



# BOOK OF THE PAGEANT

# THE PAGEANT OF TWINSBURG

IN CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH  
ANNIVERSARY OF ITS SETTLEMENT

S. GERTRUDE HADLOW

Director of the Pageant

TWINSBURG, OHIO  
AUGUST 9, 10, 11, 1917

# THE PAGEANT OF TWINSBURG

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## FOREWORD

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A Community Pageant is the history of a town, presented in dramatic form, by the citizens of the town, their wives and children.

Its object is to revive and maintain a memory of the past, and, by honoring the worthy men of earlier days, to awaken civic pride.

It is neither a theatrical or spectacular performance. It is a simple straightforward story of the life of a typical agricultural community. It is performed by them in a spirit of reverence and must be so received by those who watch its enactment.

If the time and untiring labor devoted to its presentation by the townspeople result in a new conception, not only of their own power and possibilities, but also of the power of a united and loyal community their effort will have been repaid.

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# THE PAGEANT OF TWINSBURG

## INTRODUCTION

### The Dance of the Spirits of Nature

The dance of the fairies and the little creatures of the wood is to convey the idea of the freedom and joyousness of wood-life before the advent of human beings.

## EPISODE I

### SCENE 1—The Treaty of Greenville, 1795.

The treaty that was made between General Anthony Wayne and the Indian tribes of Ohio and the region lying farther west was a remarkable treaty. In the first place, it was one of the few treaties made with the Indians that was never broken, and secondly, it made secure the lives and homes of the early settlers of Northern Ohio. The life of every pioneer was full of hazards and hardships, but when the fear of Indian murders and atrocities was removed, it was a comparatively peaceful and happy life.

It is interesting to know that the boundary line agreed upon by General Wayne and these Indian chiefs, which was to divide the hunting grounds of the tribes from the region of settlement for the white men, began at Cleveland, ran in a southerly direction and passed just west of Twinsburg.

(The chiefs of the Indian tribes of Weas and Kickapoos arrive and seat themselves about a council fire. General Anthony Wayne and two of his soldiers enter. General Wayne sits at the council fire. The Delaware and Ottawa Indians arrive. The council fire is raked and they smoke the calumet or pipe of peace.)

**GENERAL WAYNE:** (rising) I take you all by the hand as brothers, assembled for the work of peace. I thank the Great Spirit for this glorious sun, and for permitting so many of us to assemble here this day. The Great Spirit has favored us with a clear sky and a refreshing breeze for the happy occasion.

I have cleared this ground of all brush and rubbish, and opened roads to the East, to the West, to the North and to the South that all nations may come in safety and ease to meet me. This ground is unstained with blood, and is as pure as the heart of General Washington, the great chief of America and of his great council—as pure as my heart—which now wishes for nothing so much as peace and brotherly love.

I have this day kindled the council fire of the United States: we will now cover it up and keep it alive until the remainder of the different tribes assemble.

I now deliver to each tribe present a string of white wampum, to serve as records of the friendship that is this day commenced between us. (Wampum is delivered.)

The heavens are bright, the roads are open, we will rest in peace and love, and wait the arrival of our brothers. In the interim, we will have a little drink to wash the dust out of our throats. We will, on the happy occasion, be merry, without, however, passing the bounds of temperance and sobriety.

(Te-ta-boksh-ke, King of the Delaware, rises.)

**TE-TA-BOKSH-KE:** Our meeting this day affords me infinite pleasure. I thank the Great Spirit and thank you for bestowing on us so great a happiness. All my people shall be informed of, and will rejoice in, the commencement of our friendship, which, I hope, will never end. (Presents a white string of wampum.)

(The Pattawatamies arrive. The calumet of peace is smoked. New Corn, one of their chiefs, rises and addresses the General.)

**NEW CORN:** I have come here on the good work of peace; no other motive could have induced me to undertake so long a journey. I come from Lake Michigan.

**GENERAL WAYNE:** I give you all a hearty welcome. I am particularly pleased with the presence of so venerable a man as New Corn. You must be fatigued. You will be supplied with provision, and some drink to refresh you and to make your hearts glad.

(La Gris, the Little Turtle, chief of the Miamies, and Mash-i-pi-nash-i-wish, with other Chippewas, arrive and smoke the calumet.)

**GENERAL WAYNE:** (rising) I feel much satisfaction in taking you all by the hand; my pleasure is equally great with yours in this interview. This belt testifies the sincerity of the welcome with which I receive you. (A belt.)

**MASH-I-PI-NASH-I-WISH:** (rising) Elder brother, I thank you, in the name of all the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pattawatamies, for what you have this day told us; it is all very right and good.

**GENERAL WAYNE:** You will not be deceived by placing the utmost confidence in what I tell you. Your own towns and villages could not afford you greater liberty, safety, and security than you will enjoy, whilst you choose to remain with me.

(Shawanese and Wyandots arrive and smoke the calumet.)

**CHIEF OF SHAWANESE:** (rising) I am happy to be here this day. I do not know what may be the result of this conference. I am happy to find so many of my brothers with you. This is all I have to say at present, having traveled far. I am fatigued, and require refreshment. (A white string.)

**GENERAL WAYNE:** (rising) Brothers, listen, all you sachems, chiefs and warriors. Lift up your eyes and behold these instruments of writing. Your father, General Washington, the President of the Fifteen Great Fires of America, will take you under his protection and has ordered me to make a treaty with you that will put an end to destructive war, settle all controversies, and restore harmony and friendly intercourse between the United States and the Indian tribes. Listen to what he says:

Article I. Henceforth, all hostilities shall cease.

Article II. All prisoners shall, on both sides, be restored.

Article III. The general boundary line between the lands of the United States and the lands of the said Indian tribes shall begin at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, and run to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the crossing place, above Fort Lawrence, thence westerly to a fork of the great Miami river, thence a westerly course to Fort Recovery; thence southwesterly in a direct line to the Ohio, so as to intersect that river opposite the mouth of Kentucky river.

And, in consideration of the peace now established, the said Indian tribes do hereby cede and relinquish, forever, all their claims to the lands lying eastwardly and southwardly of the general boundary line.

And, the said Indian tribes will, also, allow to the people of the United States, the free use of the harbors and mouths of rivers along the lakes adjoining the Indian lands, for sheltering vessels and boats, and liberty to land their cargoes where necessary for their safety.

Article IV. And for the same the United States now deliver to the said Indian tribes, a quantity of goods, to the value of twenty thousand dollars; and henceforward, every year, forever, the United States will deliver, at some convenient place northward of the Ohio, like useful goods, suited to the circumstances of the Indians, of the value of nine thousand five hundred dollars.

Article VII. The said tribes of Indians, parties to this treaty shall be at liberty to hunt within the territory and lands which they have now ceded to the United States.

In testimony whereof, the said Anthony Wayne, and the sachems and war chiefs of the before mentioned nations and tribes of Indians, hereunto set their hands and affix their seals.

All you nations now present, listen! I shall ask each nation if they approve of, and are prepared to sign these articles. I shall begin with the Chippewas.

You, Chippewas, do you approve of these articles of treaty and are you prepared to sign them?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Ottawas, do you agree?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Pattawatamies?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Wyandots, do you agree?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Delawares?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Shawanese?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Miamies, do you agree?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

You, Weas?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

And you, Kickapoos, do you agree?

(A unanimous answer) Yes.

The treaty shall be engrossed. It will require two or three days to do it properly. In the interim, we will eat, drink and rejoice, and thank the Great Spirit for this good work.

NOTE—The material for this episode was gathered from the American State Papers. Vol. V. Indian Affairs.

EPISODE II

SCENE 1—The First Settlers.

Ethan Alling, a boy of seventeen, who led the group of three who were the first settlers in Twinsburg, Zeri Alling, Rudolphus (Tom) Wolcott and Lex Johnson, are hauling logs to build their cabin. This cabin was the first settler's cabin built in Twinsburg.

LEX JOHNSON: (Mopping his face and showing a general distaste for work) Hot work, this.

ZERI ALLING: Aye.

TOM WOLCOTT: There you be, Lex, afeered of spoilin' your purty complexion and boiled shirt, again.

ZERI ALLING: Ho! Ho! That's so! That's so!

LEX JOHNSON: Leave along, Tom. You know I've been hauling logs twice as fast as you two fellahs put together.

TOM WOLCOTT: Oh, is that so! Pity we didn't count our logs, Zeri.

ZERI ALLING: 'Taint too late now.

TOM WOLCOTT: Sure 'nough. Come on, Lex. Prove it. A log for every one of mine and Zeri's, remember.

(The contest begins. At first Lex is able to haul as fast as the other two together, though it is noticeable that he selects the lightest logs. Soon his enthusiasm wanes and the other two beat him easily. He stops again to mop his face.)

TOM WOLCOTT: Why, Lex, be you tired again?

LEX JOHNSON: (getting angry) See here, Tom Wolcott, if you—

(Ethan Alling enters unseen by the others.)

ETHAN ALLING: Here, here, what's up, you fellah's?

TOM WOLCOTT: (good-naturedly) Why, Ethan, this here smart, handsome companion of ours says he—

ETHAN ALLING: Leave off your teasing of Lex, Tom, and come along. Dinner is all ready; the potatoes and pork are smoking hot.

(They pick up their guns and the iron chains with which they have been hauling, and then make ready to leave, when suddenly they turn quickly in the opposite direction.)

TOM WOLCOTT: What was it? (Runs on ahead.)

ETHAN ALLING: Don't know. Can you see something moving in the brush?

ZERI ALLING: Ef we was to home in Connecticut I'd say it was a sheep a-bleatin'.

TOM WOLCOTT: (calls back) Boys, boys, sheep as sure as you're alive!

(The four go forward to meet Lewis Alling, brother of Ethan, Gedeon Thompson and Zenas Alling with a flock of sheep. They greet one another heartily.)

LEWIS ALLING: And be-n't the folks here yet, Ethan?

ETHAN ALLING: What folks?

LEWIS ALLING: Why, father, mother, sister Elizabeth, Irena Thomas, Amos Taylor and Tone. They all were to leave Derby a week after us. I wonder if something has happened to them or if they have lost the way. We saw fresh wagon tracks a day or two back and I thought sure I saw the print of old Rover's bad hind foot in the mud. They should a bin here before us.

TOM WOLCOTT: (who has been peering into the woods while Lewis has been talking) Ethan! Ethan! more on 'em, more on 'em!

ETHAN ALLING: Here you, Zeri. Take these boys and their sheep on to the cabin. Tell Fred Stanley to cut more slabs of pork and to roast a plenty of potatoes. There's more folks a'comin'.

(A covered wagon drawn by oxen and carrying the above mentioned party, appears.)

LEWIS ALLING, SENIOR: (addressing those lately arrived) To think we all were in Hudson last night and didn't know t'other was there. When Esquire Gedeon Mills told us this morning you was to Zina Posts's, we hurried over, but found you'd been gone above two hours.

ETHAN ALLING: Well, sir, it's lucky we was a-hauling logs, or you'd a missed us, too.

LEWIS ALLING, SENIOR: How comes it you're haulin' here, Ethan? I thought from what the Squire told me our tract was further on.

ETHAN ALLING: So 'tis. But you see, father, we thought we'd look around a spell, before we raised the cabin. And I can tell you there ain't no likelier spot than this, anywhere in these parts. Why, here is excellent plow land, grass land, here is water, stone, timber and sugar trees right handy. Yonder at the fall is the best water-power for miles and miles around. Yes, sir, this is the place! And I believe a right smart village will grow up here with this for a center.

LEWIS ALLING, SENIOR: Yes. This here is good country—

MRS. ALLING: (interrupting) Come, now, father, I want to say a word. Ethan, how far away is the old cabin? These children are hungry, guess you all are hungry. Shall we build a fire here and get the meal or shall we go to the cabin? How be you boys fixed for food?



ETHAN ALLING: Well, mother, we got a barrel of poor pork, a barrel of flour, ten bushels of potatoes and a gallon of whisky, and I can tell you we enjoy life first rate. Come along, all of you. We'll have a good meal and a good talk.

(The older people prepare to depart. The mother calls to Elizabeth, who, with Irena Thomas and Tone, has been listening to Tom Wolcott's bear story.)

MRS. ALLING: Elizabeth!

TOM WOLCOTT: (to the children) —and just as I reached the tree, the bear caught my foot. I gave a great pull. I got loose of him. I clumb that tree faster than a squirrel, and there on the first limb, right in front of me, were two snapping black—

MRS. ALLING: (calling sharply) Elizabeth! Elizabeth!  
(The children still terrified by the bear story rush to the cart and climb in. Tom Wolcott picks up his gun and an iron chain and is about to follow. Elizabeth pokes her head out of the back of the cart and calls.)

ELIZABETH: Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, come—bears!

## EPISODE II

### SCENE 2—Naming of the Town.

In 1819 the three commissioners of Portage county, Owen Brown, Alexander K. Hubbard and Dillingham Clark, came to this settlement to assist in its naming and organization.

LEVI LEECH: Are you sure, Elisha Loomis, them commissioners will be here today?

ELISHA LOOMIS: Levi, ever been to Hudson in April?

LEVI LEECH: Sure; but what's that got to do with commissioners?

ELISHA LOOMIS: A good deal. Think of the clay mud them fellers has got to go through between Hudson and here.

EZRA OSBORN: What's the matter with you, anyway, Levi; always a-borrowing trouble. Why, man, look at that sun. They can't be here for up'ards of two hour yet.

LEVI LEECH: Can't, eh? Say, look here. Last week Henry Bennet took his old nag, and got to Hudson and back in two hours. And he's no smart traveler either.

REUBEN CHAMBERLIN: Come, come, Levi, 'taint no such great matter after all. They'll come when they—why there they be now!

LEVI LEECH: What did I tell you! You fellers can't believe anything that you don't see. (He continues to grumble but the others pay very little attention to him.)

(Commissioners Owen Brown, Alexander K. Hubbard and Dillingham Clark enter with other settlers. Samuel Vail leads their horses.)

COMMISSIONER BROWN: Well, gentlemen, we must apologize to you. I am afraid we have kept you waiting some time. The condition of the roads are such that we made progress very slowly. Indeed we were above two hours longer on the way than we had expected. Now then, since we have much important business on hand, let us get to work at once. Mr. Hubbard, will you state the business.

MR. HUBBARD: Well, gentlemen, by an act of the Legislature, we, as commissioners of Portage county, have been empowered to organize and name this township. Now, then, what shall the name be?

FREDERICK STANLEY: (after some hesitation on the part of others to speak) Well, men, I think this place ought to be called Alling. Young Alling led out the first men that settled in these parts. His family come out here soon after. I guess the young feller's grit ought to be remembered. 'Twould be a good thing to hold up this pluck to the on-coming generations. So, I say, men, let's call this town Alling.

ELISHA LOOMIS: I ain't got nothing agin young Alling, but Alling isn't a purty sounding name. Why it just rolls off your tongue when you're saying of it. Now take Loomis. Loomis is a good, big mouthful—

LEVI LEECH: (interrupting) You're right, there. Lisha would be a big mouthful, tough chawing, too! Haw! Haw!

ELISHA LOOMIS: Well, as I was saying, Loomis is a good sounding name. And I can tell you, men, if it hadn't been for me and my saw mill I don't know what you'd a done for your building.

JOEL THOMPSON: Now, Lisha, that ain't no argument, for Elias Mather could ask what they would a done without his grist mill.

ELIAS MATHER: That's so, Joel. And as far as that goes, Mather is just as good sounding as Loomis, too.

(A slight commotion among the other settlers. They finally urge forward the Wilcox twins.)

MOSES WILCOX: Gentlemen, my brother and I have a proposition to make. We would like to donate six acres of land at the center of this village for a public square, and \$20.00 in money

towards the erection of a school house, for the privilege of sharing the honor equally between us and naming the settlement "Twinsburg."

LEVI LEECH: That's a good name. I'm fer it.

COMMISSIONER HUBBARD: What do you say, gentlemen? Shall we name it Twinsburg?

ALL: Yes. Yes.

COMMISSIONER HUBBARD: Then if you are agreed we will name this township Twinsburg.

LEVI LEECH: Come, men, let's give her a good "Hip Hooray."  
(Waving his arm to lead the cheering.)

ALL: Hooray, Hooray, Hooray! (With last "hooray" many toss hats high in air.)

COMMISSIONER BROWN: Gentlemen, we shall have to leave you now for we have important business in Hudson to finish before nightfall. After your election for clerk, trustees, land viewer and constable is over let some one bring your report to Hudson, for tomorrow we must go to the county seat and report that you have named this township Twinsburg.

## EPISODE II

### SCENE 3—A Social Time in 1830.

The occasion of this social gathering is the raising of a log cabin. Some of the settlers walk to the gathering, while others ride in a sap-boat drawn by oxen. On the sap-boat, chairs are placed for the elders, while some of the children ride behind in a sap-trough which has been fastened to the sap-boat by chains. During the raising, the men have frequent recourse to the whisky-jug. The women bring their quilting and sewing. The children play jacks, hop-scotch, London Bridge, etc. The occasion ends with games, and the fiddler plays for a lively dance on the green.

### SCENE 1—Hallowe'en Night at the Bissell Institute.

Many people of prominence were once students at the Twinsburg Institute that flourished from 1840-1875. Emerson White, once president of De Pauw University, Ohio Commissioner of common schools, and superintendent of the Cincinnati schools; Hon. Henry McKinney, state senator for Summit-Portage district, 1869-70, since common pleas judge in Cuyahoga county; William B. Hazen, once chief of the weather bureau; Gen. Lucius Fairchild, who sometime held the office of member of Congress, governor of Wisconsin, consul at Liverpool, consul general at Paris, minister to Spain, commander of Dept. of Wisconsin G. A. R. and commander-in-chief of National Encampment G. A. R.; Gen. A. C. Voris and Hon. U. L. Marvin of Akron; Dr. W. A. Knowlton, Hons. D. W. Gage, and W. S. Kerruish, were at one time students in this remarkable Academy.

This incident takes place near Tinker's Creek, not far from the Bissell Institute.

Some of the students of the Bissell Institute wishing to play a joke on their principal, appropriate his carriage and draw it as far as Tinker's Creek. When they reach the bank of the creek the curtains of the carriage are raised, Mr. Bissell's head appears, and in a dignified, yet casual manner, he says: "Boys, I guess you have brought me far enough. Now you may draw me back." A crest-fallen group of young men draw the carriage across the low-lands and up to the principal's residence.

EPISODE III

SCENE 2—"Blackbird," son of an Ottawa chief, enters the Bissell Institute.

The material for this episode was gathered from the autobiography of "Blackbird," an Ottawa Chief.

(The boys of the Bissell Academy are wrestling shoulder and elbow or backhold, jumping on the level and over a high bar, and pitching quoits. Some are taking no part in the games, but are watching the others. After playing quoits some minutes one of the players addresses another.)

HENRY WALLACE: Say, Christopher, did you hear what happened this morning?

CHRISTOPHER STANTON: Not I.

HENRY WALLACE: Well, it sickened me of Turner, Bailey and some of the others that Mr. Bissell is putting through this school.

CYRUS VAIL: What sickened you, Henry?

ALFRED STEVENS: Must have been pretty bad if it sickened Henry!

HENRY WALLACE: Well, you see, it was like this. A lot of the fellows that come here for an education haven't got two cents to their name. They go to Mr. Bissell, tell him they are hungry for learning but are without funds. He can't turn them away, so he invents jobs for them. Then before long they get the notion they are paying for their bread and schooling twice over.

CHRISTOPHER STANTON: (excitedly) That's true, sir. I've seen it myself. But never you mind; everyone else knows they are not paying for their salt.

ALFRED STEVENS: Yes, sir; that's right. Why just last night I heard two of the fellows disputing as to which should set the milk-pails on the table. The fellow that brought the milk said his job was over when the milk was brought into the kitchen. The one that washes the pails declared his work began when the things to be washed were on the table. There those two great fools stood doing nothing, the milk pails on the floor between them and both refusing to touch them. It's a wonder to me—

CYRUS VAIL: (interrupting) Say, hold on a bit there, Alfred. I want to hear the end of Henry Wallace's story.

HENRY WALLACE: Well, it's a part and parcel of what Alfred is telling. Mr. Bissell must have overheard some of those charity students complaining about their jobs, for this morning before anyone else was about, he rose, did all the boys' chores and was ready for breakfast at six o'clock. Now, then, what do you think of that?

CYRUS VAIL: Well, sir, if that isn't Mr. Bissell for you! If a fellow does a mean trick and knows he ought to be birched for it the principal gives him a surprise that makes him do some mighty hard thinking.

ALFRED STEVENS: Say, but I'd hate to be in those fellows' shoes today.

(While these boys are talking others have approached Blackbird and Paul Naw-o-ga-de and entered into conversation with them.)

CYRUS VAIL: Are you going to attend our school here?

BLACKBIRD: No, sir; I am going thirty miles further to attend some school there.

CYRUS VAIL: Well, this is the best school that I know of anywhere about this country.

BLACKBIRD: Will you introduce me to the proprietor of your school?

CYRUS VAIL: Most cheerfully. Will you please tell me what place you come from and your name? (Enter Samuel Bissell from the south.)

BLACKBIRD: I come from Michigan. My name is Blackbird. I am the son of the Ottawa chief, Mack-a-de-pe-nessy.

CYRUS VAIL: All right, I will take you to Mr. Bissell. But wait, here comes our principal now. I will bring him to you. (Cyrus Vail introduces Blackbird to Mr. Bissell.)

MR. BISSELL: Well, Mr. Blackbird, do you wish to attend our school?

BLACKBIRD: I do not know, sir, how that might be, as I have not much means to pay my way, but I am seeking for a man who invited me to come to Ohio some five years ago, and promised that he would help me for my education. His name is Alvin Coe, a traveling missionary, my father's old friend.

MR. BISSELL: We have two Indian boys here attending school and I think you will not be very lonesome if you should conclude to stay with us.

BLACKBIRD: What are their names, sir?

MR. BISSELL: One is Francis Petosky and the other is Paul Kawe-to-song.

BLACKBIRD: I know them both, sir. I came from the same place they did, but I did not know they were here. I only knew they were attending school somewhere among the whites.

MR. BISSELL: Can you do any kind of work?

BLACKBIRD: I am a blacksmith by trade, sir.

MR. BISSELL: Well, then, if you conclude to stay I will try to aid you in finding a place where you can work to pay for your lodging.

BLACKBIRD: Thank you, sir. I would like to stay if I could find some work and make some plans for my little friend here.

MR. BISSELL: Come with me, both of you. Together we will find board and books and a chance to learn.

(Mr. Bissell motions Cyrus Vail and some of his friends to join the Indians. Together they go toward the Institute.)

HENRY WALLACE: Hurray! Two more students. That makes 256. My, how we ducks swim!

ALFRED STEVENS: (Gazing in mock-heroic fashion at the sky) What do I read in the skies? Bissell Institute converted into a wigwam village! Mr. Bissell and his students going about in war paint and feathers and Aunt Sam calling the classes together with a war-hoop.

HENRY WALLACE: Wrong, as usual! The skies foretell that besides lawyers, doctors and statesmen, the Bissell Institute will send out trained Indian youths to be the leaders of their tribes, interpreters for their people, and representatives of their nation in the halls of Congress. Remember this prophecy!

#### INTERLUDE I. Dance of the North and South—Strife.

The two groups of dancers represent the Spirit of the North and South before the war.

The dance is intended to express the growing feeling of suspicion, distrust and finally hatred that existed between the two sections.

#### EPISODE IV

Twinsburg was a station of the Underground Railroad. Here runaway slaves were helped on their way to freedom in Canada.

#### SCENE 1—The Underground Railroad.

(Enter Ezra Clark and a man of the village. Ezra carries a half-filled meal bag.)

EZRA CLARK: Well, man, you must a-wondered what I wanted o' you so early in the morning.

VILLAGE MAN: Oh, I dunno.

EZRA CLARK: Well, there be some things these days that a man can't talk of, with safety, in his own home or on the streets.

VILLAGE MAN: I s'pose.

EZRA CLARK: Do you know what I mean, man?

VILLAGE MAN: Well, dunno, as I do, Ezry. Be it taxes?

EZRA CLARK: No, no.

VILLAGE MAN: Maybe it's whisky you're a-thinkin' on, Ezry.

EZRA CLARK: Worse an' that. I'm a thinkin' on the negroes we Northerners let the Southern fellers buy an' sell.

VILLAGE MAN: Maybe that ain't so bad, Ezry. The slaves get food and clothing and shelter.

EZRA CLARK: Man alive, suppose you was to be wakened up some morning, toted to the market and sold to some feller down the river. Suppose your wife was sold to be a drudge in a home up the river, and your children sold hither and yon. I'd like to know what you'd think then of your shelter and food, sir.

VILLAGE MAN: That's dreadful, Ezry. I never thought like that about it.

EZRA CLARK: Well, what I want to know is, do you think it is dreadful enough for you to give help to some of these poor fellers that are running away, trying to get to a safe place in Canady?

VILLAGE MAN: Yes, sir, I do. I ain't just sure about the rights and wrongs of the slave-holders, but I'd help a nigger or anybody else to a place where he'd be free and could live like a man.

EZRA CLARK: (shaking his hand) You're a bit slow, but you're all right! Now, then, you'll have a chance to show you mean what you say before long. Just stay here quiet until something happens.

(Enter Jason Brown of Hudson, driving a wagon containing bags of wheat. He pulls up his horse when he sees Ezra Clark. Together they remove several bags.)

EZRA CLARK: Shall I pay you for these now, Jason?

JASON BROWN: No; better wait until the rest of the load is delivered.

EZRA CLARK: How soon is it coming?

JASON BROWN: Afore long. Be on the lookout for cattle-buyers, Ezra; they bin a-hangin' around Hudson for several days.

EZRA CLARK: (displaying big revolver) I'm ready for 'em.

(Jason Brown drives off. In a few minutes there is a commotion among the wheat bags and a small negro boy creeps out of one. He looks cautiously about, then runs toward the two men.)

NEGRO BOY: Massa, massa, where's my mammy?

EZRA CLARK: You wait a bit, she'll come along. Here, boy, don't you want some breakfast? (Reaches into his sack and brings out a chunk of bread. Boy eats ravenously.)

VILLAGE MAN: Sakes, but you're an eater, boy. When did you have your last meal, anyway?

NEGRO BOY: Dunno, massa (beseechingly). Has massa seen my mammy?

VILLAGE MAN: No, sir. I never see'd your mammy.  
(Enter John Brown driving hay wagon.)

JOHN BROWN: Morning, Ezra. Seen any cattle-buyers about?

EZRA CLARK: Not yet. But Jason said there was some hereabouts.

JOHN BROWN: Then I'd better not leave my load today. Just give the locomotive a bit of fuel if you have it handy. (From under the hay appear a colored man and woman. Ezra gives them the bag of food.)

NEGRO WOMAN: (catching sight of the negro boy) Sambo, Sambo. Lor' bress you, chile! Come to your mammy! (Sambo runs toward the hay-wagon and climbs in.) An' here's yo' paw, safe and sound as any white pusson.

JOHN BROWN: Come, come, mammy, be quiet; remember the cattle-buyers.

NEGRO WOMAN: Yes, yes, massa, I'se quiet. Oh, my chile, my chile! Bress my only Sambo.

VILLAGE MAN: Someone is coming.

JOHN BROWN: (to the negroes) Down, down! (They crawl under the hay, and as they drive off a cattle-buyer comes galloping in.)

CATTLE-BUYER: Morning' men. Can you tell me where I'll find Ezra Clark?

VILLAGE MAN: Ezra Clark, who's he?

CATTLE-BUYER: Oh, I understand he's got some fine cattle for sale.

VILLAGE MAN: Made a mistake this time, sir. If you want cattle, go up to the Liberty Road and see the Bennetts or Posts.

CATTLE-BUYER: Say, you fellers seen any niggers around here this morning?

EZRA CLARK: Yes, sir; saw them over there. (Points in the direction from which the hay wagon came.) They had a young one that was a lively scrambler.

CATTLE-BUYER: Damn me, that's them. Mornin', gentlemen. (Rides hastily in the direction opposite that which hay wagon has taken. Ezra Clark and the village man take the bags of wheat and go in the direction of the hay wagon.)

VILLAGE MAN: Well, we fooled 'em that time, Ezry, but we can't fool 'em forever.

EZRA CLARK: No, sir; it means trouble, trouble.

SCENE 2— The Soldiers' Departure.

"In times of peace the real worth of a community may be determined by the spirit in which it meets difficult problems and baffling situations. But in times of national stress and peril we judge a town's true value by the response it makes to the nation's call for help.

"Judged by this standard, few townships, if any, can give proof of being animated by a better spirit of sacrifice and enthusiastic patriotism than can Twinsburg during the 'War of the Rebellion.'

"Immediately after President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand troops, volunteers began to enlist from Twinsburg, a number from the township being enrolled in the first three months' service. Under successive calls by the President volunteers were forthcoming until, in all, during the war there were one hundred and twenty besides the thirteen 'squirrel hunters'."—Chauncey B. Lane, Co. H, 177th Reg., O. V. I.

(A group of village boys enter. They are deeply excited. They have just heard that one of Twinsburg's military companies is about to go to the front.)

FIRST BOY: Come on, fellers. Come on!

SECOND BOY: Where's "Red"?

FIRST BOY: Don't know.

SECOND BOY: (putting hands to mouth and calling) Oh, "Red, Red"!

"RED": Ya-a. (Approaches deliberately.)

SECOND BOY: Aw, hurry up, can't you?

"RED": What's up, anyway?

FIRST BOY: Why, the soldiers! (in disgust). Don't you know anything!

SECOND BOY: They're going to drill.

"RED": That ain't anything new.

THIRD BOY: But this is the last time. They are going up to Cleveland in an hour.

"RED": (whistles) Who said so?

FIRST BOY: Aw, g'wan. You're too green for us. Everybody but you knows it.

FOURTH BOY: Aw, shucks, there come the wimmen. Now we won't see a thing.

FIRST BOY: Yes, we will if we stick close together. (Arranges boys in compact mass.)

THIRD BOY: Albert Upson is lieutenant in this company.

FOURTH BOY: He ain't either. Edwin Poole is lieutenant.

THIRD BOY: He ain't. Guess I know.

FOURTH BOY: Well, I guess I know. Ain't I a cousin of the Pooles?

THIRD BOY: Don't care who you are. Say that again and I'll give you one.

FOURTH BOY: Well, I will say it again. (The boys begin a lively tussle.)

(Enter village mothers and sweethearts in great excitement.)

MRS. CANON: Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you boys, to be a-fighting here when your paw is a-going to war.

THIRD BOY: Well, he said Albert Upson wasn't a lieutenant of this here company.

FOURTH BOY: Well, he ain't.

MRS. FESSENDEN: Yes, he is. You come here, you (taking the fourth boy firmly by the collar) and keep quiet. We wimmen can't see or hear a thing with you youngsters fussing about.

(The women push the boys behind them but the youngsters watch their chance and creep along the ground to their former vantage point. In the meanwhile two little girls have entered crying bitterly.)

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: Oh, mother, mother!

(A woman with a baby in her arms separates from the crowd.)

WOMAN: Hush! Hush!

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—We can't find father.

WOMAN: Hush! Hush, he's coming in a bit. (Covertly wipes her eyes. The other women help console the children. Soldiers and men of the village enter with Paul T. Kirby, captain of the company.)

CAPTAIN KIRBY: Well, friends, we are off. Governor Tod has sent word for all armed men to report to headquarters. We'll put the boys through a short drill and give them an hour to put their effects together and to say good-bye. Then we will meet on the Bedford Road and march forward.

DAVID BISSELL: Well, Captain, we're sorry to see you go, but we'll look after your folks—and say, when we read the papers, won't we be proud to see the names of Twinsburg's boys helping to put an end to this damned slavery!

(Captain Kirby puts the company through the Manual of Arms. As he marches them off the square the women return to their homes, and the small boys follow the soldiers. Suddenly a young woman appears, darts across the square,

throws her arms about the neck of Lieutenant Albert Upson and gives him a resounding smack. She returns somewhat timidly to the women who have stopped and turned to watch her.)

**A VILLAGE GIRL:** Why, Ellen, the boys aren't going yet.

**ELLEN:** Oh, dear, Oh, dear; what have I done!

**WOMAN WHO CARRIES THE CHILD:** No matter, dear. It will do him good to know.

#### INTERLUDE II. Dance of the North and South—Reconciliation

The same group of dancers now express, at first shyly, then surely, a willingness to become reconciled.

## EPISODE V

### SCENE 1— The County Fair, 1868.

“The people of Twinsburg and adjoining townships, being largely interested in agriculture and dairying, decided, in the early fifties, to hold a local fair for the display of the results of their labors. This form of fair was continued for two or three years, and attracted more than local interest. As a result, Twinsburg, Hudson, Northfield, Solon, Aurora, Bedford, Bainbridge, and Streetsboro joined together and formed the ‘Union Agricultural Society.’ These fairs were continued for about fifteen years and attracted a large number of people who came to view the exhibits and who enjoyed meeting the exhibitors and their friends.”

This episode is a reproduction of a county fair in 1868.

#### INTERLUDE III. Dance of the Wicked Spirits of the Garden

This dance, or frolic, is to express the impish spirit that the farmer feels confident must animate the potato bugs, the squash bugs, and the grasshoppers that cause the havoc in his garden.

EPISODE VI

Humanity's Appeal to the Spirit of Twinsburg

(Enter the Spirit of Humanity attended by two messengers.)

**HUMANITY:** Go, my messenger, and summon hence the Spirit of Twinsburg. (As the messenger nears the entrance, he beckons with uplifted arm. As the Spirit of Twinsburg enters, she bows low before Humanity.)

**HUMANITY:** Dear Spirit of Twinsburg, today thou art summoned. Today thou hast rounded out the hundred years of thy life. Today must thou stand forth before mankind and show what thou hast done of worth or merit.

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** In answer to thy summons have I come, oh gracious Humanity. Before thee do I stand ready to answer for my deeds. I would the record were more brave, more wonderful, oh Humanity. But as it is thou shalt hear it. None will I conceal from thee, for thou art ever wise. Thou shalt hear its woes, judge of its weaknesses, and, perchance approve its virtues. I would call to my aid the Spirit of the Pioneer, the Spirit of Education, the Spirit of Warfare, and the Spirit of Progress, that each may tell her part.

**HUMANITY:** It shall be as thou dost wish, oh Spirit of Twinsburg. (Motioning to the other messenger.) And do thou obey her bidding, swift messenger. (Messenger bows to the Spirit of Twinsburg.)

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** Summon hence the Spirit of the Pioneer.

(The second messenger beckons to the Spirit of the Pioneer. As she enters she bows before the Spirit of Twinsburg.)

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** Spirit of the Pioneer, Humanity would know what thou hast done of good or evil for this, our dwelling place.

**SPIRIT OF THE PIONEER:** (Bowing before Humanity) Oh, Humanity, into the hearts of the sturdy men of our East did I plant the desire to have life more abundantly. To them gave I courage to pierce the trackless forests, to sail the treacherous lakes, and to build their cabins where the wild creatures of the forest were no strangers. In this wilderness did they hew the trees, blast the rocks, and tame the water-ways. Yet this was not all. Here did I show the simple, sincere folk—sharing common dangers and hardships—the virtue of laboring together, and of kindly tolerance for one another's faults.

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** (To messenger) Summon hence the Spirit of Education.

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** (As the Spirit of Education enters) Oh, Spirit of Education, Humanity would know what thou hast done for humankind.

**SPIRIT OF EDUCATION:** In the hearts of men, oh, Humanity, did I plant the desire to know. Their eyes did I open that they might question the changes of the seasons, the life of growing things, the motion of the waters, the flight of the birds, and the movement of the stars. Their very souls did I touch that they might ask for the meaning of life, the meaning of the spirit that broods o'er the quiet waters and warm earth. When the mind was quickened and trained were the head and hands, I created in mankind the desire to do and be. Then visions did I give him of the joy of healing, searching, creating, governing, and the very joy of living did I show him. These quickenings and visions, oh Humanity, did I give to your people in this place.

**HUMANITY:** Worthy is thy work, oh Spirit of Education, more than thou hast done is hard to understand.

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** Yet another Spirit, the Spirit of Warfare, would I summon, oh Humanity.

**HUMANITY:** (Bending head in assent) As thou wilt.  
(Messenger summons the Spirit of Warfare.)

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** Stand forth, oh Spirit of Warfare, and show to Humanity the part that thou hast played.

**SPIRIT OF WARFARE:** Dear Spirits, all, when Humanity has been distressed, suffering and enslaved, I have put it in the minds of men to leave their plows, their fields, their homes. In the hearts of women have I placed the spirit of sacrifice, taught them to bear the burdens uncomplainingly, taught them the joy of relieving pain and forgetting self. All mankind have I taught that the wrong of one people is the wrong of all.

**HUMANITY:** And much wrong hast thou righted, oh Spirit of Warfare. Summon hence thy other Spirit, oh Twinsburg.

**SPIRIT OF TWINSBURG:** (To messenger) Call, thou, the Spirit of Progress. (Spirit of Twinsburg turns to Humanity as the Spirit of Progress enters.) The greatest of all is before thee, oh Humanity.

**HUMANITY:** Thou, too, art welcome, oh Spirit of Progress.

**SPIRIT OF PROGRESS:** Oh, Humanity, to all mankind have I shown how all nature and the forces of nature may be conquered. The winds of the world have I subdued, of the air itself made conquest, made messenger of the lightning, the swift currents of streams have I harnessed, and before many days are past, thou Humanity, shalt use the force of tides and the heat of the sun to do thy labors. For thee, have I created marvelous machines that perform the task too great and yet too small for human hands. In my workshops wilt thou learn how life may be prolonged and pain diminished. There wilt thou also



see how the forces are made to illumine the cities, and drive the great wheels of industry. Yet this is but a handful, oh Humanity, of all that the Spirit of Progress will yet do to make Humanity more powerful, more free, and perchance, more happy.

HUMANITY: Oh, Spirit of Twinsburg, to me hast thou revealed the Spirit that inspired thy pioneers to wrest success from difficulties. Thou hast revealed the Spirit that inspired reverence for education and religion, the Spirit that inspired justice and fair-dealing toward the oppressed, and the Spirit that taught men to make life fuller, more complete. Thy past is gone, its fruits remain; thy present is here, rich and full, but to thee and to thy future would I give one more Spirit, the Spirit of a New Ideal of Community Life. Through this Spirit thou shalt learn to cast aside all differences of creed and conviction for the good of all. For in working together the worker is made more skillful and the work made more perfect, more complete. And finally would I have thee know that the Spirit that serves all—uplifts, prospers and increases all.