

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

FOR NEGROES AND INDIANS

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 Hampton, Va. P. C. BRIGGS, Business Agent

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STATEMENT

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is an undenominational industrial school, founded for the education of Negro young men and women in 1868, and incorporated in 1870.

Indians were first admitted in 1878; there are now 100 enrolled. The farm and school lands comprise 796 acres.

The plant includes 60 buildings, among them trade, domestic science and agricultural buildings, and shops in which practical training is given in 18 trades.

Students must have completed the three-year academic (English) course at Hampton, or its equivalent in other schools, before taking a normal course of two years or the agricultural course, which requires three years for completion.

Faculty and teachers employed	82
Number of students	1280
as follows: Negroes, 1180; Indians, 100	
Total number of graduates	1254
" " ex-students—not graduates—over	5000

Tuskegee, Calhoun, and other Southern schools for Negroes are the outgrowths of Hampton.

Its object is to train teachers for the public schools and make industrial leaders for the two races.

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BRIGGS, Business Agent

Hampton, New York

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NOTES AND EXCHANGES

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN, founded by General Armstrong in 1872 and published monthly by the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, is a magazine devoted to the interests of undeveloped races.

It contains direct reports from the heart of Negro and Indian populations, with pictures of reservation, cabin, and plantation life as well as information in regard to the school's 1254 graduates who have, since 1868, taught more than 150,000 children in 18 states in the South and West. It also contains local sketches; a running account of what is going on in the Hampton School; studies in Negro and Indian folk-lore and history; and editorial comment; while at the same time it provides an open forum for the discussion of ethnological, sociological, and educational problems.

Our subscribers are distributed among 35 states and territories and we believe that the paper has had an important influence both North and South on questions concerning the Negro and Indian races.

The New York Times says of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN: "It is devoted to what may be called the current literature of the Negro and Indian races, and to the description and discussion of their nature, their work, their needs, their life. The discussion is sober, careful, candid, and what is of much importance, it is exceedingly readable."

TERMS: The price is One Dollar a year in advance. A special rate of 75 cents a year will be made to clubs of ten or more. Correspondence is invited in regard to agents' rates.

EDITORIAL STAFF: H. B. FRISSELL, HELEN W. LUDLOW, J. E. DAVIS, WM. L. BROWN.
F. D. GLEASON, Agent.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES: The editors of the WORKMAN do not hold themselves responsible for the opinion expressed in contributed articles. Their aim is simply to place before their readers articles by men and women of ability without regard to the opinions held. In this way they believe that they will offer to all who seek it the means of forming a fair opinion on the subjects discussed in their columns.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

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SOUTHERN WORKMAN 1905, 34: 228-35 #1004

An Unusual Navaho Medicine Ceremony

GEORGE H. PEPPER

THERE are many phases of the Indian's life that are not understood by his alien brothers. Among these are the rites and ceremonies pertaining to the sick.

The medicine men of our savage tribes are not unlike those of civilized countries. They follow a certain school whose rules have been passed down from generation to generation. They have a pharmacopœia, but it is contained in the minds of the old medicine men whose memories are wonderful storehouses, capable of assimilating and retaining facts and figures far in excess of the average mind of cultured races. Having no written language, they must hand down their whole literature to posterity verbally. The penalties imposed on the priests in certain ceremonies have no doubt had a strong influence over the leaders of the tribe. For instance, they have certain curative ceremonies that cost from two to three hundred dollars in the way of food and presents for the guests. In these observances the head priests are watched by their brothers. The songs that are sung cover a period of several days, and many of them contain esoteric words which have been handed down by former priests, but which have to the singers no significance. Should a medicine man make a mistake in a single word, or even a vocable, he would be prompted by a brother and the ceremony would have to end. Such a mistake would cause the gods to be angry and the continuance of the ritual would be of no avail.

As the careful preservation of facts is uppermost in the minds of the tribal leaders, it can be readily seen that the psychic element is a factor that must be considered in all questions pertaining either to his physical or mental welfare. The medicine men are of all classes and represent various degrees of proficiency. There are profound old thinkers who study the individual, and rattle-brained quacks who use no judgment whatever, dealing only with generalities. The old men employ various herbs in their treatment of certain diseases, whereas the young men rely upon the amount of noise that can be made with ceremonial songs to drive out the spirit that has taken possession of the body of the patient. The experienced men work with care and patience, preparing the sick one to receive the treatment. The facts relating to the case are carefully considered and the cause is ascertained. Certain remedies are then suggested and the preparations for the curative ceremony are begun.

The patient has passed through a life that was pregnant with the laws of the unseen world. His thoughts and dreams have been of the supernatural beings who are so closely in touch with the earth dwellers, yet just beyond the pale of mortal vision. From childhood he has known that health is the result of friendship or fellowship with the gods, and that sickness is the natural aftermath of some act or thought

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which has displeased one of the dwellers of the Great Above. Many of his troubles are of the psycho-nervous order and need but a mental stimulant for their alleviation. Acute melancholia, the result of some natural phenomenon which to the Indian is a foreboding of death, is capable of causing even the strongest to fear. In such a case the medicine of one of our licensed physicians would be of no avail. The medicine man of his people alone holds the key to the situation and in this position is unapproachable.

Numerous medical and missionary movements have been started by well-meaning individuals and societies, all tending to the uplifting of the Indian. That they have not fully accomplished their ends is due to the fact that they have not understood the situation or, understanding, have failed to imbue the field worker with the proper regard for the medicine and religion of those among whom they are to work. Every worker who attempts to establish a new régime among the Indians, whether in therapeutics or religion, should read the article by Frank H. Cushing entitled, "How to Study the Indian in Order to Teach Him." It is a classic in view of the fact that it makes known the true thoughts of the Indian, and demonstrates conclusively that we must not disdain the time-honored laws of the tribe but must work through analogy if we may hope for success.

The skilled professional doctor is one of the greatest helps to the Indian, and the Navahos are receiving him with very little distrust. The savage misapprehension of things that are new is gradually subsiding, as results make clear to him that the white man's medicine is more powerful than his. But there are exceptions. The purely physical troubles may be eradicated by the doctor, but there still remains, in many cases, a mental uncertainty that demands the attention of the tribal medicine man. It is not a foible or a fancy that can be overcome by medicine, but a mental disease governed by countless ages of mysticism which necessitates the occult, mind-easing treatment of the old days. This, then, is the mind cure of the Indians—the Christian Science of the savage, which, hand in hand with concrete medicine, exists in all races whether barbaric or cultured. It is as necessary to the Indian as a certain amount of mind cure is essential to our happiness. As contentment of mind is conducive to bodily health and recovery from disease, it will be practically impossible to wholly eliminate the curative ceremonies of the Indians until the last members of the passing generation have no more need of medicine, either scientifically prepared or primitively crude.

The knowledge of modern curative agents should be imparted to the younger members of the tribe. They are capable of assimilating new facts and will take readily to the new school. Civilization is disrupting the tribal organization to such an extent that the major portion of the old laws and beliefs relating to the cause and cure of disease will soon be things of the past. With this essential of the old life

gone, the work of the medicine men will have been finished. At present there must be a certain coöperation between the modern doctor who goes among them and the medicine man of the tribe. This can best be illustrated by a case that came under the notice of the writer during the summer of 1904.

The work of the Department of the Southwest for the American Museum of Natural History, took the author to Albuquerque, New Mexico, in the early part of the season. He there met Tom Ganado, who is a full-blooded Navaho. Tom's home is in the southern part of the reservation and he can generally be found near the settlement known as Ganado, Arizona. During the past two years Tom and his family have spent the greater part of the time in Albuquerque, where they have been engaged in one of the large stores. These and other Indians who work at this place are well cared for; they live in hogans built by themselves and have frame buildings with stoves that can be used when desired. Extreme cold has no terrors for the Navaho Indian, as it is an old enemy; they are however, unaccustomed to steam heat. The sudden changes from superheated rooms to the outer cold and dampness are the cause of much sickness, and Tom, though strong and wiry, became a victim of new conditions. He caught a heavy cold and, soon after, pneumonia developed. A consultation was held and he was finally removed to the hospital. The doctors soon had the disease under control, but, owing to his weak condition, he was obliged to remain in the hospital several weeks.

Tom appeared to be so strong and free from disease that his wife insisted that he be allowed to return to their hogan, but the doctors would not release him until he had gained strength enough to assure them that there would be no relapse. Tom was eventually removed to his own quarters. Here new difficulties were encountered, as there was a medicine man present who felt that a permanent cure could not be effected without the use of tribal ceremonies. He endeavored to persuade his friends that such a course was necessary but Tom concluded to rely upon the medicine of the white doctor. After he had been in the hogan a few days a slight cold settled in his neck and throat, which was naturally weak from coughing. These developments gave Niggallita, the medicine man, his opportunity, and he lost no time in formulating plans for the treatment which he was determined Tom should undergo.

Tom had been a reformer. Understanding and speaking English to some extent, he believed that the medicine men of the whites were better than those of his own people. There was, therefore, no trouble in persuading him to go to the hospital when the pneumonia symptoms appeared. The clinical work at the hospital was so gentle and the cure so wonderful, that his faith in the new treatment was strengthened. It was doubly hard under these conditions for Niggallita to persuade him that a sand-painting was necessary and that the sacred

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songs must be sung before he would be free from the spirit which had been merely quieted and not really driven out of his body. The return of the soreness in his throat and chest caused Tom to feel nervous. The medicine man told him that the trouble was caused by the talons of an eagle. The bird had appeared in the night and grasped him by the throat, at the same time beating his breast with its wings. Superstition gained the mastery and Tom was persuaded to have a ceremony with a sand-painting. This was to pacify the eagle and drive away the bad spirit.

Tom told the writer about the coming of the medicine man. He spoke in broken English and his words will be followed as closely as memory will permit. He said: "Me feel pretty good—no bad here (putting his hand on his chest)—froat all same good—me sleep—sleep here im bed. Bimeby medicine man come—come see how feel—medicine man stan' rite ober dare. He see sumfin black—it eable—eable. He go roun' an roun' over bed. Nen eable brab me here (by the throat)—no let go—all time no let go—eable poun here (on chest)—make sore—no go way. Nen eable go way—pitty soon hurt—feel bad—no sleep—eable mad. Medcin man say eable want medcin—medcin man say sand—pittur plitty gud. Me no say—mabby so—hab sing—nen eable no mad."

When this narration was ended Tom threw himself back on the pillow. After a few minutes had elapsed he endeavored to tell the story of the old Navaho who was helped by the eagles. His throat troubled him, but with many pauses he succeeded in making me understand that there was once a great Navaho warrior who battled with the Pueblo people near the present village of San Domingo on the Rio Grande River in New Mexico. He had traveled from the San Francisco mountains but on reaching the pueblo he engaged the warriors of the town in battle. He was finally captured and imprisoned in a circular room, probably an *estufa*. The roof of this room had been removed and all means of escape were carefully guarded. When night came the old Navaho was cold. Then came the friends of the *Denes*, the eagles; two of them came and covered him with their wings and in this way kept him warm throughout the night. When morning dawned the eagles brought him food. They brought flesh of the mountain sheep, antelope, prairie dog, and rabbit; others brought water in their beaks. In this way he was fed until the eagles could hold a council; they then decided to carry the Navaho to his home. They took the bands of rainbow and the bent form of *aht sin il klish*, the lightning, and, grasping one end of each, allowed the other to fall within the enclosure. These bands were passed under the body of the Navaho, and the birds then rose skyward carrying the Indian with them. They flew for hours and then became tired. They called upon the great serpents to assist them, but this could not be done until the eagles had plucked feathers from their wings and given them to the snakes,

which enabled them to fly. With the assistance of these friends the Navaho was taken safely to his home.

The story is introduced to give an idea of the reason for the sand-paintings that were to be used in the ceremony; it is fragmentary at best, but Tom, in his broken English, endeavored to make it clear. His motive in telling it seemed to be self-justification for agreeing to return to the tribal medicines after having received so much help from the whites; concerning his inmost desires there was no doubt.

Tom said the ceremony would take place the following morning, October 20th. The family was visited again that afternoon. Ellie was grinding corn on a native stone *metate* which she had borrowed for the occasion. She motioned for us to go into the hogan. This we did and found Niggalita and the silversmith working on a sand-painting. It was three feet in diameter, and the central figure, that of a man, was almost finished. Niggalita said that it was bad medicine to watch the preliminary work but that we might see it when it was completed. We did not wish to antagonize the medicine men, and therefore left the hogan. Although the ceremony was scheduled for the next morning we decided to make another visit early in the evening. We reached the hogan at six and the ceremony had begun. Tom was sitting at the southeast side of the sand-painting and Niggalita and the silversmith were seated south of it. When we entered, both medicine men were singing. After they had sung for a short time, Niggalita took a bowl containing corn-meal mush and dipping his fingers into it carried them to his mouth. In this way he conveyed the liquid mush to his lips several times, then passed it to the silversmith. He went through the same performance and passed it to Tom who, after eating some of the material, pressed his wet fingers to his neck. The dish was next passed to the members of the family, who followed Tom's motions, including the pressing of the fingers against the throat. All the Navahos in the hogan partook of the medicine.

Niggalita continued his singing. He took the feather wand and dipped the end into the liquid contained in a shell which was at the east of the sand-painting, then into a dish containing another liquid medicine. He then sprinkled the painting with it. Tom now threw off his blanket and going to the sand-painting sat upon the figure of the man. His body, nude save for the breech cloth, rested on the feet of the figure, which caused him to face toward the east. The medicine man resumed his singing and went through various motions with the feather wand. He stooped over the shell and held the wand upright in his hand. He kept it moving up and down as he sang and finally reached an almost standing posture; reversing the action he dropped his wand lower and lower until he reached the shell. He stirred the liquid with the butt end of the wand and then thrust it into a little buckskin sack containing corn pollen. This he conveyed to Tom's mouth. He took liquid from the shell with one finger and put

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it into his mouth, and did the same with that in the cup. He next spat the liquid upon his hand and pressed it upon the soles of Tom's feet, then upon the palms of his hands, upon his breast, his back, and his shoulders. He put his hand upon the legs of the different animals in the sand-painting and rubbed Tom's legs; then he placed his hand upon the heads of the animals and afterward pressed it against Tom's head. During the progress of these ceremonies both Tom and the medicine man wore yucca bands about their heads. These bands had rested on two wands at the west of the painting and were returned to this place at the end of certain parts of the performance. They were used several times. After placing his hands on Tom's head, Niggalita took the two plumed wands just mentioned, and pressed them against the patient's legs, arms, breast, shoulders, back, and head. Liquid was taken from the small cup and the legs were rubbed with it from the hip downward. When the foot was reached a motion was made as though to throw something away. All of the parts mentioned above were rubbed in this way, and at the end of the work on each member the motion of throwing away the trouble was made. After completing this part of the cure he repeated the operation on each part, but ended with a wringing motion of the hand as though to wrench away the pain.

Niggalita rose and took an eagle-feather whip and whipped the diseased parts of Tom's body, and then swept the whip over him as though it were an eagle. A whistle of native make was placed in his mouth and he made the cry of an eagle. Symbolizing the flight of the eagle, the whip swept round over the sitting figure. At first it almost touched his head. It soared higher and higher in ever narrowing circles, until, finally, with a blow upon his hand, he drove the spirit through the smoke hole of the roof. Niggalita repeated this interesting performance several times, then gave Tom the shell containing the liquid medicine. He drank a portion of it and with the remainder bathed and rubbed himself, applying it to all parts of his body. When this was accomplished the medicine man took two glowing coals from the fire and placed them on the painting in front of Tom. Upon these he sprinkled a powder which he took from his medicine bag. The fumes were strong, the odor being very much like that of burning rubber. Tom drew the fumes to his nostrils with the palms of his hands and inhaled freely. The coals were killed with water and then carried out of the room by the assistant. Niggalita sang and Tom renewed the rubbing with the liquid and then rose from the sand-painting, put on his blanket, and went to the north side of the hogan. Niggalita took the feathered sticks and with their ends obliterated the sand-painting. He made crosses over the main figures, then up the body of the man, and finally cross-hatched the entire painting, making a noise like an eagle from time to time. When he had completed this work the silver-smith took the colored sands that had formed the painting, and carried

them out in a blanket. No part of this material was allowed to remain. The sand that had formed the background of the painting was then scraped into a heap and retained for the sand-painting of the next day.

Tom seemed pleased; our presence was to him an assurance that we were in sympathy with the work and this was gratifying. He wanted to tell us about the ceremony but we insisted that he must go to bed and rest, which he did. The next morning Tom was smiling, and said that he felt very much better, but that the eagle retained its hold upon his throat. This he said would necessitate another painting and accompanying ceremony, and he had arranged to have it take place that afternoon.

The second painting was larger and very much more elaborate than the first one. The old Navaho was still the central figure but the arrangement of the animals was different. On either side of the human figure was a line of six eagles. The first pair, which were opposite the neck, were black and were attached to the Indian with bands of lightning. The second pair were white, and their carrying cord was the rainbow. Then followed pairs of black-spotted, white, blue, and black eagles in the order mentioned, each pair holding a band of lightning or rainbow whose opposite end was fastened to the Navaho. These birds were the faithful friends who carried the captive to his home, as told in the story of the troubles of the old Dene. Their companions, the snakes, were also in evidence. One pair crossed the body near the neck and the other two encircled the group of figures. Those on the right of the body were black, and those on the left were blue. Each snake wore, at the bends of the body, feathers that had been given by the eagles, these feathers being symbolic of the new powers of flight possessed by these earth dwellers. With this sand-painting were cups of liquid and bundles of wands as in the one of the first day, and the ceremony, save in some of the minor details, was practically a repetition of the first one. The ritual was performed with great solemnity. The medicine man was intense in his religious fervor and it was almost impossible to believe that we were in the heart of a modern city. While the ceremonies were of great interest, what impressed us most forcibly was the utter disregard of surroundings—the blotting out of civilization, and the rigid adherence to ancient tribal beliefs and laws. Not once did Niggalita look at the little party who watched his every movement. Expression accompanied gesture and both testified to the sincerity of the medicine man. To those who saw it there could be but one conclusion—that it was necessary. Tom's recovery was assured from the moment the ceremony ended. The eagles were appeased, the talons of their emissary had been removed, and Tom's mind was at ease.

It is hard for the Indian to break away from the beliefs which are his birthright, as has been shown by the above story. It is therefore

the duty of physicians who go to his country, to study him mentally as well as physically. We know that our medicines are good, but let us never lose sight of the fact that the Indian is just as sure about his.

Ezekiel Esquire Converses

LUCY AGNES PRATT

“**N**O Miss, he ain't, but I reckon yer'll fine 'im a playin' wid a passel o' chillen outen de fiel' yonder.”

Miss Jane Lane, who was of a polite as well as of a grateful disposition, said “Thank you” to her director and turned to the field. The reasons for her search for the said “he,” “Ezekiel Esquire Jordan” in full, more commonly known as “Zekiel Jerden,” were two. First, because she had had a kind of indefinite, haunting fear all the afternoon that this promising protege of hers was up to something outrageous, and second, because she wished to remind him, gently but firmly, that he was expected to appear at Sunday school the next day. For Miss Jane was good as well as polite. She did find him amusing himself in rather an extraordinary way, though to Ezekiel himself there was apparently not a thing questionable about it. It was one of those soft, warm, September afternoons, which in Virginia hang on until late in the month, and the “passel o' chillen” mentioned were wiling it gently away with what seemed to be a rather indefinite game of baseball. There were evidently two combating, if not scientifically combating sides. But to Ezekiel, who sat on a rickety fence at one side and watched the game with a hilarious interest which seemed almost out of proportion to the feats of the players, there was evidently both definite aim and accomplishment. In his hand he held a long stick, and from the end of the stick dangled something which to the casual observer might have been an indefinite and harmless attachment, but Miss Jane perceived—yes, Miss Jane certainly did perceive—that it wriggled and squirmed, and on nearer approach, she discovered with a slight gasp, that it was a—*mouse!* And with a second gasp, she discovered too, that it remained on the stick not from any motive of choice but because it was neatly and securely *tied on by the tail!*

Just then the batter at the base struck a masterly stroke and the ball sailed far out into the field. His side cheered madly, and Ezekiel, rising to his feet, balanced himself on the rickety fence and with a yell of triumph waved his magnificent contrivance hysterically in the air.

Miss Jane reached up and caught at his sleeve in consternation. “Ezekiel Jordan!” she demanded, in a voice that shook with horror. “What in this world are you doing? What are you doing, I say?”