

sometimes beat them on each other, sometimes on the ground or on his blanket, while the leader tapped gently on his drum, or pounded away with all his might, accordingly as the voices were soft or loud. The men's voices sounded somewhat harsh as they grunted out their notes, but those of the women were rich and musical. In the choruses, and whenever the instruments were used, all of the band joined in the song and the

Hi, yen, ah, ha, ha, ah, ah, ha,  
Ho, oh, oh, oh, hi, yen, ah!

which followed every verse of every song was amusing, if not according to the strict rules of harmony as we know them. The words sung we could not understand, but some of them seemed to be impromptu, while others were familiar to all the native hearers. But new or old, there was no break down in any vocal effort.

This is not, however, all there is of Indian music. Jewish history informs us that Jubal was the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ," and he was probably the first to reduce music to rules. But harmonious vocalism is as common among all the races as are the utterances of speech by the vocal organs. The American Indian is naturally musical. Between him and the races of the Old World there occurs in the art of singing the same coincidence that is found in various other respects. The rendering of psalms as a manifestation of devotion characterized the Jews from the earliest period of their existence, and so the like custom of singing on devotional occasions and for the purposes of praises and fidelity to the Great Spirit, prevailed among the American Indian tribes. Their prayers and praises at all religious feasts and ceremonies were addressed to superior beings in songs.

As with civilized people now, this singing was accompanied with the utterance of words set to peculiar music. There were songs for feasts and dances, for festive or solemn occasions. Of the latter class is the noted death song, which every Indian sings when warned of approaching death, or when convinced that the end of his mortal career is at hand. So also there are stated songs for each important undertaking in war or peace. These effusions, whatever purpose they are adapted to, usually consist of a few short phrases, which are many times repeated, thus dwelling long and frequently on the same idea. Indian poetry is the language of excitement and the expression of passion. Rhyme and measure are lacking, but the utterance of the words is accompanied by modulations of the voice which constitute singing.

In his celebrated Song of Hiawatha, Longfellow gives perfect expression to the style of Indian poetry. This is the peculiar feature of this masterly production of the famous poet, as can be readily seen by comparison with translations of Indian examples. Says he:

Should you ask me, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rustling of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains,  
I should answer, I should tell you, etc.

Here is a literal translation of part of the song of an Indian woman of the Blackfoot tribe, to the spirit of her son, who was killed on his first war party:

O my son, farewell!  
You have gone beyond the great river,  
Your spirit is on the other side of the sand buttes,  
I will not see you for a hundred winters.  
You will scalp the enemy in the green prairie,  
Beyond the great river.  
When the warriors of the Blackfoot meet,  
When they smoke the medicine pipe and dance the war dance,  
They will ask, "Where is Iathumaka?"  
Where is the bravest of the Mississippi?"  
He fell on the war path,  
Many scalps will be taken for your death,  
The Crows will lose many horses,  
Their women weep for their braves, etc.

This dirge, when sung in a plaintive minor key, and in wild, irregular rhyme, is even more impressive than a war song:

Full happy am I, to be slain and to lie,  
On the enemy's side of the line to lie!  
Full happy am I—full happy am I,  
On the enemy's side of the line to lie, etc.

In singing, the most exact time is kept, and where the syllables of the words are insufficient for the measure, short interjections, as ha, ha, ho, ho, yen, etc., having no particular meaning, supply the deficiency. The war songs particularly are highly figurative, and confined to a certain class of music. Even the dreaded war whoop is musical, and limited to well defined and clearly articulated notes.

Various musical instruments have been met with among different tribes of Indians. There is a variety of drums, from the one already described to the sacred drum, which is made of the hollow trunk of a tree, about two feet long, one end being headed with a board, and the other with dressed deer skin. Rattles of different kinds are used, one of a peculiar form being constructed of deer hoofs. A number of these hoofs are strung together, a small hole being bored in the narrow end of each, and tied on a short stick. The music or rattling is produced by jerking them up and down. The sound is about as pleasing as drawing a file across a saw, though of a different character. Another kind of rattle is made of a gourd-shell, wherein beans or pebbles are placed to produce the desired sound.

Then there is the "mystery whistle," which is common to many tribes, and which is so ingeniously made as to baffle all efforts to learn how the sound is produced, though it be played for hours in the presence of white men eager to learn the secret. But this is never ascertained except by getting an explanation from one who understands the method of performing. This whistle has a peculiarly sweet and liquid sound.

In their music and dances the Indians show a good perception of time, and measure it with much exactness. In their music there is one prevailing and constantly recurring sound, from which the other sounds vary by all manner of irregular intervals. But the tune as we comprehend it is sadly deficient, as the Indians have no knowledge of natural intervals of tones and semi-tones. But they can sing in their way, and there is music, governed by certain well defined rules as to time, quantity of sound, and modulations of the voice. It is novel, interesting;

sometimes amusing, sometimes sorrowful, but nearly always impressive.

GRÆME.

### SANPETE STAKE CONFERENCE.

The regular quarterly conference of the Sanpete stake was held on the 11th and 12th of February, 1893, commencing at 10 a. m. on the 11th.

There were present at the opening, O. J. Fjeldsted of the presidency of the Seventies, Capute Peterson and counselors of the stake, members of the High Council, Bishops of wards, etc., and of the Apostles, F. M. Lyman and A. H. Lund. Elder Whitaker came in during the afternoon meeting of Saturday.

After the usual opening exercises the Bishops reported their wards, each giving an exceptionally good report of his ward, the majority of the members thereof manifesting an increased desire to show their faith by their works.

Elder Peterson said he believed the Bishops had reported the wards as well as could be done in the time they had occupied, and he was satisfied with their reports.

The statistical and Sunday school reports were read.

The General and stake authorities of the Church were sustained by unanimous vote. The names of twenty-one seventies were presented and they were sustained to be ordained High Priests.

Elders C. J. Fjeldsted, F. M. Lyman, Whitaker, and H. Beal addressed the conference in the order as above.

After the close of the third meeting for the day, conference adjourned to 10 a. m. Sunday.

Sunday, 10 a. m.—Elder A. H. Lund read from the Doctrine and Covenants, fifty-ninth section, and said none would receive the promised blessings but those who labor with an eye single to the glory of God. He exhorted the Saints to cultivate charity for each other.

Elder Lyman said we had been edified in listening to Elder Lund, and were also edified yesterday in listening to Bishop Ried, who remarked that the veterans in the Church were passing away. But, said the speaker, there will always be plenty of veterans to carry on the work—as one body of veterans pass away a more numerous body will have arisen to take their place. He spoke upon the difficulty sometimes experienced in filling the office of Bishop, as a Bishop is always with the people, hence the people become fully acquainted with him. In relation to the veterans passing away, he said that there was no cause for sorrow when they had been faithful till death. When he died he wished that all Israel could rejoice that he had kept the faith, and that it should be the same with him as it was with Elder Erastus Snow—the feeling was we could not spare him. As a counselor, as a colonizer, as a legislator, his services were of the greatest value; yet this is the work of God, and as one man passes away another is prepared. God has arranged it that this shall be so. The place of our birth and the family in which we should be born was no accident. All are under the control of our great Head. He exhorted the Saints that if difficulties arise to settle them themselves, as that