

Article
written for the
Wide Awake

No. 11.

Subject
Mission Indians of
San Bernardino

Three
months for the
Misses

1881

Charles
Misses
Charles

Mission Indians of Southern California.

The Pal Atingue # School.

Preparations for an Indian Festival.

Chapter 1.

Let me introduce you, dear young Readers of the "Wide Awake" to a school-scene, which I think is a little peculiar and will interest you. We shall see.

"Oh children, thank you ever so much! -- Why, here are four, five, no -- six letters. I am so glad!"

This was the exclamation of a ^{poor} tired teacher, who, as the little epistles were handed up, took them with a kind word and smile for each child.

Now my young friends will ask, "why did they write letters when the teacher was right there?" It will be plain to you when you know that the writers were Indian children. They had not been at school very long and had no way of practising at home what they had studied, so they found it more difficult to speak than to write. Besides, Indian children ^{are} almost always bashful, especially about talking.

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Notes. Pal Ahingee means hot water or rather water not.

minded the teacher of: "Juliana, you come to-morrow morning to sweep." There was no janitor and so the girls, arranged in order as on an Army-roster, came a little earlier for the necessary cleaning. This little witch had purposely hidden to attract Miss A---'s attention. Now, with a rippling laugh the child nodded her assent. Thus in some coquettish way the little one, whose duty it was to sweep, when the teacher chanced to forget, gave her a reminder. After it there might be a pout, yet given in a very charming and smiling style, peculiar to such tiny savages.

The usual good-byes were at last exchanged. They did not leave their small, low, adobe schoolroom like a flock of sheep, as I have seen so many white children rush from their schools. Oh no! One by one they rose and said politely: "Good bye Miss A---."

Miss A---. gently and patiently replied to each "Good bye Angelita, good bye Salvadora, Chica, Nieves, Celsa, Desiderio, Francisco, Gabriel" and so on to the last. You should hear how softly and musically these Spanish names are pronounced.

She was their only teacher. In fact there was no other white person within four miles of the school, except one, who had himself become an Indian. There were thirty seven pupils; some were no longer children, but came to school all the same and tried hard to learn.

When alone, the teacher read the letters. As it is not polite to peep over her shoulder, even to read the letters of little Indians, we must wait a while for their contents.



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Miss A---. was scrupulously careful to answer these letters, so as to encourage the children. She loved to watch their faces when they read her replies. One child would display an air of mixed joy and pride (it might be called almost condescension) as she let first one, then another playmate read her letter received. Sometimes the recipient could not understand some one word. She would then generally get its meaning from Chica or Salvadora who were the most proficient of the girls.

The next morning the second bell had rung when, first the girls and then the boys came in, acting with the same politeness as when they said good bye the previous afternoon. "Good morning Miss A--" with a bright smile each one pleasantly said, and passed to the seat assigned.

Miss A---. may not like it, this telling tales out of school, but we must have things as they are. Her school began with this Chorus: "God bless us and help us in our work -- God bless and help Mr.S---. and all people." Mr. S---. had said those words to the teacher and she had transferred them to her school. We believe that a blessing strong and deep was felt, not only by the children, but by all others who entered this queer little structure.

Once a mean man asked the writer: "Have Indians souls?" Being a little quick-tempered, he replied with emphasis "if you have one yourself, you ought to know." No souls are more responsive than those of these Indian children.

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As in all schools the roll was next called. It showed but a small attendance. Miss A---. enquired for absentees. She received some funny answers -- for example "Carolina, where is your brother? "Please, Miss A--. he must to go to hunt rabbits."

Miss A---. then said, "before you take your books, children, I must tell you something. When I received so many letters, yesterday, I said that I was very glad; well, so I was; but people should not say they are glad before they know what their letters contain. Now let us read those letters, I hope that Angelita and the others whose letters I read will excuse me if I let you all hear what they wrote. First Angelita's

Pal Atingue November 29th. 1884.

My dear loving teacher.

I must try and to you write a nice little letter please Miss A---. I can not come to school to-morrow I must to go to grind acorns for the fist and I love you very much and I am very sorry from your little friend child

Angelita.

After correcting this letter Miss A. read a second.

Pal Atingue Thursday

Dear Miss A. Friday will be a big feast and my father tell me to go to cut brush there will come to our feast all the friend people from Ash- wat pateeah from San Carlos and Soo-ish Pok-eh and

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all from neighbors Please Miss A. I can not come here to morrow
from your loving friend

Desiderio.

I do not think my specimens would be complete without Chica's
letter.

Pal Atingue

November 1884

My dear teacher and friend

All the children write to you and because you always are
glad to get my letter I write two you are my dear friend and teach-
er and I would rather come here then stay home and I love you very
much you give us so kind words I have your pictur and I say to the
pictur when you are away good morning Miss A. I hope you will be
happy with my nice little letter and I send you a little picture
and I say good bye. From your dear loving

Chica.

Chica hung her head and seemed much ashamed. "Chica, dear, do
not look so sad, my little chicken," said Miss A. "your letter is
lovely and it made me happy indeed."

What troubled Chica was to have her letter published to the
school. She was the only one of the writers present.

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come to here to school there is a very big "fiste", and I must help
my mother and cook so many friend people is coming and we cry and
dance and make fire and burn and then happy."

Florida adds her mite: "I will not please come to school in the

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Florida adds her mite: "I will not please come to school in Friday we make big feast for all the dead people. I help my ant and wash my clothes and my little brother clothes I like feast we eat and sing in the night make fire and dance and calico and basket\$. I try very hard I am very bad girl from your loving little friend

Florida

"Domingo" (Sunday in Spanish) gives us a little further insight into this feast business: "This morning I do not come to school my father tell me to cut wood for the feast -----feasts Friday Saturday and Sunday until all is eat. All people make food and help and all happy my cousins come from his house on other side mountain I am *all good people are glad* very glad and bad people not glad never.

The other letters were of a piece with these and we will not insert them.

Miss A. when she had finished reading remarked, "well, I think these letters all very nice, but I am sorry that there are so few children here to day. Had I known just what the letters contained I hardly think that I would have been so glad. I suppose that others did not write because they did not know in time that they were to be absent. I hope that no one is detained from coming, through illness. Leon and Sylverio were here this morning and told me that Gregorio and Ramon had to help the Alcaldes. Josefa and Roman requested that Jacinta and Marta be excused to help their mothers. Now I want to ask a few questions, but please dear children

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Speak quickly and do not let me wait for an answer. You see it takes too long and time is — what have I told you that time is? Do you know Martina?" "No ma-am." "You?" (silence for an answer.) "You Chica?" "Money." "Yes time is money, don't you see? Do you understand Tranquilino?" "No ma-am." "Well, when you go to the Rancho to work, and you work for a day or two; or for a week, what does Mr. L---. give you?" --Silence---"Tranquilino, tell me how much do you get if you help Mr. L. put that stuff (medecine) on the sheep's backs; that is, if you work all day?" "Seventy-five cents." "Well, you see, your day is worth seventy-five cents. By and by, if you come to school and learn and can do better work, or work that pays better, you will get more. Mr. L. gets three or four dollars every day for his labor. He has to do a great deal of work. He drives around to see all the sheep-camps; he has to provide all the herders with food and fuel. He takes their Mail to them and sees that these poor fellows, who live quite alone with their dogs and their flocks are made as comfortable as possible, and much they need his care, for the camps are three or four miles apart and they dwell in huts only seven or eight feet square."

We think our young readers would not like this sheep-herder's life.

"Now you see, children, Mr. L. has a great deal of thinking to do, and writing also and counting. He has a book in which he writes down all the money he pays to the Indians who work, to the

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shepherds, the carpenters, the teamsters and to any others whom he employs. Then whatever is bought for the use of all these people has to be remembered against the time the Patron ("The Boss") comes. He wants to know just where the money goes. When Mr. L. was a boy he went to school, studied hard and so now he earns a good deal in a short time. Do you understand now how "time is money?" "Yesma-am." "And you Bautista?" "Yes ma-am." That is right! and now I want you to study very hard, so that by and by you may all become rich. And you must not stop too long before you speak."

One who has had the opportunity and taken enough interest in Indians to watch their expressions of their faces can tell whether or not they understand. The children evidently comprehended what Miss A-. tried to get into their heads.

"And now, Salvadora, please give the B Class their ^{green} books as quickly as possible." Miss A. has to say "Silence! Silence! Not so much noise, --or are you going to begin your fiesta already?" This question was a perfect antidote to the "Silence" (which had been instantly obeyed) and a merry laugh went all around till a stern look from Miss A. checked it. The room now became so still that you could hear plainly the ticking of the clock.

Little friends, try and count how many times you can hear the clock tick; or try and count how many times your poor teacher has to say "silence!" or remember the little Indians when at home. Surely you do not mean to be outdone by them!

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"Now, B Class, go on with your writing. Little Class take your slates and pencils and write what is on the black-board."

"Please Miss A. can I go to sharpen my slate-pencil."

"Yes Teresa, but be careful for we have only very few left".

"Please Miss A. -----"

"Well what is it"please" what do you mean by please, child?"
Silence for an answer; but two coal-black eyes look speakingly at a very dull point of the writing utensil.

"Oh, you must try to tell me what you want, --- how can I guess it. I am not an ~~#~~hechicero like old Pio!"

What a perfect shout arose at this! All the children knew that Miss A. understood very well what little Valentine wanted (i.e. to sharpen his pencil.) but he would not talk when he could possibly help it.

"Now Valentine, try very hard to tell me. ---- What have you in your hand?"

"State- pencil."

"Well, what about the Slate-pencil?"

"Sharp."

"Yes, sharp-en." Where do the children sharpen their slate-pencils when it does not rain?"

"Go out, can I go out?"

"Yes Valentin; now tell me all of it nicely."

"Please Miss A. can I go out, sharpen slate-pencil?"

"Yes, remember this for the next time; and will you, Francisco

Note. Hechicero
mean wizard

please go with Valentina and teach him how to sharpen his slate-pencil, without grinding off too much of it."

I seem to hear some child ask: "How in the world do these Indian children sharpen their pencils?" I will tell you; they rub them, turning them all the while on a rock outside the schoolhouse. They work at it till the pencils are almost as sharp as needles. In the school-room the operation would have made too much dust and noise

"Oh! how late it is! Class "A" take your -----Ah, that is splendid, dear children, you have already taken your histories, now we will try and do all we can in the little time before recess."

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Chapter II.

The Acorns. The Bellota. The Sacks and Nets.

We have spent more time in the school-room than I had intended, so let us leave the teacher and children to their Histories, green books and slates.

We go out of the school-house and turning to the left soon come to the place where the "little friend-child," Angelita, was present with her acorns.

Perhaps a good many of my young readers do not know that Bellota, (pronounced bay-o-tah) is these Indian's favorite food and was in former times their great staple. In the proper season, that is in the last week in October, and the first two weeks of November the acorns are gathered. As they do not grow quite near the Indian village, the people in regular companies go up to the mountains with their ponies and burros (small sized donkeys) and bring them down. Often old women and a few of the men, each carry a large sack filled with acorns. You see the sacks hanging from their foreheads. To prevent the rope from cutting into the flesh a funny little dunce-cap basket of strong material is worn.

When you consider that in this way an Indian woman carries a hundred pounds or more down the steep mountain on her back, over a difficult trail where many white men would be obliged to dismount from their horses, you can understand the pains they take to collect their "Bellota" and how much they like it.

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and other burdens are carried in this way, in nets like that in which Helen Hunt's "Ramona" carried her possessions away from her home when she fled from the implacable Señora.

The acorns, left in the sun to dry, are afterwards stored in large baskets. These are woven out of willow twigs, and with their contents set up on trestle-work, five or six feet high. This is a precaution against rats and squirrels, for they like acorns. Goats and even cows do not despise them, particularly during the winter months. Then the dampness of the ground would spoil them; remember the baskets are water-proof. A day or two before the grinding is to be done, the necessary quantity is taken from the baskets and shelled. Generally in the evening a whole family gathers around a blazing fire. They crack them with a stone on a larger one, and take off the outer shells. There remains a sort of skin inside, which must also be removed. This is done by thoroughly drying the kernels and rubbing them hard between the hands. That takes off the skin and then a portion is put on a flat basket, shaped like a tea-tray, and then thrown up in the wind. This winnowing causes the heavy kernels to fall back while the chaff is blown away. This operation requires a great deal of dexterity to prevent the kernels from falling to the ground.

Now the acorns are ready for the grinding. Early in the morning, the women, generally five or six in a group, each accompanied by three or four children, and dogs uncounted, go up the hillside to a place where nature has provided ample grindstones. Here is a

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ledge of dark granitic rock, flat on top and very hard. In it, I think, there are eight cavities or mortars worn into the stone. The women usually carry their own pestles, and a pestle fits a particular mortar. Leaving the children to take good care of the babies and of the lunch, hung up on some sumac or other bush, out of the reach of the half-starved dogs, the women squat down, like tailors when sewing, and lifting the heavy pestle, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, they let it fall upon the acorns in the mortar; it does not take long to crush them in this way into fine meal. Water has to be carried to moisten the meal. As this stamping or grinding is pretty hard work it is not done in a hurry. It may take them three or four hours, according to the quantity to be ground.

Next we descend from the ledge and are bound for the "Pal Atingue," (water hot). On our way we notice several of the children putting some coarse but nice and clean gravel into bags and baskets. We refrain from asking the purpose of this, however curious we might be, for perhaps the Indians could not speak English or Spanish enough to explain. Very soon however we see for ourselves. The naturally hot water rises at the foot of a low sand-hill and bubbles up out of a mass of rocks. Now the party stopped at the top of this little sand elevation. They put their several burdens down and we see how eight or ten pairs of brown hands are digging in the sand. "Dear me! what are those people going to do?" we ask ourselves. It took the diggers less time, dear children, to do their

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Next we descended from the ledge and are bound for the "Pai Atlatl" (water hole). On our way we notice several of the children putting some coarse but nice and clean gravel into bags and baskets. We refrain from asking the purpose of this, however curious we might be, for perhaps the Indians could not speak English or Spanish enough to explain. Very soon however we see for ourselves. The naturally hot water rises at the foot of a low sand-hill and bubbles up out of a mass of rocks. Now the party stopped at the top of this little sand elevation. They put their several burdens down and we see how eight or ten pairs of brown hands are digging in the sand. "Hear me! what are these people going to do?" we ask ourselves. It took the diggers less time, dear children, to do their

work, than it takes to tell you. Well, they made sort of basins in the sand, then took the gravel and lined the basins and at last poured in the acorn-meal. While some were doing this, others were carrying the hot water up the hill in all kinds of vessels, from the home-made earthen jar, to old tin tomato-cans. The small ones seemed anxious to get their tins emptied quickly, so that they could go for more. What a droll sight it was, those little fellows running in the deep sand, and spilling as they ran more water than they had left in their cans, and ever ready to go for a new supply! Their simple costume (perhaps it was the latest style) was for each a shirt and nothing else, and this rather short. Perhaps its brevity was intended to give freedom to the limbs; and shapely little limbs they were. What a happy lot of people! How much we wished that we could understand what they were saying; for nearly all the time they were joking and laughing in the pleasantest way imaginable. The water-carriers, little and big, were kept busy pouring in their water, which had a very strong odor of sulphur, letting it drip slowly and carefully into the acorn-meal.

As we have seen the basins made, we know that they have no such bottoms as would stop the water from soaking through. In filtering, it is wonderful how entirely this sulphur-water takes away from the meal the bitter taste. You remember the peculiar bitterness of acorns whether green or dry. The Indians succeed in remov-

work, than it takes to tell you. Well, they made sort of basins in the sand, then took the gravel and lined the basins and at last poured in the scum-meat. While some were doing this, others were carrying the hot water up the hill in all kinds of vessels, from the home-made earthen jar, to old tin tomato-cans. The small ones seemed anxious to get their tins emptied quickly, so that they could go for more. What a droll sight it was, those little fellows running in the deep sand, and spilling as they ran more water than they had left in their cans, and ever ready to go for a new supply! Their simple costume (perhaps it was the latest style) was for each a shirt and nothing else, and tails rather short. Perhaps its brevity was intended to give freedom to the limbs; and shapely little limbs they were. What a happy lot of people! How much we wished that we could understand what they were saying; for nearly all the time they were joking and laughing in the pleasantest way imaginable. The water-carriers, little and big, were kept busy pouring in their water, which had a very strong odor of sulphur, feeling it drip slowly and carefully into the scum-meat.

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ing this altogether, so that the meal becomes as sweet as our wheat flour.

Now for taking out the doughy mass. How you would enjoy, children, seeing what a funny bend of the fingers the women make to scoop out the top part and drop it quickly (not letting any of it *slip* from their hands) into a large earthen jar. The smallest jar we saw would hold five gallons and the largest perhaps ten. Each jar was then taken off to one side, where the children had built fires surrounding them with stones, so arranged, as to form a tripod, upon which to place the vessel containing the precious bellota.

We felt sure, these little folks, who had had their breakfast before sunrise and who had been running and jumping and frisking all day, must be hungry, for after dividing the small lunches among so many each share was not very large.

The jars were filled with hot water and at each one stood a woman or girl stirring with a stick the gruel which soon became quite thick. The gravel on which the least bit of meal was adhering was put into a tin pan or water-tight basket and washed, the gravel removed, and the milky stuff allowed to settle, the cleared water poured off, and the residue thrown into the now already boiling bellota.

Some indian- men were at this time approaching the workers, and little ones recognizing their fathers ran with a glad shout to meet them. Doubtless, as children do, they had many a remarkable and

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surrounding them with stones, so arranged, as to form a tripod, up

on which to place the vessel containing the precious pellets.

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so many each share was not very large.

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ing pellets.

Some Indian-men were at this time approaching the workers, and

little ones recognizing their fathers ran with a glad shout to meet

them. Doubtless, as children do, they had many a remarkable and

amusing incident to relate of the morning's work. So we interpret the gay, laughing talk that followed.

When, and it did not take very long, the famous bellota was sufficiently stirred and boiled, the women put brush or thick grass upon their nets to keep the hot vessels from burning their backs. Some used old sheets or bed-spreads. Then, after adjusting the dunce-cap basket-work to their heads and foreheads, they, kneeling down, swung the nets and big jars into place behind their shoulders, and having risen, walked off. Some of these women besides this load carried at the same time in arms each a sleeping baby. It was time, for the lengthening shadows showed that it would soon be night.

And this was what Angelita was engaged in. Why was the dear child sorry? you ask. Well, because she could not come to school. When she wrote "I must to go to grind" she meant that she would have to take care of her baby-sister while her mother was doing the bellota-work.

Angelita was a helpful child. It was her disposition. When ever any other child needed help, in writing, counting, needlework which the girls were learning, she was always ready to lend a willing hand or give advice? She was but nine years old then; so no wonder she spelled feast, "Fist".

Now for Desiderio's letter. The brush-wood was to be used in making a "Corral", the place where the dancing was to be. "Many hands make short work" so that it did not take long for these strong

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When, and it did not take very long, the famous pellets were

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Now for Desiderio's letter. The brush-wood was to be used in

making a "Gorra", the place where the dancing was to be. "Many

hands make short work" so that it did not take long for these strong

young Indians to put up an enclosure of a circular shape with a proper gate-way. After it was finished and swept it was a pretty place. In the center some huge oak-logs were piled up, ready for the inevitable fire; and indeed, just then it was cold enough to need it.

Desiderio was a bright boy. In saying good-bye to his teacher we noticed that he said it, making a slight but very graceful bow, which as he appeared unconscious, was very nice for a boy of thirteen.

Chica's letter speaks for itself, better than we could describe it. She was a peculiar child and deserves we think, a better lot than what falls to her among the Indians, but who can tell. She is an observing child and hardly a day passes that she does not bring to Miss A. some beautiful flower, blade of grass, curious stone or forest leaf, tinted or colored, like your autumn leaves, by the frost or by age.

She was shy to a fault, but had so many good qualities that this little draw-back would hardly be remembered. When the teacher had to correct some scholar for not holding the pen properly, for not sitting erect or for some other thing, Chica always acted almost as if the remark was addressed to her and strove to put herself just right. Her conduct was more than her words or dear little notes; it indicated her love for her teacher and how she liked to please her.

The letter from Nieves brought an invitation to Miss A. to attend the feast.

This child, as some are, was a little tantalizing in her ways. She was like "the little girl with the curl who was very, very good,

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but sometimes horrid. Yet in spite of her waywardness her teacher was very fond of her. Once when she was ill and wanted some one to come and stay with her, Nieves did so and proved a great comfort. When she dropped asleep she breathed in a peculiar way. One might call hers a "child's musical snore."

Florida's letter, we notice, is a strange mixture, but not hard to be understood. She was called "Leilah" by her people and her playmates. Poor girl, she was a little orphan and lived with a great-uncle and aunt, aged folks. The uncle died and left her, another child and the old woman in very poor circumstances. When she was only thirteen a young Indian from St. Peter married her, much to the chagrin of her teacher who insisted that she was too young. But Leilah has not done badly. She has left Pal Atingue and gone to her husband and has there a wee Leilah to love and cherish. She appeared one of the happiest of the school-children, was present and well in all kinds of weather, coming in her thin calico and without shoes; still she never had, like so many others, a cold or a cough.

The last one you remember is Domingo. How well he writes!

"Come Celsa" (Domingo's sister) "you must bring your cousins from over the mountains to see me," says the teacher. "Ask some of the children to come with them, and sing for them. Have they ever seen a piano?" The answer is a broad grin, no words; as much as to say: "Do pianos grow in the mountains?"

"Well, Celsa?"

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"No ma'am!"

"Will you come with your cousins?"

"Yes ma'am!"

Let us give a part of Domingo's letter again. "All good people are glad and bad people not glad never."

"Now dear children, says the teacher we have often heard that, and we believe that we cannot hear it too often. Suppose we all try to be good. We cannot alone be very good. Who helps us to be good and what must we do?"

"Pray" is whispered around.

"Yes, children, pray and ask our dear Father in Heaven to help us. He always does so when we really want to be helped."

So much for the morning. The clock said 12, noon. But instead of the usual intermission Miss A. asked: "Children, shall we not, to day, finish our lessons so as not to come back in the afternoon, but go to the feast? Or are you hungry?"

No one spoke, so that Arithmetic was taken up. Behold the little black heads bent over their slates, so diligently. They all knew very well that, if they finished their tasks soon, they would go soon.

As the children were so good the teacher's heart softened before long, and the usual sign for "go" was made, accompanied by a most hearty wish, "that you have a very good time!"

These little Indians set out for home, Oh, so happy. Chica tarried, as she often had done,

"No ma'am!"

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"Will you come and help me for a little while in the morning?"

It was a trying question at such a time.

"Yes , ma'am," said so quickly and so pleasantly that her teacher remembered it.

After an other question, Chica added: Please Miss A. I like to come here and help you."

IT was a great effort, even for Chica to speak so many english words. No one can realize this who is not familiar with the shyness of Indian children.

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Chapter III.

Just about sundown a strange noise was heard. It was startling. Was it someone in danger? Was it a fire?

Oh, no! The Alcalde (a constable and towncrier combined) is shouting to the people about ^{the} coming feast, and inviting them to the entertainment. It is like the Apache-call to a council or to a big dance. What a terrific yell it was though!

It would not do to get such a noise into a magazine, lest it blow it to pieces!

Now shall we not go back and overtake the women? They, with their heavy loads cannot travel very fast. See, there are numbers of people on the hill near the house of Sinón. To the south of this house were some old adobe walls, which had just been mended and covered with fresh brush, so that the place now served the Indians for a convenient kitchen. Here were already many women in clean calico dresses of various colors, preparing the food. They were making up tortillas while others were frying them. These tortillas are very good; the dough is moulded in regular "patty-cake" style, that is between the hands, into round, thin cakes and then baked on a griddle or , as these now, fried in fresh lard.

The teacher was very promptly helped to the cakes. Tomasa very politely took a clean plate and passed several, saying sweetly in Spanish, "shall I give your friend some too?"

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politely took a clean plate and passed several, saying sweetly in

Spanish, "shall I give your friend some too?"

The stranger friend finding everything so nice and clean joined in the feast.

Dominga made the tortillas, while Tomasa fried them in a large camp-kettle. The dough had a blackish look. It was because these cakes were prepared from the home-made flour. "What," you ask, "is the home-made flour?" Why, flour ground by the women upon the flat rocks. It seemed as dark as Graham-meal.

They first cleanse the wheat, i.e. removing everything that is not wheat; they wash it and spread it on cloths to dry. When it is in good condition they stamp it, as they did the acorns, so as to loosen the chaff, which they separate by the usual winnowing process. The remainder is then ground and sifted. Some white people would often exchange with them, giving them white flour of the best brand for theirs. The bread made from the home-made flour was so sweet and good that it became quite famous in that region.

Peeping through the brush-wood several black eyes were seen. Their owners were trying to attract the attention of the visitors.

Going around the ramada (brush-house) they saw the "meat-kitchen". Several men were dressing, you might say undressing, rabbits. They would run their sharp knives around the ankles of their hind-feet, and then dexterously pull the whole skin over the poor animal's head. It looked easy enough but just a little brutal!

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There were several kettles full to the top, already boiling and stewing. They had there beef, mutton, pork and venison. Some large

cuts were broiling on beautiful oak-wood coals, and the odor was very attractive to hungry people.

Here is the Indian "Master of ceremonies." He comes to the teacher and says very courteously, in his Spanish patois: "Señora, will you not come and pass in, (he meant into the house which had been emptied of everything except tables and seats) and taste of our food?"

The kind invitation was readily accepted and a very nice supper was had. There was a fine stew of mutton and rice with potatoes, onions, nice broiled venison and beef and fried pork. The rabbits were sort of fricasseed. There were good raised bread, fried and baked tortillas, coffee and tea, pretty good, considering the quality the indians can purchase at the nearest store, four miles distant. The tables were a conglomeration, being brought together from the different houses of the village and having different width and heights. They had been well scrubbed, and that assigned the teacher had a clean white table-cloth.

Our English ancestors, when they met more civilized people, it will be remembered from history, were slower than these indians in gathering household articles for their use and convenience.

Supper was hardly finished by the guests, when they heard a great commotion outside.

Up the hill were coming large numbers of indians, men, women and children. Some were on horseback, but the majority on foot.

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As they neared the brush corral they set up a wonderful howling or shouting which was at once responded to by the Pal Atingue people and such others as had found their way in, earlier in the day. The shrill, mournful cries seemed to pierce us through and through. Then weeping followed and it was touching to see so many red eyes and wet faces.

The Pal Atingue women, after the others had squatted down, took large baskets filled with wheat, barley, beans, peas and corn, and scattered the contents over the heads of the thus greatly honored guests. Soon the mourning ceased and the new guests were ushered into the dining room and served with food. It is difficult to say how many times their plates and cups were filled and refilled by the attentive waiters, the young girls and boys, really the school children.

Before the tables were replenished for the last time, the old blind medicine-man, the Hechicero (wizard) had come, his old wife leading him. He had taken his supper outside sitting on the ground (this was his choice) and now he wended his way to the center of the corral, where the fire by this time was blazing up high.

Again at this juncture the Alcalde gave some of his strong whoops and orders; so that very soon nearly all the men had drawn near and taken their seats around the fire. Old Pio had a sort of wooden baby-rattle, ^{with} which he used to beat the time to his chants. There was rhythm and even melody in his rendering of them; the Indians joining in the chorus preserved a show of harmony.

As they heard the brush coral they set up a wonderful howling or shouting which was at once responded to by the Palatine people and such others as had found their way in, earlier in the day. The shrill, mournful cries seemed to pierce us through and through. Then weeping followed and it was touching to see so many red eyes and wet faces.

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How much the Chinese, in their semi-barbaric religious service resemble these indians! The sharp, rasping yells must be taken from both to make them pass muster with white people.

After a part of the service had taken place, the old leader and all the other men lifted their eyes and hands heavenward and simultaneously heaved a deep sigh, by which ^{singular performance} they meant to say: "It is good!" or "it is finished!"

Our teacher had learned a little indian ditty and sometimes she would sing it to her God-daughter and the two would then dance in indian fashion, in the presence of indians, and close by the sigh and upward gestures of the eyes and hands. How her auditors would laugh and shout at her rendering of their Amen!

The women during the rythmitic chorus were behind, that is in the back ground, huddled together and plenty of children of all ages mixed in with them. Here and there a poor woman was still busy picking up the scattered grain. It showed their carefulness, that gathering up the few remaining kernels of the corn and the wheat. It is then cleansed and used just as if it had not been thrown over people like a common shower-bath!

Again and again (allowing themselves short pauses for breathing) the indians return to their singing. They smoke and smoke, not the "pipes of peace" which we read about, but the more modern abomination, the cigarette.

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Now much the Chinese, in their semi-barbaric religious service resemble these Indians! The sharp, rasping yells must be taken from both to make them pass muster with white people.

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The women during the rhythmic choruses were behind, that is in the back ground, huddled together and plenty of children of all ages mixed in with them. Here and there a poor woman was still busy picking up the scattered grain. It showed their carelessness, that gathering up the few remaining kernels of the corn and the wheat. It is then cleaned and used just as if it had not been thrown over people like a common shower-bath!

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The teacher has made great exertions and with some show of

cess to restrain the young indians from smoking.

Just as the sun arose the next morning, ---and remember that the sun has no trouble there to rise as he has in towns and cities, where he has to penetrate a thick window curtain, or an atmosphere heavy with furnace smokes, steam or dense fogs --- just as the sun arose, the chanting at the feast-house could still be heard.

When during the morning, a little later, the white visitors reached the "fiesta" the crowd had not yet dispersed, a pretty sight met their eyes; it was that of the picturesque groupes of indians wandering off to their own houses.

These houses are all of adobe, having their roofs thatched with reeds or tules. Here and there was a bright red blanket or scarlet shawl, that added to the effect. Between the human groups and the little houses the observers saw formidable hay-stacks; and on the roofs quantities of squashes and pumpkins, which gave the appearance of defensive military works.

Quite a number of white people had now come to join the teacher and see the wonders of the "fiesta".

It was not more than an hour after the groups had gone to their homes, when they could be seen returning, ascending the hill, nearly every one carrying a basket or bundle. One woman had a large basket filled with pears. These pears on trial proved delicious. The indians said that the pears were hardly fit to eat when taken from the trees, but when they had been kept for some time, they became soft without losing their juice ~~or~~ their agreeable flavor.

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Some of the indians who had remained at the feast-house had been extremely busy.

What could that large pile of tules, clean and long, be for? and what would they do with those sticks, nearly all of one length? "Oh, you will see," said the interpreter.

One after another the sticks were taken and ^{two} tied together in the shape of a cross, thus \perp and then two so fastened as to make an inverted V thus \wedge and then both joined like this \perp The tules were wrapped around this skeleton thinly, so as to give roughly the shape of a scare-crow figure. Then a head made of rags and covered with white cloth, eyes and eye-brows painted upon it with coal, and --- oh, how ghastly! Where did they get those teeth for one of the heads? Ah, a woman had brought that one already made. There were other heads ~~ready~~ already, prepared with strange wigs. Now they go on to dress the figures, some as men, some as women and some as children. The clothes are entirely new; the men-figures had hats and some even neck-ties. The women wore ribbons, some had ear-rings and breastpins or chains, beads and other ornaments.

On the back of one little figure hung a small, pretty basket. The teacher, thinking of the coming sacrifice asked the woman who had this doll: "Would you not sell it? It seems a pity to burn so much work. Your little grand-daughter who perhaps sees you from her heavenly home would rather see you eat and be warmly clad, than to have all these nice things destroyed."

"Oh," she quickly replied, "if you want the basket, Señora, you

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What could that large pile of tubes, clean and long, be for?

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to have all these nice things destroyed."

"Oh," she quickly replied, "if you want the basket, Señora, you

can take it; but I must not sell it; nothing from here can be sold!" She said this in fair Spanish, very gently, but with decision. The teacher took the basket. She could make other returns, not reckoned as pay, as of course she did.

What a strange looking lot of effigies, fourteen in number! There is one pair of twins, dressed in long white gowns, wearing nice little lace caps. There were observable figures of older children. The false-teeth-figure was gorgeously arrayed, wearing a somewhat faded plum colored velvet wrap. This was the only garment there which was not quite new. "Where did that old wrap come from?" Its cut and style showed long, long keeping; but being of excellent stuff, it was well preserved, and there, just see how her hair was dressed; one of the daughters of the indian woman represented, had visited neighboring towns and studied the styles. She thought to honor her poor mother. I am sure that if poor departed Maria could have seen her image she would have turned in her grave! She herself had probably never used a comb, and here was her indian head in full dress, finer than any picture that she had seen.

After the stick-toilets were completed, the figures were taken up, each having one bearer, except that one person carried the twins. The bearers tripped around a pile of dry twigs, which the men had already put there, piled up in the form of a pyramid. As they moved they were singing their indian songs, and some were weeping bitter-

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ly. Some of the women and girls had drawn their shawls closely over their heads and thus showed by their attitude their real grief.

This part of the ceremony lasted about ten minutes, when one of the directors lighted the pyre. In a moment it blazed up and one after another the effigies were thrown in, as the relatives of the deceased, thus emblemized, chanted their mournful dirges. The fire needed some attention, there were plenty to help with pokers. Every little rag and boot was burned before the indians left.

At once the scene changed. On one side of the ashes a part of the village women and the visiting squaws stood in long rows. While they struck up a song they all took hold of hands and danced together. Some little girls, quite small, were among the dancers. With bright eyes and happy faces they manifested great enjoyment.

During all these absorbing operations, cooking had been going on, and so, very soon, all were again invited to another meal.

The white people who had gathered from the neighboring country were, as among the Zunis, asked to partake of the food, and they were glad to accept this kind hospitality.

The women, however, by some interchanging, kept up the dance until night.

Then the old indian, Pio, appeared again and led off as before in his incantations. Such doings as we have described were continued all the night. The next morning the women again resumed their singing and dancing as they had done the day before.

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During the singing the friends of the deceased whose turn it ^{became} ~~was~~ to sing, praise him or her; and enemies do the contrary. Their good deeds are remembered and recited by the former, and their errors or mistakes by the other party.

When this custom originated is not known, even by themselves. "We have done it "siempre" (always), they declare.

The teacher's arguments against the burning of good clothes did not have much effect. "Surely", she said, "if it is true that you always did this, you could not have had good clothing to burn; for only a few years ago you had none of such material as this."

"Oh, Senora," they reply, "we wove garments from the fibres of plants, we made a kind of thread from the inner bark of certain trees, as the elder and the cottonwood. Then we burned baskets and nets, and such things as we fabricated ~~them~~."

The old indians could never be convinced; but the younger begin to see the folly of such superstition, and most probably the custom will, before long, become a thing of the past.

Old Pio and the "Señora" were very good friends. One time she left the village and did not return just at the time when she was expected. When she did arrive, Pio was one of the first to welcome her. "Señora" he said we thought perhaps you had died, and

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we were very much afraid." "Well, you would get another teacher."
 "Si (yes) Senora, but not like you. When you die though, we will
 make a big "fiesta"! What a consolation for the teacher!

On Sunday some of the "friend people" left and Monday ended the
 "fiesta".

Now to return to the little school. The attendance after the
 feast was small, and for good reason. The children were very tired
 and some of them took colds during the nights out of door. It is
 particularly exposing to run, as they kept ^{do} doing from a big fire to
 some colder place. Some were made hoarse by shouting and yelling,
 so that it was painful for them to speak ^{or} to listen to them. All
 the children agreed, however, that the feast was a success.

During the three days we may say with satisfaction, not an in-
 toxicated person was seen, white man or indian.

That frontier-nuisance, the gambler and the monte-dealer were
 there and a great many indians played, but fortunately in a peacea-
 ble way.

"There is no disputing concerning tastes." Who of us would
 call such hardships, as we have described, the enjoyments of a feast.
 But perhaps it would be as hard for indians to be dressed and shod
 like ourselves, and dance through the night fashionable round-dances
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O. O. Howard
 San Francisco, Cal.
 Feb. 13th 1888

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W. H. Murray
San Francisco, Cal.
July 13th 1888