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HIAWATHA

The Indian Passion Play



SOUVENIR
PROGRAM

*Dramatization of Longfellow's Poem ✻ Produced by
Indians of all Nations*

PERSONAL DIRECTION OF MR. F. E. MOORE



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HIAWATHA

The Indian Passion Play

AS a means of presenting the Legends, Myths and Customs of the North American Indian in a concrete dramatic form, Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha has been chosen. In some instances it has been found expedient to use other material or to vary the form of that used, but in no case has any change been made without excellent authority, so that Hiawatha as presented here is an authentic reproduction of Indian Folk Lore.

The characters are given the names used by Longfellow and each player is a full-blooded Indian, to whom the performance is as solemn as the Passion Play is to the peasant-actor of Oberammergau. The presentation may be classed as a Masque—the lines of the poem being declaimed or chanted while the players perform their parts, speaking and singing in their native tongue.

“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,
Groping 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.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hiawatha.....the prophet sent by Gitche Manito
 Minnehaha..sent to complete Hiawatha's mission in uniting all warlike nations
 Chibiabos.....the beautiful singer; assistant to Hiawatha
 Kwasind.....power for good and evil, controlled at last by Hiawatha
 Iagoo.....the story teller and boaster, teacher of the Little Hiawatha
 Nokomis.....grandmother of Hiawatha
 The Ancient Arrow-Maker.....father of Minnehaha
 Mudjekeewis.....father of Hiawatha
 Pau-Pau-Keewis...the bad, opposite of Hiawatha, in the end controlled by him
 The Black Robe,
 Many assistants of Hiawatha and Pau-Puk-Keewis.

OPENING SCENE

An Indian Village. Wigwam of old Nokomis. Wigwam of the Ancient Arrow-Maker. Dwelling place of Gitche Manito.

From the top of Gitche Manito's dwelling place a dense smoke rises from the fire lighted by the Great Spirit, a signal for all nations to assemble and hear his message.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
 Through the tranquil air of morning,
 First a single line of darkness,
 Then a denser, bluer vapor,
 Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
 Like the tree-tops of the forest,
 Ever rising, rising, rising,
 Till it touched the top of heaven,
 Till it broke against the heaven,
 And rolled outward all around it.
 * * * * *

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
 From the Valley of Wyoming,
 From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
 From the Northern lakes and rivers,
 All the tribes beheld the signal,



Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
 Came the warriors of the nations,
 Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
 Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
 Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
 Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
 Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
 Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
 All the warriors drawn together

* * *



Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

The voice of the Great Spirit says:

“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 trout 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 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 you 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,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together
And as brothers live henceforward.”

The warriors satisfied with the promises throw down their weapons and wash off the war-paint. They gather around the ceremonial fire.



Gitchie Manito seeing their willingness to comply with his requests breaks a piece of the red pipe stone of his dwelling place, forms it into a pipe and says: "Look at this pipe, it is red like your faces. Whenever you smoke this pipe you must all be friendly with each other." This is the Ojibway legend of the peace-pipe; all other nations have similar legends. The chief takes the pipe, lights it at the council fire which is always left burning to carry away the message to the Great Spirit. After appealing to the god of his people he offers it to the warriors.

They refuse to take the pipe because their god has not been appealed to. When the chief realizes this he overcomes the difficulty by appealing to the god of the north, the south, the east and the west, the sun and the moon, the sky over his head and the earth beneath his feet and then he feels that he has reached them all. They now take the pipe. No Indian will take more than two or three puffs at the peace-pipe, although if necessary it may pass around several times. No one will stay in the circle that is not friendly to the cause under discussion but will get up and leave the circle. The action made by the warrior when he passes the pipe is that always made by his people, and if you are a student of the Indian you can tell by the action made by the head, hand, lips or some part of the body to what tribe he belongs.

The Ojibway legends say the wise men sat there three hundred years waiting the coming of the prophet promised by Gitche Manito; others say the time was much shorter, some claiming only a few weeks.

While sitting here they discuss the words of wisdom of the Great Spirit and await the coming of the prophet, each believing he will come from his country. Living there in their midst is old Nokomis.

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water."

Scene II

Coming of the Prophet

None of the warriors suspected Nokomis of knowing anything of the coming of the prophet so you can imagine their surprise when one day she walks out of her wigwam, bearing in her arms the little Hiawatha in his linden cradle. She sings a lullaby hundreds of years old:

"Hush! the Naked Bear will get 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!"

The wise men select Iagoo as teacher of the little Hiawatha and celebrate his coming with ceremonial songs and dances. Not fully realizing the meaning of his coming, they begin with a very fierce dance, but by the magic influence of Hiawatha the music is stopped, the dance is not finished, but they immediately begin one of their most sacred ceremonial dances.



Scene III

Hiawatha's Childhood

Five years are supposed to elapse between scenes 2 and 3. Iagoo has made for Hiawatha a bow of ash tree, and arrows of the oak tree, so when he has reached the age of five he is given his first lesson in shooting and dancing. The warriors celebrate the fact that he has learned to shoot and to dance in one of their ceremonial dances, Hiawatha being carried on the shoulders of the most powerful Indian in the tribe as a post of honor. The boyhood days of Hiawatha are spent very much the same as all other Indian boys; he learns of the different birds their language, where they build their nests in summer, where they go to live in winter, and when he has reached the age of eighteen he goes into the forest to fast. The Indian believes that at this period the Great Spirit will tell the boy what he is to be when he becomes a man. Hiawatha remained in the forest seven days. The fifth, sixth and seventh day he wrestles with Mondamin, finally overcoming him and brings into existence the corn.

“And made known unto his people this new gift of the Great Spirit.”

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. “They esteem it so important and divine a grain,” says Schoolcraft, “that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibway-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, on coming to manhood.

Scene IV

Hiawatha's Wooing

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.
* * * * *

“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!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis;
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers.”



"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 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.
 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;
 Often is there war between us.
 "For that reason, if no other,
 Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
 That our tribes might be united,
 And old wounds be healed forever."

Thus departed Hiawatha
 To the land of the Decotahs,
 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 outrun his footsteps;
 And he journeyed without resting,
 Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
 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,
 'Twixt 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.





At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future,
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glaring 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!"

Then arose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and sat 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 Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,



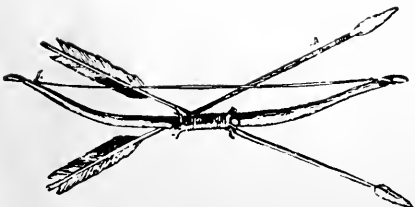
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest 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;

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 follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"



Scene V

Hiawatha's Wedding Feast

Nokomis has decorated her wigwam for the wedding festivities, and sent out invitations all over the country. Nokomis and the guests welcome Hiawatha and Minnehaha and the festivities begin with the wedding dance. All the nations are represented, so warriors of different tribes are called upon to take part.

(All dances introduced have been indulged in by the Indians for hundreds of years; some of them are here seen by white people for the first time.)

Pau-Puk-Keewis is called upon to dance the beggar's dance.



"Dance for us O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
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,
And our guests be more contented!"

(The festivities conclude with a war dance.)

Pau-Puk-Keewis, resolves he will break up the marriage festivities. His plan is to engage the warriors in a gambling game, which, after many difficulties, he succeeds in doing. Iagoo, supposed to be the best man, is the one who gives way and yields to temptation, loses all the risks and in his desperation puts up his nephew, "Face-in-a-Mist." Pau-Puk-Keewis wins the boy—makes him his slave—marriage festivities broken up.



As soon as the warriors are out of sight Pau-Puk-Keewis steps in—Chief gone—warriors all away—he taunts Minnehaha at door of wigwam of Nokomis Nokomis tired of his mischief making threatens him.—He laughs at her.—She calls for the warriors, and Pau-Puk-Keewis realizes for the first time in his life what it is to be without friends. Pau-Puk-Keewis seeks refuge in the dwelling place of Gitche Manito.



Warriors follow. Pau-Puk-Keewis realizes his position and begs for help. No one hears and when the war clubs are lifted Pau-Puk-Keewis is changed to a beaver. The warriors not knowing of this change leap to the water below but the beaver escapes and goes down into the dam.

When the dam is torn to pieces, the war club raised over the great beaver, Hiawatha lifts his magic hand and the beaver is changed back to Pau-Puk-Keewis. Pau-Puk-Keewis appreciates what has been done for him and tells Hiawatha he is his friend. He gives up the war club that has been the cause of so much trouble, and dances the dance of repentance; in this dance he begs the forgiveness of his enemies and implores the Great Spirit to help him. This is a dance seldom seen by white people.

Two legends are introduced here not in Longfellow's poem.

Scene VI

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,
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!

Minnehaha is sick; the ghosts, famine and fever enter the wigwam.



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.

Hiawatha goes into the forest returning with what little food he has found, he places it at the side of the sick Minnehaha, but before she has a chance to taste it the ghosts put in their bony fingers and take it for themselves. Hiawatha questions Nokomis about the guests, but all that she can answer is that they came in when the door was open. (This is a good picture of the hospitality of the Indian. The door is never locked, and the stranger may come in and stay as long as he pleases without being questioned.)

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
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,
"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,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snow fields, waste and pathless,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted.

When he returned all the pine trees were wailing, the waters on the shore of Gitehe Gumee sobbing, old Nokomis is crying."

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him.

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,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.



Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,

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,
 From his doorway Hiawatha
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
 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!"

Scene VII

The White Man's Foot

Iagoo returns and has wonderful stories to tell.



"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,
 Locked 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!"

Hiawatha tells them that what Iagoo says is true.
 Coming of the Black Robe. A voice is heard in the distance and coming
 nearer.

"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!"

Hiawatha welcomes the white man.



Scene VIII

Hiawatha's Departure

Hiawatha fully realizes that his work is finished and bidding farewell to Nokomis and all of the people, takes his place in his canoe and without paddle or sail goes away in the sinking sun.

“And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed 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 for ever!”
Said, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!





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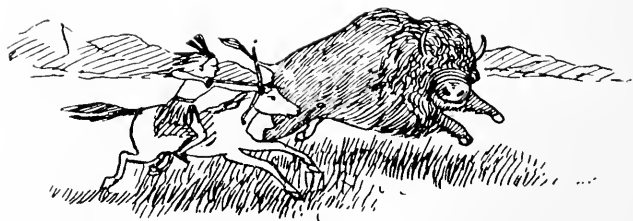
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