastens to the river bank, enters the canoe there and paddles swiftly off left.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene I: Same as Act I, Scene II, one year later. TEKAKWITHA is sewing plumage to a brave's headdress. She seems very happy, laughing merrily to herself while she works. There is heard the golden chime of a bird in a near-by tree, calling to its mate. TEKAKWITHA smiles and imitates the bird call. TEEDAH comes from the chief's lodge, places more wood on the fire, stirs the sagamite in the kettle, and returns to the lodge. TEKAKWITHA listens. She hears the soft, sweet strains of a flute, playing an Indian love call. It seems to please her. She hums the melody for a moment, and then sings the Mohawk Love Call.

TEKAKWITHA [*singing, as if to one very near*]:

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Sweet as the music of the pine tree,
Soft as the ripple on the water,
Clear as the lark's sweet song, and lovely,
Tender as the winds in merry laughter,
Voice of my love, my lover true,
Always do I listen for you.
When you shall come in bark canoe,
You shall find me waiting for you.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Hear my voice, love, 'tis calling you,
It is I, love, your lover true.
Bright stars are shining,
Soft due is falling,
My heart is pining,

As I am calling,
For you, my love, for you.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

My little breath, love, my little heart,
Has been pierced, love, by lover's dart,
When I am sleeping,
When I am waking,
My soul is weeping,
My heart is aching,
For you, my love, for you.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

Ooh-oo-oo-oo.

When will you answer my love call?
Or have you heard me not at all?
You are my lover,
My song is for you,
I wait an answer,
Come echoing true,
From you, my love, from you.

[As she sings, the flute player seems to be drawing nearer. A canoe comes slowly into view. It is headed upstream, left. In it is a young brave, who holds in his hand a reed, fashioned into a flute. He is playing the Mohawk Love Call. His dress is the outlandish, but picturesque, adornment of a lover. Eagerly he looks to where TEKAKWITHA is seated, stops playing, smiles, then resumes the melody. He passes off left. As she finishes the song, enter GENNEA, ATTONTINON and MINOWA, Indian maidens, cousins to TEKAKWITHA. They are all about her own age. On their shoulders they are carrying ollas, for they are going to the spring for water.]

GENNEA [*merrily*]. Here she is. I told you. [*To Tekakwitha.*] So it was our little princess?

ATTONTINON [*laughingly*]. Ah! Who would have said it?

MINOWA [*laughingly*]. Oh, I am not surprised.

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly*]. Welcome, sisters. You are going to fetch water from the spring? Wait, I shall go with you. I have almost finished this headdress.

ATTONTINON. What does this mean, Tekakwitha? Is our princess becoming lax?

TEKAKWITHA. You puzzle me. What is it you are saying?

GENNEA. And all this time we have been thinking

ATTONTINON. Sisters, she who sings the love song, while she is making a brave's headdress

MINOWA. And blushes when surprised and discovered

GENNEA. Must have a lover.

ATTONTINON. Who will deny it?

TEKAKWITHA. Tekakwitha will deny it. You are mistaken.

MINOWA. Mistaken?

GENNEA. We heard the love song.

ATTONTINON. We heard the lover's flute.

MINOWA. We heard Tekakwitha's voice singing to him.

TEKAKWITHA. Did you see the flute-player?

ALL [*together*]. We did.

TEKAKWITHA. Yes? I did not see him. The music came from far away, from the depths of the forest. Where were you?

MINOWA [*pointing off left*]. There in the bushes. We saw him pass down the river. How glorious a lover?

TEKAKWITHA. But I saw no one. I heard the music. I was happy. I sang. That is all.

ATTONTINON. All? What made our Tekakwitha so happy? Lovers make the maiden happy.

MINOWA. Come, tell us who he is.

TEKAKWITHA. Who?

ATTONTINON. He who played the flute for you.

GENNEA. He who made you happy. Is it Onssent?

MINOWA. What? Onssent is her lover? Our princess loves a paleface?

ATTONTINON. It is not he, for who could love a Blackrobe?

TEKAKWITHA. You know well, sisters, Onssent does not play a flute. He does not woo Indian maidens.

GENNEA. Then it must have been Occuna.

ATTONTINON. Tekakwitha, was it Occuna? You sang to Occuna?

TEKAKWITHA. I saw no one. I sang to no one.

MINOWA [*with mimetic gestures*]. Occuna, the beautiful Mohegan. Who has seen him and has not marveled at his beauty? He is tall and towering like the oak. He has the eye of an eagle. He is strong like the wild-cat and swift like the panther. In war he is brave; on the hunt he is successful. On the war-path his war-cry is shrill; his aim is unfailing. As a lover his voice is soft and low as the murmuring pine trees; his manner gentle and kind as the fawn's.

GENNEA. How glorious a lover!

ATTONTINON. Last night there was a frolic. He was there. Four victims were tortured and burned at the stake. Two he had taken in battle. Tekakwitha should have come. She would have swelled with pride at the sight of Occuna torturing his victims. He was the hero of the feast. What maiden would not wish him to smile at her?

TEKAKWITHA. Occuna is brave. But he is also cruel. I do not like him. Never could I sing my love song to him.

MINOWA. To whom, then, were you singing?

ATTONTINON. Do not say, "no one." There is always a lover to hear. We know.

TEKAKWITHA [*in pretty confusion*]. Very well, I have a lover. I sang to Him. And I hope He heard me.

MINOWA. I knew it.

GENNEA. Quickly tell us who he is? Do I know him?

TEKAKWITHA. No, I think you do not know Him! He is not known to many of our people. [*With enthusiasm.*] My lover is a powerful chieftain. His lodge is large and beautiful. In it there is always peace and contentment, warmth and happiness. About it roam the animals of the forest, the deer, the elk, the buffalo, and the turkey. His streams are crystal-like and abound with fish. His kingdom is very great and His tribesmen numerous. He is kind, generous, and tender with his love. I love Him. I sang my love song to Him. So.

ATTONTINON. What is his name?

GENNEA. What is his tribe?

MINOWA. Who are His friends?

ATTONTINON. Come, Tekakwitha, tell us Who is this brave One.

TEKAKWITHA. I do not know His name.

MINOWA. You do not know His name? The name of your lover? [*All laugh.*]

TEKAKWITHA. I do not know. I have not heard it.

GENNEA. And His tribe?

TEKAKWITHA. I do not know.

ATTONTINON. Where have you seen this warrior whom you call your lover?

TEKAKWITHA. I have not seen Him as I see you. But my mind has seen Him in the trees, in the flowers, in the brook, in the happiness of my people.

MINOWA. Such a lover! If He never comes to you . . .

TEKAKWITHA. But He does come to me. Like the air, I feel Him always near me.

GENNEA [*mischievously*]. And does This One speak His words of love to you?

TEKAKWITHA. Often He speaks to me. I go far into the forest. I talk with Him, and He answers in the singing of the pine trees, in the murmur of the waters, in the humming of the night winds, in the joyful laughter of Wish-ton-wish, the hermit thrush. That is all He ever says, but I understand Him.

MINOWA. What do you call this nameless One?

TEKAKWITHA. I call Him, Rawennio! Is that not a good name for Him?

ALL. Rawennio! Great Being! What a name! [*They look at one another and break into laughter. Tekakwitha is embarrassed.*]

MINOWA. Will Rawennio take you to His lodge?

TEKAKWITHA. Some day, I hope. Some day soon.

GENNEA. He must be beautiful, this invisible lover . . . this Great Being!

[*The soft strains of a reed flute are heard playing a bird dance. TEKAKWITHA seizes the opportunity to remove the chance of further embarrassment.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*laying aside the headdress*]. Someone plays the dance of the Bluebird. Let us dance.

[*All rise to the dance. Each maiden takes the feathers from her hair and holds them, one in each hand. They dance the bird dance. The movement is repressed, the steps at times mincing; the hands are used as pinions. The dance over, all clap their hands in merriment.*]

MINOWA. Come sisters, we must hurry to the spring for the water. Too long has Tekakwitha delayed us with stories of her lover. Come.

[*They pick up their ollas, place them upon their shoulders, and exeunt right to the spring.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*calling after them*]. Wait. I will go with you.

[*She goes quickly to the chief's lodge, returning at once with an olla on her shoulder. Exits right to the spring. TEEDAH comes from the lodge, carrying an earthen bowl and a small stool. She sits at the right of the lodge door and begins to pour into the meal the corn which is in the bowl. OCCUNA approaches the bank of the river in his canoe, from the left. He looks cautiously about, lands, places his paddle against the birch tree.*]

TEEDAH [*looking up from her work*]. Occuna!

OCCUNA [*kindly*]. Teedah! Sago!

[*TEEDAH continues with her work. OCCUNA looks anxiously about.*]

OCCUNA. Teedah, where is . . . ? [*Impatiently.*] Teedah, squaw, look into my face. Where is Aiadane?

TEEDAH [*passively*]. At the village.

OCCUNA. Onssent?

TEEDAH. At the village.

OCCUNA [*brightly*]. Good! Now . . . Tekakwitha? The princess . . . beautiful princess. Where is she?

TEEDAH [*slyly*]. At the spring.

[*He glances, smiling, in the direction of the spring. Runs quickly back to his canoe, returning with the reed pipe in his hand. TEEDAH, pretending to work, has observed carefully, and with satisfaction. He hurries towards the spring, off right.*]

TEEDAH [*detaining him*]. Occuna!

OCCUNA [*impatient to be gone*]. Yes! What does Teedah wish?

TEEDAH [*as one unconcerned*]. Occuna loves Tekakwitha?

OCCUNA [*ardently*]. Occuna loves Tekakwitha. As deeply as an Indian heart can love a maiden, so does Occuna love her.

TEEDAH. She will make a good squaw for Occuna.

OCCUNA. Occuna knows. [*Looking towards the spring*].

Good. I must go now and play for her the yearnings of my heart.

TEEDAH [*quickly*]. No. Wait. Occuna, Teedah has more words for you to hear.

[*She enters the lodge, returning with another small stool, which she places to the right of her own.*]

TEEDAH [*kindly*]. Yes?

[*As she indicates she wishes him to be seated.*]

OCCUNA [*impatiently*]. Another time, Teedah. When Occuna has

TEEDAH. Not for long. I promise.

OCCUNA. Good. [*Sits reluctantly, as he looks eagerly towards the spring.*]

TEEDAH [*reminiscently*]. Occuna has been here a long time.

OCCUNA. So. Since the time of the Great Moon. Yes. Good.

TEEDAH [*continuing to pound the meal*]. A long time and yet he has taken no squaw.

OCCUNA. No squaw yet, but soon now. Good.

TEEDAH [*sharply*]. No, not so good. You are slow, Occuna. You shall grow old and be without a squaw and a happy home.

OCCUNA [*listening more intently to the laughter of the maidens at the spring than to TEEDAH*]. Good.

TEEDAH [*impatiently*]. Good? Is it good for a brave to be forsaken in his old age?

OCCUNA. No, it is bad.

TEEDAH. Yes, very bad. So beautiful a brave should not be so long in getting a squaw.

OCCUNA [*flattered*]. Teedah thinks Occuna beautiful? [*She nods.*] Good.

TEEDAH. What maiden is so senseless as not to delight in so strong and beautiful a brave for her husband? Who would dare to refuse you?

OCCUNA. Tekakwitha.

TEEDAH. Has Occuna asked her to come to his lodge as his wife?

OCCUNA. No.

TEEDAH [*exasperated*]. Fool! Teedah did not think Chicatabutt's son so stupid.

OCCUNA [*explaining*]. When Occuna plays the love song for her, she stops her ears; when he wishes to speak with her, she runs away from him. So.

TEEDAH. Always Tekakwitha acts so. Never will she learn. But this must not discourage Occuna.

OCCUNA. It can not. He will play his love song while his breath lasts. If only she would listen

TEEDAH. There are other squaws who would listen.

OCCUNA. Occuna could have many other squaws. No trouble. He would burn them if they refused him. But he does not want other squaws. Only Tekakwitha.

TEEDAH [*pleased*]. That is right, Occuna. You are a wise Indian.

OCCUNA. Tekakwitha is not a squaw merely. She is the princess of her people.

TEEDAH. Daughter of Chief Aiadane.

OCCUNA. A princess can choose her brave. I know.

TEEDAH. Occuna must not lose heart. Tekakwitha is very shy very bashful not used to the company of young braves. Often she has said she cares not for any brave. She is the chief's daughter, and who can force her. Yet some one she loves, I know. I have heard her sing the love song. I have heard her speak of some one's beauty before the chief, her father. That is

unusual. Never does she remark the beauty of Mohawk braves. [*Pause, then slyly*]: Perhaps she speaks of Occuna. Who knows?

OCCUNA [*excitedly*]. Teedah speaks truly?

TEEDAH. So.

OCCUNA [*encouraged*]. Good. Occuna shall be patient with Tekakwitha.

TEEDAH. She is slow. Wait not for her. Great is her love for Aiadane. She does nothing that will displease him. Go to him, Occuna. In some way make him grateful to you and then ask for Tekakwitha for your squaw. He will not refuse. She will then be yours.

OCCUNA. Good. But how shall Occuna do this? What great deed can he do for Aiadane which shall merit such gratitude. As dear as the breath of his nostrils, is Tekakwitha to the heart of Aiadane. It seems too much

TEEDAH. Listen to me, faint-heart. If Occuna marries Tekakwitha, he must live in the lodge of her father. That is the custom among our people.

OCCUNA. I know.

TEEDAH. He, who dwells in the lodge of Aiadane, must be a good hunter, a good provider, or he will not stay. Our chieftain, according to Mohawk custom, has given many gifts, and he is now poor. You are a great hunter. Go you into the forest and bring down with your arrow food for his larder and skins for his clothing, furs to trade for wampum with the Broadbreeches at the Fort. Aiadane is poor. He has no peace offering to send to Occuna's people.

OCCUNA [*with surprise*]. Teedah knows what she says is true?

TEEDAH. It is true. Aiadane has said so.

OCCUNA [*with deep concern*]. So. And thus has he delayed my return.

TEEDAH. Always Aiadane hoped to see you depart to your people, but he could not let you go without a suitable offering to your father. [*Pause.*] Occuna would **not** return without wampum, without gifts?

OCCUNA [*with determination*]. Never. Chicatabutt must never know that Aiadane is so poor. Never. It would not be well for Occuna. It would not be well for Aiadane. Chicatabutt, my father, must not hear.

TEEDAH [*watching the effect of her words*]. He shall not know, Occuna. He shall not know, if you do as Teedah instructs you.

OCCUNA [*eagerly*]. What shall I do? Speak.

TEEDAH. Then go you into the forest and bring down with your arrow furs to trade for wampum with the paleface, furs to carry as presents to your people. You will please Aiadane. You will make him your debtor. And Aiadane is never outdone in generosity. Occuna understands?

OCCUNA [*studying TEEDAH's face*]. Yes, Occuna understands. [*Pause.*] Good. Teedah speaks wisely. I shall do as she says. Occuna thanks squaw.

[*There is heard laughter coming from the spring. OCCUNA jumps to his feet. Looks impatiently in the direction of the spring.*]

OCCUNA [*excitedly*]. Ah! her voice. Occuna must hurry now to the spring. He must play his love song for Tekakwitha.

TEEDAH. Go to her, great brave. Play again for her your love song. If she will not listen, then do as Teedah says.

OCCUNA. I will go. I will play the love song of her people. May she sing once more with her voice of the rippling waters.

[*Exits hurriedly off right. There is a smile of satisfaction on TEEDAH's countenance as she watches him on his way to the spring. She returns to her work of pounding the meal. Music of the Love Song is heard from the spring. She rises and goes quickly to the trail, shades her eyes with her right hand and simulates seeing the maidens drawing water at the spring with OCCUNA near them playing his flute. She is smiling as she picks up her bowl and enters the lodge. She is placing more fagots in the fire, when a scream is heard, the music ceasing abruptly. She looks up in astonishment. TEKAKWITHA enters, running. She is evidently in distress as she goes to the stump and resumes work on the headdress. Enter the other maidens laughing, followed by OCCUNA, who is suppressing his anger at being laughed at.*]

TEEDAH. Daughter! Why do you run? The water, where is it?

TEKAKWITHA [*without looking up*]. It is at the spring.

TEEDAH [*looking inquiringly at the others*]. What has . . . why do you laugh?

ALL [*laughing and pointing to TEKAKWITHA*]. Ask Tekakwitha. She knows.

[*Exeunt, left.*]

TEEDAH [*seeing OCCUNA with olla upon his shoulder*].

Occuna! [*As if surprised.*] What does this mean?

OCCUNA. Tekakwitha forgot water. Occuna brings it for her.

TEEDAH [*slyly*]. Teedah understands. Lover's excuse. Tekakwitha did not forget. She wished Occuna to carry it. [*Goes to him and takes the olla.*]

[*To OCCUNA.*] She would not listen? [*He nods.*] Then try no more. Go, as I have said. Come not back to the lodge of Aiadane until your quiver is empty and your

shoulders weighed down with the game you shall kill on the hunt. Go. [*Goes towards the lodge door.*]

[OCCUNA stands looking at TEKAKWITHA. He is undecided. From the door, TEEDAH pantomimes to him to be gone. He starts for the river, running. He hesitates. TEEDAH is watching him. He looks once again at TEKAKWITHA, decides to try once more. He approaches her slowly, and somewhat sullenly. TEEDAH registers disgust, and enters the lodge.]

OCCUNA [*bowing before her*]. Once again Occuna, the noble Mohegan, offers his love to the beautiful princess of the Turtles.

[TEKAKWITHA continues her work on the headdress. OCCUNA sits near her, on the tree trunk. Slowly he plays the love song. When she does not notice him, he stops playing.]

OCCUNA [*kindly*]. Will not Tekakwitha sing the love song for Occuna? [*Angrily, when she does not answer.*]

Squaw, look into my face.

TEKAKWITHA [*indifferently*]. Well, I am looking.

OCCUNA. Did you not hear the sweet music of my flute? The love song?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes.

OCCUNA. I played it for my love.

TEKAKWITHA [*working*]. Then you love someone?

OCCUNA [*ardently*]. I love a beautiful princess. [*Pause.*]

Tekakwitha sang the love song once. Will she not do so again, for Occuna?

TEKAKWITHA. If Tekakwitha sang, Occuna would have heard her.

OCCUNA. Occuna did hear [*pointing to the river*] from his canoe.

TEKAKWITHA [*as one disappointed*]. Then it was you!

OCCUNA. And Tekakwitha who sang. Occuna knows.

TEKAKWITHA [*after a pause*]. Yes, I sang the love song to my love.

OCCUNA [*with satisfaction*]. Ah! to your love! [*He kneels on one knee beside her, in adoration.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*dreamily*]. My love is like the sturdy oak.

OCCUNA [*proudly*]. Occuna is the tallest of his nation.

TEKAKWITHA. My love is a mighty warrior.

OCCUNA. I have buried my tomahawk in the skull of my enemies. I am brave.

TEKAKWITHA. My love is everywhere.

OCCUNA. The fleet deer has never escaped my arrow, nor the beaver ever eluded my chase.

TEKAKWITHA. My lover's lodge is large and wonderful; His people numerous and strong.

OCCUNA. Who has seen Occuna's lodge and has not marveled? What nation is mightier than the Mohegans?

TEKAKWITHA. My lover is a mighty chieftain, who has . . .

OCCUNA [*interrupting*]. No, not yet, Tekakwitha. Occuna is not yet a chieftain. [*TEEDAH is observing from the door of the lodge.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*reprovingly*]. No? Has Tekakwitha said so?

OCCUNA [*disturbed*]. She has said her lover is a great brave, mighty on the chase. Good. That is true. She says he is a chieftain. That is not so.

TEKAKWITHA [*mockingly*]. Not true? Should Tekakwitha not know if her lover is a chieftain?

OCCUNA. But Occuna is not a chieftain. His father yet lives.

TEKAKWITHA [*playfully*]. True, you have not the wise

look of a chieftain. [*Pause, as she appraises OCCUNA*].
Who are you?

OCCUNA [*bewildered that she should ask who he is*]. I?
Occuna . . . your lover.

TEKAKWITHA [*almost scornfully*]. You . . . my lover?
Never. My lover does not look so. You are not Occuna.
I have seen Occuna.

[*Laughing, as she mockingly points to his clothing, to his hair.*] You look like Mahng, the loon; or the wild goose, Waway. And you speak like one full of fire-water.

[*OCCUNA is furious. He jumps to his feet, and frowns threateningly upon TEKAKWITHA. His hand slips to his hunting knife, but he notices TEEDAH in the doorway, and withdraws it.*]

OCCUNA [*angrily*]. So! You have forgotten squaw, that I am not a mere brave. [*TEKAKWITHA continues to work.*]
Occuna shall not forget how you have insulted him. His words of love shall not be laughed at, even by a princess.
I go.

[*He hurries to the river bank, finds his paddle leaning against the birch tree, enters his canoe and paddles quickly off left. As he passes from view he casts an angry glance back at TEKAKWITHA, who is laughing merrily at his embarrassment and confusion. Enter TEEDAH, scowling.*]

TEEDAH [*sharply*]. Tekakwitha, come. [*TEKAKWITHA approaches her timidly. Her merriment has given place to an attitude of fear.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*softly*]. I am coming.

TEEDAH [*scolding*]. Shame, shame, daughter. Tekakwitha should not have treated Occuna so.

TEKAKWITHA [*pleading*]. But, Teedah, he . . .

TEEDAH [*interrupting*]. Sh! Teedah saw everything.
[*Pause.*] Occuna is Aiadane's guest. He is our friend.

[*Significantly.*] And he is a Mohegan. His nation was once our greatest enemy. Now there is peace. Tekakwitha must take care not to anger Occuna again, lest there be another war with his people.

[*During her last admonition, TEEDAH is breaking fagots for the fire. She stops now and then to notice the impression her words have made.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*apologetically*]. If he was angry, I am sorry. It is his own fault.

TEEDAH [*sharply*]. Bah! It is Occuna's fault that Tekakwitha makes a fool of him?

TEKAKWITHA. No. But it is Occuna's fault that he made a fool of himself. He may stay away with his foolish words of love.

TEEDAH [*thinking kindness may strengthen her argument*]. Sit here by the fire, daughter, with Teedah. [TEKAKWITHA sits, and TEEDAH beside her. Then, after a pause.] Occuna meant no harm. He was making love to our beautiful princess. [TEKAKWITHA broods in silence.] All lovers speak foolish words.

TEKAKWITHA [*with contemplation*]. I wonder. [*Pause.*] Certainly, Occuna does; and he wastes his time speaking so to Tekakwitha. He is not the lover for her. There are others who would listen to him gladly. Let him go to them.

TEEDAH [*trying to be patient*]. Hush! My Tekakwitha speaks fast words. She has no sense. Always remember, little one, you are a squaw. All squaws take husbands. All the squaws of our nation were once young as Tekakwitha. They are now married to a brave. [*Pause.*] You have now had many lovers, and you have refused them all. The Great Spirit made squaws to keep the lodge for the brave, to cook his meals, to bear him children.

Mohawk squaws marry young. You must observe the custom of your people. You must consent to take a husband. And what a husband Occuna could make Tekakwitha! Do not be foolish. [*Pause.*] If Tekakwitha were not Aiadane's daughter, Occuna would not have to ask her consent; he would take her without it. Such is our custom. You are fortunate. [*Pause.*]

Why do you refuse a lover?

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly*]. But, Teedah, I have a lover.

TEEDAH [*surprised*]. What! You have a lover!

TEKAKWITHA [*insistantly*]. But it is true. Very true.

TEEDAH [*incredulous*]. No. Teedah does not believe it.

[*Pause.*] How long have you had this lover?

TEKAKWITHA. Ever since I can remember.

TEEDAH [*regarding her with mild astonishment*]. Teedah has not seen this lover?

TEKAKWITHA. Never. Not many Mohawks have seen Him, and only because they would not.

TEEDAH [*mystified*]. Bah! Would not. [*Becoming interested.*] Is he so beautiful as Occuna?

TEKAKWITHA. Besides Him, Occuna is very ugly, indeed.

TEEDAH. There are few with the strength of Occuna. Is he so strong as he?

TEKAKWITHA. The strength of my lover would make Occuna seem weak.

TEEDAH. Is he so brave as Occuna? So kind?

TEKAKWITHA. Who is so brave? Who is so kind as He?

TEEDAH. His tribe is numerous? At peace with the Mohawks?

TEKAKWITHA. His tribe cannot be counted. The Mohawks do not know Him. They spurn His messengers of peace.

TEEDAH [*growing impatient*]. Come. Who is this mighty warrior? This wondrous brave?

TEKAKWITHA. Teedah, He is no mere brave. He is a chieftain. I do not know His name. I call Him, My Rawenniio, My Great Being.

TEEDAH [*contemptuously*]. What is this? My Tekakwitha talks like a papoose. Shall this nameless one come to the chief's lodge?

TEKAKWITHA. He shall be there always. He is there now.

[*Startled by these words, TEEDAH goes quickly to the lodge door, looks within, and returns to TEKAKWITHA's side.*]

TEEDAH [*scornfully*]. There is no one there. Why does Tekakwitha lie? Does she think she can fool Teedah?

TEKAKWITHA. I speak the truth, Teedah. He was there, and you could not see Him. He is everywhere.

TEEDAH. If your lover were there, Teedah would have seen him. She saw no one. [*Slyly.*] Has Tekakwitha seen him?

TEKAKWITHA. Tekakwitha's eyes have not seen Him. They say, He is not there. But her brain, her heart say, yes, He is there.

TEEDAH [*with disgust*]. Tekakwitha's eyes are right. Her brain and heart are sick. She should go to the Sorcerer for medicine. Such a lover! Bah!

TEKAKWITHA [*passionately*]. Tekakwitha loves Him. She loves no other.

TEEDAH. Love such a one? I do not understand. [*Pause, then motherly.*] Think, daughter, what a fine husband Occuna might be to you. His is strong, brave, and swift as the panther. He would provide well against hunger. He would be kind. You would be happy with him. He would give you many children. They would fill our big empty lodge. Aiadane would be very happy with Tekakwitha's children. You should be proud that such a

noble warrior desires you. Would you like him for your husband?

TEKAKWITHA. No, Teedah. I do not love him.

TEEDAH. But, daughter, with the red man love comes after marriage. Only paleface squaws can ask for it before.

Believe Teedah. Love will come with children. I say so.

TEKAKWITHA. I do not wish to marry.

TEEDAH. Not at all?

TEKAKWITHA. Not at all.

TEEDAH. Tekakwitha is very selfish. It will displease her father to hear of it, for he loves her.

TEKAKWITHA [*a bit troubled*]. But why is it so selfish of me?

TEEDAH. Who would think it of you, Tekakwitha? Aiadane took you into his lodge, when your parents died of the quick death. Then he was rich, and was kind to you. Now he is poor. He has nothing. Yet he would not part with you. In Aiadane's eyes, nothing is too good for his lily of the forests. He has been as kind to you as ever your own father could have been. You do well to call him father. [*Pause.*] He loves you, Tekakwitha, as his own daughter. Aiadane is no longer young. He cannot spend long days and nights on the hunt, as the young braves do. He cannot chase and fight the enemy of his people now as he was known to do when a youth. He needs a brave, who is fast on the hunt, who is brave in battle, to take his place. A brave, who will join him in his lodge and who will be as his son. You can marry Occuna, who will bring many things to the lodge, food, clothing, and wampum; who will fight our battles. Aiadane would be poor no longer. He would be pleased. He would love his Tekakwitha more. Promise Teedah you will marry Occuna.

TEKAKWITHA [*slowly rising to her feet*]. I cannot promise, Teedah. I do not love Occuna. I have told you I have another Whom I love. Aiadane, my father, will understand. I know.

[*She moves slowly towards the lodge. TEEDAH does not attempt to hide her indignation. She rises and follows TEKAKWITHA contemptuously with her eyes.*]

TEEDAH [*angrily*]. Bah! Nonsense. Teedah must teach her a lesson.

[*TEKAKWITHA hesitates on entering the lodge, turns and moves slowly towards the tree stump. She walks as one in great grief. Sinking to her knees beside the stump and resting her head upon it, she weeps. TEEDAH has watched her. She is impassive as she goes towards the lodge door.*]

TEEDAH [*in a burst of anger, as she is about to enter the lodge*]. Pah! Papoose. Papoose. Pah!

[*ONSSSENT enters from the village, left, reading his Breviary.*]

ONSSSENT [*surprised to hear some one crying*]. Well, well, what is this? [*Going to her.*] Do I find my little mistress crying? What has happened? Come, come, tell Onssent what is troubling you, Tekakwitha.

TEKAKWITHA [*slowly rising*]. Oh, Onssent, I am so glad you have come.

ONSSSENT [*kindly*]. Why should you weep so, my little one?

TEKAKWITHA. Because I am so unhappy, Onssent.

ONSSSENT [*helping her to be seated on the trunk of the tree*].

Come now, let us sit here and you can tell me all about it. What is it that makes you so unhappy? Has Teedah been scolding you again?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes, Onssent, again. She scolds, scolds, all the time, and it makes Tekakwitha so unhappy, for she tries so hard to please Teedah.

ONSSSENT. I know you do, child. It is very wrong for her to be scolding you so much. What was it about this time?

TEKAKWITHA. She says Tekakwitha is big now and should have a lover.

ONSSSENT [*surprised*]. And you are sad because she wishes you to have a lover? Why most girls of your age never have to be scolded because they have no lover. You should not be sad about that. I think Teedah was right.

TEKAKWITHA. But she wishes to choose my lover for me. She wishes Tekakwitha to marry Occuna.

ONSSSENT. Oh, I see. And you refused, and then she scolded you?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes. I said I did not love Occuna . . . that I had a lover.

ONSSSENT. Have you, Tekakwitha? Who?

TEKAKWITHA [*a little dismayed*]. Rawenniio. Has my Onssent forgotten? Rawenniio is my lover.

ONSSSENT. Rawenniio. So He is. I had forgotten. I am sorry, Tekakwitha. Please forgive me. He is the only one you love?

TEKAKWITHA. The only one. Tekakwitha wishes no other. She does not wish to marry.

ONSSSENT. Teedah knows this?

TEKAKWITHA. I have told her, but she says I have no sense. She does not understand.

ONSSSENT. It is unusual for Mohawk maidens not to marry, Tekakwitha, is it not?

TEKAKWITHA. They have no choice, Onssent. A squaw, who refused to marry, would be burned at the stake. But Tekakwitha is no mere squaw. She is a princess. And she can choose to marry whom she will. But she wishes to marry no one. She loves only the Great One. That is right, Onssent? Say yes, and I will be happy again. Yes?

ONSSSENT [*as he rises*]. Come, my child, let us walk to the spring.

TEKAKWITHA [*rising*]. Onssent will tell Tekakwitha more about the Maid in Blue? And about the Great Brave, Who died on the Cross?

ONSSSENT [*smiling*]. All you wish to know, my child.

TEKAKWITHA. You are so kind, Onssent.

ONSSSENT [*as they walk slowly to the right*]. Tell me. Where did I leave off the last time?

TEKAKWITHA. You were saying how the Great Brave was climbing the hill, carrying the tree on His back the Maid in Blue was following with the other squaws she was weeping, for the Great Council had voted death for her Son.

ONSSSENT. Fine! Tekakwitha has a good memory. Well, the hill was very steep. And it was a long distance to the top of it, where the tribes were gathered for the feast.

TEKAKWITHA [*interrupting*]. Did His tribe dance the torture dance, like Mohawks do?

ONSSSENT [*nodding*]. Yes. He was cut and bruised from their blows

[*As they talk, they are slowly approaching the right exit. On ONSSSENT's last line " bruised from their blows , " exeunt. Enter AIADANE, from the left, carrying two large geese. He sits upon the tree stump to admire his catch. OCCUNA approaches in the river in his canoe, lands, places his paddle against the birch, and hastily comes to AIADANE.*]

OCCUNA [*calling*]. Aiadane!

AIADANE [*looking up in surprise*]. Occuna! Welcome. You are excited.

OCCUNA [*trying to control himself*]. Where has Aiadane been? I have hunted everywhere.

AIADANE [*pointing to the geese*]. Hunting. Why have you sought Aiadane? There is danger? Our enemies are upon us?

OCCUNA [*pointedly*]. The danger is not now, but soon. Occuna has come to warn Aiadane.

AIADANE. You are not clear. Speak what you have heard, or what you know.

OCCUNA. Aiadane, Occuna has been in the Mohawk Castle many moons.

AIADANE [*beginning to understand*]. Many moons. Aiadane knows well.

OCCUNA. Occuna has come from his people with wampum as a pledge of peace and friendship. Aiadane has not given him wampum to return to the Mohegan people. He has said, "Wait, stay with us awhile." Occuna has done as Aiadane wished. But I shall stay no longer. At the moon of the new leaf, I shall return to my people. If I bring back no wampum as a pledge of the Mohawk desire for peace and friendship, my people shall be angry. No peace then. Much war.

AIADANE [*sadly*]. Aiadane wishes peace for his people. But he is poor, very poor. He has no wampum. The winter was hard. Many warriors died. Occuna must stay a while longer. Soon Sun will send better times for the Mohawks. Then Aiadane will send Occuna to his people with much wampum, and many gifts for himself.

OCCUNA [*with finality*]. No. Occuna shall not wait. [*Turning to go.*] Farewell, Aiadane. I go.

AIADANE [*protesting*]. No. Wait. [*As OCCUNA comes back.*] Occuna must not return empty-handed. Aiadane must yet save his people. But what can he do? We are friends, Occuna. Have you nothing to suggest? Aiadane never forgets whosoever has been kind to him. Speak.

OCCUNA. Good, Aiadane. Occuna has a plan. Because Aiadane is his friend, Occuna will hunt along the trail and sell his furs for wampum at the fort of the Broad-breeches. He will take this with many furs as gifts to his people, saying Aiadane has sent it. If Occuna did not love Aiadane, he would never do this, for he is deceiving his people.

AIADANE [*greatly pleased*]. Occuna, you are a noble red-man. You have saved Aiadane from humiliation and disgrace, and his people from war. Ask what you will, and if poor Aiadane can grant it, it shall be done. I have spoken.

OCCUNA [*slyly*]. Occuna has but one favor to ask of Aiadane.

AIADANE. Speak then.

OCCUNA [*watching AIADANE closely*]. He desires but to return to this Castle of the Turtles, to spend the rest of his days in the lodge of Aiadane. Such is his love for the Turtle's mighty chieftain.

AIADANE. Occuna's wish shall be granted. Aiadane shall be most happy to receive him into his lodge, even as a son.

OCCUNA [*pressing*]. As a son? The husband of Tekakwitha?

AIADANE [*disturbed*]. Tekakwitha's husband? Occuna?

OCCUNA. Yes. Occuna shall live in Aiadane's lodge as Tekakwitha's husband. He will be as a son to Aiadane.

AIADANE. But Tekakwitha does not wish to marry. Who can force her?

OCCUNA. She loves Aiadane. She will not fail to do as he wishes. You need Occuna's help, Aiadane. He will hunt for you, and make your old age happy with delightful food, and warm with furs. He will be very kind to the chief's daughter, and good to the chief. Promise this

last favor, O Aiadane, and Occuna will set out at once. Tomorrow is the Moon of the New Leaf.

AIADANE. Very well, I will promise. Sun will be pleased. When Occuna returns, he will live in my lodge, as the husband of my daughter.

OCCUNA. Good. Occuna is happy. Occuna shall marry Tekakwitha at sundown.

AIADANE [*interrupting*]. Not so soon, Occuna. When you return, as I have said.

OCCUNA [*aggressively*]. No, no, Aiadane. Occuna shall marry before he leaves or not at all. That is the bargain. Does Aiadane agree?

AIADANE [*with hesitation*]. As you say. It is best.

OCCUNA. Aiadane is wise. Now always peace between the Mohegans and Mohawks. Now Occuna will try to forget that Kryn, the Great Mohawk killed his brother, Menengee.

AIADANE. Come into my lodge. We shall smoke the calumet together. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter ONSSSENT and TEKAKWITHA, from the spring. TEKAKWITHA's face is aglow with happiness.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*joyfully*]. And they could not keep Him in the grave, Onssent?

ONSSSENT. Only for three days, my child. He was God, and death and the grave could have no claims upon Him.

TEKAKWITHA [*admiringly*]. How wonderful this story of the hero of the palefaces. And then He went back to His Father's Castle?

ONSSSENT. He went back to His Father's Castle in Heaven to plead for His brothers here below.

TEKAKWITHA [*tenderly*]. And His Mother, the Maid in Blue? Did she go with Him?

ONSSSENT. She lived for some time, and then died and was carried to heaven.

TEKAKWITHA. I know to the lodge of her Great Brave. Yes?

ONSSSENT. Yes, to His lodge, where she constantly pleads with the Great Father and His Son, the Great Brave, for all of us that some day, we, too, may come to that lodge to live forever.

TEKAKWITHA [*interrupting*]. Onsssent means the paleface, not the Indian not the redman?

ONSSSENT. Everyone, my child, everyone, who, during his life, listens to the voice of the Great Spirit and follows the example of the Great Brave. Everyone—paleface and redman as well—all.

TEKAKWITHA [*happily*]. Then Onsssent thinks that the good Maid in Blue and the Great Brave really care about a poor Indian girl in the forests and will watch over her and send her gifts to make her happy?

ONSSSENT. I know they care for you Tekakwitha more than you shall ever know. Already they have showered upon you many gifts. And you have not refused them, as some of your people have done.

TEKAKWITHA [*dreamily*]. O Onsssent, how like my Rawenniio, is this Great Brave!

ONSSSENT. Tekakwitha, I am going to surprise you.

TEKAKWITHA [*excitedly*]. Yes, yes, what is it?

ONSSSENT. I am going to tell you who your Rawenniio is.

TEKAKWITHA. Then you know who my Rawenniio is?

ONSSSENT. Yes, I know. Do you want me to tell you?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes, who is He? He is not Sun, as Aiadane says?

ONSSSENT. No, He is not Sun. He is . . . the Great Brave,
Who died on the Cross.

TEKAKWITHA [*overcome with joy*]. Onssent, Onssent, is
it really true? Oh, how good, how good! I am so happy,
Onssent. My Rawenniio lives!

ONSSSENT. Yes, Tekakwitha, He is very much alive.

TEKAKWITHA. Why did not Onssent tell this before?

ONSSSENT. Because He was telling you, Tekakwitha, in
sweeter words than I could speak, and you have heard
Him.

TEKAKWITHA [*softly*]. Always shall He be my Rawenniio.
Always.

ONSSSENT. And you will be His Lily of the Forests.

TEKAKWITHA. My Rawenniio is God of all . . . the
Mohawks . . . the French . . . the Dutch . . . and our
enemies, the Mohegans. Why cannot we all be friends
then, Onssent, and peace be among us? Why does
Rawenniio permit us to have our enemies?

ONSSSENT. Because they have not yet come to know that
Rawenniio is their God. They have not found Him as
you have. Pray for them, my child, that some day they
may listen to His voice and may know Him as their God.
Pray that Onssent may some day pour the Saving Waters
upon their heads.

TEKAKWITHA. I will pray for them always, that they may
know the joy that has come to the heart of Tekakwitha.
She will ask Rawenniio to smile upon them. [*Suddenly.*]
When will Onssent pour the Saving Waters on
Tekakwitha's head and make her a Christian?

ONSSSENT. Have patience, my child. All will be done in
God's good time. I must be going.

[*As he exits left, she clasps her hands, gazing ecstatic-
ally heavenward. She is very happy.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*supplicatingly*]. God of the Blackrobe
God of my mother Rawenniio, speak to me. Tell
Tekakwitha, if all that Onssent says is true!

[*There is heard the soft sweet notes of the Hermit Thrush, in a nearby tree. She hears it and smiles. It is her answer.*]

CURTAIN

Act II Scene II: Later the same day.

AIADANE is seated before the door of his lodge, lazily smoking, when TEKAKWITHA enters from the right. She is carrying some flowers, which she has just picked at the spring.

AIADANE. Where has Tekakwitha been?

TEKAKWITHA [*gently*]. To the spring, my father.

AIADANE. Tekakwitha goes to the spring very often now.
Why?

TEKAKWITHA. Tekakwitha loves the spring. She loves to hear the murmur of the waters . . . and to pick the flowers along its banks.

AIADANE. Huh! Was Onssent there?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes, he was there.

AIADANE. Onssent goes often to the spring now, too.

TEKAKWITHA. He likes to go there to read his Holy Book.

AIADANE [*interrupting*]. And to talk with Tekakwitha.

TEKAKWITHA. I like to listen to his stories and he knows so many and all are so beautiful.

AIADANE. She listens to him too much. She has no time for anything now but stories. Teedah says so.

TEKAKWITHA [*sadly*]. That is not true. My father knows I work daily in the cornfield, and carry fagots for the fire. I do all Teedah asks, but she is never satisfied.

AIADANE [*angrily*]. Onssent has been here a long time now.

He has done much evil, telling my people such stories. Prayer Saving Waters God of the paleface all all never anything about Sun. He lies. He lies. Ask him not for Saving Waters, or Aiadane shall never forgive Tekakwitha. She will anger Sun, and bring great evil upon her people. If evil comes, Onssent shall burn.

TEKAKWITHA. Remember he is my slave.

AIADANE. The council can burn even slaves. [*Pause.*]

Broadbreeches at Fort Orange tell Aiadane the Blackrobe pours Saving Waters on Mohawks heads to send them to the heaven of the paleface, where they burn the Indian forever.

TEKAKWITHA. They lie. Why do you believe them?

AIADANE. They know. Frenchmen have been the enemies of Broadbreeches in many battles. They are the friend of the redman. Aiadane has determined that Onssent shall pour no more water on Mohawks.

[He is very angry as he rises from his seat at the door and walks slowly towards the stump. TEKAKWITHA is sorry to have angered him. She runs hastily into the lodge and comes out again, carrying the headdress she had finished. She hastens to his side, carrying the headdress behind her.]

TEKAKWITHA [*softly*]. My father is angry with his daughter?

AIADANE. Huh! Yes, very angry.

TEKAKWITHA [*holding the headdress before him*]. And when she has done this for him?

AIADANE [*softening*]. For Aiadane?

TEKAKWITHA [*softly*]. For you.

AIADANE [*smiling*]. Good. [*Tries on the headdress.*]

Good. He will wear it to the fort of the Broadbreeches

on the River of the Naked Bear. He will take Tekakwitha.

TEKAKWITHA. Father, you are so kind to Tekakwitha.
[*Embraces him tenderly.*]

AIADANE. Aiadane loves his lily. May he never lose her.

[*Simply*]. Perhaps Aiadane will ask Occuna to join us.

TEKAKWITHA [*interrupting*]. No. Please do not ask him to come.

AIADANE. You do not love him? He loves Tekakwitha dearly.

TEKAKWITHA [*dismissing the thought*]. He must not come, my father. If Occuna joins my father on this journey, Tekakwitha cannot go.

AIADANE. Huh! [*Rising.*] Where is Onssent? Aiadane must speak with him.

TEKAKWITHA. He is in the village at the chapel.

AIADANE. Then go to him, my child, and say that I wish to speak with him. Quick. [*Exit, left.*]

[AIADANE sits again on the stump. He seems nervous as he looks about him. He seems to hear the thrumming of a drum. He goes quickly to the trail, placing his ear to the earth, seeming to listen intently. As he returns to his seat, there is heard the pulse-like throbbing of the mysterious drum. AIADANE looks inquiringly about. The drum beat is low and monotonous. Enter TEEDAH from the lodge.]

TEEDAH [*excitedly*]. Aiadane! Aiadane! Quick.

AIADANE [*puzzled*]. Well, what does my squaw want?

TEEDAH. Teedah has brought bad news, very bad news for Aiadane.

AIADANE. Bad news? Where did Teedah get the bad news?

TEEDAH [*explaining*]. Teedah has had a dream.

AIADANE [*reproving*]. Squaw should not have dream in

the day time. She should have been working in the cornfield. Huh.

TEEDAH [*with irritation*]. Teedah was sick; she came away from the cornfield. Sorcerer's medicine made her sleep, and she had a very bad dream. Ononawata says it is a bad dream.

AIADANE [*starting up from his indifference*]. Ononawata says it is a bad dream? Then tell it to Aiadane. Come, what did you dream?

TEEDAH [*falteringly*]. My husband, my heart is deeply troubled. In her dream, Teedah saw : . . . [*She hesitates, looks nervously about; then lifts her head as if hearing some dire warning.*] Does Aiadane hear that noise . . . that beating . . . thum . . . thum . . . thum? No? Strange!

AIADANE [*indifferently, yet not without a growing fear*]. It is Ononawata curing some sick child, perhaps.

TEEDAH. No. The drum of the sorcerer does not sound like that.

AIADANE. Come squaw. I am waiting. Tell me your dream.

TEEDAH [*as one deeply moved*]. In her dream, Teedah saw many Mohawks, Turtle Braves, paddle swiftly down the Great River. Soon, very soon, the canoes return; but they are empty. The braves are not in them. [*Watches the chief closely to notice the effect.*]

AIADANE [*troubled*]. Huh! Ononawata was right. It is a strange, bad dream.

TEEDAH [*affecting fear*]. Oh, what shall we do, my husband? Ononawata says Sun must be angry with the Mohawks . . . and may send them the Quick Death, famine, war.

AIADANE. The winter was hard. Our braves are few. We are poor.

TEEDAH. It may be that our enemies, the Mohegans, are angry because Occuna has not returned. Why do you hesitate to accept Occuna's offer? Wait not until the Moon of the New Leaf. It may come too late. Send Occuna now.

AIADANE. If Occuna goes, Aiadane must keep his promise against his will. He must give Tekakwitha to Occuna.

TEEDAH. Let Occuna have her.

AIADANE. She does not love him.

TEEDAH [*indignantly*]. Does not love him? Will my husband allow the mere love of a squaw to bring ruin upon his nation? Fear not, my husband, the love comes after marriage with the papooses. The nation must be saved. Aiadane, my husband, is a wise chieftain. He will save it.

AIADANE. You are right, Teedah. It shall be as you say. Occuna shall go at once. But the Mohawks must be prepared. Go at once to the village and give the command that the war-kettles be prepared. Send scouts to warn the other villages. We must not be taken by surprise. Go, squaw. [*Exit, left*].

[AIADANE is *pacing about the clearing*, as TEKAKWITHA enters with ONSSSENT.]

[*To TEKAKWITHA.*] Daughter may go. Aiadane wishes to speak with Onssent, alone. Wait, daughter. Occuna is sleeping in the lodge. Wake him. Tell him Aiadane says, "Go, all will be as Occuna says, when he returns. Go, at once for the Mohawks are in great danger." Tell him that. Go. [*When she hesitates.*] Will my daughter not do as Aiadane asks?

TEKAKWITHA [*reluctantly*]. Yes; she will tell him. [*Enters lodge.*]

AIADANE [*To ONSSSENT*]. Onssent

ONSSSENT [*kindly*]. Aiadane sent for me?

AIADANE [*going to the stump*]. Sit. Aiadane is ready to make peace with the palefaces at Fort Orange. He thought to go at sunrise, tomorrow; he was taking Onssent with him to speak with the paleface.

ONSSSENT. I would be glad to go, if I could be of any assistance to you, Aiadane. But you have changed your mind? You are not going now?

AIADANE. I fear not. It may be too late too dangerous.

ONSSSENT. Too late? Too dangerous? Why?

AIADANE. We have enemies on the war-path. They might overtake us.

ONSSSENT. Enemies? Who are they, do you think?

AIADANE. Aiadane is not sure. That is why he sent for Onssent. He thought Onssent might help him. He is wise.

ONSSSENT. Well?

AIADANE [*eyeing him closely*]. Teedah, my squaw, has had a bad dream, a very bad dream. It means certain trouble.

ONSSSENT. Nonsense, Aiadane. Dreams mean nothing. You Indians place too much faith in your dreams. Forget about them.

AIADANE [*sternly*]. That is what the paleface thinks. The Indian thinks dreams are to be interpreted. They have their meaning. Mohawks have obeyed their dreams, since they were formed from the earth, and they have never been wrong. That is our belief. Teedah has had a dream which Ononawata has interpreted. He says trouble comes to the Mohawks.

ONSSSENT. He does? Well, I hope he is wrong. What trouble do you expect?

AIADANE. War.

ONSSSENT. War? With whom?

AIADANE [*with deliberation*]. How long will the French Onnontio keep his pledge of peace?

ONSSSENT. So long as you Mohawks keep it. No longer. I have promised you that.

AIADANE. We Mohawks have not broken that treaty.

ONSSSENT. So long as you Mohawks keep it. No longer.

ONSSSENT. Nor have they.

AIADANE. Then the trouble will not come from the Frenchman.

ONSSSENT. You may expect no trouble from the French, unless you first break your promise to them. Do you fear anything from Fort Orange?

AIADANE. Nothing. Mohawks will also have strong treaty with the Broadbreeches. Besides they wish the Friendship of all Iroquois should they have trouble with the English.

ONSSSENT. It seems to me that you are very well fortified with treaties. I do not see why you should expect war.

AIADANE. It may be war among my peoples—clan war.

ONSSSENT. Clan war? What would cause it?

AIADANE. Onsssent.

ONSSSENT [*astonished*]. Aiadane, you do not believe that, do you?

AIADANE. Blackrobes have caused trouble before.

ONSSSENT. Aiadane, I am not here to cause trouble, but to bring your people the peace and happiness of the Great Spirit. You need have no fear.

AIADANE. Onsssent, you have been welcome among us. You have been safe. But if Onsssent upsets the minds of Aiadane's people, if he lets loose the evil spirits in our village, no longer will he be welcome here, no longer will

he be safe; but he will die at once at the stake.
Onssent understands?

ONSSENT. You need not fear. Onssent will never do harm to Aiadane's people. It is not the truth, which Onssent speaks, that upsets the minds of your people. It is the lies of that sorcerer, Ononawata. He does a great deal of harm.

AIADANE. Be careful what you say of Ononawata, Onssent. He has much power in our village. Ononawata speaks the truth. He tells no lies. He tells my people what Sun wishes. Onssent does not understand.

ONSSENT. Indeed, I do understand only too well. If only I did not have Ononawata to contend with, I might the more easily persuade your people to listen to the words of the Great Spirit.

[The slow beating of the drum is heard again. AIADANE is uneasy, as he looks cautiously about. He stares at ONSSENT, wondering why he seems so calm.]

AIADANE [*excited*]. What is that, Onssent?

ONSSENT [*simply*]. What?

AIADANE [*growing more excited*]. That noise that beating?

ONSSENT. I heard nothing.

AIADANE [*with a trace of anxiety*]. Onssent does not hear a beating of a drum? No?

ONSSENT. I hear nothing, Aiadane. Perhaps you imagine you hear it. It may be nothing more than the effect of the fear of attack which is steadily growing in your mind.

AIADANE. No; it is not so. Often has Aiadane heard it before often, when he had nothing to fear. But never just like this. Thum thum thum steadily without stop. It is so ghost-like in sound so unlike the beat of the sorcerer's medicine drum.

Many braves have heard the same beating, and wondered at it. It is strange.

ONSSSENT. It certainly is. I do not understand what it can be, unless

AIADANE [*fiercely*]. Onssent, it must stop. Aiadane shall go mad. Do not look at Aiadane so. Help him. You say your God, the Great Spirit of the paleface, can do all things. Aiadane has not believed you. Now show him it is true. Prove to him your God is as you have said. Demand that he stop that beating.

ONSSSENT [*calmly*]. I am sorry, Aiadane

AIADANE [*with imperious gesture*]. Go, Onssent, to your chapel. Demand this favor for me. Go.

ONSSSENT. Aiadane, it is your own conscience which is bothering you. You need not God's help to remove that beating.

AIADANE. You will not do as Aiadane asks?

ONSSSENT [*sternly*]. No. Onssent shall do no such thing. Aiadane shall not make Onssent's God run the gauntlet to satisfy himself that He is strong. You can demand nothing from my God, except through love. Sun has always done so much for Aiadane, let him help you now. Call upon Sun for help, Aiadane, and let Onssent see how strong Sun is.

[AIADANE is furious. Like a flash, he whips forth his hunting knife from his belt, and would have sunk it deep into the heart of ONSSSENT, had not TEKAKWITHA, who has been listening from the door of the lodge, understood the imminent danger to ONSSSENT's life and dashed forth, catching the up-lifted arm of the Chief, as it was about to descend.]

TEKAKWITHA [*breathlessly*]. Father! No, no, you must not. [To ONSSSENT.] Go, Onssent. You should not have angered him so. Go.

ONSSSENT. Very well. I will go. [*The drum ceases to beat.*]

[*As ONSSSENT exits left, AIADANE regards him sullenly. TEKAKWITHA removes the knife from his hand and replaces it in the sheath at his belt.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*reproachfully*]. Tekakwitha is surprised that her father should so soon forget his promise.

AIADANE [*with repressed fury*]. Huh! Daughter should not have interfered. Onsssent made Aiadane very angry. But for Tekakwitha, Onsssent should now be going his last journey. He forgets I am Chief.

TEKAKWITHA [*simply*]. And my father forgets that Onsssent is Tekakwitha's slave.

AIADANE [*impressively*]. Huh! No slave shall insult Aiadane, and live.

TEKAKWITHA. You forget also that Onsssent is from the castle of Onnontio, the great French Chieftain. Onnontio is bold and fearless, and would not fail to avenge the death of Onsssent. To kill him would be to break peace with the French palefaces. If the Great Spirit has sent the Mohawks peace, let us not anger Him by breaking it.

AIADANE [*contemptuously*]. Huh! Great Spirit sends Mohawks peace! He sends them trouble . . . nothing but trouble.

TEKAKWITHA. Trouble? There is no trouble now. There is peace.

AIADANE. But trouble comes. Teedah has had a bad dream, and Ononawata says trouble comes.

TEKAKWITHA. You are at peace with all—the French, the Dutch. You have conquered the Algonquins, and Occuna is returning to his people. Who then will harm us? Who will bring us trouble?

AIADANE. Onsssent, my daughter's slave.

TEKAKWITHA. Onssent? I do not believe it. We Mohawks have no greater friend on earth, than Onssent.

AIADANE. Ononawata has said, "If Onssent stays among us, there will be trouble." Aiadane thinks he may have been right. Many braves have listened to the words of this Blackrobe, and are following his advice in many things. They have angered Sun, who is jealous of the God of the paleface. He will send Mohawks trouble. Aiadane was a big fool to give his daughter Onssent as her slave. When the council voted death, it should have been so. Huh!

TEKAKWITHA [*with conviction*]. My dearest father, the worst enemies of our people are not the paleface Blackrobes, not the troublesome Mohegans, nor the French and Dutch soldiers, but the fire-water, the frolics. The Mohawks have no sense, or they should know this. If trouble does come, as it has often come before, Sun will not send it, for he is weak like a squaw and can do nothing. Fear him not. But it shall come from the Great Spirit, Who made the redman and Who is his friend. He is very angry with his red children, because they are so foolish, because they live not as His children should live, but as beasts of the forest. He is angry because they will not listen to his messenger . . . to his words of correction.

AIADANE [*sharply*]. Tekakwitha speaks not as a Mohawk; she cannot be an Iroquois at heart. It is her Algonquin blood that speaks . . . the blood of her mother . . . the blood of the Mohawks' bitterest enemies.

TEKAKWITHA [*interrupting*]. No, my father. It is my love for you . . . for my people that makes me speak so.

AIADANE [*holding up his hand in warning*]. Huh! If Tekakwitha loves Aiadane, never again let her speak the

name of the God of the paleface. Let her listen to the voice of Sun, only—Aiadane's god . . . the god of his people. That will please Aiadane, for he dearly loves his daughter.

[*Enter OCCUNA on the run. Smiles kindly to TEKAKWITHA. She does not understand. Had he forgiven her? He is dressed for a long journey, carrying a full quiver, his bow, and has a deerskin pouch slung over his right shoulder.*]

AIADANE [*surprised*]. Occuna, you are not yet gone?

OCCUNA. I have been to Ononawata, who has given me medicines for my journey. But I am now ready to depart to the land of my people. [*As he kneels on one knee, with head slightly bowed.*] Your command, O mighty Chief.

AIADANE. Go, Occuna, make a lasting peace with your people. [*He rises.*]

OCCUNA [*holding his right hand high above his head, and bowing very slightly forward*]. Then farewell, O Aiadane. [*To Tekakwitha*]. Farewell, O beautiful princess.

AIADANE [*also raising his right hand, and bowing*]. Go, my brother! May the Great Spirit of the Mohawks attend you on your long and dangerous journey. May the game be found in abundance along the way to refresh you, and may your journey be easy and your burden light. May your people be pleased with our offering, and may peace and happiness exist between us so long as the great Sun continues to give forth his light and the rocks stand and the waters run. Go, brother. When you shall return, Aiadane will be here to welcome you. Farewell.

TEKAKWITHA [*as OCCUNA hurries up the path to the river bank*]. Farewell.

[OCCUNA, finding his paddle at the birch tree, enters the canoe and places his luggage in the bottom. He waves a last farewell as he paddles swiftly off left. AIADANE smiles contentedly, as OCCUNA disappears from view; and TEKAKWITHA gives a sigh of relief.]

AIADANE [with extreme satisfaction]. He has gone.

TEKAKWITHA. Must he return?

AIADANE. May he arrive safely among his people, but may he never return. Now peace with the treacherous Mohegans. May he never return.

TEKAKWITHA [puzzled]. Why?

AIADANE. It is best. [Pause.] Go, my daughter, to Onssent. Say that Aiadane will go to the fort of the Broadbreeches at sunrise. Tell him that.

[He turns and enters his lodge, as TEKAKWITHA starts off left. She is met by MINOWA, ATTONTINON and GENNEA. They are bubbling over with excitement, and are out of breath from running.]

All [joyously]. Tekakwitha! Tekakwitha!

[TEKAKWITHA looks at them curiously. Why are they so excited? She returns their smile with "Sago, sisters," and would have gone on to the village, but they hold her and make their way to the fallen tree.]

GENNEA [teasing]. Our little sister would run away from us?

ATTONTINON. And when we have run all the way from the village to see her.

TEKAKWITHA. But I must be gone. Aiadane has sent me to Onssent.

MINOWA. First you answer our words of question.

TEKAKWITHA. Not now, later perhaps.

GENNEA. No, now. Tell us, is it a surprise for us?

ATTONTINON. Yes, is it a secret? But you can tell us.

TEKAKWITHA [*puzzled*]. Sisters, I do not understand what you are saying. Is what a secret?

MINOWA [*eagerly*]. Come, Tekakwitha. You are only teasing us.

ATTONTINON. We must hear you say it, or we shall not believe a word of it.

TEKAKWITHA. Say what? I do not

GENNEA. Then you were fooling us at the spring?

ATTONTINON [*noticing how bewildered TEKAKWITHA is*].

We have come to ask if what Teedah has been telling the squaws at the village is true.

TEKAKWITHA. What has she told them?

MINOWA. That she was very happy.

GENNEA. And that made them jealous, for many hoped to have Occuna for their son.

TEKAKWITHA [*startled*]. Occuna for their son?

ALL. Yes.

TEKAKWITHA [*a shade of pain crosses her face*]. Oh, oh, I see!

ATTONTINON. Yes, Teedah is very proud that the princess is going to marry Occuna.

TEKAKWITHA. The princess is not going to marry Occuna.

MINOWA. But Teedah said

TEKAKWITHA. Oh, why must she try to force me thus.

GENNEA. Then it is not true?

TEKAKWITHA. No, it is not true.

ATTONTINON. Have you refused him?

TEKAKWITHA. Many times. He has gone to his people. I am glad. [*To Aiadane, as he approaches her from the lodge.*] My father wishes that Occuna may never return. Why?

AIADANE. It is not for you to know. He does not share his secrets with squaws.

TEKAKWITHA [*pressing him*]. Does he fear Occuna?

AIADANE [*his pride hurt*]. Huh! Fear Occuna! Never.

TEKAKWITHA. But you must.

AIADANE. No, Aiadane does not fear Occuna, He fears himself.

TEKAKWITHA. I do not understand.

AIADANE. Aiadane has made a pledge with . . . No. You shall not hear.

TEKAKWITHA. Oh, a pledge with Occuna. My father, does not wish to keep the pledge? That is your secret?

AIADANE. Yes.

TEKAKWITHA. And Tekakwitha thinks she knows what the pledge was about, too.

AIADANE. Huh! Tekakwitha is too wise.

TEKAKWITHA [*excitedly*]. Oh, why did you do it, my father? You know he will return to make you keep your promise.

AIADANE. He may not.

TEKAKWITHA. He will . . . He will. It was wrong to do it.

AIADANE [*in a conciliatory tone*]. Daughter, there was no other way. That he would go to his people and pledge the Mohawks' bond for peace, Aiadane was forced to make him the promise. May he not return. Aiadane does not wish to keep his promise.

TEKAKWITHA. There are many maidens in the village who would be proud to have Occuna for their brave. Give one of them to him for his squaw.

AIADANE. No. Occuna wants only Tekakwitha. Such was my promise.

TEKAKWITHA [*speaking with much emotion*]. Aiadane has promised Occuna his lily for his squaw?

AIADANE. Yes.

TEKAKWITHA. Does my father not know I wish never to marry?

AIADANE. Yes, he knows.

TEKAKWITHA. Then he does not love his daughter any more? He would not do thus, if he did.

AIADANE [*kindly*]. Aiadane does love you . . . very much. There is no one he loves so much. But he has made the promise. If Occuna returns, he must keep it.

TEKAKWITHA [*pleading*]. No, no, my father. Tekakwitha can never marry Occuna. She does not love him. She can never love him.

AIADANE [*remonstrating*]. But she loves Aiadane. She loves his people. It was for his own honor, and the safety of his people that he made the promise. By becoming Occuna's squaw, Tekakwitha will prove her love for her father . . . for her people.

TEKAKWITHA [*in tears*]. No, no, do not ask it of me. Must I do so much to prove my love for you? Why do you need a proof at all?

AIADANE. If Tekakwitha refuses, she will betray her own people and they will burn her. Aiadane would be unable to save her. And with his mistress gone, Onssent would not be long among us. [*Enters lodge.*]

MINOWA. Then it is true . . . what Teedah said.

ATTONTINON. Yes, of course. What chance have we with a princess.

TEKAKWITHA. You can have him. I do not want him.

GENNEA. What a pity. [*All laugh.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*with irritation*]. Why do you laugh? Have you no feeling in your hearts? Can you not advise me, as I would you?

ATTONTINON [*smiling*]. Advise? Marry Occuna. What else can you do?

GENNEA. Why do you not go to Onssent. His is the magic advice. Go to him, who knows so much.

MINOWA. Pray to his God, Who is so powerful. Let Him help you.

ATTONTINON. Yes, say the Blackrobe's prayer, light his sweet smoke-pot.

TEKAKWITHA [*hurt by their irony*]. Even you are no longer my friends. Go, fly from my sight. I cannot stand your biting words . . . your selfish thoughts. Go, leave me here alone.

[TEKAKWITHA *hides her head in her hands and weeps. The three girls start off right, but are stopped by the sudden entry of an Indian runner, who brushes past them, and falls exhausted, near the center, after giving forth a loud and shrill cry. All gather about him.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*recognizing him at once*]. Rontaghora! what is this? Are you injured? [*To ATTONTINON.*] Attontinon, some water. Quick. [*To GENNEA.*] Call Aiadane. He is in the lodge. [*To MINOWA.*] Help me.

[TEKAKWITHA and MINOWA raise RONTAGHORA to a sitting posture and are attempting to revive him, as AIADANE comes running from his lodge.]

AIADANE [*rapidly*]. Rontaghora, Brother, what has happened?

TEKAKWITHA [*softly*]. He is not yet conscious. Where is the water? [*As ATTONTINON enters with the gourd of water.*] Drink, Rontaghora. You are better now?

RONTAGHORA [*gradually regaining consciousness*]. Where, where . . . am . . . I?

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly*]. You are safe, Rontaghora. You are among your people.

RONTAGHORA [*slowly*]. Aiadane, where is he? I must see him . . . at once.

AIADANE [*drawing closer*]. Aiadane is here, Rontaghora.

Sago, brother. You seem to have run far.

RONTAGHORA. Very far.

AIADANE. Are you alone? Where are the other braves?

RONTAGHORA. Others? Yes, yes. They come soon. We had much trouble with our canoes. Lost much time.

Kryn sent Rontaghora on ahead to tell Aiadane the bad news.

AIADANE [*startled*]. What do you say? Bad news?

RONTAGHORA. Bad news.

AIADANE. What bad news has Rontaghora for Aiadane?

Quick. Tell him. He listens with both ears.

RONTAGHORA [*as he rises to his feet*]. We have had trouble with the palefaces at Fort Orange. They have broken the peace. They have fired their thunder-sticks and many of our braves do not return. The Broadbreeches said to Kryn, "Big canoe has not crossed the great waters. We have nothing to trade for Indian furs." Then they gave the braves much fire-water, which took away their wisdom. When the Indians were in deep slumber, the Broadbreeches stole the furs. Indians awake, find furs gone, and are very mad. They demand the furs. Then the palefaces shoot their thunder-sticks, and many do not return.

AIADANE [*enraged*]. Have the braves brought nothing back?

RONTAGHORA. Nothing.

AIADANE. Huh! Palefaces stole all the furs?

RONTAGHORA. All.

AIADANE. How many canoes return, brother?

RONTAGHORA. One.

AIADANE. One. Huh! Eight go; one returns. That is bad. Ononawata was right.

RONTAGHORA [*at the sound of a conch shell*]. They come.

[*All hasten to the bank, as a canoe enters from the right, carrying four occupants: KRYN, at the bow; HOT ASHES, at the stern; and two captives, MYNHEER VAN CORTLAND, and his daughter, ALIDA. They are greeted with a loud cry from those on the bank, who help them ashore with the captives. The captives are at once securely tied to the birch tree. Then all gather around as KRYN addresses AIADANE.*]

KRYN [*raising his right hand in a salute to the chief*]. Sago, Aiadane.

AIADANE [*returning the salute*]. Sago, Kryn. You are welcome.

KRYN. O mighty chieftain, we return to our people with heavy hearts. Our furs have been stolen. Our braves have fallen before the thunder-sticks of the palefaces. Their bodies lay thick on the shore of the River of the Naked Bear. Few scalps have we brought, for we were taken by surprise. But we have two captives. On these Aiadane shall be avenged.

AIADANE [*tensely*]. With the burning of their flesh and the dripping of their blood, the ghosts of our braves shall find rest . . . and the hearts of our people, a keen satisfaction. [*To the captives.*] You are in our hands. [*To MINOWA.*] Bring me the wampum belt from the Broadbreeches, which hangs in my lodge. [*She hurries to obtain it.*] Peace . . . peace, Pah! [*MINOWA hands him the belt.*] This, palefaces, was given to Aiadane as the paleface pledge of peace with our people. [*Hold it for them to see.*] They have killed our braves . . . have stolen our furs . . . have made fools of the red man. Now, no peace. War. [*Violently he hurls the belt to the ground.*] Your people are traitors. You shall burn.

Many of your people shall burn. Mohawks shall repay the white scoundrel for his treachery. [*To HOT ASHES.*] Nephew, call the clan to council in the longhouse. [*To TEEDAH, who has entered at this point, from the left.*] Teedah, hasten to the village and with the other squaws prepare the war-kettles, make ready our weapons. [*To ATTONTINON.*] You, call the Bears. (*To MINOWA.*) You, call the Beavers. [*To RONTAGHORA.*] Rontaghora is strong again? [*He smiles assent.*] Then, to the Oneidas. Tell them of the trickery of the paleface at the fort. Tell them to call the Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas to the council. Go. Aiadane has spoken.

[*As he called their names, each sets out on the run.* HOT ASHES left, TEEDAH left, MINOWA right, ATTONTINON left, RONTAGHORA left, in the canoe.]

AIADANE [*to TEKAKWITHA*]. You shall stay and guard these captives.

[*A beating of the tom tom summons all to the council. All, except TEKAKWITHA and the captives, enter the longhouse to the left. There is much yelling and whooping as the council begins. Then all is quiet, save for the subdued conversation in the longhouse. Trembling with fear, the captives look at each other in silence. TEKAKWITHA sits upon the grass near them. She tries to be pleasant with them and smiles, but they do not smile in return.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly, to ALIDA*]. Tekakwitha is sorry for the white girl. Perhaps she can help her. It would please Rawenniio to save the white girl from the fire.

ALIDA [*to her father*]. Did you hear what she said? Fire . . . fire. She must know that they intend to burn us.

MYNHEER [*with an effort to control his feelings*]. Now, now, daughter. Let us be brave. It may not be as bad as all that. While there is life there is hope.

ALIDA [*in tears*]. My father, you are being brave just for me. I know they will burn us, or do something horrible to us. Oh, oh . . . [*She faints.*]

[TEKAKWITHA *jumps to her feet, and goes to ALIDA.*]

MYNHEER [*excitedly*]. Water, quick. My daughter has fainted. Will you please get her some water?

TEKAKWITHA [*kindly*]. Yes, I will get water. Poor white girl!

MYNHEER [*bending close to her*] Alida! Alida! Speak to me, Alida. [*She gives no answer*]. Oh, God, help us!

[TEKAKWITHA *returns with a gourd of water. She helps ALIDA to drink, then MYNHEER.*]

TEKAKWITHA. White girls feels better now?

ALIDA [*trying to smile*]. Oh, so much better. Thank you. You are very kind.

MYNHEER [*studying her*]. I did not think a Mohawk could be so kind.

TEKAKWITHA [*pretending not to have heard*]. You are hungry?

ALIDA. So very hungry. It has been long since last we tasted food.

MYNHEER. Nearly two days.

TEKAKWITHA [*holding her finger to her lips*]. Sh! . . . not a word. You shall have what meal I have. [*Hurries into the lodge.*]

ALIDA [*as a great shout is heard in the longhouse*]. Hear that, my father. I am so frightened. How I wish it were over with. Oh! [*She cries.*]

MYNHEER [*trying to comfort her*]. There, there, my child. Be calm. Do not let the Indians know that you fear them. They despise weakness. Come!

ALIDA. I can not be brave any longer. I can't. I can't.

MYNHEER. Then let us pray to God for strength. He will

help us, Alida. You have always had such confidence in Him when you were home. He will not desert you here in the forest.

ALIDA. I know He will not. But I cannot pray. I cannot think what to say. Oh, such horrid people. I just know that they will kill us. I know it.

MYNHEER. Come, come, my little one. We are at their mercy. Let us hope that they may be as kind as this Indian maiden and spare our lives.

ALIDA. How can we hope so, my honored father. Did you not see what they did to our neighbors . . . and to my poor dear mother? No, I fear they will do likewise to us. How I wish I had gone to heaven with mother.

MYNHEER. Please, Mejuffer, do not speak so. Be brave. Your mother was brave. She must be watching over you now. Come, brace up. It could be worse.

ALIDA. Forgive me, father, but it is so hard to be brave, when my heart is so torn with grief. Never will I forget these days.

MYNHEER. Try to forget, my pretty. I know it is hard, but . . .

ALIDA [*interrupting*]. Forget? I can not remove the picture from my mind. I can see mother now . . . as though she were with us. How terrified she was, when I told her of the alarm from the fort. And then—then—I ran to warn our neighbors, never thinking I would return to find her dead. What a horrible sight it was to see that painted savage, bending over her to cut away her scalp. I was so frightened that I screamed. And then he grabbed me. I tried to go to my dear mother, for I thought I heard her call to me; but he would not allow me.

[KILWA hurries from the longhouse, approaches the

captives and buffets them. ALIDA notices a scalp at his belt as he runs off.]

ALIDA [*screaming, as she points to it*]. Father—father—look! There at his belt. It was he who killed mother. [*To KILWA.*] Leave my sight, you beast, you murderer of my mother. Oh—oh! [*Sobs.*]

MYNHEER [*kindly*]. Now, now, daughter. Please be more careful what you say. This Indian will remember all you have said; and it will not be to our benefit for having said it.

ALIDA. Is he gone?

MYNHEER. Yes, he went off thru the woods. Sh—sh, here comes that chieftain. [*AIADANE comes slowly from the longhouse, walking as one in deep meditation. The mysterious drum beats.*]

ALIDA [*as AIADANE hesitates, as one hearing a familiar sound*]. Look, father.

MYNHEER [*cautiously*]. Quiet, daughter. He might hear you.

[*AIADANE stops walking. He stands there, tall, erect, commanding, with his head thrown back, his eyes glittering, his face eloquent with great fear.*]

AIADANE [*stretching forth his hands toward the Sun, pleading*]. Sun! Sun! Aiadane asks you to stop that beating. [*To TEKAKWITHA, who has come from the lodge.*] Bring the palefaces into the longhouse. It is my wish. [*Returns to the longhouse.*]

ALIDA [*frightened*]. O Indian girl, what will they do to us?

MYNHEER [*also afraid*]. Yes, pretty one, tell us.

TEKAKWITHA [*offering each a bowl of sagmite*]. Tekakwitha has brought you some sagmite.

ALIDA [*with a faint smile*]. You are so kind. But I could not eat.

MYNHEER. You must try, daughter. It will give you strength to bear up for awhile.

ALIDA. No, no, I cannot.

TEKAKWITHA [*setting aside the bowls, and coming closer*]. Will the white captives do as Tekakwitha tells them? I may be able to save them.

ALIDA. Oh, will you really? Oh, father, she may be able to save us.

MYNHEER. Whatever you say, Indian girl. You certainly are different.

TEKAKWITHA [*with a cautious glance towards the longhouse*]. Sh-h-h-h! Be not afraid. I am the chief's daughter. I will help you. Listen, when you enter the longhouse, be brave. Say nothing. You shall not burn. Have no fear. [*Unbinding their thongs, she leads them towards the longhouse.*]

MYNHEER [*to TEKAKWITHA*]. Perhaps I could persuade them to burn me and save Alida, my daughter. Do you think so?

ALIDA [*excitedly*]. No, no, my father. You must not leave me here alone. Please do not, father.

TEKAKWITHA [*reproachfully*]. Paleface must do as Tekakwitha has said. Say nothing. Leave all to me. Else you both may die.

[*They enter the longhouse. TEKAKWITHA returns. A loud war-whoop echoes from the woods, while drums beat distantly. She seems in great distress, as she stands, looking heavenward.*]

TEKAKWITHA [*pleading*]. O Rawenniiio, Who hears the prayers of Onssent in his chapel, Who has listened to the prayers of Tekakwitha in the forest, hear her now. Give

sense to my people. Give them forgiveness for their enemies.

[As she prays, a canoe has come up the stream, OCCUNA jumps to the bank. He is much excited, as he hurries to TEKAKWITHA.]

OCCUNA [*breathless*]. Sago, little princess.

TEKAKWITHA [*surprised*]. What? You! Why has Occuna returned? Why?

OCCUNA [*slyly*]. He has forgotten something.

TEKAKWITHA [*sharply*]. Occuna lies. He has forgotten nothing.

OCCUNA [*looking at her*]. It is true.

TEKAKWITHA [*still incredulous*]. Why have you returned?

OCCUNA [*suddenly changing his tactics*]. I have come for you, my lily, for you.

TEKAKWITHA [*a note of terror creeping into her voice*]. For me? Oh!

OCCUNA. Aiadane has told you.

TEKAKWITHA [*sharply*]. Yes, he has told me.

OCCUNA [*with too much assurance*]. You are to be Occuna's squaw.

TEKAKWITHA [*bristling*]. Never, Occuna. Oh, why did you return? [*With a sudden thought.*] You have not done as you agreed, Occuna. You have not gone to your people. Can you expect Aiadane to keep his promise, when you have failed in yours?

OCCUNA [*explaining with gestures*]. Occuna met Kryn on the River. He told him of the trouble with the palefaces at the fort. He said Occuna had no sense to journey on. The Dutch were guarding the river, and he would be taken or killed. "Return to our village," he said. "To-night a big war-dance, a big frolic, two white captives are to burn." Then Occuna's brain said, "Go on," but

his heart said, "Stay, do not go. Occuna will be killed and there is a beautiful princess waiting for his return."

So Occuna obeyed his heart for he loves this princess.

TEKAKWITHA. Occuna was foolish. He should have obeyed his brain, for it spoke words of wisdom. His heart lied.

OCCUNA [*imploringly*]. No, no, his heart did not lie. Say no, Tekakwitha, say no.

[KILWA comes from the longhouse, leading the captives by a deer thong. Their faces are smeared with black and they seem depressed in spirit. Closely behind them comes AIADANE, then TEEDAH.]

TEKAKWITHA [*on seeing them*]. Occuna, look! They are painted for death!

OCCUNA [*joyfully*]. Good! Big frolic! Tekakwitha, tonight we will go together. Then afterwards, to my lodge . . . as my squaw.

TEKAKWITHA [*scornfully*]. No. Bad Indian. [*To KILWA, as he is leading the captives off left.*] Kilwa, where do you go?

KILWA. To the village . . . to tie palefaces to the stake.

TEKAKWITHA [*to KILWA*]. Wait! Kilwa, wait. [*Going to AIADANE.*] Please, my father. Spare the palefaces . . . for Tekakwitha's sake.

AIADANE [*noticing OCCUNA for the first time*]. Huh! [*A shadow of pain crosses his brow.*] Huh! [*Then firmly, to TEKAKWITHA.*] No.

TEKAKWITHA [*about to press her request, but deciding it is futile, goes quickly to the captives*]. Have courage, my friends. Tekakwitha will yet save you. You are Christians? No? But you wish to whisper words of secret to the Blackrobe? It will be good for you. I will send him to you. Remember, fear not. Rawenniio sees all.

TEEDAH [*nudging AIADANE*]. You see, my husband, she loves our enemies.

AIADANE [*with contempt*]. Huh! [*To TEKAKWITHA.*] Come, daughter. [*To KILWA.*] Go, as you were told.

[*KILWA exits left with the captives. The drum beats steadily. TEKAKWITHA looks pleadingly at her father, the chieftain. His answer is a gesture towards OCCUNA. She understands and hangs her head in sorrow. AIADANE and TEEDAH enter the lodge. OCCUNA goes quickly to TEKAKWITHA.*]

OCCUNA [*passionately*]. Come, my love. Marry Occuna. Tonight, perhaps. Our marriage will please Aiadane. He might then spare the white captives, as Tekakwitha wishes. Come tonight to my lodge as my squaw. Tomorrow Occuna may go on the war-path . . . may never return. Your answer?

TEKAKWITHA. No. Always, no.

OCCUNA [*stormily*]. Squaw knows of Aiadane's promise to Occuna?

TEKAKWITHA. She knows.

OCCUNA. And she refuses?

TEKAKWITHA [*with determination*]. I shall never be your squaw, Occuna. Do not waste your time with me. Others want you.

[*She has just uttered her refusal, when ONSSSENT appears, left. OCCUNA stares stormily at him, blaming him for TEKAKWITHA'S attitude; then runs quickly to his canoe and disappears. TEKAKWITHA looks wistfully at ONSSSENT, then screams and falls to the ground. ONSSSENT helps her to arise.*]

ONSSSENT. My dear child, what is the trouble? Why did you scream so? Did Occuna say anything to you that . . .

TEKAKWITHA [*interrupting*]. Captives, Onssent. Did you not see them at the stake in the village?

ONSSENT [*with surprise*]. No. Are there captives at the stake?

TEKAKWITHA. Yes. A white brave and his daughter. They burn tonight.

ONSSENT. They are Christians?

TEKAKWITHA. No, not as the French palefaces. But go, Onssent, give them the Saving Waters and teach them the prayer. Perhaps they may whisper words of secret in your ear.

ONSSENT. I shall go to them at once. But tell me. Why did Occuna return? He must have turned back.

TEKAKWITHA. He came for Tekakwitha.

ONSSENT. But I thought you were determined not to have him. You do not love him.

TEKAKWITHA. Aiadane, my father, promised Tekakwitha to Occuna as his squaw, when he returned. He has returned.

ONSSENT. Aiadane should not have made such a promise.

TEKAKWITHA. He is chief. He has said, "Tekakwitha will marry Occuna or she may burn . . . and Onssent, her slave, may burn."

ONSSENT. I am sorry, Tekakwitha. I am afraid you will have to accept him.

TEKAKWITHA. No, Onssent. I have refused him. I have promised Rawenniio and His mother never to marry. Oh, forgive me, Onssent. I have angered Occuna with my answer. Now he will have me burned with the white captives. If I should go, Ononawata shall see that Onssent is burned also. Aiadane will not help us. Go—go—to the white captives, Onssent. Then come back to Tekakwitha. She wishes Onssent to pour the Saving

Waters on her head . . . and to tell her more about the lodge of the Great Brave and the Maid in Blue, where soon she must go. Go, Onssent. I shall wait for you.

ONSSENT. There, there, my child, there must be some way out of this. Trust Rawenniiio. I will go to the captives. Be at the spring, when I return. I will come there, where no one will be watching. [*He starts for the village, left. Turns suddenly.*] My Tekakwitha does not fear to meet her Rawenniiio?

TEKAKWITHA [*simply*]. No, Onssent, I have no fear. Tekakwitha longs to see Him, Whom she loves. [ONSSENT *smiles, exits left. With her arms outstretched heavenward, she rises to her knees.*] God of the Blackrobe! God of my mother! Rawenniiio!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:

Early Evening, one year later.

A bright moon-lit evening. The river sparkles, and the lodges and the surrounding woodlands are thrown into a fantastic silhouette. All is quiet.

At the rise, MYNHEER VAN CORTLAND, who is now known by his Indian name of ANGIE, is seated by the fire, meditatively smoking a long Indian pipe. He is dressed as a native. Presently there is heard coming from the forest a soft cooing, like that of a dove calling for his lost mate. AGNIE listens intently for a moment, then resumes his smoking. Again the call. At the edge of the clearing appears an Indian maiden. It is ALIDA, his daughter, who now answers to the Indian name of WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [Little Fire fly.] She hesitates only for a moment, enjoying her father's confusion; then runs quickly into the firelight.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*softly calling*]. Oh, father!

AGNIE [*startled*]. Alida! My child! [*She runs to his arms.*] Come to me.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, my father! At last!

AGNIE [*kissing her*]. My dear child! Is it really you?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, to think I have seen you again. Kiss me again. I am afraid I am going to wake up and find it is all a dream.

AGNIE [*laughing*]. No, indeed, my baby. You are not dreaming. I am with you once more. How I have longed to see you. Tell me. Have you missed me a great deal? Have you?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. So much, father! I have been so very lonesome without you.

AGNIE. Were you, child? It was such a long journey. It seemed ages since we started out.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes, it did. You were gone so very long, I began to fear lest you might not return.

AGNIE. Would not return to Mèjuffer? Please . . .

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You know I did not mean it so, father.

AGNIE [*drawing her closer*]. I know, my little one.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Though of all the things which might have happened to you out there in the forest, and I feared . . .

AGNIE [*interrupting*]. Well, here I am well as ever and my pretty in my arms. What more could I ask? Now you are happy once more?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I thought of all the things which might return soon; and when Gennea said the party had returned from the hunt, I was so excited, father, I could not come quickly enough. Forthwith I dropped everything and hurried here as quickly as I could. How my heart beat when I saw my dear father again.

AGNIE [*embracing her*]. Just like my pretty.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I gave the signal, but you did not answer. My father has not forgotten the dove call?

AGNIE. Was that you, child? I did hear the call, but it was so perfect, so like the call of a real dove, that I thought no more about it. Indeed, Mèjuffer is learning to call well. She will have to take care lest she make the poor doves jealous. Tell me, how has my little one behaved while her father has been so far away?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, so good . . . and so bad. [*They laugh.*] Father, you do look so very tired.

AGNIE. Yes, Alida, I am a little tired but I shall have plenty of time to rest up now that we are home. The hunt was long and at times very hard, especially for the captives,

who were made to do most of the work. We tramped for days through the blinding snow and slept whole nights on the wet, cold ground. I was never used to such hardships and naturally I was often very weary. But the thought that back here by the river my little Fire-fly waited and prayed for my safe return, made my burdens seem a little lighter and the way just a little shorter. Thank God I am back with you once more and I find you safe and happy. [*Kisses her.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But, my honored father, I am not so very happy, really.

AGNIE [*with surprise*]. You are not happy, child?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. No, father, not at all, not at all.

AGNIE. Come, come. What's this? You seemed happy enough a moment ago.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes, I was very happy . . . to see you.

AGNIE. Mejuffer, something is wrong. You are concealing something from your father. Come, my pretty, tell your father everything. What happened while I was away?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*beginning to sob*]. Everything, everything. Oh, father . . . my dearest father . . . I—I am—I . . .

AGNIE. [*placing his arm around her*]. Alida, my child! There now. Dry those tears. There. Come now, explain to me what has been troubling you.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*between sobs*]. Oh, father, there was so much to make me unhappy . . .

AGNIE. Yes, yes, go on.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. There was trouble of some sort all the time. First sickness broke out in the longhouse and many died with the Quick Death. Then the Cat nation attacked our palisades and killed a great number of the braves and squaws. The worm got into the cornfield

and the whole crop was completely ruined before it was harvested. Twice war parties set out to fight the Dutch, but not a single brave ever returned. And all these terrible misfortunes were blamed on Onssent and his Christians. The sorcerer told them the Christians brought evil spirits into the village, which caused all the evil I have told you. And so the Indian girls . . . and Teedah . . . and all the children have been very wicked toward me because I am a Christian. Oh, father, I have not had a moment's peace since Onssent poured the Saving Waters on our heads.

AGNIE [*kindly*]. I am so sorry you have been so miserable, my daughter. Poor people! How readily they believe that lying sorcerer.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. They could do us no harm for the chief was away and we are his slaves. But they have been very mean, very mean, indeed. Ononawata told them Sun wished them to treat slaves so and they obeyed him only too willingly.

AGNIE. Good Onssent certainly has a hard time of it here, trying to convert these savages. It seems almost a hopeless task. His reward will be great.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Father, shall we never be able to leave this dreadful place? Must we always stay with these savage people?

AGNIE. I hope not, daughter; but our chances of leaving do not look so very good . . . at least, at present. Perhaps . . .

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*interrupting*]. We could escape, could we not, father?

AGNIE. No, my pretty; it would be very foolish even to try. You saw how they treated the last slaves who tried to make their escape?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*aghast at the thought*]. They cooked and ate them. Oh!

AGNIE. And that's just about what would happen to us—possibly it could be worse—if we should try to make our escape. I am afraid poor Tekakwitha would not be able to save us a second time. If she had not persuaded Teedah that it were wise to save us and ask a ransom from our people, I am sure we should have seen the stake long before now.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Think you, father, that the Governor at Fort Orange will ransom us?

AGNIE. I have hoped they would. But we have been here a year now, and still they seem to have made no effort to do so.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. My poor mother has been in heaven a whole year. Think of it.

[She draws a small bag from her bosom and, taking a lock of hair from it, presses it to her lips.]

AGNIE *[puzzled]*. What is that, my child?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE *[holding it for him to see]*. My mother's scalp.

AGNIE *[incredulous]*. Your mother's scalp?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes. See.

AGNIE. Where did you get it?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I stole it.

AGNIE. You . . . stole it?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes, my father, I stole it. You remember I pointed it out to you hanging on Kilwa's belt. Well, that night he left it drying on a stick . . . close to the fire. Oh, father, I could not let it remain there for savage hands to touch. I could not let it decorate Kilwa's belt as it would had I not taken it. So I took it and buried it. I was saving it until you should return.

AGNIE *[tenderly]*. Let me have it, my child, I will bury it.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. No, no, father, please. I know mother

is watching over us and praying for us, but I like to have this bit of her hair near. It is such a comfort. Really, it is. It reminds me how she used to look . . . a year ago.

AGNIE. Well, if you wish.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*concealing the bag once more*]. How I miss her. But I am glad she too was not made a captive.

AGNIE. She could never have stood such a life as this. It was best.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And I, my father—I cannot stand it much longer . . . living here with these awful people . . . buried alive in these forests. Oh, father, if we could only persuade them to let us go home. We could promise to send them the money, could we not?

AGNIE. They can be fooled sometimes, daughter, but not that easily. We must wait and hope that some one may yet come to our rescue.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*growing impatient*]. Wait? My father, we have been waiting and no ones comes. Is there no other way?

AGNIE [*sadly*]. None, my pretty one. We are without friends, it seems. We must trust in the Lord, as Onssent has told us to do. He is our only hope. We are captives.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*with tears coming*]. I know, father; but it is so hard to be a captive—and be treated like this. Work, work, work . . . all the day long. A slave never knows whether the sun shines. Every morning, so soon as the dawn breaks, Teedah comes to wake Kateri and me. And—and she calls us in that awful voice, “Time the Christians were up. Come.” And she pulls and kicks us, until she is sure we will not sleep longer. Oh, I hate her, father. I just hate the very sight of her.

AGNIE. You must not say that, daughter. She cannot be quite so bad as that.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, but she is—every bit. She makes Kateri and me work long hours in the cornfield and then carry wood for the fire and fetch water from the spring until our backs are nearly broken. If we appear to be tired, or say that we are hungry, she will laugh so foolishly and say, "What Christians tired? Christians hungry? Christians are not strong, but work will make them strong." Oh, if only I could be anybody's slave but hers . . . just to escape for awhile from her foolish voice, her foolish face . . . her foolish people.

AGNIE. You cannot escape, Mejuffer. Not just now, anyway. It would mean certain death, if you were caught.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But I must—I must, father. I must try. Won't you help me?

AGNIE [*trying to comfort her*]. Hush, Alida. Have patience for a while longer. You will try to bear it . . . for my sake, child. I could not bear to have you killed before my eyes. I could not. Please try to stand it and in a little while something may turn up.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. For your sake, then, my father, but it will be so hard. It is not Teedah alone, who is so cruel, even the children taunt us and will not give us peace. The squaws ridicule us and say the meanest things about the God of the palefaces. And Ononawata besets our path with drunken braves. Nothing seems too mean—nothing.

AGNIE. It is their way, my child. They do not know better. We must be guided by Onssent. He knows best.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*listening intently*]. Sh-h-h-h! Someone comes this way. [*Rising*]. Oh, father, it is Onssent.

[ONSSENT *enters from the left. His step is quick and*

there is an expression of repressed joy on his face. AGNIE rises to greet him.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*joyfully*]. Welcome, Onssent.

AGNIE. Indeed, welcome. It is a pleasure to see you again, Onssent.

ONSSENT [*shaking hands with him*]. And you, Agnie. The Lord be praised for your safe return. [*Smiling as he turns to WAH-WAH-TAYSEE.*] My little Fire-fly has been a bit worried about you.

AGNIE. I know. She has told me.

ONSSENT. My children, I have good news for you. Our prayers have been answered.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*excited*]. Onssent, we are . . .

ONSSENT [*watching the effect of his words*]. . . . Going home.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*overcome with joy*]. Onssent, no, no? Do I hear you aright?

ONSSENT [*smiling*]. Yes. You are both going home.

AGNIE [*incredulous*]. You are sure there is no mistake? It is true?

ONSSENT. Quite true.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*throwing herself into her father's arms*]. Oh, father! At last. Are you not happy?

AGNIE [*holding her closely*]. Indeed, my child. Think of it. When we least expected it. How wonderful are the ways of God.

ONSSENT [*smiling*]. Wonderful, indeed.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But, Onssent, you have not told us how . . .

AGNIE. Yes, Onssent, how do you know this?

ONSSENT. I was leaving the chapel, when I saw an Embassy from the Fort coming up the landing. There were three in the party.

AGNIE. And you think they come to ransom us?

ONSSSENT. I am sure of that. I overheard them talking with Aiadane. They have come to trade at many of the Iroquois Castles and are prepared to ransom all Dutch captives. They have come loaded down with gifts for the Indians. I am sure they will have no trouble in negotiating, once the Indians lay their eyes on those gifts.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, father, it really does seem too good to be true, doesn't it?

AGNIE. Now we shall have our freedom, my pretty. How happy I am for your sake.

ONSSSENT. There is to be a council tonight—in fact, very soon now. [*A tom tom is heard in the distance, calling all to the council*]. There is the call now. Hear it? In a little while you will be slaves no longer, and then you may go back to your people, where you will soon forget all about this terrible adventure.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Yes, Onssent, we shall be free . . . quite free, but we shall not soon forget. We could not.

ONSSSENT. You will, my child. You must . . . forget it all.

AGNIE. We will try, Onssent, but I fear we shall ever remember these terrible days of hardships and torture.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And your kindness to us, Onssent—we can never forget that, truly.

ONSSSENT. Now, now, little Fire-fly . . .

AGNIE [*interrupting*]. Onssent, we cannot think of you staying here to be persecuted after we have gone. Will you not come home with us . . . to the fort?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*in love with the idea*]. Yes, yes, Onssent, the very idea! And father and I shall take such care to make you happy there.

ONSSSENT. I am sure you would, my child. [*To AGNIE.*] No, Agnie. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but I could not think of it.

AGNIE [*imploring*]. Only for a while, Onssent, until it is again peaceful here among your savages. Then you might return. It is folly to stay here now.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You might be killed, Onssent, if you do not go. You might, truly.

ONSSENT. You are kind, very kind, my children; but I can not accompany you. The time has come for you to go, but I must remain. You must take this opportunity to return home. Please do not think of me. I do not fear to remain here. Why this very ground on which we are now standing has been consecrated by Martyrs of Jesus Christ . . . by my own brother Jesuits. They have planted here the seed of Christianity with their life's blood, and they look to me to develop it. You will not ask me to betray a sacred trust? I feel it is my duty to remain. These are my people. My first duty is to them. You understand?

AGNIE [*apologetically*]. Indeed. Onssent, we did not mean . . .

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Not at all, Onssent, not at all.

ONSSENT [*smiling*]. Of course not. I understand. God bless you, my children. Go now, prepare for your journey. I will bring you word when all is ready. [*Exits left.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*embracing her father*]. Oh, my father, is this not wonderful! just wonderful!

AGNIE [*kissing her*]. Yes, my pretty, it is wonderful!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But what will poor Kateri say. I must tell her at once. It is going to be very hard to leave her.

AGNIE. Perhaps Mejuffer might persuade her to come . . .

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. If only she would! No, father, it will do no good. Many times she has had a chance to escape to the land of the praying Indians at New Caughnawaga

on the Saint Pierre, but she would not. Her love of her people is too great for her to think of leaving them. She will not hear of it.

AGNIE. Come, it is time we were going to our lodge, Me-juffer.

[*As they enter the chief's lodge, AIADANE and OCCUNA enter from the village, left.*]

OCCUNA [*with dignity, as he folds his arms*]. It shall be as Occuna says, Peace forever with the Mohegans.

AIADANE [*with satisfaction*]. Huh! You shall speak for your people at the council. Aiadane is pleased. His people also.

OCCUNA. Good! And Aiadane will keep his promise? He has not forgotten?

AIADANE. Aiadane forgets nothing . . . nor breaks a promise.

OCCUNA. Ha! Good!

AIADANE. Occuna shall sit beside Aiadane at the council. Come!

[*Together they enter the longhouse. Occasional shadows on the doorway suggest the assemblage of the clans. A low beating of a drum is heard above the incessant flow of confused conversation.*]

Enter KILWA, advancing cautiously from the right, as one fearful of discovery. He looks about him, and satisfied that no one is watching, gives a low cry. There comes an immediate answer from among the trees near the river. A figure approaches. It is RONTAGHORA.

KILWA [*cautiously*]. Brother, you have succeeded?

RONTAGHORA [*in a whisper*]. Yes, it is done.

KILWA. How?

RONTAGHORA [*with mimetic gestures*]. I leave you at the village . . . run like a panther . . . find their lodge. I see

the bags of wampum . . . beads . . . knives . . . hatchets . . . and many things, as you have said.

KILWA [*greedily*]. And you have them hidden . . . where they shall not find them?

RONTAGHORA. They are safe. They shall not find them. I filled the empty pouches with leaves and wood. When they discover their loss, it will be too late.

KILWA [*with satisfaction*]. Ha! Ha! What cunning people we Mohawks are. Where is the hiding place, Rontaghora?

RONTAGHORA. In the hollow oak, an arrow's shot beyond the palisades on the trail to Tionnontoquen.

KILWA. A good place. Now to the council least we be missed. Remember, brother, the Bears must out-vote the Turtles and the Wolves.

RONTAGHORA. Sun wishes it. It must be done.

KILWA. The Bears shall vote death. Then these Broadbreeches shall die, and my father's spirit shall rest in peace. It is my revenge.

RONTAGHORA [*slyly*]. No wampum . . . no captives. Then Teedah will keep the pretty Fire-fly and she shall be my squaw. Ha, Wah-Wah-Taysee, my woman!

KILWA. My brother thinks Aiadane may suspect us?

RONTAGHORA. No. He will think the Broadbreeches have lied. He will be very angry.

KILWA. Good!

RONTAGHORA. Come, to the council.

[They enter the longhouse. The talking of the clans becomes momentarily more audible. More shadows are cast from the doorway, being reflected as new arrivals to the council pass before the fire. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE comes from the chief's lodge with KATERI. She is bubbling over with joy, probably at the thought of being free]

again, and is talking excitedly to KATERI, who is trying vainly to appear happy for her sake.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*rapidly*]. That's it, dear Kateri. That's it. The very idea! Who would ever think to look for you there. No one, I dare say. And what better time than the present. You would be unobserved now. The council is gathering and everyone will attend. Slip quietly, like a mouse, down the trail to that big oak, just outside the palisades. Hide your clothing there, and some food, if you wish. Then tomorrow, when Teedah sends you at sunrise to fetch water from the spring, go there directly. Father and I will meet you there. I shall tell him tonight. Then quietly we shall hide you in our canoe and paddle you down the river to our Fort, where you shall be quite safe. You can live with father and me. And you shall be very happy. What do you say? You will come?

KATERI [*slowly shaking her head*]. No, kind sister, no.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*surprised*]. My sister says, "no"! Think, Kateri, what it would mean to you to be away from the hardships you must endure here. At Fort Orange you might do as you please. Indeed, you could. And soon your people will give in to your wishes, and then you might return.

KATERI. No, I cannot go.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*imploring*]. But you must, Kateri, you must! You have been so very kind to Agnie and Wah-Wah-Taysee. We simply must take you with us. I love you, Kateri. I dread to leave you. Please say you will come away with me!

KATERI [*simply*]. No.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Not even if I should ask Onssent's permission?

KATERI. Do not ask him, sister. Kateri loves Wah-Wah-Taysee dearly. She does not wish to see her go, for she would have her always with her here. But Kateri cannot go away. She cannot leave her people. Rawennio would not wish her to do so. He wishes her to remain here.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But . . . if they torture you so, He cannot wish . . .

KATERI. He does. Onssent has spoken so.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*incredulous*]. I cannot believe He would want you . . .

KATERI. He means that true love can endure the pain of scorn of one's people. He says it is Rawennio's test. He works through my people. I love Rawennio, little Fire-fly. Can I go, when He wishes me to stay, and say that I still love Him? Could I then sing Him my love song? He would turn away His ear. Then I would be alone, for who would listen to me?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*disappointedly*]. Then . . . then . . . I must go without you?

KATERI [*with emotion*]. Yes, my sister . . . little Fire-fly. It is His will.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, would that it was not! I love you so, Kateri!

KATERI [*embracing her tenderly*]. And Kateri loves you, pretty one.

[*The low muttering has ceased in the longhouse and there are heard the indistinct accents of someone speaking in a rhythmic chant, as the council begins.*

Enter from the left, running, MINOWA, ATTONTINON and GENNEA.

MINOWA [*laughing merrily*]. Ho, ho, such cowardice! Did you see him, sisters? Was he not funny?

ATTONTINON [*impersonating*]. See him? Such fear on one face!

GENNA [*also laughing*]. He was as weak as a squaw. Ha, he could not run a little.

MINOWA. He was felled with one blow.

GENNA. And that by a mere boy. Oh, such a warrior.

ALL [*laughing*]. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*On the arrival of the three maidens, KATERI and WAH-WAH-TAYSEE look on in silence. They are about to slink from sight, when observed by GENNA.*]

GENNA [*scornfully, pointing*]. Oh, look sisters! The Christians!

ATTONTINON [*with hauteur*]. Christians?

MINOWA. Christians, it is late. The sun has already set.

GENNA. Perhaps our sisters go to the council.

ATTONTINON. Sisters? Be more sensible, Gennea. Christians are not our sisters, but our slaves.

MINOWA. And slaves do not go to council meetings.

GENNEA. Come, sisters, we must not waste our time talking with worthless slaves. Let us go to the council.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*angrily*]. Foolish Mohawk girls! Why do you talk so? Look upon me as nothing, if you will, but Kateri is your princess. How can you be so rude? Where is your respect?

ATTONTINON [*with hauteur*]. Our princess? Indeed!

MINOWA [*sharply*]. She is no longer our princess.

GENNEA. Kateri was very foolish when she let Onssent pour the Saving Waters on her head and gave up her good Indian name "Tekakwitha" for the Christian name "Kateri." Ha! She is no longer our sister. She is no longer our princess. Only Tekakwitha can be our princess.

ATTONTINON. Even Aiadane disowns her. She has willfully disobeyed him.

MINOWA [*turning away*]. Come, sisters, to the council.

ALL [*as they turn towards the longhouse*]. Foolish Christians! Ha, Ha!

[*The three girls, laughing in derision at the two unhappy Christians, hasten to the door of the longhouse, pulling one another along. After looking back, and giving a departing laugh, they enter.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*looking with pity at the three entering the longhouse*]. How unkind our sisters are!

KATERI [*sadly*]. It is unkind of them, but I am sure they do not understand. Some day, perhaps . . .

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*interrupting*]. And until then, Kateri, you should leave them. They do not deserve you . . .

KATERI. No. My place is here with them. They also are Rawennio's children. He waits for them to come to Him. He listens for their love song, but they do not sing. Who then will teach them? Onssent cannot do much alone. The example of one of their own will have a greater effect upon them. Does not Rawennio expect as much from His love? Yes, I will stay and teach them, for I love Him—and them.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But, Kateri, see you not how very stubborn they are? You know how they only laugh when you speak to them of God.

KATERI. I know, but I will pray Rawennio to open their hearts.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. When you speak to them, they stop their ears and say they do not hear. You have told them how good Rawennio has been to them, and what do they say? "Otkon, the devil, gives us all." They do not wish to be told, Kateri. They wish not to give up the pleasures of orgies and frolics. They are cold and pagan at heart. Why should you bother with them, dear Kateri? They will not thank you for your trouble.

KATERI [*kindly*]. Ah, my pretty Fire-fly, do not speak so. They are my sisters.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But they have rejected you as their sister, have they not?

KATERI. They do not mean it. Those unkind words did not come from their hearts. I know. Leave them, my sister? Help them not at all, when they so need my help? No. Has my little sister forgotten the beautiful words of the Great Brave to those who suffer for His sake? Has she forgotten also how Onssent said the Great Brave bore all and said nothing? His wicked tribe of Jews would not believe and He did not cease to teach them. He loved them. He died for them. Shall I not be like Him Whom I love? . . . as brave? . . . as kind? You do not wish me to be unfaithful to my Love?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*almost in tears*]. No, Kateri, I would not, indeed. Please forgive me. I meant only that—I—I—oh, I cannot see you so abused by your own people. I can think of nothing they have not done to you, and always the terrible thought comes to me, What if the stake should claim my sister? And often in my sleep I see the eager flames licking the life out of your screaming body. You will cause your own death. You have angered them by receiving the Saving Waters. If you remain, their anger will increase, I feel sure. And—it means death—certain death. Oh, Kateri, I beg you, do not anger them more!

KATERI. It is as my sister says. I have loved Rawenniio and thus have angered my people. Would my sister have me anger Rawenniio also, as my people have done? Would He not punish me, as He is punishing them? . . . They have for their sins sickness, war, famine and death; I for my love—peace, happiness, joy—my love returned!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Peace? But you have had no peace since your receiving the Saving Waters. Have you so?

KATERI. Yes, I have had peace—much peace, indeed. The great desire within my heart, which would never sleep—is quiet now—satisfied. I have peace. Please, Wah-Wah-Taysee, say no more.

[As they embrace each other, there is heard from the longhouse a low muttering of voices, which increases gradually. Above it can be heard intermittently boisterous laughter. TEEDAH comes from the meeting, bustling with excitement. She scowls heavily on seeing KATERI and WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, and hurries towards them. There is a shade of anxiety on their faces as she approaches.]

TEEDAH *[with indignation]*. Stop, Christians. Talk, talk, talk, all the time. Has not your mistress forbade it? Slaves have no time for talking. Idle Christians. Teedah shall remember this and both of you shall work longer in the cornfield. Listen to me, both of you. Aiadane sends me with a message. You, Wah-Wah-Taysee, to the village. In the lodge of the Broadbreeches, you will find a pouch full of wampum. Bring it to Aiadane. Aiadane waits your return. Begone, and hurry.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE *[humbly]*. As my mistress says. *[Exits left.]*

TEEDAH *[to Kateri]*. Now, papoose, come!

[As she goes off towards the chief's lodge, KATERI regards her with suspicion. She thinks she has discerned a look of cunning, a look of scheming, which verges on triumph, in the old squaw's face. She hesitates.]

TEEDAH *[impatiently]*. Will the papoose come?

KATERI *[kindly]*. What does Teedah wish?

TEEDAH *[becoming angry]*. She wishes nothing. She says, "Come."

KATERI. Why?

TEEDAH [*with greater vexation*]. I say, "Come."

KATERI [*still hesitating*]. If there is work, Teedah knows it is Sunday, the day of prayer. On this day work is forbidden to Christians.

TEEDAH [*almost savagely*]. Sunday, no work! Pah!

KATERI [*determined*]. No, no work. I am a Christian now. The work can wait until the morning.

TEEDAH [*returning to KATERI*]. Christians eat on Sunday. When it is cold, they warm themselves by the warm fire, which did not gather itself. They wear the furs of the animals our brothers kill on Sunday. Pah! Were all like you, papoose,—like all Christians—who would feed us? Who would cloth us? Who would keep us warm?

KATERI. Teedah, why cannot the work be done tomorrow?

TEEDAH [*sharply*]. There is no work. And it is well for you, for Aiadane is angry with you.

KATERI. Then what do you wish?

TEEDAH. Listen, papoose, and I will tell you. Broad-breeches have come from the Fort. They have come to make peace with the Mohawks.

KATERI. Yes, yes, I know.

TEEDAH [*with a snarl*]. Wait, shut your mouth! Teedah speaks. [*KATERI hangs her head.*] They have heard from a paleface slave of the beautiful princess! [*To herself: Beautiful! Huh!.*] They have asked to see her. Aiadane wishes you to come that they may see. Now the papoose understands?

KATERI [*sadly*]. Yes.

TEEDAH [*going towards the lodge*]. Then come. You shall wear your new dress.

KATERI. But, Teedah, this dress is good enough.

TEEDAH [*sharply*]. Come!

[*They enter the lodge together. A dim light issues forth, for TEEDAH has probably stirred the smouldering fire.*

RONTAGHORA comes hastily from the longhouse and runs in the direction of the village, left. Enter AIADANE and OCCUNA from the council. They stand a few paces from the open dor.

AIADANE [*sternly*]. Occuna, listen to me.

OCCUNA. I listen.

AIADANE. You have waited a long time. Tonight Aiadane will keep his promise.

OCCUNA [*greatly pleased*]. Good—tonight!

AIADANE. You have heard how my people are pleased. They are willing to accept you as one of them. Occuna is willing?

OCCUNA. He is willing. Let it be done.

AIADANE. Huh! Then tonight.

OCCUNA [*impatiently*]. I will go to her now. [*Passionately*]. Tekakwitha—my squaw! Where is she?

AIADANE [*detaining OCCUNA as he turns to look for her*].

No, not now. Aiadane has sent for her. Teedah will bring her. Occuna knows the custom of our people?

OCCUNA. Yes.

AIADANE. Very well. Say nothing. She shall not know until it is too late. Come.

[AIADANE leads the way back to the meeting. Enter KRYN and HOT ASHES with ONNSSENT.]

KRYN. Onssent, my brother and I have come a long journey.

Many moons have we travelled since the good Blackrobe at Saint Pierre entrusted us with his message to Onssent.

HOT ASHES. It was difficult, for the Cat Nation is on the war-path. Often we lay for hours in the bushes, lest

they discover us and we go on a much longer journey, from which there is no returning.

ONSSSENT [*smiling*]. But you were too clever for them, I see. Ah, you are both brave warriors and few are so clever in the forests.

HOT ASHES [*laughing*]. Onssent is kind—and clever, too.

KRYN. Not a little. [*They laugh.*]

ONSSSENT. I am very pleased with the message my brother priest has sent me. He says there is peace and contentment in the land of the Praying Indians. New Caughnawaga on the shores of Saint Pierre must be a wonderful place and pleasing to the eyes of God. He certainly must be pleased with the holy lives of His red children there. Glory be to God!

BOTH INDIANS [*reverently bowing their heads*]. And to His Holy Name!

ONSSSENT. How different this from the harsh curses of so many of His children in this castle.

HOT ASHES [*pointing to the longhouse*]. Council meeting, Onssent?

ONSSSENT. Yes.

KRYN. Why?

ONSSSENT. Occuna, the Mohegan, has come from his people to make peace with the Mohawks.

HOT ASHES. But the palefaces, Onssent? Who are they?

ONSSSENT. They are Ambassadors from the Dutch. They have come to ransom two of their people who are captives here. Will you not join your brothers in council?

KRYN [*with determination*]. No, Onssent. They are no longer my brothers—until they have more sense—until they cease to offer wampum to Otkon, the devil, and drink no more of the demon fire-water, which takes away their sense and makes them mad—and they fight and kill the

paleface and each other. Once I was like them, Onssent—but now I have more sense. I am going, Onssent.

ONSSENT. But you have only come. Must you leave so soon?

KRYN. I must go to the Castle of the Oneida's, our brothers in the Great League.

HOT ASHES [*interrupting*]. Kryn goes to preach to them.

ONSSENT. Indeed! So my Kryn has turned preacher and evangelist?

KRYN. Yes, I preach as the good Blackgown at New Caughnawaga taught me. Our brothers, the Oneidas, have no one like you, Onssent, to tell them of the great hereafter. So I go to tell them—to tell them why I believe as I do—how I was a dog once, praying to Otkon, but I am now a man. I shall encourage them to become men also. Farewell, Onssent. Farewell, my brother. [*Gives the Indian gesture of departure.*]

ONSSENT [*raising his hand in blessing*]. God bless you, Kryn; and may you be successful in your mission.

HOT ASHES [*raising his hand*]. Itah—farewell, my brother.
[*KRYN exits left, on a run.*]

ONSSENT [*cautiously*]. Hot Ashes, when are you returning to Saint Pierre?

HOT ASHES [*puzzled*]. At sunrise, Onssent. Why do you ask?

ONSSENT. Good. Will you do me a favor?

HOT ASHES. Let Onssent speak. Hot Ashes is ready to do his will.

ONSSENT. I knew you would, my son. Shall you go alone?

HOT ASHES. Yes; alone. I have delivered the message and wish to be back among my people. My squaw awaits my return. I shall go alone.

ONSSSENT. That is good. I have someone whom I wish to send with you.

HOT ASHES. A Christian, Onsssent?

ONSSSENT. Yes; a Christian.

HOT ASHES. Good, Hot Ashes will take him gladly.

ONSSSENT [*interrupting*]. Not him, Hot Ashes, her; it is a woman.

HOT ASHES [*excited*]. A woman, Onsssent! Do you ask me to take a squaw with me?

ONSSSENT. Yes, why not? Can it not be done?

HOT ASHES [*disturbed*]. But, Onsssent—Garhoit, my squaw, my wife—what would she say, if she saw her husband return alone with another squaw?

ONSSSENT [*smiling*]. It would look a bit questionable, at least until she saw with whom you had come. Then I think she would not object, for this squaw is a dear friend of your wife's and perhaps a friend of yours, too.

HOT ASHES. What is her name?

ONSSSENT. She is Tekakwitha, who has been baptized and is now Kateri. Do you not remember the princess?

HOT ASHES. Very well. She is now a Christian?

ONSSSENT. She is, and a very good one. She is strong as the flint rock and pure as the crystal spring. She is a rare treasure that I am sending to your land of Praying Indians. I had thought at first she might be able to do much good here among her people, but I have changed my mind. Since her baptism, she has been persecuted unmercifully. If she remains here much longer, I fear she shall be burned at the stake. I wish you to take her along with you. You will do me this favor?

HOT ASHES. Hot Ashes is pleased to be able to help Onsssent—and Tekakwitha.

ONSSSENT. I appreciate your kindness, my son. I shall have

her here at the landing at sunrise. You will have to be very cautious about your preparations, and your departure will have to be without the knowledge of Aiadane, and especially Occuna, for he certainly would do all in his power to prevent Kateri's setting out from here.

HOT ASHES. I understand, Onssent. They shall not discover us.

ONSSENT. Fine, my son. Remember now, do not fail me.

HOT ASHES. No.

[Enter TEEDAH, leading KATERI forcefully by the hand. Hearing the old squaw's voice, they dart out of sight behind the birch tree, and listen.]

TEEDAH *[impatiently]*. Come, come, we must hurry.

KATERI *[holding back]*. Teedah, please. I am coming.

[The camp-fire reveals the change of KATERI's dress to one of extravagant ornamentation, such as she has not worn since her baptism. She wears a clean, white-tanned buffalo gown, which is highly ornamented with varicolored beads, quills, elk tusks, and fringed at the edges with red and blue stripes of cloth. Her leggings and moccasins are also new and covered with beads. In her hair she wears two large blue feathers, and around her neck several strings of beads. She seems most uncomfortable in this attire.]

TEEDAH *[growing angry]*. Are all Christians so slow?

KATERI *[refusing to move farther]*. Teedah, why must I dress like this? Why all these new clothes? You know I never dress this way.

TEEDAH. I have said Aiadane wishes to show you to palefaces.

KATERI *[incredulous]*. I have met palefaces in my other clothes before.

TEEDAH [*slyly*]. Aiadane wishes Kateri to look well to-night. Come, we have not time to talk. Come.

[*She hurries KATERI forward. As OCCUNA steps outside the door of the longhouse, TEEDAH sees him and motions him back, but he has not seen her until it is too late. He sees KATERI and adores her silently. Then she sees him, and utters a low cry. TEEDAH motions desperately for him to go in. He goes.*]

KATERI [*with a note of fear*]. Teedah, Occuna! There is Occuna. [*Wrests herself from TEEDAH's grip.*] Teedah! [*Pointing to her new attire.*] New dress . . . new leggings . . . new moccasins. [*Pointing to the longhouse.*] Teedah, you have not told me the truth. It is Occuna. [*Imploring.*] Teedah, tell me, while there is yet time. Please.

TEEDAH [*without flinching*]. No. Teedah has told the truth. Aiadane awaits you. You must go to him.

KATERI [*with a cry of anger*]. No, no! [*Seeing ONSSENT.*] Help me!

[*TEEDAH takes her arm and forces her to approach the longhouse. ONSSENT runs to her assistance.*]

ONSSENT [*sharply*]. Teedah, if she does not wish to go in . . .

TEEDAH [*interrupting*]. Slave, begone. Leave us.

[*She then pushes KATERI through the door of the longhouse and ONSSENT looks on.*]

ONSSENT [*softly calling to HOT ASHES*]. Come, Hot Ashes. Come, quickly.

[*HOT ASHES comes to his side. They both crouch low in the grass, a short distance from the longhouse, but in a direct line with the door, so that they might observe all that goes on within. There is much excitement at the meeting on the arrival of TEEDAH with KATERI. Then*

silence. In the far distance can be heard the rumble of the mysterious drum, slowing approaching and again dying away.]

HOT ASHES. Are the palefaces from the fort at the meeting?

ONSSSENT. Yes, there beside Aiadane. See them?

HOT ASHES. Now, yes.

ONSSSENT [*with excitement*]. Look, Hot Ashes! What are they doing? You know the customs of these Mohawks. What are they doing?

HOT ASHES [*shading his eyes*]. They are having . . . a marriage. Yes, Onssent, a marriage.

ONSSSENT [*understanding*]. A marriage! Oh, they can not. They must not.

HOT ASHES [*surprised*]. Why not, Onssent. All Indian girls take husbands.

ONSSSENT. You do not understand. They are marrying Kateri to Occuna. She is a Christian and can not be married in that pagan way.

HOT ASHES. That is right. They should not do it.

ONSSSENT. Besides she has taken a vow never to marry. They are forcing her against her will. I must stop them.

HOT ASHES [*pulling him back, as he starts forward*]. No, Onssent. Have you no sense? They would kill you. There is yet time. Watch.

[ONSSSENT resumes his position on the grass beside HOT ASHES.]

HOT ASHES. Look, Onssent. Occuna has seated himself besides Kateri. That is his word of approval—that he will take her for his squaw. Now it is her turn. Look, there is no sign of happiness on her face. She is plotting. Teedah kicks her—and points to the bowl of sagamite. If Kateri gives Occuna that bowl, she has accepted him.

ONSSSENT [*very excitedly*]. Will she give it to him? No, no, she doesn't. She doesn't.

HOT ASHES. She does not look to Teedah. Look, look, ha, ha, aha!

ONSSSENT. Hot Ashes, what has happened? Why do you laugh? Sh-h-h-h, some one will hear you.

HOT ASHES [*jumping to his feet*]. Quick, Onsssent, hide.

[*They have just hidden themselves behind the birch tree, when KATERI comes running from the longhouse. She gives a low scream and falls to her knees at the tree stump and sobs bitterly. There is a boisterous shouting and laughing coming from the longhouse. TEEDAH and AIADANE come rushing out into the open. In the distance can be heard the mysterious drum.*]

TEEDAH [*angrily*]. So, papoose! What means this disobedience? Speak.

AIADANE [*savagely*]. Squaw, arise and look into my face. I say, arise!

[*KATERI rises slowly to her feet. She is pale with fear and seems to tremble as she stands before them. She dares not to look them in the face. When TEEDAH shakes her violently, she sobs. They seem as giants before her.*]

TEEDAH. Why has the papoose done this? She has brought disgrace upon her people. She has angered Occuna. The people have laughed at Aiadane their chieftain.

AIADANE [*angrily thumping his breast*]. Huh! Aiadane has been disgraced by the papoose's conduct. I, the chieftain of the Turtles, have been dishonored. Huh!

TEEDAH [*pulling at her*]. Speak. Why have you done this?

KATERI [*slowly*]. I will do anything to prevent my marriage with Occuna.

TEEDAH. But he loves you.

KATERI. I do not love him. I can not marry him.

TEEDAH. Not even if we wish it.

KATERI [*with determination*]. No, not even should you force it.

[OCCUNA comes running from the longhouse. He is in a fit of anger and excitement. He breathes rapidly, his eyes flash fire, and his face is eloquent with rage.]

OCCUNA [*to AIADANE*]. Aiadane, you have made a fool of

Occuna. Aiadane keeps his promise! Pah!

AIADANE [*with dignity*]. Aiadane keeps his promise.

OCCUNA. How?

AIADANE [*indicating KATERI*]. He brought you squaw for your wife, as he said he would. Therefore he kept his promise. [*Growing antagonistic*]. Will Occuna dare to say that Aiadane speaks with a split tongue?

OCCUNA [*to TEEDAH*]. She loves Occuna! Pah! All will be well! Pah! [*To KATERI*]. Why did you run?

KATERI [*in self defense*]. Occuna knows why I ran. I will not marry you. I do not wish you for my husband.

OCCUNA. It is not for you to wish. Aiadane has given you to me. You are mine!

TEEDAH. Occuna is right. It is not for the papoose to wish—but to obey.

KATERI. But I can not. I can never marry. I am no longer my own.

AIADANE [*puzzled*]. What do you mean, you can never marry?

OCCUNA. We wait your answer.

KATERI. I have promised Rawennio I shall never marry.

TEEDAH [*too kindly*]. Nonsense, daughter. Rawennio does not ask so much from you. He knows all Indians marry. Come, go back to the longhouse. We shall again have the marriage and disgrace and dishonor will be removed. Then we shall all forgive Kateri for every-

thing she has done to us. We will treat her as our favorite child once more. Even will we listen to Onssent's prayer—and have him pour the Saving Waters upon our heads. [OCCUNA and AIADANE *nod approval.*]

KATERI [*quickly*]. You do not mean that, Teedah. You have no intention of asking for the Saving Waters. You are scheming. You think to trick me into that marriage, but you shall not. My answer is, no!

OCCUNA [*sharply*]. Then you will not marry me?

KATERI. I will not.

OCCUNA [*bristling*]. Very well. You need not. But you are mine all the same. If you will not marry, then tonight to my lodge without marriage.

KATERI [*horrified*]. No, Occuna, no.

OCCUNA. Yes, if you do not wish to marry, it is all the same to Occuna. But you shall come to his lodge—tonight.

KATERI [*sobbing*]. No, I shall not come.

OCCUNA [*to AIADANE*]. I can not break the peace, but I can take this squaw.

AIADANE. She is yours.

OCCUNA. Either she comes to my lodge tonight, or tomorrow she will burn. She is mine. I go. [*He runs madly back to the longhouse.*]

AIADANE [*scornfully*]. Does the papoose see what she has brought upon herself for her boldness. You are now Occuna's. Let Onssent try to help you.

TEEDAH. Let Onssent try to excuse your disobedience. Let him try to save you from Occuna's just wrath. He must be careful, for he is now Occuna's slave. If he gives trouble to Occuna, he will burn.

AIADANE [*scornfully*]. Why do you not send for Onssent now? Speak the prayer to Rawenniio with him. Per-

haps his God can undo what Sun has ordered to be done.
[*Pulling TEEDAH away from KATERI.*] Come, squaw.
Come away from the witch. You might breathe her evil
spirit. Come.

[*TEEDAH gives KATERI a quick thrust, knocking her to the ground. AIADANE hurries back to the longhouse with TEEDAH close behind him. The mysterious drum ceases to beat. ONSSSENT and HOT ASHES rush forward from behind the birch tree and assist KATERI to arise and sit on the stump. She seems greatly weakened by the ordeal.*]

ONSSSENT [*kindly*]. My poor child!

KATERI [*in tears*]. Oh, Onsssent, I—I—did not think they
would—do such a thing. I did not.

ONSSSENT. It was certainly very mean of them to attempt
it. But then they have done so many cruel things of late,
I am not so awfully surprised at that.

KATERI. Will they never change, Onsssent? Am I to be the
only one in our lodge to receive the Saving Waters? Shall
I always be treated as now?

ONSSSENT. I hope not, my child. I have prayed night and
day to Rawenniio to open their hearts. If He has, they
have refused to listen to Him. I must only pray the
harder. And you, my child, have done so much to make
them see the truth, but they hold their hands over their
eyes so they may not see.

KATERI. Onsssent, I can not go to Occuna's lodge tonight.

ONSSSENT [*interrupting*]. No, no, you must not. It is un-
thinkable.

KATERI. If I don't go, Occuna will burn me.

ONSSSENT. Yes, I heard him threaten you. But he shall
not. I will not let him . . .

KATERI [*interrupting*]. You could not prevent it, Onsssent.
You are also his slave. He would burn you.

HOT ASHES. She is right, Onssent.

KATERI. Onssent, how I thirst for the Bread of Life and the Living Water! Please, Onssent, I have born the Saving Waters now many months. Is the time of trial not yet passed? Must I die without having once received my Love into my heart?

ONSSENT. My child, you have waited quite long enough. You have proved yourself worthy to receive the Precious Bread of Life. And you shall have it—but not here.

KATERI. Not here?

ONSSENT. There is too much trouble here. It might be better to wait

KATERI. But, Onssent if I do not go to Occuna's lodge tonight, I shall burn here soon.

ONSSENT. You shall not burn here. I have a plan. I think it is best for you to go to the land of the Praying Indians on the Saint Pierre for a time. I shall instruct the priest there to receive you.

KATERI [*with disappointment*]. No, Onssent, please do not ask that. I wish to remain with my people. Receive me here.

ONSSENT. Kateri, if you remain here you know they will kill you.

KATERI. I do not fear the fire.

ONSSENT. If you love your people, you will wish them to have happiness and peace once again.

KATERI. Yes.

ONSSENT. Very well, then, you must leave here. All of their trouble at present is on account of you. With you gone, I may be able to do something with them. At your new home, your prayers will help them no less than they would here. Would you not like to go?

KATERI. Onssent, I do not know.

ONSSSENT [*trying to comfort her*]. Come, my child, you do know. You must see that it is your only choice. I can not permit you to remain here and live a life of sin; nor can I permit you unnecessarily to risk your life, when there is a good chance to save it. Do you understand?

KATERI. Then Onsssent wishes Kateri

ONSSSENT. To leave here as soon as possible. You will do as Onsssent wishes? He is thinking only of your good.

KATERI [*relenting*]. If Onsssent thinks it is best, then Kateri will do as he says.

ONSSSENT. That is the right spirit, Kateri. Hot Ashes is leaving for the north before sunrise. He will take you with him. Can you be ready?

KATERI. Yes, before sunrise.

[WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, *entering from the left, carrying a large pouch, steps upon a twig. Hearing the sound and uncertain of the intruder's identity, ONSSSENT and HOT ASHES* hustle KATERI to a safe place behind the birch tree. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, *who is hurrying as fast as she can, looks cautiously back as though anxious about some one following her. As she nears the longhouse door, RONTAGHORA comes into view.*]

RONTAGHORA [*softly*]. Wait, pretty one, wait! Why have you run from me? White girl need fear no harm from Rontaghora. He loves her.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*indignantly*]. Keep away from me. Keep away!

RONTAGHORA [*passionately*]. Do not look at me so. [*Coming closer.*] Come, Rontaghora shall kiss you. You shall be my woman.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*keeping a distance between them.*]. I'll scream, if you come closer. I will truly.

RONTAGHORA [*pleading*]. Come, pretty Fire-fly, have pity on me. Listen to me. I will do you no harm.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*trying to appear calm*]. Very well, but I am in a hurry. Do not detain me long.

RONTAGHORA. Wah-Wah-Taysee, since the day of your capture, I have loved you. You have captured my heart. You have affected my whole being. My eyes no longer penetrate the distance—they were once as sharp as the eagle's, seeing far. Thinking of you has ruined my digestion—I can no longer eat; and the sweetest venison now tastes like dog. My hand is no longer steady with the bow. My feet have lost their swiftness. I am growing useless, because I yearn for you as my squaw. Never do I sleep, but I dream of the beautiful captive, whose eyes are as soft as the violet, whose teeth as white as the pebbles at the spring, whose voice is sweet as the rippling waters and ever laughing. Come, pretty one, come to my lodge tonight!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. No, no, Rontaghora. I shall never be your squaw. Please say no more to me about it. I have made up my mind.

RONTAGHORA. You will never change?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Never, as long as I live.

RONTAGHORA [*shrewdly*]. A squaw never change her mind?

[RONTAGHORA *hears a movement of bushes near him.*

He listens, looking cautiously about. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, seeing her opportunity, dashes into the longhouse.

RONTAGHORA *turns quickly, but she has entered. With a smile of self-confidence, he also enters.*

ONSENT and HOT ASHES and KATERI *come from their place of concealment, just as a loud cry is heard in the longhouse, followed by loud, confused muttering of many people. The mysterious drum is heard in the distance.*

AIADANE, *followed by* OCCUNA, TEEDAH, MINOWA, RONTAGHORA, GENNEA, ATTONTINON, WAH-WAH-TAYSEE and KILWA. AGNIE *enters from the chief's lodge; and seeing her father, WAH-WAH-TAYSEE runs to him, throwing herself into his arms.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*greatly frightened*]. Oh, father, a dreadful thing has happened! We—we—shall not—.

AGNIE [*trying to comfort her*]. What is it, my child? What has happened here? Is something . . .

AIADANE [*angrily, interrupting*]. We have been deceived. [*To the white captives*]. Your people are traitors. Captain of the Broadbreeches promised to send wamupm for the paleface captives. But no wampum . . . the pouches are empty. He has tried to make a fool of Aiadane. Huh! We shall see . . . who will be the fool! Aiadane? Huh! [*All Indians shout approval.*] Tonight we shall burn his ambassadors. We shall burn his captives. We shall go on the war-path and take many Dutch scalps. Go, brothers, sisters, light the fire, prepare our implements of war. Go.

[*All, who followed him from the longhouse, now hasten to carry out his orders. ONSENT, HOT ASHES and KATERI look on in silence. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE clinging to her father, weeps bitterly.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Oh, father, is this not terrible?

AGNIE [*with an effort to control himself*]. I guess it is all over now. It seemed too good to be true. Going home—home—well, God's will be done.

[*The mysterious drum continues to beat. AIADANE is conscious of it, and straightening, looks haughtily to the heavens, as a look of disgust, then of fear, crosses his countenance.*]

AIADANE [*to the captives*]. Slaves, there is no hope for you now. You shall die. [*To ONSSSENT.*] And you, Onssent, you too shall die . . . some other one will attend to you. [*To KATERI.*] Occuna awaits you in his lodge tonight. Remember!

[*Holding his ears as if to shut out a sound, which is driving him mad, he turns abruptly and hurries toward the village, left. With his exit, the drum ceases.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*hopelessly*]. What shall we do, father?

AGNIE. There is not much we can do.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And to think this had to happen just as we were about to go free. Do you think, father, they will really burn us?

AGNIE [*trying to comfort her*]. There, there, let us not speak about it. While there is life there is hope.

ONSSSENT. They are bent on doing evil. That much is certain. Enough has happened tonight to infuriate them beyond control. I fear for the worst.

HOT ASHES. Who did not see the fire of revenge in Aiadane's eyes? That means trouble. He will keep his word. Hot ashes knows Aiadane.

KATERI. Hot Ashes is right, Onssent. I can not save the captives again. The anger of my people is too great.

[*The mysterious drum in the distance. A war-whoop is heard in the direction of the village and they all shudder, looking from one to the other.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*crying*]. Father, do you hear that cry? It makes my very blood run cold.

KATERI [*trying to comfort her*]. Come, my pretty one, it will do no good to cry. You must be brave and prepare to meet Rawenniio.

AGNIE [*losing control of himself*]. Onssent, what shall I do? I—and—my child, Alida? I can not allow her to

submit to this horrible burning. I can not. Is there no way out of this?

ONSSSENT. My son, there seems not much chance of escape. We must place our trust in the good Lord. Something may yet happen to save you. Go now, take your child to the lodge. I will come there in a few moments to prepare you for the worst. [*To WAH-WAH-TAYSEE*]. Come, my child, be brave. Go with your father. [*Exeunt to the chief's lodge.*]

KATERI. Poor girl, if only I could save her from this horrible fate.

HOT ASHES. None shall escape. Aiadane will attend to that.

ONSSSENT. Hot Ashes is right, Kateri. It would be foolhardy for them to attempt to escape. It would mean certain death.

KATERI. Yes, I know. Go to them, Onsssent, and comfort them. Hear their words of secret.

ONSSSENT. I shall go to them at once. But first I must tell you that I fear for your life also. You have heard Aiadane say that Occuna even now awaits you in his lodge. If you do not go to him, I am certain he will not wait until morning to have his revenge upon you. The fire they are now preparing may also burn you.

KATERI. I shall not go to him, Onsssent, have no fear. I do not fear the fire.

ONSSSENT. Kateri have you forgotten your promise to do as Onsssent wishes?

KATERI. To leave here? No, I have not forgotten.

ONSSSENT. Very well, then. I think it is best for you to set out at once. [*To HOT ASHES.*] Go, my son, and prepare for your journey. The sooner you are away from here the better. Hurry . . . be careful to be unobserved.

HOT ASHES [*turning to go*]. As Onssent wishes. [*Exit, left.*]

KATERI [*sadly*]. It is hard, Onssent, to leave one's people so.

ONSSENT. I know it is hard, my child, but I think it is best.

I will hurry now to the white captives and when I return I shall expect to find you ready to go. [*He enters the chief's lodge.*]

[KATERI, *weary and sad at her enforced departure, stands for a moment, considering.* MINOWA *enters from the longhouse. She runs quickly to KATERI and embraces her.* KATERI *seems surprised at this sudden manifestation of friendship.*]

KATERI [*slowly*]. Minowa, what is it?

MINOWA [*with too much kindness*]. Do not fear, dear Kateri. I would speak with you alone. I would speak as a sister.

KATERI. You have not been sent by anyone?

MINOWA. By no one.

KATERI. What have you to say?

MINOWA [*directly*]. Kateri, why are you so stubborn? You can not hope to find mercy with our people, when you act so boldly. Why not be more sensible? Give in to them, as every obedient daughter would. Then they will gladly receive you again into their company and treat you as a princess should be treated. Please, Kateri, think of this. It can not be so very wrong for one who has grown weary swimming against the current to turn about and drift along with it. Come, dear sister, give up the struggle and enter the lodge of Occuna as his squaw. Be once more the obedient princess we have loved as a sister.

KATERI [*with conviction*]. No, Minowa, never.

MINOWA. How foolish you are to refuse Occuna as you do. Would that he would look upon me as he does you. Such a warrior!

KATERI [*sharply*]. Go from me, Minowa. You have come to tempt me. Begone.

[*There is hate in her eyes as she leaves KATERI. She meets OCCUNA from the longhouse, pantomimes to him that she has been unsuccessful, and goes within.*]

OCCUNA [*sharply*]. Papoose! Look at me!

KATERI [*surprised*]. Occuna! Why have you come here. Will you not leave me in peace?

OCCUNA. I have come to tell you there can be no marriage. Occuna has waited for you at his lodge. You did not come.

KATERI. You need not have come to tell me that. I know. I have determined never to marry you. Never to live a life of sin with you. And that is that. Leave me, Occuna. I wish to be alone.

OCCUNA [*angrily*]. Remember the fire is hot and the torture painful.

KATERI [*simply*]. Yes, the fire is hot and the torture painful, but only for a short time—Hell burns for ever.

OCCUNA [*scornfully*]. Huh! I go.

[*He slinks away like a coward beaten at his own game, and hurries along the trail to the village, left. KATERI walks slowly, as one in a dream, her eyes heavenward. Falling to her knees, she raises her hands in supplication.*]

KATERI [*imploring*]. O Rawenniio, my loved One, tell me what to do. O, my mother, pray for your child. Tell me what I should do.

[*Hardly has she spoken, when there appears an apparition among the pine trees, just beyond the chief's lodge. The light, at first dazzling, dims a bit, and there stands KATERI's mother.*]

KATERI [*with great emotion*]. Mother! Mother!

HER MOTHER [*softly and kindly*]. My daughter, the Great

Brave has permitted me to come to you. Be brave, my little one, and do as Onssent wishes. It is best. It will please Rawenniio. It will please your mother. I am praying for you always. I go. Farewell, my daughter, farewell!

[Again the dazzling light as before, and she has disappeared.]

KATERI *[with great emotion]*. My mother, do not leave me! Do not leave me! I need you so. She is gone! I will do as she has said. I wish to please Rawenniio and my mother.

[She is now changed. There is about her a manner of peace and resignation. A war-whoop is heard in the direction of the village, as ONSSSENT enters from the lodge.]

ONSSSENT. You are ready, Kateri? Hot Ashes will leave now in a few minutes. *[With surprise.]* What, you have not even changed your dress.

KATERI. No, Onssent, I have not. I will go now. There is little to get ready. Teedah has taken all my clothes. I must wear these.

ONSSSENT *[apprehensive]*. Do you think she suspects anything?

KATERI. I do not know. Perhaps.

ONSSSENT *[excitedly]*. Quick, then, we must hurry. Gather what food you can find in your father's lodge, and return at once. I expect Hot Ashes to appear at the landing at any moment. Go now—hurry. There is no time to be lost.

KATERI *[forgetting herself for the moment]*. Onssent, are the captives prepared to meet Rawenniio?

ONSSSENT *[sadly]*. Yes, poor souls. They are ready to meet their fate. When I left they were about to be put

on the stage; by now I fear they are being tortured unmercifully. Death will be a great relief to them.

KATERI [*quickly*]. Oh, Little Fire-fly and Agnie. I am sorry. Go back to them, Onssent. They need you more than Kateri.

ONSSENT. Indeed, I shall go back to them as soon as I see you safely started down the river. Hurry now, lest you delay me too long.

[He takes her arm and hurries her into the chief's lodge. A fierce war-cry echoes through the woods. The bright light of a huge fire, down the trail, left, throws its glare upon the left side of the stage, reflecting the shadows of many Indians as they encircle it in their war-dance. As they dance they sing their War Song:]

The captains all have met
About their council fire,
Where solemnly they set
Satisfaction to the ire
Of their people.

The conch shells loud have blown
Upon the stilly air,
To call braves, young and grown
To hasten and prepare
For the war-dance.

The squaws prepare the fire,
And all war-kettles fill;
The braves with mad desire
Make woods and valley shrill
With their war-cry.

CHORUS

Wah-hee, ho-ha!
Wah-hee, ho-ha!
We're bravest warriors all, ya-hoi,
Of the Mohawks-Iroquois.
Wah-wah-wah-hee, ho-ho-ho-ha!
Wah-wah-wah-hee, ho-ho-ho-ha!
Oh, mighty are the deeds we've done,
And many are the scalps we've won;
We're worthy braves of the God, Sun.
We are Mohawk braves.

Wah-hee, ho-ha!
Wah-hee, ho-ha!
Before New Moon again shall fade,
We cunning people shall have laid
Again that fatal ambushade
For our enemies.
Wah-wah-wah-hee, ho-ho-ho-ha!
Wah-wah-wah-hee, ho-ho-ho-ha!
Oh, listen to our fierce war-cry,
A victory for us now is nigh!
Wah-hee, ho-ha!
Wah-hee, ho-ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[While they have been singing, HOT ASHES has come to the landing near the birch tree, secured his canoe and come forward, looking cautiously around to see if he has been noticed. He runs to the left, looks with disgust at the war-dance, and is going stealthily back, as ONSSSENT comes from the chief's lodge.]

ONSSSENT [*anxiously*]. Are you ready, Hot Ashes?

HOT ASHES [*pointing to his canoe at the water's edge*].
Ready, Onssent.

ONSSENT. Good. As soon as Kateri comes you shall start.

Hot Ashes, I am giving into your charge a precious gift, which you are to take in safety to the good Father at the New Caughnawaga on Saint Pierre. She is a jewel, and guard her well. I know I can trust you, my son.

HOT ASHES [*proudly*]. Hot Ashes will defend her with his life.

ONSSENT. Good. Here, give this note to the Father there.
[*Gives him note.*]

HOT ASHES. As Onssent commands, I will do.

ONSSENT. Here she comes. Quick now, to your canoe.

[*KATERI enters from her father's lodge. She walks slowly—almost hesitatingly, as one going on an unavoidable journey from which she will never return. There is a strained, fixed expression on her face. She has not dressed differently, and carries a small bundle under one arm, the other hanging limp by her side. She hears the war-dance, sees the figures dancing about the fire, and understands its meaning. A smile—a piteous smile—hangs about her lips. For a moment she is seized with the desire to go to them—to plead with them. She seems to realize the futility of the act and the danger to herself, likely to follow. Striving bravely to master her feelings, she takes a last look about the clearing, then at the dancers, and walks slowly to the river bank. The mysterious drum is heard again. The braves run from the fire in single file, singing as they go, until the accents of the song grow faint and are finally lost. There follows a war-whoop from those still about the fire.*]

ONSSENT [*kindly*]. Come, child, there is not a moment to lose. The braves have gone for their weapons and they

will start down the trail very soon. You must beat them beyond the palisades or you are lost. [*To HOT ASHES.*] Quick, Hot Ashes, into your canoe, I will assist Kateri. [*To KATERI*] Here, your bundle. [*Hands bundle to HOT ASHES.*]

KATERI [*as if unable to express herself fully*]. Onssent
ONSSENT [*kindly*]. Yes, my child.

KATERI. Kateri can never thank you for your kindness to her—and to her people.

ONSSENT [*interrupting*]. Now, Kateri, please.

KATERI. She will never forget never.

ONSSENT. I have tried but to do my duty, child.

KATERI [*as one given to see the future*]. Onssent, when Kateri goes, she will never return.

ONSSENT [*incredulous*]. But you shall, Kateri. Some day, a few months hence

KATERI [*with conviction*]. No, Onssent. Bid farewell for me to my people. Tell them I have gone away because I love them and wish to have peace again. Tell them I shall always love them that I forgive them everything that I shall pray for them always that they may know and love Rawenniio as you, Onssent, have taught me to know and to love Him.

ONSSENT [*almost in tears*]. My child, I shall tell them gladly. And my child, when you are praying to Rawenniio do not forget to include a little prayer for Onssent that he may have the strength of body and of soul to carry on for Rawenniio's sake.

KATERI [*smiling*]. Ah, no! Onssent, I shall pray for you always. And when the Great Brave takes me to His lodge, I shall plead with Him to help you. Onssent, I will love you always, I will pray for you. I will help you lead my people to Rawenniio. [*Kneeling*]. Your blessing, Onssent.

ONSSSENT [*after giving her his blessing*]. Quick, into the canoe. [*He helps her into the canoe.*] Watch for pursuers. I think it better, Hot Ashes, if you would paddle to the opposite bank.

HOT ASHES. Right, Onsssent. Is all ready?

ONSSSENT. Yes. Farewell, my children. May God protect you on the way. [*Excitedly.*] Hurry, some one comes. Hurry.

[HOT ASHES *paddles hastily from view, as OCCUNA runs up the trail. He stands a few feet from ONSSSENT, regarding him with suspicion. Then, in a flash is at the river, looking in the direction of the disappearing canoe.*]

OCCUNA [*sharply*]. Onsssent, who goes? [*Looks savagely at ONSSSENT, then again down the river.*] Tell me. [*Pointing to the river.*] Kateri?—chief's daughter? [*ONSSSENT nods.*] Where?

ONSSSENT. She will be back, Occuna. Be not impatient.

OCCUNA [*with a savage laugh*]. Yes? [*With a snarl.*] You lie, Onsssent. [*Drawing his hunting knife.*] I'll kill you. [*Holds knife over ONSSSENT's heart, but hesitates.*] No, later. I must not deprive my brothers of the pleasure of seeing you die. Ugh! I will get her, Onsssent. She has not eluded Occuna. I will have her and she shall die . . . tonight . . . and you.

[*He turns and runs quickly towards the village, leaving ONSSSENT bewildered. He goes to the river, but they are now beyond his view. He stands silently, wearily, looking towards the village. There is a war-cry; then cries from prisoners on the torture-stage; then the mysterious drum at a great distance.*]

CURTAIN

ACT IV

Scene: Wednesday of Holy Week, April, 1677

It is late afternoon. The setting sun illumines the clearing before the chief's lodge, and glistens on the rippling waters. There's an atmosphere all about of peace and happiness. The silence is broken only by the frequent, soft, sweet peal of the hermit thrush with its rich chimes and overtones, as he sings from a nearby tree.

At the rise, AIADANE is discovered sitting against the stump, legs crossed. He is smoking his long pipe reflectively, as one dreaming, while he sends whiff of smoke lazily into the air. His countenance is now serene, and about him there is an air of peace and contentment. By his side sits WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, busily working a pair of moccasins and humming softly as she works. She is gentle and charming as ever, but seems to have grown much older. Her experiences have told upon her.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*joyously*]. There, there, are they not pretty? So.

[She notices that AIADANE is nodding, and taking a red bird feather from her hair, jokingly attempts to puncture his cheek with the quill. He jumps, and is disturbed from his dreams. They both laugh heartily.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*laughing*]. Dreaming again, father?

AIADANE [*resuming his pipe*]. Huh! Little Fire-fly never dreams . . . and will let no one else.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. My father—[*hesitates for a moment.*]

Aiadane, you do not mind if I call you "father," do you?

AIADANE [*smiling*]. Huh! It pleases Aiadane to hear that word again.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You have been so very kind to me, since my honored father died. Really you have.

AIADANE [*kindly*]. Little Fire-fly misses Agnie?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*sadly*]. Oh, so much, so very much.
More and more each day. If only I could have died . . .
the night he died . . .

AIADANE [*interrupting*]. No, no.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*insisting*]. So. To be with him and
my mother in heaven! The very thought of it often makes
me sorry that Rontaghora ever snatched me from that
cruel fire, wherein my poor father died.

AIADANE. Rontaghora took a big chance with Indian fury,
when he saved for his squaw a woman condemned to
death.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. He did, did he not? You know,
father, they might have burned him. [AIADANE *nods*.]
I did not realize until then that he loved me so. When
will he return? He has been gone a long time, a very
long time.

AIADANE. He will not return for many moons yet. By the
harvest moon, if all goes well.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. So long?

AIADANE. So. You love him . . . now?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*in pretty confusion*]. Well—well I do
miss him.

AIADANE. And you will marry, when he returns?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. He has promised me that so soon as
he returns, he will ask Onssent for the Saving Waters.
Then, perhaps . . .

AIADANE [*pleased*]. Huh! Then, one—two—three . . .
[*cradling his arms*.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*joyously*]. Father!

AIADANE [*smiling*]. I know.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*putting the last touch to the mocca-
sins*]. There, they are done. Are they not pretty, father?
Think you not?

AIADANE. Huh! My little Fire-fly has developed much skill. She has learned to bead well. What is his name?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*puzzled for the moment*]. Whose name?

AIADANE [*shrewdly*]. Large moccasins . . . fit brave only.

What is his name? Does he belong to our lodge?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. To our lodge.

AIADANE [*pondering*]. Huh!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*mischievously*]. Now, father, who has the biggest feet in our lodge?

AIADANE [*slyly*]. Huh! Rontaghora.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*laughing*]. No, no Aiadane. [*They laugh.*] They are yours, father. A present for your birthday.

AIADANE [*puzzled*]. Birthday? Aiadane has got this old without birthdays; it is too late to have one now.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But today is your birthday.

AIADANE [*incredulous*]. How?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Do not tell me, father, that you have forgotten? One week ago this morning Onssent poured the Saving Waters on your head and you were born a Christian. You are one week old.

AIADANE [*pleased with the idea*]. Huh! Aiadane only one week old. [*Reaching for the moccasins.*] Here!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*holding them out of his reach*]. No, no. You cannot have them yet. First you must promise me something.

AIADANE [*surprised*]. What? Brave should never promise squaw anything. Bad practice.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*pleading*]. Just this once?

AIADANE. Well?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Tell me, father, what you are always dreaming about.

AIADANE [*holding out hand for the moccasins*]. He agrees.
Moccasins.

[*She gives them to him. He examines them carefully, then places them on the ground beside him.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*looking up into his face*]. Tell me, father, is it Kateri you are always dreaming of?

AIADANE [*slowly*]. Kateri . . . my lily of the forest.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*sadly*]. Ah, dear Kateri . . . how I, too, have missed her. With father gone to heaven, and Kateri and Onssent and Rontaghora so far away, I should be very lonesome, Aiadane, if I did not have you.

AIADANE [*tenderly*]. Only for Wah-Wah-Taysee, Aiadane would be sad . . . very sad. She is such a comfort to him.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. You often think of Kateri, do you not?

AIADANE [*affirmatively*]. Huh! Often.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. And you have forgiven her . . . ?

AIADANE. Everything. She is not here, and Aiadane is to blame. Now he understands how good she was . . . how bad he was. Too late.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I wonder if she is very happy where she is.

AIADANE. Very happy. I know. The scout, who came during the sturgeon season, said so. He said she was praying for Aiadane. It was her prayers to Rawenniio that brought sense to Aiadane, nothing else. Onssent says so, and he knows. I believe him. My child! Day and night she is in my mind. Everything reminds me of her. Everything—the singing of the pine trees . . . the murmuring of the waters . . . the humming of the night winds—speak to Aiadane of his child, who is so far away.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*reflecting*]. I remember how she loved them all. They reminded her of Rawenniio. Even the flowers at the spring . . .

AIADANE [*interrupting*]. The flowers at the spring—moccasin flowers . . . yellow slippers . . . maiden hair . . . tamaracks—all seem to wait for my Kateri to return . . . to pick them.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Have they long to wait? Will she not return?

AIADANE [*dreamily*]. Return? . . . Kateri—return? Who can say? How it would make my old heart throb once more. But she would not be happy here.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But she would, Aiadane. Is not her father a Christian now—and her people at peace with one another? That would make her happy to live here again, would it not?

AIADANE [*sadly*]. No. It would make her sad to see how many of her people are yet dogs—praying to Otkon, the devil. Some—only some—have harkened to the voice of Rawennio. She could not live with these dogs. It disgusts even Aiadane. He likes not his people to be so foolish. He prays they will follow his example and ask Onssent for the Saving Waters. It will make them good Indians. Then . . . never the beating drum . . . always the hermit thrush.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Onssent says it will take a long time to persuade all to change their ways.

AIADANE. He knows.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Then I fear we are never to see Kateri again.

AIADANE [*nodding*]. Perhaps never . . . until we meet her in the Great Lodge . . . around the council fire of the Great Brave. There Aiadane hopes to see her again.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*reflecting*]. And my dear mother and my honored father will be there.

[TEEDAH comes from the chief's lodge. She looks

angrily at AIADANE and WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, as she comes forward.]

AIADANE [*nudging WAH-WAH-TAYSEE*]. Sh-h-h! No more of Kateri . . . now.

TEEDAH [*angrily*]. Christians . . . idle? [*To WAH-WAH-TAYSEE.*] Quick, you, to the spring. Bring Teedah some water. Go.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*jumping to her feet*]. Yes, yes, I will go. I will go.

TEEDAH. Perhaps the slave thinks her mistress will fetch the water while she talks?

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*with meaning*]. No, indeed.

[She enters the lodge for an olla, comes out carrying it on her shoulder, Indian style, and exits to the spring, right.]

TEEDAH [*scornfully*]. Praying Indian! You are a fool for receiving the Saving Waters. You were once a brave chieftain. The name of Aiadane was powerful among the nations. You, who have disobeyed the voice of Sun . . . the warning of Ononawata, the sorcerer, and have become a Christian. Pah!

AIADANE [*with dignity*]. Aiadane knows what is best. He is wise.

TEEDAH [*with contempt*]. He is wise! He has no sense. He is a fool. He has angered Sun. What will our braves say when they return from the war-path to find their chieftain . . . a praying Indian . . . a Christian?

AIADANE. Huh! Must Aiadane care what his braves think?

TEEDAH. Yes.

AIADANE. No. The chieftain always acts first; his braves follow him.

TEEDAH [*going*]. Christian chieftain will want all to receive the Saving Waters . . . say the prayer . . . make the sign.

AIADANE [*rising, with dignity*]. Yes, squaw, all. Aiadane would like all Mohawks to be Christians . . . all to be good Indians so that some day, when they go on their last long journey, they may all be gathered around the council fire of the Great Rawenniio, where they will be happy forever, where they can look forever on the face of their great Friend and Benefactor.

TEEDAH [*turning abruptly*]. Pah! That is foolish! Has not Ononawata told you that Indians, who acted foolishly and received the Saving Waters, returned after death and told him that this heaven . . . this lodge of the Black-robe's God is not as Onssent has said? Has he not told you that Indians, who go there, are tortured forever by the white man? Paleface torture the Indian, think of it! The Indian will be happy there! Pah! You lie!

AIADANE [*scowling*]. No one has ever returned and spoke so. Onssent says it is not so, and he knows.

TEEDAH [*scornfully*]. Teedah go to the white man's heaven and be tortured by him? Never! He has always deceived the red man . . . taken his furs . . . his land. He has no love for the red man. He has no room for the red man in his heaven. Tharonyawagon has a place for us in the Happy Hunting Ground. We must be wise. We shall be happy there. [*Changing her tactics.*] O my husband, because I love you, I beg you to stop your ears to the foolish words of Onssent. Do not throw your life to the winds. Renounce this paleface God.

AIADANE [*thumping his chest*]. Aiadane is no fool. He knows the truth, when once he has heard it. Rawenniio is the only God . . . He is your God . . . and my God. Go from me, woman. You will drive me mad. Go.

[*He turns away from her, and she goes toward the lodge. A loud, shrill call is heard from the village. AIADANE listens intently. TEEDAH stops to listen.*]

TEEDAH. Aiadane, the call of the moose! . . . the call of victory!

AIADANE [*pleased*]. Ah, my braves have returned.

TEEDAH. They have won. They have beaten our enemies.

AIADANE [*joyously*]. Aiadane is proud of them.

TEEDAH [*ironically*]. And they shall be proud of their chieftain. Ha, ha—squaw-chief!

AIADANE [*sternly*]. Go, woman, go. Show not your face before Aiadane until you have more sense. I have said it. Go.

[*She enters the lodge, in anger. AIADANE walks slowly to the stump, and is seated as a canoe shows in the river. He seems despondent and lowers his head in his hands. HOT ASHES lands, and, concealing the paddles, comes slowly forward. The chief has not seen his approach; nor he the chief. Then, seeing AIADANE, he gives a low cry, as he looks about cautiously. AIADANE lifts his head, startled.*]

AIADANE [*incredulous*]. Huh! [*Jumping to his feet.*]
Hot Ashes! My brother. Welcome. [*Gives the Indian sign of welcome.*]

HOT ASHES [*returning the sign*]. Aiadane.

AIADANE. You have come alone?

HOT ASHES. Alone. I have traveled three suns and moons. I have taken no rest, as I hurried to Aiadane to bear him a message from his daughter.

AIADANE [*overcome with joy*]. From Kateri? A message? No.

HOT ASHES. As I have said.

AIADANE. Tell me, what did she say to Aiadane?

HOT ASHES [*with mimetic gestures*]. Aiadane, she said thus; "Go, brother, to my dear father. Tell him I am going to the lodge of Rawenniio. There I shall pray for

him . . . and for his people . . . when I have seen my Great Brave. Go, tell him that."

AIADANE [*meditatively*]. Soon she will go to Rawennio.

Hot Ashes, what means this? Is she not happy? Is she not well?

HOT ASHES [*sadly*]. No, Aiadane. She is not well.

AIADANE [*incredulous*]. Sick?

HOT ASHES [*nodding*]. Very sick. I came quickly to you, Aiadane. But as I was yet a league from the palisade . . .

AIADANE [*eagerly*]. What, brother?

HOT ASHES. . . . I saw a great slide in the river. It went from beneath my feet, away from me. [*Slowly.*] And I knew . . . she was gone on her last long journey.

AIADANE [*with great sorrow*]. No, brother, no! [HOT ASHES *nods.*] Gone at last to her Rawennio! [*Bows his head in sorrow.*]

HOT ASHES. In her new home she seemed very happy. She prayed long hours for her father and his people. She ate little, slept little, and tortured herself always . . . for her father and his people. Such a life was too hard . . . she could not stand it. It brought swift sickness upon her. It has taken her away from us forever.

AIADANE. No, not forever, not forever. But go, brother, you must be weary from your journey. You need food and rest. You are welcome in Aiadane's lodge. Go.

[HOT ASHES *goes to the chief's lodge.* AIADANE *walks slowly about the clearing. There is a strained expression on his face.* ONONAWATA and KILWA *enter from the left. There is anger—savage anger—on their faces, as they stand before their chieftain.*]

AIADANE. Welcome, brothers. [*Gives the sign.*] My warriors have been victorious. Aiadane is proud of them. He thanks Rawennio for this victory.

ONONAWATA [*fiercely*]. Your warriors? We are no longer your warriors.

KILWA [*maliciously*]. And we do not thank Rawenniio . . . but Sun for this victory.

AIADANE [*piteously*]. Huh!

ONONAWATA [*more kindly*]. Aiadane, your braves are sorry to return and find their chieftain has acted like a papoose . . . like his brain had rotted. We worthy braves of Sun have returned to find you a Christain. Ugh! Have not I, Ononawata, warned you against this?

AIADANE [*unmoved*]. Huh!

KILWA. You have had no more sense than a squaw. You are no longer fit to be our chieftain.

ONONAWATA. That is right. We shall have a council to-night. We shall elect another . . . one who is not a papoose . . . one who is pleasing to Sun.

AIADANE [*contemptuously*]. Huh! Pleasing to Sun! [*Calming.*] Do not be mad, brothers, but listen to your chieftain. He tells you to renounce Otkon. Pray no more to him. It is he, who puts madness into the head of the red man. It is he, who urges them to drink the fire-water . . . to torture and slay our brother Indians and the white man. Come, have more sense. Be good Indians and please Rawenniio, Who really made you, Who really loves you.

ONONAWATA [*scornfully*]. Listen to him, "Renounce Otkon." You, who once offered much wampum and many victims to Sun daily . . . you, whose praises of Sun often echoed throughout the forests . . . you, who performed all things in his name. Ugh! You are a traitor to Sun. You are a weakling.

KILWA [*shrewdly*]. Are you as faithful now to Rawenniio?

AIADANE. May Aiadane never breathe again . . . if once he

gives honor to Sun. No, brothers. Once I was a dog, like you. Now I am a man. I am changed.

ONONAWATA [*slipping his hand over his scalping knife*].

Changed!—changed into a weak-willed squaw. And do you dare to call a real warrior a dog? Ugh!

KILWA [*also angry*]. Come, brother, let us go among men.

If we stay with this papoose, he will teach us the prayer. Come.

AIADANE [*sternly*]. Be gone from me, bad Indians. Dogs!

KILWA [*drawing his knife*]. Beware, Aiadane! I am mad.

Again say “dog,” and I will strike.

AIADANE. Leave me. I am yet your chief. Forget it not.

ONONAWATA [*going*]. Soon we shall have a chieftain, who has not the heart of a squaw . . . or the head of a papoose. [*To KILWA.*] Come.

AIADANE [*calmly*]. Huh!

[ONONAWATA and KILWA exit on a run, off left. The mysterious drum is heard in the distance. AIADANE is very sad. Slowly he goes to the stump and sits on the ground, leaning against it. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE enters, carrying an olla of water. She has been to the spring. When she notices that AIADANE is downhearted, she puts down her olla by the lodge door and runs to him.]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*kindly*]. Why is my father so sad?

You are, are you not?

AIADANE [*nodding*]. Huh!

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. But why, father?

AIADANE [*meditatively*]. Aiadane sees all now. He is sorry for the way he made his daughter suffer. He does not blame her for going far away . . . never to return.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. She has forgiven you, Aiadane.

AIADANE. Yes, she has forgiven.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Then why should you be sad?

AIADANE. I am growing weary, my child. I am no longer a chieftain . . . my people no longer obey me. I am nothing but a slave after tonight.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. I do not understand.

AIADANE. Aiadane asked for the Saving Waters, because he thought it was right.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Of course it was, my father. You are not sorry?

AIADANE. No, no. But my people have disowned me.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*trying to comfort him*]. Do not care, Aiadane. Think you not that Rawenniio has seen what you have suffered for His sake? And think you not He will reward you for your sacrifice? Indeed, He will.

AIADANE. That is Aiadane's only hope, little Fire-fly. He can not see his child too soon.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*joyously*]. Then she comes, my father? When?

AIADANE. No. She does not come.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Then you are going to see her? So far?

AIADANE. She has gone on her last journey. She is now with the Great Brave . . . in His Lodge.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*sadly*]. Kateri is dead.

AIADANE. She is dead.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE. Then you can not see her again.

AIADANE. Aiadane shall see her soon.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*incredulous*]. You mean—you mean that—you will die?

AIADANE [*nodding*]. Aiadane, too, has seen the slide in the river. A great bank came sliding to his feet. That is the sign . . . that his time has come. He must prepare for his long journey.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*in tears*]. No, no, father. It can not be true. You are quite well, quite well, indeed.

AIADANE. My child, I have tried to keep it from you. I am not well. Since Kateri has gone, Aiadane has been very sick. Her departure robbed him of his heart It chilled the marrow of his bones It dried the sap of life within his body It made him very old. Huh! very old useless—and he is ready to depart on his last journey. Soon it will be over. Aiadane will have reached the lodge of the Great Brave, where he will be welcomed by his people, where he will be happy with them forever.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*sobbing*]. Oh, Aiadane, you must not die, you must not. I am sure you must be mistaken about the slide in the river.

AIADANE. No. It is a sign every Indian believes It never fails.

[*He holds his hand to his heart, as one in great pain.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*bending over him*]. Father, Aiadane, what is it? Are you in pain?

AIADANE [*in a low voice*]. Go, daughter, to the village. See if Onssent has returned from the Fort. Should you find him, tell him Aiadane is sick very sick and is going to die. Ask him to come. I have words of secret for him. Go. Huh!

[*He tries to stand, but he is too weak. WAH-WAH-TAYSEE assists him, but he resumes his former position, leaning against the tree.*]

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE [*excitedly*]. Rest yourself, father. Do not move while I am away. I shall not be gone for long. Pray that Onssent has returned.

[*She exits hurriedly to the village, left. AIADANE sits there looking into space. There is heard the soft peal of*

the hermit thrush. Then from the depths of the forest come the soft, sweet notes of the Love Song. He hears it. A smile plays about his lips. The setting sun is less strong now, and its rich light has dimmed almost to a spectral blue. There is an air of the supernatural about the clearing. Nearer and nearer come the accents of the Love Song. AIADANE raises his head, extending his arms as though to touch some one near.]

AIADANE [*with emotion*]. KATERI, my daughter! Sing the Love Song for your old father. Huh!

[There is heard a voice singing the Love Song, as Kateri used to sing it, slowly, clearly. AIADANE rests his head back against the tree, and on his face there is a smile of happiness and peace. He grips his heart, and then his arms drop to his sides—lies motionless, as one sleeping. All is silent, when the song has finished. The light becomes a deeper blue. A dazzling light appears near the chief's lodge. It dims, and KATERI stands once more within the clearing. Her manner is dreamy and eerie, while her figure stands out against the spectral background. There is joy radiating from her countenance, as she slowly approaches AIADANE.]

KATERI [*softly*]. Aiadane, Aiadane, father!

[Slowly he rises, as one in a sleep, his arms held out before him.]

AIADANE [*in a whisper*]. Kateri, my lily, have you come at last? Your old father has been waiting for you . . . just waiting.

KATERI [*very softly*]. Yes, my dear father, I have come for you. I am so happy you have listened to the voice of Rawenniio. He has sent me to lead you to His Great Lodge.

AIADANE [*taking a step nearer her*]. Huh! Take me to Him, my child.

KATERI. Your place awaits you at the council fire of the Great Brave . . . at the lodge of the Maid in Blue. I will take you there, where on the morrow we are celebrating the feast of the Great Brave. Come!

[*She beckons him to come, as she walks slowly to the left. In the nearby forest can be heard the strains of the Love Song. Slowly, falteringly, he follows her, she keeping ever in the lead. She is smiling, and he, too. They are both extremely happy. They are as figures in a vision.*]

KATERI [*softly*]. Come.

AIADANE [*joyously*]. Huh!

[*Slowly they move to the left. The light of the sun is gone; deep shadows are creeping over the clearing. The hermit thrush sends forth his sweet peal—his farewell. In the remote forest can be heard a suggestion of the mysterious drum. From the woods echo the strains of the Love Song. Exeunt, left.*]

CURTAIN

NOTE: *Curtain-calls after this scene would spoil the illusion.*