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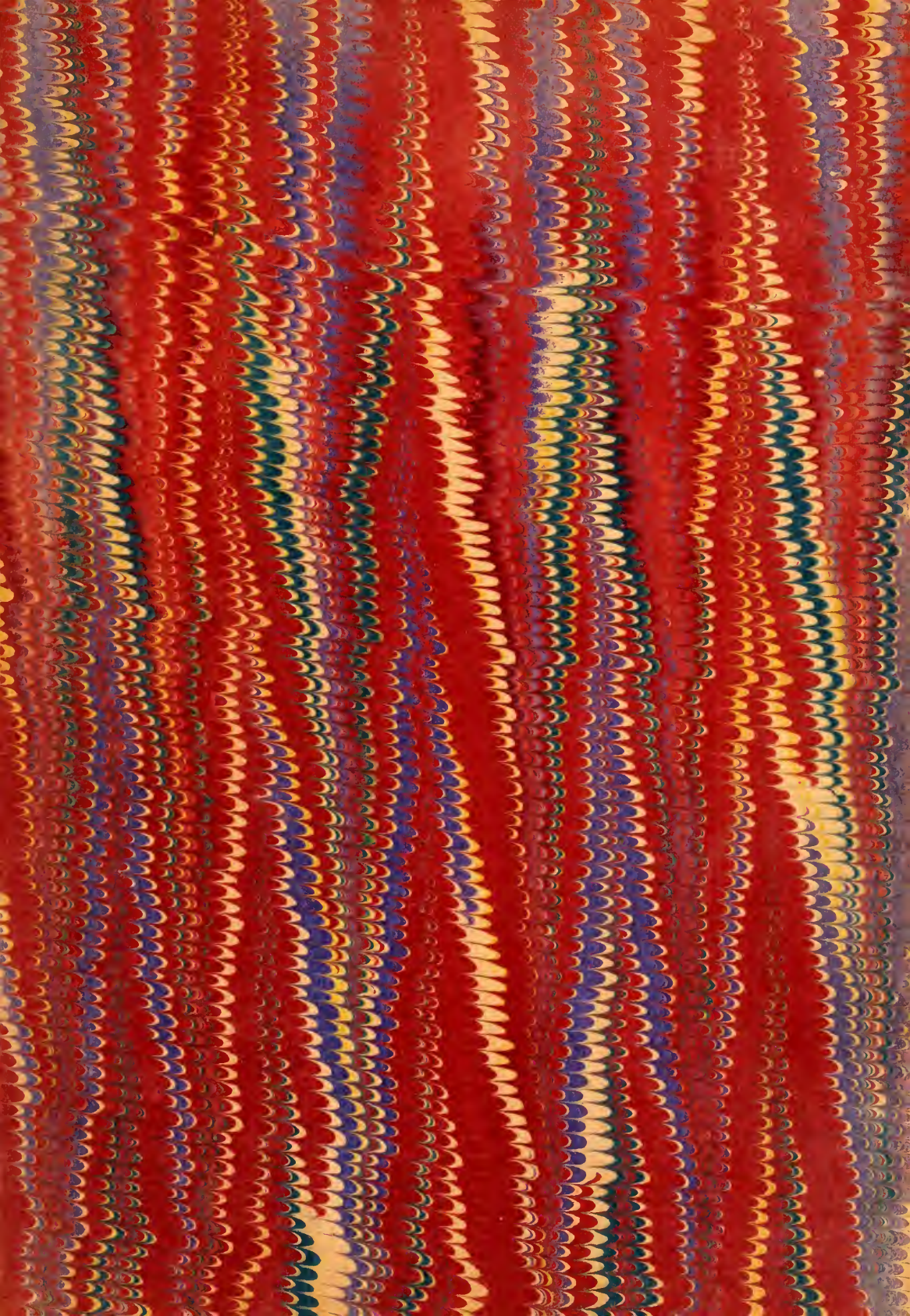
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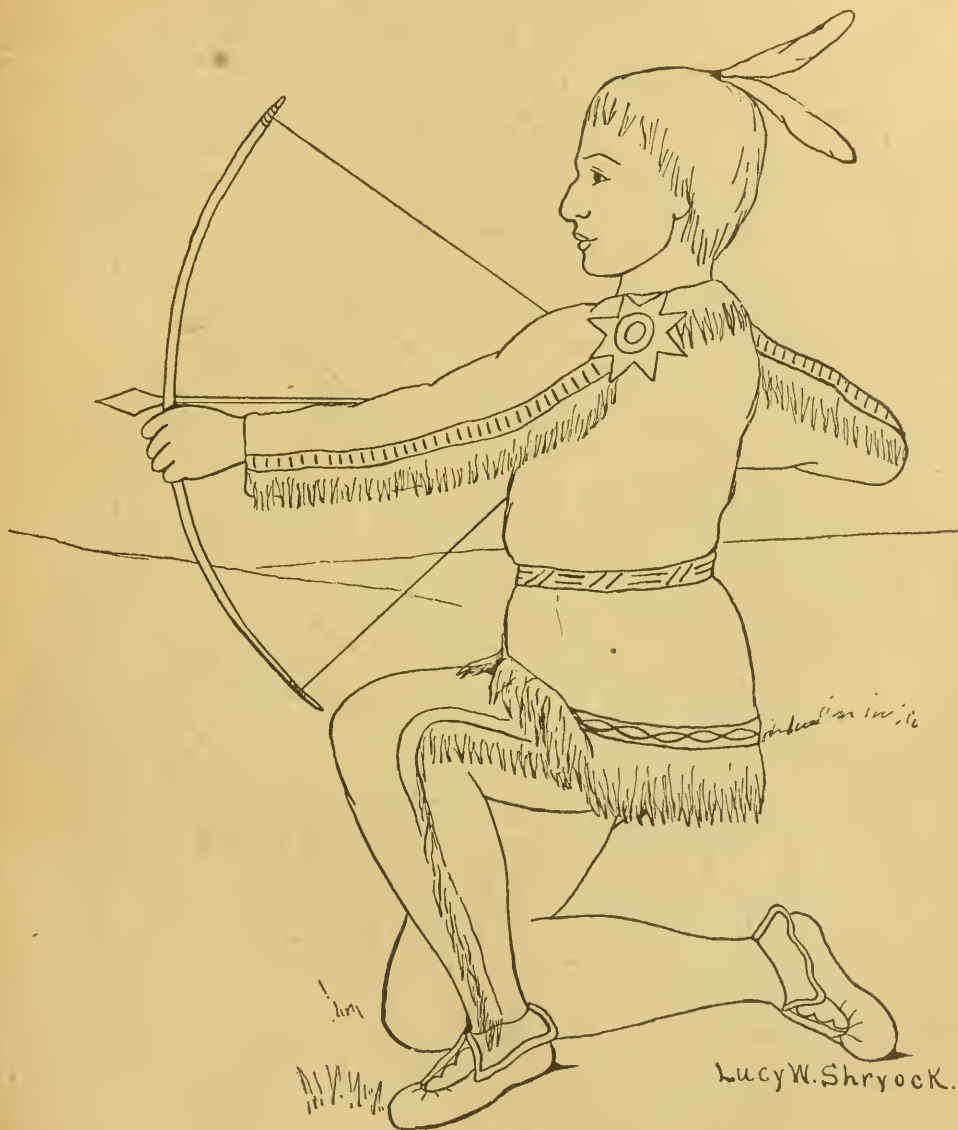
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



The Song of Hiawatha



FOR CLASSES IN LITERATURE AND READING AND FOR
SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS, EXHIBITIONS, CLUBS AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

By MINNIE M. GEORGE.

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The Song of Hiawatha

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Abridged and Arranged in Twelve Scenes

BY

MINNIE M. GEORGE,

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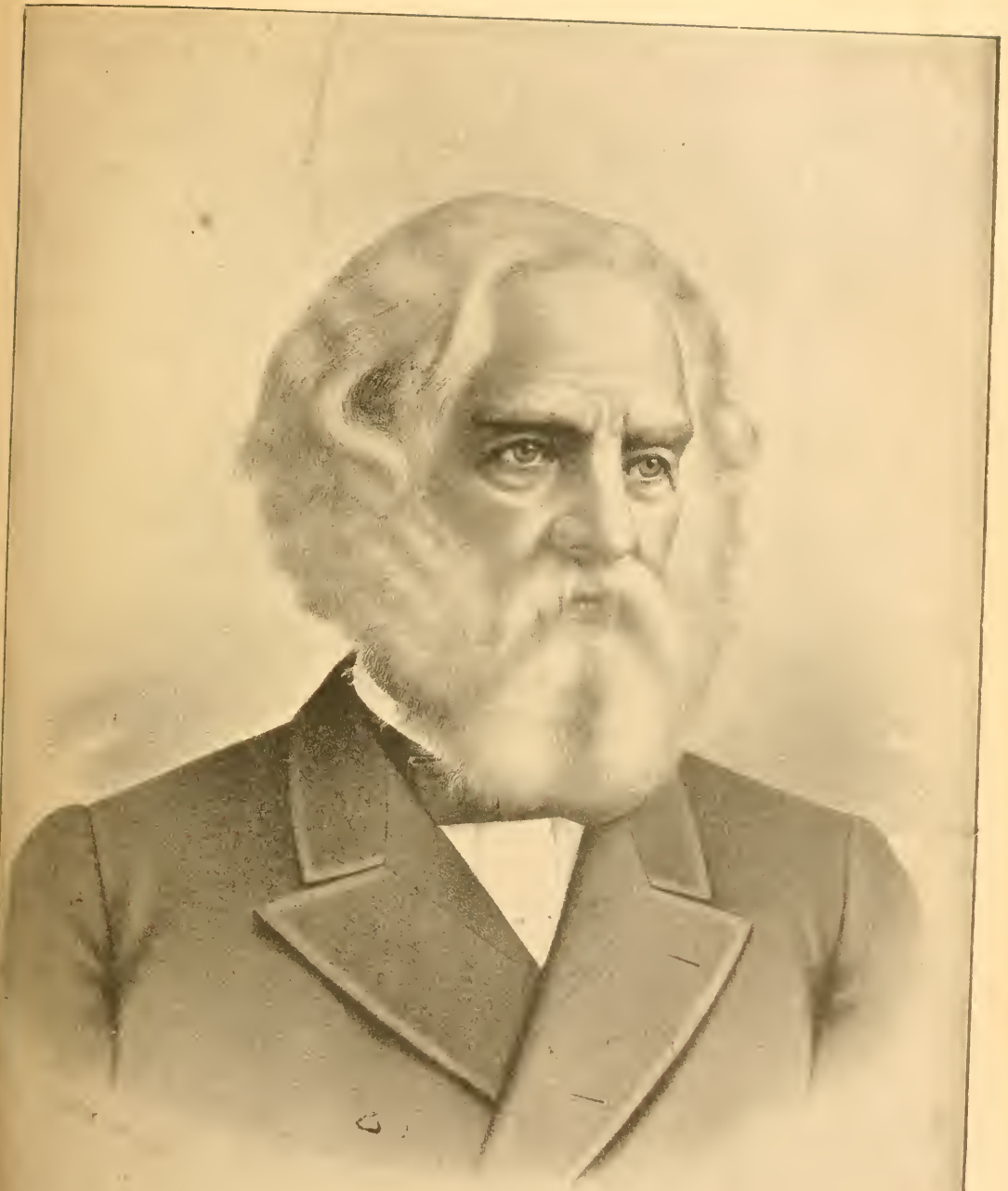


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Henry W. Longfellow.

PREFATORY NOTES.

In arranging the Song of Hiawatha for dramatic representation, it will be necessary to omit parts and to adapt the readings and tableaux to the particular needs of the occasion.

The readings selected and given here are those which it is believed would be of general interest and educational value. Where a class or school has been studying Hiawatha, either as reading or literature lessons, the work may be brought to a close in a way that pupils and their parents and friends will enjoy and remember, by giving these readings with music and tableaux.

It will afford a delightful afternoon or evening entertainment if given by primary, intermediate or advanced pupils of a school or by literary societies or clubs with adult members.

It will be a fitting way in which to celebrate Longfellow's birthday or Thanksgiving. It will also prove a most excellent entertainment to give, if one wishes to make money for a school library or organ fund.

Where the entertainment is given with this idea in view, the public reading of the poem should be preceded by one or more month's study. The pupils, or those taking part, will then have become so familiar with the portions of the poem as to be able to enjoy them and render them with expression.

They will also have had an opportunity, through this study and the collection and examination of Indian relics, to become acquainted with the habits and customs, modes of life and dress of this people.

Thanks are due the publishers of the "Century" and Mr. John C. Filmore, of the Milwaukee School of Music, for permission to use the Indian music here again, and to Miss Mary Conrade, Zanesville, Ohio, for the "Fire Fly Song" and "Indian Lullaby," which are taken from "Songs in Season."

We gratefully acknowledge indebtedness also to Mr. William B. Chamberlain, of the University of Chicago, for the piano accompaniment to the "Thanksgiving Song," and suggestions in regard to readings.

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 Nokomis, the Grandmother.
 Minnehaha, an Indian maiden.
 Chibiabos, Indian man (musician).
 Arrow maker, father of Minnehaha.
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Chibiabos and the warriors are not necessary unless one wishes to begin with the procession of the peace pipes around the lodge. The song of Chibiabos may be sung by singer without Indian costume.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

Introduce each picture with a reading descriptive of scene and character. Twelve scenes are suggested and others may be added if desired.

If Hiawatha is to be dramatized by primary or intermediate grades, the introduction and the peace pipe will need to be omitted, and the first reading or recitation will be from Hiawatha's childhood, beginning with "By the Shining Big-Sea-Water."

THE READINGS.

Where given in the form of an evening entertainment, by adults, literary societies or study clubs, it is best to have one or more readers read the entire poem. Much will depend upon the reading of this beautiful poem, and it is desirable to secure as good a reader as possible.

Where the entertainment is given by pupils in one room or building, it is better not to go outside for talent.

The poem may be divided into sections and these may be memorized or read by the best readers or speakers in the room, or school. A number of pupils can take part in this way.

To others may be assigned the songs and instrumental music. There will usually be found one or more pianists among the pupils who will be able to give the instrumental music, if given time to prepare. The best singers will be given parts in tableaux where music is required.

Boys and girls dressed as Indians may act as ushers. Others may be stationed at the table or wall where the collection of Indian relics is arranged.

This is not necessary to the success of the entertainment, but will add considerably to the enjoyment of those pupils who are anxious to take part in some way, but who are not available for other parts.

The reading of the poem alone will require an hour, but, with the tableaux and music which accompany the readings or recitations, will furnish entertainment for an entire evening or afternoon.

The rehearsals should be timed, and should the program, as given, be too long, omit such readings and tableaux as seem least desirable or necessary.

COSTUMES.

Indian costumes may be secured of any costumer in Chicago and other large cities. Where these can be secured (rented) it will add much to the success of the entertainment.

The name and address of a reliable costumer has been given elsewhere in the book for the convenience of those teachers who are not familiar with the city and wish to order by letter.

It may not be desirable, however, to hire costumes, where the schools or societies are remote from a city, and directions have been given for the making of suitable costumes by those taking part in the entertainment if thought best.

The drawings have been made with this in view, and if copied, will not be found difficult to follow.

Indian Woman.—Nokomis may wear a half short skirt of striped material, a loose waist and moccasins. Wrap around her a bright blanket or shawl having one or two of the corners nearly touching the floor. Make the waist of red calico and have the neck cut round and the sleeves not reach below the elbow. A necklace of beads, bangles or shells, a wide bracelet of stiff paper covered with gilt paper, and other bright ornaments may be worn.

To the wooden cover of a grape basket a doll may be strapped with a scarf or small shawl, and carried on the back of the Indian woman. She may carry the "papoose" either by a band about the forehead or straps over the shoulders. Mark wrinkles in the face with charcoal to give wrinkled effect and part the hair roughly in the middle and have it fall straight down about the sides of the face. The face should be stained or colored copper color.

On second page of cover is given the address of a reliable costumer.

HIAWATHA'S COSTUME.

For a costume for an *Indian Boy* use buckskin colored canton flannel, which may be bought for eight cents a yard.

Make the trousers long; cut strips of the flannel three inches wide and make a fringe by slashing it to within half an inch of the edge. Sew this fringe down the side of each trouser leg.

Make a loose shirt of the buckskin flannel to be worn outside, and belt down with a belt of the same or of some bright color. A few bright beads, bangles or shells sewed on the belt add to the effect. Sew a fringe down the sleeves also.

Make the neck of the shirt quite loose and wear strings of bangles or shells, or beads.

If real moccasins are not to be had, very good ones can be made from the canton flannel. Sew the seams with red yarn and ornament with beads or worsted.

For the head dress make a double band one and a half inches wide, of the bright material used for the belt. Between the pieces sew turkey or chicken feathers, having the longest ones in the front and shorter ones in the back. Tie the band tight about the head. A few marks on the face with red crayon, a bow and arrows, and the effect is complete.

A suit similar to that worn by the boy will do for Indian man.

A brass armlet is worn about the elbow and a necklace of wolf's teeth or beads of some kind encircles the neck. The coat is also decorated with colored beads.

About the waist is a belt or sash in which are the tomahawk, scalping knife and other weapons.

A wig of long, coarse black hair is worn, and the high Indian head dress of feathers is arranged in characteristic fashion.

A blanket is adjusted at the back to trail far behind.

Leather moccasins are worn and a bow and arrows carried.

The character demands that the face be stained a reddish brown or copper color, and in addition the eye-brows may be blackened to meet at the center.

The face may be painted beneath the lower eye-lids to produce a properly savage expression.

MINNEHAHA'S COSTUME.

Foundation material of leather colored canton flannel, or any smooth woolen cloth.

The decorations may be embroidered, appliqued or painted upon the material in any manner that will result effectively. Red and black paint may be used to make the borders. The diamond shaped decorations are much fancied for this. Turkish bands, feathers, beads or colored passementerie may also be used.

The skirt is not hemmed at the bottom, but is cut in narrow strips to form fringe, and fancy decorations are added above it.

A wolf skin or small blanket hangs from the shoulders if desired, and a gaily beaded pouch is suspended from the belt.

Strings of beads of any description (the bright colored wooden beads used in the kindergarten will do) are hung about the neck, and the hair is decorated to correspond with another string and an eagle feather.

Fancy stockings decorated to represent leggings, beaded moccasins, a bow and arrows, and a tomahawk complete the costume.

Other Indian girls may be added to tableaux to make them more effective in the last scene.

Dress *Indian Girls* in a half long skirt of some bright and, if obtainable, striped material. Make the waist of red calico and have the neck cut round and the sleeves not reach below the elbow. A necklace of beads, bangles or shells, a wide bracelet of stiff paper covered with gilt paper, and other bright ornaments may be worn.

A THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT.

If given as a Thanksgiving entertainment, the final tableau will need pupils dressed as Puritans.

PURITAN MAIDEN.

Short-waisted dress, with tabs at belt, and full straight, short skirt, long pointed collar and cuffs. Carefully plaited apron. Cap. Low, open-sided shoes.

COSTUME OF PURITAN MAN

Short-waisted, full-skirted coat, with broad linen collar and cuffs. Full, loose knee-breeches, long stockings, low, open-sided shoes tied with string or narrow ribbon. Broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat. Ordinary suit to be of domestic dyed serge.

Let the children who represent Puritans decorate themselves by using large white handkerchiefs (made of tissue paper) for shawls, and wearing white bonnets. The boys may wear white paper collars and turn back cuffs.

Boy dressed as Puritan should be stationed near the door with a wooden gun, as sentinels were stationed at church doors so long ago, to watch for troublesome Indians, and other Puritans act as ushers.

Arrange the Thanksgiving contributions of fruit, vegetables and food upon a long table. The sheaves of grain which are used for decoration may be tied with strips of red, white and blue ribbon or tissue paper strips and arranged with pumpkins, squashes, etc., to make a background for the speakers. Have a spinning wheel in one corner.

THE STAGE.

The platform should be at least three feet high and large enough to hold the wigwam and characters without being crowded.

The effect of the tableaux is made more perfect by using colored tarlatan or netting in front of stage. When it is inconvenient to have foot lights, lamps may be hung high

upon the sides. Lamps with tin reflectors are better. A fire or moonlight scene may be produced by placing a red or green shade over each lamp.

FIRST TABLEAU.

If the first scene shows the march of the Indians to music around the wigwam in the ceremony described in the Peace Pipes, the wigwam will need to be in the center of stage, that there may be room to pass behind it; but as this tableaux would necessitate the making or renting of many costumes, it will not often be given and the first scene is supposed to be the wigwam of Nokomis and Hiawatha in cradle.

INDIAN SCENES IN DRAMA.

THE SCENERY.

The first scene shows the home of Hiawatha in the woods. To represent this in the most effective manner cut down a number of evergreen trees and nail them to the wall of the stage. Other trees may be used and trimmed with branches of pine if it is not possible to secure the pine trees.

Fill in the open spaces by fastening twigs and shrubbery about and interlacing it among the boughs of the trees.

A wigwam may be constructed in one corner of the room by using three or four poles, fur rugs and buffalo robes. Fur rugs and Indian and Mexican blankets may be used also for dress by those who personate Indian characters during the Thanksgiving Day exercises.

The skins or canvas which cover the wigwam may be changed so as to give it the appearance of another wigwam, in the scene with Minnehaha's father, the arrow-maker.

Where the entertainment is not given by schools and the relics are not shown on a table, they may be arranged on the stage, against the walls, or on the wigwam. Snow shoes, Indian pipes, bows and arrows, and many things may be used in this way and add much to the effect.

A dead tree may be trimmed with branches of the pine and set in one corner or near the stage with Hiawatha's cradle suspended from one of the branches. Nokomis is to sit by or near this tree as she sings the cradle song, in the opening scene.

Secure a sheaf or shock of corn and a half bushel or more of husked corn to be used in one of the tableaux.

If this entertainment is contemplated for a Longfellow's birthday celebration, it will be necessary to secure the stalks of corn in October and store them where they will be ready for use when needed.

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

In the centre of the stage place a wigwam or tent, made of poles and covered with dark blankets or other material suitable for the purpose. Within the tent a general air of desolation. An iron pot should be hung by a chain, from one of the poles, over the smouldering embers of a fire. A few half burnt logs placed upon a piece of sheet iron will produce the effect. Be careful, however, that the sheet iron is entirely covered. Upon a pile of skins (buffalo robes or almost any kind of carriage robes will answer), half reclining, is the form of Minnehaha, as though she had just expired. She should be dressed in full Indian costume, or, if more convenient, a blanket or other covering may be thrown over her. Her long black hair is tossed about and streaming to the ground. Crouching by her side is the figure of Nokomis. Let the face be painted to represent a very withered and wrinkled effect. Her dress must be far less rich than that of Minnehaha, and her attitude expressive of the most abject despair. Let her hands clasp her knees, as though rocking back and forth and moaning. At the entrance of the wigwam stands Hiawatha, transfixed with horror, his hand stretched toward Minnehaha with an imploring gesture. He has just returned from his fruitless hunt, with bow and arrows, snow shoes, and

full hunting costume. If the stage be large enough the effect of the whole may be greatly enhanced by placing a number of evergreen trees at irregular intervals, and scattering over them a quantity of picked cotton, to represent snow. A number of broken, leafless boughs should also be scattered over the ground, and the stage covered with a white cloth to produce the effect of snow. The picture shows Hiawatha facing the audience. This may be changed to side view.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SCHOOLS.

INDIAN RELICS.

Let pupils in the room and others in the building, if possible, make collections of Indian relics, such as moccasins, snow shoes, arrow heads, bows, birch bark canoes, baskets, Indian blankets, totem poles, buffalo robes, deer heads, etc.

In every neighborhood there is some one who has a collection of this kind, and if requested by the teacher will willingly loan it for an occasion of this kind.

There is sure to be some one article of interest relating to the subject in every household, and every pupil should be encouraged to contribute to the collection, if possible. Those who have no relics at home may borrow from neighbors or relatives, and the very little people may make a collection of Indian pictures and sets of pictures. These are to be mounted or tacked up about the room.

Arrange your relics on tables about the room, or hang and fasten them to the wall. A fish net or tennis net tacked to the sides of a room may be used for this purpose. The relics are easily tied to this or fastened to the meshes and, as tables and space are scarce at exhibits, this is the best arrangement.

Collections of Indian relics may also be hired where one does not wish to take the trouble to make one.

Where this is done the collection should be arranged where it may be seen and examined before or after the entertainment.

Some one should be placed in charge of this who will be able to explain intelligently the uses of the various articles, to those who are interested in the collection.

Another person should watch to see that no article is broken or stolen. If destroyed or stolen the cost will have to be made good by the one who hires the collection, and this may mean no small item.

The necessity of carefulness in this direction will be felt by every teacher who has ever had charge of an entertainment where pupils of all classes are admitted.

ROOM DECORATION FOR LOWER GRADES.

Decorate your blackboards with pictures made with colored crayons, illustrating some phase of Indian or Pilgrim life.

Pictures of the Mayflower, Indian wigwams, log houses, etc., showing early Pilgrim homes, may be easily enlarged from pictures or stencils.

Let pupils cut cocoons, twigs with buds in winter clothes, leaves, the color of leaves on trees and ground in November, and "The brown birds a flying" from brown paper, ordinary wrapping paper, and use them to decorate the room for Thanksgiving.

The illustrations of Hiawatha and the Pilgrims that have been made during drawing lesson and seat work periods by pupils, may be mounted on charts for visitors to inspect.

The cuttings may be mounted on gray paper, the wigwams arranged so as to make an Indian village, the pine trees with birds, squirrel, rabbit and deer cuttings grouped about, and these also arranged on wall.

The hand work of the children in making and modeling clay dishes in imitation of Indian dishes, the bows and arrows constructed by the boys, the canoes, etc., on tables or window sills.

The owl that frightened Hiawatha, the raven that tried to steal his corn, the trees that grew near his home, may all be cut and mounted to illustrate the story.

Branches of the pine with stuffed or toy birds perched among the branches may be arranged about the walls and in the corners.

Cover a plaque or board a little over a foot in length with dark red or green paper or cloth. Arrange on this three ears of perfect golden corn, or one ear each of white, red and yellow corn. Fasten with tacks and hang on the wall.

Arrange around room festoons of red, yellow, white and popped corn which children have strung for seat work.

Let them also string cranberries and the little bright colored wooden beads which are used in number work. These may be worn by Nokomis in the cradle scene, as a necklace or girdle.

TABLEAUX FROM HIAWATHA

WITH READINGS AND MUSIC.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION AND PEACE PIPES.

1st Reading Introduction and Peace Pipe.

Music Instrumental "Wawan Choral."

Solemn Procession of Peace Pipes around the Lodge.

Tableaux (if desired.)

March of Indians around wigwams, to the Indian music or while music is played.

PART II.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

2nd Reading—Part relating to Indian Homes, and care of Hiawatha by old Nokomis.

Tableau—The wigwam of Nokomis.

Hiawatha rocked in cradle by Nokomis.

Song—"Indian Lullaby" by Nokomos or a singer.

3rd reading—Part beginning with "At the Door on Summer Evenings" and concluding with words of fire-fly song.

Tableau—Hiawatha seated at the door of wigwam.

Song—"Fire-fly Song" by Hiawatha or another child.

4th Reading—Parts relating to the lessons learned by Hiawatha, the making of the bow and arrow.

Tableau—Hiawatha Hunting.

5th Reading—The walk in search of game and concealment in alder bushes, and the fatal shot.

Tableau—The Fatal Shot.

6th Reading—The Return Home.

PART III.

7th Reading—Hiawatha's Manhood.

Tableau—Hiawatha, a man, decorated with paint and feathers and armed.

8th Reading—Hiawatha's Fasting.

Tableau—"The Gift of Corn."

9th Reading—"Hiawatha's Wooing"

Tableau—"Minnehaha."

10th Reading—Hiawatha's Wooing.

Song—"Indian Love Song," by Hiawatha or singer in distance.

11th Reading—Hiawatha's Wooing.

Tableau—Tent of the Arrow Maker.

Minnehaha and her Father.

12th Reading—The arrival of Hiawatha and his entreaty for the hand of Minnehaha.

Tableau—"The Lover's Advent," (if another tableau is desired.)

13th Reading—The departure of Hiawatha and Reflections of the Arrow Maker.

Tableau—The Departure of the Lovers.

14th Reading—The Journey Homeward.

Tableau—"The Arrival Home."

15th Reading—The Wedding Feast.

Song—The Dame Song, Indian music, instrumental.

16th Reading—"Chibiabos' Song."

Song—"Chibiabos' Love Song."

17th Reading—"Iagoo."

PART IV.

18th Reading—"The Famine."

Tableau—"The Death Bed of Minnehaha."

Song—"Hiawatha's Lament."

19th Reading—The Burial and Farewell.

Music—Chopin's Funeral March or the Indian Funeral Song given here.

20th Reading—The White Man's Foot and Hiawatha's Departure.

Tableau—"Hiawatha's Departure" to the Land of the Hereafter.



PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

OF INDIAN NAMES IN THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

There cannot well be an absolutely authoritative pronunciation of Indian names. As they are spelled, they represent the sounds, as nearly as they could be caught and reproduced by those who came in contact with the Indians. Thus there is a mingling of English and French usage, but on the whole the broad sound of the vowels is common. The following vocabulary is an attempt at showing the pronunciation according to the most intelligible standard. The accent will usually be marked by the rythm of the verse in which the word occurs.

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

ĀDJĪDAU' MŌ	NĀĠŌW WŪD'JŌŌ
ĀHKŌSĒ' WĪN	NAH' MĀ
BĒ' NA	OJĪB' WĀYS
BŪKĀDĀ' WĪN	OMĒ' MĒ
ĊHĪBĪĀ' BŌZ	ŌPĒ' CHEE
DĀCŌ' TAHS	ŌWĀIS' SĀ
ĒĀ' GOO	PAU' GŪK
GĪT' CHĒ MĀN' ITŌ	PAU PŪK KEĒ' WĪS
HĪĀWA' THĀ	PŌNĒ' MĀH
KAHĠAHĠEE	PŪKWĀ' NĀ
MAHN-ĠŌ-TĀY' SEE	SAH' WĀ
MĀSKĒNŌZHĀ	SHAUGŌDĀ' YĀ
MĪNNĒHĀHĀ	SŌN
MĪNJĒ KĀU' WŪN	WAM' PUM
MŌNDĀ' MĪN	WĀ' WA
MŪSKŌDĀY	YĒNĀDĪZ' ZĒ

SONG OF HIAWATHA.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people,
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish
 Whether they are sung or spoken;—
 Listen to this Indian Legend
 To this Song of Hiawatha! *
 How he prayed and how he fasted,
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
 That the tribes of men might prosper,
 That he might advance his people!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Grouping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness
 And are lifted up and strengthened;—
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this song of Hiawatha!

*The pronunciation used by Mr. Longfellow was "Hi-a-wa-tha" the accent on the first syllable being slighter than on the "wa." The "a" sounded like "a" in "mar" not "war."

NOTE.—For pronunciation of the proper names used in this poem see page 19.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He, the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it.
Filled the pipe with bark of willow
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,

To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Widly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,

I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am ~~w~~ weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“I will send a prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the Nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,

Washed the war-paint from their faces.
 Clear above them flowed the water,
 Clear and limpid from the footprints
 Of the Master of Life descending;
 Dark below them flowed the water,
 Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
 As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
 Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
 On the banks their clubs they buried,
 Buried all their war-like weapons.
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the creator,
 Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
 Broke the red stone of the quarry,
 Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
 Broke the long reeds by the river,
 Deckerd them with their brightest feathers,
 And departed each one homeward,
 While the Master of Life, ascending,
 Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
 Through the doorways of the heaven,
 Vanished from before their faces,
 In the smoke that rolled around him,
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

TABLEAU, AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

THE INDIAN MUSIC.

The article on Indian music may be read by one of the readers of the poem "Hiawatha" or by the pianist, who follows the paper with instrumental music.

"The Peace Pipe," "Hiawatha's Love Song," "The Dance Song" and Funeral Song are taken from Miss Fletcher's collections of Indian music in the Century Magazine. The other songs have been composed especially for this publication.

INDIAN MUSIC.

“The songs of the Indian are the spontaneous outburst of his emotions, springing up like the wild flowers of his forests and plains. They have been subjected to no conventionalizing influence of artificial methods, yet, like the native blossoms, they are developed not in violation of, but in strict accordance with, those laws which control the structure of all musical expression. The study of Indian music adds to the accumulating proof of the common mental endowment of all mankind.

The songs of the Indian are an interpretation of his character. From them we discern his religious nature, his attitude toward the unseen powers that control him; they are also a revelation of his social and tribal relations.

“Indian music pervades every religious, tribal and social ceremony as well as every personal experience.

“There is not a phase of life that does not find its subjective expression in song. Religious rituals are imbedded in it, and the reverent recognition of the creation of corn, of the food giving animals, of the powers of the air and the fructifying sun is passed from one generation to another in melodious measures. Song nerves the warrior to deeds of heroism and robs death of its terrors. It speeds the spirit to the land of the hereafter, and solaces those who live to mourn.

“Children compose ditties for their games and young men add music to give zest to their sports. The lover sings his way to the maiden’s heart, and the old man tunefully invokes those agencies which can avert disaster and death.

“Choral songs, with the central idea of “peace on earth, good will to men” are sung in the religious ceremony of the Sacred Peace-Pipes.

“These are sung in solemn procession in which the pipes are raised, borne about the lodge and laid at rest.

The tableau and music may be given either before or after the reading on Indian music.

This collection made by Miss Fletcher has peculiar interest

WAWAN CHORAL. I.

SOLEMN PROCESSION OF PEACE PIPES AROUND THE LODGE.

Met. ♩ = 63.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/3 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, accented with 'v' marks. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present below the bass staff.

The second system continues the musical piece with two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The melodic and harmonic lines are consistent with the first system, maintaining the solemn and processional character.

The third system of music shows a continuation of the two-staff arrangement. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and rests, with 'v' accents throughout. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The fourth system is the final one on the page, continuing the two-staff musical notation. It features a final melodic phrase in the upper staff and a corresponding harmonic ending in the lower staff, marked with a double bar line and repeat signs.

WAWAN CHORAL. II.

FIRST PROCESSION AROUND THE LODGE AFTER THE PIPES ARE RAISED.

Met. ♩ = 66.

Musical score for Wawan Choral II, first procession. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Met.' with a quarter note equal to 66 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *mf*.

WAWAN. III.

FINAL SONG WHEN LAYING THE PEACE PIPES AT CEREMONIAL REST.

Met. ♩ = 88.

Musical score for Wawan III, final song. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Met.' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *mf*. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with many beamed eighth notes.

HAE-THU-SKA.

SONG OF DISMISSAL, AT THE CLOSE OF A GATHERING OF THE SOCIETY.
CHORAL OF WARRIORS.

Mel. ♩ = 58.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melodic line with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, some with slurs and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a piano accompaniment of chords, marked with a forte dynamic 'ff'.

The second system continues the musical notation. The upper staff shows the continuation of the melody, and the lower staff shows the corresponding piano accompaniment with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The third system continues the musical notation. The upper staff shows the continuation of the melody, and the lower staff shows the corresponding piano accompaniment with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The fourth system continues the musical notation. The upper staff shows the continuation of the melody, and the lower staff shows the corresponding piano accompaniment with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The fifth system concludes the musical notation. The upper staff shows the final notes of the melody, and the lower staff shows the final chords of the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

from a scientific point of view. Only a few had been heard by any white person until she obtained that privilege. The Indians have no musical notation, no theories of music whatsoever; the songs are handed down by tradition, and they are a purely natural product of the impulses of primitive man—the spontaneous result of the universal desire to express emotion in song. Unfettered as they are by any speculations or theories, they afford entirely fresh material for discovering what is natural in music, and a rare opportunity for testing the naturalness of our own musical perceptions by means of comparison.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Dark behind it rose the forest,
 Rose the firs with cones upon them;
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiwatha;
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes.
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 "Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
 Lulled him into slumber, singing
 "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
 Who is this that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

FIRST SCENE.

Curtain rises after the reading, showing Nokomis standing by a tree rocking the cradle, which is suspended from the improvised tree. She sings, while rocking, the lullaby on the following page:



NOKOMIS AND HIAWATHA
(30)

INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

MARY S. CONRADE.

1. Swing thee low, in thy cradle soft, Deep in the dusk - y wood;
 2. The coyote howls on the prairie cold; The owl-et hoots in the tree;
 3. The fa ther lies on the fragrant ground Dreaming of hunt and fight;

Swing thee low and swing a - loft; Sleep as a pap-poose should,
 The big moon shines on the little child, Slum-ber-ing peace-ful - ly,.....
 The pine leaves rustle with mournful sound, All thro' the sol-eun night,

Sleep as a pap-poose should; For safe in your lit - tle nest,
 Slum-bering peace-ful - ly..... So swing in thy lit - tle nest;
 All thro' the sol - eun night; The pappoose in his birch-en nest

Quiet will come, and peace and rest, If the lit-tle pappoose is good.
 Swing thee low and take thy rest That the night wind brings to thee.
 Swing-ing low will take his rest, Till the sun brings the morning light.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pine tree
Heard the lapping of the water:

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Saw the fire-flies flitting round him,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,

And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
 "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Selection from Hiawatha's Childhood, beginning, "At the door on summer evenings," and concluding with "Sang the song Nokomis taught him."

SECOND SCENE.

Child representing Hiawatha now sings the fire-fly song, sitting in tent door:

Music to accompany this song may be found on another page.



HIAWATHA IN THE WIGWAM DOOR.

FIREFLY SONG.

MARY S. CONRADE.

Fire - fly, fire - fly, bright lit - tle thing, Light me to bed and my
Come, lit - tle fire - fly, al - most the least, Come, and to - mor - row I'll

song I will sing; Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
make you a feast; Come, lit - tle can - dle that flies as I sing,

That I may mer - ri - ly go to my bed; Give me your light o'er the
Bright lit - tle fair - y bug, night's lit - tle king; Come, and I'll dance as you

grass as you creep, That I may joy - ful - ly go to my sleep.
guide me a - long, Come, and I'll pay you, wee one, with a song.

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo (e-a-goo) the great boaster,
 He, the marvelous story-teller,
 He, the traveller and the talker,
 He, the friend of old Nokomis,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;
 From a branch of ash he made it,
 From an oak-bough made the arrows,
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.
 Then he said to Hiawatha:
 "Go, my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together,
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

THIRD TABLEAU—HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Curtain rises showing Hiawatha, as a boy, in hunting costume, with bow and arrow. He faces audience for an instant or crosses the platform and disappears.

Forth into the forest straightway
 All alone walked Hiawatha
 Proudly with his bow and arrows;
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo (ad-ji-dau-mo),
 In and out among the branches,
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and at a distance
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic,
 Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
 Leading downward to the river,
 To the ford across the river,
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
 There he waited till the deer came,
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,
 And a deer came down the pathway,
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
 And his heart within him fluttered,
 Trembled like the leaves above him,
 Like the birch leaf palpitated,
 As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee, uprising,
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

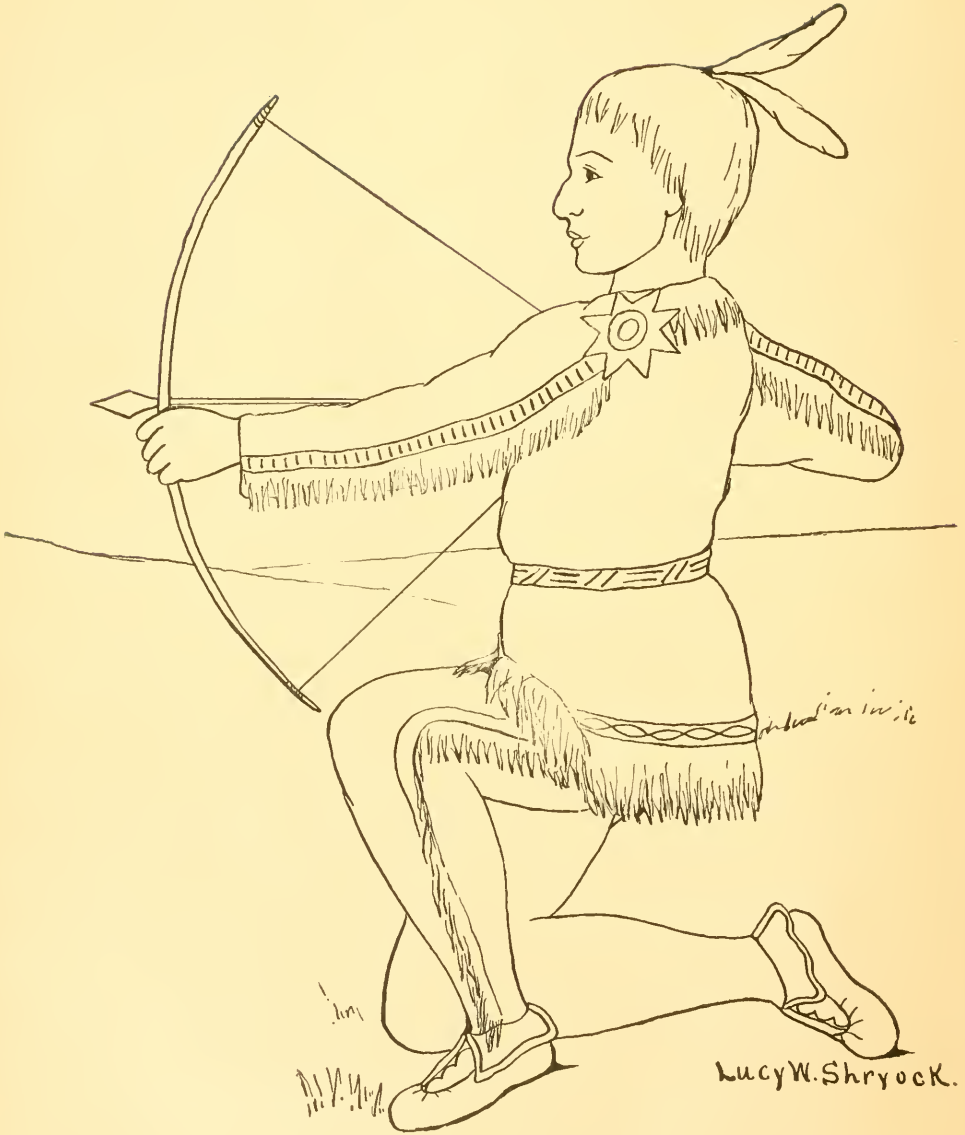


TABLEAU.

The tableau may be arranged to represent Hiawatha on bended knee, aiming at a deer.

V.

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
 But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward,
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
 Made a banquet in his honor.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
 Called him Lion-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

VI.

HIAWATHA'S MANHOOD.

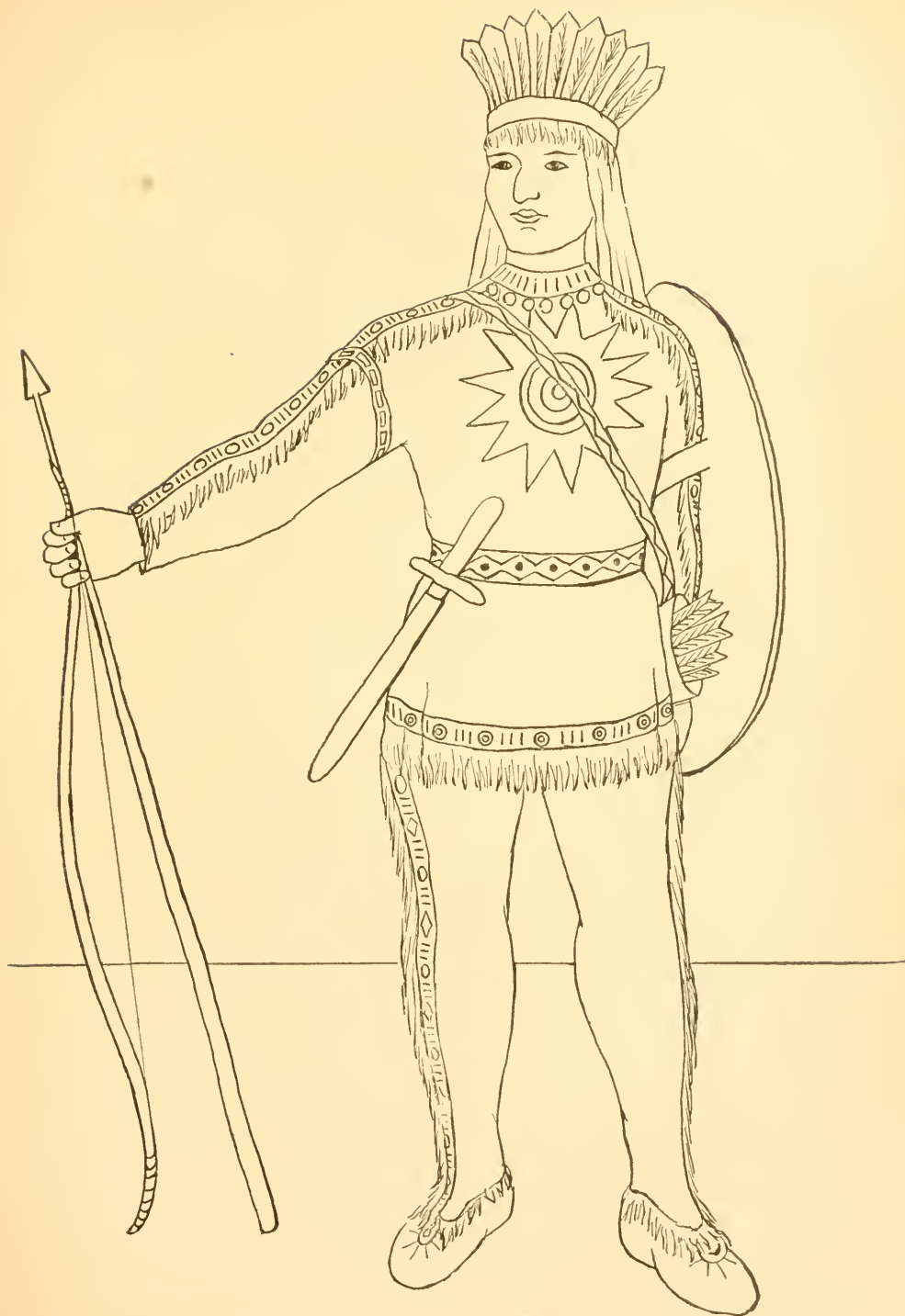
Out of childhood into manhood
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
 Learned in all the lore of old men,

In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting,
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum,
On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;



HIAWATHA AS A MAN.

FIFTH TABLEAU.

Hiawatha appears, grown to manhood, armed with bow and arrows and decorated with paint and feather head dress.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumphs in the battle,
 And renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
 Built a wigwam in the forest,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
 In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
 And, with dreams and visions many,
 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
 Through the leafy woods he wandered;
 Saw the deer start from the thicket,
 Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
 Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
 Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
 Building nests among the pine-trees,
 And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
 Flying to the fen-lands northward,
 Whirring, wailing far above him.
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting

By the river's brink he wandered,
 Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
 Saw the wild rice and the blueberry,
 Saw the strawberry and the gooseberry,
 And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
 Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
 Filling all the air with fragrance!
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
 By the lake he sat and pondered,
 By the still, transparent water;
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
 Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
 Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
 In his lodge he lay exhausted;
 From his couch of leaves and branches
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
 On the gleaming of the water,
 On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,
 Coming through the purple twilight,
 Through the splendor of the sunset;
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
 And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,
 Looked with pity and compassion

On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O, my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me."

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
" 'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,

But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning.
Taking shape when earth it touches
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing.
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,

And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgalgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Fall and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.
Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis

And Iago, the great boaster,
 Showed them where the maize was growing,
 Told them of his wondrous vision,
 Of his wrestling and his triumph,
 Of this new gift to the nations,
 Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
 Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
 And the soft and juicy kernels
 Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,
 Stripped the withered husks from off them,
 As he once had stripped the wrestler,
 Gave the first feast of Mondamin,
 And made known unto the people
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

If a number of pupils are assisting with the readings or recitations, divide the "Fasting" into four or five sections and assign them to different pupils.

SIXTH TABLEAU.

Curtain rises, showing a pile of husked corn lying by the wigwam, a number of ears hanging from the poles of wigwam, and a shock of corn standing near by.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Where the Falls of Minnehaha*
 Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
 Laugh and leap into the valley,
 There the ancient arrow-maker
 Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony
 Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
 Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,

*These Falls, located on the river of the same name, are sixty feet in height and are noted for their exceeding beauty. About five miles southeast of Minneapolis, they are one-half mile from the Mississippi.

Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha journeyed
In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

VII. TABLEAU.

Minnehaha, standing as shown in picture, or peeping from the wigwam at Hiawatha.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!”



MINNEHAHA.
(51)

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning, said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better.
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,

Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:

"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twi'xt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;

To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
 To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
 Sent it singing on its errand,
 To the red heart of the roebuck;
 Threw the deer across his shoulder,
 And sped forward without pausing.

LOVE SONG.

Hiawatha or another singer behind the curtain now sings
 the Indian "Love Song."

At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side, in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
 Of the days when with such arrows
 He had struck the deer and bison,
 On the Muskoday, the meadow;
 Thinking of the great war-parties,
 How they came to buy his arrows,
 Could not fight without his arrows.
 Oh, no more such noble warriors
 Could be found on earth as they were!
 Now the men were all like women,
 Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
 From another tribe and country,
 Young and tall and very handsome,
 Who one morning, in the Spring-time,

LOVE-SONG.

J. C. FILMORE.

Fades the star of morn-ing, West winds gently blow, gently blow, gently blow,

Soft the pine-trees mur-mur, Soft the wa-ters flow, Soft the wa-ters flow,

Soft the wa-ters flow. Lift thine eyes, my maiden, To the hill-top nigh;

Night and gloom will vanish, When the pale stars die, When the pale stars die,

When the pale stars die: Life thine eyes, my maiden, Hear thy lov-er's cry.



Came to buy her father's arrows,
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,
 Lingered long about the doorway,
 Looking back as he departed.
 She had heard her father praise him,
 Praise his courage and his wisdom;
 Would he come again for arrows
 To the Falls of Minnehaha?
 On the mat her hands lay idle,
 And her eyes were very dreamy.

EIGHTH TABLEAU.

Represents arrow-maker seated in the door of his wigwam, with Minnehaha at his side. She holds a mat of rushes which she has been weaving, and looks away into the distance.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
 Heard a rustling in the branches,
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,
 With the deer upon his shoulders,
 Suddenly from out the woodlands
 Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
 Looked up gravely from his labor,
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
 Bade him enter at the doorway,
 Saying, as he rose to meet him,
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
 Hiawatha laid his burden,
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
 And the maiden looked up at him,
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,
 Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground, fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream, she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nookomis
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
And of happiness and plenty
In the lands of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;

NINTH TABLEAU.

Hiawatha and Minnehaha stand hand in hand ready to depart.

Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follow where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;

All the stars of night looked at them,
 Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!

All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,

Having such a wife to love you!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,

"Happy are you, Laughing Water,

Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,

Saying to them, "O my children,

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,

Life is checkered shade and sunshine.

Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,

Wispered to them, "O my children,

Day is restless, night is quiet,

Man imperious, woman feeble;

Half is mine, although I follow;

Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;

Thus it was that Hiawatha

To the lodge of old Nokomis

Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,

Handsomest of all the women

In the land of the Dacotahs,

In the land of handsome women.

TABLEAU.

The Arrival Home. Hiawatha and Minnehaha greet Nokomis at lodge door.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,

Mixed with bark of the red willow,
 And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Dance for us your merry dances,
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gayly,
 And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 He, the idle Yenadizze,
 He, the merry mischief-maker,
 Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
 Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
 In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
 In the play of quoits and ball-play;
 Skilled was he in games of hazard,
 In all games of skill and hazard,
 Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
 Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
 Little heeded he their jesting,
 Little cared he for their insults,
 For the women and the maidens
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
 White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
 All inwrought with beads of wampum;
 He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
 Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
 And in moccasins of buck-skin,
 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
 On his head were plumes of swan's down,
 On his heels were tails of foxes,
 In one hand a fan of feathers,

And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air about him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wuddjoo.

DANCE SONG. HAE-THU-SKA.

J. C. FILMORE.

Mel. ♩ 116.

Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no. Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha

te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha

te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no... tho. Nu-da-hun-ga

Ish-e-buz-zhe tha-da be-thin kae-dae. Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no,

Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no.

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
 And, returning, sat down laughing
 There among the guests assembled,
 Sat and fanned himself serenely
 With his fan of turkey-feathers.

"*The Dance Song*" may be played softly during the reading or after the reading is concluded.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
 To the friend of Hiawatha,
 To the sweetest of all singers,
 To the best of all musicians,
 "Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
 Songs of love and songs of longing,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gayly,
 And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
 Sang in accents sweet and tender,
 Sang in tones of deep emotion,
 Songs of love and songs of longing;
 Looking still at Hiawatha,
 Looking at fair Laughing Water,
 Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

SONG.

CHIBIABOS' LOVE SONG.

Singer, dressed in Indian costume, if desired, sings this song. Music is given on another page.

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
 Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
 Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
 Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
 "If thou only lookest at me,
 I am happy, I am happy,

CHIBIABOS SONG.

From "Hiawatha."

MARV S. CONRADE.

Allegretto. mf

1. On - a - way! A wake, be - lov - ed! Thou, the wild-flow'r of the for-est!
2. On - a - way! my heart sings to thee! Sings with joy when thou art near me,

mf
Thou, the wild-bird of the prai-rie! Thou, with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
As the sigh-ing, sing-ing branches, In the pleas-ant month of spring-time;

If thou on - ly look - est at me, I am hap - py, I am hap - py,
When thou art not pleas-ed, be - lov - ed, Then my heart is sad and dark-ened,

As the lil - ies of the prai-rie When they feel the dew up - on them!
As the shin - ing riv - er dark-ens When the clouds drop shadows on it;

CHIBIABOS SONG—Concluded.

Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance Of the wild-flow'rs in the morn-ing,
When thou smil - est, my be - lov - ed, Then my troub-led heart is brightened,

p
As their fragrance is at eve - ning, In the Moon when leaves are fall - ing.
As in sun-shine gleam the rip - ples That the cold wind makes in riv - ers.

Does not all the blood with-in me Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
Smiles the earth, and smile the wa-ters, Smile the cloud-less skies a - bove us,

As the springs to meet the sun - shine, In the Moon when nights are bright?
But I lose the way of smil - ing When thou art no lon - ger near!

As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!

“Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

“Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?

“Onaway, my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant days of springtime!

“When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

“When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

“I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He, the marvelous story-teller,
He, the friend of old Nokomis,

Jealous of the sweet musician.
 Jealous of the applause they gave him,
 Saw in all the eyes around him
 Saw in all their looks and gestures,
 That the wedding guests assembled
 Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
 His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo; (e-a-goo)
 Never heard he an adventure
 But himself had met a greater;
 But himself had done a bolder;
 Never any marvelous story
 But himself could tell a stranger.
 He it was who carved the cradle
 Of the little Hiawatha,
 Carved its frame work out of linden,
 Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;
 He it was who taught him later
 How to make his bows and arrows,
 How to make the bows of ash tree
 And the arrows of the oak tree.
 So among the guests assembled
 At my Hiawatha's wedding,
 Sat Iagoo old and ugly,
 Sat the marvelous story-teller.

Would you listen to his boasting,
 Would you only give him credence,
 No one ever shot an arrow
 Half so far and high as he had;
 Ever caught so many fishes,
 Ever killed so many reindeer,
 Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could
 None could dive so deep as he could,
 None could swim so far as he could;

None had made so many journeys,
 None had seen so many wonders,
 As this wonderful Iagoo,
 As this marvelous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word
 And a jest among the people;
 And whene'er a boastful hunter
 Praised his own address too highly,
 Or a warrior, home returning,
 Talked too much of his achievements,
 All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
 Here's Iagoo come among us!"

And they said, "O good Iagoo,
 Tell us now a tale of wonder,
 Tell us of some strange adventure,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gayly,
 And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,
 "You shall hear a tale of wonder,
 You shall hear of strange adventures."

Such was Hiawatha's wedding,
 Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 With the story of Iagoo,
 And the song of Chibiabos;
 Thus the wedding banquet ended,
 And the wedding guests departed,
 Leaving Hiawatha happy
 With the night and Minnehaha.
 Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,
 Of the happy days that followed,
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful!
 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
 Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
 Buried was the dreadful war-club,
 Buried were all war-like weapons,
 And the war-cry was forgotten.
 There was peace among the nations;
 Unmolested roved the hunters,
 Built the birch canoe for sailing,
 Caught the fish in lake and river,
 Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
 Unmolested worked the women,
 Made their sugar from the maple,
 Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
 Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village
 Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
 Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
 Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
 Filling all the land with plenty.

THE FAMINE.

O the long and dreary Winter!
 O the cold and cruel Winter!
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage;
 With his mittens and his show-shoes
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,
 Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without a word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water,
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“Gitche Manito, the Mighty!”
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 “Give your children food, O father!
 Give us food or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha!”

Through the far-resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 “Minnehaha! Minnehaha!”

All day long roved Hiawatha
 In that melancholy forest,
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,
 In the pleasant days of Summer,
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
 He had brought his young wife homeward,
 From the land of the Dacotahs;
 When the birds sang in the thickets,
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
 And the air was full of fragrance,
 And the lovely Laughing Water
 Said with voice that did not tremble,
 **“I will follow you, my husband!”*

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests that watched her,
 With the Famine and the Fever,
 She, was lying, the Beloved,

She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"*

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted.

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him.

* At either of the places indicated by a star the "Song of Minnehaha" may be sung. It may be found in the Riverside Song Book. Publishers, Houghton & Mifflin.

TENTH TABLEAU.

THE DEATHBED OF MINNEHAHA.

The tableau may be given later, after the line "Of the darkness or the daylight," if preferred.

This represents Hiawatha as seated at the foot or side of the bed with his face buried in his hands.

And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
*Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.



DEATH BED OF MINNEHAHA.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENT.

MARY S. CONRADE.

Andante con moto.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ends with a quarter note E5. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B-flat2, and C3, then a half note D3, and ends with a quarter note E3. A dynamic marking of *mp* is placed above the first measure of the lower staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mp* is present. The system concludes with the tempo markings *Molto rit.* and *A tempo.*

The third system of music consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the previous systems.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff features a dynamic marking of *mf*. The system concludes with the tempo marking *Rit.* and *A tempo.*

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff features a dynamic marking of *p*. The system concludes with the tempo marking *Rit.*

HIAWATHIA'S LAMENT—Concluded.

f *A tempo.*

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some marked with an 'x'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 3/4.

Molto rit. *p* *A tempo.*

The second system continues the piece. It features a similar melodic and harmonic structure. The tempo markings *Molto rit.* and *p* *A tempo.* are placed above the treble staff. The 'x' marks continue to appear on the treble staff.

The third system of music maintains the melodic and harmonic patterns established in the previous systems. The notation is consistent with the first two systems.

Rit. *p*

The fourth system includes the tempo markings *Rit.* and *p* above the treble staff. The melodic line shows some phrasing with slurs and accents.

Molto rit.

The fifth and final system concludes the piece. It features the *Molto rit.* marking above the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line in both staves.

From his doorway Hiawatha
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
 From its sleepless bed uprising,
 From the bed of Minnehaha,
 Stood and watched it at the doorway.
 That it might not be extinguished,
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body.
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the Land of the Hereafter!”

The Indian Funeral Song, or Chopin's Funeral March.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
 From the regions of the morning,
 From the shining land of Wabun,
 Homeward now returned Iagoo,
 The great traveller, the great boaster,
 Full of new and strange adventures,
 Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
 Listened to him as he told them
 Of his marvelous adventures,
 Laughing answered him in this wise:

FUNERAL SONG.

J. C. FILMORE.

Met. ♩ = 100.

E ah tha ha ahee tha ha ali ha ah ah hae ah ah ah e tha ha ahee tha

hae ah ha ah ah. E tha ah ahee tha ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha

hae hae tho - - ie ha o o e tha ha ahee tha

hae ah ha ah ah e tha ha ahee tha ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha hae tho.

“Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!”

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, “It cannot be so!
Kaw!” they said, “It cannot be so!”

O’er it,” said he, o’er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
“Kaw,” they said, “we don’t believe it!”
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
“Kaw!” they said, “what tales you tell us!”

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
“Kaw,” they said, “what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!”

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:

"True is all Iago tells us;
 I have seen it in a vision,
 Seen the great canoe with pinions,
 Seen the people with white faces,
 Seen the coming of this bearded
 People of the wooden vessel
 From the regions of the morning,
 From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito the Mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the Creator,
 Sends them hither on his errand,
 Sends them to us with his message.
 Wheresoe'er they move, before them
 Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
 Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
 Springs a flower unknown among us,
 *Springs the White-man's foot in blossom,

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
 Hail them as our friends and brothers,
 And the heart's right hand of friendship
 Give them when they come to see us.
 Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
 Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
 All the secrets of the future,
 Of the distant days that shall be.
 I beheld the westward marches
 Of the unknown, crowded nations.
 All the land was full of people,
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
 In the woodlands rang their axes,
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,

*White-man's Foot,—*Plantago major*, common plantain.

Over all the lakes and rivers
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
 "Then a darker, drearier vision
 Passed before me, vague and cloud-like:
 I beheld our nation scattered,
 All forgetful of my counsels,
 Weakened, warring with each other;
 Saw the remnants of our people
 Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
 Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitehe Gunnee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 In the pleasant summer morning,
 Hiawatha stood and waited.
 All the air was full of freshness,
 All the earth was bright and joyous,
 And before him, through the sunshine,
 Westward toward the neighboring forest
 Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
 Level spread the lake before him;
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
 On its margin the great forest
 Stood reflected in the water,
 Every tree-top had its shadow,
 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,
 As the fog from off the water,

As the mist from off the meadow,
 With a smile of joy and triumph,
 With a look of exultation,
 As of one who in a vision
 Sees what is to be, but is not,
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
 Both the palms spread out against it,
 And between the parted fingers
 Fell the sunshine on his features,
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
 As it falls and flecks an oak tree
 Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
 Something in the hazy distance,
 Something in the mists of morning,
 Loomed and lifted from the water,
 Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
 Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Through the shining mist of morning,
 Came a birch canoe with paddles,
 Rising, sinking on the water,
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
 And within it came a people
 From the distant land of Wabuu,
 From the farthest realms of morning
 Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
 With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
 With his hands aloft extended,
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,
 Waited, full of exultation,
 Till the birch canoe with paddles

Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you;
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand bars:
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar."
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,

And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him:
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,

We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer.
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,

But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
 Bade farewell to all the young men,
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
 On a long and distant journey;
 Many moons and many winters
 Will have come and will have vanished,
 Ere I come again to see you.
 But my guests I leave behind me;
 Listen to their words of wisdom,
 Listen to the truth they tell you,
 For the Master of Life has sent them
 From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;

ELEVENTH TABLEAU.

Hiawatha in the distance with hand upraised as if to wave
 a farewell.

On the clear and luminous water
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
 From the pebbles of the margin
 Shoved it forth into the water;
 Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
 And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,

Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
 Left upon the level water
 One long track and trail of splendor,
 Down whose stream, as down a river,
 Westward, westward Hiawatha
 Sailed into the fiery sunset,
 Sailed into the purple vapors,
 Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
 Till the birch canoe seem lifted
 High into that sea of splendor,
 Till it sank into the vapors
 Like the new moon slowly, slowly
 Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said "Farewell forever!"
 Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the forests, dark and lonely,
 Moved through all their depths of darkness,
 Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the waves upon the margin
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha the Beloved,
 In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter!

TWELFTH TABLEAU.

If the Song of Hiawatha is given as a Thanksgiving entertainment, the twelfth tableau will represent the interior of a Puritan home with Puritans and Indians seated around a table eating their first thanksgiving meal, as related in history.

SUGGESTIONS.

FOR PRIMARY GRADES.

HIAWATHA DRAMATIZED.

FIRST SCENE.

Nokomis enters room and unstrapping an Indian baby and cradle from her back, suspends it from a branch of the pine tree. She then seats herself and pushes or rocks the baby back and forth.

FIRST RECITATION.

“Hiawatha’s Babyhood.”

Child steps to the front of the room and recites the part of the poem “Hiawatha,” beginning with, “By the Shining Big Sea Water,” and concluding with “Eya-yea, my little owlet.” In referring to the wigwam and first point to the one improvised for the occasion or sketched upon the board. The child resumes seat.

FIRST SONG.

By Nokomis.

Nokomis sings the Indian Cradle Song or the Owlet Song from the Brown & Emerson’s Song Book, and then taking baby Hiawatha from the tree carries him to the wigwam or another room.

SECOND SCENE.

Small boy dressed as Hiawatha takes a seat at the door of tent or on platform.

SECOND RECITATION.

Child recites selection from Hiawatha’s Childhood, beginning, “At the door on summer evenings,” and concluding with “Sang the song Nokomis taught him.”

SECOND SONG.

Child representing Hiawatha now sings the fire-fly song, sitting in tent door:

“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire fly
 Little flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little dancing white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids.”

Music to accompany this song may be found in the Brown & Emerson's Song Book, or teacher can set words to some familiar air.

THIRD SCENE.

Nokomis seats herself by Hiawatha.

THIRD RECITATION.

A child recites part of poem beginning with, “He saw the moon rise from the water” and conclude with the conversation about the owlet.

This portion of the poem may be divided into three parts and recited by different pupils; if preferred, one reciting about the moon, another the rainbow and another the owlet.

FOURTH RECITATION.

Fourth child recites, “Then the little Hiawatha learned of every bird its language” concluding with “Hiawatha's Brothers,” the rabbit and squirrel.

FIFTH RECITATION.

Fifth child recites, “Then Iagoo, the great boaster, the marvelous story teller,” and concludes Iagoo's charge to Hiawatha.

FOURTH SCENE.

Iagoo, a large boy, presents Hiawatha with the bow and arrows.

SIXTH RECITATION.

Pupil begins with “Forth into the forest straightway,” and recites all of the deer hunt if possible. If too long for one

child, divide into two parts. As pupil recites, Hiawatha may walk several times across the room as if following in the tracks of the deer, and then leave the room.

FIFTH SCENE.

Hiawatha appears, grown to manhood, armed with bow and arrows and decorated with paint and feather head dress.

SEVENTH RECITATION.

Hiawatha's manhood, concluding with the line "At each stride, a mile he measured."

EIGHTH RECITATION.

Hiawatha's Fasting, and Present of Corn.

Simplify as far as possible. This may be read or recited by the teacher, given by one pupil, or assigned to several, one pupil giving the first day's experience in the forest, another the second, etc. Cut out all difficult words.

SIXTH SCENE.

Tableau showing corn, as explained elsewhere.

NINTH RECITATION.

• "The White Man's Foot."

Begin with

"Homeward now returned Iago,
The great traveler, the great boaster,
From his wanderings far to eastward,"

and concluding with Hiawatha's charge to the Indians concerning their welcome:

"Give them, when they come to see us,
The heart's right hand of friendship."

TENTH RECITATION.

Hiawtha's welcome to the white men who come to America. Simplify. Omit all that children cannot understand. It may be best for the teacher or a large pupil from another grade to read this or recite it. Begin with,

“By the Shining Big-Sea-Water,
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 In the pleasant summer morning
 Hiawatha stood and waited.”

Omit the rest of the poem as far as the line “From the distant land of Wabun,” and beginning there continue with poem, giving all that pupils will be able to understand and enjoy.

The answer the chief made to the priest makes a good conclusion:

“We have listened to your message,
 We have heard your words of wisdom,
 We will think on what you tell us.
 It is well for us, O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us.”

SEVENTH SCENE.

Enter pupils dressed as Pilgrims and range themselves on one side of table covered with articles of food, or heaped with fruit, vegetables and grain.

Children dressed as Indians follow Pilgrims into the room and seat themselves by the table.

RECITATION.

“Harvest is come.”

HARVEST IS COME.

“Harvest is come. The bins are full,
 The barns are running o’er;
 Both grains and fruits we’ve garnered in
 Till we’ve no space for more.
 We’ve worked and toiled through heat and cold
 To plant, to sow, to reap;
 And now for all this bounteous store
 Let us Thanksgiving keep.”

RECITATION.

“Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of old
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice, and the corn, and the wheat,
The cotton, and sugar, and fruit,
The flower, and the fine honey comb,
The country, so fair and so free,
The blessing and glory of home.”

Final song, “America.” All sing.



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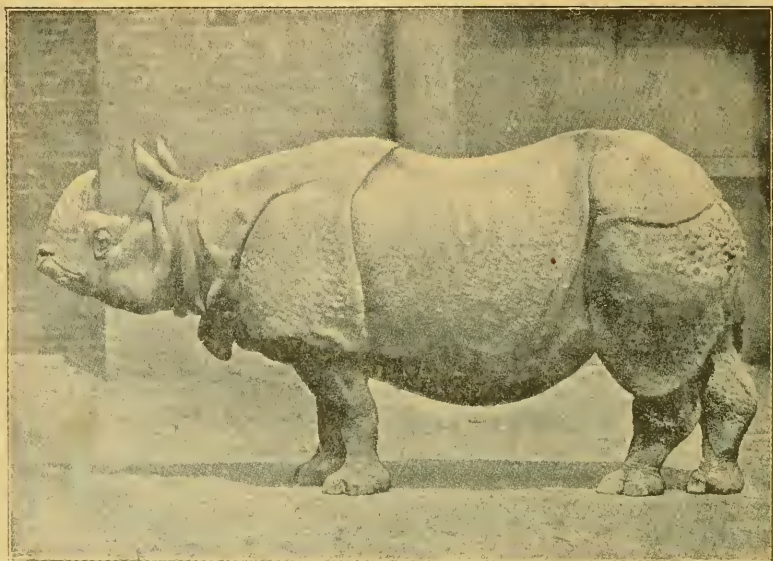
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