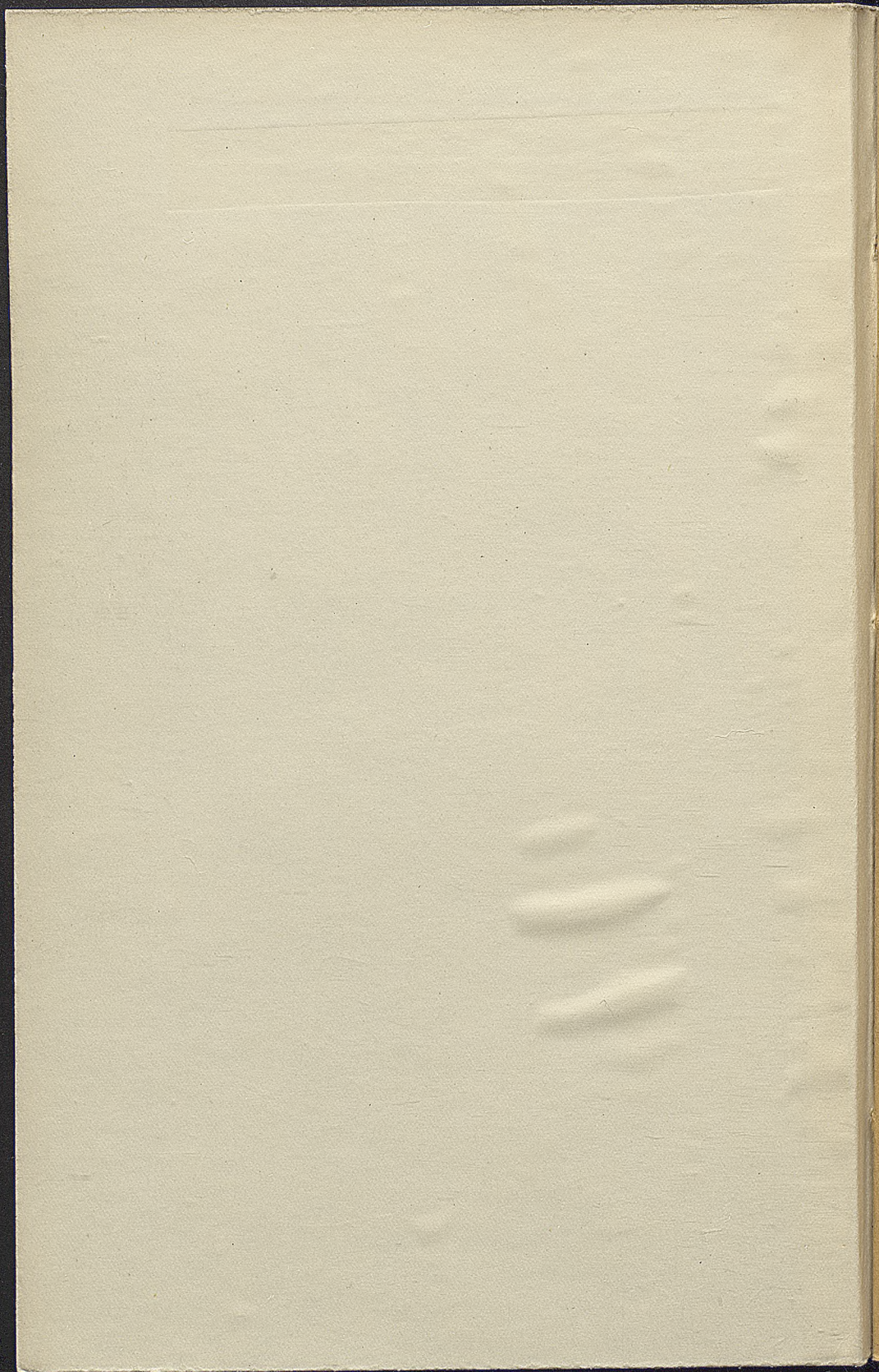


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bb 26



This Film is now called THE MAYFLOWER

SOUND FILM
OF
GOVERNOR
WILLIAM BRADFORD
THE PILGRIM FATHERS
THE MAYFLOWER

Script and Scenario

BY

JOHN N. RUFFIN, B.A.,
—K

AN HISTORICAL FILM.

Here are reproduced some of the scenes of this film.

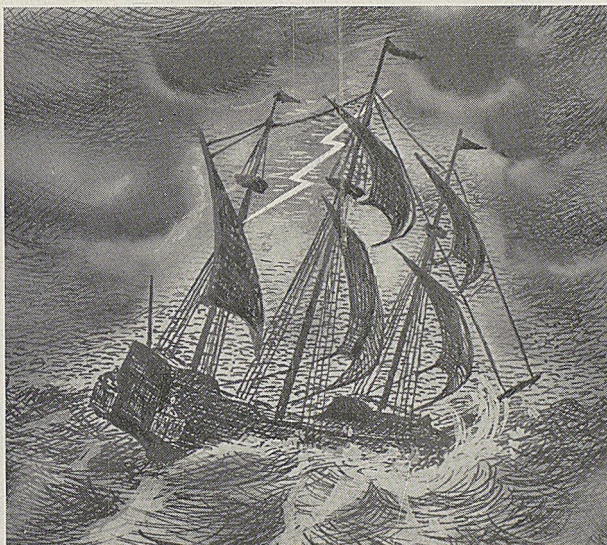
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See Synopsis p. 7,

11796 bb. 26

AN HISTORICAL FILM.

Here are reproduced some of the scenes of this film.



The "Mayflower," a very small vessel crossing the Atlantic with its band of brave Pilgrims, men and women.



Let's to our plans—there be a pile of money in this Brownist hunting.



Will Shakespeare moight do wuss than rope in the three on us for his Globe Theayter . . . Meg: Excuse oi smilin'.



Ye are all under arrest. Every one of ye shall foot it to York, and, Master Brown, thou shalt take the lead.





Fifty years and more did I labour for my Master.



Villagers to the rescue—Duck 'em in Scrooby Water.



Pilgrim women on the "Mayflower."



Thinking of England.



Why don't you speak for yourself John?



Better than any other Wife.



A SOUND FILM OF
GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD.

Pioneer Englishman and Empire Builder.

Entertaining, Historical and Instructive.

Based on Excerpts from "The Historical Pageant of the 'Mayflower'," by Hugh Parry, and "The Rhetorlogue," by J. N. Ruffin.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS AND OBJECT.

1. To inspire *Devotion* to those noble principles which universally benefit mankind by presenting the sacrifices and sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers for freedom which we all to-day so happily enjoy.

2. To keep alive the *spirit of Democracy* by citing Governor Bradford's practical democracy established in the wilderness of North America.

3. To encourage *self-reliance*, because the lack of it sometimes causes failure, as in the courtship of Myles Standish, and to advance the principle: If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself.

4. To promote *Peace, Goodwill, and Good Understanding*, by showing the good effects of same in the case of Governor Bradford and the grand Sachem Massasoit. The *Pow-wow* was a council around the camp fire where the red man delighted to assemble, as it made him meditate on the great camp fire in the "Happy Hunting Ground." He thought the Aurora Borealis was the reflection on earth of this great camp fire in heaven. It was in such pow-wow that Massasoit counselled peace, proclaiming the principle that if peoples or nations understood each other better, their relations would become better, hence his decision to see and talk with the Pilgrim Fathers, which led to a treaty of peace. He also immediately thereafter proclaimed peace and goodwill to all men. It was the alliance with Massasoit, which finally extended to the Mohawks and Iroquois, that made North America English, whereas if the Algonquins and French had won, North America would have been French. Thus Bradford, who was for thirty years governor of Plymouth Colony, through founding the Plymouth Colony and his alliance, became one of the greatest of the Empire builders.

THE PLAYERS.

MEG	<i>Hetty Sawyer.</i>
WILLIAM BRADFORD	<i>A. M. Cowlard.</i>
BARTHOLOMEW	<i>Frank Parker.</i>
POYNES	<i>Kenneth Maggs.</i>

JOHN ROBINSON, M.A.	<i>Henry J. Gamble.</i>
RICHARD CLYFTON, M.A.	<i>Percy Shawyer.</i>
BRIDGET ROBINSON	<i>Marjorie Johnson.</i>
WILLIAM BREWSTER	<i>Alex Birkmire.</i>
MARY BREWSTER	<i>Maud Foster.</i>
CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH	<i>Reuben Dorey.</i>
PRISCILLA MULLINS	<i>Dulcis Todd.</i>
JOHN ALDEN	<i>Eric Price Holmes.</i>
JOHN CARVER	<i>Frank Prout.</i>
SAMOSSET	<i>Geoffrey Allport.</i>
MASSASOIT	<i>Edgar Pearce.</i>
BLANCHARD	<i>Hugh Parry.</i>
MUSICAL DIRECTOR	<i>Sidney W. Sharvell.</i>
MODERN PROLOGUE	<i>Leo Genn, Pamela Bevan and Maurice Kelly.</i>

Pilgrim Maiden (announcement to be spoken at the opening):—We shall present a narrative of that little band of brave men and women of England who suffered privations and adversities, and some even death, to carry out their faith and do what they believed to be right.

THE INTERIOR OF A WELL-FURNISHED STUDY.

The Uncle, *rather a nice type of man, is sitting reading by the fire.*

His reading is disturbed by a feminine voice shouting.

Uncle reading. Little Girl, aged five, has her brother, aged seven, on the ground. She is waving a wooden sword.

Little Girl (niece):—DIE, DIE . . .

(Little Boy (nephew) struggles.)

The Uncle looks round in a more or less puzzled manner, enquires:—I thought you two were playing shops.

Little Girl (niece):—We were, but this is so 'citing. . . . I'm a Dictator. . . .

Little Boy (nephew):—I'm an acrobat. . . .

Uncle:—A what, Reggie?

Little Boy (nephew):—N'acrobat. . . . Doris hates me an' tries to kill me. . . .

Uncle:—Why?

Little Girl (niece):—'Cos he's an Nacrobat. Die.

Uncle:—Are you sure you don't mean a democrat, Doris?

Little Girl (niece):—That's it, Uncle. I kill him now. . . . Then he's me and kills me. . . . I'm a nacrobat then. What is a nacrobat, Uncle?

The Children and Group round the Uncle.

Uncle:—An acrobat. . . . I mean a democrat is . . . well

Little Girl (niece):—Are YOU a democrat?

Uncle:—Of course. . . .

Little Girl (niece):—Why?

Uncle:—Because I believe in democracy . . . and I think . . .

Little Boy (nephew):—Let's have a story instead.

Little Girl (niece):—One with adventures in it.

Little Boy (nephew):—'Bout Injuns.

Uncle:—All right. Many years ago . . .

Little Girl (niece):—YOU MUST start "Once upon a time."

Uncle:—Once upon a time men were rewarded for betraying their fellow-men who wanted to live simply according to their own ideals. . . .

KITCHEN IN SCROOBY MANOR.

*Blanchard, Poynes and Bartholomew are drinking.
Meg is in attendance. The three men are singing:—*

*"Three merry men, and three merry men,
An' three merry men we be.
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
An' Jack sleeps in the tree.
Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
An' three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallow's tree."*

Bartholomew:—It do be in my moind that Will Shakespeare moight do wuss than rope in the three on us for his Globe Theayter.

Meg (laughing boisterously):—O dearie Oi! (*Laughs again.*) Excuse Oi smilin'.

Blanchard:—As I live, wench, thou must be an earthquake when thou art laughing.

Meg (still laughing):—Play actors! O dearie Oi! (*laughs.*)

Bartholomew:—And whoy not, Mistress Brazenface?

Meg:—Play actors. (*Laughs.*) Crow fritteners an' scavengers, more beloiike.

Bartholomew:—Thou be'est a huzzie.

Meg:—An' thou be'est a huzz.

Bartholomew (grimacing at her):—U'm m!

Meg (imitating him):—A'm m!

Blanchard:—Now then, ye loons, the pair on ye, enough of this. More sack, wench. Master Brewster's best, dost hear?

Meg:—An' who was thy sarvin'-maid last year?

Blanchard:—The best the house can show, and in the twinkling of an eye.

Meg (with a low curtsy):—Yer hoigh moightinesses shall be sarved in moy toime, Oi'm thinkin'!

Blanchard:—Get thee gone, and hurry.

Meg:—Hurry? Nay! Oi don't believe in hurry, Oi. 'Taint gude for the innards.

Bartholomew (shooing her off):—Avant! Avant! Thou pratin', saucy jade.

Meg (going through the doorway):—Play actors! O dearie Oi. (*Laughs boisterously as she goes out.*)

Bartholomew (standing at the door and mimicking her):—Ha, ha, ha! Did'st ever set eyes on such a brazen hussy?

Blanchard:—Pull to that door and let's to our plans. The stars be on our side and have led us right into this nest of hot-gospellers, and I'll wager both of ye ten golden angels to a stoup of Canary that I shall have some of them on the way to York this very night.

Poynes:—My trade is soldiering, and I like not this rat-catcher's work.

Blanchard:—But there be a pile of money in this Brownist hunting, I tell ye so, man, while fortune is smiling on us, let us rake in the hay.

Bartholomew:—Besides, good Master Poynes, bain't we the loyal subjects of His Majesty? And, as such, bain't we bounden to stamp out all knavish skysmatics and plotters agin the State?

Poynes:—Yet I cannot bring myself easily to make war on old men, women and children. It goes against the grain.

Blanchard:—Art better than His Majesty, whose man-at-arms thou art?

Poynes (drawing his sword angrily):—Have a care, Blanchard, lest I spit thee as thou standest. Question not my loyalty, else it goes ill with thee.

Blanchard:—Put up thy bodkin, man. My intent was but to put thee in mind that these schismatic knaves be not to the liking of our Royal James. Mindest thou not the King's own words: "I will make them conform"; did he not say: "I will make them conform, else I will harry them out of the land"?

Poynes (off):—Still, I stomach not the work.

Blanchard:—Hearken to this. Will Brewster have foiled me oft of late and, by the Lord, I will pay him for it to the very hilt. (*To Poynes.*) Bury thy pious scruples, friend. Good business will I give thee, and full of profit, withal.

Poynes:—What are thy plans?

Blanchard:—Hearken! There be a conventicle somewhere in Scrooby. I'll take my oath on't. It may be nearer to our hand than we dream of. Let us but find it out and then . . . (*Sound of distant hymn-singing.*) Sh! (*Tip-toes to the door and opens it.*) (*Singing is heard more distinctly, as though it were somewhere in the house. Blanchard listens for a moment in the doorway, then smiles in gleeful triumph.*) The Scrooby Meeting, as I live.

THE HALL IN SCROOBY MANOR (night).

The Separatist men and women, together with a few children, are met for worship, men on one side of the room, women on the other side.

The venerable Richard Clyfton stands behind a table, on which is an open Bible. Near him stands John Robinson in his preaching gown.

Bridget Robinson and her two children are seated near the preacher. Mary Brewster is also near Clyfton. They are all singing.

(Door. Enter Brewster.)

*Brewster:—*Master Clyfton and my brethren in the Lord, for this night let us praise God in the silence of our hearts rather than with singing. There are those not far away who seek our hurt. It were well they should not be given occasion to find our meeting.

*Clyfton:—*Master Brewster speaketh well. The Lord hath called us to leave our homes, and, on the eve of our departing, it is expedient that we have the greatest care lest, at the last, we be delivered into the hands of those who would destroy us.

*Bradford:—*I like not this concealment, as though we were noisome creatures of the dark. We do but worship God after our own manner. Why should fear of man make us cowards? Even though we be called to take up the cross, let us be unafraid, lest we deny our Lord the witness we owe to Him.

*Robinson:—*Well do I understand thine heart, my youthful and somewhat impetuous friend. But for the sake of that which we hold most dear, dearer than our very best lives, it is not convenient that we take risks which are not necessary.

*Bradford:—*Yet to me it seemeth craven that we hold our peace as though we were quarry-slaves in terror of scourging.

*Clyfton (to Bradford):—*Thou hast already proved thy loyalty to the faith, my son, for thou hast braved the wrath of thine own household and the contumely of thy neighbours because of it.

*Brewster:—*I, too, in this hour of stress and peril, would remind thee, William, and everyone of our company, of the Master's word, "Be ye wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves." That our enemies were to take us now were to place in jeopardy our well-laid plans and our dearest hopes. The barque even now awaits us in Boston water.

*Mary:—*The seas, dear husband, for some of us faint-hearted woman-folk are full of unknown terrors. Can it be that such necessity is laid upon us all that we must need face the peril and the dark?

*Bridget Robinson:—*Could I raise my voice with Mistress Brewster, I fear it would be to plead also, that another way,

an't be the will of God, might be found. The terror of the seas I think we could brave; but to go as strangers into a strange land and to be with strange people, and, maybe, stranger habits, that, indeed, were a terror which well-nigh stills my heart as I think on't.

Robinson:—And now, dearest wife of mine, must I take my stand with our valiant Master Bradford, lest the contagion of this fear spread live a leaven and destroy the nerve of us all. And this do I say: Choose you well, my brethren, and choose beyond recall. Refuse to falter or look back. What though we die, our cause will never fail. Mistake not, our call it is of God. Arise, let us go hence.

Clyfton:—I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken. As for me, whither the Lord shall call I shall follow. It seemeth that the Lord doth call us out of England, saying: Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.

Bridget Robinson:—Well do we know thine heart, Master Clyfton, yet it seemeth a hard counsel which thou dost give.

Robinson:—No harder than demands the occasion. Here are we hunted and persecuted on every side. Some of us have been taken and clapt in prison, our homes are beset and watched day and night, so that our former afflictions were now but flea-bitings in comparison with those which now have come upon us.

Brewster:—Good friends, there can be no turning back. Let us venture with a brave heart, though, like Abraham, we know not whither we go. The Lord will be mindful of our ways, and over us shall be the banner of His love.

(*Door. Enter Meg with great haste.*)

Meg:—O Maister, Maister, the catchpoles be on ye! What will ye do, ye brethren?

Brewster:—Dost mean that they come hither?

Meg (approaches):—Roight on moy heels they be, Maister; an' they foind ye in the meeting there'll be an end on't.

(*She crosses over. Loud knocking.*)

Blanchard (without):—Open, in the name of the King.

Brewster:—It is useless to parley, my friends; we had best let them in.

Blanchard:—Open, in the name of His Majesty, else we break down the door.

Brewster:—Master Bradford, see thou to it.

(*Bradford opens the door.*)

Blanchard, Poynes and Bartholomew come in.

Blanchard (looking round with triumphant interest):—So, so! We have found the nest at last. Good friends, I fear we break upon your devotions. Still, the King's business brooks no delay. It cuts me to the very heart to disturb

your worship, but duty hath no respect for time nor place. Permit me to say that ye are all under arrest, including His Majesty's most loyal and dutiful servant, the Master of the Post.

Brewster:—Your warrant for this intrusion and this outrage.

Blanchard (he taps with his sword):—That be the warrant enough this time. As I live, I have thee now. Sure enough this be a conventicle, Master Brewster, and thou its keeper, I'm thinking.

Bartholomew:—They all be lewd Brownists, that's what they be.

Brewster:—They sayest false, for Brownists we are not and never have been.

Bartholomew:—Ye be hot-gospellers, anyway. That do Oi know right well; and that skysmatic old man (*pointing to Clyfton*), who should a known better, whoy, he be a hot-gospellin' even now.

Blanchard (to Clyfton):—Hast thou a licence from the Ordinary, Richard?

Clyfton:—Fifty years and more did I labour for my Master, for the which I was duly licensed. (*Bitterly.*) Aye, licensed to bear witness of my redeeming Lord.

Blanchard:—Which licence hath now been withdrawn, an' I mistake not.

Robinson (to Blanchard):—Pester not this venerable man, I beseech thee. If a victim be required, here am I. Take me.

Blanchard:—Master Robinson, I have hunted thee high and low for nigh on two years, aye, ever since thou didst leave Norwich City in a hurry.

Robinson:—And what is my offence?

Bartholomew:—By all the saints, was ever such a play of innocence as this.

Blanchard:—Thou knowest, right enough. Thou wert suspended from the preachings at St. Andrew's because thou didst brand the ceremonies. Thou art nothing but a schismatic, an arrant rogue, a Brownist, a keeper of low conventicles, a psalm-singing hypocrite, a schemer against the State and His Majesty King James. But a truce to such word-banding. This Manor of thine, William Brewster, is nothing but a nest of Brownist rats, and, by the Lord, the whole brood shall be securely jailed at York.

Brewster:—Without a warrant thou shalt not lay hand on anyone.

Blanchard:—Warrant or none, every one of ye shall foot it to York, and, Master Brewster, thou shalt take the lead.

(*Blanchard, Poynes and Bartholomew advance to arrest Brewster, Robinson and Clyfton, when a loud noise is heard*)

outside, as though a number of men were coming into the house in some confusion.)

Blanchard (in some alarm):—What's that?

(Cries of A rescue! A rescue!)

Poynes:—It sounds like mischief.

(A crowd of yokels, headed by Meg, rushes in. They roughly handle the three catchpoles.)

Blanchard:—What meaneth this?

Meg:—Whoy, it tokens a taste of thine own physic, Oi'm thinkin'.

Brewster (to the crowds):—Stay, friends; stay your hands.

1st Yokel:—Maister Brewster, we be Englishmen, an' tho' we do na think wi' thee in religion, yet will we see fair play.

2nd Yokel:—Meg told us how ye were beset by thievin' catchpoles, an' 'ere we be ready to catchpole 'em.

Blanchard:—An insult to the Majesty of the Law.

Brewster:—I pray you let them be.

1st Yokel:—Short shrift shall they get, Maister Brewster, as short a shrift as they would ha' gi'en ye.

Bartholomew:—The Majesty of the Law, I say.

1st Yokel (holding Blanchard and Bartholomew by the ears and speaking in a singing tone):—What shall we do with these very pretty things?

Villagers:—Duck 'em in Scrooby Water.

(A rough and tumble struggle takes place, in which the catchpoles get the worst of it. Cries from the Yokels of Duck 'em, Souse 'em, Scrooby Water.)

THE STUDY AS BEFORE.

The Uncle and two children.

Niece:—Did they put them in the pond, Uncle?

Uncle:—Rather—and but for the intervention of Brewster, they would have been very badly handled indeed.

Nephew:—Go on, Uncle, what did they do next?

*Uncle:—Well, all these people had arranged to sail in a ship called *The Lion's Whelp*, but they were betrayed by the captain, bribed by Blanchard, who put them all into Boston Prison.*

Niece:—I've been to Boston.

Nephew:—Keep quiet . . . did they get away after all?

Uncle:—Yes. They escaped to Holland, where arrangements were made to leave for the newly-discovered America, and on September 6th, 1620, they all left Plymouth in the "Mayflower."

Uncle's voice only:—The "Mayflower" was a very small vessel as we know them to-day . . . just 108 feet long and with 101 people aboard . . . but, like Yorkshire people to-day . . . and most of them came from Yorkshire . . . they were full of courage.

Niece:—Were they seasick?

Nephew:—You are a nasty little beast. . . .

Niece:—I'm not. . . . Uncle, were they sick?

Uncle:—Many of them were . . . but even this could not damp their ardour and faith . . . and after nine weeks in a leaky and uncomfortable ship they were in sight of land. Then Bradford, who had been elected to administer the new colony, summoned a meeting that was in itself a tribute to the patience of all on board.

THE CABIN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

Brewster:—In spite of storms that would seek to deviate us from our course . . . opening seams that have flooded our vessel from time to time . . . we are in sight of our destination. Yet since our charter is for Virginia and not for here—some there may be who would take advantage of this and practise lawlessness—therefore Master Bradford will present a compact that ye may sign and agree to abide by.

All:—Aye, let him read.

Bradford:—In the name of God, Amen.

All:—Amen.

Bradford:—We whose names are underwritten do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November in the years of the reign of our sovereign Lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620.

Brewster:—Is the compact to the liking of ye all?

All:—Aye!

Winslow:—I believe that, on behalf of the brethren, I can say we take it.

Brewster:—Then let me put it. (*Holding up his right arm.*) In the name of God, Amen.

All (*holding up their right arms*):—In the name of God, Amen.

Brewster:—So let it be. Your names shall be given presently. There followeth another matter. Master Bradford?

Bradford (*rising*):—Now that we have covenanted ourselves into a civil body politic, we have need of a civil head, and the first act of this new body politic must be the choosing of its Governor.

Brewster:—And hast a name to submit?

Bradford:—That I have. I will offer ye the name of Master John Carver as that of the first Governor of our Commonwealth.

Winslow:—And I will support that name with all my heart, a worthier name we have not.

Brewster:—Master John Carver to be Governor of our free state. Do you agree?

All:—Aye; Master John Carver!

Brewster:—'Tis the will of God, Master Carver. Thou may'st not refuse.

Carver:—I would ye had chosen otherwise, my brethren; yet do I accept it as the call of God, and in His Grace I will seek to serve.

All:—Amen.

Brewster:—And now, when ye have signed the compact, we will go ashore. The storm hath not abated, yet it is expedient that we leave the ship as soon as may be. Let the shallop be launched in readiness.

(They move up to begin the signing of the compact.)

THE STUDY.

Uncle:—And that compact has since become the cornerstone of every movement towards freedom of speech and government.

Uncle:—Bradford Government was ideal . . . all had to vote . . . all owned property . . . and nearly two hundred years later Fox—

Nephew:—He wrote the Book of Martyrs, didn't he?

Uncle:—No, not that Fox. Charles James Fox, the statesman. Anyhow, speaking in Parliament, Fox said: "Everyone should have a share in the government, that the humblest may have its success at heart. The people are sovereign in every State and by a Convention speaking the sense of the people have a right to change the form of government and cashier their Governors for misconduct. What is good government? That which secures to every individual of a nation the highest possible happiness."

Nephew:—Hear, hear.

Uncle:—Then two hundred and forty-three years later the principles of Bradford Government were re-echoed by Abraham Lincoln . . .

Niece:—At Gettysburgh. . . . Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal. We are now engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. . . . That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth. . . .

Uncle:—Where did you learn that, Doris?

Niece:—At school . . . get on with the story please, Uncle.

Nephew:—And what about those Indians?

Uncle:—Well, about four months later the Pilgrims had built their first settlement, called Plymouth Plantation. Indians had harassed them by day and by night . . . and in the distance the war drums had beat a note of warning. It was night . . . a cold night in March in the Indian camp.

THE POW-WOW.

1st voice off:—The Paleface are cutting down our forest, dividing our land. *They* have no totem from the Great Spirit giving them right to our hunting-ground.

(*Massasoit nods slowly.*)

2nd voice off:—Let us kill. Let us dance the war dance, hang the scalps of the strangers on the tepee of the Medicine Man.

Massasoit speaks:—Running Deer has yet to wet his knife with the blood of an enemy . . . shall he counsel the warriors?

3rd voice:—Brother warriors, sixty years have I hunted with the tribe . . . yet would I go to the Happy Hunting Grounds with the knowledge that the Palefaces are no more . . . that our forests are safe . . . our lands our own.

(*Massasoit nods slowly.*)

4th voice off:—I speak for peace, the strangers flee from wicked rulers seeking liberty, let us grant them the hand of friendship. In the forest let us uproot a giant tree and let Redskin and Paleface speak all their troubles into this hole—then cast us a hatchet in it, trample down the earth and, invoking the Great Spirit, bury the hatchet for ever.

Voices off:—War, war.

(*The drum becomes louder, with three clear beats.*)

Massasoit speaks:—Peace . . . the Great Spirit moves me, there will be no war dance, neither will the young braves tip their lances with eagle feathers. Manitou says peace.

(*Grunts of dissent off.*)

Forty tribes have I held together by peace and fairness, yet others make war against us. Rapahoes, Pawnees, Narragansetts, Cheyennes . . . who even now take the trail against us, it has been a good season and much dried meat hangs in the wigwam, this means war . . . this have I learnt in my wanderings.

Voices off:—Wah.

Massasoit:—The Paleface have many weapons that belch fire and kill at a hundred paces. With these weapons shall we impose our peace in the land, even as far as the plains of the Comanches.

Samoset, tell the Paleface that Massasoit will visit them in peace. I have spoken. How.

(The drums dramatically cease.)

Voices off:—How.

ANOTHER LOG HOUSE.

Title: Captain Standish sends Alden to court Priscilla for him, saying he could face a cannon but never the thundering NO of a woman.

Priscilla is seated at a spinning wheel. She is singing the Hundredth Psalm as she works.

John Alden comes in, and Priscilla rises and gives him her hand in greeting.

Priscilla:—I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage, for I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning.

(Priscilla sits again at the spinning wheel, and John sits opposite.)

Priscilla:—I have been thinking all day, dreaming all night, and thinking all day of the hedgerows of England; they are in blossom now, and the country is like a garden; thinking of lanes and fields and the song of the lark and the linnet, seeing the village street and familiar faces of neighbours going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together.

(Alden nods.)

Priscilla:—And at the end of the street the village church, with the ivy climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard. Kind are the people I live with, and dear to my religion, still, my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in old England. You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.

Alden:—Indeed, I do not condemn you; stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; so I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage made by a good man and true, Myles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.

(Priscilla is surprised into silence, and when she speaks it is with some degree of indignation.)

Priscilla:—If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning.

(Alden over Priscilla's shoulder.)

Alden (embarrassed):—The Captain of Plymouth is busy and hath no time for such things.

Priscilla (flashing):—Such things? Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married? Would he be likely to find it or make it after the wedding? That

is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one, choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with the other, then you make known your desire with abrupt and sudden avowal, and are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman does not respond to a love that she never suspected, does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing; this is not right nor just, for surely a woman's affections are not a thing to be asked and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love one not only says it but shows it. Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me, even this Captain of yours (who knows?) at last might have won me, old and rough as he is, but—now—it can never happen.

Alden (pleading very earnestly):—Think of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, how with the people of God he has chosen to suffer affliction. How, in return for his zeal, they have made him Captain of Plymouth; he is a gentleman born, can trace his pedigree back to Hugh Standish, of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England, who was the son of Ralph and the grandson of Thurston de Standish. He is a man of honour and noble and generous nature. Though he is rough, he is kindly; you know how, during the winter, he has tended the sick with a hand as gentle as a woman's. Somewhat hasty and hot, I cannot deny it, and headstrong. Stern, as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable always, not to be laughed at and scorned, because he is little of stature, for he is great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous; any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England might be proud to be called the wife of Myles Standish.

(During this speech Priscilla's attitude changes into an increasing interest, and, at last, her "eyes overrunning with laughter," she turns to John Alden, and speaks in a tremulous voice.)

Priscilla:—Why don't you speak for yourself, John? *(John, completely taken aback, looks wildly at Priscilla, then rushes out of the house, Priscilla laughing immoderately.)*

A CLEARING IN THE WOODS.

SOME MONTHS LATER.

It is the wedding of Alden and Priscilla. The members of the Pilgrim colony are gathered to honour the occasion. John and Priscilla are kneeling before Elder Brewster, who has made them man and wife.

Brewster:—The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you and give you peace. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.

All:—Amen! Amen!

Brewster:—Let us sing unto the Lord.

(*A Psalm is sung.*)

Alden (to Priscilla):—Nothing is wanting now, save the palfrey and the distaff; then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha.

Priscilla:—Better than all, I am—thy WIFE.

A CLEARING IN THE WOODS. THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.

The Pilgrims are gathered for a Council, over which Governor Carver is presiding.

Carver:—It is for ye to decide what measures we must take for the protection of our colony.

Bradford:—It is apparent that the Indians are becoming bolder each time of their approach.

Standish:—These Redskins think us nerveless and lacking valour, even as they know us to be lacking numbers. Scarce have we raised a hand to resist them, and they think we be afeared. Let us, therefore, prove ourselves to be men. Let us carry war into their own habitations and compel them to their very knees for peace.

Alden:—I, too, would counsel sterner measures. We must make our enemies to be afraid. Savagery alone can overcome the savage.

Brewster:—Yet will I ask ye to promise that ye shall use your weapons only in the last resort.

Carver:—That, too, will I ask. Let us first seek to overcome evil with good, and suspicion and hate with love. Let the spirit in which we left the old world be the spirit in which we shall try to conquer the new.

Alden:—And it be possible, it be the better way; and yet I fear me that it . . .

(*A woman's cry is heard, at which they all rise.*)

Standish:—What's that?

Alden:—Someone distressed.

(*Enter Priscilla, Mary Brewster and other women.*)

Priscilla:—The Redskins! The Redskins!

Mary:—They be almost at our very doors.

Carver:—What hath happened to affright ye?

Priscilla:—Out of the forest came one of the Indians, making straight for our dwelling, and, for safety, we fled.

Mary:—So fearless was his approach that he must have others following upon his heels.

Standish:—To arms, then, prepare for battle.

Brewster (looks off):—Stay! The Indian cometh alone. (*Enter Samoset. In one hand he carries a bow and in the other two arrows. He comes fearlessly, and stands in the midst of the group. He throws his bow and arrow down.*)

Samoset:—How.

Carver:—How—who art thou?

Samoset:—Samoset.

Carver:—Comest thou in peace?

Samoset:—Peace! From Massasoit. He come self.

(*Enter the Chief Massasoit.*)

Brewster:—Greeting, Massasoit. We bid thee welcome in the name of the Lord.

Massasoit:—I come as a friend.

Brewster:—Ye come to sign the Treaty—a Treaty of peace and goodwill?

Massasoit:—Me want peace—peace and fire-guns.

Brewster (smiling):—Verily a strange combination. (*To Winslow.*) Let our Governor know that our Indian friends are here.

Massasoit:—Peace and strength are often companions.

Carver:—Aye—that's so.

Massasoit:—Peace for the lands of the Indian means plenty.

Carver (to Bradford):—Read thou the covenant we have prepared. (*To Massasoit.*) Hearken, thou, to the will of the **Sachem** of England.

Bradford (reading from the document):—We will not fight with one another, nor hurt one another.

Massasoit (assenting):—No war—no hurt.

Bradford:—If we are attacked you will help us, if you are attacked we will help you.

(*Samoset translates. Massasoit nods.*)

Carver (to Pilgrims):—Agree ye to the terms of the Treaty?

All:—Aye, aye! We agree!

Carver:—Then, in your name, I sign.

(*Carver signs the document.*)

Carver (to Massasoit):—Sign—Sachem—sign!

(*Massasoit signs.*)

Massasoit (to Samoset):—Peace pipe.

(*Samoset produces an Indian pipe.*)

Massasoit (to Carver):—Paleface — Redface — smoke Peace.

Carver:—Aye, we will seal our compact with the Pipe of Peace, and we will pray with all our hearts that it end not in smoke.

Brewster:—Sing unto the Lord, all ye lands, for He hath done a marvellous thing.

Standish:—Art satisfied, good Elder? Thy more excellent way is the way that we be taking.

Brewster:—It is the Lord's doing, and His way of making known His glorious truth among the nations. Let us rejoice at the tokens. The morning streaks of liberty steal across the sky, and they shall be for a sign that it shall never be cut off.

Bradford:—That unto which we gave ourselves hath

come to pass. The day of human freedom is at the dawn; more and more it will shine, until it cometh even unto the perfect day of God—a day of peace and goodwill to all men.

The Boy and Girl are comfortably settled round Uncle.

Their Mother enters.

Mother:—Come along, my sweets, bed—for both of you.

(Nephew grunts a protest.)

Niece:—We've heard a lovely story about Indians.

Mother:—Well, to bed with you, now—hurry up, you don't want to oversleep to-morrow, do you—Christmas Day?

Nephew:—Good-night, Uncle.

Uncle:—Good-night *(and then kisses the Niece)*.

(She kisses them, and they exit.)

Mother:—Really, Dennis, you must *not* tell the children bloodthirsty stories.

Dennis (Uncle):—It wasn't bloodthirsty . . . they liked it, and somehow it became a real Christmas story.

As he speaks this line the voice of Massasoit is heard off, repeating:—

Massasoit:—Peace and goodwill to all men.

(Whimsically, Uncle crosses over and switches on the wireless.

The tremendous chords of "Adeste Fideles" swell over the room. Uncle, still by wireless, looks upwards through the window.)

The evening star.

EPILOGUE.

To reënforce the points in this story, the exhibitor may show the following epilogue if he wishes:—

We have portrayed the sacrifices of Governor Bradford and his Pilgrim associates, described their terrible voyage across the Atlantic, depicted their privations and their sufferings; we have recited the heroism of the brave women of England who ventured far away from home for their religious belief; we have recounted the establishment in the wilderness of a real democracy in which all had to vote, all had to own land; we have recalled the friendship of Massasoit, the mighty sachem of the Wampanoags, the preserver and protector of the Pilgrims, who maintained that a better understanding creates a better relation; we have narrated the episode of Myles Standish, which lost him the lady he loved, and now the moral of our story is this:—

If a lady's love is to be won, it must be won by yourself.

If a country is to be great, it must be a real democracy;

If a thing is to be well done, it must be done by yourself.

The above film was made at the Marylebone Studios, Ltd., London.

Ask your local cinema proprietor the exact day this film will be shown in his cinema.



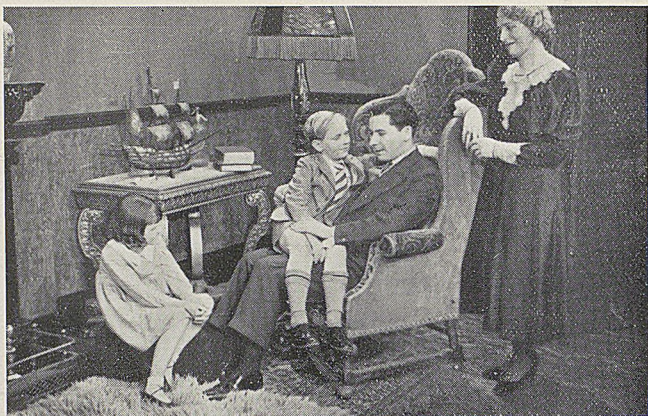
Bradford reading the Compact of Self-Government.



Listening to the reading of the Compact.



Brewster : Is the Compact to the liking of ye all? All : Aye!



Children in Prologue and Interlogues.



Massasoit : Peace and goodwill to all men.



Star of Peace and Goodwill.
Grand Chorus Peal.



SOUND FILM of the IMPERSONATION of DEMOSTHENES and ÆSCHINES

By a Distinguished Orator

Showing their eloquence, as described by Quintillian in his "Institutes of Oratory," and by 'The Rhetorlogue," also showing the *emphasis, modulation, inflection, intonation, gesticulation, rhythm, etc.*, understood to have been used by them in their speeches at the Crown Trial.

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Demosthenes, the Defendant, Secs. 1 and 2, page 1001, "First, Men of Athens . . ."; Sec. 8, p. 1001, "I am this day . . ."; Secs. 22, 23 and 24, p. 1002, "To this effrontery . . ."; Sec. 33, pp. 951 and 1002, "In such alarm . . ."; Secs. 66, 67, p. 1004, "What was right . . ."; Secs. 87, 88, pp. 1005 and 1006, "When Philip was driven . . ."; Sec. 97, p. 1006, "Although, the close of life . . ."; Sec. 139, p. 1006, "That he co-operated . . ."; Secs. 207, 208, pp. 1008, 1009, "For if you decide . . ."; Sec. 242, p. 1010, "A wicked thing . . ."; Secs. 270 and 271, p. 1010, "For if Æschines can mention . . ."; Sec. 323, p. 1015, "I was never known . . ."; Sec. 324, p. 1015, "Never, O all ye Gods . . . but, if possible, inspire . . ."

In connection with this trial, it should be borne in mind that the Athenians had reached an intellectual plane higher than that attained by any nation in the world; that they were vociferous and vigorous in their cheers as well as disapprovals. In the courts they expressed their feelings by shouts, stamping, groans, interruptions, etc. This trial meant the political annihilation of either party, hence the virulence, fury, vehemence and vituperation that abounded.

Æschines stalked about as he spoke, made but few gestures, seldom taking his hand from under his cloak. He was fluent and powerful in voice.

Demosthenes arranged his cloak so that his right arm and hand were free for gesticulation, and as Hume says: "His eloquence was rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to sense," and Phocion, leader of the oligarchy and an opponent of Demosthenes, states that he disliked Demosthenes because he was fiery and emotional. Demosthenes was fluent, varied and full of energy, strongly animated, lively in action.

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