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THE BROTHERTOWNS ARRIVE.

A Pageant Episode

by

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Dedicated with kind regards
to
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Chilton,
Wisc.

THE BROTHERTONS ARRIVE.

(The scene is a forest glade. In the foreground is a semi-circle of four trees with a flat stone down stage upon which a small fire is laid and burning. Some distance back of these four trees which constitute the stage boundary at the rear is an irregular ridge, elevated high above the level of the lake and masked along the edge with irregular clumps of willows, poplars etc. At the extreme left of this ridge is a clump of several trees clustered about the head of a small ravine. From this point appear the first Menomonies to ~~appear~~ make their entrance on the stage proper. Where the ridge sweeps off to the south and then swings sharply eastward there is a larger ravine with steep sides and at the top toward the lake there is an opening in the shrubbery. Beyond this opening the ridge slopes off somewhat abruptly to the lake which here bends inward in a broad bay. Upon the shore of this bay, the Brothertown Indians will presently land.)

As the scene opens Chief Littleman of the Menomonies and Broken Tree, an elder of the tribe enter from the copse on the left described above. Their pantomime before they are near enough to be heard indicates that they have been watching the approach of strangers coming up the lake from the North.

Far off to the left, the scout, Running Deer, son of Littleman, may be seen moving from bush to bush on the rim of the ridge as though keeping pace with a moving boat. In this way, during the opening dialog, he makes his way around to the right as far as the opening above described, where he awaits the arrival of the strangers.)

CHIEF LITTLEMAN.

What word has Broken Tree concerning these strangers from the land of the rising sun, beyond the big sea water? They shall be presently seeking to sit with us in Council.

BROKEN TREE

Shall Broken Tree speak before the elders gather for the Council?

LITTLEMAN.

Broken Tree is old and wise. The ears of Littleman are always open to wise words. Speak now. I would know the mind of Broken Tree before the Council sits

B. TREE (thoughtfully)

The wampum passed. You gave them the belts of witness.

LITTLEMAN

They bring three belts. Twelve moons ago their messengers received them in this place and from these hands.

B. TREE.

Then must the belts be taken up and these strangers be permitted to dwell in this land. It is the law.

LITTLEMAN (troubled tone)

It is the law.----- But there is Black Panther. He says the medicine is not good. The spirits are sullen and angry. Black Panther speaks of drouth--low streams---empty traps. He would defy the law. I like it not.

B. TREE

His voice was for the belts to pass.

LITTLEMAN.

Ay! He saw the glitter of the white man's silver twelve moons ago. He gave consent then. But he brings bitter council today. Look where he comes-----in full paint. He bodes evil in this council.

ENTER BLACK PANTHER.

(He is the Medicine Man in full paint. He stalks past the other two without a look at them, squats, opens his medicine bundle and lays out certain mysterious articles from it before him and proceeds to make incantations with various gestures, mysterious passes etc.)

At this point, the scout in the distance turns toward the fire and stands motionless and statuesque in the opening above described. Broken Tree catches sight of him, turns to Littleman and points off right.

Littleman turns to the scout and makes the Indian sign for "How Many". Running Deer answers with the sign for "four" which Broken Tree tallies on his fingers while Black Panther watches him closely without being himself observed.

Littleman then makes the sign "Bring Them"

Running Deer immediately disappears, descending the bank to the shore.)

ENTER THREE SUNS

(He is another Elder of the Menomonies and comes down to the fire from the woods on the right and to the rear of the audience. He thus passes the audience on the way to the council. As he enters Littleman salutes him.)

LITTLEMAN.

Bosho, Three Suns! Bosho!

THREE SUNS.

Bosho, Bosho, Broken Tree (goes directly to Black Panther) Bosho, Black Panther! How reads the Medicine? Are the spirits kind?

BLACK PANTHER (sullenly)

Meddle not with high things before the time, Three Suns.-----But my medicine is strong. (authoritatively) Look behind me---to the South. Do you see?

THREE SUNS.

I see-----

BLACK PANTHER (interrupting sudenly)

Wait!---I--Black Panther---maker of medicine----friend of the spirits---forth giver of truth---I will name what you see.

(he proceeds oracularly with eyes upraised as though reading a message in the sky, while the others stare at him, fascinated with this display of magic power.)

BLACK PANTHER (continuing)

You see Running Deer, son of Littleman, scout of the Council.----
(Running Deer comes in sight on the far ridge) Is it so?

THREE SUNS.

I see the Running Deer.

BLACK PANTHER.

With him come others, strangers, count them (He tallies on his fingers and at each tally a head appears above the ridge.)
One-----Two-----Three-----Four. (holds up four fingers)

THREE SUNS (also tallying on his fingers, holds up four to match) The Black Panther's medicine is very strong. I see the four strangers.

BLACK PANTHER.

You believe the Black Panther when he tallies "four". Will You, Chief Littleman, and you, Broken Tree, and you, Three Suns, will you believe him also when he tallies "five". He puts up five fingers

LITTLEMAN. (protesting)

There are but so many. (tallies "four" on his fingers)

BLACK PANTHER. (mysterious and threatening)

There is another. His name is "TROUBLE". You see him not. Black Panther plainly sees him, coming with the strangers from the Land of the Rising Sun. Beware, Littleman. Enough! ----I save my words for the Council. (He hastily gathers up his emblems and bestows them in the medicine bundle. The four Menomonies now range themselves on the north side of the council fire, with Littleman down stage, Three Suns, next, Black Panther third, and Broken Tree furthest up stage. The four strangers led by Running Deer draw near, halt, and Running Deer advances into the circle

RUNNING DEER.

I bring to this Council fire, strangers, Naragansetts, from the land of the Rising Sun beyond the Big Sea Water. They would meet in solemn Council with their brothers of the Menomonies on matters you know of. They bring belts of witness.

LITTLEMAN

The elders of the Meonomies are willing to meet in Council with their brothers of the Naragansetts. Let them then be seated among us. (The Brothertown Indians are seated on the south side of the fire. Thomas Dick is down stage, Randall Abner next, Benjamin Fowler third and Thomas Cummock is up stage.)

(All the Indians are seated except Running Deer who receives the calumet from his father lights it with a coal caught up from the fire and after insuring that is it going, he

passes it back to Littleman, who passes it to Three Suns after taking one whiff, the latter passes it to Black Panther who ostentatiously refuses to touch it to his lips but passes it to Broken Tree who puffs and then Running Deer takes it and passes it to Thomas Cummock and so down the line of the Brotherhoods to Thomas Dick who after participating in the ceremony passes the pipe back to Running Deer who then returns it to Littleman.)

LITTLEMAN

The pipe of peace and Council has passed among us. The ears of the Menomonees are open toward the lips of their brothers of the Naragansetts. Speak with straight tongues and we will so make answer.

B. PANTHER. (sullenly)

Let the strangers name themselves. With whom have we to do?

~~CUMMOCK~~

CUMMOCK (sensing the hostility)

Brothers of the Menomonees. We bear the belts of witness given into the hands of our messengers twelve moons ago. They speak on our behalf. Our names matter little. We do but lead the way. Our families and our tribal brothers with their wives and little ones await us three day's journey to the North. But our names you may know. This is Benjamin Fowler, this Randall Abner. I am Thomas Cummock. We three are the Peace-Makers of our people. All causes and disputes among them pass before us, for settlement in the Spirit of our Master, Jesus.

This other venerable brother is our revered Father in Christ, Thomas Dick. He it is who instructs our people in the ways and fear of God, the Great Spirit.

-LITTLEMAN.

Which of you sets forth the message of your people to the Council of the Menomonees? Let him speak.

FOWLER (rises)

It is the custom that the younger shall first speak in Council and then those who are old and wise shall follow him, mending his errors and adding dignity to argument.

We have here three belts of witness (produces them) They testify that twelve moons ago, three messengers of the Naragansetts, William Dick, Rhodolphus Fowler and John Johnson paid to the Council of the Meonomonees the sum agreed upon for the purchase of land among you, our brothers, where we may build us homes, nurture our families, live at peace with all men, and be free from the ever grasping hands of the white man.

To possess this land, and establish our settlement we are now come. The belts are before you. (places them on the ground before the Council) I have spoken.

LITTLEMAN.

The belts are in order and may not be denied. What say you, brothers and elders of the Menomonees? Shall the belts be taken up?

BROKEN TREE

Brothers of the Naragansetts and of the Council of the Menomonees. What can we do other? Nay---what other should we seek to do? We gave the belts freely. We too, know something of how hardly the white man pushes against the Indian and his land. It is so even here in the wilderness of Wisconsin. How much more in the land of the Rising Sun where the white man washes over the Indian lands like the waters of the Fox in flood! The Naragansetts are a people of peace. They seek no quarrel with the White Man nor with the Indian. Yet they speak the white man's tongue, they know his ways. They have powerful friends among the white people. We have learned here in the West that the white man cannot be resisted. He is too strong for us. If we fulfil our pledge, accept these Naragansetts as our foster brothers, shall not their friends be the friends of the Menomonees? Their white protectors, protect the Menomonees as well. We have leagued for war with other tribes and paid a bitter price. Is it not well to league for peace with tribesmen who are lovers of peace. May not their skill in tilling the soil guide us not that the trapping fails and the hunting grounds are scanty in meat? It is in the heart of Broken Tree that we take up the belts and receive our brothers from the land of the Rising Sun as neighbors and friends.

ABNER.

Our brother speaks wise words. The Naragansetts are grateful for them. The red man cannot war against the white. We from the East Country know. There was a rebellion against them led by one of the bravest of warriors, the most cunning of chieftains, King Philip by name. The Pequot runners brought belts to the villages of the Naragansetts seeking alliance. Our chief Ninegret refused the belts. The rebellion was crushed. Philip slain. The Pequots destroyed. Their villages wasted. The reed bends to the storm. The oak resists and is uprooted. The red man cannot fight the white man. But the land is great. There is room for all. The Roving Indian is the victim. The Indian settled on the land is safe. Not all the white men are evil. Not all seek to dispossess the Indian. Some there be who love us. They have made schools for our children. They have taught us the secrets of tillage. They have led us to the Jesus road. They furnished your brothers of the Naragansetts with the silver to purchase lands for our inheritance among the Menomonees. We come to Wisconsin with the blessing of good white men and under the protection of the Great Father at Washington. The friendship of the Naragansetts will bring peace and protection to the Menomonees. If you choose not to take up the belts you gave our messengers, return our silver and we shall go without bitterness to look elsewhere. But in Wisconsin shall be our home. It is so written. I have spoken.

THREE SUNS (rises. Speaks proudly)

We are Menomonees! Hunters and warriors. The story of the deeds of our fathers have been chanted in the long houses of all the Western tribes. We have fought with white men, French and English and have not been made ashamed. If the white man pushes us from these hunting grounds there is yet room beyond the Great River. The Sioux, the Crow and the distant Apache will welcome our courage and our arms. We seek no protection against the white man. If he

If he drives the Menomonee into the land of the buffalo and pursues us there, we shall know how to protect ourselves in the great plains where the white man cannot follow. We are rovers indeed. We follow the forest trails to our meat. We kill and feast as did our fathers before us. Shall Three Suns forsake the ~~paths~~ paths of the hunter to till this stubborn soil like a squaw? The Naragansetts have naught to teach us that we desire to know. It is the mind of Three Suns that we give these men their silver and break up the belts. Let the Naragansetts seek land for themselves in other places. Why should strangers clear forests and build towns in the midst of our hunting grounds? Let them go as they came---in peace. We have no quarrel with the Naragansetts. They have nothing for us nor we for them. It is the will of Three Suns that the belts be not taken up from where they lie.

CUMMOCK.

Would my brother of the Menomonees have us to think that the solemn witness^{ed} word of his people in council assembled may so lightly be set aside? Our messengers drove no bargain ~~with~~ for the land they paid for. Your Council named a price. The messengers paid it and received the belts in witness. White men of evil minds make pacts and break them. But without new cause of disagreement, the Red Man does not so. Nor does the good white man. No fresh reason for a breach of faith has been offered at this Council. Your chief declared the belts in order and not to be denied. Broken Tree set forth wise words and urged that the belts be taken up. Why does Three Suns speak words of defiance and refuse the pledge? His brothers of the Naragansetts await his better council. (Three Suns starts to rise. Black Panther leaps to his feet)

BLACK PANTHER.

Wait, Three Suns! Let Black Panther speak. It did not escape the notice of the Naragansetts that Black Panther let the pipe of ~~pe~~ peace pass by. You ask for new causes. You shall have them. I am the Medicine Man of the Menomonees. To the chief alone must Black Panther yield, and not always to him. In matters of the religion of my people and the ceremonials of the Menomonees, I and I alone have the last word. (turns to Littleman) Is it not so?

LITTLEMAN

It is so.

BLACK PANTHER.

As the moons have passed since the Naragansett messengers came among us and dazzled the eyes of the Menomonees with the white man's silver, Black Panther has made much medicine touching this matter. He has consulted the spirits, made many incantations, read many tokens. The medicine looking to these pledges is bad medicine. In the tokens I read of famine, blood-shed, the failure of the meat in hunting, empty lodges, hungry children if these strangers are permitted to dwell among our people. (vehemently) Look at them, ye leaders of the tribe! They come in the garments of the white men, they speak his tongue, they bargain with his silver, they worship the white man's god. They have for~~ak-~~en the ways of the Indian

The spirits of this land, the old ones of Earth and Water and Wind and sky have turned their faces from the Menomonees because they make traffic with strangers who do not love them. Who will have no part in the ceremonials which give honor to our spirits. The spirits have spoken to Black Panther--- (rising passion) They tell him what to do. THEY BID HIM KILL.

THREE SUNS.

KILL! The bearers of our belts of witness? Those with whom we have smoked the calumet? This is a bad thing, Black Panther.

BLACK PANTHER (shouting down Three Suns)

Peace, Three Suns! Have the spirits talked with thee? They bid me KILL! Destroy these men who waver between white and red. These strangers who are brothers to the white man and would brothers be to us. Suppose the White Man becomes our enemy. Where would these peace-lovers be standing then? Let them perish ere they bring destruction to our ~~villages~~ people and desolation to our villages.

LEAVE THE NARAGANSETTS TO BLACK PANTHER.

I smoked no pipe of peace with them nor will I ever. (a note of cunning enters his voice) The lying white man's silver you need not repay.

BROKEN TREE.

Ah! There it is!

LITTLEMAN (nods to Broken Tree.)

BLACK PANTHER.

On the journey they are taking, silver will not speed them. Keep the silver, elders of the Menomonees, and leave these Naragansetts to Black Panther. So shall we find favor again with the angry spirits, the old ones of our traditions. If meddling white men come to ask where are these messengers, you do not know----and Black Panther will not tell. Go. Elders of the Menomonees. Leave the strangers to me.

LITTLEMAN.

Rash words! Black Panther. Mad words.

THOMAS DICK (rises)

Let me be heard. (Littleman nods assent) My brothers of the Menomonees, I am an old man and have seen many things. Eighty winters have passed over my head. I am old and tired. And only that I may see my people settled and their children safe have I desired to live. The fierce words of your medicine man have no terrors for me. (turns directly to Black Panther) Look you, Black Panther. No trick of your trade is unknown to me. To me, the secrets, the evil secrets of your incantations are an open book. The Naragansetts did not turn from idols to the worship of the true and living God and the fellowship of his son Jesus, until the lies and deceit of your craft had been exposed. (passionately) Test me, I challenge you. Dare me to name the tokens in your medicine bundle and declare how you came by some of them. Bid me interpret the painted symbols on your face. (he plucks a hair from his head.)

Here is a hair from ^{my} head. Take it and lay a charm against me. (step towards him) Give me one from yours, if you dare. I will match you charm for charm. (Black Panther retreats a step) Ha! You flinch! You dare not! You see, brothers! On my naked word he fears me. And well he may. The man speaks crooked words. Did you trust him with the silver? (Black Panther starts) Where is it hidden? Why does he not wish it repaid? Why will he not permit us to go in peace and maintain the name of the Menomonees in honor? Does he covet the white man's silver for himself? Look to it brothers. Every evil that has come to the red man has followed the crooked council of men like him, whom you have too much trusted.

The Lord Jesus whose way of life my people follow, though yet from afar off, came forth from God to cast out the demons from such as Black Panther.

Come, Brother Black Panther, let me in the name of Jesus cast out the evil spirit that possesses you. (He raises his hand as though to perform an exorcism) With a guttural cry, Black Panther leaps aside and runs from the council (Dick continues in mild tone)

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth". Believe me, brothers, I have no power over him. I did but loose his own conscience against himself. Yet, I do know the magic of the medicine man and know it to be false and evil.

Brother Three Suns---your words were brave and honest though mistaken. Treachery, I plainly see, you scorn. I crave your friendship. I offer you my hand as brother. (They clasp hands)

LITTLEMAN.

What say you, Broken Tree? Shall the belts of witness be lifted?

BROKEN TREE.

Let them be taken up.

LITTLEMAN

Three Suns, what is your council?

~~BROKEN TREE~~

THREE SUNS.

The Naragansetts are our brothers. Let the belts be lifted.

LITTLEMAN

And I, Chief Littleman of the Menomonees say also that the belts of witness shall be taken up, by the hands that gave them. (He picks up the belts) Brothers of the Naragansetts, let three of you remain to determine the boundaries of your land. The fourth with my son, Running Deer for hostage shall return to the north for the tribesman and families of our brothers from the land of the Rising Sun. Thomas Dick---how shall you name the settlement of the Naragansetts in Wisconsin.

DICK.

Since we are brothers all and brothers likewise to the people of the Menomonees---it shall be called "Brothertown".

LITTLEMAN

"Brothertown" let it be called and so proclaimed among the tribes of Wisconsin and for all time to come. Brothers. Let us go to the feast in the lodge of Littleman. (They Exit)