

heavy loss from thieves, who have made three attempts to break in and steal the valuables.

Both husband and wife go constantly armed in order to repel such attacks. In spite of his poor treatment Dudley has discharged his trust with a fidelity almost unparalleled. In his possession and entirely subject to his order he has had several thousand dollars' worth of movable chattels, which could readily have been turned into money. These include 400 pieces of solid silver plate, 900 pieces of exquisite hand-painted china, 300 pieces of the best French cut-glass, 1,500 pieces of the finest table and bed-linen, to say nothing of the books, expensive copper cooking utensils, and other equipments of the

car; yet in spite of all his privations he has never yielded to the natural temptation, and can account for every article the company delivered into his care.

Dudley is a man out of the ordinary, an exceptionally clever negro. Born in Ohio, he received a good education and uses excellent English. He is a fine-looking man, and bears some resemblance to Booker T. Washington, the noted negro educator. His wife is white, a Canadian. Dudley met her in Ottawa in 1897, and they were married by a Methodist minister in Springfield.

When Dudley succeeds in collecting the overdue salary they intend removing to Ottawa to take up their permanent residence near Mrs. Dudley's people.

### X.—HOW REDSKINS ACTED "HIAWATHA."

BY FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON.

LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," has been born again. After these many years since the American bard first gave the world of literature the charming

after novel is being put upon the stage, if the Fates have ever consented to work together so picturesquely and harmoniously. It is doubtful, too, if any drama, in recent



CHIEF KABAOSA AND HIS SQUAW, WHO TOOK THE PARTS OF HIAWATHA'S FATHER AND MOTHER.  
From a Photograph.

redskin love-story it has been dramatized, and, stranger than all else, dramatized by the Indians of the Ojibway tribe whence the legend came.

It is doubtful, even in this era when novel

years at least, has been presented by actors in whose veins coursed the blood of those who gave the story birth.

To lovers of the best in literature there comes a strong sense of the eternal fitness of



things in this unique and weird performance. Most touching of all, however, and delightfully in keeping with the sentiment of the occasion, was the fact that among the spectators at the production of the drama were the poet's daughters, Miss Alice Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, as well as eight or ten more distant relatives.

The presentation of "Hiawatha" by the Indians was given on the 25th of August last at Kensington Point, two miles from Desbarates, Canada, in the very heart of the Ojibway land. Kensington Point is one of the daintiest garden spots in Nature. Rock-ribbed, tree-crowned, shrub-fringed, it juts into a northern arm of Lake Huron towards the setting sun. Tiny wooded islands dot the bay, and through them and beyond stretches the lake itself, seemingly as boundless as the ocean.

The stage whereon "Hiawatha" was performed stood near the water's edge at the foot of a gentle slope sparsely grown with rugged trees and covered with a fabric of brown pine-needles entangled in the soft green grasses of the forest. This stage was erected about the base of a woodland giant, whose spreading arms threw a benedictory shadow over the redskin actors underneath. Here and there in the forest aisles were scattered wigwags, and beyond the platform, just where the placid waters kiss a narrow, glimmering ribbon of shore, a fleet of birch

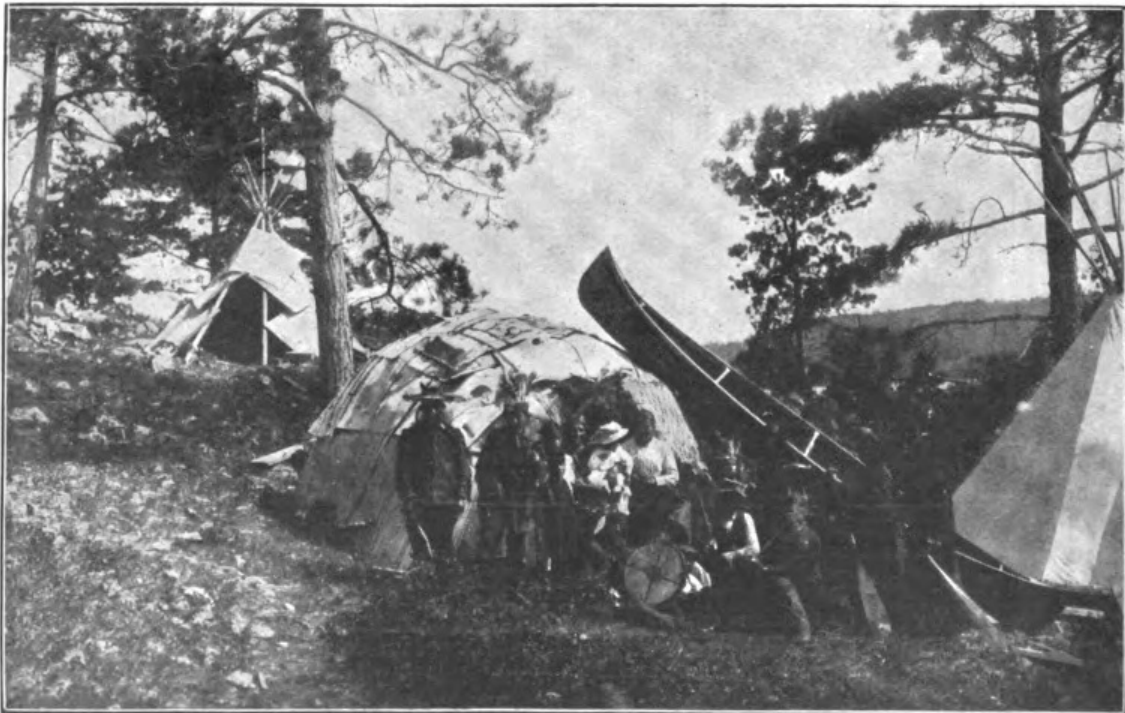
canoes grated nervously on the sand. The town of Desbarates occupies a central position in the land of the Ojibways, which extends from Marquette, Michigan, on the west, to the Ottawa River some miles to the eastward.

That "Hiawatha" might be dramatized was the suggestion of Mr. F. O. Armstrong, of Montreal. He is an ethnologist of considerable note, and it seemed to him that nothing could be more unique than to stage the poem and to train as actors the direct descendants of the Indians who furnished the basis for the story. Mr. Armstrong laid his plans before Mr. F. M. West, a Boston artist and a lover of Indian tradition, and Mr. West received the proposition very enthusiastically.

There were weary weeks of instruction before the participants approached success, but as the days went by perfection grew.

About seventy-five Indians participated in the drama, but of this number only a few played prominent rôles. In the beginning the actors seemed more or less embarrassed by the presence of the Longfellows, but as the play progressed the embarrassment was lost in genuine enthusiasm.

In the initial scene representatives from the tribes of every Indian nation assembled upon the platform in council of war. Almost hideous they were in their stripes of crimson war-paint, their garments of buckskin, and their armament. They approached the plat-



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SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE. HIAWATHA IS ON THE LEFT.

[Photograph.

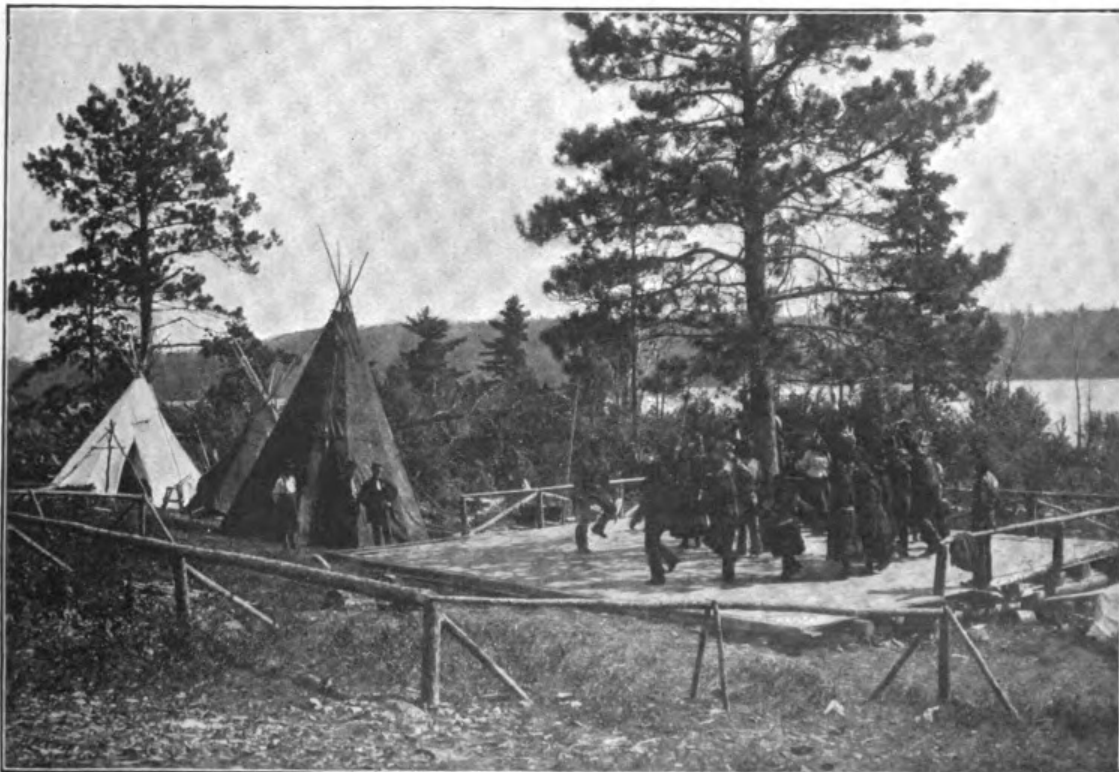


form with that stealth and stolidity which history has long attributed to the redskin. Once there they formed a circle about the massive tree-trunk and engaged in an animated discussion.

Some twenty Indians participated in the council. Having indulged in a universal war-dance the delegates were addressed by Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit, who had caused the meeting to be summoned. He pleaded that peace might descend upon the tribes there represented, and so earnest and heartfelt were his words that at the close the Indians forthwith arose, and as one man stole down the slope to the edge of the lake, where they washed the war-paint away.

art of shooting. A group of his companions watched the proceedings keenly and showed approval, when Hiawatha hit the mark, by clapping their hands and emitting guttural grunts of pleasure. The scene was rather short, but it was a pretty representation of a pretty incident in the poem.

Hiawatha had grown to maturer years in the picture which followed. Meantime, he had made a journey to the distant Rocky Mountains and, returned, was engaged in describing to his tribesmen the incidents in his travels. He spoke of Minnehaha, the aged arrow-maker's daughter, and told of his intention to return again to the wigwam of her father in the days not far away. Hiawatha



From a]

THE DANCE AT HIAWATHA'S WEDDING.

[Photograph.

Having in such a manner sworn allegiance to the bond, the Indian file wound back again to the platform and squatted down to smoke the pipe of peace. One after another drew from the smouldering bowl a puff of significant vapour, blew it forth again, and passed the brierwood to his neighbour. Then the Indians left their places in preparation for the following scene.

Here young Hiawatha made his entrance. A lad some eight or nine years old took the part of the hero. With old Nokomis standing near, the boy first set arrow to bow-string and received his initial instructions in the

mapped out his journey with bits of charcoal on parchments of birch, and pictured his adventures mutely with rude illustrations.

In the next scene Hiawatha was setting out on his second journey to the arrow-maker's tent. The old man's wigwam stood in one of the forest paths a few yards distant from the stage. This distance Hiawatha travelled, and having thus crossed the mountains safely he arrived once more at the home of his loved one. Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," stood near by in the doorway, and there the young brave told his tale of love and devotion, and there he wooed and won



his redskin bride. Light and life and novelty brightened the wooing of the maiden, and the picture was one of the most charming of all.

The wedding feast was celebrated afterwards in a manner almost startling. The strange, fantastic dances, doubly weird because of the participants, added greatly to the strength of the drama. First of all came the wedding-dance itself, a bit of terpsichorean revelry at once unique in conception and remarkable in execution. An aged squaw with an ugly-looking tomahawk zealously guarded a group of Indian maidens from the

kneeling in a light canoe of birch. The Indians caught sight of the stranger and went immediately to greet him. He was taken to a wigwam near the water and offered refreshments, after which he went to the assembled tribesmen on the platform and addressed them in the Ojibway tongue.

This scene was followed by the most charming of all. It was the climax of the drama, the last farewell of Hiawatha and his departure.

The sun was sinking to sleep down the western sky, and the shadows of the pine trees crept, almost imperceptibly, up the



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HIAWATHA, MINNEHAHA, AND THE OLD CHIEF.

[Photograph.

youthful warriors who would carry them away. One by one, however, the girls were stolen, despite the old woman's vigilant care and her ever-ready blows.

The Deer dance followed. This was significant of plenty for Hiawatha and Minnehaha. It may most aptly be described as a fast and furious Indian hornpipe. The Snake dance, intended to appease the evil spirits, was succeeded by the Gambling dance, a creation both strange and startling.

In their dances the Ojibways scarcely lift their feet from the floor. They seem rather to glide about with an undulating motion which makes the watcher almost dizzy.

In the following scene an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Clark, took the part of the missionary. He came suddenly into view from around the rock-strewn point,

grassy hillside. The islands on the thither shore were growing indistinct. Afternoon was melting into night.

Hiawatha walked forth from his companions, and told them boldly that he must go away. He spoke of the long miles of travel before him, and of his absence about to begin. Then, taking his paddle, he descended the slope, stepped into his canoe, and waving a last farewell, glided down the dying pathway of the sunshine.

Fixed, erect, immovable, he stood in the birchen craft as a statue on its pedestal, and with every moment the ribbon of sand receded more and more :—

Westward, westward, Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

#### XI.—MR. MEESE'S MARRIAGE SOCIETY.

THE strangest society in the United States, the Meese Matrimonial Association, is now preparing for its great annual reunion, and within a few days Auburn, Indiana, United

States of America, will be the scene of this peculiar celebration.

The society is composed exclusively of couples who have been married by the vener-